Wellsboro Agitator.

VOL. XX.---NO. 2. WELLSBORO, TIOGA CO., PA., TUESDAY, JANUARY 14, 1873. WHOLE NO. 990.

The Agitator.

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY BY

BARNES & ROY,

A. F. BARNES, - - - - A. M. ROY.

Terms:—$2.00 per annum in advance.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Time.	1 in	2 in	3 in	4 in.	¼Col	½Col	1 Col.
1 Week	$1 00	$2 00	$3 00	$4 00	$5 00	$9 00	$14 00
2 Weeks	1 50	3 00	4 00	5 00	7 00	11 00	18 00
3 Weeks	2 00	3 00	5 00	6 00	8 00	13 00	18 00
1 Month	2 50	4 00	6 00	7 00	9 00	15 00	20 00
2 Months	4 00	6 00	9 00	10 00	12 00	20 00	28 00
3 Months	5 00	8 00	12 00	13 00	15 00	25 00	35 00
6 Months	8 00	12 00	18 00	20 00	22 00	35 00	50 00
1 Year.	12 00	18 00	25 00	30 00	35 00	50 00	100 00

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BUSINESS NOTICES in the Editorial columns, on the second page, 10 cents per line each insertion. Nothing inserted for less than $1.

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

ANNOUNCEMENTS of MARRIAGES and DEATHS inserted free; but all obituary notices will be charged 10 cents per line.

SPECIAL NOTICES 50 per cent above regular rates.

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

Business Cards.

J. B. BATCHELDER. F. A. JOHNSON.

Batchelder & Johnson,

Manufacturers of Monuments, Tombstones, Table Tops, Counters, &c. Call and see. Shop, Walnut, opposite Foundry, Wellsboro, Pa.—July 9, 1872.

A. Redfield,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.—Collections promptly attended to.—Blossburg, Tioga county, Penn'a., Apr. 1, 1872-9m.

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 Converse & Williams brick block, over Converse & Osgood's 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, 1873.

L. D. Taylor,

PURE WINES, LIQUORS AND SEGARS at Wholesale and Retail. No. 8 Cone House Block, Wellsboro, Pa Dec. 9, 1872.

Josiah Emery,

ATTORNEY 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.

C. N. Dartt,

DENTIST.—Teeth made with the NEW IMPROVEMENT. Which give better satisfaction than any thing else in use. Office in Wright & Bailey's Block. Wellsboro, Oct. 15, 1872.

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.

C. L. Peck,

ATTORNEY AT LAW. All claims promptly collected. Office with W. H. Smith, Knoxville, Tioga Co., Pa.

C. B. Kelly,

Dealer in Crockery, China and Glass ware, Table Cutlery and Plated Ware. Also Table and House Furnishing Goods.—Wellsboro, Pa., Sept. 17, 1872.

Jno. W. Guernsey,

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

Armstrong & Linn,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Williamsport, Pa.
WM. M. 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.

B. O. Wheeler

Will promptly attend to the collection of all claims in Tioga county. Office with Henry Sherwood & Son, west side of the public square, Wellsboro, Pa. Oct. 15, 1872.

Barnes & Roy,

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

W. D. Terbell & Co.,

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

Sabinsville House.

SABINSVILLE, Tioga Co., Pa.—Benn Bro's. Proprietors. This house has been thoroughly renovated and is now in good condition to accomidate the traveling public in a superior manner.—Jan. 1, 1873.

D. Bacon, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.—May be found at his office 1st door East of Miss Todd's—Main street. Will attend promptly to all calls.—Wellsboro, Pa., Jan. 1, 1872.

A. M. Ingham, M. D.,

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

Seeley, Coats & Co.,

BANKERS, Knoxville, Tioga Co., Pa.—Receive money on deposit, discount notes, and sell drafts on New York City. Collections promptly made.
MORGAN SEELEY, Cashier. VINE GRANDALL,
Jan. 1, 1872. DAVID COATS, Knoxville

J. Parkhurst & Co.,

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

Petroleum House,

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

Mrs. Mary E. Lamb,

MILLINERY.—Wishes to inform her friends and the public generally that she has engaged in the Millinery and Fancy Goods business in this town, and that she can be found at her store, next door to the block of Converse & Williams.—Mrs. E. E. KIMBALL has charge of the making and trimming department and will give her attention exclusively to it.—Nov. 12, '72-tf.

