Wellsboro Agitator.

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The Agitator.

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

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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.

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

Business Cards.

R. S. Bailey & Son,

GENERAL PRODUCE COMMISSION MERCHANTS. Choice Butter a specialty. Our hotel and family trade enables us to obtain the highest market prices for Tioga and Bradford Dairies. No. 34 South Water St., Philadelphia.—April 10, 1872-3m.*

A. Redfield,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.—Collections promptly attended to. Office over Wm. Roberts Hardware Store.—Wellsboro, Pa., Apr. 1, 1872-3m.

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. }
NICHOLAS 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 DRUGGISTS, and dealers in Wall Paper, Kerosene Lamps, Window Glass, Perfumery, Fluids, Oils &c.—Corning, N. Y. Jan. 1, 1872

D. Bacon, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, 1st door east of Laughlin's Hotel—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.
WILLIS SEELEY, Osceola. VINE CRANDALL,
Jan 1, 1872. DAVID COATS, Knoxville

J. Parkhurst & Co.,

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

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.

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

Union Hotel.

M. 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

Wellsboro Hotel,

COR. MAIN ST. & THE AVENUE,

Wellsboro, Pa.

SOL. BUNNEL, Prop'r.

This is a popular House 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

THE OLD "PENNSYLVANIA HOUSE"

HAVING been known as the Townsend House and lately conducted by D. D. Holiday, has been thoroughly refitted and repaired by

M. R. O'CONNOR,

who is 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,

Walsh Street opposite Foundry,

WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA.

MONUMENTS, GRAVESTONES, TABLE TOPS, COUNTERS, &c. and other Marble work executed neatly, and at reasonable rates. We also furnish to order, Marble and Slate Mantels, Grates, Fenders, &c.
Jan 1 1872, 6m J. R. BATCHELDER. F. A. JOHNSTON.

Farm for Sale.

THE subscriber offers for sale his farm of 56 acres, pleasantly situated in Catlin Hollow, Charleston township, Tioga county, Pa.; within about four miles of Wellsboro, and two miles of Niles Valley depot. School house, church, mills, shops, &c., within a mile. Terms easy. Inquire on the premises, of
May 17, 1871-tf. O. G. CATLIN.

MARIE.

BY FRED. E. WEATHERLY, B. A.

What of the night, Marie?—
"Never a time to pray,
Never a time to woful be.
Whatever the good one say.
Go to: let them pray and sleep.
I pray? when man pray to me,
With pleading, passionate, deep—
Me, their God, their own little Marie!
Night is a time to be laid—
Away from the lights and the flowers,
From the throng, where love's prelude was played—
Laid warm through the dim, dreamy hours."

What of the morn, Marie?—
"Morn? is it morn so soon?
Nay, get you gone; let us be—
Leave us to sleep till noon.
What? the world long awake?
And men gone forth to their toil?
Let them go, let them toil, and take
The fruits of their toil and the soil.
We have not wherefore to rise,
No taskwork for hand or brain:
Shut out the light from our eyes,
Leaves us to dream night again."

What of the eve, Marie?
"Set these flowers in my hair.
Ay, but my lovers shall see
I am comely and fair:
Comely; my hair is fine gold,
My breasts are rose-tinged snow,
All men shall crave to behold
My beauty. Forth let us go.
* * * Here will we sit in the glare,
While the music surges and dies:
Darling, am I not fair?—
'Am I not sweet in your eyes?'"

What of the past, Marie?—
"You speak of the long-dead days,
Or ever men knew of me,
Or ever they loved to praise
The glorious gold of my hair,
(Their words, not mine;)—you mean
Long ago. Ah, I never dare
To think of what might have been.
'Chose it myself?' *may be;*
Sometimes I wish * * * but nay,
Nought else could have been for me
So utterly sweet and gay."

What of the end, Marie?—
"When I am gray and old?
When my beauty is gone from me?
When my lovers have all grown cold?
I shall die before these things be.
And what of the end? Shall we weep?
Soon we must tire of the glee,
Soon we shall fain find sleep.
One day we must all lie low;
But we shall have had our spell.
Tush—never speak of death now.
* * * Ay, but if death means hell?"

