Wellsboro Agitator.

VOL. XX.---NO. 43. WELLSBORO, TIOGA CO., PA., TUESDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1873. | L Bache 1jan73 WHOLE NO. 1,031.

The Agitator.

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY BY

BARNES & ROY,

TERMS,—$2.00 per annum in advance.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

	1in.	2in.	3in.	4in.	5in.	10in.	20in.
1	$1 00	$2 00	$3 00	$4 00	$5 00	$8 00	$12 00
2	1 50	3 00	4 00	5 00	6 00	11 00	16 00
3	2 00	3 50	5 00	6 00	7 00	13 00	18 00
4	2 50	4 00	6 00	7 00	8 00	15 00	20 00
5	3 00	5 00	6 00	8 00	10 00	17 00	22 00
6	4 00	6 00	8 00	10 00	12 00	20 00	28 00
12	5 00	8 00	12 00	15 00	18 00	26 00	35 00
18	6 00	12 00	15 00	18 00	22 00	35 00	50 00
24	8 00	15 00	18 00	22 00	26 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.

Transient advertisements must be paid for before insertion; except from those who have business with the office on yearly contracts.

Yearly Advertisements will be charged extra if inserted for less than a year.

Local Notices, 20 cents per line each insertion.

Business Notices in the Local columns, on the Press Notices in the Editorial, 20 cents per line each insertion. Notices in the Local column of a page, 15 cents per line if inserted for less than a year.

Legal Notices in Local column, 20 cents per line if less than five lines; and 50 cents for a notice of five lines or less.

Announcements of Marriages and Deaths inserted free. All obituary notices will be charged 10 cents per line.

Job Notices 50 per cent above regular rates.

Business Cards 5 lines or less, $5.00 per year.

Business Cards.

SCHELDER. F. A. JOHNSON.

Schelder & Johnson,

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

A. Redfield,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.—Collections promptly attended to.—Lawrenceville, Tioga Co., Pa., Apr. 1, 1872-9m.

C. H. Seymour,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Tioga Pa. All business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention.—[illegible]

Geo. W. Merrick,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.—Wellsboro, Pa. Office in Union Block, Main street; second floor, in Odd Fellows Hall.

Mitchell & Cameron,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Claim and Insurance Agents. Office in Converse & Williams brick block, over Mrs. Osgood's store, Wellsboro, Pa.—Jan. 1, 1873.

William A. Stone,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, over C. B. Kelley's Dry Goods store, Wright & Bailey's Block on Main street. Wellsboro, Jan. 1, 1872.

J. C. Strang,

ATTORNEY AT LAW & DISTRICT ATTORNEY.—Will attend to business promptly. H. B. Niles, Esq., Wellsboro, Pa.—Jan. 1, '72

C. N. Dartt,

DENTIST.—Teeth made with the NEW IMPROVEMENT. Give better satisfaction than any thing else in town. 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. Business promptly attended to.—Jan. 1, 1872.

C. L. Peck,

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

C. B. Kelly.

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

Armstrong & Linn,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Williamsport, Pa. Office in Knoxville. Jan. 1, 1872.

Wm. B. Smith,

ATTORNEY, Bounty and Insurance Agent. Communications sent to the above address will receive prompt attention. Terms moderate.—Knoxville, Jan. 1, 1872

Barnes & Roy,

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

Sabinsville House.

SABINSVILLE, Tioga Co., Pa.—Benn Bro's. Proprietors. House has been thoroughly renovated and is kept in good condition to accommodate the traveling in a superior manner.—Jan. 1, 1873.

D. Bacon, M. D.,

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

Petroleum House,

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

W. W. Burley,

DEALER IN LUMBER OF all styles of light and heavy wagons. Carriages kept constantly on hand. All warranted. Corner Cass and Buffalo Streets, Dansville, N. Y. Orders left with C. B. Kelley, Agent, or L. 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 as low as the lowest. He invites all to take a look at his goods before purchasing elsewhere.—Shop near the place—opposite Dartt's Wagon Shop, 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 she will sell at reasonable prices. Mrs E. E. Kinsman in charge of the making and trimming department, and will give her attention exclusively to the business. Call in store door to the Converse & Williams Block.—Jan. 1, 1873.—tf.

Yale & Van Horn.