M. Yale & Co.

We are manufacturing several brands of choice Cigars which we will sell at prices that cannot but please our customers. We use none but the best Connecticut, Havana and Yara Tobacco. We make our own Cigars, and for that reason can warrant them. We have a general assortment of good Chewing and Smoking Tobaccos, Snuffs, Pipes from clay to the finest Meerschaum, Tobacco Pouches, &c., wholesale and retail.—Dec. 26, 1872.

John R. Anderson, Agt.

WHOLESALE & RETAIL DEALER IN HARDWARE, Stoves, Iron, Steel, Nails, House Trimmings, Mechanics' Tools, Agricultural Implements, Carriage Goods, Axles, Springs, Rims, &c., Pocket and Table Cutlery, Plated Ware, Guns and Ammunition, Whips, Pumps—wood and iron—the best in use. Manufacturer and dealer in Tin, Copper, and Sheet-iron Ware. Roofing in Tin and Iron. All work warranted.—Jan. 1, 1873.

Wellsboro Hotel,

COR. MAIN ST. & THE AVENUE,

Wellsboro, Pa.

SOL. BUNNEL, Prop'r.

This is a popular Hotel lately kept by B. B. Holiday. The Proprietor will spare no pains to make it a first-class house. All the stages arrive and depart from this house. A good hostler in attendance. Livery attached. Jan. 1, 1873.

RAILWAY TIME TABLES.

Wellsboro & Lawrenceville R. R.

Time Table No. 4.

Takes Effect Monday June 3d, 1872.

GOING NORTH. 12	2	4	Stations.	GOING SOUTH. 1	3	9
p.m.	p.m.	a.m.		a.m.	p.m.	a.m.
1 50	3 35	10 00	Ar. Corning, Dep.	8 00	7 35	5 00
12 23	4 30	8 55	L'ville	9 00	8 40	6 18
12 13	4 20	8 44	Dep. Dunning	9 11	8 46	6 28
a.m.						
12 05	4 19	8 40	Lathrop	9 15	8 50	6 33
11 49	4 05	8 26	Tioga Village	9 29	9 04	6 53
11 23	3 52	8 12	Hammond	9 43	9 18	7 13
11 13	3 43	8 03	Hill's Creek,	9 52	9 27	7 23
11 07	3 40	8 00	Holliday	9 57	9 30	7 29
10 57	3 32	7 52	Middlebury	10 03	9 38	7 38
10 49	3 27	7 47	Niles Valley	10 08	9 43	7 47
10 35	3 19	7 39	Stokesdale	10 16	9 51	7 59
10 25	3 10	7 30	Lv. Wellsboro, Arr.	10 25	10 00	8 10
	2 48		Charleston,	10 52		
	2 03		Summit,	11 12		
	1 30		Antrim,	11 45		

A. H. GORTON, Sup't.

Blossburg & Corning & Tioga R. R.

Time Table No. 32.

Takes Effect Monday June 3d, 1872.

DEPART FROM CORNING.	ARRIVE AT BLOSSBURG.
No. 1.....9 00 a. m.	No. 1.....10 45 a. m.
" 3.....7 35 p. m.	" 3.....10 20 p. m.
" 15.....2 20 p. m.	" 15.....6 25 p. m.
DEPART FROM BLOSSBURG.	ARRIVE AT CORNING.
No. 2.....2 45 p. m.	No. 2.....5 35 p. m.
" 4.....7 05 p. m.	" 4.....10 00 a. m.
No. 6.....7 20 a. m.	No. 8.....11 45 a. m.

A. H. GORTON, Sup't B. & C. R. R.
L. H. SHATTUCK, Sup't Tioga R. R.

Catawissa Railroad.

Depot, Foot of Pine Street, Williamsport, Pa.

EASTWARD.

Mail dep. Williamsport.....9.00 a. m.
Accommodation dep. Williamsport.....6.00 p. m.

Mail arrive at Williamsport.....6.10 p. m.
Accommodation arrive at Williamsport.....9.25 a. m.

