Wellsboro Agitator.

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The Agitator.

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VAN GELDER & BARNES,

P. C. VAN GELDER. | A. F. BARNES.

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BUSINESS NOTICES in Local column, 10 cents per line if more than five lines; and 50 cents for a notice of five lines or less.

SPECIAL NOTICES 50 per cent above regular rates.

BUSINESS CARDS 5 lines or less, $5.00 per year.

Business Cards.

Geo. W. Merrick,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.—Office in Bowen & Cone's block, across hall from Agitator Office, 2d floor, Wellsboro, Pa.—Jan 1, 1872.

Mitchell & Cameron,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Claim and Insurance Agents. Office in Roy's block over Van Order's liquor store, Wellsboro, Pa.—Jan 1, 1872.

William A. Stone,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, over C. B. Kelley's Dry Good Store, Wright & Bailey's Block on Main street. Wellsboro, Jan. 1, 1872

Josiah Emery & C. D. Emery,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.—Office opposite Court House, No 1 Purdy's Block, Williamsport, Pa. All business promptly attended to.—Jan. 1, 1872.

J. C. Strang,

ATTORNEY AT LAW & DISTRICT ATTORNEY.—Office with J. B. Niles, Esq., Wellsboro, Pa.—Jan. 1, '72.

J. B. Niles,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.—Will attend promptly to business entrusted to his care in the counties of Tioga and Potter. Office on the Avenue.—Wellsboro, Pa., Jan. 1, 1872

Jno. W. Adams,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Mansfield, Tioga county, Pa. Collections promptly attended to.—Jan. 1, 1872.

Jno. W. Guernsey,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.—All business entrusted to him will be promptly attended to.—Office 1st door south of Wickham & Ferr's store, Tioga, Tioga county, Pa. Jan. 1, 1872

Armstrong & Linn,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Williamsport, Pa.

WM. H. ARMSTRONG
SAMUEL LINN. Jan. 1, 1872.

Wm. B. Smith,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, and Pension, Bounty and Insurance Agent. Communications sent to the above address will receive prompt attention. Terms moderate.—Knoxville, Pa. Jan. 1, 1872

Van Gelder & Barnes,

JOB PRINTERS.—All kinds of Job Printing done on short notice, and in the best manner. Office in Bowen & Cone's Block, 2d floor.—Jan 1, 1872.

W. D. Terbell & Co.,

WHOLESALE DRUGGIST, and dealers in Wall Paper, Kerosene Lamps, Window Glass, Perfumery, Paints, Oils, &c.—Corning, N. Y. Jan. 1, 1872.

D. Bacon, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, 1st. door east of Laughlin & Bache's Main Street. Will attend promptly to all calls.—Wellsboro, Jan 1, 1872.

A. M. Ingham, M. D.,

HOMŒOPATHIST, Office at his residence on the Avenue.—Wellsboro, Pa., Jan 1, 1872.

W. W. Webb, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.—Office—Opening out of Hastings & Cook's Drug Store.—Wellsboro, Pa., Jan. 1, 1872.

Seeley, Coats & Co.,

BANKERS, Knoxville, Tioga Co., Pa.—Receive money on deposit, discount notes, and sell drafts on New York City. Collections promptly made.

MORGAN SEELEY, Osceola. VINE CRANDALL,
Jan 1, 1872 DAVID COATS, Knoxville.

J. Parkhurst & Co.,

Bankers, Elkland, Tioga Co., Pa

JOEL PARKHURST,
JOHN PARKHURST,
C. L. PATTISON.

Jan 1, 1872.

Sabinsville Hotel,

SABINSVILLE, PA., *D Churchill, Proprietor.*—This House is in good condition to accommodate the traveling public in a superior manner.—Jan. 1, 1872.

Petrolium House,

WESTFIELD, PA., Geo. Close, Proprietor.—Good accommodation for both man and beast. Charges reasonable, and good attention given to guests.—Jan 1, 1872

Farmers' Temperance Hotel,

BATEMAN MONROE, having purchased *this house*, will conduct in future as in the past, strictly on temperance principals. Every accommodation for man and beast. Charges reasonable.—Wellsboro, Pa., Jan. 1, 1872.

Union Hotel.

WM B. VAN HORN, Proprietor, Wellsboro, Pa.—This house is pleasantly located, and has all the conveniences for man and beast. Charges moderate.—Jan. 1 '72

Wellsboro Hotel,

COR MAIN ST. & THE AVENUE,

Wellsboro, Pa.