Are manufacturing several brands of choice Cigars which we will sell at prices that cannot but please customers. We use none but the best Connecticut Seed and Yara Tobaccos. We make our own stock, and for that reason can warrant them. We keep a general assortment of good Chewing and Smoking Tobaccos, Snuffs, Pipes from clay to the meerschaum, Tobacco Pouches, &c., wholesale and retail.—Dec. 24, 1872.

John R. Anderson, Agt.

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

OAK WALTON HOUSE,

Gaines, Pa.

Q. Merrick, Proprietor.

Formerly kept by H. C. Vermilyea.

First Class Hotel

In perfect condition for the accommodation of the public.—Gaines, Pa., Oct. 14, 1873.

JUST RECEIVED,

A LARGE STOCK OF BEAVER, BROADCLOTH, CASSIMERE, VESTINGS, AND TRIMMINGS which I will sell very cheap FOR CASH. In store, the best assortment of Goods ever brought to this place, of various styles. Please call and look for yourselves.

N. B. Suits, Overcoats, and Repairing done with neatness and dispatch as cheap as the cheapest.

GEORGE WAGNER,
Crafton Street,
1873-1 y. Wellsboro, Pa.

Mrs. Geo. Campbell

HAS returned to Wellsboro, and having finished her trade in the manufacture of

ARTIFICIAL HAIR WORK,

respectfully say to her old friends that she is glad to see all who would favor her with their patronage, that she can be found at the house of J. M. Bache, the Barber. Feb. 25, 1872-tf.

Timber Land for Sale.

The undersigned offers for sale two hundred and forty-eight acres of timber land about eight miles from the borough of Wellsboro. There is a large quantity of chestnut and a considerable chestnut upon it. A portion of it makes fine farming lands. It will be sold cheap. Inquire of

WM. A. STONE,
Oct 22, 1872-tf. Wellsboro, Pa.

General Insurance Agency,

KNOXVILLE, TIOGA CO., PA.

Life, Fire, and Accidental.

ASSETS OVER $55,000,000.

ASSETS OF COMPANIES.

Alemania, of Cleveland, Ohio	436,038 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	2,037,452 26
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	399,889 15
Phœnix Mut. Life Ins. Co. of Hartford Ct	5,081,970 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.

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	2,509,626.27
HANOVER, of New York	983,381.00
GERMAN AMERICAN, New York	1,272,000.00
WYOMING, of Wilkesbarre, Pa	219,698.42
WILLIAMSPORT, of Williamsport	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, Writing Fluid, Chess and Backgammon Boards, Picture Frames, Cords and Tassels, Mirrors, Albums, Paper Collars and Cuffs, Croquets, 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, dolls, 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.

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.

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. Shurwood & Son, in Wellsboro, or at his residence on East Avenue.

Wellsboro, Pa., May 19, 1873—tf.

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.

CANCER!

FRIEND! If you are afflicted with CANCER, come immediately to the Cancer Infirmary of Dr. J. M. Crane, Addison, N. Y., where you will be promptly treated and cured, if you come in time. When reaching the R. R. Depot at this place, ask for the American Hotel omnibus; it will take you direct to the Infirmary. If you wish for references, send for Circular without delay. Charges alike reasonable.

June 24, 1873—1y.

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.

JOHN FISHLER

HAS the largest and best selected stock of

BOOTS AND SHOES

ever brought into Wellsboro, consisting of

Ladies' Kid and Cloth Balmorals and Gaiters,

Ladies, Misses, Children and Baby's Shoes.

Gents' Cloth Boots and Shoes, Prince Albert Calf Boots, Boys' Calf & Kip Boots, Youths' Boots.

In fact, all kinds of Mens' and Women's wear kept in a first-class Shoe Store. The best sewed Woman's Shoes ever offered in this market. I defy the world in

CUSTOM WORK.

If you don't believe it, try me. I buy only the best stock, and have as good Cordwainers as money can hire.

REPAIRING done neatly, and with dispatch.

Leather and Findings

of all kinds constantly on hand.

CASH PAID FOR HIDES, DEACON SKINS, PELTS AND FURS.

Having just filled up my shelves with a choice stock, personally selected for this market, I respectfully solicit a fair share of trade. "Small profits and quick returns," I believe to be a good business maxim; and I hold the best goods to be the cheapest. I keep no shoddy. My assortment is sufficient to meet all sizes and tastes. I invite our patrons and the public generally to call and examine my stock. No trouble to show goods. Always to be found, one door north of C. B. Kelley's store, Main street, Wellsboro, Pa. JOHN FISHLER.