An additional train leaves Depot at Herdic House, Williamsport, at 9.05 a. m.—for Milton, Philadelphia, New York, Boston and intermediate points. Returning, direct connection is made at Williamsport with trains for the west.

No change of cars between Philadelphia, New York and Williamsport. GEO. WEBB, *Supt.*

Erie Railway.

TIME TABLE ADOPTED JUNE 3D, 1872.

New and improved Drawing Room and Sleeping Coaches, combining all modern improvements, are run through on all trains between New York, Rochester, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Suspension Bridge, Cleveland and Cincinnati.

Westward.

STATIONS.	No. 1.	No. 5.	No. 7.†	No. 3.*
N. York, Lve	9 00 am	1 00m	5 30 pm	7 00 p m
Bing'ton, "	4 44 pm	9 35 p m	8 00 a m	9 40 a m
Elmira, "	6 55 "	12 20 "	5 20 "	5 35 "
Corning, "	7 07 "	1 20 a m	5 03 "	5 17 "
Pt'd Post, "	.....	1 29 "	.....	.....
Rochest'r, Arr	10 37 "	.....	10 32 "	10 02 "
Horn'svlle, "	8 30 Sup	2 50 "	7 25 Bft	7 20 Bft
Buffalo, "	12 05 a	6 10 a m	11 45 a m	12 05 pm
Niag. Falls "	12 55 am	9 50 "	12 30 pm	4 35 p m
Dunkirk, "	1 50 "	8 00 "	1 15 "	1 15 "

ADDITIONAL LOCAL TRAINS—WESTWARD.

5 a. m., except Sundays, from Owego for Hornellsville and Way.

5 15 a. m., except Sundays, from Susquehanna for Hornellsville and Way.

5 30 a. m., daily from Susquehanna for Hornellsville and Way.

1 10 p. m., except Sundays, from Elmira for Avoca, to Buffalo and Way.

2 20 p. m., except Sundays, from Binghamton for Hornellsville and Way.

Eastward.

STATIONS.	No. 12.*	No. 4.	No. 8.†	No. 2.
Dunkirk, Lve	12 25 pm	.....	10 00 pm	.....
Niag. Falls,"	1 25 "	5 50 a m	10 12 pm	7 10 am
Buffalo, "	2 30 "	6 25 "	11 35 "	7 45 "
Horn'svlle, "	6 05 Sup.	10 30 "	3 15 a m	10 50 "
Rochester, "	4 50 p m	8 20 "	.....	8 00 "
Corning, "	7 25 "	12 01 "	4 37 "	12 03 pm
Elmira, "	8 03 "	12 40 am	5 13 "	12 43 "
Bing'mton, "	10 10 "	2 25 "	7 18 "	2 38 "
New York, "	7 00 a m	11 10 "	3 30 pm	9 55 "

ADDITIONAL LOCAL TRAINS EASTWARD.

5 05 a. m., except Sundays, from Hornellsville for Owego and Way.

5 00 a. m., daily from Hornellsville for Susquehanna and Way.

7 20 a. m., except Sundays, from Hornellsville for Binghamton and Way.

7.00 a. m., except Sundays, from Owego for Susquehanna and Way.

2 00 p. m., except Sundays, from Painted Post for Elmira and Way.

1 50 p. m., except Sundays, from Hornellsville for Susquehanna and Way.

4 daily.

Mondays excepted, between Susquehanna and Port Jervis.

Through tickets to all points West at the office at Elmira, for sale in the Company's office at the Corning Depot.

This is the only authorized Agency of the Erie Railway Company for the sale of Western Tickets in Corning.

Baggage will be checked only on Tickets purchased at the Company's office.

JNO N. ABBOTT,
Gen'l Pass'r Ag't.

Northern Central Railway.

Trains arrive and depart at Troy, since June 9th, 1872, as follows:

WORKWARD.	SOUTHWARD.
Niagara Express, 4 07 p m	Balto. Express, 8 15 p m
Mail.....9 15 p m	Philada Express, 9 15 p m
Cincinnati Exp. 10 20 a m	Mail.....5 52 a m

A. S. FISKE, Gen'l Sup't.

Cyrus D. Stall,

WHOLESALE DEALER IN

Foreign and Domestic Liquors

WINES, &c., &c.

