Wellsboro Agitator.

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The Agitator.

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VAN GELDER & BARNES,

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

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SPECIAL NOTICES 50 per cent above regular rates.

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

Business Cards.

A. Redfield,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.—Collections promptly attended to. Office over Wm. Roberts Hardware Store.—Apr. 1, 1872-6m.

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, Patents, Oils, &c.—Corning, N. Y. Jan. 1, 1872.

D. Bacon, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, 1st. door east of Laugher Bache—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.
NELSON SEELEY, Ocesolo. JNO. CHANDLER,
Jan. 1, 1872. DAVID COATS, Knoxville.

J. Parkhurst & Co.,

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

Sabinsville Hotel,

SABINSVILLE, PA., D. Churchill, Proprietor.—This house is in good condition to accommodate the travelling 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.

NEW MONSON, having purchased this house, intends to future as in the past strictly on temperance principles. Every accommodation for man and beast. Charges reasonable.—Wellsboro, Pa., Jan. 1, 1872.

Union Hotel.

[illegible] Proprietor, Wellsboro, Pa.—This house is newly furnished, and has all the conveniences of a first-class hotel. Charges moderate.—Jan. 1, 1872.

Wellsboro Hotel,

CORNER OF MAIN ST. & THE AVENUE,

Wellsboro, Pa.

SOL. BONNEL, Prop'r.

This new and large House, kept by D. D. Hoxsey, has been thoroughly refitted throughout, and is now one of the best hotels in Northern Pennsylvania. Attentive hostlers and a first-class livery attached. Livery attachment free to and from the House. Jan. 1, 1872.

Hotel for Sale.

THE Hotel in Blossburg, Nelson, Pa., house and lot, formerly owned by half acre land. On the main road from Tioga Valley R. R. Work just be commenced, 100 yards of work completed. The house is on the road at a bargain. A good man can make this property while the road is being built. Terms easy. For particulars inquire on the premises.
C. B. WHITLEY,
Nov. 8, 1871-tf Blossburg, Pa.

THE OLD "PENNSYLVANIA HOUSE"

FORMERLY known as the Townsend House and lately conducted by D. Hoffner, has been thoroughly refitted and refitted 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.

Batchelder & Johnson,

PROPRIETORS OF THE

WELLSBORO MARBLE WORKS,

Main Street opposite Pomeroy,

WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA.

MANUFACTURERS OF 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, Tenders, &c.
J. E. BATCHELDER.
Jan. 1, 1872.-1m T. A. JOHNSON.

Administrators' Notice.

Letters of Administration on the Estate of David Wilcox, late of Nelson, Tioga co., Pa., having been granted to the undersigned, all persons having claims against the estate of said decedent are hereby notified to call for settlement on
EDGAR SHAWN,
BYRON SHAW,
Nelson, March 6, 1872-6w. Adm'rs.

THE DESOLATION OF JERUSALEM.

They have crushed my pride! They have trampled
me down in the dust!
Whither, O God, shall I flee?
To whom shall I turn?—In whom shall I put my trust?
In whom, O Jehovah, but Thee?

For Famine and Pestilence enter through all my gates,
And dark death stalks in the street,
And Murder at every corner skulks and waits,
And Justice has bloody feet!

Then hast trodden me down, and all I have loved is
fled;
I have moaned till my soul is sore,
I have wept till my eyes are coals, and my heart is
dead;
'Tis useless to crush me more.

They have plucked the babe from my breast; the
child in his play,
While he laughed, they have stricken down;
The grace of woman, and manhood's strength, and
stay—
And age with its hoary crown.

I have sinned—I deserve my Fate—yet hear me, O
Lord!
Oh forgive them not who have set
Their feet on our necks, and Thy name and Thy law
abhorred—
Whose hands with our blood are wet.

Do unto them, O God, as they unto me and mine!
Crush them; and beat them down,
Like a tempest that swoops o'er the corn, and flays the
vine
With its darkening thunder-frown.

Mercy I do not demand for myself—and for them
No mercy—but justice, O Lord!
Let Thy swift sharp vengeance destroy them root and
stem
With the lightning of its sword.

I have sinned! I have sinned! Jehovah, Thou hidest
Thy face;
But prostrate here in the dust,
I adore Thee, the Holy One. Lift me in my disgrace.
O help me! in Thee I trust.