—*Temple Bar.*

An Affair of Honor.

I am reminded by a recent article in the *Journal* of the single combats which in former times were wont to defile the green turf of my native island. Of course I need not name the island; the simple ideas of 'fighting' and 'green' will infallibly suggest to the least logical intellect in the world a compound one, representing the locality intended. But, although the progress of civilization in my country has, through many painful causes, been wofully retarded, yet there is some comfort in reflecting that the enormity of duelling may now be classed among the things that have been and are not. I will, however, for the amusement of my readers, relate the history of an affair of honor which took place in a district of Munster some sixty or seventy years ago.

Albeit a wild locality, so far as the natural features of the landscape were concerned, yet the vicinity of Barnagore—as for the double reason of concealment and euphony I shall call it—was a tolerably peaceable place, viewed with respect to its inhabitants. Barring the occasional beating of a tithe proctor, or ducking of a sheriff's officer, the country for miles around the village, which gave it a name, was singularly free from agrarian outrage. The land was divided into moderately-sized estates, each supporting the hospitable mansion of a country gentleman, with his good-natured wife and their handsome, frolicking progeny.

During a long series of years various intermarriages had taken place between the several families, so that at the time I write of there was scarcely an individual of note in the country who could not claim cousinship with each and every one of his neighbors. One gentleman there was, however, who was wholly unconnected with the magnates of the district. He was a Mr. Foote, a rich old bachelor, residing in a very pretty cottage close to the boundary hedge of a large estate which had lain for some time unoccupied. The dwelling of Mr. Foote stood in the middle of a beautifully cultivated pleasure ground, a wilderness of sweets, where the emerald turf of the lawn was soft and rich and smiling as though it lay in the heart of England's sunny Hampshire. A kind man was Mr. Foote, beloved by the squires, with whom he never quarreled, when in the heat of the chase, following the hounds in full cry after reynard, they trampled his harvest fields. He was beloved by them, I say, notwithstanding his uniform desertion of the dining room after the first magnum of claret had gone its rounds; a grievous dereliction from the rules of good fellowship which would *not* easily have been pardoned in any one else; but Mr. Foote was a privileged man, and, as the ladies were wont to remark, 'it was really a comfort to feel sure of having one gentleman steady on his legs in the drawing room, so that one might venture to give him a cup of coffee without the chance of having half of it spilled on one's best satin.'

With the young people he was an especial favorite. No better partner in 'Sir Roger de Coverly,' or merrier opponent in the game of 'Matrimony,' could be found in the entire country; while his skill in making 'hurleys' for the boys and carving wooden babies for the girls, secured for him a widespread popularity among the rising generation. By common consent he was known in this neighborhood as 'Holy Foote,' and this epithet was bestowed not in ridicule, but as a sincere acknowledgement of his singular blameless and useful life. Perhaps it was also meant to commemorate a peculiarity in his character—he was never known to fight. From the tithe proctor, whom he hospitably entertained and regularly paid—an unprecedented line of conduct, which caused that much-enduring man to exclaim, 'Sure, Barnagore would be a heaven upon earth if every man in it was like Mr. Holy Foote'—from the tithe proctor down to the urchins, whom he often caught snaring hares or cutting sticks in his wood, he never abused any one or quarreled. Yet Holy Foote was no coward; that the poor widow at the mill could testify, whose fair-haired boy he had saved from drowning by jumping into the mill pond at the imminent risk of his life. And when Tom Maloney's house was burned, who but Holy Foote could be found to tread the falling floor, and while with one hand clinging to the blackened rafters with the other seizing in succession three children and handing them safely to those outside? Mr. Foote, in short, was that—I grieve to say it—anomalous character in Ireland—a brave, good man, who would not fight!

The estate which bounded his had lain for some time unoccupied, but at length a tenant for it appeared in the person of a professed duellist from Tipperary, who having made even that fiery locality too hot to hold him, and possessing as much money as impudence, resolved to settle at Barnagore, and break fresh ground among its quiet inhabitants.

