The Potter Journal.

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Business Cards.

JOHN S. MANN,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW. Coudersport, Pa., will attend the several Courts in Potter and M'Kean Counties. All business entrusted in his care will receive prompt attention. Office on Main st., opposite the Court House. 10:1

F. W. KNOX,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will regularly attend the Courts in Potter and the adjoining Counties. 10:1

ARTHUR G. OLMSTED,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care, with promptness and fidelity. Office in Temperance Block, second floor, Main St. 10:1

ISAAC BENSON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to him, with care and promptness. Office corner of Main and Third sts. 10:1

L. P. WILLISTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Wellsboro', Tioga Co., Pa., will attend the Courts in Potter and M'Kean Counties. 9:13

R. W. BENTON,
SUSVEYOR AND CONVEYANCER. Raymond P. O., (Allegany Tp.,) Potter Co., Pa., will attend to all business in his line, with care and dispatch. 9:33

W. K. KING,
SURVEYOR, DRAFTSMAN AND CONVEYANCER, Smethport, M'Kean Co., Pa., will attend to business for non-resident landholders, upon reasonable terms. References given if required. P. S.—Maps of any part of the County made to order. 9:13

O. T. ELLISON,
PRACTICING PHYSICIAN, Coudersport, Pa., respectfully informs the citizens of the village and vicinity that he will promptly respond to all calls for professional services. Office on Main st., in building formerly occupied by C. W. Ellis, Esq. 9:22

COLLINS SMITH. E. A. JONES.
SMITH & JONES,
DEALERS IN DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS, Oils, Fancy Articles, Stationery, Dry Goods, Groceries, &c., Main st., Coudersport, Pa. 10:1

D. E. OLMSTED,
DEALER IN DRY GOODS, READY-MADE Clothing, Crockery, Groceries, &c., Main st., Coudersport, Pa. 10:1

M. W. MANN,
DEALER IN BOOKS & STATIONERY, MAGAZINES and Music. N. W. corner of Main and Third sts., Coudersport, Pa. 10:1

E. R. HARRINGTON,
JEWELLER, Coudersport, Pa., having engaged a window in Schoomaker & Jackson's Store will carry on the Watch and Jewelry business there. A fine assortment of Jewelry constantly on hand. Watches and Jewelry carefully repaired, in the best style, on the shortest notice—all work warranted. 9:34

HENRY J. OLMSTED,
(SUCCESSOR TO JAMES W. SMITH.)
DEALER IN STOVES, TIN & SHEET IRON WARE, Main st., nearly opposite the Court House, Coudersport, Pa. Tin and Sheet Iron Ware made to order, in good style, on short notice. 10:1

COUDERSPORT HOTEL,
D. F. GLASSMIRE, Proprietor, Corner of Main and Second Streets, Coudersport, Potter Co., Pa. 9:44

ALLEGANY HOUSE,
SAMUEL M. MILLS, Proprietor, Colesburg Potter Co., Pa., seven miles north of Coudersport, on the Wellsville Road. 9:44

Selected Poetry.

From the Lancaster, Pa., Normal Review.

PRACTICE WHAT YOU PREACH.

Tell me not of garbled sermons—
Elegance of thought and style,
Heard from out your modern pulpits,
Man from error to beguile.
Eloquence may charm the fancy,
Summon an admiring crowd,
Who surround the gifted preacher,
With their praises, loud and loud;
But if God's appointed servants,
Would their hearers' *conscience* reach,
Leading them to paths of wisdom,
They must *practice what they preach.*

Parents, if your tender offspring
Ye would lead in ways of truth,
Shielding them from the temptations
That surround the paths of youth;
Count as vain your time-worn maxims,
And, to make your teaching sure,
Guide them not alone by *precept*,
But *example*, just and pure.
For, to shelter from the tempests
Sin's dark clouds would cast round each
Tender flower of your protection,
You must *practice what you preach.*

Teachers, if throughout your duties,
Ever faithful you would be,
Not by *words*, but by your *actions*,
Teach in all sincerity.
Youthful eyes are on you gazing,
Youthful hearts your thoughts receive;
Eagerly they catch your accents,
Eagerly your words believe.
Then beware! lest by your actions,
Untrue *principles* you teach;
And forget not that you must ever
Strive to *practice what you preach.*

Ye who would redeem a brother
Through a Savior's pard'ning love,
Know that by your bright *example*,
You must lure to joys above.
Better were the world, and wiser,
Full of goodness and of truth,
If throughout each generation,
Hoary age and buoyant youth,
All who preach the glorious gospel,
All who govern, all who teach,
Would but learn this useful lesson,
Always practice what you preach.