The floods have all gone over me; nothing now
Can torture me more or worse;
Thy thunder hath crushed me flat, and Thine awful
brow
Hath frowned, and I feel Thy curse.

Not humbled by them, but quivering under the weight
Of Thy tremendous hand;
But Thou who has punished will pardon! Thy pity
is great!
Oh raise up this desolate land!

I can wait, I can suffer, O Lord, for Thy law is just,
Though terrible is Thy wrath;
But this people is Thine, O Lord; in Thy promise they
trust,
To guide them and show them the path.

Thou shalt lift them at last when the debt of their sins
is paid,
All paid to the uttermost great;
And the balance shall turn in which their sins have
been weighed,
And the collar be loosed from their throat.

Years shall go by. They shall creep, they shall cringe,
they shall crawl,
Abject in the eyes of men;
Loved by none, feared by few, but scorned and derided
by all—
And then, O Jehovah, and then

Thy voice shall be heard—"Ye have drunk of the bitter cup,
Ye have drained it and drunk it down;
Come back, O my people, come back; I will lift you
up,
And place on your heads the crown.

"And joy shall again be yours, and triumph shall peal
And ring through your laughing ways;
And your strength shall be mine, and your battle be
mine, and your steel,
And your glory be mine, and your praise."

—*W. W. S. in Blackwood's Magazine.*

A LETTER FROM ILLINOIS.

BELVIDERE, March 25, 1872.

Editor Agitator:—The Legislature of Illinois has recently passed two laws which are destined to exert a powerful influence for good on the people of this Commonwealth, namely, a law to regulate the sale of intoxicating liquors, and a law to suppress gambling. The temperance law is known as the Ohio law, that State I believe having the honor to be the first to make a move in the right direction in the temperance reform. I need not speak of the general features of this law, as they are well understood as holding the liquor seller responsible for the evil resulting from such sale. The Illinois Legislature improved the Ohio law by requiring the seller to give bonds in the penal sum of $3,000 before he can obtain license to carry on his traffic. This bill, as a matter of course, meets with violent opposition from all who are interested in the liquor traffic. The German and Irish population of the State are forming combinations and holding public meetings to bring to bear their whole power on the Legislature to induce it to repeal the law during the present session. But it will be of no avail. The bill passed both houses by more than a two-thirds vote, and there will be no repeal.—The friends of temperance are equally vigilant, and are holding mass meetings to ratify the doings of the General Assembly in regard to the temperance law.

The other law referred to is one passed in regard to gambling. The main features are as follows: If any person shall rent or lease any store, room, or building for gambling purposes, or shall allow a tent or booth to be erected on his premises, and shall permit gambling to be carried on in them, he shall be fined for the first offense $100 and be imprisoned one month in the county jail. For the second offense the fine is $500, and the imprisonment two years in the State prison. This law will drive the gamblers out of the State, and other States will have to pass similar laws for self-preservation.—Illinois is a great State, and I rejoice to see her take the lead in reform.

There is very little or no excitement in political circles in our State. The re-nomination and re-election of President Grant are regarded as foregone conclusions, and the great Republican party of Illinois are united in bestowing this honor on her favorite son.

Chicago is beating up bravely under her great misfortune, and during the winter has been gathering her resources for the accomplishment of a work the coming season which will be without parallel in the history of the world. It is safe to predict that one-quarter of the burnt district will be re-built within nine months from the present time.

The religious interest in the various churches in the State, and particularly in the Baptist denomination, is almost unprecedented. Reports of revivals of religion fill our religious journals, and converts are numbered by hundreds. The goodly town of Belvidere shares largely in the Divine blessing. Thirty-four were immersed in the First Baptist Church last Sunday, and the good work still goes forward.

Altogether, the general outlook of our great and growing State is one of hope and promise. N. W. M.

FAITH.—The boy was trying to catch a blue-bottle to add to his collection, and was indisposed to give up the chase; but he presently saw that the master had taken out a small coin and laid it on the table, and felt himself drawn in that direction.

'Read that,' said the master.

'U-n-i-ni, United States of America, five cents.'

The master turned the coin over. 'Now read that.'

'In God is our t-r-u-s-t—that. 1869.'

'Is that the same piece of money as the other one?'

'There ain't any other one,' said the boy; 'there ain't but one, but it's got two sides to it with different reading.'