Tom Magennis, for such was his name, had not long been settled in his new residence ere he managed to establish several 'very pretty quarrels' with his neighbors.—He was an unerring shot, seldom failing to kill his man at any number of paces, and was as prone to take offense as the famous Fighting Fitzgerald. He challenged one young gentleman for accidentally touching him with his whip, as they were leaping together across a stream while following the hounds. All attempts at reconciliation were rejected by the scornful bully. They met; and an hour afterwards a fine lad, the hope of his house, was carried home a lifeless corpse.

The neighboring gentlemen tried to send Magennis to 'Coventry,' but it would not do; he was a man of a good family, and tried to maintain his position in society literally at the point of the sword. Every one wished him away; but who was to 'bell the cat?'

It happened that a small field belonging to Mr. Foote lay near the upper corner of Mr. Magennis's lawn, to which the latter wished to have it annexed. He accordingly wrote a letter, couched in a very high and mighty style, requiring his pacific neighbor to sell him the piece of ground in question. A polite reply in the negative was returned, and Magennis, boiling with rage at having his will opposed, hastened to seek an interview with Mr. Foote. He found that gentleman seated in his pleasant parlor, surrounded by his books, and after the first salutations had passed Magennis began abruptly:

'Mr. Foote, am I to understand from your letter that you refuse to let me have the lawn field?'

'Certainly, sir; I have no intention whatever of parting with it.'

'But I tell you that I want it, and have it I will!'

'I should be sorry,' said Mr. Foote, mildly, 'to disoblige a neighbor, but I am sure *Mr. Magennis will see the* impropriety of pressing the matter further, when I repeat that I am quite determined not to sell the field.'

'You won't sell it?'

'No, sir.'

'Then,' said Magennis, with a fearful imprecation, 'if you don't give me the field you shall give me the satisfaction; and may be I'll find your 'heirs, executors, administrators and assigns' easier to deal with.'

A quiet smile passed over the countenance of Foote.

'Do you mean, Mr. Magennis, that you wish me to fight a duel?'

'Certainly, name your friend, and I'll send mine to meet him.'

'I am not much versed in these matters,' said Foote, 'but I believe, as a challenged party, I have a right to select the weapons and the place of meeting?'

'Oh, certainly; nothing can be fairer.—Choose what you like, my boy; the sooner the better.' And the bully rubbed his hands with delight at the prospect of slaying another man.

'Then,' said Mr. Foote, 'I wish to dispense entirely with seconds, and to fight on horseback; to arrange that each of us can come armed with whatever weapons we may choose. Let the place of meeting be the wide common between the school house and the mill; the time twelve o'clock to-morrow; and let him who is first driven off the field be declared the vanquished.'

'Queer arrangements as ever I heard,' said Magennis. 'Why, my good fellow, don't you know that if I come armed with a long sword, and mounted on my hunter Highflyer, I'll ride you down, and split you like a lark before you can say Jack Robinson? However, that's your lookout, and not mine; so of course I agree to what you propose, and have the honor to wish you a very *good morning.*'

He then walked away, marveling much at the coolness of his antagonist, and thinking what fun he would have on the morrow.—Every one he met was told of the jest, and invited to witness the combat. Great was the consternation caused by the news thro' Barnagore.

'To think,' said Mr. Penrose, one of the chief land proprietors, 'that our own honest Holy Foote, who would not willingly offend a worm, is to be slaugtered by a scoundrel; it mustn't be. I'll go to him and offer to fight him in his stead.'

Accordingly he repaired to the dwelling of Mr. Foote, and found that gentleman as tranquilly occupied with his books as when he was visited by Magennis in the morning.

'A bad business this, Foote,' said Mr. Penrose; 'a very bad business. Why, man, rather than you should meet Magennis, I'll fight the rascal myself.'

'Thank you, my friend,' replied Foote; 'I feel most grateful for your kindness; but since Mr. Magennis has chosen to take offense that is causeless, I am resolved to give him the meeting he desires. Perhaps,' he added, smiling, 'the result may be better than you expect.'

