Wellsboro Agitator.

VOL. XX.—NO. 20. WELLSBORO, TIOGA CO., PA., TUESDAY, MAY 20, 1873.—WITH SUPPLEMENT WHOLE NO. 1,008.

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.	¼ Col	½ Col	1 Col.
1 Week	$1 00	$2 00	$3 00	$4 00	$6 00	$9 00	$14 00
2 Weeks	1 50	3 00	4 00	5 00	7 00	11 00	16 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	60 00
1 Year.	12 00	18 00	25 00	28 00	35 00	60 00	100 00

Advertisements are calculated by the inch in length of column, and any less space is rated as a full inch.

Foreign advertisements must be paid for before insertion, except on yearly contracts, when half-yearly payments in advance will be required.

BUSINESS NOTICES in the Editorial columns, on the second page, 15 cents per line each insertion. Nothing inserted for less than $1.

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

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, Wain st., opposite Foundry, Wellsboro, Pa.—July 3, 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.—Wellsboro, Pa. Office in Bowen's Brick Block, Main street; second floor, across hall from AGITATOR Office.

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, 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. B. 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 & 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.

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 floor.—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 accomodate 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.

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, Osceola. VINE CRANDALL,
Jan. 1, 1872. DAVID COATS, Knoxville

D. H. Belcher,

MANUFACTURER and Dealer in Tin, Stoves, Copper and Sheet Iron Ware. Job work promptly attended to. First door below A. B. Eastman.—March 11, 1873.-6m.

Petroleum House,

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

M. E. Sticklin, Ag't.,

DEALER in Cabinet Ware of all kinds which will be sold lower than the lowest. He invites all to take a look at his goods before purchasing elsewhere.—Remember the place—opposite Dartt's Wagon Shop. West Main Street, Wellsboro. Feb. 25, 1873-1y.

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 Tobaccos. 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. 24, 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.

B. B. HOLLIDAY, Proprietor.

This hotel is well located, and is in good condition to accomodate the traveling public. The proprietor will spare no pains to make it a first-class house. All the stages arrive and depart from this house. Free 'bus to and from all trains. Sober and industrious hostlers always in attendance.
March 18, 1873.-tf.

JUST RECEIVED,

A VERY LARGE STOCK OF BEAVER, BROADCLOTH, CASSIMERE, VESTINGS, AND TRIMMINGS, which I will sell very cheap FOR CASH. In fact, the best assortment of Goods ever brought to Wellsboro, of various styles. Please call and look them over.

Making Suits, Overcoats, and Repairing done with dispatch and as cheap as the cheapest.

GEORGE WAGNER,
Crafton Street,
Jan. 1 1872-1y. Wellsboro, Pa.

For Sale or Rent.

HOUSE AND LOT corner of Pearl street and Avenue. Also for sale, seven village lots near the Academy. Apply to ELLIOTT & BOSARD,
Oct. 29, 1872-tf. Wellsboro, Pa.

RAILWAY TIME TABLES.

Blossburg & Corning & Tioga R. R.

Time Table No. 32.

Takes Effect Monday, June 3d, 1872.

DEPART FROM CORNING.		ARRIVE AT BLOSSBURG.	
No. 1	8 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 FORM 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. 8	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.

N. M. GLASSMIRE & CO.,

WOULD respectfully inform the people of Wellsboro and vicinity that they have opened a store next door to C. W. Sears's Boot and Shoe store, where they intend to keep on hand a first-class stock of

DRY

GOODS,

BOOTS AND SHOES,

HATS AND CAPS,

NOTIONS,

GROCERIES,

Wood and Willow Ware,

TIN AND HARDWARE,

CROCKERY, DRUGS, &C.

Which they will sell Cheap for Cash.

We call your attention to our line of Groceries, as we intend to give this our utmost care:

SUGAR, Coffee A		12½c.
" Ex. C.		12
" Medium,		11
Best M. Prints		12½
Muslins,	from 10 to	15
Best Japan Tea,		1.10
" Gun Powder Tea		1.25
" Young Hyson "	from 50 to	1.00
Black Tea		1.00

WE WILL HERE SAY

that we intend to let *NO PERSON OR PERSONS UNDERSELL* us on the above and many other articles too numerous to mention.

Give us a Call.

REMEMBER THE PLACE.

April 22, 1873-3mos. N. M. GLASSMIRE & CO.

General Insurance Agency,

KNOXVILLE, TIOGA CO., PA.

Life, Fire, and Accidental.

ASSETS OVER $55,000,000.

ASSETS OF COMPANIES.

Alemania, of Cleveland, Ohio	436,033.44
New York Life and Fire Ins. Co	21,000,000
Royal Ins. Co., of Liverpool	10,515,501
Lancashire, of Manchester, Capital	10,000,000
Ins. Co., of North America, Pa.	$3,050,535 60
Franklin Fire Ins. Co. of Phila. Pa.	2,087,452 25
Republic Ins. Co. of N. Y., Capital	$750,000
Niagara Fire Ins. Co. of N. Y.	1,000,000
Farmers Mut. Fire Ins. Co. York Pa.	909,889 15
Phœnix Mut. Life Ins. Co. of Harford Ct.	6,081,970 50
Penn'a Cattle Ins. Co. of Pottsville	600,000 00
Total	$55,431,451 94

Insurance promptly effected by mail or otherwise, on all kinds of Property. All losses promptly adjusted and paid at my office.

