Wellsboro Agitator.

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The Agitator.

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

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2 Months	4 00	6 00	9 00	10 00	12 00	20 00	23 00
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BUSINESS NOTICES in the Editorial columns, on the second page, 15 cents per line each insertion. Nothing inserted for less than $1.

LOCAL 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.

C. H. Seymour,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Tioga Pa. All business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention.—Jan. 1, 1872.

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 & Farr'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,

PENSION ATTORNEY, 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 Laugher Hache—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 & Coles'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.
MONROE SEELEY, Oswcola. VINE CHANDALL,
Jan. 1, 1872. DAVID COATS, Knoxville.

J. Parkhurst & Co.,

Bankers, Elkland, Tioga Co., Pa.
JOEL PARKHURST,
JOHN PARKHURST,
Jan. 1, 1872. C. L. PATTISON.

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.

BYRAMAN 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, 1872

Mrs. C. P. Smith,

FASHIONABLE MILLINER.—Keeps on hand, and manufactures to order any article desired in her line on short notice. Location Main St., opposite M. E. Church, Wellsboro, Pa.—Jan. 1, 1872.

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 repaired 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 Mainsburg 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, Furders, &c.
Jan. 1, 1872, 5m J. R. BACHELDER. F. A. JOHNSTON.

THE ALPINE SHEPHERD.

BY MARY LOWELL.

When on my ear your loss was knelled,
And tender sympathy upburst,
A little spring from memory welled
Which once had quenched my bitter thirst,

And it was fain to bear to you
A portion of its mild relief,
That it might be as cooling dew,
To steal some fever from your grief.

After our child's untroubled breath
Up to the Father took its way,
And on our home the shade of death
Like a long twilight haunting lay,

And friends came round with us to weep
The little spirit's swift remove—
This story of the Alpine sheep
Was told to us by one we love.

They in the valley's sheltering care
Soon crop the meadow's tender prime,
And when the sods grow brown and bare,
The shepherd strives to make them climb

To airy shelves of pasture green
That hang along the mountain side,
Where grass and flowers together lean,
And down through mists the sunbeams glide.

But nought can lure the timid things
The steep and rugged path to try,
Though sweet the shepherd calls and sings,
And scared below the pastures lie.

Till in his arms their lambs he takes,
Along the dizzy verge to go,
When, heedless of the rifts and breaks,
They follow on o'er rocks and snow.

And in those pastures lifted fair,
More dewy soft than lowland mead,
The shepherd drops his tender care,
And sheep and lambs together feed.

This parable, by nature breathed,
Blew on me as the south wind free,
O'er frozen brooks that float unheathed
From icy thraldom to the sea.

A blissful vision through the night
Would all my happy senses sway,
Of the good shepherd on the hight,
Or climbing up the starry way,

Holding our little lambs asleep—
And like the burden of the sea
Sounded that voice along the deep,
Saying, "arise and follow me."

THE BEAUTIES.

BY SARAH TYTLER.

When St. Stephen's Green was the fashionable promenade in Dublin, not long after pretty Mrs. Delany and tuneful Mrs. Donellan walked three times round it, and three times passed the brass statue of George the Second every fine day, in order to recruit their constitutions and complexions for the Bishop of Cork and Ross's hospitalities, two girls, in the poplins and mantuas of the genteel life of the period, walked in the dusk of the evening in the direction leading from Leeson street to Fishamble street. They were panting with the speed they were making, while they occasionally talked with much eagerness.

'I wonder if we shall get them, Sally?'

'If we do, they will be the top of the mode, Peg, for she never has anything behind the fashion.'

'I wonder if we shall charm her ladyship?'

'Sure, we can try, Sally; if we do, it will be the making of us.'

Clearly, it was a mission of great importance in the girls' eyes, enough to engross them so completely that they neither looked to the right nor to the left as they pursued their way, though more than one passenger in the dim light looked after them. Maria Edgeworth tells us that at the Dublin Ranclagh her young sister Honor was mobbed and compelled to retire from the scene—strange distinction of royalty and beauty—on account of her personal attractions; but these girls in the sprigged poplins, they not only charmed Dublin, they turned the dogged John Bull head of the city and the court of London. They were not altogether safe from notice and annoyance at this hour and in these streets, but Irishmen are gallant and Irishwomen fearless.