'Oh, my dear Foote,' said his friend, 'I beseech you, don't build on that. The fellow is a regular assassin, and if he had his deserts would long since have gained promotion at the hangman's hands. However, there will be a score or two of your friends on the ground to see fair play, and have satisfaction from him for your death.'

With this somewhat equivocal piece of consolation and a hearty shake of the hand Mr. Penrose took leave of his friend, who during the remainder of the day stayed in doors and declined seeing any visitors.

On the following morning a large concourse of people, including indeed nearly every inhabitant of the parish, assembled on the common to witness the approaching combat. Long and loud were the lamentations of the poorer people, who had experienced much kindness from Mr. Foote, at the fate which awaited him; while the deepened tones and darkened looks of the gentlemen testified their sympathy with him and their utter abhorrence of his antagonist.

Precisely at twelve o'clock Magennis appeared on the field, mounted on a splendid blood horse; a dagger was stuck in his belt, and he brandished an enormous two-edged sword in his hand. He cast a glance around full of scorn, and not seeing his opponent, exclaimed, without addressing any one in particular:

'I thought the cowardly fool would be *afraid to meet me; but if he sneaks away,* perhaps one of his friends (with a sarcastic emphasis) will take his place.'

'Here he comes himself!' cried a boy, throwing up his hat; and a general cheer announced the approach of Holy Foote.

He advanced rapidly, mounted on a Kerry pony of so diminutive a size that its rider's feet were little raised above the ground. He was completely enveloped in an ample crimson dressing gown, which waved and flamted in the breeze after a singular fashion. In his right hand he bore something which had the appearance of a very long lance, but which having both extremities covered by the extended folds of the dressing gown, was not as yet clearly visible.—With his left hand he shook the bridle and urged his tiny steed toward the spot where stood the astonished Magennis.

Whatever the latter gentleman may have thought of Mr. Foote's costume, his mettled horse seemed to have formed his own private opinion on the subject, for no sooner did the gaudy dressing gown flaunt before his eyes than he started, shied, and began to prance in a manner that caused his rider to exclaim, with an expletive too forcible for transcription:

'What's the meaning of this buffoonery? Come and meet me like a man.'

'Always happy to oblige a friend,' said Mr. Foote, and suddenly throwing back the offensive garment, he raised his weapon and shook it full in the face of his adversary.

It was a long, slender pole, having at one end a distended bladder filled with dried peas. A fearful thing it looked in the eyes of Highflyer; and so appalling to his ears was the rattling noise it made, that despite the furious efforts of his master he fairly bolted, turned tail, and galloped at full speed across the common. After him rode Foote, shaking his rattle, and shouting:

'Come back, Mr. Magennis, come back! 'Tis a shame for you, man, to be afraid of a dressing gown and a child's rattle!'

Faster and faster flew the affrighted horse, bearing his enraged master beyond the sound of the inextinguishable laughter which hailed his defeat, and the boundless triumph of Holy Foote.

Curious Mistakes in Identity.

From the volumes of law reports and from the records of detectives' offices we might compile page after page of fascinating narratives upon this single theme, but our limited space permits us to give but a few examples. Those that we note, however, will be found on examination to throw a shade even of ridicule on that sublime "reasoning through consistency," on that unerring calculus of probabilities through which Kepler arrived at the laws of matter, Newton deduced their formula, and without which we would be to-day almost as ignorant as in the time when Moses called the moon the second in magnitude of the heavenly lights.

In 1851 Captain John Buckson, master of a sailing vessel, lived with his wife Nancy in a beautiful cottage in the village of Seekonk, near Providence, Rhode Island. He was a man of almost spotless character, religious almost to Puritanism, but also very passionate; and that Nancy, being greatly younger than himself, and very fair to look upon, should have grown very fretful and unruly, did not add much quietness to his temper. They quarreled often, and late one evening a neighbor passing the cottage saw through the open window the husband standing over the wife in a threatening attitude, with a long whip cord in his hand, and heard also in unmistakable burst of rage and many threats of violence.