All communications promptly attended to—Office on Mill Street 2d door from Main st., Knoxville Pa.
WM. B. SMITH
Jan. 1, 1873-tf. Agent.

JOHN HARKNESS,
THE BEST WORK.
The Best Materials.
"THE" BOOT MAKER,
FIRST DOOR BELOW THE POST OFFICE
Particular attention paid to "STYLE."
WELLSBORO, PA.

General Insurance Agency,

NELSON, TIOGA CO., PA.

J. H. & J. D. CAMPBELL

ARE issuing policies in the following Companies against fire and lightning in Tiog. and Potter counties:—

QUEEN	Assets, $10,000,000.00
CONTINENTAL of New York	2,509,526.27
HANOVER, of New York	983,381.00
GERMAN AMERICAN, New York	1,272,000.00
WYOMING, of Wilkesbarre, Pa.	219,698.42
WILLIAMSPORT, of Wm'sport	113,066.00

All business promptly attended to by mail or otherwise. Losses adjusted and paid at our office.
Nelson, Dec. 10, 1872-1y.

LOOK! LOOK!

AT

HASTINGS & COLES

FOR

DRUGS, MEDICINES,

PATENT MEDICINES,

Paints, Oils, Glass, Putty,

Brushes, Trusses, Supporters, and Surgical Instruments,

HORSE & CATTLE POWDERS,

Artist's Goods in Great Variety.

Liquors, Scotch Ales, Cigars, Tobacco, Snuff, &c., &c.,

PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED.

Groceries, Sugars, Teas,

CANNED AND DRIED FRUIT,

Shot, Lead, Powder and Caps, Lamps, Chimneys, Whips, Lashes, &c.

BLANK & MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS,

All School Books in use, Envelopes, Stationery, Bill and Cap Paper, Initial paper, Memorandums, large and small Dictionaries, Legal paper, School Cards and Primers, Ink, Writin; Fluid, Chess and Backgammon Boards, Picture Frames, Cords and Tassels, Mirrors, Albums, Paper Collars and Cuffs, Croquetts, Base Balls, parlor games, at wholesale and retail.

NOTIONS.

Wallets, port monies, combs, pins and needles, scissors, shears, knives, violin strings, bird cages. A great variety of pipes, dells, inkstands, measure tapes, rules,

Fishing Tackle, best trout flies, lines, hooks, baskets and rods.

Special attention paid to this line in the season.

TOILET AND FANCY ARTICLES.

AGENTS FOR AMERICAN STEAM SAFES.

VILLAGE LOTS for sale in the central part of the Boro.

March25, '73-tf. HASTINGS & COLES.

Farm for Sale.

THE subscriber offers for sale his farm in Middlebury, consisting of 155 acres; 90 acres improved. There is a good dwelling, barns and out houses on the premises; also two good orchards. The property will be sold all together or it will be divided and sold in two parts, one of 65 the other of 90 acres.

TERMS:—$1,000 down; the balance in five annual payments. A. B. A. BRIGGS.
Middlebury, Feb. 18, 1873-tf.

L. F. TRUMAN. W. P. BIGONY. J. W. VAN VALKENBURG.

TRUMAN & CO.,

New Firm, New Goods,

NEW STORE.

BOTTOM PRICES.

A large stock of

SPRING & SUMMER GOODS

FOREIGN & DOMESTIC,

Consisting of

Ladies' Dress Goods,

All styles, colors and patterns,

ALAPACAS, POPLINS, CAMBRICS, FRENCH JACONETS, ORGANDIES, PEQUAS, VERSAILES,

BLACK & COLORED SILKS,

—ALSO—

Beautiful Summer Shawls,

YANKEE NOTIONS,

BOOTS & SHOES,

HATS & CAPS,

Ready-Made Clothing,

and plenty of cloth to make more.

Fresh Groceries,

Best White A Sugar, 12½ cents.

A large and choice stock of

TTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTT

at very low prices. We keep the best 50 cent Tea in WELLSBORO.

A large stock of Crockery.

Call and see us.

Opera House Block.

May 6, 1873. TRUMAN & CO.

We have Shed the Shanty!

T. L. BALDWIN & CO

TIOGA, PA.

And now have but time to say to our friends and customers that we have good

BARGAINS

FOR THEM

Our Elegant New Store

Is filled full of

DESIRABLE GOODS

at the lowest prices to be found.

Call and you will know how it is yourselves.

T. L. BALDWIN & CO.
Oct 15, 1872.

The Love of God.

BY MRS. RICHARD GREENOUGH.

Oh, love of God!
  Thou love so far transcending
Each trembling hope,
  All poor desert of mine;
And the sweet light
  Of thy fair presence lending,
Softly transfiguring
  Things the least divine.

As some dark pool
  Deep fringed with bending rushes,
Lies black and sullen
  'Neath the starless night;
When from the East
  The radiant dawn upgushes,
Shines with a glory
  Of reflected light;

So my dark soul,
  Deep locked within the prison
Of its own sorrow,
  Black and cheerless lay,
Till on its night
  God's radiant morn uprisen,
Golden and glorious
  Shines thy perfect day.

In The Spring.

Happy footsteps, to and fro
  Through the fresh green copses springing;
Happy laughters, whispers low,
  Chiming with the streamlet's singing;
Twittering birds and voices clear,
  Budding violets, brightening eyes;
Spring of life and Spring of year
  Blending under April skies.