However, as the girls approached the door of a house in Fishamble street, one of them hung back.

'I cannot do it, Peg; she will be angry.'

'Angry, child! she is the best-natured woman in the world.'

'She will grudge her lute-strings and laces.'

'Grudge, Sally! she is so free handed she scatters silver coin every night among the boys and girls that run after her chair.'

'And they cry, 'We don't want your poor money; we want one of your smiles, you jewel, for they are like the dawn of day. But now, Peg, don't you think it is low in us to push ourselves into a player's house and borrow her bravery?'

'My dear creature we cannot help it, it is our only hope. Such a dance as I have run to get the card to the Lady Lieutenant's, *and it is plain we cannot go without fine* clothes, and father finds he cannot furnish *them. Bless you, we will pay them back* like queens when we are ladies of quality with rich lords at our backs.'

Pay them back, indeed! When did rampant selfishness remember a benefit, worldly or unworldly? The tradition lingers of the loan, but who records the repayment? What mention is there made of the two loveliest and stateliest peeresses in his Majesty's realm supporting and consoling poor penitent Peg Woffington?

'O Peg, Peg Gunning! I don't think it is becoming.'

'You silly, changeable chit, we have no time to lose,' scolded the bolder adventuress. 'I'll tell you what, Sally, will you go in with me if I fetch out Sally Fortescue, who is to introduce us to her ladyship, and if she consents to bear us company?'

'It would not be so bad, Peg,' grunted Sally, like all cowardly, credulous persons inclined to snatch at the defense of company; 'you know you often say the more the merrier.'

'I never need folks to lead me by the nose,' grumbled Peg; 'but Sally Fortescue is good natured when you speak her fair, and she wants sorely, for her own ends, to be sure, to be off with her ladyship, while we want as mightily to be on with her; so for the present we suit each other like curds and cream. Just wait a bit in the entrance, Sally, and see that you don't let any of the men look under your hood.'

Away dashed the proud, sharp schemer and leader, who bore down and dragged after her the more fretful but more scrupulous companion. In a few minutes she returned with a girl blushing under her hood and plucking nervously at her apron.

'I'm afraid it is not right, Peg; you may have anything you like of mine, and welcome; I'd rather stay at home myself.'

'Heyday! and who would present us to her ladyship? Besides, you know your aunt would not let you, and you have nothing to suit us. Why, you are three inches lower than Sally here, though they do couple you and call you the 'sweet Sallies.''

'What will your father say?'

'He would swear like a trooper if he knew it to-night; but he'll laugh till his sides split when he hears it to-morrow; more, by token, if we make a hit. I'll tell you what, Sally Fortescue, I cannot dawdle in the street till nightfall, and have some of those fellows of St. Patrick to keep off you two silly Sallies. Oh! dear, it is time to dress already. What is to hinder us committing a piece of folly like our betters? merely calling, in a frolic, on the most beautiful woman in Ireland or the world, and asking her if she will consent to succor two distressed wretches in their extremity. If you do not come with us this minute, Sally, I will judge you are not in earnest, in proposing to us to take your place and travel with her ladyship to deliver her from the vapors.'

'Oh, it will be such a disappointment if we are not allowed to meet her eye and make our fortunes,' broke in the other Sally, piteously; 'if, after all, we have to stay at home and darn frills and cry our eyes out to-night.'

'I wish I was darning frills down at Deanston,' exclaimed Sally Fortescue, almost crying herself; 'but I have a great desire to help you, since you are not well off here and could fill my place without any loss to yourselves. I saw Mrs. Woffington at the Bishop's last night. I'll go with you.'

