

The Tioga County Agitator

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The Agitator is the Official paper of Tioga County, and circulates in every neighborhood therein. Subscriptions being on the advance pay system, it circulates among a class most to the interest of advertisers to reach. Terms to advertisers as liberal as those of any paper of equal circulation in Northern Pennsylvania.

A cross on the margin of a paper, denotes that the subscription is about to expire.

Papers will be stopped when the subscription time expires, unless the agent orders their continuance.

JAS. LOWREY & S. F. WILSON,
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
will attend the Court of Tioga, Potter and McKean counties.
(Wellsville, Jan. 1, 1885.)

JOHN I. MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Tioga Village, Tioga County, Penna.
Prompt attention to Collections.
March 1, 1885-ly.

JEROME B. NILES,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Wellsville, Tioga County, Pa.
Having been specially licensed by the United States for the Prosecution of Claims for Patents, Back Pay and Bounties.
Particular attention will be given to that class of business.
Wellsville, Feb. 15, 1885-ly.

PENNSYLVANIA HOUSE,
CORNER OF MAIN STREET AND THE AVENUE,
Wellsville, Pa.
J. W. BIGONY, Proprietor.
THIS popular Hotel, having been re-fitted and re-furnished throughout, is now open to the public as a first-class house. A good hostler always on hand.
[Jan. 1, 1885.]

D. HART'S HOTEL,
WELLSBORO, TIOGA CO. PENNA.
THE subscriber takes this method to inform his old friends and customers that he has resumed the conduct of the old "Crystal Fountain Hotel," and will hereafter give it his entire attention. Thankful for past favors, he solicits a renewal of the same.
DAVID HART.
Wellsville, Nov. 4, 1885-ly.

ISAAC WALTON HOUSE,
Gaines, Tioga County, Pa.
H. C. VERMILYEA, Proprietor.
THIS is a new hotel located within easy access of the best fishing and hunting grounds in Northern Pennsylvania. No pains will be spared for the accommodation of pleasure seekers and the travelling public.
[Jan. 1, 1885.]

WILLIAMS & SMITH,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
BOUNTY & PENSION AGENCY,
Main Street, Wellsboro, Pa.
January 4, 1885-ly.

S. F. SHARBLIN,
BARBER & HAIR-DRESSER,
SHOP OVER C. L. WILCOX'S STORE,
Wellsboro, Dec 7, 1884.

WESTERN EXCHANGE HOTEL,
KNOXVILLE, BOROUGHS, PA.
THE undersigned having leased the above Hotel for a term of years would respectfully inform the travelling public that he has put the Hotel in first class order for the reception of guests and no pains will be spared in the accommodation of travelers and as far as the situation will allow, he will keep a first class Hotel, in all things, except prices, which will be moderate. Please try us and judge for yourselves.
Knoxville, Oct. 19, 1884-ly. J. H. MA TUN.

WELLSBORO HOTEL,
(Corner Main Street and the Avenue)
WELLSBORO, PA.
B. B. HOLIDAY, Proprietor.

One of the most popular Houses in the county. This Hotel is the principal Stage-house in Wellsboro. Stages leave daily as follows:
For Tioga, at 9 a. m.; For Troy, at 8 a. m.; For Jersey Shore every Tuesday and Friday at 2 p. m.; For Connersport, every Monday and Thursday at 2 p. m.
AGES ARRIVE—From Tioga, at 12 o'clock p. m.; From Troy, at 6 o'clock p. m.; From Jersey Shore, Tuesday and Friday 11 a. m.; From Connersport, Monday and Thursday 11 a. m.
N. B.—Jimmy Cowden, the well-known hostler, will be found on hand.
Wellsboro, Oct. 5, 1884-ly.

HUGH YOUNG,
BOOKSELLER & STATIONER,
AND DEALER IN
American Clocks, American, English, and Swiss Watches, Jewelry, Silver Plated Ware, Spectacles, Picture Frames, Photographs, etc. Also, St. Leonards, Pencils, Pens, and Fancy and Toilet Articles.
SCHOOL BOOKS of every kind, sold in the County, constantly on hand and sent by mail or otherwise, to order.
NO. 5, UNION BLOCK, WELLSBORO, PA.

FOR SALE—HOUSE & LOT ON M. Street, adjoining White & Bailey's Store. 3 acres of land in Delmar, between John Gray and Marick. House and lot on Covington Street.
For terms, apply to HENRY SHERWOOD, Esq., Wellsboro, May 31, 1885-ly.