Branches arching over head,
  Brave in Spring-tide's bright array,
Glittering flecks of sunlight shed
  Like strewn jewels on the way;
Primrose, virginal and pure,
  Gallant crocus, bright and bold;
Red anemone, secure
  In his mosses' clinging hold;

Blue forget-me-not, that gazes
  On her own eyes in the river;
Great convolvulus, that raises
  Blossoms where the willows quiver;
All these gems of nature lay
  Scattered broadcast on your road;
Youths and maidens, while you may,
  Take the boons by Spring bestowed.

Never Summer's lavish glory,
  Never Autumn's tender sadness
Breathes the Spring-time's wooing story,
  Gives the Spring-time's fearless gladness,
Bright amid the fruits will creep,
  Thorns amid the roses sting;
Fresh to gather, sweet to keep,
  —Are the buds that bloom in Spring.

A Negro Preacher's Sermon.

[Delivered in Marais Street Church, New Orleans, New Years Eve, 1866.]

To the Editor of the Agitator.

DEAR SIR:—As one of the editors of the New Orleans *Advocate* a few years since I occasionally visited the churches of the colored people connected with our denomination to report the sermons of their preachers. Part of these I never published.—Some were excellent; some of course were hardly worth publishing; all were peculiar. Your readers may be interested in one of these productions; I therefore furnish the following—one of the best.

Rev. Scott Chinn, the preacher, formerly a slave, was a man about fifty-five years of age. He was born in Kentucky, and sold south with his wife when quite a young man. He was allowed to preach among his own people before leaving his native State. In Louisiana he continued in bondage until set free by the Union armies. He was living at this time in the city of New Orleans. He improved the opportunities there offered of learning to read and write, and though so old became quite a fluent reader. He was a ready speaker, having a good command of language. His imagination was brilliant; his illustration often very apt and original; and being intensely in earnest, he was what all would pronounce eloquent.—He seemed to feel, however, that his preaching was doing no good unless a great sensation was produced in his congregation. He was often, if not generally, gratified in this direction, for there were not only earnest responses to his remarks, but before he closed his impassioned appeal, from two or three to six or eight of the more excitable among the female portion of his congregation would also give way to their feelings and commence jumping, which they would continue until nearly exhausted.

W. M. HENRY.

"But as the days of Noah were so shall also the coming of the Son of Man be. For as in the days that were before the flood they were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, until the day that Noah entered into the ark, and knew not until the flood came and took them all away, so shall also the coming of the Son of Man be.—*Matt.* xxiv: 37-39.

"De God we serve—de God of Noah—is a good God; a God of long forbearance; yet a God dat will punish sin, be it small or great—though committed in noonday or darkness. His broad eye sees ebery thought before it is finished in the heart. He is, I repeat, a good God, yet a just God, and makes no allowance for sin. It matters not who de sinner may be, high or low, if he sins he shall die. But some one may say, 'I have sinned, and I have not died.' But de time is coming when you will die. Look now at your own condition, and look at de justice of God, and you are condemned.

"Some hab sinned so long dat dey tink dere former sins forgotten, and say dey ought not to be criminated for sins committed so long ago. Yes, but dough you may have forgotten dem, dey are plain and fresh in His mind still. God is not like man, and it is good for man dat He is not; for had you sinned against your parents as you hab sinned against God, dey would have nothing to do wid you; dey would drive you away from dem.

"Friends, I'm gwine to preach you a rough sermon to-night. I'm not gwine to send you to Heaben in your sins, and I'm not gwine to let you go quietly into a nest of sarpints, and den tell you I knew you were gwine dar. Last year you promised God dat you'd serve Him, but you've not done it. You are nearer hell to-night den you were last New Years Eve. God is not keeping back His wrath because you hab ceased to sin, but to let it come more fiercely upon you if you do not repent.

"Look to the ante-delubian world. God saw over de battlements of Heaben dat 'all were gone astray,' dat 'dar were none dat doeth good.' Dey were like 'lost sheep habing no shepherd.' Dey were gwine de downward road. He saw dat all de 'imaginations of dere hearts' was corrupted. And you can sin just as much in your imaginations as wid your hands. And man is as prone to sin as sparks to fly upwards.

"Dere sins mounted unto Heaben, and God said, 'I will bear wid dem no longer.' Eight hundred or nine hundred years dey den lived, and yet de 'imaginations of dere hearts were only ebil.' So wicked were dey dat God determined to destroy dem.—'Go Noah,' He said, 'and make an ark; I'll tell you how to build it. Build it of Gopher wood.' Now Gopher wood, it is supposed, was more solid den odder wood. It wouldn't draw sap. It would stand water and not spring aleak. So wid de gospel ark; dat will stand water and *fire* too.

"Two of a kind den came into de ark; as much as to say dat all dat came could go in. So wid de gospel ark; all who come may enter in.

"God told Noah to go and get de wood for de ark, and he went. He had been preaching to dem one hundred and twenty years, and dey would not hear, and now he be gwine to preach to dem anodder way.—Ebery clip of his hammer said unto dem, *Repent!*

"De year eighteen hundred and sixty-five is almost gone, and de angel comes out wid his hammer, and at twelve o'clock to-night he strikes, and de year eighteen hundred and sixty-five has gone into eternity!