The three hurried on a few paces and stopped before a door. The mistress of the party knocked without a moment's pause. A slatternly lodging house servant, slatternly but still pleasant as only Irishwomen can look pleasant in rags and dirt and hair all dangling about their ears, answered their summons. Mrs. Woffington was at home, but could see no company; she was about to get ready for the theater.

What was to be done, then?

'Tell Mrs. Woffington it is three rival beauties in trouble, who have ventured to seek her counsel and ask her charity.'

'Send them up, honey,' called a rich voice over the filthy banisters. 'Peg Woffington don't refuse a favor when she can grant it, and sorry a rival does she fear either.'

They mounted the littered staircase, where cabbage stalks and withered nosegays tripped the feet of the great actress, and entered a parlor smelling vilely of tobacco smoke, and was used as a sitting room and dressing room. It was run over with heterogeneous clothes, play books, and play bills, gilt crowns and nun's beads and cards of invitation. There was a cleared corner of the table, on which lay fragments of bread and cheese, at which the occupant of the room was still munching. Possibly it was not too untidy or unsavory a snuggery for Peg Woffington, who was picked up by Argus-eyed Madame Violante humbly washing clothes at the side current of the Liffey.

In the middle of the mess stood the people's beauty tapping her fingers on the table, and meeting with vivacity the faltering gaze of the new comers. She was dressed in the universal poplin, with no ruffles but cambric frills round her arms and a fly cap on the back of her head. Her face was somewhat broad, but with the perfection of eyes and teeth to which some faces owe so much, and with that constant succession of light and shade, flicker and flash, which belongs to a mobile expression and invests it with a fascination which is like that of flesh and blood over wood and stone. She was buxom, brilliant, kindly; but woe is me! there were lines of self-indulgence already written around the flexible mouth, with the milk-white glittering teeth; and in the warm hazel eye there had gleamed ere now evil spirits of wantonness and passion.

'I am Peg Woffington, at your pleasure. What do you Dublin belles want with me? I wot I'm more plagued with Dublin beaux, but perhaps for that very reason I can read your fortunes, or fetch and carry billet-doux.'

'Oh, Mrs. Woffington, you can confer on us a huge obligation; but I'm ashamed to speak of it,' sighed the first intruder.

'Pho! pho! out with it, girls; we are equals when you come to see me, and no one can say I ever turned my back on an ally, though many an ally has played a scurvy trick on me. Only don't keep me waiting; I'm his Majesty and the country's servant, remember that;' and Peg laughed her gay, somewhat bolsterous laugh, reflecting to how many her service was slavery.

'We are the Gunnings,' declared the petitioner, audacious enough after she had once begun, 'and this is Sally Fortescue from the south; and after yourself we are the three top beauties of Dublin this season.'

'I know, I know,' cried Peg, delighted with her visitor's frankness; 'one of you is called Peg after myself. We are called the pretty Pegs,' as the others are styled 'the sweet Sallies.' Which is my namesake?'

'It is I, Mrs. Woffington.'

'Let us see you, lass, at close quarters;' and Peg laid friendly but determined hands on the hood. 'Hum—not bad; I'm no whit ashamed of my fellow.'

Ashamed, Peg? If you had not held the dregs of a noble heart, full of free admiration of all that was beautiful, you would have been furious with jealousy. You had reigned on your own boards; but yours were plebeian boards after all; hers was to be a patrician footstool to a patrician throne. A whole century has echoed the renown of the Gunnings' faces and their born aristocracy of beauty; their ivory brows, the curl of their long, brown eyelashes, the dimples in their checks of velvet, brushed with the bloom of the peach; their fine noses and chins, their delicate, haughty nostrils; their throats, where the black velvet bands formed wicked contrasts with the white, firm, yet soft flesh and blood,—something not cold like snow, but warm as a little bird, and mellow in its whiteness, like the white in the fur of the ermine.

Peg Woffington drew a long breath of approval. 'I'm afeared to have any more looks,' she declared in comical consternation. 'But she was not frightened or vexed; she was delighted—poor ardent Peg; and she fairly clapped her hands when, having gloated over the other Gunning, she finally unhooded Sally Fortescue—a face at that moment as crimson as a stock gillyflower, half shy, half vexed, yet so open, so pure, with such cool, calm wells of eyes, such a gentle, placid mouth.