FLOUR AND FEED, BUCK WHEAT, FLOUR, Meal, Pork and Salt, Tea, Coffee, Sugar, Soap, Candles, Saleratus, Tobacco and Kerosene Oil. Also, Mackerel, White Fish, and Trout, by the package or pound.
CHAS. & H. VAN VALKE, BURG.
Wellsboro, June 28, 1885.

JAS. T. CORBETT, F. E. CORBETT, W. A. MONROE,
Close, Corbett & Monroe,
Attorneys, Claim, Patent, Real Estate,
And General Insurance Agents.
Claims of all kinds against the United States Government or individuals collected.

Ordinance, Quartermasters, and all Government accounts promptly made up and adjusted. Claims. Special attention given to PATENT CASES. REAL ESTATE Bought and Sold. HOUSES and FARMS for Sale or Rent in Washington, D. C., Alexandria, Va., and surrounding country. POLICIES GRANTED ON LIFE, FIRE, and MARINE RISKS in some of the oldest and most responsible Insurance Companies.
Office, 227 Penna. Avenue, opposite Willard's Hotel, Washington, D. C.
July 19, 1885-3m.

PROTECTIVE WAR CLAIM ANTI-PENSION AGENCY OF THE U. S. SANITARY COMMISSION.—All the papers and correspondence required to procure Pensions, Bounties, and Back Pay, and Prize Money for discharged SOLDIERS and Sailors, and for the RELATIVES of Soldiers and Sailors dying in the service of the United States, prepared and forwarded, and the proceeds of all claims, when collected, remitted to the parties FREE OF CHARGE.
Office 1307 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. Or for further information or assistance, apply to Lucy Moore Horvick, Wellsboro, S. E. Morris, Mansfield, Associate Managers for Tioga County.

PURE GINGER at ROY'S DRUG STORE.

THE AGITATOR.

Devoted to the Extension of the Area of Freedom and the Spread of Wealthy Reform.

WHILE THERE SHALL BE A WRONG UNRIGHTED, AND UNTIL "MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN" SHALL CEASE, AGITATION MUST CONTINUE.

VOL. XII. WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 11, 1885. NO. 8.

A TRUMP CARD!

GREAT BARGAINS!!—I would in all confidence say to the people of Wellsboro and surrounding country that I have just returned from New York with

A LARGE STOCK OF GOODS,

consisting of

READY MADE CLOTHING

for Men and Boys.

OVER AND UNDER SHIRTS.

I furnish everything to make a man warm and comfortable. Also,

A NICE LOT OF CASSIMERES,

Also, a large stock of

BOOTS & SHOES

for MEN, WOMEN, and CHILDREN.

Hats, Caps, &c.,

too numerous to mention. All of which

I OFFER FOR CASH,

at prices calculated to carry out my rule of business

Small Profits and Quick Sales!

Please to call and examine my Stock. Remember the place,

THE CHEAP CASH STORE, BOY'S BUILDING.

Wellsboro, Sept. 20, 1885. G. P. OARD.

DISTINGUISHED ARRIVAL.

W. T. MATHERS

Has just returned from New York, with an enormous Stock of

GROCERIES & PROVISIONS,

and is offering them to the public for LESS money than they have been sold since the WAR.

GREEN TEAS—JAPANESE OOLONG, IM-

PERIAL & YOUNG HYSON,

of various qualities from 75c. to \$2.00 per lb.

COFFEES—JAVA, RIO, LAQUIRA,

in kernel and all the varieties of ground Coffees.

SUGARS—GRANULATED, CRUST, POW-

DERED, &c., &c.,

and all the grades of COFFEES, SUGARS, also large and splendid assortment of

BROWN SUGARS,

cannot fail to please customers if they will call and examine our Stock, either in person or quality.

SYRUP & MOLASSES,

varying in price from 65c. to \$1.50 per gallon.

FISH—WHITE FISH, TROUT, CODFISH,

BLUE FISH,

and various kinds of MACKEREL.

Also a good stock of Brooms, Market Baskets, Corn Baskets, Ass. Hatching Wash Basins, Scrub Brushes, Bed Cord, Door Mats, Buggy Mats, Mop Handles, Pails; also a nice assortment of Bird Cages. The Ladies will please remember that W. T. Mathers keeps J. B. Stratton's

CELEBRATED YEAST CAKE.

