

The Potter Journal.

Devoted to the Principles of True Democracy, and the Dissemination of Morality, Literature and News.

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POTTER JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED BY
W. W. McALANEY, Proprietor.

Devoted to the cause of Republicanism, the interests of Agriculture, the advancement of Education, and the best good of Potter county. Owing no grudge except that of Principle, it will endeavor to aid in the work of more fully Freedoming our Country.

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THE PINK CALICO.

"John," said old Mr. Morton, taking off his gold rimmed spectacles and putting them methodically in their case as he spoke—"John, come into my study, I want to have a talk with you."

The old gentleman said this with such an air of importance that John Morton, albeit of a phlegmatic temperament, not easily astonished at anything, arose and followed his father with no little surprise and curiosity upon his handsome features. "What on earth can the Governor have in his mind?" he asked to himself; "I hope he isn't going to fail, or give me a step-mother, but he looks solemn enough for anything."

Solemn indeed was the old gentleman's countenance as he sat down opposite his son, folded his hands on the green cloth of the table between them and began: "John, if I am not mistaken, the day after to-morrow is your thirtieth birthday."

"So it is, by Jove," said John, "I'd quite forgotten it."

"Your thirtieth birthday," continued the old gentleman, "and really when a man comes to be thirty, it is my opinion he ought at least to begin to think about a wife. I married your poor dear mother when I was five-and-twenty and felt none too young. And as my sons have grown up I am glad to say they have generally followed my example. Hiram made a fine match when he married Miss Gower—and though Peter's wife was not such an heiress, she is a good woman and a pretty one—and not extravagant—and as for William, I couldn't wish him a better partner than the girl he married last year. You are the only bachelor of the four, and I must confess I am extremely anxious to see you married before I die—and I am an old man, John, and can't live a great while."

"As to that, father, you'll live, I hope, to be a hundred," said John. "But I will look about me, and if I see the girl I fancy, I'll pop the question. In fact, I've been doing that these ten years, only the right person hasn't come along."

"I see," said the old gentleman with a sly chuckle, "you want a good wife—a good sensible girl, who knows how to take care of her husband's house—eh?"

"Well, yes," said John with a yawn. "A handsome girl—with bright eyes and rosy cheeks with dimples in them—and nice hair and taper waist."

"You're quite a judge of beauty, I declare, father," said John. "Well I should like a pretty wife, that's certain."

A little wife with a little something of her own, too," said the old gentleman. "In fact an heiress. To sum up the whole—a sensible affectionate beauty, with a fortune. That's your wife, John."

"If I can find her, father," said John Morton. "But you see all the good things in the world are seldom given to one woman. The heiresses are often frights, and the beauties poor, while half the time one doesn't care to hear a pretty one speak or to look at a sensible one. And as for prudence and economy, they are handed over to grandmothers, and affection is quite old-fashioned. However, find me such a paragon as you describe to-day, and I'll lay my hand and heart at her feet to-morrow."

"Will you?"

"Why, of course I will, sir."

"Ah, ha! you're a married man then for I found her for you yesterday."

John Morton's eyes opened wider than his lazy wont with astonishment. "Who is she?" he asked.

"She's a Miss Spice," said the old gentleman "Baxter Spice's daughter. I met her there yesterday, and the moment I set my eyes on her I said that's the wife for my son John. A beauty—and such a notable domestic little body—and every cent old Spice calls his own will be a housewife day. I want you to go down and see her."

John laughed.

"Perhaps she's engaged to somebody else," he said. "People seldom leave such tempting fruit on the bough long—no doubt she's appropriated."

John Morton shrugged his shoulders and looked at Hetty. Her eyes were bright, and her cheeks dimpled with merriment. In his admiration he forgot the subject of conversation, and from Miss Spice turned to other subjects. Hetty on these grew eloquent. She talked well, and had the sweetest voice ever heard; she told the city stranger of the pretty country places close at hand, of the brook where the trout were found, and the soft green grass and purple flags beside its margin; of the high hill whence such a view could be had; of the stone church ninety years old where they went every Sunday; and of her own great love for all these things. And as John Morton listened he thought, "This girl is above the sphere of dusters and brooms and scrubbing brushes. She is as much a lady as any in the land." Then he tried her on other things, and found she had read a good deal, and that the books chosen were not trash, and without intending to do so, expressed his surprise.

The girl looked down demurely. "You see I read Miss Spice's books," she replied, "and I picked up a good deal that way."

And then, lunch being over, she left him to pass the time as he chose, and to go with Martin to the stables and admire the garden. But at mealtime she acted the part of hostess, and after tea sat demurely at her work on the porch for an hour or two.

That night the gentleman who came to woo Miss Spice the heiress, dreamt of Hetty, who "made herself useful, for her board and clothes."

Mr. Spice and family would not return for several days—so said Hetty—even if the relative whose illness called them away grew quickly better. And in that time there was nothing for John Morton to do but idle about the grounds, saunter into the stables and get up a flirtation with Hetty.

