# Wellsboro Agitator.

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## The Agitator.

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

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Business Notices in the Editorial columns, on the first page, 15 cents per line each insertion. Nothing inserted for less than $1.

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.

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Yearly Card's three or less, $6,00 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 door, 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, in Green's Block, Williamsport, Pa. All business promptly attended to.—Jan. 1, 1872.

**J. C. Strang,**

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

**J. B. Niles,**

ATTORNEY AT LAW.—Will attend promptly to business entrusted to him in the counties of Tioga and Potter. Office in Arcade.—Wellsboro, Pa.,

**Geo. W. Adams,**

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Mansfield, Tioga county, Pa. All business attended to.—Jan. 1, 1872.

**Geo. W. Guernsey,**

ATTORNEY AT LAW.—All business entrusted to him will be promptly attended to.—Office 1st door south of the Post office, Tioga, Tioga county, Pa.

**Armstrong & Linn,**

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Williamsport, Pa. Jan. 1, 1872.

**Wm. B. Smith,**

ATTORNEY, Bounty and Insurance Agent. All communications sent to the above address will receive prompt attention. Terms moderate.—Knoxville, Jan. 1, 1872.

**Van Gelder & Barnes,**

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

**W. D. Terbell & Co.,**

Wholesale and Retail dealers in Wall Paper, Window Shades, Window Fixtures, Musical Instruments, Pianos, Jan. 1, 1872.

**D. Bacon, M. D.,**

HOMŒOPATHIC PHYSICIAN, Intending to devote his entire time to the practice of Homœopathy, is prepared to attend promptly to all calls in the town or country.—Wellsboro, Jan. 1, 1872.

**A. H. Ingham, M. D.,**

HOMŒOPATHIC PHYSICIAN, Office at the residence on the Avenue, Wellsboro, Pa., Jan. 1, 1872.

**W. W. Webb, M. D.,**

HOMŒOPATHIC PHYSICIAN.—Office—Crumb's Block, Main street, Wellsboro, Pa., Jan.

**Seeley, Coats & Co.,**

BANKERS, Tioga, Tioga Co., Pa.—Receive money on deposit, buy and sell Gold, Coupons and all Stocks on New York or Philadelphia promptly made.

DAVID COATS, Cashier.
DAVID COATS, Knoxville.

**J. Parkhurst & Co.,**

MANUFACTURERS, Elkland, Tioga Co., Pa.

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

**Sabinsville Hotel,**

SABINSVILLE, PA., D. Church, Proprietor.—This house is now fitted up to accommodate the travelling public in a superior manner.—Jan. 1, 1872.

**Petrolum House,**

COLLEGE HILL, PA., Geo. Allen, Proprietor.—Good accommodations for travelers. Charges reasonable. Livery stable attached to the house.—Wellsboro, Pa.,

**Farmers' Temperance Hotel.**

[illegible] House, Pa.—This house has been refitted throughout, and is fully up to the times. Every accommodation for man and beast.—Wellsboro, Pa.,

**Union Hotel.**

[illegible] Proprietor, Wellsboro, Pa.—This house has been refitted throughout, and is one of the conveniences of Wellsboro. Terms moderate.—Jan.

**Mansfield Hotel.**

MANSFIELD, PA., [illegible]

**Wellsboro, Pa.**

[illegible] HOTEL, Propr's.

**Hotel for Sale.**

[illegible] Pa., [illegible] and lot adjoining, situated on the corner of Main and Mill streets, Wellsboro, Pa., is offered for sale. A good chance for a hotel. The house is well known as the "ARCADE HOTEL." Inquire of the subscriber on the premises. O. H. WHITNEY. Wellsboro, Pa.

**[illegible] HOUSE,**

[illegible] Wellsboro, Pa., [illegible] the Stages for all points in Tioga County. Good Livery attached. M. B. O'CONNOR.

**Deldor & Johnson,**

MANUFACTURERS OF THE WELLSBORO MARBLE WORKS, [illegible] opposite Depot, WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA. [illegible] TABLE TOPS, COFFINS, &c. All kinds of work executed neatly, and at reasonable rates. We also furnish to order, Marble and Slate Mantles, &c.

J. H. BACHELDER.
E. A. JOHNSTON.

**House and Lot for Sale.**

The undersigned offers for sale his House and Lot situated in Elkland, Pa., at a very low price. The house is one-and-a-half story, and is under good cultivation, ready to the subscriber. Elkland, Feb. 21, 1872-3t. C. P. BABCOCK.