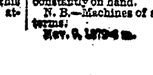
Agent for Fine Old Whiskies,

Jan. 1, 1873. CORNING, N. Y.

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, July 1, 1872.

THE NEW SEWING MACHINE

as "VICTOR."

Latest, Improved, hence THE BEST.

HAS NO SPIRAL SPRINGS.

EVERY MOTION POSITIVE.

Self Setting Needle and Improved SHUTTLE.

THE VICTOR

WILL be put out on trial for parties wishing, and sold on easy, monthly payments.

Before purchasing, call and examine the VICTOR, at L. F. Truman's store in Wellsboro, Pa.

E. JENNINGS, Agent.

Machine Silk, Twist, Cotton and Needles of all kinds constantly on hand.

N. B.—Machines of all kinds repaired on reasonable terms. Nov. 6, 1872-6 m.

New, Boot, Shoe, Leather AND FINDING STORE.

C. W. Sears'

IN THE FIELD AGAIN.

New Shop, New Stock, and first-class Work!

ANYTHING from a Hand Cock to a Kid Gaiter. Best line of

Ladies' Kid and Cloth Balmorals and Gaiters, Ditto Children's and Misses.

Gents' Cloth, Morocco, and Calf Gaiters. Oxford and Prince Albert Ties.

A good line of OVERSHOES, and a full line of

FINE BOOTS,

ranging in price from $4.00 to $7.00, pegged and sewed

CUSTOM BOOTS

from $6.00 to $15.00, and worth the money every time

Leather and Findings

of the lowest rates, as usual.

The undersigned having spent twenty years of his life in Wellsboro—much of the time on the stool of penitence, drawing the cord of affliction for the good of soles, believes rather in hammering than blowing. Wherefore, he will only remark to his old customers and as many new ones as choose to give him a call, that he may be found at his new shop, next door to B. T. Van Horn's ware rooms, with the best and cheapest stock in Tioga county. C. W. SEARS.

Wellsboro, April 24, 1872.

WISHART'S PINE TREE

TAR CORDIAL,

NATURE'S GREAT REMEDY

FOR THE

Throat and Lungs.

It is gratifying to us to inform the public that Dr. L. Q. C. Wishart's Pine Tree Tar Cordial for Throat and Lung Diseases, has gained an enviable reputation from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast, and from thence to some of the first families of Europe, not through the press alone, but by persons throughout the States actually benefitted and cured at his office. While he publishes less, so say our reporters, he is unable to supply the demand. It gains and holds its reputation.

First. Not by stopping cough, but by loosening and assisting nature to throw off the unhealthy matter collected about the throat and bronchial tubes, which causes irritation.

Second. It removes the cause of irritation (which produces cough) of the throat's membrane and bronchial tubes, assists the lungs to act and throw off the unhealthy secretions, and purifies the blood.

Third. It is free from squills, lobelia, tartar emetic, or other nauseous drugs, which must shock and ruin any constitution, when they pass through the stomach. It has a soothing effect on the stomach, acts on the liver and kidneys, and lymphatic and nervous regions, thus reaching to every part of the system, and in its invigorating and purifying effects it has gained a reputation which it must hold above all others in the market.

NOTICE.

The Pine Tree Tar Cordial,

Great American Dyspepsia Pills,

AND

WORM SUGAR DROPS.

Being under my immediate direction they shall not lose their curative qualities by the use of cheap and impure articles.

HENRY R. WISHART,

PROPRIETOR

Free of Charge.

Dr. L. Q. C. Wishart's Office Parlors are open on all Mondays, Tuesdays and Wednesdays from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m., for consultation by Dr. Wm. T. Magee.—With him are associated two consulting physicians of acknowledged ability. This opportunity is not offered by any other institution in the city.

All letters must be addressed to

L. Q. C. Wishart, M. D.,

No. 232 N. Second street,

PHILADELPHIA.

Nov. 12, 1872-6m.

E. B. YOUNG. W. WERTZ.

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, Window 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.
—Twice 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 Union 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 our rates of Exchange.

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

To Suffering Humanity.