SOL. BUNNEL, Prop'r.

This is a popular Hotel lately kept by B. B. Holiday. The Proprietor will spare no pains to make it a first-class house. All the stages arrive and depart from this house. A good hostler in attendance. Livery attached.

Jan 1, 1872.

Hotel for Sale.

THE American Hotel, Nelson, Pa., house and barn nearly new, half acre land. On the line of Cowanesque Valley R. R. Work just being commenced, 100 men at work near by. The property will be sold at a bargain. A good man can pay for the property while the road is being built. Terms easy. For particulars inquire on the premises, or address,

C. B. WHITED,
Nov 8, 1871 tf Blossburg, Pa.

THE OLD "PENNSYLVANIA HOUSE"

LATELY known as the Townsend House and for a time occupied by D. D. Holiday, has been thoroughly refitted and repatored by

M. R. O'CONNOR,

who will be happy to accommodate the old friends of the house at very reasonable rates.

Jan 1, 1872.—1y. M. R. O'CONNOR.

NATIONAL HOTEL.

IN Mansfield, Pa., conducted on strict temperance principles by the subscriber, who will spare no pains to make this house a pleasant home for the traveling public. Being well supplied with house and stable room, he will at all times endeavor to provide every comfort for both man and beast.

Nov 15, 1871 tf WM. B. HALL

Batchelder & Johnson,

PROPRIETORS OF THE

WELLSBORO MARBLE WORKS,

Main Street opposite Foundry,

WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA.

MONUMENTS, TOMBSTONES, TABLE TOPS, COUNTERS, &c.

All other Marble work executed neatly, and at reasonable rates. We also furnish to order, Marble and Slate Mantles, Grates, Fenders, &c.

J. R. BATCHELDER.
Jan 1, 1872, 6m F. A. JOHNSTON.

Tioga Marble Works.

THE undersigned is now prepared to execute all orders for Tomb Stones and Monuments of either

Italian or Rutland Marble,

of the latest style and approved workmanship and with dispatch.

He keeps constantly on hand both kinds of Marble and will be able to suit all who may favor him with their orders, on as reasonable terms as can be obtained in the country.

Jan. 1, 1872. FRANK ADAMS.

CHANGE AND TRUST.

The summer dropped it blush-blown roses
On my head,
Till its close,
And then went down the vale which closes
Where the dead
Years repose,

Now winter comes, the roses quickly
From my head
Fade and go,
I find upon me falling thickly,
In their stead,
Only snow.

When youth was mine, its fiery flushes
In me rose
Fresh and bright
As ruddy morning's fairest blushes,
When she throws
Back the night.

But age relentlessly bereaves me
Of the things
I loved best;
In what youth promised age deceives me;
Still it brings
Love and rest.

Wild waves must on the storm-rocked ocean
Rise and leap,
But we're sure
'Tis by the waters' ceaseless motion
That they keep
Sweet and pure.

What though the heart be nigh distracted
O'er bright things
Turned to dust,
The stormy sorrow so exacted
Ever brings
Sweeter trust.

A change has often brought me sadness;
By and by,
From life's west,
A final change shall bring me gladness,
When I lie
Down to rest.

For somewhere in the future golden
Are the joys
I have known;
By Him who gave they all are holden;
He destroys
Not His own.

Under Ground.

Yes, that's my house under the hillside there, facing the south, where the lights are; You saw it as you came up. Pretty? Well, as pretty as we can make it. Looks like an oasis in a black desert, and hard work it is to keep it decent with so many pits about, each belching out its clouds of villainous smoke, black as the coal which makes it; for you see we have not only the fires for the pumping and cage engine, but those at the bottom of the ventilating shafts, and the soot they send floating out into the air is something startling, without counting the sulphurous vapors which ruin vegetation; not that there's much this Christmas time.

Of course, if you like to go down you can go; I'll go with you. Oh, yes; I've often been down. I should think I have hundreds of times. Why, I've handled the pick myself in the two-foot seam as an ordinary pitman, though I'm manager now.—I don't see any cause to be ashamed of it. And after all it's nothing new here in Yorkshire. I could point out a score of men who have been at work in the factories now holding great works of their own.