'You three bate Banagher,' cried Peg, making use of her old brogue; 'you are a fine set of beggars, you darlings. What can I do for you? Shall I drive every lord from the green-room? Shall I order them to have a ridotto in your honor?'

'Oh, no! oh, no! Mrs. Woffington, we would not be unreasonable; but we have received an invitation to the castle to-night, and we assure you we have not a stitch of decent clothes for our backs. We believe you have a fellow-feeling for poor young women who have their fortunes to make, and we would be your debtors for life if you would but lend us for this one night a pair of your worst gowns!'

'My worst! It is the best in my possession you shall sport till you are tired. It is a black shame that you should be in want of them; it is a pleasure to think of their being so well filled. The sparks' hearts will be clean broken to-night. I needn't mind for myself; the best people will be at the castle, and if any critics bother to remark that Roxalana is not so fine as she should be, I'll give them half a dozen more courtesies and smiles. You see, girls, when I'm out of pearls, I make it up in smiles,' and Peg turned on her guests with one of those radiant smiles in which lips and teeth and lovely bent brows over glancing eyes all laughed together. Ah, Peg, if you had only known the worth of your smiles!

How good Mrs. Woffington was! They were her bounden servants—till the Kindness was forgotten. In the mean time Peg was screaming for her servant, and tossing over the contents of her great boxes, and casting before them an ample choice.—'Which shall it be, girls? The plain pink paduasoy, or the blue flowered silk? You should know your own mind. You've heard what the Beefsteak Club pretend was my comment on women's conversation—'all silks and scandal.' But what shall I offer you, my dear?' turning to Sally Fortescue; 'for I spy as plain as paint in your little face that you read the old poets—Shakespeare and Spenser and the Bible—and talk of them, and the poor, and your work, and your blessed father and mother. What can I have the honor of giving you, my dear Miss Sally?'

'She does not need a loan,' exclaimed the Gunnings; 'she has her own brocade as new as a gold guinea, but she does not want to shine; she's wild to break with her ladyship, who caught her down in the provinces, and is carrying her away to London to make her fortune right on end—marry her offhand to a rich English squire or grand mylord. It is quite thrown away on Sally Fortescue; she would prefer to run back to Deanston, work in the garden, ride Dennis O'Rourke, help her mother and her father, and all her folks, if she could only contrive to give her ladyship the genteel slip.'

'What has come over you, child?' demanded Peg in amaze, arrested in her vigorous operations, and remaining stock-still on her knees, surrounded by costly stuffs of all the dyes of the rainbow.

Sally blushed a more vivid red—nearer a sweet-william this time—but looking all the prettier in the high color in company with her clustering chestnut-brown hair and meditative eyes.

'I'd liefer stay, Mrs. Woffington; perhaps it is vanity, but I think they miss me at home. My father and mother gave me up with reluctance; I am of use there; I might as well be a butterfly here, and I'll not continue a butterfly,' protested Sally, pettishly. 'I am not fit for it; I was born to be a sober, working girl, and my father promised me that I should write his letters this year, and my mother was to intrust me with the household linen; and, oh! I was teaching Jemmy, the crow boy, to read, and he was coming on so finely! It is not so bad here in Dublin; for I have my old aunt to look after me, and she wearies for me in the evening to play her game of cribbage with her; but I'll be of no use at all at all to her ladyship, who has her own young woman, and will not even allow me to sit up for her and sew at her embroidery frame. I'll pine away, or I'll get into mischief and forget my duty and lose my peace. Indeed, I must travel home again.'