'That's it, that's it,' said the master, 'two sides to everybody, as there are to that piece of money. I've seen an old woman that wouldn't fetch five cents if you should put her up for sale at public auction; and yet come to read the other side of her, she had a trust in God Almighty that was like the bow anchor of a three-decker. It's faith in something and enthusiasm for something that makes a life worth looking at. I don't think your anti-eating specialist, with his sharp nose and pin-head eyes, is the best everyday-companion; but any man who knows one thing well is worth listening to for once; and if you are of the large-brained variety of the race, and want to fill out your programme of the order of things in a systematic and exhaustive way, and get all the half notes and flats and sharps of humanity into your scale, you'd a great deal better shut your front door and open your two side ones when you come across a fellow that has made a real business of 'doing anything.'

That boy stood all this time looking hard at the five cent piece.

'Take it,' said the master, with a good natured smile.—*Holmes in the Atlantic.*

A Loan from the Dead.

A good many years ago the regiment to which I then belonged was quartered at Aldershott. After a long absence from England, spent on a parching rock in the middle of the Red Sea, bleak and dreary Aldershott seemed a very paradise. It was delightfully near London, too. Leave was easily to be obtained, and a great part of my spare time, and more than all my spare money, was spent by me in the metropolis—spent, I am ashamed to confess, in riotous living and much disorder. Still, had it only been that, I should, possibly, like many of my brother officers, at the cost of much subsequent pain and weariness and pinching, have passed through my cycle of dissipation and settled down at last; but in addition to my youthful aberrations I had a fatal predilection for games of skill and of chance. I was the best whist player in the regiment, and could hold my own with the crack players of the clubs; and had I stuck to whist, which in my belief never ruined any man who had a head upon his shoulders, I could have made a decent income out of my skill. But my moderate winnings at whist were swallowed up, and more lost besides, at unlimited loo, blind hookey, hazard, and other kindred games. To crown all, I took to backing horses, and lost at that, I need hardly say. A long run of ill-luck beset me. I had lost all my available funds, had mortgaged my commission to the utmost penny I could raise upon it, and found myself, at the end of the Epsom week, fevered and parched in body, and in soul wretched and despairing. I had come to the end of my tether—I was regularly done up.

It was Sunday night; I had been in London trying to raise money, but uselessly; the Jews closed their fists to me. I only wanted a hundred pounds to pay my Derby losses; this achieved I could sell out and retire without open disgrace; but I couldn't raise it. One man offered me fifty pounds for my bill of two hundred and fifty pounds at three months, but I wasn't quite so mad as to take that; I might as well smash for a hundred as fifty.

My last sovereign was changed in paying my hotel bill on that Sunday night. I had a return ticket to Aldershott in my pocket, and a few shillings besides; nothing else in the world in the way of available assets. I think if I had been possessed of a five pound note I should have gone down to Liverpool and taken a steerage passage to America.

The clock in the coffee room where I was sitting showed half-past eleven as the hour of the night. The waiter only was in the room, arranging his spoons and napkins in the buffet, yawning surreptitiously every now and then, quite indifferent to the problems which were agitating me—Waterloo bridge or Aldershott! I must make up my mind quickly; another five minutes and it would be too late for the one; the other was always open.

'Waiter, a hansom!' I shouted all of a sudden in a tone which made the man jump.

At that time there was a train which left—not Waterloo, but some station a little distance down the line; it might have been Vauxhall, or possibly Nine Elms, I scarcely remember which—the station at midnight. It was popularly known amongst us as the Cold-Meat Train. Its passengers were dead bodies for the Woking Cemetery. The railway company, ever solicitous to accommodate the public and turn an honest penny, had, for the convenience of the camp, affixed to this train one first-class carriage.—After leaving the dead bodies at Woking, the carriage was run on to Farnborough, whence you could walk to the camp if you had not been prudent enough to order a fly to meet you.

The hotel servant who ushered me to the cab got a handsome gratuity for his pains. It was my leave-taking of the world of pleasure, and I was too insolvent to be careful about little matters. The cab sped me quickly to the station; but the clock at the hotel had been slow. As we passed under the railway arch a premonitory shriek from the engine overhead warned me that the train was on the point of starting. I stopped the cab at the bridge, and ran quickly up a narrow flight of steps which led directly on to the end of the platform—known only to the initiated. The train was moving on, but I had just time, despite warning shouts of guard and porters, to open the door of the last carriage and jump in. I noticed the other compartments of the carriage were lighted, but this one was dark. That didn't affect me—I didn't want to read. I took out a box of wax matches and proceeded to light a cigar. As the glow of the match lit up the interior of the carriage, I saw in the corner a long, dark object, quite black, and yet with some little metallic gleam about it. It was a coffin, reared up at the farther side of the carriage, a board being placed behind it, against which it leaned.—As I looked steadfastly at the coffin, it appeared suddenly to glow with a faint radiance. Every plate and every nail upon it began to gleam with strange, mysterious light. Built it was the moon. We had just left the clouds of London behind us, and the great round moon, rising out of river mists, cast her glorious beams athwart us. But I turned away from her in disgust.