Accidents? Well, yes; we do have accidents, in spite of all precaution and inspection. Now you, a stranger, coming down to see a coal pit, look upon it as a dangerous place. Without being cowardly, you will shudder when we go down the great black shaft a couple of hundred yards, and you'll then walk as if you were going through a powder magazine. But you know what you used to write in your copy book at school, "Familiarity breeds contempt." Truer words were never written, and I see it proved every week. It's dangerous work going up and down our pit,—and yet the men will laugh and talk and do things that will almost make your blood run cold. It is like throwing a spark among gunpowder, to open a lamp in some parts of our mine; but our men, for the sake of a pipe, will run all risks, even to lighting matches on the walls and taking naked candles to stick up that they may see better to work.

Yes, we've had some bad accidents here, but I shall never forget one that happened five-and-twenty years ago this Christmas.

Tell you about it? Good; but it shall be after tea, by the warm fireside, and then if you like to go down the pit in the morning, why go you shall.

Hark! That's the new piano—Christmas present my girls coaxed me out of, with the old lady to back them up. Seventy pounds, bang. Collard and Collard, London, Listen. They're practicing up those tunes to please me, because I don't like your new-fangled fantasias and arrangements. There you are, you see, set as duets—our two old favorite Yorkshire pieces, "Vital Spark" and "Christians, Awake!" You may hear them played by every brass band in the country. We'll have 'em sung after tea.

There, that's cosy. This is the time I always enjoy—after tea, with the curtains drawn; the wind driving the snow in great pats against the window panes, as it howls down the hillside and makes the fire roar up the chimney. Not particular over a scuttle of coals here, you see. One of your London friends was down here once, and he declared that if he lived down here he should amuse himself all day long with poker and shovel.

And now, about this story of the accident I promised—only to hear this you must have a little more beside. *You* need not go out of the room, my dear.

Well, as I told you, it was five-and-twenty years ago, and I was just five-and-twenty years old then, working as regular pitman on the day or night shift. Dirty work, of course, but there was soap in the land even in those days; and when I came up, after a good wash and a change, I could always enjoy a read, such times as I didn't go to the night school, where, always having been a sort of reading fellow, I used to help teach the boys; and on Sundays I used to go to the school and help there.

Of course it was all done in a rough way, for hands that had been busy with a coal pick all day were not, you will say, much fit for using a pen at night. However, I used to go, and it was there I found out that teaching was a thing that paid you back hundred per cent. interest, for you could not teach others without teaching yourself.

But—I may as well own to it—it was the teaching at the Sunday school I used to look forward to, for it was there I used to see Mary Andrews, the daughter of one of our head pitmen. He was not so very high up, only at the pit village he lived in one of the best houses, and had about double the wages of the ordinary men.

Consequently Mary Andrews was a little better dressed and better educated than the general run of girls about there; and there was something about her face that used, in its quiet earnestness, to set me anxiously watching her all the time she was teaching, till I used to wake up of a sudden to the fact that the boys in my class were all at play, when, flushing red all over my face, I used to leave off staring to the girls' part of the school room and try to make up for lost time.

I can't tell you when it began, but at that time I used somehow to associate Mary Andrews's pale, innocent face with everything I did. Every blow I drove into a coal seam with my sharp pick, used to be industry for Mary's sake. Of an evening, when I washed off the black and tigled up my hair, it used to be so that she might not be ashamed of me if we met; and even every time I made my head ache with some calculation out of my arithmetic—ten times as difficult because I had no one to help me—I used to strive and try on till I conquered, because it was all for Mary's sake.

Not that I dared to have told her so, I thought, but somehow the influence of Mary used to lift me up more and more, till I should no more have thought of going to join the other pitmen in a public house than of trying to fly.

It was about this time I got talking to a young fellow about my age who worked in my shift. John Kelsey his name was, and I used to think it a pity that a fine, clever fellow like he was, handsome, stout and strong, should be so fond of the low habits, dog-fighting and wrestling, so popular with our men, who enjoyed nothing better than getting over to Sheffield or Rotherham for what they called a day's sport, which generally meant unfitness for work during the rest of the week.

"Well," said John, "your ways seem to pay you," and he laughed and went away; and I thought no more of it till about a month after, when I found out that I was what people who make use of plain, simple language call—in love; and I'll tell you how I found it out.

I was going along one evening past old Andrews's house, when the *door opened* for a moment as if some one was coming out; but, as if I had been seen, it was closed directly. In that short moment, though, I had heard a laugh, and that laugh I was sure was John Kelsey's.

I felt on fire for a few moments, as I stood there, unable to move, and then as I dragged myself away the feeling that came over me was one of blank misery and despair. I could have leaned my head up against the first wall I came to and cried like a child; but that feeling passed off, to be succeeded by one of rage. For, as the blindness dropped from my eyes, I saw clearly that not only did I dearly love Mary Andrews,—love her with all a strong man's first love, such a love as one would feel who had till now made his sole companions of his books,—but that I was forestalled; that John Kelsey was evidently a regular visitor there, and, for aught I knew to the contrary, was her acknowledged lover.