'You good child,' vowed Peg, with moist eyes; 'I'll tell you what I've read pat to your purpose in some of my foolish play books. An Italian saint left his estates to his brother, and retired into the cloister.—His brother accepted the gift, but remarked, sorrowfully, 'Ah! brother, you've taken heaven, and you've only given me earth.'—I wish I had that speech to make to-night, I'd cause some heart-strings to tingle, altho' the stupid men and women who owned them, starting and staring, pale and disordered, would not be able to tell what ailed them. I'm sorry, I'm mortal sorry, that I've nothing fit for your acceptance, lest you'll give me your hand before we part.'

'You are over-kind, Mrs. Woffington,' responded the young girl, all aflame with answering modesty and gratitude; 'you are so charitable to the poor, not so much as asking them when they've washed their hands. You are the first player that I have known; but I admire you, Mrs. Woffington, I love you as much as any sweet soul out of my own dear home;' and Sally, in a fit of enthusiasm, stooped down and kissed Peg Woffington.

Peg was much moved; she drew back and covered her face with her hands for a moment, and spoke hastily, in a half-smothered voice: 'My dear, I'm not angry; but you don't know what you've done; you don't know how your lips feel to such a woman of the world as I am. Girls! girls! it is a wicked world; perhaps I should not help you enter it; but there cannot be more than one wise little one, and I'm glad she kissed me; I'm glad of it, though one day the remembrance may burn me to the bone.'

That night's work decided the events of three lives. The Gunnings went to the castle ball in the borrowed plumes of Peg Woffington, and literally dazzled the assembly by the fairness of their faces. Their success might have intoxicated them; but, as a rule, I don't find intoxication on the books of Court beauties. It is rather lofty and joyous elation joined to the greed of a thief for praise and power. The sisters took by storm the listless imagination of her ladyship, who liked to be roused, and desired to convey with her across the Channel an Irish gem or gems to adorn her working closet and her back drawing room. Sally Fortescue was suffered to excuse herself from filling the glittering, cold, hard setting, and the Gunnings, consented, with all their hearts, to occupy the gaping vacancy. The famous beauties carried out such a raid and bore off such a spoil as only Irish beauties have twice in half a century, wrested from close-fisted British hands. They reached the toppling summit of their ambition, until the blood-royal alone defied the witchery of their sway; the strawberry leaves, baubles next to the scepter, were again and again laid at their feet mincing to conquest. Verily, the Duke, who claimed the wide moors and parks of Clydesdale and the proud peaks of Gontfell, and great Macalluinmore, the Lord of the Isles, submitted to wear the same flowery chains. The Gunnings were the true queens of society. To them both wealth and rank went a-begging in their time, as they themselves had gone a-begging to Peg Woffington. Both sisters became famous women of quality. One sister was twice a duchess. Luckier (yes, lucky is the word we play upon,) luckier lasses never entered London without a penny!

Sally Fortescue returned to the big house of Deanston as she had left it. The Squire could not resist a hurrah of glee, though he affected to shake his white head wrathfully. The Squire's lady lectured her soundly, but she held her child to her bosom, and from that moment she renounced the spectacles which she had lately assumed, and which bestowed so peculiarly precise and pedantic an air on her comely, matronly face. Sally bloomed on awhile light hearted, but soon grew sedate, and became the only stay of her parents. There was Shane O'Dyer, one of the rank crop of gentlemen farmers, who rode and danced for a time after Sally, but he was only a gentleman farmer of some third cousin of a proprietor. In one of the first eruptions of the rebellion his stack yard was burnt, his cattle hoofed, his hedge broken down, his cabin laid open to the wind and weather. He never recovered the injury, for he was not a man of educated faculties and disciplined resources, but only upright and honest, frank and kind, and a mighty hunter. The match was not to be dreamed of then, though Sally was so gentle a girl and young O'Dyer so manly and fond, and possibly the brightest young man in these quarters. It was believed the girl took the loss to heart, although not so much as he did. Indeed the poor young farmer, ruined now beyond redemption, rode a little more desperately than before, swung from side to side in his saddle with weakness, sat shivering in his wet clothes in his tumble-down house, began to burn and melt away with fever, crept as often as he could to the hillock which commanded a view of the big house of Deanston, and died one fine day in his prime. There was nothing seen on Sally, except that her bloom went off at once and altogether; she who had been so sweet a woman in her blushes was ever afterwards a sweet, white faced woman, who laid laid up her brocade in lavender, and only wore sprigged poplins and muslins on Sundays and Saturdays.