DR. TIPPLE'S PILE SPECIFIC is warranted to cure every case of Constipation and Piles, or money refunded.

Sold by John R. Pierce, Wellsboro, Pa.

Oct. 1, 1872-6m.

A Scene for a Study.

White lay the snow over roof, over wold—
While hung the moon in the frosty sky;
And huddled sheep that crouched in the fold,
Wore the white raiment dropped from on high.
But a little window, rustic and old,
Gleamed cheerily red on the wanderers nigh.

A painter passed on his way, that night;
"What a scene for a study," the painter said;
"Tasely glimmers that ruby light,
Icicles fringe it from eaves o'er head;
O moon, thou art ghostly! O world thou art white!
I'll look in at the window all warm and red."

So he looked—but whatever his eyes might see
His pencil told not, his lips were dumb.
I might guess, but who would listen to me!
And the days of the painter have told their sum.
Would you know, you must wait till your soul is free
And you two meet in the world to come

Here is the study the painter wrought;
A little way off that window glows,
And the prints of the children's feet are brought
Up to the doorway, athwart the snows;
And the moonbeam falls like an afterthought
And silvers their pathway who now repose.

Cold shows the world and the sky round about,
And warm breaks that ruddy light between
Of the painter's thought I need not doubt,
For longhike his study his life had been;
Ah, long time his lot was to walk without,
From the one light apart, in a wintery scene.

But I hope, where the white flakes freeze no more,
I hope, where the winter is over and gone,
For the cold of the night that went before
He almost forgets how he made his moan;
And almost forgets how they had closed the door,
And doomed him to walk in the world—alone.

—*Jean Ingelow.*

BEN PILLEY.

BY REBECCA H. DAVIS.

Coming home late one evening, I met Doctor Saul at the door, radiant. "I've done a good stroke of work this week, Lathrop. Found a good situation for Ben Pilley."

"In town."

"Yes. Why not?"

"What sane human being would ever tether Ben Pilley in a town?"

The doctor's countenance fell, but he recovered himself.

"You're hungry, Tom, and cross. Supper's waiting. Now"—after he had seated himself and unfolded his napkin—"it was the merest chance of luck! I heard of a clerkship vacant in the Pennsylvania Central Railroad office; remembered that the Pilleys were hard up—"

"As usual."

"As usual—and nailed the place for Ben."

"You don't mean to say that you would put Pilley in a railroad office?"

"It is Pegasus in cart-harness, sure enough," said my wife, scornfully. "In his own profession my cousin Benjamin ranks as one of the first astronomers in the whole country; among the young men, of course."

"Certainly, certainly," said the doctor, deprecatingly. "The position is, I know, a miserable make-shift for a man of Mr. Pilley's learning. But it was a case of—well, bread and butter, madam, to state the thing plainly. The Pilleys, since Ben lost his school, really have been in that condition, that—" Finishing the sentence by a solemn draught of coffee and a nudge of the head.

"The question is not the fitness of the office to Ben, but Ben's fitness for the office," I said. "Railroad work demands, as I understand it, above all things, promptitude and accuracy."

"Benjamin will probably fulfill any obligation into which he may enter," said my wife, coldly. "My family usually do."

Now the Pilleys hang on the very outermost branches of Mellicent's family tree.—But the doctor and I made no reply. We knew what it was to touch root or twig of that sacred growth.

"I only hope he may not lose the chance," said Saul anxiously. "He was due here two days ago."

"Ben is dilatory, I confess," said Mel, with an awkward laugh and glance at me. "But when he sees the necessity of punctuality in business matters, he will acquire it. Anybody can do that."

"I thought you liked Pilley, Latbrop?" said the doctor uneasily.

"Liking is here-a-little-more! My feeling which I had for Mellicent here in our old days of courtship. I learned to know him tolerably well when we went out fishing together during last summer. I never knew a sweeter moral nature. I never received from any man so many glimpses of noble thought or high intuition. His wife is admirably suited to him, too. She is a gleam of sunshine for any sheltered place."