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Visiting Cards, plain or Ornamental, in the highest style of the art, and Gold Ornamental writing sent to any address for 25 cents. Cards per doz., from 50 cents to $1. Gold Ink superior to any in the market, 75 cents per bottle. Address, S. D. FORREST, Jan. 17, 1872-tf. Covington, Pa.


## THE RING OF POLYCRATES.

Upon his battlements he stands—
And proudly looks along the lands—
His Samos and the Sea!
"And all," he said, "that we survey,
Egyptian king, my power obey—
Own, Fortune favors me!"

"With thee the Gods their favor share,
And they who once thine equals were,
In thee a monarch know!
Yet one there lives to avenge the rest,
Nor can my lips pronounce thee blest,
While on thee frowns the Foe!"

He spoke, and from Miletus sent,
There came a breathless man, and bent
Before the tyrant there.
"Let incense smoke upon the shrine,
And with the lively laurel twine,
Victor, thy godlike hair!

"The foe sunk, smitten by the spear;
With the glad tidings sends me here
Thy faithful Polydore."
And from the grisly bowl he drew
(Grim sight they well might start to view!)
A head that dripp'd with gore.

The Egyptian king recoil'd in fear,
"Hold not thy fortune yet too dear—
Bethink thee yet," he cried,
"Thy Fleets are on the faithless seas;
They fortune trembles in the breeze,
And floats upon the tide."

Ere yet the warning word was spoken—
Below, the choral joy has broken—
Shouts ring from street to street!
Home-veering to the crowded shore—
Their freight of richest booty bore
The forests of the Fleet.

Astounded stood that kingly guest,
"Thy luck this day must be confest,
Yet trust not the Unsteady!
The banners of the Cretan foe
Wave war, and bode thine overthrow—
They near thy sands already!"

Scarce spoke the Egyptian king—before
Hark, "Victory—Victory!" from the shore,
And from the seas ascended:
"Escaped the doom that round us lower'd,
Swift storm the Cretan has devoured,
*And war itself is ended!*"

Shudder'd the guest—"In scorn," he falter'd,
"To-day thy fortune smiles unalter'd,
Yet more thy fate I dread—
The Gods oft grudge what they have given,
And ne'er unmix'd with grief has Heaven
Its joys on Mortals shed!

"No less than thine my rule has thriven,
And o'er each deed the gracious Heaven
Has, favoring, smiled as yet.
But one beloved heir had I—
God took him!—I beheld him die,
His life paid fortune's debt.

"So, would *thou* 'scape the coming ill—
Implore the dread Invisible
Thy sweets themselves to sour!
Well ends his life, believe me, never,
On whom, with hands thus full for ever,
The Gods their bounty shower.

"And if thy prayer the Gods can gain not,
This counsel of thy friend disdain not—
Thine own afflictor be!
And what of all thy worldly gear
Thy deepest heart esteems most dear,
Cast into yonder sea!"

The Samian thrill'd to hear the king—
"No gems so rich as deck this ring
The wealth of Samos' cave!
By this—O may the Fatal Three
*My gift of fortune pardon me!*"
He cast it on the wave—

And when the morrow's dawn began,
All joyous came a fisherman
Before the prince.—Quoth he,
"Behold this fish—so fair a spoil
Ne'er yet repaid the sparon's toil,
I bring my lord to thee!"

The cook to dress the fish begun—
The cook ran fast as cook could run—
"Look, look!—O master mine—
The ring—the ring the sea did win,
I found the fish's maw within—
Was ever luck like thine!"

In horror turns the kingly guest—
"Then longer here I may not rest,
I'll have no friend in thee!
The Gods have marked thee for their prey
To share they doom I dare not stay!"
He spoke—and put to sea.

—*Schiller.*

## A Sprig of Holly.

I'm getting old; I'm nearly sixty-five years old now, and not the man I was. Well, since I must tell you a story, I'll tell you how a sprig of holly once saved my life.

It must be—let me see,—aye, it was nearly forty years ago that I was traveling thro' a rather wild part of Ireland. Though I'm well-to-do now, I was but a pig-jobber then, as my father had been before me. I earned a fair living, certainly, but I had to work for it. I bought pigs at nearly all the fairs in Ireland, shipped them for Liverpool, and made a small profit on each shipment.

