Wellsboro Agitator.

L. Bache Jan'73

VOL. XX.---NO. 39. WELLSBORO, TIOGA CO., PA., TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1873. WHOLE NO. 1,027.

The Agitator.

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY BY

BARNES & ROY,

L. P. 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
4 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	15 00	18 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	28 00	35 00	50 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.

Political Notices, 20 cents per line each insertion.

Notices intermediate between one and two inches, $1.

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.

Resolutions of Societies and Obituaries inserted free. 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. E. BATCHELDER. F. A. JOHNSON.

Batchelder & Johnson,

Manufacturers of Monuments, Tombstones, Table Tops, Counters, &c. Call and see. Shop, Main st., opposite Foundry, Wellsboro, Pa.—July 3, 1872.

A. Redfield,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.—Collections promptly attended to.—Lawrenceville, 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.

J. C. Strang,

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

C. N. Durtt,

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, Main street, Wellsboro, Pa.

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. 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 accommodate 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.

Petroleum House,

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

W. W. Burley,

MANUFACTURER OF all styles of light and heavy Carriages. Carriages kept constantly on hand. All work warranted. Corner Cass and Buffalo Streets, Homellsville, N. Y. Orders left with C. B. Kelley, Wellsboro, or E. R. Burley, Chatham, will receive prompt attention.—June 3, 1873*-6 mos.

M. L. Sticklin,

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.

Mrs. Mary E. Lamb.

MILLINERY.—Wishes to inform her friends and the public generally that she has a large stock of Millinery and Fancy Goods suitable for the season, which will be sold at reasonable prices. Mrs. E. E. Kimball has charge of the making and trimming department, and will give her attention exclusively to it. Next door to the Converse & Williams Block.—July 8, 1873.-tf.

Yale & Van Horn.

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 Vara 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. HOLIDAY, 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 1872-1 y. Wellsboro, Pa.

Lamps, Chandeliers & Brackets

AT C. B. KELLEY'S

FRUIT JARS, &c.,

A speciality at

China Hall.

General Insurance Agency,

KNOXVILLE, TIOGA CO., PA.

Life, Fire, and Accidental.

ASSETS OVER $55,000,000.

ASSETS OF COMPANIES.

Alemannia, of Cleveland, Ohio	$35,033.44
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.	$2,050,535 60
Franklin Fire Ins. Co. of Phila. Pa.	2,037,452 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.	900,889 15
Phoenix Mut. Life Ins. Co. of Hartford Ct.	5,061,970 50
Penn's Cattle Ins. Co. of Pottsville	600,000 00
Total	$55,481,481 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.

Jan. 1, 1873-tf. WM. B. SMITH Agent.

General Insurance Agency,

NELSON, TIOGA CO., PA.

J. H. & J. D. CAMPBELL

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

QUEEN	Assets, $10,000,000.00
CONTINENTAL of New-York,	2,609,526.27
HANOVER, of New York	963,381.00
GERMAN AMERICAN, New York	1,272,000.00
WYOMING, of Wilkesbarre, Pa.	219,686.42
WILLIAMSPORT, of Wm'sport	113,005.00

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 & COLE'S

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, Writing 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, razors, razor straps, suspenders, rules,

Hosiery, Gloves, Lace goods, Corsets, Notions, 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.

MRS. C. P. SMITH,

HAS just return from New York with the largest assortment of

MILLINERY AND FANCY GOODS

ever brought into Wellsboro, and will give her customers reduced prices. She has a splendid assortment of ladies suits, Parasols, Gloves, Fans, real and imitation hair goods, and a full line of ready made white goods. Prices to suit all.

GO AND SEE

CHINA HALL

WELLSBORO, PA.

Surveyor's Notice.

EDWARD BRYDEN offers his service to the public as a Surveyor. He will be ready to attend promptly to all calls. He may be found at the law office of H. Sherwood & Son, in Wellsboro, or at his residence on East Avenue.

Wellsboro, Pa., May 13, 1873—tf.

CHINA HALL, Wellsboro.

LIVERY STABLE.

KETCHAM & COLES proprietors. First-class rigs furnished at reasonable rates. Pearl street, opposite Wheeler's wagon shop.