T. Kingsford & Sons' Corn Starch, Sage, Vermicelli, Tapioca, Macaroni, all kinds of

SPICES, CLOVES, CINNAMON, GINGER,

NUTMEG, &c.

Also Black Snuff, and Yellow Snuff, a good assortment of

FLAVORING EXTRACTS & TOILET SOAPS.

W. T. MATHERS

keeps constantly on hand the best brands of Saleratus, Soda, Cream Tartar, Sal Soda for Washing; also the best grades of

FAMILY FLOUR, CORN MEAL,

by the barrel or sack, the best quality of

Kerosene Oil and Lamp Oil.

The last but not least to mention is, W. T. MATHERS

WILL NOT BE UNDERSOLD!!

Goods to be ALWAYS AS REPRESENTED or no sale.
The highest market price in Cash paid for Butter and Eggs.
Wellsboro, Aug. 23, 1885.

TO THE PEOPLE OF TIOGA COUNTY—

Original Poetry.

[For the Agitator.]

Lines on the Death of a Child.

Autumn winds are wildly sweeping
Over thy dreamlike rest,
And the piling clouds are weeping
On thy pulseless breast.

Faded leaves are slowly creeping
To thy narrow bed,
Withered flowers are sweetly sleeping
Near thy little head.

Silvery frosts dark earth congealing,
Hide thee from our sight;
Only catch we him revealing,
Where thy form is light.

Visions of hands meekly folding,
Memory keeps all;
Tiny forms now darkly mouldering
Neath a frozen pall.

Sunny curls so shyly kissing
Angel brow of snow,
Beaming eyes we sadly missing,
In this hopeless woe.

Autumn winds of grief are beating,
Cherished hopes of years,
Sad despair and love are greeting,
Ah! what weary tears.

Frosts of Death with silvery lining
Still the sweetest heart,
Withered all the twining tendrils
Left an anguished start.

Stricken one; thy flower is blooming,
On the Savior's breast;
Only play the grave's entombing—
Silent with the blest.

J. M.

Miscellaneous.

A FATAL MISTAKE.

It was a pretty little brown stone house, with

plate glass windows, and fancifully carved cornice, while the green plumes of the aila trees brushed softly against the roof, as if tremulously anxious to remind people that summer was in its golden prime. At least such was the impression conveyed by their long unsyllabled murmur to Adrian Morley as he came up the steps, and dextrously fitted his night key into the paneled rosewood door.

"Well," quoth Allen to himself, "it is pleasant to have a home to come to when the day's weary work is over."

And a home-like room it was that he entered. And Mrs. Morley, in her delicate little swing chair, with a rainbow hued avalanche of Berlin wools about her, was toying with her needle while her thoughts were far away.

She was a rosy, brown-eyed little creature, with full red lips, cheeks round and smooth as early peaches, and silky brown hair waving over her forehead in natural ripples—a wife of whom a tolerably reasonable man might well be proud. But just at this moment there was a slight change in the countenance of the young man. The fringed eyelids, that Mr. Morley understood too well.

"Gracie, what's the matter?"

"Matter? nothing—only I'm tired to death of being penned up here in the city when everybody else knows is off having a season of change."

Adrian Morley sat down by the window, rather dispirited and began fanning himself with a cover of a book.

"I thought we had discussed and decided that matter long ago, Grace."

No answer; Grace's eyelids only fell a degree lower.

"Grace, I say, don't you hear me?"

"Yes—I hear you."

"Well, then, do pay a little attention when a fellow is speaking to you. Adrian's sunny good temper was becoming a little chilled."

"You remember that I told you how very inconvenient it would be for me to leave town this season—may, almost impossible."

"The Grangers have gone."

"Possibly—but Granger is not in any business."

"And Mrs. Erhardt?"

"Yes; her husband don't care whether his law office is open or shut, as long as he can help himself from her long purse."

"Adrian how can you be so ill-natured?"

"I am only speaking the truth, my dear."

"But it is so stupid here—and all my dresses are hanging useless in the wardrobe."

"Can't you wear dresses here as well as at a fashionable watering place?"

"Nonsense, Adrian—you know what I mean perfectly well. There's nobody in town to appreciate a handsome toilette, and—"

Adrian Morley sprang to his feet and began pacing impatiently up and down the room.