"De people said, 'He is not called of God to preach!' And dey said, 'What is dat old man gwine to do? Is he gwine to build a boat to sail on dry land!' 'Why, he's de biggest fool I eber saw—*gwine to sail on dry land!*'

"But no, he is not a fool. He had communion wid de Eternal God.

"You say of dat old minister, because he's not educated, 'He's not called to preach de gospel.' 'He's not college bred.' 'He don't understand Latin.' But if called of God, he's de greatest Latin teacher in de world.

"De people said, 'Let us eat, drink, and be merry.' And dey said, 'Der'll be a marriage in a few days.' Dey did not mind de old man at his work.

"So, brodders, you dat go forth to preach de gospel, don't git discouraged if sinners don't hear. But you's got more to preach dan Noah, or Jonah. All Jonah had to say was, 'In forty days Ninevah shall be destroyed.' And see what dose little words done. All, both man and beast, ceased to eat and to drink, dat de anger of de Lord might be turned away. So we want to go preaching tru all de country, on all dese bayous and in de city. We want to take all Creole town. I want all in dis chapel to be preachers in some way.

"Well, dey say, 'How does de vessel get along?' Some say, 'I saw it but todder day, and he's got along well.' A few days more, and some say, 'It's most done. I tink de old man will finish it. He's in earnest.' Noah works on God's commands.—Dey say, 'Let us hab a marriage. Let us eat, drink, and be merry.'

"Soon de whole superstructure was finished. Noah got all kinds of seeds for himself and his family, and after he got de seeds all in de Lord said, 'Call in all de animals, two and two, and keep dem in till my wrath comes on de earth.'

"'But as de days of Noah were so also shall de coming of de Son of Man be.'

"I see dat de beast has more knowledge dan man. Here dey come, two and two; and who told dem Noah had built an ark? 'Where you gwine?' 'To hunt fadder Noah; he's been building an ark.' 'Who told you he'd been building an ark?' 'De Spirit of God.' Oh God, send dis Spirit here to-night to hunt out de sinner!

"I see dat de toad hab more sense dan man. Here he comes, and here comes de pizinous sarpint. 'Where are you gwine?' 'To hunt fadder Noah.' O, may de sinner hunt to-night for his fadder—God!

"Eighteen hundred and sixty-five is almost gone. Oh, sinner! come to Christ.—Oh God, keep shut de windows of Heaben till de sinners get in! I tink I see de last two in. Lock de door! Trow away de key!

"And now de windows of Heaben are opened, and it rains. It rains tree or four days, and dey say yet, 'He's a fool!' A few days more it rains, and yet dey say, 'Fool!' But after awhile the ark begins to quiver; it moves. And now dey call to him; dey climb de trees. See dem! But higher and higher rises de water. Dey call on Noah to stop; he cannot. De ark is gone now; it's making its way to de mountain Ararat. It will not stop nor wait.

"But our ark, our gospel ark, bredren, is gwine higher dan Ararat; its gwine to Heaben. And in de proper time it will start.

"Noah sent out a raven, and den he sent out a dove; but dey found no rest for dere feet. He sent out another dove, and it returned with a leaf, as much as to say, 'I found land.'

"De Lord den said, 'I'll make a covenant wid you; (listen, children); I will place my bow in de clouds as a sign dat I'll not destroy the world by water.' (Of may I, as weak as I am, preach to you rbenefit!) No! no more destruction by water, but by fire. *Noah's* ark would stand de *water*, *ours* will stand de *fire*. Oh, bredren, I wish you'd let me jump it out [here he made a slight jump] instead of talking. On dis *fire* matter I'm at home. I don't know much about de *water*. My young brudder, [addressing the reporter], we Methodists don't understand dat, but we do de *fire*. I belong to a *fire* company.

"Lord, prepare us for a fire dat shall try us. John tells us dat upon de island of Patmos he saw de sixth seal open, and de stars falling from Heaben like de figs when de tree is shaken by a mighty wind. And some were crying, 'Rocks and mountains fall on us.' 'What's de matter? 'Tis de Lord's day.' But others meet God in confidence. Jesus says, 'Stand back, angels, stand back and let in my faithful redeemed ones.'

"He who gets into dis ark shall lib as long as God libs. Sinner, whedder you gib me your hand or not, gib God your heart, and may we all be sabed in Heaben, to go no more out foreber."

STRANGER THAN FICTION.

A Story of Arctic Adventure.

The following statement was furnished the correspondent of the New York *Herald* by Captain Tyson, who was in command of the party of twelve men, two women, and five children, the youngest only eight months old, recently picked up from an iceberg by the steamer Tigress, as mentioned by us last week:

"On the 24th of August, 1871, we left Tessinsack and went through Smith's Sound. We succeeded in getting as far north as latitude 82:16, when we returned and wintered at Polaris Bay, latitude 81:38, longitude 61:44. We were frozen up until the 5th of September. On the 10th of October Capt. Hall started on a sledge journey north, and returned on the 24th, when he was taken sick, and died on the 8th of November.—He was buried on the 11th. The attack that carried him off was said to be apoplexy.

"We passed the winter at Polaris Bay. On the 8th of June, 1872, we attempted to reach the north with two boats. We hauled our other boat on shore, and returned overland on the 8th of July. We started for home on the 12th of August, and on the 15th were beset with ice in latitude 80:02. We drifted from there down to latitude 77:35, when we encountered a heavy southwest gale, the ship being under heavy pressure. On the night of the 15th we commenced landing provisions, &c., on the ice, the vessel being reported leaking very badly at times. We continued landing provisions for two or three hours, when the pressure ceased. I went on board the vessel and asked the sailing master if the vessel was making any more water than usual. He reported that she was not. I then went to the pumps and ascertained that she was not making any more than she had been doing all summer.