I did not like playing the spy, but with a faint feeling of hope on me that I might have been mistaken, I walked back past the house, and there was no mistake; John Kelsey's head was plainly enough to be seen upon the blind, and I went home in despair.

How I looked forward to the next Sunday, half resolved to boldly tell Mary of my love, and to ask her whether there was any truth in that which I imagined, though I almost felt as if I should not dare.

Sunday came at last, and somehow I was rather late when I entered the great school room, one end of which was devoted to the girls, the other to the boys. At the first glance I saw Mary was in her place; at the second *all the blood in my body seemed to* rush to my heart, for there, standing talking to the superintendent, was John Kelsey, and the next minute he had a class of the youngest children placed in his charge, and he was hearing them read.

"He has done this on account of what I said to him," was my first thought, and I felt glad; but directly after I was in misery, for my eyes rested upon Mary Andrews, and that explained all—it was for her sake he had come.

I don't know how that afternoon passed, or anything else, only that as soon as the children were dismissed I saw John Kelsey go up to Mary's side and walk home with her; and then I walked out up the hillside, wandering here and there amongst the old, unused pits, half full of water, and thinking to myself that I might just as well be down there in one of them, for there was no more hope or pleasure for me in this world.

Time slipped on, and I could plainly see one thing that troubled me sorely; John was evidently making an outward show of being a hard working fellow, striving hard for improvement, so as to stand well in old Andrews's eyes, while I knew for a fact that he was as drunken and dissipated as any young fellow that worked in the pit.

I could not tell Andrews this, nor could I tell Mary. If she loved him it would grieve her terribly, and be dishonorable as well, and perhaps he might improve. I can tell him though, I thought, and I made up my mind that I would; and meeting him one night, evidently hot and excited with liquor, I spoke to him about it.

"If you truly love that girl, John," I said, "you'll give up this sort of thing."

He called me a meddling fool, said he had watched me, that he knew I had a hankering after her myself, but she only laughed at me; and one way and another so galled me that we fought. I went home that night bruised, sore and ashamed of my passion; while he went to the Andrewses and said he had had to thrash me for speaking insultingly about Mary.

I heard this afterwards, and I don't know how it was, but I wrote to her telling her it was false, and that I loved her too well ever to have acted so.

When next we met I felt that she must have read my letter and laughed at me. At all events, John Kelsey did; and I had the mortification of seeing that old Andrews evidently favored his visits.

John still kept up his attendance at the school, but he was at the far end; and more than once when I looked up, it was to find Mary Andrews with her eyes fixed on me. She lowered them though directly, and soon after it seemed to me that she turned them upon John.

It seems to me that a man never learns till he is well on in life how he should behave toward the lady of his choice, and how much better it would be if he would go and, in a straightforward, manly fashion, tell her of his feelings. I was like the rest, I could not do it, but allowed six months to pass over my head—six weary, wretched months—till Christmas came on, cold and bitter, but not so cold and bitter as was my heart.

It was Christmas Eve, and in a dreamy, listless way I was sitting over my breakfast before starting for work, when I heard a sound, and knew what it meant before there were shrieks in the village and women running out and making for the pit's mouth, a quarter of a mile away. I tell you I turned sick with horror, for I knew that at least twenty men would be down on the night shift, and though it was close upon their leaving time, they could not have come up yet.

"Pit's fired! pit's fired!" I heard people shrieking, not that there was any need, for there wasn't a soul that didn't know it, for the pit had spoken for itself. And as I hurried out I thought, all in a flash like, of what a Christmas it would be for some families there; and I seemed to see a long procession of rough coffins going to the churchyard, and to hear the wailings of the widow and the fatherless.

There was no seeming, though, in the wailings, for the poor frightened women, with their shawls pinned over their heads, were crying and shrieking to one another as they ran on.

I lost no time, as you may suppose, in running to the pit's mouth, but those who lived nearer were there long before me; and by the time I got there, I found that the cage had brought up part of the men, three who were insensible, and that it was just going down again.

It went down directly; and just as it disappeared, who should come running up, pale and scared, but Mary Andrews. She ran right up to the knot of men who had come up, and who were talking loudly, in a wild, frightened way about how the pit had fired; they could not tell how; and she looked from one to another, and then at the men who were scorched, and then she ran toward the pit's mouth, where I was.