A PUBLIC HACK

will be on the street at all reasonable hours. Passengers to and from the depot to any part of the town will be charged twenty-five cents. For families or small parties for pleasure, one dollar per hour.

Wellsboro, July 15, 1873. KETCHAM & COLES.

NEW DRUG FIRM!

NEW GOODS!

TAYLOR & SPALDING,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

DRUGS, CHEMICALS,

PAINTS, OILS,

PATENT MEDICINES,

KEROSENE, LAMPS,

DYE-STUFFS, PERFUMERY,

FANCY ARTICLES, &c.

Having made special arrangements with the Blossburg Glass Company, we can furnish Glass at lowest rates to parties wishing to buy, in large quantities, shipped direct from the factory.

Physicians' Prescriptions and Family Recipes Accurately Compounded.

Mr. Spalding has had several years experience in the drug business, and is thoroughly posted in all its branches. TAYLOR & SPALDING.

Wellsboro, Pa., June 24, 1873-tf.

GLASS WARE in endless variety at CHINA HALL.

HUGH YOUNG'S

Insurance, Real Estate and Steamship AGENCY.

No 1. Bowen's Block.

Drafts sold payable in any city or town in Europe.

Cabin, Second Cabin, or Steerage Passage tickets to or from any town in Europe from or to Wellsboro, by the Anchor Line, or the White Star Line of Ocean Steamers.

Real Estate bought and sold on Commission.

I desire to call particular attention to the Insurance facilities afforded by the old and well known

Wellsboro Insurance Agency.

ESTABLISHED IN 1860.—

FIRE, LIFE & ACCIDENT.

Capital Represented $40,000,000.

ÆTNA, of Hartford, Conn.
HOME, of New York.
FRANKLIN, of Philadelphia.
INS. CO. OF NORTH AMERICA, of Phil'a.
PENNSYLVANIA, of Philadelphia.
WILLIAMSPORT FIRE.
ALEMANNIA, of Cleveland, Ohio.
PHENIX, of Brooklyn, N Y.
LYCOMING INS. CO., Muncy, Pa.
TRAVELERS LIFE & ACCIDENT, Hartford.

Policies written in any of the above leading companies at standard rates. Losses promptly paid at my office, No, 1 Bowen's Block. HUGH YOUNG.

Nov. 19, 1872.

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.

Stoves, Tin and Hardware!

Go to D. H. BELCHER & Co's for your Stoves, Tin and Sheet Iron.

Go to D. H. Belcher & Co's for your Nails and General Hardware.

Go to D. H. Belcher & Co's for your Haying and Harvesting Tools.

Go to D. H. Belcher & Co's for your Table and Pocket Cutlery.

Go to D. H. Belcher & Co's for your Rope and Horse Forks.

Go to D. H. Belcher & Co's for the best Metallic-Lined Wood Pumps.

Go to D. H. Belcher & Co's for the best Plow in this country.

Go to D. H. Belcher & Co's for your Tin Roofing and Spouting.

Go to D. H. Belcher & Co's for your Repairing of all kinds, which we do on short notice and guarantee satisfaction.

We are agents for the D. Rawson Mowing Machines, to which we call your special attention. Every Machine warranted for two years. Extras of all kinds for this Machine kept on hand or furnished to order. Any person wishing to buy the best Machine in this market will do well to give us a call.

D. H. BELCHER & CO.,

First door below the Postoffice, Wellsboro, Pa.

June 24, 1873'-3m.

POMEROY BRO'S & SMITH,

BANKERS,

BLOSSBURG, Tioga County, Penn'a.

BUSINESS PAPER NEGOTIATED.

POMEROY BRO'S BANKERS, Troy, Pa. W. H. SMITH, Blossburg, Pa.

Feb. 4, 1873-tf.

FULL Line of Table Cutlery and Plated Ware at Kelly's.

October.

BY GEORGE W. SEARS.

There comes a month in the weary year—
A month of leisure and healthful rest;
When the ripe leaves fall, and the air is clear:
October; the brown, the crisp, the blest.

My life has little enough of bliss;
I drag the days of the odd eleven,
Counting the time that shall lead to this—
The month that opens the hunter's heaven.