What was the beauty to me the night to me—a ruined spendthrift—the scorn and the laughing stock of the world! The black coffin on the other side was a more congenial companion to me. I lit another match and read the inscription on the plate: 'Wm. Heathcote died 25th of May, 18—, aged 25 years.'

The hair of my head rose in a mass;—my heart ceased to beat. My own name, my own age, and the very date of the day that was now just born!

It chimed in, too, did this inscription, so mysteriously with that impulse I had felt the whole day—a turning to self-destruction as a means of escape from all the degradations of life. I would accept the omen. I carried with me, a practice I had acquired in the East, a small American revolver which fitted into my waistcoat pocket. It would kill at twenty paces, and would give me my multimus easily enough. I drew it out and placed it against my forehead. Then it struck me that the ball, after passing thro' my head, might pass also through the partition dividing the compartments and strike some one in the next carriage. I therefore turned my back to the window, and again placed the muzzle of the pistol to my forehead. Again I withdrew it—there was no hurry; the train did not stop till it reached Woking; I could not possibly be disturbed. I wanted a signal: the whistle of the engine as the driver sighted the red lights of Woking should be the signal of my departure from the world.

'Yes,' I said aloud, turning upon myself, as it were, in a sort of frenzy; 'yes, the moment the whistle sounds, William Heathcote, you shall die.'

I have said that the rising moon was shining bright into the carriage, full upon the coffin and its mysterious inscription. I do not think I really believed this coffin had any tangible existence. It might but be the product of my own fevered brain, but none the less—on that account—was it a veritable warning of my doom. Looking up, however, to see if it had indeed disappeared, I saw no longer the coffin lid, but a white-shrouded figure, a pallid, corpse-like face, the eyes of which, in the moonbeams, shone upon me with a sepulchral gleam.

For the moment, I thought I had indeed passed into the land of shadows; that I was a disembodied spirit looking upon my own mortal remains; and the thought that I had ceased to be an individuality, and become the mere shadow of a thought, struck such a chill of terror and horror to my soul, that every other impulse of it was lost in an eager effort to resume my individual existence.

I came to myself with a deep gasp, digging my finger nails into my palms. Ah! the joy of that moment after the torture of the struggle back to life! Life—ragged, miserable, it might be, but still dear life—how precious it seemed.

'Come forth, old mole!' I shouted to my double in the coffin. He came forth. As I live, he stepped out of the coffin, seated himself opposite to me, and laid a finger on my arm,—laid a finger on my arm, and then leaned forward to speak into my ear.

'Mercy, mercy!' shrieked the figure in a voice that pierced the roar of the train then thundering over a bridge. 'See!' cried the figure, and slipping a paper into my hands, 'keep it; keep it; only don't betray me.'

Whew-w-w-w-w-w-w-w-w-w-w-w-w-w went the whistle of the engine, shrieking, as it seemed, close into my ears. I turned my head for a moment; the moon had just passed into a cloud; the figure had vanished; the coffin still stood in the corner, dark and grim. The train slackened, stopped.

'Jem,' said a voice—that of the guard—'there's a body in that middle first-class coach; there's some parties coming to meet it with an 'earse.'

'All right, Jack,' said another voice; 'they've come to fetch him. Bear a hand here, will you? Oh, Lord!' shouted the man, as he saw me sitting in the corner.

'Oh! I beg your pardon, sir. I hope you aren't been annoyed, sir? Jack, what did you mean by putting the gent into this compartment?'

'I didn't,' growled Jack, 'he must 'a got in by hissaff.'

'All right,' I said, getting out and stretching myself on the platform. 'I'll get into the next carriage. No bodies there, are there?'

'D'ye call me nobody?' said Pat Reilly, looking out of the window. 'Jump in, Billy, me b'oy! I've cleared out the rest of the company; ye'll introduce a little fresh capital into the concern.'