"There's no one belonging to you down, is there?" I asked her.

"Oh, yes—yes! my father was down, and John Kelsey."

As she said the first words I felt ready for anything; but as she finished her sentence a cold chill came over me, and she saw the change and looked at me in a strange, half-angry way.

"Here comes the cage up," I said, trying hard to recover myself, and going up to the bank by her side; but when half a dozen scorched and blackened men stepped out, and we looked at their disfigured faces, poor Mary gave a low wail of misery, and I heard her say, softly, "O father! father! father!"

It went right to my heart to hear her bitter cry, and I caught hold of her hand.

"Don't be down-hearted, Mary," I said, huskily; "there's hope yet."

Her eyes flashed through her tears, as she turned sharply on me, and pressing her hand for a moment, I said, softly, "Try and think more kindly of me, Mary." And then I turned to the men.

"Now then, who's going down?" shouted I. "You can't go down," shouted half a dozen voices; "the choke got 'most the better of us."

"But there are two men down!" I cried savagely. "You're not all cowards, are you?"

Two men stepped forward, and we got in the cage.

"Who knows where Andrews was?" I cried; and a faint voice from one of the injured men told me. Then I gave the warning, and we were lowered down; it having been understood that at the first signal we made we were to be drawn up sharply.

The excitement kept me from being frightened; but there was a horrid feeling of oppression in the air as we got lower and lower, and twice over the men with me were for being drawn up.

"It steals over you before you know it," said one. "It laid me like in a sleep when Rotherby pit fired," said the other.

"Would you leave old Andrews to die?" I said; and they gave in.

We reached the bottom, and I found no difficulty in breathing, and shouting to the men to come on, I ran in the direction where I had been told we should find Andrews; but it was terrible work, and I expected each moment to encounter the deadly gas that had robbed so many men of their lives. But I kept on, shouting to those behind me till all at once I tripped and fell over some one; and as soon as I could get myself together I lowered the lamp I carried, and to my great delight I found it was Andrews.

Whether dead or alive I could not tell then, but we lifted him amongst us and none too soon, for as I took my first step back I reeled, from a curious, giddy feeling which came over me.

"Run, if you can," I said faintly, for my legs seemed to be sinking under me. I managed to keep on, though, and at our next turn we were in purer air; but we knew it was a race for life, for the heavy gas was rolling after us, ready to quench out our lives if we slackened speed for an instant. We pressed on till we reached the cage, rolled into it, more than climbed, and were drawn up, to be received with a burst of cheers—Mary throwing her arms around her father's neck and sobbing bitterly.

"I'm not much hurt," he said feebly, the fresh air reviving him as he was laid gently down. "God bless those brave lads who brought me up! But there's another man down—John Kelsey."

No one spoke, no one moved, for they all knew of the peril we had just escaped from.

"I can't go myself, or I would," said Andrews; "but you mustn't let him lie there and burn. I left him close up to the lead." He tried to follow me, but the falling coal struck him down. I believe the pit's on fire."

There was a loud murmur amongst the men, and some of the women wailed aloud; but still no one moved except old Andrews, who struggled up on one arm and looked at us, his face black and his whiskers and hair all burnt off.

"My lads," he said feebly, "can't you do nothing to save your mate?" And as he looked wildly from one to another, I felt my heart like in my mouth.

"Do you all hear?" said a loud voice; and I started, as I saw Mary Andrews rise from where she had knelt holding her father's hand; "do you all hear?—John Kelsey is left in the pit. Are you not men enough to go!"

"Men can't go," said one of the day shift gruffly; "no one could live there."

"You have not tried," again she cried, passionately. "Richard Oldshaw," she said, turning to me with a red glow upon her face, "John Kelsey is down there dying and asking for help. Will not you go?"

"And you wish me to go, then?" I said bitterly.

"Yes," she said; "would you have your fellow creature lie there and die, when God has given you the power and strength and knowledge to save him?"

We stood there then gazing in one another's eyes.

"You love him so that you can't even help risking my life to save his, Mary. You know how dearly I love you, and that I am ready to die for your sake; but it seems hard, very hard, to be sent like this."

That was what I thought, and she stood all the time watching me eagerly, till I took hold of her hand and kissed it; and though she looked away then, it seemed to me as though she pressed it very gently.

The next minute I stepped up toward the pit's mouth, where there was a dead silence, for no one would volunteer, and in a half blustering way I said, "I'll go down."