It was somewhere about Christmas time, and unusually severe weather. (We had quite different winters forty years ago to what we have now.) I was on my way to Cork to buy a lot of forty or fifty pigs, and the snow lay so thick on the ground that the crossways were dangerous, and I was compelled to stop for a day and night at a sort of hostelry, half shebeen, half inn.—There wasn't a human habitation about it for a circle of four or five miles except the wretched huts of the peasantry. It had the strange sign of the Garden of Eden, altho' *it stood in a wilderness, surrounded by morasses filled with dangerous bogs and peat holes.* The landlord's name was Patrick O'Fea, and he was a widower, with one daughter, who helped him retail his whisky to such of the wild "boys" around as could furnish the half-pence for it. Norah O'Fea was what some folks would have called a "downright pretty colleen;" but I never fancied her. She was handsome, certainly—straight and tall as a poplar, with (as all Irishwomen, nearly, have) very beautiful black hair However, there was a cold, restless glitter in her eyes that reminded me of a snake. I don't know whether you ever saw a viper in a peat-moss, *gliding* away with an angry stare at you, when you have disturbed it with a stick. Well, that is exactly the look that was in Norah O'Fea's eyes.

I had arrived at the Garden of Eden about six o'clock in the day, but it might have been two hours after when I was sitting at a meal of bacon and eggs in the parlor (they dignified it by that name) of the Sun. O'Fea was absent at a wake several miles off, and not expected home till the morrow, or the day after that. So the whole management of the business fell upon Norah.

The room was really rather a good one, partly like an English tap-room, and partly like a kitchen. It had a sanded floor, and several little wooden tables stood in different parts of it, each with a spittoon underneath it, and tobacco and pipes ready on it—just, in fact, as you may see in the tap-room of any English country public house.

At one end of the room was a large, old-fashioned fireplace, at which Norah O'Fea was carrying on the culinary business. Besides myself (I sat alone at one of the little tables) there were three or four customers at the other end of the room—some drinking whisky and smoking, others, like myself, making an evening meal. They seemed to be of the superior class of tenantry, and one, I fancied, was a drover, as well as myself.

Well, I had finished my supper—which I must say I enjoyed heartily—and I was taking a whiff at my pipe, with an occasional sip of down-right genuine Irish whisky and water—whisky that brought the tears to your eyes, and almost took away your breath—when the door opened and in came a stout, thick-set young fellow with an enormous shillalah, who immediately made himself very much at home. He had a bullet-shaped head, and deeply-set eyes, and there was an extremely overbearing way with him which reminded one of a swaggering prizefighter, for all prizefighters, you know, swagger.

Norah O'Fea took no notice of the new comer, who took his seat at one of the tables and helped himself to whisky, as if the whole place belonged to him. Presently, when the young woman had finished her cooking, she advanced toward her visitor—he was at the next table to mine, and I could hear all they said—and wished him good evening; and indeed it was evident from the manner of both that they were engaged lovers.

'Anything in our line?' he asked her at length.

'Whisht, Dennis dear,' she said, casting a side glance around. 'Sure father told me before he went to give ye this.'

She produced a large, square letter, written in a scrawling hand, on coarse blue paper, and fastened with a common red wafer.

The young man perused it hastily, and a gleam of satisfaction lit up his bulldog-like face. I felt that he took a stealthy glance at me, but I feigned to be busily engaged in mixing my whisky and water.

At last, after a few lover-like passages between the pair—such a pair!—the young man departed, and I, wearied out by the fatigues of the day, desired to be showed up at once to where I was to sleep. Much to my surprise, Norah O'Fea demanded payment for my supper.

'I will pay all together in the morning,' said I, astonished at the request.

But she insisted, and declared it was the rule of the Inn that every customer should pay at once for all he had. I felt embarrassed as I remembered that, except a few coppers, I had no small change. I had fifty pounds in my pocketbook to pay for my pigs, but I did not care about exhibiting the bank notes in what I now had a right to consider questionable company. However, the young woman persisted in so vixenish and determined a manner that there was no help for it. I pulled out my pocketbook.

'You may see,' said I, 'that I have only bank notes, so your reckoning is safe.'

She coolly took out one of the notes, examined it, and finding it perfectly genuine, returned it to me.