What a contrast to the scene I had quitted was the cheerfully lighted carriage, with its occupants, all brother officers of mine, smoking, chaffing, and playing loo on a rug stretched over their knees. Surely the whole of the previous scene had been but a dream, or could it have been an incipient attack of D. T.? not brought on by drink, indeed, for I was not given to that, but by irregular habits and stress of mind.

It wasn't till I had reached my own hut at Aldershott that I thought of the paper which the ghost had givenfine, and which, in my delirium I had imagined I had thrust into my waistcoat pocket. Here was a test, at all events: if there was a real paper bearing signs of its ghostly origin, then I was still sane, and the apparition I had witnessed was not a delusion of the brain.

In the corner of my waistcoat pocket was a crumpled piece of flimsy paper. I unfolded it, and found it a Bank of England note for a hundred pounds.

From that time I was an altered man. I paid my gambling debts, confessed all my embarrassments to my friends, who lifted me out of the mire; never touched a card or a die, studied for the staff college passed a good examination, went to Sandhurst, and came out with high honors. Having a little influence at headquarters, I got an appointment as commissioner to watch the operations of the American War of Secession on Gen. ——'s staff.

It was at the close of a bloody but decisive battle, or series of battles, which resulted in the retreat of the army of the South, that I visited the field hospitals at the rear of the Federal army in search of a friend who had been wounded during the day.—The doctors and attendants were all too busy to pay any attention to my wants, and I walked down the long rows of hastily improvised couches trying to recognize my friend.

Scraps of paper on which the names of the patients had been hastily scrawled were pinned to the coverings, and I started as I read on one "William Heathcote"—my own name. The man appeared to be sinking from exhaustion, but he brightened up when he heard the tones of a friendly voice.

I knelt down beside him, and asked if I could do anything for him.

He nodded his head. 'You're English?' he whispered.

'Yes, I am.'

'So am I. If you should be in the neighborhood of Bedford, and should be able to hear of an old man of the name of Heathcote, a retired draper, will you tell him his son died in a creditable way? I have been a disgrace to him, sir, but when I'm dead perhaps he'll think kindly of me again. I'll tell you my story, sir: I was a rogue—I was, sir. I was an undertaker, but I was a collector of taxes, too, and I entered into a conspiracy to defraud the government. It came out; but I had warning in time. I shammed dead and got away in one of my own coffins with all the swag. They wasn't very keen after me. I don't know why.—But just at the last moment I thought they'd have me. A detective followed me right to Woking, but I squared him with a hundred pound note, and got clear away to America by the Southampton packet. It never prospered me, that money; and I got lower and lower, till I enlisted as a soldier; and here I am! I'm getting tired, sir. Don't forget Bedford—Heathcote—retired draper.'

I passed on in wonder and astonishment, and, if I must confess it, a little disappointed and disenchanted. I, then, was no special care of an overruling Providence, as I had fondly deemed myself. My wonderful warning and deliverance was a mere affair of chance and accident. As I passed the man's couch again, he lay on it stiff and stark and dead.—*Copy Hook.*

The Spring Fashions.

One of the city papers, describing the spring styles for ladies, says:

The most striking features of the spring fashions are the variety of polonaises and the circular cape or talma of the same material with the dress, which is worn as it was years ago, as an outside garment, instead of a light shawl or sacque. Polonaises are made of all materials, from the richest silks to the coarse Dolly Varden chintzes; and in form they vary from the Althea, which is merely looped at the side and has the seams of the back carried below the waist and finished with a button, to the elaborate and extensive *bouffant* Dolly Varden proper, which is usually furnished with bows, but sometimes made without the bows, being what metaphysicians call separable accidents.

Among other graceful patterns is the Dean, which has a large box-plait on the hip, is moderately looped, and plain in front. The "Isola" is recommended for goods that are to be washed, because the plaits are confined by large buttons, and can easily be unfastened. The "Filina" is one of the newest fancies, is very pretty and stylish behind, having a skirt *bouffant* on either side of a long-pointed, tight waist. The front of this pattern is not so graceful as the back, and the whole thing requires a skillful *modiste* to give it the proper air. The polonaise, although so varied and adapted to all ages and all materials, has not entirely superseded the overskirt and slashed jacket, so popular last season.