There was a regular cheer rose up as I said those words, but I hardly heeded it, for I was looking at Mary, and my heart sank as I saw her standing there smiling with joy.

"She thinks I shall save him," I said to myself bitterly. "Well, I'll do it, if I die in the attempt; and God forgive her, for she has broken my heart."

The next minute I stepped into the cage, and it began to move, when a voice called out, "Blow it all, Dick Oldshaw shan't go alone!" and a young pitman sprang in by my side.

Then we began to descend, and through an opening I just caught sight of Mary Andrews falling back senseless in the arms of the women. Then all was dark, and I was nerving myself for what I had to do.

To go the way by which I had hoped to save Andrews I knew was impossible; but I had hopes that by going around by one of the old workings we might reach him, and I told my companion what I thought.

"That's right—of course it is," he said, slapping me on the back. "That's hooks, that is. I wish I could read."

Turning short off as soon as we were at the bottom, I led the way, holding my lamp high, and climbing and stumbling over the broken shale that had fallen from the roof, for this part of the mine had not been worked for years. Now we were in parts where we could breathe freely, and then working along where the dense gas made our lamps sputter and crackle, and the opening of one for an instant would have been a flash, and death for us both. Twice over I thought we had lost our way; but I had the plan of the pit at home, and often and often I had studied it, little thinking it would ever stand me such good stead as this; and by pressing on I found that we were right, and gradually nearing the point at which the accident had occurred.

As we got nearer, I became aware of the air setting in a strong draught in the direction we were going, and soon after we could make out a dull glow, and then there was a deep roar. The pit was indeed on fire, and blazing furiously, so that as we got nearer we trembled. I'm not ashamed to own it, for it was an awful sight. There was the coal growing of a fierce red heat; but fortunately the draught set toward an old shaft fully a quarter of a mile farther on, and so we were able to approach, till with a cry of horror I leaped over heap after heap of coal, torn from roof and wall by the explosion, to where, close to the fire, lay the body of John Kelsey—so close that his clothes were already smouldering, and the fire scorched my face as I laid hold of him and dragged him away.

How we ever got him to the foot of the shaft I never could tell; for to have carried him over the fallen coal of the disused galleries would have been impossible. It was either to risk the gas of the regular way or to lie down and die by his side. I remember standing there for a few moments, and sending a prayer up to Him who could save us; and then, with a word to my mate, we had John up between us and staggered toward the shaft in a strange, helpless, dreamy way. To this day it seems to me little less than a miracle how we could have lived; but the fire must have ventilated the passages sufficiently to allow us to stagger slowly along till we fell, more than climbed, into the cage and were drawn up.

I have some faint recollection of hearing a cheer, and of seeing the dim light of the chill December day; but the only thing that made any impression upon me was a voice which seemed to be Mary's, and a touch that seemed to be that of her hand. I heard a voice saying, 'Terribly burned, but he's alive. Get a pipe and matches in his hand;' and I knew they were speaking about John Kelsey, and the thought came upon me once more that I had saved him, for her, and, with an exceeding bitter cry, I covered my poor fire-blinded eyes and lay there faint and half insensible.

And it is not much more that I can recollect, only of being in a wild, feverish state, wandering through dark passages with fire burning my head, and coal falling always and ready to crush me; and then I seemed to wake from a long, deep sleep, and to be thinking in a weak, troubled way about getting up.

It was a month though before [illegible] that; and then there was a tender arm to help me and a soft cheek ever ready to be laid to mine; for in those long, weary hours of sickness Mary had been by my side to cheer me back to health, and I had learned that I was loved.

It was one evening when she had been reading to me that I learned the secret that made me a happy man. We had been talking of John Kelsey, and I started in my bed as Mary said, in a soft, low voice:

'And now that he is better, father again wants me to marry him.'

'And you?' I said, in a husky voice.

She did not answer in words, but turned her gentle face to me, half reproachfully; but the next moment it wore a soft, loving flush that told me all; and when I feebly tried to draw her toward me, she laid her head down and wept upon my breast, calling me her hero and her love.

I need not tell you that John Kelsey's visits were at her father's wish, nor how it was through his recklessness that the pit was fired; neither need I tell you that I had a lot of foolish fuss made over me by the proprietors for what they called my bravery, and that they promoted me; and that's what they've been doing ever since. And as to something else, why you have guessed that already—this was Mary Andrews once, my dear wife now, and these many years.