Demure and shy she seemed at times; at others merry and self possessed. She was a puzzle to him; and, becoming interested in her, he tried to "make her different than the first, for one fine morning John Morton awoke to the knowledge that he was in love. How it began he could not tell. The girl was comely and pleasant to look at, but not beautiful. He was proud and this half-menial position would have seemed an insurmountable barrier between himself and any woman. But the fact remained the same. He loved her. One bright hair of her head was worth all other woman put together to him. The thought of parting from her was intolerable. He could not, would not, turn him away and say, "This love of mine is too humble for me." Yet what a position he was in as an aspirant for the hand of the mistress and, ere she came, he had given his heart to the maid.

For a few hours he had a mighty struggle with himself. Then love conquered and he sought Hetty. She was in the garden among the flowers.

Surely nothing, not even those sweet roses, could be fairer or sweeter than her. Her eyes were cast down. Her taper fingers busy with some frail plant beaten down by the summer's shower. As he came she looked up with a smile.

"My poor cypress vine is almost dead she said; and this rain has done more harm than good to the garden. I'm sorry for the family will be home to night. We received a telegraphic dispatch this morning to that effect."

Home to night. John Morton had known of course that they would come. He could not have been wild enough to fancy that Mr. Spice had deserted the villa for his sake, and left him free to idle there and make love to Hetty forever. Yet the revelation was a shock.

Home! And Miss Spice, that ill-tempered, ugly heiress would be there, and Hetty, who would be in the background. Stay—woo and win the lady and forget the girl! Not he. He would transact his business with Mr. Spice and ride away at once. But something must be done before even this could be accomplished. Something in which Hetty was interested. He stopped down and touched her shoulder with his hand.

"Hetty," he said, "leave those flowers a while and come and walk by the brook with me. I have something to say to you. Don't refuse me. It is something serious, Hetty."

Hetty arose, tied on her garden hat, and looked down at her flowers still. She would not lift her eyes and he saw on her lashes two tears. Those, and a smile about her mouth, made a perfect April's day of her sweet face.

"You will walk with me, Hetty?" he asked.

And for an answer she turned and took her place beside him. So they sauntered on down to the brook side, where the purple flags grew amidst green sedges, and deep in the clear water you could catch a glimpse of shining trout. For a while both kept silence; then John Morton spoke suddenly:

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"Hetty, do you know I love you?" That was all! no preface—nothing to lead to the subject; no prelude to the music—the whole sweet tune broke upon the girl at once:

"Hetty do you know I love you?" Hetty stood still; her hand trembled in his—her bosom rose and fell. In a moment she began to sob.

Then John Morton's arm crept around her waist.

"My darling," he said "look at me—speak to me. Tell me that you return my feeling—tell me that you will one day be my wife?"

At that she pulled her hand away from him.

"You came here to be Miss Spice's suitor," she said; "I know it. I talked over when I could not help listening. Say those words to her—not to me. To her? I hate her very name," said John. "I love you, Hetty."

"A poor girl, almost a servant?"

"Why should I care? I love you, oh, Hetty, I love you better than I love my life. Hetty, answer me—will you be my wife? It needs but one little 'yes.'"

An odd convulsion between laughter and weeping, passed over her face. But she commanded her voice and said slowly: "You belong to Miss Spice."

"Her words made John Morton flush scarlet."

"Miss Spice is nothing to me," he said; "I've never seen her nor do I desire to see her; Hetty, answer me."

Hetty turned quite away from him, and in a sort of choking voice replied: "This is the only answer I can give you: If Miss Spice will not be your wife I do not know of any woman in the place who will, and fairly ran away."

John Morton followed her, only a little way however, for, coming to a spot where the path took a turn, he espied her through the bushes, sitting under a great tree, laughing in the merriest manner. The sight turned his heart to stone.

The heartless jade," he muttered, "and for her I would have given up anything beside in the wide world. All women are alike. Rustic simplicity in pink calico differs not a whit from city airs and graces in moiré antique. I'll go home. Miss Spice may come or go, for all I care. Oh, Hetty, Hetty!"

With these last words on his lips, John Morton made his way to Spice's Villa, mounted to his own room and proceeded to pack his port manteau; cramming his wardrobe in pell mell, and using no gentle language towards the innocent garments which would bulge over and forbid the fastening of the lock. Just as the packing was completed there came a sudden racket in the garden, a sound of wheels and merry voices. And his attention was attracted to the window. There at the gate stood a little carriage, from which descended a stout old lady and a stout old gentleman. Mr. and Mrs. Spice returned without a doubt.

"Five minutes more I would have been clear of the house. However I'll not stay long," and with this determination he descended to the hall, just in time to see Hetty rush into the old gentleman's arms with the exclamation, "Dear papa."

Out of them she came in a moment, turning rosy red as she murmured: "Oh, papa, I quite forgot—this is Mr. Morton."

John Morton stood like one petrified. He hardly heard the old gentleman's apology for his absence, or the old lady's welcome.

The truth which was slowly dawning upon him made him oblivious to all else. He stared at Hetty, whose mischievous face was dimpling and blushing in the most bewitching way. And slowly his lips formed two words—they were—"Miss Spice!"