The circular cape is worn with any dress; it may be either single or double; it has only one seam, straight on the back where the breadths join, and this is left open *at discretion;* but whether open or not, the trimming of the cape follows this seam on both sides and continues around the neck, which is cut low enough to show the collar and necktie. The general effect of these capes is to increase the apparent slope of the shoulders, and those which are most becoming to the figure have a belt, fastened at the back and passing around the waist underneath the cape. Another improvement is a broad single or double plait, which transforms the simple cape into a Watteau mantle. But it must be remembered that the Watteau is adapted only to straight and slender figures. Almost all styles of trimming are admissible, but where the material of the dress is used, flat trimmings, bias folds, and kilt plaits are preferred to the ruffles which have prevailed of late, except in fine check and hair stripe summer silks, on which a number of narrow bias ruffles is effective and fashionable, while laces and fringes are preferred for black silks, cashmeres, and other rich materials. Some of the prettiest costumes are still composed of different shades of the same color; but these need to be exquisitely harmonized, or the effect is decidedly unpleasant.

In general, there seems to be a marked tendency toward simpler and more elegant styles; a few overskirts and polonaises of the richest silk are merely hemmed, but made so ample that in the sweep of their heavy folds we recognize the long flowing lines of truly artistic drapery. Evidences of a growing refinement of taste are also seen in the fact that subdued and delicate shades like ash gray, Mikado buff, olive greens and browns, and the so-called dead leaf tints are considered more durable than anything more vivid and pronounced. Prints and cambrics are really beautiful in both designs and colors; the single exception being the coarse and gaudy chintzes which are sold at one counter for Dolly Vardens and at another for furniture *cretonnes.* The Dolly Varden foulards, showing the gay figures on a black ground, are pretty for once in a way; picturesque, perhaps, for a picnic or a croquet party; on the whole, they are most tolerable and not to be endured.

Hats are still high in the crown, and happily large, also. Nothing approaching the grotesque, tapering, Tyrolese type, so universally unbecoming, is to be seen. Bonnets are of straw or chip, a trifle larger, close, high in front, some with coronets or capes; but the latter are stiff and unmanageable. The most beautiful, and unhappily the most expensive too, are French chip, finished with a fine, white, silk cord. The French leghorns rank next; then come English chips and Dunstables; and finally the cheap rough and ready braids, which are always both stylish and serviceable. The trimming, whether lace, grosgrain ribbon, flowers, feathers, or pompons, is massed at the back and rises high. If there is a coronet, it is covered on the lower edge with a plaiting of ribbon, and finished on the upper edge with a narrow lace edging.

Large solitary flowers are worn with wreaths or sprays no longer straggling and scanty, but of abundant foliage. Unusual combinations of color are attempted, often with success; that of a smoke color and rose, which was introduced last autumn and known by the tragic name of "Paris in flames," has reappeared as "Chicago," while the iridescent *paon,* the most beautiful of the many beautiful combinations of blue and green, is seen in feathers and pompons. Neckties are in the most delicate shades, pale blue, rose, sea green, and straw color, still further softened by a garniture of Valenciennes edging. Gloves for the street should have at least two buttons. When these delicate neckties are worn with a black costume, the gloves should match the necktie; in other cases the gloves should match the dress, and the necktie and ornaments contrast with it.

The Childhood of George Sand.

She was brought up by her grandmother, at the chateau of Nohant, and at the age of fifteen could handle a gun, dance, mount on horseback, and draw a sword. She was, we are told, an adorable and petulant Amazon, a charming feminine demon, who could follow the pastime of coursing under the avenues of Marly, but who was totally ignorant as regards the sign of the cross. It was insinuated to the grandmother that the pious restoration did not exactly share the doctrines of Jean Jacques Rousseau, (who had been a personal friend of the Dupin family,) but that it was highly desirable that young persons should be educated in a different manner from that practiced with regard to "Emile." The grandmother professed much surprise, and gave her adviser to understand that in matters of philosophy she held but a poor opinion of the nineteenth century.