Accidents since in the pit? Well, yes, several, for with every care we cannot stop them. But I can say this: if you want to see a deep pit, ours is as safe a one as any in Yorkshire, and has had less life lost in it than any you could name. The fire? Oh, that's burning still. We have stopped it out from the part we work, but it is likely to burn for years.—*The Silver Shaft.*

WHAT THE NEW ORGANIST DID.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.

It nearly divided the church. The pew owners were indignant, the deacons protested, Parson Mildmay poured what little oil he had upon the troubled waters, and the choir resigned. The old meeting house was rocked to its foundations. And all this turmoil because the music committee had, at the suggestion of the organist, put a cornet player beside the organ, to lead the congregational singing.

Dreadful proposal, was it not? The idea of having a horn in church! And a French horn! You know what wicked people the French are. Think of having the same instrument the French use in the Jar—well, you know as well as I that some folks are no better than they ought to be. A French horn, indeed! Think of it! No wonder Deacon Pipples said that the rising generation was a wayward generation, seeking after ungodly inventions.

Now you know my views. I don't care what instrument we use in church, provided we praise God musically and soberly, as we ought. If a horn or a violin will help us, I go for it. Deacon Squaggles said I ought to be ashamed.

I laughed, and told him that, if I read the Scriptures right, David danced before the Lord and advised the Temple choir to use cymbals—even the loud-sounding cymbals.

He shook his head, and said that there were grave doubts about that passage. Perhaps the word translated dance meant something else.

"Hop," I suggested.

The Deacon went away sorrowful, and I was a backslider.

It's not a long story; let me tell it to you. We had sat under a lady organist for years—sat under in a figurative sense. We had groaned inwardly under her weekly inflictions for a long time. She was short—(well, how can I tell it)—her feet did not touch the pedals. The effect was peculiar. The organ seemed ready to topple over every Sunday. Some folks said the organ had no bass notes. Bless you! what did they know about it? They could not tell one tune from another.

She, the organist, had a weakness for the reeds. The reed-stops, as you know, have their little weakness, like the rest of us.—Their particular weakness is to get out of tune. "Never mind," said she; "they are sweetly pretty after the long prayer; make you think of angels in long clothes, singing through a cloud."

Her voluntaries were remarkable. She harrassed the parson and kept everybody on the alert, for who could tell when she was going to stop. Every other minute we said: "This is the end—the closing chord has come." But no, it had not. More closing chords followed, till we were nearly distracted with hope deferred.

At last some benevolent young man had the goodness to marry her and take her away. Bless him! How heartily we congratulated him—and ourselves.

We could not blame Heaven for giving her short l—bs; but then, she might at least have played something beside her own compositions, and could safely have neglected her beloved trumpets and oboes.

The next Sunday the man came. He was a stout fellow, and his coat had very long sleeves, and his trowsers were extra large. They were none too long to be becoming. He could reach anything in the shape of keys, stops or pedals without sliding on the seat as some men do. He could sound the lowest pedal, manage the swell, draw the top right-hand stop and play on the lower bank at the same instant. Clever man, they said. Clever in both the English and American senses.

The first Sunday he presided the folks said the committee had repaired the organ; it had not sounded so well for a long time. Its deep and majestic tones shook the air, pervaded the church with solemn harmonies, and made Deacon Squaggles's youngest cry. He is not a precocious child, and did not ask to see the monkey.

The music that day was a revelation to most of the people, and there was a satisfied buzz among the folks on the steps when the church was out. Things improved from week to week. One or two who had backslid of late returned, and really came to church half a day—came to hear the music. Deacon Squaggles reproved their motives, but accepted their renewed pew rent complaisantly.

About the fifth Sunday after the new administration, Parson Mildmay announced that the last hymn would be sung by the congregation. With fear and trembling they listened to hear what tune would be given out. After the first bar their fears were allayed. There was no mistaking the melody of "Duke Street," played distinctly and accurately on a single loud stop. At the end the people struggled to their feet, and the singing began. The result was peculiar, but not lovely. Did I not feel sure that you know all about it, I would give you a detailed description of it. Congregational noise! You have heard it. Doesn't congregational singing always remind you of those famous lines concerning the little girl who:

"When she was good, she was very, very good,
And when she was bad, she was horrid."

The sermon was lost that day. The people went home to their dinners dissatisfied, and they tried again.

The next Sunday evening brought an explosion. It was announced in the morning that there would be an extra service of song at half past seven.

At seven the church was full; at half past crowded. Word had got about that something peculiar might be expected. Many backsliders and others came in. "To scoff," Deacon Pipples said. Would they remain to sing? Perhaps so.