"I really never saw all that in Ben," said my wife, turning against herself for some inscrutable reason. "He's clever enough, I grant you. There's a tradition in the family, though, that he was born a day too late, and has never caught up with the lost time. He even put off taking all childish diseases until he was grown. Why, last fall the absurd creature had the thrush—the thrush! And as for his wife—of all the incapable, indolent— I can bear everything about that woman, Dr. Saul, but her folded hands and good humor, and that drives me frantic. Sunshine!"

"You'll have them in Pontefract's Woods as neighbors. I took No. 220 for them," said Saul.

"You can look upon the whole family as missionary ground, and go to work in it.—Pilley will bring them up in a week or two, I suppose."

"At least I'll attend to having the house set in order for them." The door bell rang at that moment, and her face changed.—"There are! That is Susan Pilley's gurgle of a laugh if she's alive; and the children, as usual, all talking at once!"

We rose in confusion and followed her. Now Mel's heart would warm to a Thug if he came as a guest. I was not at all surprised when I reached the hall to find her with a swarm of young Pilleys clinging to her, while she laughed and kissed and hugged their mother with the sincerest affection. "So good in you to surprise us in this way, Susy!" Speculation meanwhile in her eye as to where in this box of a house they were to sleep.

"It was Ben's doings. The doctor telegraphed for him to come up last Tuesday, but he said no; he would bring the whole family, and show you all that he could set with decision and promptness—for once," with the usual running accompaniment of a laugh.

"But where is Ben?"

"Oh! he lost one of the checks for the largest trunk, I believe, and those stupid baggage people would make a difficulty; so he sent us before him. Here he comes," as Ben, tall and thin as ever, and with the usual appearance of having just been blown by a violent wind into an exceiting good humor, came in.

"God bless you, boys!" seizing the old doctor's hand and mine. I melted at the first touch. There certainly never was a fellow as gentle and genuine as Pilley.—Mellicent, when he turned to her, gave him a motherly kiss. Her keen eyes had seen already the patches on his coat, and that Susan and the children, July as it was, were still perspiring in their winter clothes. The water stood in her eyes, with all their keenness.

"Now could anything be better than this?" cried Ben, flinging hat and valise in one corner. "All here together once more! I had no hope of seeing the doctor to-night. I tell you, doctor, that offer of yours was the plank to the drowning man. I had well-nigh gone under. And you're just at supper! We're always just in time, Sue. Here, Joe, and Jim, and Molly," ticking them off with enormous slices of bread and jam.—"We're all half-starved—forgot, somehow, to bring lunch."

"What about the lost trunk?" interposed Mellicent.

"Oh! it will turn up, sometime. I put the matter into the hands of a carman down there, an honest, reliable-looking fellow. I couldn't stay all night. What became of the check is the mystery. I did *not* put it into the unlucky pocket, Sue."

His wife laughed, giving the baby a lump of sugar.

"Eh? How's that, Pilley?"

"A pocket of mine out of which nothing comes at the right season. Cost us dear, though, lately. You heard of the chance I lost in A—— College? No? Vacant chair of Astronomy and Natural Sciences. Why, Saul," energetically, "their observatory I consider equal to that of any in the country. They've one lens there which a man would give years of his life for the chance of using."

"Was the professorship offered to you?"

"Yes. The most absurd mistake! The trustees wrote to me making the proposition, and of course I accepted. It was just after I closed my school. I put my letter in this pocket. No, I did not neglect to send it, but when I sent it I forgot to put a stamp on it. It was too bad, too bad!"—growing serious. "They waited until their patience gave out, and then Boehm, a German from Bonn, was pushed in by his friends. A month afterward my letter came out of our village post office, quite clean and fresh."

"The salary was large, I suppose?"

"Yes; but one can make money anywhere. But such a lens—"

"When will your furniture be here, Susy?" said Mellicent, to break the awkward pause.

Ben and his wife glanced at each other and laughed. "To tell the truth, we have none," said Susy. "Ben being out of work of any sort for so long—you understand.—It's all gone, somehow."

"Oh! we'll soon bring a few traps together," said Ben, rising from the table.—"Well, boys, I am delighted to be with you once more. I've been anxious to find out what you think of Darwin's last step, eh?"

I was obliged to leave home the next morning for a couple of days, and when I returned the Pilleys were established in No. 220.

"We will drop in and look at them," said Saul, who had come to the depot to meet me.