Feb. 4, 1873-tf.

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.

Mehetabel.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

Mehetabel's knitting lies loose in her hand;
She watches the gold of a broken red brand
That glitters and flashes,
And falls into ashes.
The flame that illumines her face
From the cavernous, black fireplace,
Brings ever new wonders of color and shade
To flicker about her, and shimmer, and fade.
Does any one guess
Of this maid's loveliness,
That the lonesome and smoky old room seems to bless?

Mehetabel's mother calls out of the gloom,
From a clatter of shovel and kettle and broom,
From her flurry and worry
Of work-a-day hurry:
"Our Hetty sits there in a dream,
With her needles half round to the seam;
With nothing to vex her, and nothing to try her;
But never will she set the river afire."
And back to the din
Of iron and tin
One shadow flits out, while another steals in.

Mehetabel's lover through now fallen snow
So softly has come that the maid does not know
He is standing behind her,
So happy to find her
Alone, that he hardly can speak.
A whisper;—a flush on her cheek
More lovely than sunset's reflection by far.
"O Hetta," he murmurs, "the white evening star
And the beacon-lights swim
On the ocean's blue rim,
But I see your sweet eyes, and they make the stars dim."

Mehetabel's wooer is stalwart and tall;
His figure looms dark on the flame-lighted wall.
Outside in pale shadow
Lie pasture and meadow;
Dim moonlight is on the white hill;
The sea glimmers purple and chill.
"O Hetta, be mine for the calm and the storm;
Though cold be the wide world, my heart's love is warm.
Knit me into your dream,
And my rude life will seem
Like a beautiful landscape, in June's golden beam."

Mehetabel's forehead has gathered a cloud;
A thousand new thoughts to her young bosom crowd;
Her knitting drops lower;
No lover can show her
The way through her mind's lonely maze.
He reads no response in her gaze.
Her heart is a snow-drift where foot never trod;
Love's sun has not wakened a bud on its sod;
As pure as the glow
Of the stars on the snow
Are the glances that up through her long lashes go.

Mehetabel's future, an unexplored land,
Spreads vaguely before her, unpeopled and grand,
Its wild paths wait lonely
For her footsteps only;
She must weave out the web of her dream,
Though flimsy and worthless it seem
To her mother's eye, filled with the dust-motes of care;
Though it bar up her path from the heart that beats there
In the gathering gloom,
Breathing odor and bloom
And sweet sense of life through the dusk of the room.

Mehetabel's dream,—you will guess it in vain;
Only to herself is unwound the bright skein.
She is but a woman,
As gentle as human;
Yet rooted in hearts fresh as hers
Is the hope that the universe stirs;
And broad be her thought as life's measureless zone,
Or narrow as self is, it still is her own;
And alone she may care
What she never would share,
With friendship the dearest, or love the most rare.

Mehetabel's answer—it has not been told.
To ashes has fallen the firelight's red gold.
No mother, no lover,
For her, the world over,
The work-a-day jangle is still.
An empty house stands on the hill.
The rafters are cobwebbed, the ceiling is bare;
But always a wraith haunts the carved oaken chair;
And early and late
There's a creak at the gate,
And a wind through the room like a soft sigh of "Wait!"

Mehetabel—Hetta—the dream of a dream,
The film of a snow-cloud, a star's broken beam,
Were a tangible story
To here; but the glory
Of ages dims down to a spark,
And dies out at last in the dark.
Among questions unanswered, unrealized dreams.
Still the beautiful cheat of what may be and seems,
Flashes up on night's brink,
Where the live embers blink,
And the tales that they mutter, we dream that we think.

—Atlantic Monthly.

Sallie's Betrothal.

A TALE OF FORTY YEARS AGO.

We were all glad enough to gather around the glowing grate and listen to Aunt Sallie's story, for the storm was too furious for any fun in a sleigh ride that day.

She was a splendid-looking old lady, and must have been very handsome when young. She sat looking into the fire for a moment with her spectacled eyes, but she was looking into the past.

"Things were somewhat different when I was young," said she, "but we loved a sleigh ride as well as you do, and I will tell you the story of a ride we had ever so many years ago.

"I was independent enough to help take care of myself, and I was teaching school in S—— that winter. It's a city now, but it was only a large village then.