"Oh!" said the old gentleman; "I really didn't understand you."

"The gentleman wants an introduction said Hetty. Please tell him that I am Miss Spice, your daughter."

Then she burst into a peal of laughter that made the old house ring, and brought on her head a maternal reproof for being "so wild before a stranger."

Poor John Morton believed himself a victim of a dream.

But two hours after he had recovered his senses, and sitting close by Hetty on the porch in the moonlight whispered: "Hetty, do you think Miss Spice will say yes?"

Hetty answered, "I think she will."

After a while she said—the old lady's absence and the old gentleman's nap favoring whispers: "Never say I told you any stories. I told you I made myself generally useful and they gave me my board and clothes didn't I?"

"Yes."

"Well, that is true."

"Ah."

"So you fancied me a servant of your own accord, sir. How could I help that?"

"Oh, Hetty, Hetty! But one story! nay, two—you have told. You said Miss Spice was ugly and cross—I know she is pretty and an angel."

Then there was a sound, suspiciously like a kiss, and there were but three on the porch, and Mr. Spice was sporting so it could not have been he.

One month after that there was a wedding, and Mr. John Morton was united to Miss Spice; and if all weddings were the beginning of years as happy as theirs it would be well for married folks the wide world over. Though Mrs. Morton is a little mischievous, and tells a story of a gentleman she knew who traveled miles to woo and wed an heiress and at the end fell in love with a girl in pink calico.

Remarkable Adventure of a Corpse.

Not long since a native of the mountain Isle, one of the victims of the late arsenical explosion, died in this city, and immediately preparations were made to give him a nice, genteel funeral. It was at first arranged that he should be buried here, but some of his kindred being buried at Parkersburg, West Virginia, it was finally determined that what remained of poor Johnny M— should be sent to that place. Accordingly, after a "wake," (one of the good old sort,) the remains were accompanied by his sorrowing friends and relatives to the depot, to take the cars for the place of burial. The funeral procession arrived at the depot some time before the departure of the train in which the remains were to go, and the mourners spent the intervening time in assuaging their sorrows at the neighboring bars, so abundant in that vicinity, the corpse meanwhile remaining on the platform, ready to be placed on the 9 P. M. train, which would connect at the Relay House with the western train.

The party meanwhile drank so many libations to the memory of the departed that they returned to the station in a very mellow condition, and the railroad officers being apprehensive that they would be incapable of taking care of the corpse, telegraphed to the agent at the Relay to see that the corpse was taken off at that point. Shortly before the time of starting the corpse was placed on the train, and an attempt was made to muster the mourners when it was ascertained that one or two of them had got so intoxicated as to have taken the New York train. The rest of the party, however, managed to get aboard and ere long Johnny M—'s body was again "marshing on." At the Relay the corpse was transferred to the western train, but two or three of the mourners were too far gone to get out in time, and proceeded to Baltimore, while the balance of the party with the corpse was hurried on with extra speed westward.

At the points along the road where the engine stopped "to water," the mourners as invariably stopped "to wet," and not being up to time, quite as invariably a brace or more were left behind at each watering and wetting place, and by the time Grafton was reached, where the corpse was to change cars for Parkersburg, but few of the mourners remained with it, and these were so bewildered that they failed to get in the proper train, and Johnny's corpse went on to Wheeling without them. From thence, by some means, it was sent to Columbus, Ohio, the corpse thus having got into the wrong State, and mourners being scattered through Maryland and West Virginia, and along the line of the Baltimore, Wilmington and Philadelphia and Camden and Amboy Railroads. By this time the telegraph was put into excited operation, and various messages were whisked over the wires in various directions in regard to the missing corpse and scattered mourners, making confusion doubly confounded for awhile. From Grafton an anxious mourner inquired, "Where in the d— is the corpse?" This dispatch was crossed on the road by a loud inquiry from Columbus as to the ownership of a stray corpse arrived there unacquainted. A Baltimore scattered mourner telegraphed to "postpone the funeral till I get there," and the equal-of-mourners by the New York train were sending wildly confused messages to Parkersburg, Relay House, Grafton and Washington, all helping to intensify the prevailing muddle. The corpse, meantime, had resumed its travels, and like poor Joe, not being wanted in any locality, had been kept moving on, until it arrived at Little Miami depot, where it created no little excitement, being without any marks for identification, and foul play being at once suspected. A coroner's inquest was held without throwing any light upon the mystery, which was, however, cleared up by a telegraphic despatch for the missing corpse. The railway officials then got the corpse in motion eastward, and the mourners headed westward, and finally, after the most eventful history of any corpse or set of mourners on record, Johnny's body was duly committed by them to mother earth where we trust it may rest in peace.

MARBLE WORK.

Monuments and Tomb-Stones of all kinds, will be furnished on reasonable terms and short notice. C. B. BREWSTER, Residence: Emlava, 1 1/2 miles south of Coudersport, Pa., on the Stone-Working Road, or leave your orders at the Post Office. 1864.

DAN BAKER.

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