And oh! for the mornings crisp and white,
With the sweep of the hounds upon the track;
The bark-roofed cabin, the camp-fire's light,
The break of the deer and the rifle's crack.

Do you call this trifling? I tell you, friend,
A life in the forest is past all praise,
Give me a dozen such months on end—
You may take my balance of years and days.

For brick and mortar breed filth and crime,
And a pulse of evil that throbs and beats;
And men grow withered before their prime
With the curse paved in on the lanes and streets;

And lungs are choked, and shoulders are bowed
In the smothering reek of mill and mine;
And death stalks in on the struggling crowd,
But he skuns the shadow of oak and pine.

And of all to which the memory clings,
There is naught so sweet as the sunny spots
Where our shanties stood by the crystal springs,
The vanished hounds, and the lucky shots.

—*The Aldine.*

The Old Man's Darling.

Margary Hilton's fortune was made. So she congratulated herself as she gazed exultingly upon the diamond solitaire which but an hour before Colonel Leslie had put upon her finger. His words of love still vibrated in her ears, but, strange to say, tho was no responsive melody in her heart, although her lips had promised that she would become his wife. She was a young girl, not out of her teens—poor, beautiful, and ambitious. Colonel Leslie was fifty—hale, gentlemanly, and rich. He had gone to the little manufacturing village of S—— upon business, and having been enraptured with her beauty, addressed her after a short acquaintance.

And so, whilst he was being rapidly borne to his city home, thinking of the loveliness of the young bride he had won and his abundant means of making her happy, Margary sat in her little chamber dreaming bright dreams to be realized in the future. Her fortune was made! What did it matter now if there had been poverty and privation in the past! Was not the future bright with wealth and splendor?

"I shall have diamonds and laces and society to my heart's content," she mused, gazing from her window in the east, where the round rising moon looked softly into her glittering eyes. "I shall purchase them dearly, perhaps, but I shall be an 'old man's darling,' Colonel Leslie said so to-night as he placed the seal of our betrothal upon my finger. It is true that there is a great disparity of years between us, but I am satisfied with the contract I have made; I shall be 'clothed in purple and fine linen every day,' and if I should not be happy there will be no one to blame but myself. I shall no longer be dependent on those who begrudge me even the morsel I eat."

The wedding was a quiet one. The village had never seen a lovelier bride nor a happier groom, and when after a month's travel the couple took possession of their luxuriant home Margary again congratulated herself on the brilliancy of her fortune. Her brightest dreams were meeting fulfillment. She entered into her new life with all the zest of her fresh, young spirit, glorying in the beauty which had purchased her pleasures, and leaving nothing undone that could enhance her loveliness.

Colonel Leslie accompanied her everywhere she wished to go.

"She is too young, too inexperienced for me to allow her her freedom," he said caressingly. "Oh, my pretty bird, I will pin the wings down in the happy home I have so often pictured to myself."

But days wore on and not even the shadow of such a weariness appeared to cloud the young wife's spirits. No gayety was proposed which did not tempt her participation, and no temptation met with resistance.

After a year of patient waiting, the frivolities in which she indulged so freely became so utterly distasteful to him that he could no longer restrain his impatience.—But friends interposed, declaring that the lovely Mrs. Leslie should not make a recluse of herself, and offering to accompany her wherever she wished to go. He transferred her, as it were, to their protection, and day after day and night after night he was left alone as mercilessly as though he had been but a hired attendant of the household.

Devoted as he had once been to his wife, the strength of his ardor began to abate, and beginning to believe she had married him for his wealth, he determined to restrict her gayeties in a measure. He would make overtures to her reason and judgment, and if they failed he would assert the authority which she had so seemingly ignored.

He was in the library awaiting Margery's coming, as usual, upon the most brilliant entertainment of the season. An hour after midnight she entered, radiant in velvet and diamonds. He arose and offered to remove her wrappings.

"Thank you," she returned, icily, still standing, "but I shall retire immediately, and there is no need of unwrapping here!"

"Just as you please," he answered haughtily, resuming his seat, and gazing for a moment into the beautiful face before him; "but I have something to say which must be heard here and now."

Margery gathered her cloak more closely about her shoulders, and resting both hands upon the back of the chair by which she was standing, said, almost defiantly:

"If you have anything to say, please say it as quickly as possible. I am tired and have need of rest; my demands for to-morrow are pressing."