"I went on the ice again, and shortly after it began to crack, and in a few minutes afterward broke in many pieces. The vessel broke from her fastenings, and was soon lost to sight in the darkness and storm.

"On the broken ice were most of our provisions to sustain the party through the winter, and seeing nothing of the vessel we attempted to reach the shore, in hopes of finding natives to assist us in living through the winter. Getting about half way to the shore with our heavily laden boats, our progress became hard by the drifting ice, and I was compelled to haul on the ice again.

"At this time I succeeded in saving fourteen cans of pemmican, eleven and a half bags of bread, ten dozen one and two pound cans of meat and soup, fourteen hams, one small bag of chocolate, weighing twenty pounds, some musk ox skins, a few blankets, a number of rifles, and abundant ammunition. In the morning, knowing that I had not provisions enough, clothing, compasses, &c., on the abatement of the gale I endeavored to shoot as many seals as possible, both for food and light and fuel, but could only get three, owing to bad weather having set in. I supposed the wind to be about southwest. On its clearing up I found myself within about eight miles of what I supposed to be the east coast, and about thirty or forty miles below the ship. The ice being weak, I could not transport boats and provisions to land until it grew stronger. While here I discovered my other boat, bread, &c., and saved all.

"The ice grew firm, and I made another attempt to reach the shore, carrying everything in the boats and dragging them on their keel. The ice being exceedingly rough we stove both boats. We succeeded on the 1st of November in getting about half way to shore. Night came on us, and the weather was very stormy. In the morning the ice was broken, and we were drifting southward very fast. We saw no more land for many days, bad weather continuing all through the month of November. We built snow houses and made ourselves as comfortable as we could. We were ten white men, two Esquimaux, two women, and five children in all. We succeeded in killing a few seals, which furnished us with light, and also fuel with which to warm our scanty allowance of food through the darkness of the arctic winter. In the latter part of February we lived principally upon birds, and in March commenced to catch seals. Thro' that month we supported ourselves on bear and seal flesh, wasting neither skin nor entrails. We collected enough food in this way to last us until the middle of May, had we not been driven to sea by a strong westerly gale in the latter part of March, our floe-piece being then reduced from five miles in circumference to about twenty yards in diameter. We left the piece on the 1st of April, and abandoned nearly all of our meat, a large amount of ammunition, clothing, skins, and other articles, taking a portion of the meat in the boat, which we were afterward obliged to throw overboard on account of the boat being so deeply laden. I regained the outer edge of the pack of ice on the 3d of April, and succeeded in getting a little farther in on the pack. On the 4th a heavy northeast gale set in, a heavy sea running under the ice which broke it in small pieces, so that we had to live on small pans, as we could not put the boat out, neither could we find seals for food, and we were reduced almost to starvation.

"On the 21st of April we sighted a polar bear. Every person was ordered to lie down and imitate the seal, while the two Esquimaux secreted themselves behind a piece of ice, enticing the bear near enough to us to kill him. A few days after this we got our boat in the water and worked our way west and southwest, and continued to work every opportunity to the westward, in hopes of reaching the Labrador coast and getting temporary relief. We were picked up by the steamship Tigress, Captain Bartlett, on the 30th of April, in latitude 53:35 north, longitude 55 west, or near Wolf Island, and about forty miles from land. The Polaris is without boats, having lost two in trying to get north in the spring of 1872."

The Tigress fell in with the party in a dense fog, and providentially struck the very floe on which they were, otherwise they must have perished. They all seem tolerably well. Captain Tyson complained of swelled legs and feet, but nothing serious is the matter with him. When they left the Polaris all on board were in good health.

In reference to the way in which the Polaris got away from the party which was rescued from off the iceberg, Captain Tyson states that he felt little anxiety at first, thinking she would soon come to their relief. "I set my colors," he said, "as she steamed down along the shore, but the vessel was soon lost to sight in the bend of the land, and behind what I took to be Northumberland Island. The piece of ice I was on commenced drifting southward as the wind hauled to the northeast, opening a little bay to the northeast of Northumberland Island. I saw the vessel in the harbor there; her sails were furled, and no smoke was issuing from her smokestack that I could see. I then attempted to bring my boats across the floe in an easterly direction, hoping to find water and reach the shore.—I succeeded in dragging one boat across, took the water, and attempted to reach the shore some distance below the vessel. We were then drifting very fast, and the gale was blowing fresh, with great violence from the northeast, and snowing very fast and drifting. I was driven back on the ice again, and compelled to haul my boat out. Night closed on us, and we were carried to the southwest. In the morning we were about thirty miles southwest of where the ship went in harbor. A heavy sea was running, which broke up my floe piece, separating us from six bags of bread and one boat. I saw a vessel under steam and canvas rounding a point to the northwest.—Thinking she would come to our relief, I gave myself no extra anxiety, but soon we were doomed to disappointment, and from that time until the Tigress rescued us we never got a glimpse of the Polaris."

The Young Hero.