A Japanese Romance.

Once upon a time there was in Japan a poor stonecutter, a simple workman in the quarries. His life was rude, he worked much, gained but little, and was not at all contented with his fate.

'Oh, if I could only be rich enough to rest, to sleep on thick matting, wrapped up in a kirmon of soft silk!' Such was the sigh he breathed to heaven. An angel intercepted the sigh.

'It shall be according to thy desire,' said the angel to him. And he at once became rich, and he rested, slept upon thick matting, and wrapped himself in a kirmon of very soft silk.

It happened that the Emperor passed by. He was preceded by heralds on foot and horseback, followed by a brilliant escort of cavaliers, and surrounded by persons who held over his head an immense parasol resplendent with gold.

'What good does it do me to be rich?' murmured the man, 'as long as I have not the right to go out with an escort and have my head protected by a golden parasol!—Why am I not the Emperor?'

'Thou shalt be,' said the angel.

And indeed he became the Emperor. He had an escort of cavaliers before and behind him, and people who held above his head an immense parasol resplendent with gold.

However, the sun with his ardent beams dried up the country, and the dusty road, quivering with his brightness, fatigued the eyes.

'It is a great advantage to be Emperor,' cried the man, 'when the heat of the day exhausts you and the sun never ceases to make you feel his power! But if one could be the sun!'

'Behold! are you satisfied?' the angel asked. For he had become the sun, and he darted his beams up and down, right and left, and all around him. And he scorched the herbage of the earth and the faces of the princes upon the earth.

But a cloud thrust itself between the earth and him; it held back the rays of the sun and prevented them from falling upon the earth's surface.

'There is strength,' cried the sun; 'a cloud capable of resisting my power! It would be better if I were a cloud.'

'Very well,' said the angel.

And the transformation was at once accomplished. The new cloud placed itself haughtily between the sun and the earth, and so thoroughly intercepted the rays of the sun that it soon saw the earth covered with its shadow. Then it caused big drops of rain, and poured showers and water spouts to fall on the land, so that the torrents burst their bounds and the rivers run over and devastated the fields.

'Nothing resisted the force of the inundation; only a rock defied it, perfectly motionless. In vain the bellowing waters beat it in their fury, the rock yielded not, but the foaming waves died at its feet.

'A rock, then, is my superior,' said the cloud; 'I would rather be in its place.'

'You shall be,' said the angel.

And he was transformed into a steep, unshaken rock, insensible to the rays of the sun, indifferent to the torrents of rain and the shock of the tumultuous waves.

Nevertheless he distinguished at his feet a man of poor appearance, hardly clothed, but armed with a chisel and a hammer; and the man, with the help of these instruments, struck off pieces of rock, which he dressed into stones proper for cutting.

'What is that?' cried the rock; 'has a man the power of rending pieces of stone from my breast? Shall I be weaker than he? Then it is absolutely necessary that I should be that man!'

'Have your will,' said the angel, and he became again what he had been—a poor stonecutter, a simple workman in the quarries. His life was rude, he worked much and gained little, but he was content with his lot.

Buried Cities.