"And mine, Margery, you will find, are more so. I have been trifled with and my expressed desire neglected long enough.—You will remember hereafter that I stand first in this household, and that my wishes are entitled to some consideration."

"Perhaps you had better explain," she said contemptuously; "I do not know that I have the honor of comprehending your remarks."

"I shall certainly be more explicit then," he answered mildly, still determined not to appear irritated by her indifference. "We have been married almost three years, Margery, and in all that time I have been but a slave to your bidding. It is true that I am more than twice your age, but became your husband fondly believing that in your love my heart would regain its youthfulness, and that you would find comfort and happiness in being an 'old man's darling.' That I have been disappointed I freely acknowledge; that you have been I can but infer.—I realize now the vanity of the hope which led me to unite old age with youth, since our tastes are so dissimilar. What I have to say to you, however, is this—that I desire you to relinquish, in a measure, those frivolities which are separating us so surely and so utterly."

Margery looked for a moment into his face, and said:

"Suppose I do not desire to renounce those pleasures which you seem to condemn so heartily?"

"Then I shall resort to that authority which, as your husband, is vested in me."

"And if I do not choose to submit to that authority?"

"That is not a question to be discussed between us," he exclaimed emphatically, now thoroughly aroused and irate. "I am master of this house, as you will find to your cost. That you have never cared for me except as the representative of the wealth which purchases your pleasures is too plain a case to admit of argument. But there is one thing of which you may rest assured—whilst you bear my name you must remain as unsullied as when you received it. I do not wish you to regard me as a brute, nor yet as a tyrant; but this continued dissipation must cease. I am too old to be dragged from one scene of gayety to another, tied, as it were, to the wheels of your triumphant chariot; and since I cannot attend you, you must confine yourself more at home.—You can retire now, if you please, but remember that I expect your compliance with my wishes."

"Thank you for the privilege!" she returned sarcastically; "I shall not retire, however, until this question is definitely settled."

Her eyes glowed like midnight stars, and upon her white forehead the beads of perspiration sparkled like diamonds in the full blaze of the chandelier beneath which she stood. "That I do not love you, Colonel Leslie, you seem to be well aware. I married you because I was dazzled by those visions of splendor which you placed before my eyes, and I sighed for them as those who travel in the sandy deserts thirst for water. Fashion and society are my idols, and disconnected from them I would not turn over my hand to live another hour. I shall not give them up without a struggle, you may rest assured, but the victory is not always to the strong. Good night!" she added, turning from him and leaving the room with the air of an empress.

Colonel Leslie, stunned and mortified by her confession, buried his face in his hands. This was the bitter ending of his pleasant dream—this cold, calculating woman, who presided over his home.

"She shall have her own way," he suddenly, stolcally resolved. "If she married me, as she says, for my wealth, she shall not be cheated in the bargain. She shall enjoy her freedom unmolested while I live, and my wishes shall hereafter remain untold."

Two—four years passed away, and then the end of it all came. Margery was sitting alone in her elegant drawing room, whence an hundred guests had just departed, when Colonel Leslie entered hastily and drew a chair to her side. She gathered her trailing robes of amber satin more closely around her, as if fearing contamination.—He noticed the movement, and exclaimed apologetically:

"I vowed years ago, Margery, that I never would again, by word or look, detract from your happiness, and faithfully until now have I kept that vow. This, however, is a perilous moment for both of us, and must account for this intrusion. I have a communication to make which will startle you, but you must hear it. Are you listening? I am a bankrupt, Margery, a bankrupt!"

"A bankrupt!" she exclaimed hoarsely. "Are you in earnest?"

"Yes, in terrible, terrible earnest, as tomorrow's proceeding will show. I have not a dollar in the world which I can honestly call my own. For your sake I regret it.—You worship wealth and position, you told me once, and I have never forgotten it.—God knows I pity you."

"What are we to do?" she asked brokenly, for, try as she might, the tears would not be repressed.