The young hero is a thin, pale-faced boy of ten, whom a worthless father-in-law had smuggled on board a Liverpool steamer, and who is discovered three days after stowed away among the cargo. The mate disbelieves the boy's story, suspecting that some one of the crew is in the secret, and that the lad lies in order to screen him. Here is the test to which the youngster is subjected, as related by the second engineer of the ship:

"Now, my lad," says the mate in a hard, *square* kind of voice that made every word seem like fittin' a stone into a wall, "you see that 'ere rope? Well, I'll give you ten minutes to confess; (he took out his watch and held it in his hand); "and if you don't tell the truth afore the time's up, I'll hang you like a dog!"

The crew all stared at one another as if they couldn't believe their ears, (I didn't believe mine, I can tell ye,) and then a low growl went among 'em like a wild beast awakin' out of a nap.

"Silence, there!" shouts the mate in a voice like the roar of a nor'easter. "Stand by to run for'ard!" and with his own hands he puts the noose around the boy's neck.—The little feller never flinched a bit; but there were some among the sailors (big, strong fellers as could ha' felled an ox) as shook like leaves in the wind. As for me, I bethought myself of *my* little curly-haired lad at home, and how it 'ud be if any one was to go for to hang *him*; and at the very thought on't I tingled all over, and my fingers clinched themselves as if they was a-grippin' somebody's throat. I clutched hold of a handspike, and held it behind my back all ready.

"Tom," whispers the chief engineer to me, "d'ye think he really means to do it?"

"I don't know," says I through my teeth; "but if he does, *he* shall go first, if I swings for it!"

I've been in many an ugly scrape in my time, but I never felt 'arf as bad as I did then. Every minute seemed as long as a dozen; and the tick of the mate's watch reg'lar pricked my ears like a pin. The men were very quiet, but there was a precious ugly look on some of their faces, and I noticed that three or four on 'em kept edgin' for'ard to where the mate was standin', in a way that meant mischief. As for me, I'd made up my mind that if he did go for to hang that poor little chap, I'd kill him on the spot and take my chance.

"Eight minutes!" says the mate, his great deep voice breakin' in on the silence like the toll of a funeral bell. "If you've got anything to confess, my lad, you'd best out with it, for yer time's nearly up."

"I've told you the truth," answers the boy, very pale, but as firm as ever. "May I say my prayers, please?"

The mate nodded; and down goes the poor little chap on his knees, (with that infernal rope about his neck all the time,) and puts up his poor little hands to pray. I couldn't make out what he said, (fact, my head was in sich a whirl that I'd hardly ha' knowed my own name), but I'll be bound God heard it, every word. Then he ups on his feet again, and puts his hands behind him, and says to the mate, quite quietly, "I'm ready!"

And then, sir, the mate's hard, grim face *broke up* all to once, like I've seed the ice in the Baltic. He snatched up the boy in his arms, and kissed him, and bust out a-cryin' like a child; and I think there war'nt one of us as didn't do the same. I know *I* did, for one.—*Every Saturday.*

"What should you be, dearest," said Peter to his sweetheart; "if I was to press the seal of love upon those sealing-wax lips?" "I should be stationary."

The Carpet Campaign.

The annual ceremony of taking up, whipping and putting down carpets is upon us. It is one of the ills which flesh is heir to, and cannot be avoided. You go home some pleasant spring day, at peace with the world, and find the baby with a clean face, and you get your favorite pudding for dinner. Then your wife tells you how much younger you are looking, and says she really hopes she can turn that walking dress she wore last fall and save the expense of a new suit, and then she asks you if you can't just help her about taking up the carpet. If you are a fool, and you generally are by that time, you tell her of course you can just as well as not. Then she gets a saucer for the tacks, and stands and holds it, and you get the claw and go down on your knees and begin to help her. You feel quite economical about the first three tacks, and take them out carefully and put them in the saucer. Your wife is good about holding the saucer, and beguiles you with an interesting little story about how your neighbor's little boy is not expected to live till morning. Then you come to the tack with the crooked head, and you get the claw under it, and the head comes off, and the leather comes off, and the carpet comes off, and as it won't do to leave the tack in the floor, because it will tear the carpet when it is put down again, you go to work and skin your knuckles, and get a sliver under your thumb nail, and tell your wife to shut up that everlasting boy; and you make up your mind that it does not make any difference about that tack, and so you begin on the corner where the carpet is doubled two or three times and has been nailed down with a shingle nail.

You don't care a continental about saving the nail, because you find it is not a good time for the practice of economy, but you feel a little hurt when both claws break off, and the nail does not budge a peg. Then your manhood asserts itself, and you arise in your might and throw the carpet claw at the dog, and get hold of the carpet with both hands—and the air is full of dust and flying tacks, and there is a fringe of carpet yarn all along the mopboard, and the baby cries, and the cat goes anywhere, anywhere out of the world, and your wife says you ought to be ashamed of yourself to talk so; but the carpet comes up. Then you lift one side of the stove, and your wife tries to get the carpet from under it, but can't because you are standing on it. So you try a new hold, and just after your back breaks the carpet is clear.

You are not through yet. Your wife don't tell you any more little stories, but gets your old coat and hangs it on you, and opens the back door and shoves you out, and intimates that the carpet needs whipping. When you hang the tormenting thing across the clothes line the wrong way, and get it righted, and have it slide off into the mud, and hang it up again, and get half a pint of dust and three broken tacks snapped out of the northwest corner into your mouth by the wind, you make some observations which you neglected to mention while in the house. Then you hunt up a stick and go for the carpet.