"Grace—you are not ridiculous enough to cry over such an absurd grievance as this!"

"It's the bad to cram me up here when—"

Grace did not say as she thought, when my pretty face and winning manners would create such a sensation in fashionable circles—she stopped short instead, and retreated behind her embroidered pocket handkerchief, in a flood of tears.

"But, Grace, aren't we very happy here, in our snug little home?"

"You may be, but I am miserable."

"Miserable! Oh, Grace! when I should wish no greater happiness than to sit down here by your side, night after night, and listen to your piano and look into your eyes, just as I used to do in the courtship days. You did not think it so monotonous then. Grace—my little wife—are we less dear to each other now?"

"I am wearied to death by this humdrum life, Adrian," pouted Grace, "and some change I must and will have!"

"Change may not be for the better, Grace."

"I don't care whether it is or not."

"And you know what very disastrous circumstances may ensue from my neglect of business just now."

"That's just what you men always say. I don't believe there's a word of truth in it."

Adrian was silent for a moment. He stood with contracted brow, evidently considering.

"I am sorry I haven't made home a little more pleasant to you, Grace."

"Home," repeated Mrs. Morley petulantly.

"Anything but a man who is always harping about home; I often wish there wasn't any such word."

"Would it really add so very much to your

happiness to spend a month at Saratoga or Newport?"

"Oh, Adrian, I should enjoy it so much!"

Her eyes were sparkling now and the soft color rose to her cheek. "Will you take me there, Adrian?"

"If you insist upon it—but remember that I don't at all approve of the arrangement."

"Oh, I'll assume all the responsibility," laughed Grace merrily. "And when shall we go?"

"When you please."

"I could be ready by Monday."

"You are in great haste to leave your pleasant home, Grace; I wish I could summon up an equal fervor of enthusiasm."

Grace put her hand on his shoulder, and leaned down to peep archly into his face.

"What a darling old-fashioned fellow you are, Adrian! I shall spend this summer in trying to make a modern husband of you."

"Do you think the modern article would be preferable?" smiled Adrian.

"Oh infinitely! And now don't talk to me; I must make out a list of things to be purchased. Only think that I'm really equipping for a summer at the Springs!"

And she clapped her hands so gleefully, that Adrian had not the heart to damp her bright anticipations with his own indefinite misgivings.

* * * * *

"The prettiest woman at the Springs, by all odds."

"Who is she?"

"Mrs. Morley, of New York. Nobody ever heard of her before, but she has flashed into society like a meteor. The young fellows are all infatuated about her, and not without good reason."

Grace Morley's cheek flushed with conscious triumph, as she heard these words, half spoken, half whispered, in her stately sweep through the long piazza from a moonlight drive with the most stylish young cavalier at the hotel.

And she did look very lovely in her dress of deep blue grenadine, floating around her like azure billows, with a dainty white shawl drooping from her shoulders, and the snowy plume of a jaunty little Spanish hat hanging low over the rippled luxuriance of her golden brown hair.

Yes, Mrs. Morley was a belle at last! and most completely did she enjoy the intoxicating atmosphere of flattery and adulation that surrounded her every footstep.

"Well, Grace, was sort of a time have you had?"

Adrian was lounging under the gaslight in their room with a half read volume in his lap, looking the very victim of hopeless ennui.

"Oh, delightful! But Adrian, how bored you look!"

"I wish you would try and enjoy yourself a little."

"How?"

"Play billiards—smoke—do as other gentlemen do."

Adrian Morley opened his book once more with a tremendous yawn, as Grace began to unfasten her hat and brush out the disordered masses of her hair. To him Saratoga was nothing more nor less than vanity and vexation of spirit; but for Grace's sake he was patiently willing to be bored.

"Don't you think it is almost time to return home Grace?"

"Adrian, what an idea! Not for two weeks yet. The gayest season is yet to come."

"Two weeks!" sighed poor Adrian. "It is a long time."

"No time at all," said Grace, positively; "it will soon pass."

Alas! had Grace Morley but dreamed of the years of anguish and despair that were to hinge upon those two weeks!

As the days passed on she saw less and less of her husband. He was no longer wearily awaiting the coming of her footsteps from drive or walk—no longer leaning dreamily against the window of the hall room, watching her flying figure as she floated by in her waltz or polka; nor did Mrs. Morley regret the gradual change.