An interesting discovery has been made in the south of France. A distinguished geologist has found in the Pyrenees, only a slight distance below the soil, the remains of pre-historic cities. The discoveries are very numerous, and will help in pushing the domain of history still farther back into the past than it has ever gone before. Previous to 1854 we had no idea of lacustrine habitations, but in that year the winter was particularly crisp and cold in Switzerland, and the level of the waters was lowered in all the lakes. The inhabitants of Mellen had profited by the low water to raise a little dyke on the borders of lake Zurich. Driving down some piles, they encountered obstacles, and found that piles and enormous thick oak planks had already been driven down. Between the pieces of wood they discovered stone and bone instruments, pottery, &c. These utensils bore such a resemblance to those in use by the primitive people, that it was concluded that the Mellen discoveries were of the greatest antiquity. The first men of that country were supposed to have built their habitations above the water, and if the hypothesis were just, the same vestiges of another age would be found at the bottom of the principal lakes. These conjectures were soon confirmed.—The fishers remembered that on former occasions their nets had been caught upon piles driven in the lake bottoms, and pottery had also been found, but had been ascribed to a later date. At last every one went to hunting in the lakes, and out of the depths of the Helvetian lakes they drew up to the light of modern day a civilization heretofore unknown. In Switzerland more than two hundred "stations," as the discoverers called them, or relics of primitive villages, were found. But they did not all belong to this epoch. Some were classified as having been built in the stone age, others in the bronze age, and still others in the iron age. The discoveries in the Pyrenees disclose habitations of the same general character as those under the Swiss lakes. In all the western part of the Pyrenean chain these habitations are very numerous, and belong to the stone age. The Archæological Society of that district is making efforts, at great expense, to develop these discoveries into a species of history of the people who inhabited the houses.

New Year Goods!

AT

SPENCER'S ART GALLERY!

FRANK SPENCER has just returned from the city with a fine assortment of goods in his line, over brought into Tioga county, among which are choice

Choice Frames of New Styles,

Carved Walnut Goods,

Chromos,

and a great variety of

Trimmings,

fine in style, and at the very lowest prices. He is prepared to make

First-Class Portraits,

in all the best styles of the day, from skillfully retouched negatives.

It is always a pleasure to show goods; so don't be backward or bashful, but call early and often.

FRANK SPENCER.
Mansfield, Pa., Jan. 10, 1872.-3m

New Store

AT TIOGA, PA.,

and an entire new Stock of

BOOTS AND SHOES.

H. E. SMITH & SON, having just completed their new Brick Store on Main street, which is one of the best arranged and most inviting stores in the county, are now offering to their old customers and the public generally a better selected stock of

BOOTS AND SHOES,

than ever before presented in the borough of Tioga.—Ladies' ware of Burt's make, constantly on hand. Also, Mason & Hamlin's Organs, and a variety of styles to select from. All are invited to call and examine prices and quality. H. E. SMITH & SON.
Tioga, Jan. 1, 1872.-1y.

WALKER & LATHROP.

DEALERS IN

HARDWARE, IRON, STEEL, NAILS, STOVES, TIN-WARE, BELTING, SAWS, CUTLERY, WATER LIME, AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,

Carriage and Harness Trimmings,

HARNESSES, SADDLES, &c.

Corning, N. Y., Jan. 1, 1872.

To Farmers.

THE undersigned offers for use for breeding purposes his

Chester White Boar,

purchased at Smithville, Chenango Co., N. Y. He can be found on the road from Wellsboro to Babb's Creek, about 2½ miles from Wellsboro. Charges $1.
Jan. 10-3w. O. B. STONE.

A Corning Store in Elkland

We have opened in the borough of

ELKLAND,

A fresh stock of

DRY GOODS,

which will be

SOLD AS LOW

as they can be bought in

CORNING OR ELMIRA.

We can afford to do this, as we shall save enough in rents to pay extra freights. We shall continue to add to the stock during the season, such goods as the wants of the community seem to demand. We invite a call from all who are in want of anything in our line.

The

TEAS

of the

GREAT UNITED STATES TEA COMPANY

will be kept and sold at New York wholesale prices.

Elkland, Dec. 13, 1871-tf SMITH & WAITE.

Rail Road Notice.

THE Stockholders of the Cowanesque Valley Railroad will please take notice, that an assessment of ten per cent. has been made on each share of the stock of the Cowanesque Valley Railroad, to be due on the fifth (5) day of March next, and payable at the office of the Treasurer. C. L. PATTISON,
Elkland, Feb. 14, '72-2w. Sec'y & Treasurer.

Cards! Cards! Gold! Gold!