The next morning the cottage was closed and deserted. This however excited no attention, as John was supposed to have left on a sailing trip, and Nancy was accustomed to depart frequently without announcement to visit relatives in a neighboring town. But that afternoon a little dog accompanying a picnic party in the adjacent woods pawed and howled at a heap of sand, when the merry party examined it, and found there the corpse of Nancy Buckson.

The people flocked around the horror, recognizing the deceased, her clothes, and her jewelry. She had been strangled with a cord, and chloride of lime sprinkled over her body to hasten decomposition. The cottage was searched, and a whip cord was found on the floor, which fitted exactly to the mark on the victim's neck; and in the cellar was a box of chloride of lime like that scattered upon the body.

Buckson was arrested, and indicted; but on the day of the trial that would have sent him to the gallows, Nancy Buckson, alive and well, though cross as ever, walked into the village fresh from a visit to some distant relatives. The mystery of the murder was never solved. The articles of jewelry and dress on the corpse were recognized by relatives as taken from the bureau of her once happy home.

One morning in 1861 a New Jersey gentleman complained to his employer that a barrel of pitch had been stolen from the door. The same morning the clerk of a New York hotel complained to the proprietor that Mrs. Ida Ricard—once well known in Cincinnati under another name—a woman of marvelous beauty of form and no small charm of feature, but sensuous as Lola Montez, and as frail of character—had suddenly and inexplicably left without paying her bill. The next day there was found floating in the North river a barrel of pitch, and tied to it by a rope around the waist was the corpse of a most beautiful woman, clothed only in a night dress and pair of stockings. A gag fastened in the mouth was the only mark of violence, but that was sufficient to evidence murder. The form was of wonderful beauty—such voluptuous beauty as must have served for the model to Titian's Venus. It was noticed though that the stockings were almost too large for the feet. Upon one of the lower limbs was the cicatrice of an old wound.

The body was interred without recognition, but the head was preserved. A few days after a gentleman intimately acquainted with Ada Ricard recognized the face as hers without the shadow of a doubt. The police interviewed her *quasi* husband, Chas. Ricard, cautiously concealing from him her supposed death. He freely entered into a description of her history and person, spoke with pride of her being obliged to wear stockings too large for her feet in order to fit the well-rounded limb, mentioned the mark of an old wound and its position, regretted the injury to her beautiful teeth by the loss of one on the left side, and laughed at her having worn ear rings so heavy as to cut her ears and necessitate a second piercing very high up. The stockings, the lost tooth, the wound, and the marks on the ears coincided perfectly with the corpse. Ricard was then shown the preserved head, and fell back in utter horror from sudden recognition. The mystery was solved—but only for a day. Of a sudden Ada Ricard, as beautiful as ever, returned from a month's wandering at New Orleans among the soldiers. No further discoveries have ever been made.

Our third and last case occurred in the summer of 1866, in Luzerne Valley, Pa.—Mark Wilson and Miss Wallace, a lovely girl of eighteen, had been engaged for some months, when she suddenly jilted him, and without explanation forbade him to enter her house. Wilson plunged into dissipation, and rapidly lost his character, his business, and his small means. He was frequently heard, with fevered energy, to lay his ruin at her door, and vowed revenge with the most determined bitterness. Soon after he made preparations to leave for Europe, but before doing so by some means persuaded the girl to take a drive with him. He gave out at the livery stable that he was going to an occasional picnic resort in a wild gorge among the neighboring hills.—Neither of them returned, and two days after the body of the girl, stabbed to death with a pocket knife, sworn to as Wilson's, was found in the turbid water of a brook that threaded "Picnic Gorge." She was buried in an agony of sorrow by her loving parents, and the day after the funeral Mrs. Wilson, *nee* Miss Wallace, returned from New York with her newly-wedded husband. Who the murdered girl was, and how a knife like that of Mark Wilson came in her heart, the most rigid investigation never could discover.—*Ex.*

The Future.

There is no habit of the mind more common than that of dwelling upon the future. Pondering on coming events, striving by every conceivable precaution and well-matured course of action to arrest evil and secure good, has been considered proof of sagacity and wise foresight. In the main such may be the fact, but we believe that much time and anxiety so expended were better given to instant and determinate action. Quickness of perception, coupled with resolute performance, the intelligence to comprehend, the nerve to execute, belong only to greatly practical minds.