'Very well,' she remarked. 'Now I am satisfied. Come this way.'

And she led me to the apartment where I was to sleep, and giving me a light left me.

It was a loft rather than a room, but of small dimensions. Still it was not uncomfortable; and what pleased as well as surprised me was to find a good fire burning. I scarcely expected that so much regard would be paid to the comfort of a chance customer. What did not appear so comfortable to me was, that in the door of the room—if room it could be called—there was a large cleft, as if a piece had been cut out by a hatchet, and through which I fancied the cold air must penetrate.

Lying in my small bed, which faced this door, I could see through the aperture on the stairs outside, at the head of which stood a large old-fashioned clock, which kept up a perpetual, but not unpleasant ticking. It seemed, at most, like company in that lonely place; but as I lay in bed I could distinctly watch the hands of the clock slowly continuing their round, for the glow of the peat fire shot a light upon its face.—I had laid thus about an hour, and had replenished my fire from a basket of peat which stood beside the hearth, and crept back into bed. I had not the least inclination to sleep. I experienced that wakefulness which all of you have probably experienced when in a strange place.

Whilst thus I lay musing, and watching the hands of the clock—it was just eleven o'clock—I heard a light, stealthy step on the stairs, but almost immediately a face presented itself at the aperture in my door. I had the presence of mind to feign sleep, but I could see what was going on with my slightly-opened eyelids.

The face was the face of Norah O'Fea.

After she had looked in, she applied her ear to the gap in the door and listened intently. Satisfied, apparently, by my regular breathing that I was fast asleep, she advanced to the clock and stuck before its face a great branch of yew. Then she departed.

I felt as if I must be dreaming. What could bring a young woman out of her bed in the night to ornament a clock? My room, the room below, and the passage itself, were already garnished for Christmas with an *abundance of evergreens*—holly, mistletoe, bay, ivy, and yew. Could she be walking in her sleep? The thing appeared to me to be strange; and if I had felt little inclination to sleep previously, I now felt less so than ever.

So I lay on, watching the clock and wondering what all this might mean, when suddenly an irresistible impulse came upon me.

You must all know what it is to be seized occasionally by some strong impulse to do a thing apparently trivial in itself—as, for example, to touch a particular post in passing down a street, or to turn over a certain number of leaves in a book, or, it may be, to turn down a particular street not in your direct way. If you have not experienced this, you are different from myself, and no words of mine can make you understand my feeling.

Well, the impulse that came over me was to take out the spray of yew which Norah O'Fea had fastened over the clock, and to replace it by a spray of holly.

I glanced, by the light of my peat fire, around my room, and saw the very thing for my purpose.

Over an old-fashioned worsted-work sampler—framed and glazed, as some great work of art—hung a most glorious spray of holly. It was literally covered with bright scarlet berries.

Taking this sprig, I withdrew the branch of yew from the clock and placed the holly in its place.

To this day I cannot tell why, but as I crept back to my bed, I experienced a strange thrill of satisfaction, as if I had done some very wise and clever thing.

Another hour might have passed away, and I was still lying awake, ruminating on this strange occurrence, when a second time I heard a footstep on the stairs. This time it was a heavier one than before, and though I closed my eyes and feigned sleep as previously, it was with a beating heart and in no little consternation. Through my eyelids I took care to see who this fresh intruder might be. To my horror, it was the bullet-headed young giant who had received the letter from Norah O'Fea.

My suspense did not last long. He glanced in at me from the cleft at the door with a scowl that made my blood run cold. Then he glanced up at the clock, and with a savage oath of disappointment departed down the staircase as stealthily as he had ascended. What could all this mean?

*You may be sure I did not close my eyes* in sleep that night. I resolved, no matter how severe the weather, to leave those strange quarters in the morning.

With the earliest dawn I was astir, and naturally looked at the old clock with some curiosity. I had no sooner opened my door than my eye fell upon a letter lying upon the door at my feet. It was the coarse blue letter which I had seen Norah O'Fea hand to her sweetheart the previous evening. I will leave you to judge what my feelings were when I perused its contents, which I do not give in the exact language of the illiterate writer, but which was in substance as follows:

"Dennis, if any of them cattle-dealing cadgers come here on their way to Cork, and want spiking, Norah'll find out, as I am going to Tim Malones wake. If there's anything to be done, will put a branch of yew in front of the old clock; if not, then a branch of holly."