The service was opened by reading and the singing of a set piece by the choir.—Then Mr. Jones, chairman of the music committee, rose and, to our amazement, called the organist from his seat and introduced him to us. Our organ is behind the pulpit, just where it ought to be. Everybody woke up, and you might have heard a pin drop.

The young man bowed and spoke as follows: "My friends, we meet here every week for prayer and praise. We come to lift our hearts to Heaven in thankfulness and joy. The Church early saw the importance of music as an aid to these ministrations. From time to time improvements have been introduced into our music, till now we have the organ, the most noble instrument in the world, in all our churches, and trained choirs sing the praise of the Lord with the best skill and art the world has discovered.

"The Church has always aimed to command the best music, believing that the best is none too good for God's service. In this pursuit of art there is great danger of going to extremes. The trained choir should be used everywhere, but not to the exclusion of the people. The inspired command, 'Let all the people praise the Lord,' is sadly neglected of late.

"We have, in our search for high art, delegated our praisegiving to paid singers, and we praise God by proxy.

"My friends, these things ought not so to be. We should all sing. Let the choir lead, and all join them in the solemn psalm or cheerful song of thanksgiving. I am aware that congregational singing is viewed with disgust by many. It is sometimes very bad, and offends more than it elevates. This need not be so if one or two rules are observed. Let me give them to you:

"First. Let all sing, young and old. No matter how badly it sounds to you, catch the melody, sing away, and sing with confidence.

"Second. Do not attempt to sing parts.—Let all sing the melody. Let those who think they can sing tenor, alto, or bass, give up their parts and join the sopranos in singing the air or melody. Of course the gentlemen will sing it one octave lower than the ladies. The organ will give the harmony, the voices the song. By the aid of these rules, our singing will be easy and effective.

"Now, to help you, I will have the melody played upon a cornet. This instrument is loud, penetrating and easily followed.—The instrument and organ will play the time over, and then, after an instant's pause, all join in singing."

If a thunderbolt had split the gilded cockerel on the steeple and rung the fire-alarm bell, we could not have been more electrified. The people with one consent sat down in a puddle of discontent and horror. Deacon Squaggles leaned his head on his hand and groaned aloud. Parson Mildmay looked dubious, and we were variously much shocked. The organ and the cornet began. It sounded well, and some of us were inwardly set up with much joy. Then the congregation rose as with one man, resolved to extinguish the desecrating instruments—resolved to sing the thing down.

We sang Old Hundred through twice.—Such a tremendous volume of tone had never been heard in the church before. The grand old tune fairly shook the house. When it was finished we sat down. I looked around and found the deacon's wife wiping her eyes furtively. Some irreverent person rapped on the floor with a cane—just a timid little rap, but applause, certainly. Deacon Pipples's little boy said audibly, "Hurra; wan't that b—" The last word was extinguished by a fatherly hand.

The parson read two verses of another hymn. His voice trembled, and he seemed peculiarly happy. That splendid old tune of Christmas, by Handel, was played. Handel believed in horns and trumpets. When the glowing melody rang bravely through the church, everybody rose and seized their hymn books with an ardent determination to do their best.

Everybody sang. Who could help it.—The ringing tones of the trumpet bore everything along with it. At the interlude between the verses there was a profound hush. The people felt that at last they were really praising God with heart and soul. The second verse was even more successful than the first; everybody felt warmed up to the work. The congregation had made a discovery; they could sing.

When it was over, Parson Mildmay leaned over the desk and said: "Brother Squaggles, let us sing all the verses."

We did. From that night congregational singing and the cornet player were a fixed part of our service. At first, as I said, it nearly split the church. The choir resigned, (resignation not accepted,) and a small tempest raged for two weeks among the people. The church was divided into cornetists and anti-cornetists. The cornetists carried the day. The storm cleared away, and now all is serene. The unsold pews found a market. Seats in the church became scarce. Even the gallery filled up, and Parson Mildmay is happy over a large and growing congregation. The dear old deacons lament the cause, but rejoice in the prosperity of the church.—*Independent.*

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Notice in Bankruptcy.

IN the District Court of the United States for the Western District of Pennsylvania. In the matter of JUSTUS M. BAILEY, Bankrupt.

To whom it may concern: The undersigned hereby gives notice of his appointment as assignee of Justus M. Bailey, of Mansfield, Tioga County, Pa., within said District, who has been adjudged a bankrupt on his own petition, by the District Court of the said District.

GEO. W. MERRICK,
Dec. 20, 1871 -3w. Assignee.

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