Timidity lingers so long over obstacles, and shrinks so sensitively from difficulties, that a long train of confused speculations ends in nothing. Hence but little is attained, and the poor feeble mariner finds, too late, that "time and tide" are lost. The syren song of exaggerated precaution has lost him his opportunity of success, inexorable fate closes his account—"the harvest is past, the summer is ended." Hesitation has been his ruin. He has pondered on "the future," which God does not permit us to explore, till the present, the only time which we can justly call our own, has been lost in irresolution; surest proof of a feeble soul, wanting that grand self-reliance which makes not only heroes in a Pagan sense, but Christian heroes of a far higher type.

Under Heaven's high decree, man's character depends on his own deliberate acts.—Once decided on a line of conduct proper to be pursued, manliness, principle, honor, and justice call on him to pursue it "without the shadow of turning." If he be faint-hearted and wavering, let him enter on no high enterprise, but plod along in the beaten path with inferiority.

Futurity is with God alone, who setteth up and casteth down in his sovereign wisdom. "Which of you, by taking thought, can add a cubit to his stature?" Evasion, postponement and time-serving belong not to greatness or integrity. The whiteness of the soul is spotted by subterfuge and deception. Irresolution never stains the virtue of honest men. As they think they speak—as they speak they act. The best safeguard against future ill and remorse will always be found in open dealing, honorable resolve and frank action.

We do not advocate rashness. Only hasty and inconsiderate people yield to its momentary suggestions; nevertheless, an honest impulse, however ill-judged, is sooner to be forgiven than that frozen policy which wears out life in striving to compass futurity, and leaves the foolish casuist, and all who have vainly trusted him, dismal wrecks on the shoals of time. Adversity cannot subdue the virtuous; threatened poverty cannot remove them from the path of rectitude. They anchor their hopes high above worldly change and sorrow; the "Rock of Ages" is their shield, and they say to a vain spirit of conjecture, "Peace, be still!" This argument is scriptural—who therefore shall pronounce it illogical? It should be our aim so to improve the present that remorse and regret belong not to our dread futurity, either on earth or in an eternal state of existence.

A.

A Rare Co-Partnership.

One of the best farms in Franklin county is owned, and managed by, two brothers, whose locks are now silvered by many years of honest labor. Their well-kept lands extend over hundreds of acres, including some of the most fertile pastures where graze in the summer seventy-five or eighty head of young cattle, one of the best herds of Durhams to be found in New England. Hundreds of acres of woodland are covered with a heavy growth of timber, and instead of being pillaged and robbed by the invading ax, are increasing in value every year. Extensive orchards are in the best bearing condition, and frequently contribute over a thousand dollars to the annual income.—They own a dairy of some twenty cows, and the golden butter produced is some of the best that finds its way to the Boston market. Each of these brothers has a family, and they reside in two grand old farm houses in close proximity, beneath the wide-spreading branches of magnificent elms.—But what seems a little remarkable in this age of greed and selfishness is, that the relations of the two families are always most friendly and in the most perfect harmony. They share everything in common. There is no division of the proceeds of their well-paying farm. Either draws for the wants of himself and family, as the occasion requires, without any particular consultation or permission of the other. There is perfect confidence in and reliance upon each other that is as rare as it is pleasant. If a member of one household or she is cared for as tenderly as those of each other that is seen from the neighboring house, they live beneath the same roof. There is no finding of fault because some may think they are doing more than their share of the common work. As the wife of one of the brothers is an invalid, the management of the dairy has fallen to the lot of the other; but this extra duty is discharged as a matter of course, and is the source of no unpleasantness. Each of the brothers has a son, and it is probable that the grand old farm will be transmitted to them still undivided, and that the same pleasant family relationship will be continued for another generation. We doubt if a like instance of happy co-partnership can be found in the country.—*Greenfield (Mass.) Gaz.*

How We Grow.