"I boarded with the Olivers, and Hattie Oliver and I were great friends; and of all the born coquettes I ever saw, she was one of the prettiest and most inveterate. She had plenty of admirers, of course, and seemed to fairly delight in teasing them.—There were two in particular, and I always wondered how John Forbes and Charlie Simmons could be such confidential intimates under the circumstances.

"John was the richest, and he was a tall, black-haired, handsome fellow, but not very popular. He was kind enough, and full of life and spirits; but Hattie used to say that 'he seemed all the while to be standing up behind himself and studying you, and she hated that.' For my own part I liked John Forbes amazingly, though he was always shy and quiet in my company—perhaps because I teased him so unmercifully about Hattie.

"Charlie Simmons was also an excellent fellow, but he hadn't a very glib tongue, and Hattie led him a most uncomfortable sort of a dance.

"Beaux of my own, did you say? Of course I had. Don't interrupt me.

"Now, the joy and pride of John Forbes's heart were his black team and red sleigh, and they were really the best turn-out in the village in those days. Every day or so that sleigh would pull up in front of our house; but I was too closely confined at my school to be in Hattie's way much.

"John and Charlie made an appointment for one Saturday, however, when we were both at liberty, for a grand trip out on the old South road. The sleighing was splendid, only, if anything, there was too much snow.

"When they came for us John had his own team, and Charlie had procured a very good one somehow. Hattie, as a matter of course, took her seat in the red sleigh, and I told Charlie how much I pitied him for having to be contented with only me; but he laughed merrily, and seemed so cheerful about it that I didn't feel at all awkward.

"Off we started, all smothered up in furs, and curled down in the deep, comfortable cutters, as warm as toast. The horses wore a perfect jingle of bells, and were so full of life that I almost felt nervous about them.

"Hattie was in a gale of spirits that morning, and her merry peals of laughter came back to us with the music of the bells, while from something in John's manner I had a sort of instinct that he had not invited her on that sleigh ride for nothing; and I was right about it, as I will tell you.

"They had driven three or four miles, and were a good distance ahead of our slower team, but John seemed to be getting more silent all the time, and Hattie rallied him about it.

"'I may as well be a little sober, Hattie,' he said, 'for I think that to-day may have an influence for good or evil on my whole life.'

"'Why Mr. Forbes,' said Hattie, 'are you afraid that your horses will run away and smash up your wonderful red sleigh?'

"'No, they know too much for that; but I am going to ask a question of greater importance,' said he.

"'Why don't you ask it of Sallie, then? She is the schoolmistress, and knows everything,' said Hattie.

"'Oh, I guess you know quite enough to answer what I want to learn, and you must answer me truly and frankly, for my happiness of life depends on the result.'

"'It must be a wonderful question,' said Hattie. 'What can it be?'

"'Will you tell me if I ask you?'

"Hattie was beginning to be a little flustrated, as she told me afterward; but her inborn love of mischief and coquetry came upon her too strong to be resisted.

"They were just then passing a small house by the side of the road that had once been a sort of tavern. The family had moved out of it a few days before, and Hattie knew it, but John didn't.

"'Mr. Forbes,' said Hattie, 'won't you be kind enough to stop and get me a drink of water? I can hold the horses.'

"John looked more than a little vexed, but he handed her the reins and jumped out. She gathered them firmly in her plump little hands, and just as he was about to knock at the door of the empty house she called out to him:

"'Mr. Forbes, I must take a little time to consider your question before I answer it. I will drive on a mile or so. When I come back perhaps I will tell you.'

"And, with a gay little laugh, Hattie drove carelessly away, leaving poor John looking very much like a fool as he leaned against the door post.

"'The saucy minx!' said he. 'It's too bad! I wonder if she can manage those horses. They may break her neck before she gets back. Then the others will be here in a moment, and won't they laugh!'

"A new idea got into his head just then, for he was a hard man to catch, and when we came up he was quite ready for us.

"'Hallo, John! exclaimed Charlie Simmons, 'where's your team? Haven't had a quarrel, have you?'

"'Oh, no, not exactly; only Hattie wants a change of drivers. She will be back after you in a minute, and I am to drive Miss Morris. Hattie has something of great importance to say to you,' said John.

"'Oh! I see,' said Charlie. 'You asked'—

"But John put his finger on his lip, and Charlie stopped short. It was all a mystery to me; but Charlie got out and John got in, and on we whirled, leaving our friend to kick his heels to keep them warm, and looking anxiously for the return of the red sleigh.

"'And so,' said I, 'Hattie Oliver gave you the mitten, did she?'