—MAUD MULLER.

Selected Tale.

The Nervous Wife Cured.

My friend Wilkins married a sweet young girl, of a quiet, amiable disposition, but in no way skilled in those domestic arts without a knowledge of which a wife's duties are always felt to be hard in the beginning. He was the envy of more than one who had aspired to the possession of her hand. I knew him to be industrious, intelligent and kind-hearted; and I felt sure that he had taken a life-companion who would be faithful and loving. The promise was bright enough to warrant a prophecy of more than ordinary happiness.

They removed to another town. Ten years afterwards, in passing through that town, I called upon Wilkins, who met me with the old, frank cordiality. Eyes and face in a glow of pleasure, when, still grasping his hand, I inquired after his wife. His countenance changed instantly.

"Poor Mary!" he said, in a sad, discouraged way. "She has no health."

"I'm sorry," was my natural response.

"Sickness and the loss of two of our children have so worn down body and mind that she is now but a shadow of her former self. Worst of all, her nerves are completely shattered. But you must see her. To meet an old friend will do her good. Will you spend the evening with us?"

I assented, and then made further inquiries about his family and worldly condition. His story was not a very bright one. The birth of their first child was followed by a prostrating sickness, which brought the young mother to the utmost verge of death.

"She has never had good health since," said Wilkins, in a depressed voice. "My income was small, and we could not afford the amount of household assistance, in the beginning that she really required; and so everything was against her restoration to sound health. Children came rapidly, bringing with them more exhausting cares. And the death of two of our little ones, to which I have referred, seemed to complete the work of ruin. She is now a hopeless invalid, poor, weak, nervous, unhappy creature, a mere wreck of what you saw ten years ago, moving like a tearful ghost, through her daily round of duties, and only kept alive by the constant and careful attention of a physician. I don't think the doctor has been out of my house for two weeks at a time in six years, and I am sure has received more than three hundred pounds of my money in that time. The fact is, with what doctor's bills, nurse, medicines, and the hundred nameless expenses a sick and a nervous wife entails upon a man, my fortunes have been marred. They keep me poor."

Wilkins spoke in a fretful voice. It was plain that he had grown impatient under the trials to which the bad health of his wife had exposed him.

I called at his office again towards evening, and went home with him. Had I met Mrs. Wilkins in the street, I would not have recognized in her the happy bride who, ten years before, blushing in beauty, I had seen giving her hand in a life-partnership, with such loving confidence in the future, to the husband of her choice. Her countenance was wan and wasted, all the beautifully rounded outlines gone; her eyes, deeply sunken, were languid almost to indifference; her hair, once richly luxuriant, had fallen off, until scarce half of it remained, and that looked dry and crisp, with here and there a premature line of grey. She stooped slightly, and her motions were lifeless.

A faint smile parted her lips as I grasped her hand with all the warmth of a genuine friendly interest. But it faded almost as soon as it was born. I tried to talk with her in a cheerful strain, and did succeed in awakening a brief interest in the olden time. But the present was too painfully real; it would not permit her thoughts to indulge in pleasant fancies. I could not help asking about herself and her children; and this turned the current of her feelings into its wonted channel; and I listened to her sad heart-stories, and painful experiences in sickness, until my own feelings were deeply shadowed. I pitied her. What a sombre, suffering life had been hers! Into what a world of misery, instead of happiness, had marriage translated her!

As she talked I observed her husband carefully. It was plain that he had but little sympathy with his wife's state of feeling. He was a sufferer with her, though in a lighter degree; and, as his sufferings originated in her, there was, plainly, a certain lack of kindly patience towards his companion. Several times he interrupted her, trying to draw the conversation into another channel; and once or twice he threw in depreciating sentences, as if she were exaggerating the unhappy story of her life.

I learned that Mrs. Wilkins rarely, if ever, went out of her own house. Her duties were very arduous, and her ability, from ill health, small. Every day she worked to bodily exhaustion, and usually in pain. There was no recreation of any kind, bodily or mental. It was a living death. No wonder she was a drooping, wretched, nervous woman.

Next day, I called to see my friend, having made up my mind to have a plain talk with him. I referred to his wife, expressing my earnest sympathy in regard to her.

"Poor Mary!" he replied; "her case is hopeless, and mine, too, I fear."

"While there's life there's hope," said I, using the physician's half-despairing axiom.

He regarded me a little curiously.

"How often do you take her out?" I inquired.

He shook his head.