When we reached the door the vigorous sound of a violin met us. The floors were carpetless. The furniture consisted of half a dozen chairs, a table, and iron bedsteads. But the windows were flung wide open to admit the balmy evening air. And the children in their winter clothes tumbled over each other in and out while Ben fiddled, and his wife, soft and sweet as a May rose, sat placidly beside him.

"But I am more and more in love every day with your Pontefract's Woods," said Ben after the first welcome was over.—"Stifled? Not a bit of it! There's something vitalizing in the very pressure of human life about you. It's a stimulant. Why, at home you know how I used to creep out of work and be off to the woods half the time. I could not help it, Lathrop. Nature had her grip on me. But here, when a thousand or more of us men set off to our labor in the morning, I feel quite as though I was marching in an army. I keep step with humanity, eh?"

"What about work when you reach the office?"

"Oh! it's a mere bagatelle," indifferently. "Plenty of time for study. I've found a treatise of Van Shurz, by the way, in the Philadelphia Library that I've wanted for years."

"What do you think?" said Saul anxiously after we had gone out.

"As I did at first. It was a mistake."

"They would have starved if I had not brought him here."

"Better for a man to starve than to attempt any other work than his own. There is so much force wasted. Either the man or the work ends in ruin."

"Very good in theory. But what about the starving wife and children? Besides," continued Saul, when he found I had nothing to say, "the chief of Ben's department tells me that the work is, as he says, a mere bagatelle to him. Pilley is no dreaming book worm, after all, but a man of sound ability and large grasp of thought."

I said no more, having certainly no right to interfere. But the belief was an old one with me that every master workman in the world is fitted by God for an especial task, and quite is at his peril for any consideration of comfort or even life. Looking at Ben's story through the horror that darkened it, the belief has deepened into superstition.

I had no opportunity of noting how he performed his duties until a month or two later, when I went out to a suburban station on the road to meet Mellicent, who, with the baby, had been down in Maryland for a week. She had telegraphed me to expect her on the 9:40 p. m. express train from Baltimore, and I went out an hour before. I found Ben pacing up and down the little station platform, with no other duty in life, seemingly, than to drink in the beauty of the intensely bright night.

"Yes, this is my post now," after wringing my hand heartily. "I was sent out ten days ago—a kind of promotion, I believe. There's more responsibility involved. Come in and look at my snuggery," watching my surprise with boyish delight. The neat little office was brightened by vines and flowers in the windows; some fine drawings were on the walls, and rare books on the desk.—The violin lay near his hand.

"Plenty of time for study. A man is drawn to his real work by a sort of gravitation, eh? One can't tell all of one's birthright for the mess of pottage. But what brings you here at night?"

I told him Mel was coming, and I could not help being gratified by his pleasure.—He was a grateful, affectionate fellow, and Mellicent's little kindness to them had made him fond of her.

"I had no idea she was coming back so soon. Pontefract's Woods has seemed dull and lifeless without her, especially to Susy. On the 9:40 express, eh? That's one of the heaviest trains, usually. Break off some flowers, Lathrop, and have them ready for your wife, while I— Here, Sam!" to a colored boy lounging on the grass," run off to the village for some ice cream. Fly, you rascal! She'll be thirsty with the heat and dust," turning to me.

This was all years ago, but I often waken still at night with the cold sweat of terror on my face from dreaming that I am again standing on the dimly-lighted platform breaking the fragrant syringa bunches from the bush and watching Ben with an amused pleasure as he hastled to and fro.

"Have you a cab-light?" coming up to me at the moment the telegraph operator put a dispatch in his hand.

"Station No. 16. Five minutes late.—Well," with a puzzled look, then crumpling it up and thrusting it into his waistcoat pocket. Did you say you had not a carriage? There's a cabman here that I know—the dobbling fellow. I'll just run around the corner—"

"Put your dispatch!" I said uneasily.

"That's nothing! I'll look into it in a minute." He ran off like a boy, was gone a short time and returned, bringing a slovenly Irishman cracking his whip. "Here he is. Bring up your carriage, Pete, the train is due now."