Advance sheets have been received from Gen. Francis A. Walker, Superintendent of the Ninth Census, embracing statistics of the wealth and public indebtedness of the country, arranged by States and counties.—From these it appears that the total real and personal property of the United States was $30,068,518,507 in 1870, as against $16,159,616,068 in 1860.

The per centage of increase in wealth during the last decade is found by calculation to have been over 86 per cent., notwithstanding the great diversion of productive energy during the war, and the enormous destruction of property consequent upon the war, including the conversion of all the slave chattels into men. Did any nation on the globe ever show such marvelous expansion under such untoward circumstances?

But the losses of the rebellion bore with greatest severity upon the States which participated in it. A fairer test, therefore, of the growth made by the country in the decade under consideration, is obtained by taking the figures for some of the representative Northern States.

The aggregate wealth of this Commonwealth was $3,808,340,112 in 1870, and $1,416,501,818 in 1860. The rate of increase from 1860 to 1870 was 168 per cent., against 96 per cent. during the preceding decade.—The State thus grew rich nearly twice as fast during the ten years in which the exhaustive four years war occurred as during the previous ten years. The one period was under a protective tariff; the other under a revenue or free trade tariff.

In Vermont, an agricultural State, wealth increased between '60 and '70 at the rate of 109 per cent., and between '50 and '60 at the rate of 88 per cent. only. New York State, where both agriculture and commerce are primary interests, their manufactures, gained 252 per cent. in wealth during the last decade, and only 70 per cent. in the former one.

The purely agricultural States of the West show almost as great an increase in the latter period. In Illinois it was over 143 per cent. and in Iowa 142 per cent. Even Maine had gained in 1870 83 per cent. on the total property owned in the State in 1860, while the gain in the previous decade was only 55 per cent.

These are very significant figures. They evidence a degree of prosperity unparalleled.—*Exchange.*

Born in Boston.

Henry Ward Beecher writes to the *Ledger*: "How vain and fugacious are the consolations with which, on dismal days, one comforts himself in this wise: The whole world could not be born in Boston. Somebody had to be born outside of this blessed center. Why not I? True, the luck can never be supplied; but by good conduct and patient endeavor, many men have lived creditably who were born in other places. Everybody cannot be first. Every one cannot be even eminent. Cæsar was not born in Boston, though he is thought well of here, especially in bronze and cameos and marble. Yet, had he been born here, his glory would have been enhanced. If He of Bethlehem had been born in Boston, there would have been far less dispute about his divinity.—Every good thing is divine in Boston.—There have been numberless names of great credit to the world born outside of this celestial city: Dante, Luther, M. Angelo, Albert Durer, Shakespeare, Bacon, Descarte, Spinoza, Bonaparte, and a few others. But had they been born in Boston it would have been still better for them than it was and is.

"One may be poor and unfortunate, but what has he to envy in the rich and prosperous, if only they were not born in Boston, and he was? This is a patrimony that never can be squandered. Every time one thinks of it it is as good as a new birth.

"I am pleased, in spite of my secret envy, to see how well the happy people carry themselves whom God selected to be born in Boston. It is not often intruded upon you; indeed it is not usually mentioned in your presence; it would not comport with politeness to bring home to you your ignoble birth. It is after you are gone that people say, with genuine Christian pity, 'Did you hear him speak of being born in Litchfield? I wonder whether he does really not feel the misfortune, or whether he puts on that indifference as a way of braving it out.'"

MAZZINI'S BODY TO BE PETRIFIED.—Mazzini, eccentric in life, is the same in death, for his body has been turned over to a learned professor, who guarantees to petrify it perfectly in eight months. "Professor Morini," says the Paris *Liberte*, "whom we have personally known, and whose science equals his modesty, enjoys a great reputation in this department. He possesses a museum of bodies, which we have often visited and examined with wonder and delight. Certain mummifying preparations give to the body the strange property of assuming all the appearances of sleep, after being in water for some hours. Others give to the body a hardness of stone, and enable it to resist humidity and changes of weather.—We recall the head of a cane of Dr. Morini, composed of a human eye, perfectly preserved, and of a hardness resembling crystal or coralline—also many heads petrified, which after thirty years looked as natural as life. The body of Mazzini, in the hands of this skillful operator, will escape dissolution, and preserve the sublime expression of the last moment." If everybody could be thus preserved the earth would soon be full, nay, encumbered with the dead, and then what would the living do for room?