"Can't afford carriage hire; 'tis as much as I can do to pay the doctor. No, no, neither of us have time nor money to spend for riding out."

"Change, and fresh air, you will find better and cheaper medicines than doctor's stuff. Do you take her to a seaside in Summer?"

"You are jesting," he replied, with the air of one who felt than an undue liberty had been taken.

"Far from it, my friend," I answered seriously, "I feel too warm an interest in you to jest on a subject like this."

"A visit to a watering-place is a luxury," he remarked sadly.

"Do not name them as luxuries in your case. If the enervated votary of pleasure needs them for recreation, and to impart a new zeal to the year's succeeding round of gay existence, how much more essential are they for the sick, the nervous, the exhausted toiler in life's field of earnest labor. I fear, my friend, that you have not thought wisely of your wife's true position; that, in some sense, you are to blame for her present ill-health and state of mental depression."

"How?"

Wilkins looked surprised.

"The human soul," I answered, "is not a piece of senseless machinery; not made up of a series of iron wheels that can do their work as well in the dark underground chamber as in the broad daylight. Even the flower must have change—air, sunlight, morning, evening, and the advancing season, for its healthy growth and maturity. But the human soul is of higher organization; and has multitudinous wants compared with the flower. Shut up the flower from the warm sun and refreshing air, and will it not grow sickly?—nay, will it not fade, wither and die? You are treating your wife with less consideration than you would treat a house plant. No wonder that she is dying daily."

Wilkins really looked amazed, and I was for a little while in doubt whether he were offended at my freedom, or astounded at his own blindness touching the nature and wants of the human soul which he had joined in a life companionship with his own.

"Nature's two best physicians," I went on, "are pure air and exercise. And, what is better, they charge nothing for attendance."

"To a large part of mankind," answered Wilkins, "time is money. It is in our case."

Don't make that too positive a conclusion. Increase the strength, and you diminish the hours of labor—nay, more, you remove from it the cause of extreme exhaustion. My word for it, if you had spent twenty pounds a year in giving your wife change of scene, sea-bathing, and mental as well as bodily recreation, your doctor's bill would have been reduced by more than that amount. How often do you take her to concerts, or other places of amusement?"

"We haven't been to a concert for five years," said he.

"And yet I remember she was passionately fond of music."

"We can't afford it," remarked Wilkins gloomily.

"Better go without a dinner occasionally. Health of the soul is quite as essential as health of the body. If you starve the former, what is there in mere eating and drinking worth living for?"

"Mary wouldn't go if I were to purchase tickets. She has housed herself so long that she has no desire to step across the threshold."

"For which, speaking frankly, and to an old friend, you are, in a great measure, to blame. And, unless you at once, and with a purpose not to be set aside by first difficulties, actually compel your drooping wife to go forth, a few years will close up the history of a wretched life."

"Ah!" said he, "I can feel the force of what you say! But how and where to begin? That is the question."

"I notice," was the reply, "that a celebrated composer and pianist is in your town, and will give this evening one of his concerts. Take her to hear him."

"I'm sure she will not go."

"I am going to invite her," said I; "and I don't believe she will refuse."

Wilkins was quite positive.

"We'll see. You will take a note of invitation from me. I will enclose tickets for you both, and say that I will call in the evening, and make one of the company at the concert?"

Wilkins was incredulous, and half opposed me; but my interest in his unhappy wife was too strong, and I resolved to have my own way. The tickets and invitation were accordingly sent.

I called at my friend's office, in the afternoon, to go home with him.

"Well," said I, cheerfully, "what word from your good wife? Will she be ready for the concert?"

"I'm afraid not."

Wilkins shook his head and looked gloomily.

"What did she say?"

"That it was impossible for her to go out—that she couldn't leave the children, and, finally, after I had met every objection with a reason that could not be gainsaid, she declared that she didn't feel a wish to go, and couldn't think of it."

"The ice is very solid, and hard to break through." I smiled as I spoke. "It is that want of inclination which must be overcome. She'll go if we insist upon it."

But Wilkins was of a different opinion.

"I know her a great deal better than you do," was his answer.

I went home with him. There was a change in Mrs. Wilkins; a glance revealed this. The languor and exhaustion, so painfully apparent on the previous evening, were scarcely visible. Her eyes were brighter, her countenance more elevated, her lips had a firmer outline. I saw that some attention had been given to her dress; and though not in the concert trim, it was plain enough that it would not take her a very great while to be in presentable condition.