In the beautiful garden of the Vallee Noire, where fragrant meadows stretched onward for league on league, George Sand grew out of childhood like a wild flower, untended and unpruned. An enthusiastic old botanist, named Neraud, whom, on account of the fairy-like descriptions which he was wont to give of the Isle of Madagascar and the various regions he had visited in his long voyages, she had baptized "Malgache," was her constant companion. He was a dry little copper-colored man, rather worse dressed than a peasant, who had traveled over the mountainous isles of the South Seas in search of rare specimens until his finances failed him, and he had been compelled to return home in rags and emaciation. He had gained his heart's desire, nevertheless, and a beautiful fern, before unknown, was named after him. This oddity divided his time between planting Madagascar flowers and rare exotics in the soil of Berry and the study of advanced politics, in the pursuit of which in youth he had gone to every popular outbreak and received many a saber cut on the head. His first acquaintance with George Sand was made in a singular manner. She, galloping past his flowering groves one morning at daybreak, was suddenly arrested in her course by the sight of some magnificent dahlias. They were the first seen in France, and the first she had ever seen. She was only sixteen, and she got down from her horse to steal one, and then galloped away with her prize. The old nurseryman—for thus he wished himself to be called—must have witnessed the theft, for soon after she received a present from him of a number of roots for planting. From this time dated their acquaintance, and a few years after they became intimate friends.

The girl, with her splendid brown hair, her strongly-marked features, and her impetuous bearing, ran wild in the pleasant valley which contained her grandmother's chateau. In perfect liberty she would run all day in her short petticoats, pursue butterflies along the winding ways of the valley, and return home to enjoy her brilliant grandmother's stories of the pomps of Versailles, the lives of *roues* and philosophers, and the ways of a society in which rigidity of morals was almost a matter of ridicule. Between her first and second marriage the old countess had retired to Abbaye-aux-Bois, and there kept open house for the wits and savants of the time. We can scarcely wonder at the admiration excited by this lively old lady in an imaginative and spirited child. In the Chateau de Nohant, too, there was a large library, to which the girl had unrestricted access; and at one time "Corinne," "Atala," and Lavater were her constant companions. As she grew older more influence was used with her grandmother with respect to her education. The old lady at length finding the aristocratic influence too strong for her, feigned compliance with the dictates of society, and outwardly renounced her philosophic method. Whereupon, under the pressure of the religious reaction and anti-Voltaire feelings which had sprung up, it was decided that Aurora should be sent to a convent to receive the rudiments—of which she was yet entirely ignorant—of religious instruction.—*London Society.*

"Send Him up Another."

"Keep your seat," said I, as my friend rose to go; "I cannot help repeating that boomerang joke attempted to be played upon Gough by everybody's pet humorist, Mark Twain, and that Falstaffian jokist, the Fat Contributor. It has been told before, but I should like to repeat it, stripping the story from the falsehoods by which it was formerly embellished."

One evening Train and Gris found themselves together at the Sherman House, in Chicago, B. F., (before the fire.)

Drifting about in search of the picturesque, they followed the human stream till (to wear the metaphor threadbare) they stranded on a bar. Mr. Gough was staying at the house at the time, and being unwell had retired early. A bright idea struck Twain's restless mind "Let's send him up a cocktail!"

Idea voted good and acted upon. Waiter arrived at Mr. Gough's room. "Some mistake; never touch liquor." Waiter positive; Mr. Gough more so.

On the way down it occurred to the darky that it was a pity the cocktail should be wasted, so he drank it and reported "all right" at the bar. Twain and Gris, intensely delighted, thought they had caught the lecturer napping.

"Let's send him up another," said Gris.

Same result; cocktail receipted home by darky. Excitement at fever heat.

"Give him a brandy, strong," shouted Twain.

Disappearance of darky—ditto cocktail. Report satisfactory, and the precious pair put their heads together and were concocting a plan to mix liquors on the temperance man, when Mr. Gough entered the barroom, approached our heroes, and said:

"I am afraid you rest under a misapprehension. Seeing that I was being made the victim of some practical joke I followed the waiter down and saw him drink the liquor that I suppose you thought I had used. You will please refrain from sending any more up, as I have not felt the need of such drinks for years."

When the subject is brought up now to Twain, he says that the Fat Contributor "retired within himself like a greased telescope," but further says that he (Twain) was never in Chicago; "didn't know there was a Sherman House," &c.

Well—take care of yourself!—*Tol. Blade.*

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 10 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 8, 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 desirable styles. Also

New Spring Prints,

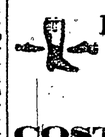
Ginghams and Percales in great variety.

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. 29, 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,

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

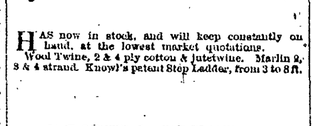
First-Class Portraits,

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



HAS now in stock, and will keep constantly on hand, at the lowest market quotations.
Wool Twine, 2 & 4 ply cotton & jutetwine. Man