The first blow hides the sun and all the fair face of nature behind a cloud of dust, and, right in the center of that cloud, with the wind square in your face, no matter how you stand, you wield that cudgel until both hands are blistered and the milk of human kindness curdles in your bosom.

You can whip the carpet a longer or a shorter period, according to the size of your mad; it don't make any difference to the carpet, for it is just as dusty and fuzzy and disagreeable after you have whipped it two hours as when you commenced. Then you bundle it up, with one corner dragging, and stumble into the house, and have more trouble with the stove, and fail to find any way of using the carpet stretcher while you stand on the carpet, and fail to find any place to stand off from the carpet, and then you get on your knees again, while your wife holds the saucer, and with blind confidence hands you broken tacks, crooked tacks, tacks with no points, tacks with no heads, tacks with no leathers, tacks with the biggest ends at the points. Finally the carpet is down, and the baby comes back, and the dog comes back, and your wife smiles sweetly, and says she is glad that job is off her mind. As it is too late to do anything else, you sit down and smoke, with the inner consciousness that you are the meanest man in America. The next morning you hear your wife tell a friend that she is tired; she took up and put down that great heavy carpet yesterday.—*Danbury News.*

More Dog Stories.

The Nashua (N. H.) *Telegraph* adds two more to the list of almost if not quite incredible dog stories, as follows:

"Recently a gentleman connected with a machine shop had occasion to visit a storehouse situated some distance from the main buildings of the establishment. He discovered, on searching his pocket, that he had left the door key on a nail over his bench, and having a habit of talking to himself, spoke the fact, whereupon his dog, who was at his heels, turned and suddenly disappeared in the direction of the shop. The gentleman's curiosity was aroused, and so he sat down on the door stone and waited with patience for the animal's return. It appears that Rover went directly to his master's bench, jumped upon it, smelled of several keys hanging on the wall, selected the right one, and carried it to his master, appearing greatly pleased, and apparently as anxious for praise as a boy would have been.

"On the afternoon of May-day, says Hon. A. W. Sawyer, I was riding past the Unitarian church, where I observed a small dog near the fence. He was barking furiously. Near him lay a small boy. I thought the little fellow was dead, and my heart came into my mouth. Others noticed the affair, and several persons gathered quickly. It seems that the child had fallen asleep on the lawn, and the dog had watched him until 'he thought' it was time to go home, and so took this method of apprising passers-by of the true state of affairs. Says Mr. Sawyer: 'It was as pretty a picture of fidelity as I ever witnessed.'"

The Hoosac Tunnel.

The direction of the draft through the Hoosac Tunnel and the central shaft has been changed by the warm weather. During cold weather the draft was through the tunnel and up the shaft. On April 29, as the thermometer reached a temperature of 63 degrees, the circulation decreased to nothing, and reversed its course, passing down the shaft and out the portal east.—This change is taking place according to temperature every day. During the night the draft is upward through the shaft, and during the day, as the air becomes warm, the same process takes place as above mentioned. The result of a downward draft give interesting information. A light can be seen the entire length of the shaft, a depth of 1,030 feet. The timbering is visible about one-half the distance down, giving a more frightful cast to the notorious place than ever before. The daylight always penetrates to the bottom of the shaft, a fact which has never before been recorded. The progress made at the central shaft, west heading, for the month of April, 1873, was 163 feet, the best work ever done on the tunnel.—*Troy Press.*

A gentleman whose morning dram had been a little too much for him, in saddling his horse got the saddle wrong end foremost. Just as he was about to mount, a German friend came up and called his attention to the mistake. The horseman gazed for a moment at the intruder, as if in deep thought, and then said, "How do you know which way I am going?"

Speaking of the Argentine Republic, Professor Gould says: "A bowl of water left uncovered in the morning is dry at night; ink vanishes from the inkstand as if by magic. The bodies of dead animals dry up instead of decomposing, and neither exercise nor exposure to the sun's rays produces perspiration." How thirsty the people must be!

"Where are you going?" cried a Scotch gentleman to a boy whom he observed just crawling through a hole in the hedge into his fruit garden. "Back again!" replied Sawney as he hastily retreated.

The velocity of circular saws at the periphery is from 6,000 to 7,000 feet per minute, or from 70 to 80 miles per hour.

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

Pruning at Midsummer.

It is many years since, from our own experience, we recommended people to prune at midsummer, although we knew it was opposed to the views of many eminent horticulturists. At that time, it was regarded as a bold innovation on established rules; and we have often since seen articles to show that summer pruning must be wrong. The reason by which this is supported is no doubt very good. It does seem, by the reasoning we have referred to, that it ought to be wrong to prune at that season; but on the other hand we have the evidence of our own senses not only that no harm but absolute good resulted from the summer pruning of trees.