Have the courage to give, occasionally, that which you can ill afford to spare; giving what you do not want nor value neither brings nor deserves thanks in return. Who is grateful for a drink of water from another's overflowing well, however delicious the draught?

The Indianapolis *Journal* has the following: "Gentlemen," said a reconstructed rebel Democrat, "it's no use talking about electing a Democratic President till the great American people are done rallying around the flag." That's what's the matter with the American people.

Cyrus D. Sill,

WHOLESALE DEALER IN

Foreign and Domestic Liquors

WINES, &c., &c.

Agent for Fine Old Whiskies,

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

Brick for Sale,

AT the kiln near the Academy. Also two or three VILLAGE LOTS. Inquire of
April 3, 1872-6t. ED. WETMORE.

NOTICE

IS hereby given that a meeting of the stockholders of the Stony Fork Salt company will be held at the house of Charles Wilcox on the 11th of May next, at 1 o'clock, P. M. Let all be present, as business of importance is to be attended to. By order of the President.
ALBERT OSBORN, Sec'y.
Delmar, April 24, 1872.-3w.

Notice.

OWNERS of lots on the east side of Main street from the residence of N. Niles to Cumberland Creek, and on north side of Charleston street from Cumberland Creek to Railroad depot, are hereby notified to build sidewalks in front of their respective lots within the specified time provided by law from the date of this notice.

Also, another walk to be built on north side of east Avenue to street intersecting said Avenue near Bache's residence. By order of Burgess and Council.
J. W. VAN VALKENBURG, Clerk.
April 24, 1872-3w.

Administrators' Notice.

LETTERS of Administration on the estate of Sally Hodges, late of Sullivan, Tioga county, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate and those having claims against it will settle with HIRAM HODGES, HENRY B. CARD, Adm'rs.
Sullivan, April 17, 1872-6w

Lath, Lath

WILL be found on hand at all times the present season at the Mills of O. HAMILTON, near Jackson Centre.
Jackson, April 1, 1872-4t.

For Sale,

A HAMBLETONIAN STALLION FOUR YEAR OLD COLT. Terms easy. Inquire of
April 10, 1872-4t. L. L. RUSSELL, Delmar.

Houghton, Orr & Co.,

STONY FORK, PA.

Manufacturers of

Buggies, Sulkies,

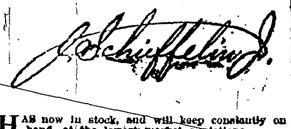
PLATFORM SPRING, TRUCK AND

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.



HAS now in stock, and will keep constantly on hand, at the lowest market quotations.
Wool Twine, 3 & 4 ply cotton & jutetwine. Marlin 3, 3 & 4 strand. Knowlt's patent Step Ladder, from 3 to 8 ft.

JACK SCREWS, TACKLE BLOCKS, WIRE CLOTH AND WIRE GOODS GENERALLY. EMERY WHEELS FOR GUMMING SAWS.

A full assortment of Lake Huron and Berea

GRINDSTONES, CANAL WHEEL BARROWS IN ANY QUANTITY. MANILLA ROPE FROM ONE INCH DOWN.

No. 1 & 2, extra engine oil. A complete assortment of

Mechanics' Tools,

HOUSE BUILDERS AND HOUSEHOLD HARDWARE CONSTANTLY ON HAND. BOTTOM PRICES ON AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

Come in and take a look, get the figures and see how it is yourself, and oblige J. SHEIFFELIN, Jr.
Jan. 1, 1872.

Hear Kelley!

I am now receiving direct from the Importers a full and well selected stock of

CROCKERY,

CHINA AND GLASS WARE,

with a good assortment of

Table Cutlery & Plated Ware;

Also

Table Linen, Napkins, Toweling, &c.

My stock of

Dry Goods, Clothing, &c.,

I will sell at greatly reduced prices to make room for a full and complete stock of

**Table