This then was the mystery:—the yew signified that I was to be robbed—probably murdered, as my body could be easily hidden away in any of the bogholes that surrounded the Garden of Eden. And who would make inquiries after an insignificant pig-jobber? Thus my instinctive impulse to replace the yew by the holly—not by the bay, the ivy, or the mistletoe, remember, although there were plenty of all these around—in all probability saved my life.—You may be quite certain I lost no time in forwarding my expulsion from the Garden of Eden. I did not scruple to steal away without paying my reckoning. Would you have scrupled, gentlemen? I could see now why Norah wanted to ascertain what my pocketbook contained. I never stopped—although knee deep in snow—till I reached the nearest town, whence I proceeded to Cork. I bought my pigs cheaply, and sold them well. From that time I throve, and I am now a man of substance. But that I am alive at all, I shall always believe is entirely owing to that sprig of holly.—*Cosy Hour.*

A STRANGE PHENOMENON.—Lost river, in Orange county, Indiana, is so named from the fact that it has no outlet, but disappears in the ground about seven miles from Lancaster. The well of the Louisville, New Albany and Chicago Railroad at that place, which is forty feet in depth, having failed to supply any longer, it was determined to dig another well about one-fourth of a mile south of the present tank. Mr. John Zahn, master mechanic of bridge construction and in charge of water tanks, located the well by the superstitions forked peach stick, and proceeded to have it dug. At the depth of eighteen feet the men struck water, which came up through the gravel with such force that further digging had to be abandoned. Four pumps were placed in the well, and pumping has been going on for several days, so as to enable the masons to wall up the well, but so far the work has not been successful. It is believed that the rush of water is from the bed of Lost river, which disappears in the ground about seven miles from that point.—*Detroit Trib.*

## A Characteristic After-Dinner Speech.

A few weeks ago the proprietors of the *Aldine Press*, of New York, gave a dinner at which many of the literary men of the country were present. After the cloth was removed, speech-making was indulged in, and "Mark Twain" spun the following characteristic yarn, which must have proved a decided aid to digestion:

Gentlemen, I would rather address a stag dinner party than any other assemblage in the world, for the reason that when you make a point, those who have been listening always applaud, and those who have been talking to each other and did not hear it, applaud louder than anybody else; and if I only had a speech prepared for this occasion, I would take genuine delight in delivering it. [Laughter.] But I got the notification to be present at this dinner this evening at half-past eleven this morning, or pay what I owed to the *Aldine* establishment, and I had to leave half an hour after that in order to make the trip, so I had no opportunity of preparing a speech, and I am not one of those geniuses who can make a speech *impromptu*. I have made a great many happy impromptu speeches, but I had time to prepare them. [Laughter.]

Now it is singular, and I suppose that, but for a circumstance which happened when I was fourteen years of age, I might have rushed blindly into real impromptu speeches, and injured myself a good deal. [Laughter.] This circumstance which happened when I was fourteen years of age has always protected me against anything of that kind, and it has led me to think a good deal—now I don't think a good deal, generally, [laughter]—of what may probably be the moving springs of human action. I put that in merely because it is a good expression. [Laughter.] I mean it has led me to question in my own mind what may probably have been the incidents in a man's life which have remained with him longest; whether they were important incidents, or whether they were merely trivial ones. I have almost come to the conclusion that the things that stay longest by the man and shape his action in after life, are really things of trivial importance.

Now I call your attention to the fact, in support of this argument, that Newton when he was—well, I don't know what he was doing; I make no insinuations against Newton; I don't know what he was doing in the apple orchard; [laughter]; but you know he saw the apple fall, and that suggested the idea of the attraction of gravitation—I call your attention again to that expression. [Laughter.] And then again, one of the greatest inventors that ever lived—I am sorry for your instruction, I cannot call his name—was led into this matter of gravitation by having to wait upon his mother, while she was hearing confession, and, seeing the pendulum moving backward and forward—there was nothing else for him to contemplate—that set him into the matter of looking at mechanics, and he invented a great many things; I don't know what they were, now; it was trivial, you know. And Galileo, loafing around in the cathedral at Pisa, not knowing what he was there for, or how he was putting in his time, saw and took note of the gentle vibration of the chandelier to and fro, and through that invented the pendulum, which is understood to have made a revolution in mechanics, and I suppose it has. I take these learned things for granted.—

All these are trivial matters, but they brought about vast results. Now the thing that made the deepest impression on my mind, and has lasted until this moment, was a matter in itself essentially trivial. It occurred when I was a boy, and it has protected me, up to this time, against making a speech when I hadn't a speech prepared.—It was a remark made by a friend. He said: "I could have ketched them cats if I had had on a good ready." [Laughter.] Now, at first glance, that doesn't appear to convey an idea, but it does, and the meat of it is this: don't do anything hurriedly, don't do anything unless you are prepared to do it; therefore, until this moment, I never have made a speech unless I had that speech all set down and ready.