"I am so glad he has found some way of amusing himself," she thought. "It was such a nuisance to have him every few minutes asking if I were not ready to go home."

She was returning an evening stroll, a night or two subsequently, in her prettiest toilette of blue silk and white opera cloak, with her little hand resting lightly on Mr. Ardenham's arm, when she suddenly stopped close to the dense wall of shrubbery that half concealed the brilliant sparkle of lighted windows and doors of a show building just on the outskirts of the grounds.

"I have dropped my fan, Mr. Ardenham; how could I be so careless?"

"Rest yourself a moment on this rustic seat, Mrs. Morley," said Ardenham gallantly, "and I will go back for it in half a minute."

Frank Ardenham went off, vowing that Mrs. Morley's fan was worth any degree of trouble that could by any possibility be bestowed upon it, and Grace waiting his return, mechanically playing with the fastening of her pale blue glove.

Suddenly the loud, discordant tumult of voices struck upon her ear as a party of men issued from a lighted door beyond the shrubbery. In the moonlight she could see their flushed faces quite plainly—and she involuntarily recoiled further back into the shadow, although she was aware of being quite invisible.

"Ha! what's that?" said one pausing, as a loud fierce shout rose high above the bedlam of voices within the gambling house, for such Mrs. Morley knew it to be.

"It's only Morley," returned another, deliberately biting off the end of a cigar.

"I fancy he's pretty well over the bay tonight."

"Drunk, is he?"

"Just that—and playing as if there were an evil spirit at his elbow. The thousands are slipping out of his hands like quicksilver tonight."

"I'm very sorry, Mrs. Morley," said Mr. Ardenham, coming to her side a second afterward; "but I cannot find the fan anywhere. I will take a second look for it to-morrow."

"It—it is of no consequence," said Grace, in a low, strange voice. "Please take me home, Mr. Ardenham."

And Frank Ardenham obeyed, marveling much at the sudden change that had come over his beautiful companion's spirits.

Her adieux in the parlor were brief enough ere she hurried up stairs, with her feverish blood beating like pulses of fire in her veins.

She sat down, sick and trembling, under the white glare of the gaslight, and tried to realize the full horror of her situation.

Adrian Morley, her husband, was a drunkard and a gambler! Was it all a dream, or was it indeed true that she had awakened to this horrible reality of grief and shame and shame and yet live on?

As she bowed her head on her hand with a low shivering groan, a new phantom of remorseful agony rose solemnly up before the accusing judgment seat of her open conscience.

"It has been my fault—all my own fault," she whispered aloud. "If I had not torn him from the home to which he was so tenderly attached—if I had not kept him here to gratify my own idle vanity, this would never have been! O God! the punishment is greater than I can bear!"

And she remembered with a sick heart the arguments she had used to win him away from home—the eagerness with which she had assumed all the responsibility of the change—the very words she had spoken in her reckless folly.

"I told him that I was miserable at home," she thought. "Miserable! If I had known the meaning of the word. But to-morrow I will beg him on my bending knees to return once more—I will tell him how foolish I have been—how mad. And perhaps—perhaps we may be happy in our quiet home once more. Oh! if I had never left it!"

"One, two, three!"

As the little clock sharply spoke out the hour, Grace Morley started to her feet.

"What detains him so? What can keep him away from me? I will go myself and look for him."

She drew the white opera cloak round her shoulders, and hurried with trembling limbs towards the door.

But while her touch was on the handle, it swung rudely open, and a group of men came in bearing something prone and lifeless in their midst.

And Grace Morley, while all the blood in her veins seemed frozen into ice, knew that she was looking into her dead husband's face!

"Take care of the lady—she's fainted—said a rude voice. "Doctor you had better see to her."

But she had not fainted. White, speechless, powerless as she was, she gazed at the sight of the dead man, and heard with agonizing distinctness, all that passed around her.

"His wife!" said the young surgeon, pityingly. "I did not know that he was a married man. She should have been prepared for this. Poor creature—poor crushed creature! Lay down the dead man, Somers, and come here. He is past help now. Call in the women and take away that mob of staring men."

As the pungent breath of some powerful restorative crossed her senses, Grace fainted in the young surgeon's supporting arms—life and consciousness could not uphold their domain against the great billows of agony that were sweeping across her soul.

When she came to her senses the first object on which her eyes rested was the kind face of the young doctor. With a convulsive effort she strove to start from her couch.