At that moment the New York express, heavily laden, went thundering by on its way to Baltimore. I stood watching idly how the line of figures in the windows made a long whisk of color against the night when the sound of a sudden, hurrihcane effort for breath made me turn to Ben. He was looking after the cars, holding the open dispatch in his hand. Something in his face told me the whole truth. Yet I was a man usually slow when death meets them face to face on the highway.

"What have you done?"

"I did not read all the dispatch."

I took it. It was from the train on which my wife was to come: "Station No. 15. Five minutes late! Keep track clear."

"I ought to have stopped the New York express at the station before this one. They will meet two miles down the road."

"You can telegraph now."

"There is no station between this and No. 16."

He turned to the superintendent, who came out of his office, and gave him the dispatch, saying quietly:

"I neglected to stop the New York train. You see what I have done." And then he followed me down the road. I remember how I heard behind us a sudden outcry of men's voices, and then an awful hush, as the comprehension of what was yet to come that could not be helped struck them dumb. I remember fully understanding, too, that they were sending to the city for surgeons to help. Some of the officials passed us in a few moments, driving furiously.

I walked on down the road, and Ben followed me. Some laborers from about the station came up alongside of us.

"If it had been daylight," said one in a subdued tone, "there might have been a chance; but at night—"

"An' both express, an' goin' at their full speed—"

After that they were silent, hurrying on beside us. The night was dark. We came at last to where the road made a sudden bend around a hill, below which a creek glimmered in the fog. On the other side of the bend we heard a sound of horses trampling.

"It's the buggies of the men as rode down," said one of the Irishmen. "The trains have met beyant."

They went on. I stopped, I do not know for how long, holding my face against the clay of the cut in the hill. I remember groping with my hand, and thinking I had a woman's hair in it, or a child's. I crept around the bend presently, and down the road.

There, on the side track, laid a long train, the engine snorting and puffing—drowsy but composed women's faces peering out of every window. From one of the first Mellicent looked, curiously, and Sandy beat on the glass with his hands. Groups of men were standing along the road, all talking at once.

"Jake Redmund's on the engine this run," said a brakeman to a crowd near, "and that's all that saved us. Jake sees the light of t'other train turning the hill, and switches back. He hadn't an inch to spare, sir!—Jake's got the best eye and hand on this road, and he'll be promoted for to-night's work, or it's an infernal shame. Both them trains saved! God help us! here's one man that seems to be dead!" stooping to lift a body from off the muddy track. As it was turned up to the lamplight, I saw Ben's thin face and half-open mouth.

"Pilley has been dismissed from the service of the company," said Saul a day or two after.

"Of course."

"Then the company were exceedingly unjust," said Mellicent. "Ben never would have neglected a dispatch again, whoever might, that is certain. What does the company expect him to do? starve!"

"I have good news for you," the doctor said, his eyes shining. "Boehm, it seems, would not leave Bonn to take the professorship, and it is given to Ben at last."

"There *is* poetic justice!" Mellicent said, with a triumphant nod to me.

"That Ben should be rewarded for selling his birthright for the mess of pottage!" Though I was better pleased than she was, after all.

Ben Pilley holds rank now in the world of science, where business men or railroad kings would be looked upon as but commoners or Parlahs.

But he takes as keen delight in trout-fishing as ever, and is every whit the same old Ben to my mind. Mellicent has just come home from her usual fall visit to them.

"They have every comfort and luxury, of course," she says discontentedly. "Cultured society outside, and lovely scenery, and all that. But the elegant house is all upside down, and the servants rule, and the children go tumbling about in their summer clothes these freezing days, and Susy sits smiling with folded hands, and Ben fiddles, and they're as happy as kings and queens. It's intolerable!"

The Frozen Wells of Brandon.

About a mile southeast of Brandon, Vermont, there is situated a well forty-one feet deep, the water of which has the peculiarity of remaining frozen all the year round. In 1859 the owner of the property began the usual excavations for water. After passing through four feet of clay and ten feet of soil, a bed of frozen gravel, sixteen feet in thickness, was encountered, which rapidly changed to mud when exposed to heat.—Further digging penetrated another bed of clay, and finally a layer of clean gravel, in which water was found. As the winter months approached, ice began to form in the well at the rate of from two to four inches over night,