This incident is of no consequence to you at all, and yet I never made a speech in my life unless I tried to inculcate a moral, unless I tried to convey instruction; and if I can make you better men than you are—it is not for me to say there is room for it, though I suppose there is [laughter]—if I can make you wiser than you are, or if I can protect you in after life as I have been protected, let me do it here, even if I perish on the spot. Now this thing occurred in this wise. As trivial as it is, it is a matter to be treasured, I think, and remembered.

When I was fourteen, as I remarked before, I was living with my parents, who were very poor and correspondingly honest. We had a youth living with us by the name of Jim Wolfe. He was an excellent fellow, seventeen years old, and very diffident. He and I slept together—virtuously, [laughter]—and one very bitter winter night a cousin Mary of mine—she's married now and gone—gave what they called a candy pulling in those days in the West, and they took the saucers of hot candy outside of the house into the snow, under a sort of old bower that came out from the eaves—It was a sort of an ell, then, all covered with vines—to cool this hot candy in the snow, and they were all sitting around there, and in the mean time we had gone to bed. We were not invited to attend this party; we were too young. All these young ladies and gentlemen assembled there, and Jim and I were in bed. There was about four inches of snow on the roof of this ell, and our window looked out on it, and it was frozen hard. A couple of tom cats—it is possible one might have been of the opposite sex—were assembled on the chimney in the middle of this ell, and they were growling at a fearful rate, switching their tails about and going on; and we couldn't sleep at all. Finally Jim said, "For two cents I'd go out and snake them cats off that chimney." So I said, "Of course you would. Well, he said, "Well I would; *I have a mighty good* notion to do it." Says I, "Of course you have, certainly you have a great notion to do it" I hoped he might try it, but I was afraid he wouldn't. Finally I did get his ambition up, and he raised the window and climbed out on that icy roof, with nothing on but his socks and a very short shirt. He went climbing along on all fours on the roof toward this chimney where the cats were. In the mean time those young ladies and gentlemen were enjoying themselves down under the eaves, and when Jim got almost to the chimney he made a pass at the cats, and his heels flew up and he shot down and crashed through those vines, in the midst of the ladies and gentlemen, and set down in those hot saucers of candy, [laughter,] and there was a general stampede, of course—and he came up stairs dropping pieces of chinaware and candy all the way up; and when he got up there—now, anybody in the world would have gone into profunity or something calculated to relieve the mind under such circumstances, [laughter,] but he didn't; he scraped the candy off his legs, nursed his blisters a little, and said, "I could have ketched them cats if I had had one a good ready."

Now I say this, that if the opportunity had so fallen out that I could have had ample opportunity to get up a speech, I could have gotten up one that would have sent you all home—happy, or otherwise; I could have gotten up a speech that would have done honor to this occasion and to me; but under the circumstances I have had no opportunity, and I could not get up such a speech; but as long as you live, if you remember the circumstances at all, you will remember that if I had had on a good ready, I would have caught those literary cats here present. [Laughter.]

Now I won't bore you any further, but will simply say that I am glad to be present here, glad to help celebrate this occasion, the new era of enlarged prosperity for the *Aldine*, and also the calling to the editorial chair of a gentleman of culture like Mr. Stoddard; and I am glad to be able to sit with so bright a company as this, and hope you will excuse further remarks from yours truly.—*N. Y. Herald.*

THE REAL END OF THE WORLD.—A correspondent writing from Henry Lake, in Montana, describes the locality as a scene of wonderful grandeur. The lake is situated in the Rocky Mountains, at an altitude of 5,000 feet above the level of the sea.—Looking from a high peak near this body of water, he saw the panorama of the most wonderful region known to man. For within scope of the eye from that point—having their origin in Henry Lake—are the sources of five of the grandest rivers on the face of the globe—born, as it were, in the same little lake, and all drinking from the same small spring. Here the Yellowstone, Snake and Green rivers, as well as Clark's Fork, Wind river, Madison and Gallatin, start together, leaping and bounding in great cataracts, and rushing in every direction to empty themselves into the Pacific and Atlantic oceans. Beyond a low mountain at the southeast, the eye falls upon the spectacle of the steam ascending from the 'scapepipes of purgatory, (sometimes called geysers,) to mingle with the clouds. "This," exclaims the correspondent, in a burst of enthusiastic wonderment, "this is the real end of the world."