"I do not know," he answered vaguely. The tidings reached me but a few hours ago, and since then I have thought of nothing but how I should tell you without breaking your heart. I am not too old to work for you, Margery; but how will you endure our misfortunes? You will doubtless reproach me for not having provided against this contingency when we were married, but I did not know then that you sold yourself to me. I thought that you loved me a little notwithstanding the disparity of years between us."

He ceased speaking, and abruptly left the room. For a moment Margery's heart softened toward him, but the next she rose up, and sweeping her eyes over the magnificent apartment, said, bitterly:

"No, no, I cannot live without them."

She ascended to her chamber, where her maid was awaiting her coming. She wearily submitted herself to her skillful hands; and having substituted a morning wrapper for the party robes, she dismissed her sleepy attendant, and sank into an easy chair which stood before the fire. She folded her white, jeweled hands in her lap, and thought over the events of the past few years.

"What a vain, profitless life I have lived!" she murmured regretfully. "Who has been benefited by it? Not even myself. And with the abundant means I have wasted how much good I might have done. Have I possessed a white rose for my hair and my mother's old-fashioned wedding ring for my finger? And with her mother's memory came such a tenderness, a softness to the heart of Margery Leslie which had not visited it for years. "It is not too late to retrieve myself, and I will," she added absolutely. "I cannot recall the past, but I can at least prove to my husband that I am not dead to all sense of honor and shame."

Margery descended to the breakfast room a different person. The elements of true womanhood had so long slumbered in her breast that only the rudest shock could have aroused them. With their awakening came the conviction of her unworthiness and a determination to regain the esteem she had lost. Colonel Leslie was not present at the table, and to the servant who summoned him he said:

"Excuse me to your mistress, and bring me a cup of coffee. I wish nothing else."

"I will carry it to him myself," said Margery when she received the message, and a few moments more she entered the library where he was sitting.

"Can I not assist you?" she said softly as she deposited the unique silver breakfast service at his side.

He had not noticed her presence before. He glanced hastily into her face, and the tears stood in his eyes.

"I do not know whether you can or not," he replied almost wildly. "My brain is in a whirl. These papers," pointing to the heaps upon his either hand, "represent all I possessed. I have been here all night, Margery, and my conviction, after a thorough investigation, is that we are almost beggars."

"You must rest now, at any rate," she said gently, "and when you have drank your coffee we will talk our misfortunes over."

Whilst he partook of his breakfast she busied herself in arranging the disordered apartment. She turned off the gas, which still burned brilliantly, and throwing aside the heavy curtains, admitted the sunlight into the room. Not until then did she observe the change that had taken place in her husband's appearance. He was worn and haggard, and his whole frame trembled as with an ague. Margery sat down near him, and leaning her arms upon the table, looked into his face.

"You are too easily discouraged, Colonel Leslie," she exclaimed with emotion.

"I comprehend our situation much more clearly than you do," he replied gloomily.

"Of the business details I am, of course, ignorant," she answered, "but they do not alter nor affect the fact which so intimately concerns us."

"You realize it all then, and your heart is not broken!" he gasped rather than asked.

"You refer to the conversation that passed between us years ago?" she inquired, the red flush mantling her cheek and the tears gathering in her eyes.

"Yes; you told me that you would not care to live if bereft of society and wealth. That remembrance has been the bitterest drop in this bitter, bitter cup."

"Forget it!" she exclaimed passionately. "Forget that I was ever so unwomanly, or so ungrateful. Our married life so far has proved a failure, but there is time enough to redeem it."

Colonel Leslie could scarcely believe that he heard aright. "You are not jesting with me, Margery?"

"Indeed, indeed I am not," she exclaimed earnestly. "Although I have proved recreant to the trust you once reposed in me, I am worthier to-day to be your wife than I was upon our bridal morning. If you will only esteem me again as you once did, you shall never have cause to regret it."

Colonel Leslie gathered her to his heart and pressed his lips to her forehead.

"There is light ahead for us, Margery," he said as soon as he could trust himself to speak. "It is not all as dark as it was a while ago. I have education—talent, too, my friends used to say—and, old as I am, they must be brought into requisition. In my early manhood I read and practiced law, and a few months' study will fit me for the profession again."