Wilkins was in error. His wife did go to the concert, and surprised both him and herself by the amount of pleasure she received from the exquisite performance. Indeed, she expressed her satisfaction in lively terms, and with a glowing face, in the intervals of many of the pieces.

"How is Mrs. Wilkins?" I asked of my friend, as I entered his place of business on the next day.

"Better than for many months, I am pleased to say," was his answer. "She seemed, this morning, almost another woman. That music was like an elixir to her soul."

"I had faith in it,' said I. "Depend upon it, Wilkins, you have been consenting to your wife's death by murder and suicide—murder on your part and suicide on hers. My next recommendation is the seaside. Give up your business for a week; take your wife to some watering place immediately. Sea air, sea-bathing and a sight of old ocean will put new life into her veins."

"She can't possibly leave home. We have too many young children."

"She'll have to leave home, and her young children, too, forever, if you don't do something to save her." I spoke with some feeling, for I was a little provoked at my friend's inclination to throw difficulties in the way. "Just make up your mind that the thing has to be done, and I'll answer for your wife. The fact is, it's my opinion that she'll say 'Yes' on the first proposition."

And so she did. A little management was practised. I accepted another invitation to tea, and, during the evening, gave as graphic a description as was in my power, of the novelty, excitement and wonderfully beneficial effects of a week at the seashore. My own experience was quite to the point, having regained strength almost by magic after a long period of extreme nervous exhaustion.

"You must take your wife to the seaside. It is just what she wants," said I, after the way had been fully prepared.

Wilkins followed up with such a hearty acquiescence that the point was carried under scarcely an appearance of objection. Difficulties were, of course, suggested; but these were pronounced of such slender importance that they were waived almost as soon as presented. Two days afterwards I had the satisfaction of seeing them off. As I shook hands with them at parting, I could see in the countenance of Mrs. Wilkins, some reviving traces of her old girlish beauty; and a rekindling in her eyes of the light of other days.

A year afterwards, I made it my business to visit my old acquaintance. He received me with a warmth of manner and cheerfulness of spirit which satisfied me that his state of mind had considerably improved.

"How is Mrs. Wilkins?" I immediately inquired.

A broad smile went over his face as he replied:

"A thousand times better than when you saw her a year ago."

"I am delighted to hear you say so.—How did the seaside prescription answer?"

"Admirably. It worked like a charm. Mary came back another woman. It was to her almost like discovering the fountain of eternal youth. I never saw such a change in any one."

"Didn't she fall back into old habits of mind and body after her return to the city?"

"No."

"How did you prevent this?" I inquired.

"By acting on the hint you gave. I hired a carriage for an excursion, once a week, while the pleasant weather lasted, and it cost me a few shillings each time; but it was cheaper than paying the doctor, and the medicine cured more radically. You can't imagine what a change in her feelings took place. Nothing outside of the narrow circle of home interested her before; thought seemed asleep, or palsied; but now she takes an interest in everything."

"Was it not starved into more than infantile weakness?" I inquired.

"Perhaps so," he said, thoughtfully. "The mind must have its appropriate food as well as the body."

"Nothing is truer than that," I replied.

"And, like the body, it must have the alterations of shade and sunshine, fresh air and exercise. It must have change and recreation, as well as seasons of labor. Without these, mental health is impossible; and, without mental health, there can be no true bodily health."

Husbands, I fear, are not thoughtful enough about their wives in this particular. I am very certain if every toiling housekeeper, and worn down, exhausted mother, whose pale face is hardly ever seen beyond the portals of her own door, were forced abroad occasionally into the social world, if they would not go willingly, and taken yearly to the seaside for a few weeks, that hundreds and thousands of wives and mothers, who are now sickly, nervous and unhappy, would be in the enjoyment of good health and cheerful spirits, giving light to their homes and happiness to the hearts of their husbands.

Try the prescription, ye men with sickly, toiling, exhausted wives, whose pale faces haunt your homes like the ghosts of former blessings. Pity them wisely, and hold them back, while you may, from the low resting-places under the green turf towards which they are descending with rapid feet.

☞You read the past in some old faces, while some others lapse into mere meekness and content. The fires go quite out of some eyes, as the crow's feet pucker round them: they flash no longer with scorn, or with anger or love; they gaze, and no one is melted by their sapphire glances; they look, and no one is dazzled. My fair young reader, if you are not so perfect a beauty as the peerless Lindamira, Queen of the Ball; if at the end of it, as you retire to bed, you meekly own that you have had but two or three partners while Lindamira has had a crowd around her all night—console yourself with thinking that, at fifty, you will look as kind and pleasant as you now appear at eighteen. You will not have to lay down your coach and six of beauty and see another step into it, and walk yourself through the rest of life. You will have to forego no long-accustomed homage; you will not witness and own the depreciation of your smiles. You will not see fashion forsake your quarter; and remain all dust, gloom, cobwebs, within your once splendid saloons, and placards in your sad windows, gaunt, lonely, and to let! You may not have known grandeur, but you won't feel any desertion. You will not have enjoyed millions, but you will have escaped bankruptcy.—*Thackeray's "Virginians."*

Selected Miscellany.