WRITTEN Visiting Cards, plain or Ornamental, executed in the highest style of the art, and Golden Ink for Ornamental writing sent to any address on receipt of price. Cards per doz., from 40 cents to $3.00. Golden Ink superior to any in the market, 75 cents per bottle. Address, S. D. FORREST.
Jan. 17, 1872-tf. Covington, Pa.

Valuable farm for Sale.

THE SUBSCRIBER, owing to ill-health, offers his farm for sale, situated in Charleston on the Mansfield road, about one mile from the old Fellows' hotel. Said farm can be divided into farms as the public road passes through the center, leaving two orchards on either side, containing about 90 acres, 80 acres improved, a frame house and two frame barns thereon. Said farm is in a good state of cultivation, and will be sold cheap. A portion of the purchase money can remain against the farm. For further information, inquire of the subscriber on the premises.
Jan. 17, 1872-tf. NOAH HAMMOND.

Cyrus D. Sill,

WHOLESALE DEALER IN

Foreign and Domestic Liquors

WINES, &c., &c.

Agent for Fine Old Whiskies,

Jan. 1, 1872. CORNING, N. Y.

Change of Base.

BRAND-NEW

Stock of Goods

AT MIDDLEBURY CENTER, PA.

BOUGHT for cash, and to be sold for cash at cash prices. Credit system played out.

"Pay as you go," is a trite old maxim, and, when lived up to, the true doctrine for both seller and buyer.

I intend to sell go de st small profits, for cash, and respectfully solicit a trial from old patrons, and from all others who wish to buy groceries and staple goods at close figures. A. W. POTTER,
January 3, 1872. tf

Sale.

THE undersigned, owners of a Portable Engine, with a Carding Machine, two Lathes and a run of French Burr Stones attached, are prepared to fill orders in their business at East Charleston, Pa.

The above property is in good running order, and will be sold at a fair price, and on reasonable time.

For particulars, inquire of Geo. W. Merrick, Wellsboro, or ALONZO WHITNEY,
Jan. 1, 1872. on the premises.

Dr. Lomada

Business College.

AN Institution to prepare young men for business. The graduates of this College are filling commanding and lucrative positions in nearly every city in the Union.

For circulars, containing full particulars, Specimens of Writing, College Bank Bills, Pen Drawing &c., enclose ten cents, and address A. J. WARNER, Principal,
August 23, 1871-6m.

Piano Fortes and Organs!

PERSONS WANTING PIANOS OR ORGANS will find it greatly to their interest to buy of

I. G. HOYT & Co.

We are selling the best Instruments at lowest prices, and on the most favorable terms.

A first-class PIANO possesses all the following essentials, viz: the tone is divested of all impurities, a perfect equality of power throughout the entire scale, with resonance and duration of tone.

The touch is elastic, equal, easy and responsive to every demand of the fingers.

A defect in any one of these points, will cause a complete failure of the instrument.

We warrant every Piano for the term of five years.

☞ Tuning promptly attended to by the most experienced Tuners.

Instruction Books of the most approved methods for the Piano and Organ constantly on hand.

D. DUNBAR, Elkland, Pa. I. G. HOYT, Osceola, Pa.
Dec. 13, 1871.-tf

WELLSBORO

Door, Sash & Blind Factory.

BENJAMIN AUSTIN, is prepared to furnish first-class work from the best lumber, at his new factory which is now in full operation.

Sash, Doors,

BLINDS, PICKETS,

AND MOULDINGS,

constantly on hand, or manufactured to order.

Planing and Matching

done promptly, and in the best manner. The best workmen employed, and none but the best seasoned lumber used. Encourage home industry.

Factory near the foot of Main Street.

Jan. 1, 1872-tf. BENJ. AUSTIN.

Deerfield Woolen Mills!

DEERFIELD, PA.

INGHAM BROTHERS, Proprietors of the above Mills, will manufacture as usual to order, to suit customers.

OUR CASSIMERES

are warranted in every respect. Particular attention given to

Roll Carding & Cloth Dressing

We have a large stock of Cassimeres, &c., 25 per cent less than any competitor, and warranted as represented