E. B. YOUNG. HUGH YOUNG.

**E. B. Young & Co.,**

(Successors of Hugh Young & Co.)

**Booksellers and Stationers,**

and Dealers in

Wall Paper, Window Shades, Window Fixtures, Musical Instruments, Yankee Notions, Picture Frames and Glass, Pictures, all sorts, Picture Cord, Law Blanks, Justice Blanks, Blank Books, all sizes, Newspapers, Magazines, Writing Desks, Artists Goods, Law Books, Medical Books, Religious Books, and every article in our line of trade.

—New York Dailies at One Dollar a month.
—Elmira Dailies at 75 Cents a month.
—Subscriptions for a week, or month, or year.
—Orders for Books not in stock promptly attended to.
—An Express package received from New York every day.
—We are Agents of the Anchor Line and the Guion Line of U. S. Mail Ocean Steamers. Passage tickets to and from any point in Europe at the lowest rates.
—Sight Drafts sold on any Bank in Europe at current rates of Exchange.

Jan. 24, 1872-1y. E. B. YOUNG & CO.


## Administrators' Sale.

BY order of the Orphans' Court of the county of Tioga, the administrators of the estate of D. C. Holden, deceased, will sell at public vendue on the premises, near Mansfield, in the Township of Richmond, County of Tioga, Pa., on Tuesday the 2d day of April 1872, the following described Real Estate, to wit: One lot of land, beginning in the center of the Whipple Road, and the northwest corner of the lands of Lewis Butts. Thence along the lands of said Butts, south 87¼ degrees east, 201 4-10 rods to the east bank of the Tioga river. Thence along the same north 11¼ degrees east 15 2-10 rods. Thence along another lot hereinafter described, north 87¼ degrees west 203 9-10 rods to said road. Thence along same, south 2¾ degrees west 16 rods to the place of beginning. Containing twenty acres and one quarter of an acre more or less.

Also another piece of land in said township, beginning at the northwest corner of the lot above described, thence along the same, south 87¼ degrees east 197 9-10 rods to the center of the Tioga river, thence down the same in a northerly direction, 83 9-10 rods, thence along the land of the Tioga Iron Co. north 87¼ degrees west 60 rods, thence by the same, north 11¼ degrees west *34 9-10 rods, thence by the lands of* —— Kelly, Chas. Coveny, Chas. Bilingsland and J. P. Morris, north 87¼ degrees west, 125 8-10 rods, thence along lands of Wm. Hutchinson, Martha Gray and the said Whipple road, south 2¾ degrees west 116 1-10 rods to the place of beginning, containing 121¼ acres more or less.

Also another lot of land in said township, bounded on the north and south by the estate of Daniel Lamb, deceased, east by the Williamson road, and on the west by the Tioga River, containing three-quarters of an acre more or less, with frame house, frame barn, and a few fruit trees thereon, and being known as the Silas Allis lot, of Lamb's Creek. The first two mentioned lots being on the west side of the Tioga River, about one-fourth of a mile from Mansfield, and a part of the D. C. Holden farm; and very valuable for the wood growth of the land, about 100 acres of which is in pasture, and for the Hemlock and other valuable timber on the balance of said land.

Terms:—Fifty dollars down at the time of sale, and enough more on confirmation thereof, and execution of a deed for the premises purchased, to make one-half the purchase money; and the balance thereof in one year from the date of sale with interest, secured on the delivery of the deed, by bond and mortgage in the usual form.

SARAH HOLDEN,
C. H. SEYMOUR,
March 13, 1872-4w. Administrators.