There were but a few thousands left of all Colonel Leslie's vast estate. But when Margery left the spacious residence which had been the scene of so many social triumphs, she felt one sincere regret, and that was that so many opportunities for doing good had been wasted. Though the home she entered was humble in comparison, she realized that domestic contentment which otherwise she never would have known.

With the vigor and energy which had always been prominent traits in Colonel Leslie's character, he entered his profession and became distinguished as a lawyer. Once in the right path, Margery never faltered, and being constantly in the society of her husband, she learned to love him devotedly.—Although to-day his hair is white with age, his form is still stately and his step still firm, whilst by his side, whether in his library poring over his ponderous books or in his parlor entertaining his friends, is the elegant form and beautiful face of Margery, "the old man's darling."

A Straying Octopus.

The octopus recently immortalized in *Fun* as "The Straying Topus," has been at his tricks again, coveting his neighbor's house, breaking bounds to visit it, and, moreover, prevailing on one of his classmates to follow his bad example of going out on the loose at night. Whether the sight of the many happy excursionists who visit the Brighton Aquarium induced in them an irrepressible longing to take an outing on their own account, or whether the community of octopods formed themselves into a geographical society and sent out the two travelers, as Britannia, on the Mulready envelope, flung out her missives on either hand, to open up communications with the inhabitants of foreign waters, I will not pretend to say. But one night last week these two individuals left their tank and started in opposite directions on a voyage of discovery. One went east, the other went west, and, as if by preconcerted plan, neither was content merely to cross the frontier and visit his nearest neighbors, but both passed through, or over, one intervening tank and settled down among the tribes beyond. One of them found himself in a Brobdingnag of crabs—a colony of giants too strong to be successfully invaded even by an armada of octopods. If he had arrived at Liliput instead—a tank inhabited by pigmy crustaceans—he would soon have depopulated it by clutching in his hateful embrace more victims *per diem* than ever an unwelcome, foul-mouthed dragon of old demanded as his daily dole of youths and maidens to satisfy his inconvenient preference for their flesh as his daintiest dish.—The other traveler found his way into lobsterdom, and putting on a bold front called on the chief to "shell out." This being refused, and the clause (or claws) by which the latter held possession being brandished in his face, the intruder withdrew to a distance to await reinforcements or beat a retreat.

Desiring to have a better view than I had previously been able to obtain of what follows the seizure of a crab by an octopus, I recently fastened one to a string by which an attendant was to lower it in the water close to the glass while I stood watching in front. The crab had hardly descended to the depth of two feet before an octopus for which it was not intended and which I had not observed (so exactly had he assumed the hue of the surface to which he clung) shot out like a rocket from one side of the tank, opened his membranous umbrella, shut up the suspended crab within it, and darted back again to the ledge of rock on which he had been lying in ambush. There he held on, with the crab firmly pressed between his body and the stonework. As this was not what I wished, I directed Cosham, my assistant, to gently try to pull the bait away from him. Not a bit of it! As soon as he felt the strain he took a firm grasp of the rock with all the suckers of seven of his arms, and stretching the eighth aloft, coiled it around the tautened line, the suckers actually closing on the line also, as a caterpillar's foot gripes a thin twig, or a cobbler's leather pad folds around his thread when he is making a wax-end. It then became a game of "pull devil, pull baker," and the "devil-fish" won it. Noticing several jerks on the string, I thought at first they were given by the man overhead, and told him not to use too much force, but he called out, "It's not me, sir, it's the octopus; I can't move him; and he's pulling so hard that if I tug, tug! dragged me into the sea, Jim." "Hold the octopus, and at a turn a strong arm of twine was that used for mending the seine net, and was therefore not particularly weak.