Whisky-Selling.

Whilst we loathe and despise that traffic in Intoxicating Liquors which sets itself up in conspicuous places and deals out liquid poison by the dram, we often find persons engaged in it for whose course there is some excuse. They are those who from early education and association conscienciously believe it to be legitimate and right; that the moral turpitude is with the intemperate user and not the vender; that it is a subject about which men are alone responsible to themselves and exempt from obligations to society. It is not a matter of surprise to find such men pursuing the traffic, and when we think of the lasting influence of early training—the immutable nature of early impressions, and also that conscience is the creature of faith, every person must be more inclined to pity such than condemn them.

But Kansas has some exemplars of a far different class of venders. There are Groggeries now opened in Kansas, and for aught we know in Quindaro, under the auspices of men who at their homes in the States, a few hundred miles nearer the rising sun, were only known as active, thorough advocates of the Temperance Reform—men who have declared the making, selling, or drinking of intoxicating liquors to be degrading, ruinous, damning. In coming to Kansas they have put off their professions by the wayside: their eyes have been blinded to the dread horoscope of the drunkard; their convictions have been blurred, and their consciences have been seared by the crisping, deadening passion of avarice; the unsettling of the humanity of husbands and fathers, the undermining of the happiness of wives and mothers, the overwhelming of the hopes of sons and daughters, have to them, lost their terror and their magnitude! For such men there is condemnation without a ray of pity.—By their course they are treasuring up for themselves a most direful wrath against the day of wrath. In this life they must retrograde with a fearful and dizzy rapidity, inaugurating a career, which beyond the disenthralling portals of the grave, will be continued adown the awful and gloomy descents of perdition.—*Quindaro (K. T.) Chindowan.*

EVERY MOTHER A SCULPTOR.—Every mother is a Sculptor. Though perhaps she dreams not of it, she is engraving lines on a tablet that are to endure for ages.

"The mother, in her office, holds the key
Of the soul; and she it is who stamps the coin
Of character, and makes the being who would be a savage,
But for her gentle cares, a Christian man.
Then crown her Queen of all the world!"

Scarcely a day passes that her hand does not trace new words on the mind and heart of her child; or engrave more deeply and indelibly those of former days. Say what we will of influence, there is none so powerful, for good or for evil, as that of a mother over her child. Some one, who, we know not, has given utterance to this sentiment in language much more impressive than any we have at command. He says:—"You may readily trace on the sandy beach impressions distinct and multiform, but the next rolling wave will wash them out. The spots and stains of your earthly robes may be removed; the ravages of a storm that strips nature of its beauty and glory, may be repaired; time and culture may re-clothe it with its former fertility and beauty. But, oh! remember—and may it be written with a diamond impression upon your soul—that the impressions of childhood, the precepts which you chisel down into the hearts of children will, like letters graven on a rock, remain forever. If they are in types of vice, nothing short of omnipotent, divine grace can erase them. If in the beauteous forms of virtue and holiness, they will brighten and beautify in the sunlight of a heavenly and eternal day."

SHAKE HANDS.—The mere offer of the hand is the readiest sign of voluntary courtesy or forgiveness, and its non-compliance the most civil yet meaning of repulses. Shaking hands is a mode of greeting, the origin of which is lost in obscurity. Individuals display character in their mode of so doing. Who cannot feel at once the antagonism between the touch of a prude and the cordial grasp of a friend? Who knows not the sailor's grip of candid heartiness from the conventional 'giving of hands.' How perfectly does the graduated feelings or lingering pressure cause the mercury in love's barometer to rise or fall by the scale of hope! What sympathies and antipathies are demonstrated by the various degrees of kindly, irresolute, vivacious, careless, fond or earnest manner of shaking hands! It is this relation between temperament, feelings, consideration, and the instinctive action of the hand, which has given rise to those theories which profess to read the predominant impulses of character in the traits of one's handwriting.

☞It is a curious fact that every general officer in the army of the American Revolution was a Free-Mason—except BENEDICT ARNOLD. Significant.