TO ADVERTISERS.—All persons who contemplate making contracts with newspapers for the insertion of Advertisements should send to

**Geo. P. Rowell & Co.**

for a circular, or inclose 25 cents for their One Hundred Page Pamphlet, containing lists of 3,000 Newspapers and estimates, showing the cost of advertising, also many useful hints to advertisers, and some account of the experiences of men who are known as successful Advertisers. This firm are proprietors of the American Newspaper Advertising Agency.

**41 Park Row, N. Y.,**

and are possessed of unequaled facilities for securing the insertion of advertisements in all newspapers and Periodicals at lowest rates. Jan. 10, 1872-3m

**RAIL ROAD NOTICE.**

THE STOCKHOLDERS of the Cowanesque Valley Rail Road will please take notice, that an assessment of ten per cent has been made on each share of the stock of the Cowanesque Valley Rail Road, to be due on the Fourth (4) day of April next, and payable at the Office of the Treasurer.

JOEL PARKHURST, Pres't.
C. L. PATTISON, Sec'y. & Treas.
Elkland, Pa., March 20, 1872-3t

**AUDITOR'S NOTICE.**

IN THE ORPHAN'S COURT FOR TIOGA COUNTY.

Estate of Theodorus Harrison dec'd.

The Auditor appointed by the court to distribute the funds in the hands of E. A. Fish, Sheriff of said county, arising from a judicial sale of the property of JAMES R. MILLS, defendant, at suit of RAYMOND MILLS, Plaintiff, on judgement in said Court, will meet the parties interested, for the purpose of his appointment, on THURSDAY, April 18th, A. D. 1872, at 2 o'clock P. M., at his office No. 9, Bowen & Cone's Block, Main Street, Wellsboro, Pa.

March 20, 1872-4w. GEO. W. MERRICK, Auditor.

IN THE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS FOR TIOGA COUNTY.

Proceeds of Sheriff's Sale.

The Auditor appointed by the Court to distribute proceeds in the hands of E. A. Fish, Sheriff of said county, arising from a judicial sale of property of J. J. Slocum, owner, at suit of Wright & Bailey, plaintiffs, on judgements in said Court, will meet the parties interested, for the purposes of his appointment on FRIDAY, April 19th, at 2 o'clock P. M., at his office No. 9, Bowen & Cone's Block, Wellsboro, Pa.

March 20, 1872-4w. GEO. W. MERRICK, Auditor.


**Houghton, Orr & Co.,**

STONY FORK, PA.

Manufacturers of

**Buggies, Sulkies,**

PLATFORM SPRING, TRUCK AND

**LUMBER WAGONS,**

CUTTERS,

SLEIGHS AND BOB SLEDS.

We are prepared to do anything in our line on short notice and in the best manner. Satisfaction guaranteed. HOUGHTON, ORR & CO.

HASTINGS & COLES, Agents Wellsboro.

Stony Fork, Jan. 1, 1872.

**HARNESS SHOP!**

G. W. NAYLE, would say to his friends that his Harness Shop is constantly stocked with

**Heavy and Light Harnesses,**

made in a workmanlike manner, and offered at prices that cannot fail to suit.

The best workmen employed, and none but the best material used.

Repairing done on short notice, and in the best manner. Call and see.

Jan. 1, 1872-1y. GEO. W. NAYLE.

**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 goods at 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.

January 3, 1872. tf A. W. POTTER.

**JUST RECEIVED**

AT

**J. A. PARSONS & CO'S**

AT CORNING, N. Y.,

**2,000** Yards Japanese Silks in Stripes, Plaids, Figured and Plain Colors. The best variety we have ever offered. Also a new stock of

**Early Spring Dress Goods,**

in destinable styles. Also

**New Spring Prints,**

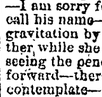
Ginghams and Percales in great variety.

Domestics of all kinds at lowest market rates.

J. A. PARSONS & CO.

Feb. 28, 1872-tf.

**SELLING AT COST.**



DERBY & FISHLER will sell their entire stock of

SALE WORK

AT

**COST for CASH,**

UNTIL APRIL 1, 1872.

Also a few

**Hats and Caps.**

Now is your time to buy your

**BOOTS, SHOES & RUBBERS**

HATS AND CAPS, cheap for a few days.

Those indebted to Derby & Fishler will call and settle their accounts before April 1, 1872, without further notice, as we want the money to buy new goods with.

Feb. 28, 1872. DERBY & FISHLER.

**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, ever 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 Port