Although this experiment furnished a fresh illustration of the holding power of an octopus, it had not taught me exactly that which I wanted to know. I wished to be underneath that umbrella with the crab, or (which was decidedly preferable) to be able to see what happened beneath it without getting wet. My plan, therefore, was to procure the seizure of the crab against the front glass instead of against the rockwork. Our next endeavor was successful. A second crab was so fastened that the string could be withdrawn if desired, and was lowered near to the great male octopus, who generally dwells in a nook in the west front corner of the tank. He was sleepy, and not very hungry, and required a great deal of tempting to arouse him to activity; but the sight of his favorite food overcame his laziness, and after some demonstrative pouting, puffing, and erection of his tubercles, he lunged out an arm to seize the precious morsel. It was withdrawn from his reach; and so, at last, he turned out of bed, rushed at it, and got it under him against the plate-glass, just as I desired. In a second the crab was completely pinioned. Not a movement, not a struggle was visible or possible; each leg, each claw, was grasped all over by suckers—infolded in them—and stretched out to its full extent by them.—The back of the carapace was covered all over with the tenacious vacuum-disks, brought together by the adaptable contraction of the limb, and ranged in close order, shoulder to shoulder, touching each other; while, between others which dragged the abdominal plates toward the mouth, the black tip of the hard, horny beak was seen for a single instant protruding from the circular orifice in the center of the radiation of the arms, and the next had crunched through the shell, and was buried deep in the flesh of the victim.

The action of an octopus when seizing its prey for its necessary food is very like that of a cat pouncing on a mouse and holding it down beneath its paws. The movement is as sudden, the scuffle as brief, and the escape of the prisoner even less probable.—The fate of the crab is not really more terrible than that of the mouse, or of a minnow swallowed by a perch; but there is a repulsiveness about the form, color, and attitudes of the octopus which invests it with a kind of tragic horror.—*Henry Lee in Land and Water.*

Shrews.

Shrews, or disappointed women—call them what you like—generally, sooner or later, find themselves alone in the world.—Their children have gone from them because they found it impossible to remain and live in peace. A week is quite long enough to remain with a disappointed woman—too long, in fact, if you do not wish to hear a terribly long catalogue of trials and troubles. But she will be amiable, so far as you are concerned, for that time, because you possess the charm of novelty. After a week, take care. Their true friends and relatives have become alienated through the hard and bitter things which have been said of them and the angry altercations which have taken place. All, in fact, who properly know them avoid them, for their society is dangerous. Thus they have to rely on chance acquaintances for companionship. From morning until night they morbidly brood over their unhappy lot, and yet in nothing can they see that they have done wrong. They have ignored the principle of "give and take" in family disputes, and have upon all occasions asserted their independence and mastery. But they recognize no fault in that; yet they mourn the loss of kindred and friends, and long for genial companionship. It cuts them to the quick to see themselves shunned by those whom down in the bottom of their hearts they really love; yet so completely has a long-continued sense of disappointment and wrong operated upon their natures, that they are utterly unable to regulate their conduct so as to secure a return of this love. They must be cynical, critical, quarrelsome, spiteful, and moody when they would rather be otherwise. They are often well-meaning at heart. They can be truly generous, and if you happen to get them in the right one will do anything to oblige you; but the difficulty is to get them in the right one, for at different times they will be so different. They are their own worst enemies. It is pitiful to see them standing thus alone, and to think that they will never be thoroughly happy on this side of the grave. It is more pitiable when it is remembered what they might have become had their lot been differently cast. Instead of thorns they might have strewn roses in our path, and instead of embittering their own lives and others', might have cast the hallowing influences of love and contentment around them. They deserve, then, more tender consideration than is generally extended to them.—*Liberal Review.*

The Fate of Kings.

Richard II., in the play of that name, disheartened by his calamities, responds to all the encouraging words of his lords and followers with a bitter satire on the wretchedness of royalty:

"For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground
And tell sad stories of the death of kings:
How some have been depos'd, some slain in war,
Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd,
Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd;
All murther'd; for within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king
Keeps Death his court."

The unhappy monarch was destined to furnish in his own tragic fate one more illustration of his homily. His words come vividly to mind in reviewing the curious catalogue which an European statistician lately furnished of the number of sovereigns who have perished by violent deaths or been discrowned by disaster. The list, which must perforce be incomplete, embraces 2,540 emperors or kings, who have ruled over 64 nations. Of these, 299 were dethroned; 151 were assassinated, 128 died in captivity, 108 were formally condemned and executed, 100 were killed in battle, 64 abdicated, 62 were poisoned, 25 died the death of martyrs, 20 committed suicide, and 11 died insane. Even these lists do not probably include all the unnatural deaths and dethronements that have occurred among the 2,540 rulers thus tabulated, for it was often deemed politic to conceal the circumstances of a monarch's death, and history mentions many such inst