But it seems to be forgotten by many good people that there are two sides to every story—two sides to winter pruning and two sides to summer pruning. Few of these horticultural operations are unmixed good or unmixed evil. In any case what we have to accomplish is to be gained sometimes at a little expense of good points—good if we are after some other object. So in this summer pruning question. It is said by persons whom the whole horticultural community respect, that "winter pruning strengthens while summer pruning weakens trees;" and if one were to deprive a tree of the whole of its foliage this would probably be true enough to work serious injury. It is on the principle on which noxious weeds are destroyed. Denuded of every leaf as fast as one appears, a plant is often killed in one season. But may this not be different when only a few branches are taken off? The remaining leaves and branches have more food at their disposal. What was intended for a thousand branches is now to be divided among nine hundred. But we are not disposed to enter into these minute points of physiological science. It is enough for practical men to know that the cutting away of a few branches has never been known to work any serious injury; while the ease with which the wound heals over, is in striking contrast with the long time it takes a winter-wound to get a new coat of bark over it.—We have seen in a vigorous, healthy tree a stout branch of two inches in diameter taken off, in which the new bark nearly covered the stump in two years. In winter the same spot would have been several years in closing over, and perhaps the parts would decay first, and thus lay the foundation of future disease in the tree. So well is this known, that in many places where winter pruning is practiced to any great extent, it is not unusual to have shellac, or some other composition ready to paint over the wounds, to keep out the weather until it shall have closed over by the new bark.

Of course a heavy loss of foliage would be a serious loss to a tree; but it is very rare that any tree has been so much neglected as to need the half or even the fourth of its branches taken off in the summer time.—But there are in many cases branches here and there along the trunks of trees which it is an advantage to the tree to lose; and thinning which may be done in various ways to advantage, and in such cases summer pruning will tell a good tale.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Keeping Work Ahead.

Though most farmers and gardeners know well the value of starting early in their war against weeds, the importance of the task is very apt to be forgotten in the hurry of spring-work. We scarcely need give the advice as advice, but a suggestion is always encouraging, and the more so when we know it to be true.

The great trouble with most of us is that we lay out too much work for ourselves to do. We get a great many things half done, and work twice as hard as need be, when the same amount of labor judiciously expended would have a threefold result. This is just how it is in the war against weeds. We are so accustomed to get into a "flurry" about getting in the crops in time that we forget the weed-crop is already in, and going on at a rapid pace. We have not unfrequently seen the greatest exertion in getting in seeds or plants that would have done just as well a week later, when the same work spent in harrowing or weeding ground, would have been equal to four times the labor at a later period. These remarks of course apply more to garden than to farm-work. Where horse-power is at hand, weeds half an inch high, if annual weeds, are as easily destroyed by a broad-toothed cultivator, as if they were but just pushing thro' the ground; but in garden-work a simple raking of the ground when the weeds are just sprouting is quite as effective as the best hoeing would be. An hour or two raking of a garden between the rows of the various crops, will in fact almost render hoeing unnecessary, and thus save many a day's work.

Growing Carrots.

In answer to inquiries about raising carrots, I would say, select a piece of good dry land, suitable for corn, either corn stubble or greensward. Plow in the fall, if possible, or early in the spring. Pulverize thoroughly with cultivator and harrow.—Plow again just before planting; manure and work in with cultivator and harrow; mark, for seed, twenty inches apart, leaving drills two inches deep. Soak seed over night in water as hot as the hand can be held in; drain and mix with dry ashes until the seed will separate. Sow about the 10th of May. After sowing, brush a little dirt on the seed. The row should be rolled or stamped hard, leaving the spaces between as light and loose as possible. The carrots (if seed is good) will appear in about ten days, or about two weeks sooner than by the ordinary manner of planting. They should be hoed as soon as they begin to come up. The previous rolling in the row will hold the small plants so that the hoe may cut close without disturbing them. Repeat the hoeing in about a week. The weeds and surplus carrots may now be easily pulled from the rows.—Stir the ground often, either with the hoe or cultivator, and dig them out with a good plow, turning them out every other furrow. After twenty years experience I think 1,000 bushels per acre an average crop.

Otsego Co., N. Y. HENRY HOWE.

SLEEP AS A MEDICINE.—The cry for rest has always been louder than the cry for food. Not that it is more important, but it is often harder to obtain. The best rest comes from a sound sleep. Of two men or women, otherwise equal, the one who sleeps the best will be the most moral, healthy and efficient. Sleep will do much to cure irritability of temper, peevishness, uneasiness. It will restore to vigor an overworked brain. It will build up and make strong a weary body. It will cure a headache. It will cure a broken spirit. It will cure a heartache. It will cure sorrow. Indeed we might make a long list of nervous and other maladies that sleep will cure. The cure of sleeplessness requires a clean, good bed; sufficient exercise to produce weariness, pleasant occupation, good air, and not too warm a room, a clear stomach, a clear conscience, and avoidance of stimulants and narcotics. For those who are overworked, haggard, nervous, who pass sleepless nights, we commend the adoption of such habits as shall secure sleep; otherwise life will be short, and what there is of it is sadly imperfect.—*Rural New Yorker.*

PLANTING TREES.—President N. Ohmer, at a meeting of the Montgomery, Ohio, Horticultural Society, said: What a mistake it is to suppose that a tree will grow and do well, when planting, to crowd the roots, which are often two feet, in diameter, into a hole one foot wide, then throw on a shovelful or two of dirt and gravel, then stamp hard with the foot. This is how many plant trees. You have all observed the same thing. When you buy a tree, let it be fruit or shade, get one that has plenty of roots; dig your holes not less than three feet across, and two feet deep; partly fill up the hole with good soil; then put in your tree, a little, though not much, deeper than it was in the ground when taken up; spread out the roots with the hand and fingers; then more dirt (keeping your tree erect); then, when you are done, press the soil with the foot. Shade trees should be protected with a box as soon as they are planted.—Trees planted in this way will almost invariably grow and do well, and be a source of pleasure and comfort not only to the owner, but to the great public.—*Rural New Yorker.*

The colored race is decreasing in the South.