"I was looking him straight in the face, and he turned as red as his sleigh at first, as if with vexation; but then he put on a sort of roguish expression, and said:

"'She tried a rather chilly sort of a joke on me, that's all, and I've turned it over to Charlie. Maybe it won't be at my expense, now, after all.'

"I thought I saw through it, and we both laughed heartily; but John soon became quite serious and sober again. I thought, though, that I had never seen him look so well as he did just then.

"'Miss Morris,' said he pretty quickly, as we spun along over the pure snow, 'I have got a very important question to ask you.'

"'Is it the same one Charlie Simmons was speaking about? and have you asked it of Hattie?' said I mischievously.

"'It is the same, and yet it isn't, and she ran away from me before I could ask her. It affects my happiness very deeply, and I must have an answer to-day.'

"Somehow I did not want him to say another word just then, and he himself was silent, as if hesitating what to say. We had been driving fast, and had got some distance from where we had left Charlie, and just then we heard the swift jingle of bells coming up the road. It was Hattie in the red sleigh. She had managed to turn the horses around, but as soon as they were headed for home they started off at a tremendous pace, and she had not strength enough to rein them in, though they were not exactly running away.

"We turned aside to let her pass, and she shot a quick glance of surprise and vexation as she passed by us. John was a little scared about her, but he almost laughed as he saw that look.

"'She will need help, I am afraid,' said he. 'We must turn and follow her. Her joke on me is not so very good after all.'

"He was really alarmed, and put the borrowed team to its best speed, but they were no match for his own blacks. Hattie did her best, but all in vain, until she came near where Charlie was standing. He had been getting impatient, but he saw at once what was the trouble, and ran out toward her. There was a deep snow bank a little further on, and he pointed to it and shouted for her to turn her horses into it.

"She understood his gestures better than his words, and in a moment more the black team, after a little plunging that only sent them in more deeply, stood snorting and trembling, and almost covered up in the snow. Hattie was nearly buried; but she was a brave girl, and she clung to the reins until Charlie came up; and we were there, too, very quickly.

"The two gentlemen went to work, unhitched the sleigh and pulled it back into the road, and then the horses were got out without much trouble and hitched in again.

"John was afraid to let any one else drive his horses after such an occurrence, and he and I transferred ourselves to the red sleigh, while Hattie and Charlie got into the other.

"Hattie was as mute as a mouse, and I almost pitied her, but I had no need to do so. John was not silent long, but returned to his interrupted question. He was beginning in the same style as before, when I interrupted him again with—

"'Really, Mr. Forbes, you had better get your answer from Hattie. I assure you it is out of my power to give you any information.'

"'But that cannot be,' said he.

"'Well, then, I insist upon it that you get your answer directly from her. She is the only one who will tell you anything,' said I. He looked exceedingly annoyed, and for a moment he was quite severe to his horses.

"'It must be all true, then!' he muttered to himself, and then he was silent for some time. What he said when he did open his mouth I will tell you by and by, but it would spoil the story to tell you now. Meantime Charlie and Hattie were following us as best they could, and it wasn't long before he found tongue to say:

"'Well, Miss Oliver, John tells me that you have something of importance to ask of me!'

"'I! That's only one of his jokes. He just did it to get out of the scrape I put him in.'

"Charlie looked a trifle crest-fallen for a moment; but his mind had been made up that day, and he said:

"'Well, if you have nothing of importance to say to me, I have something of importance to say to you. First, though, did not John himself ask you a question to-day? He told me he was going to do so.'

"Hattie looked at him in utter astonishment, but she knew how intimate the two men were, and she quietly said:

"'Yes; or he tried to.'

"'And what did you tell him?'

"'I have given him no answer as yet; and if I had, I do not see that you have a right to know what my answer was.' And her eyes flashed a little, for it was an awkward question to answer.

"'Perhaps I have no right; but he is my best friend, and it is of the utmost importance to him. And now I must ask you my question.'

"He tried to do so several times, while Hattie sat there coloring and almost crying under the buffalo robes, but at last it jumped from his lips all at once:

"'Will you be my wife?'

"It was too bad, Hattie thought, knowing, as he did, all about John Forbes, for him to persecute her just then, and she told him so.

"'But,' said he, 'I don't see what John has got to do with it. My question is my own, not his.'

"'But how can I answer you until I have answered him? You must give me time to consider; and now you must drive me directly home.'

"Hattie had made a bad mess of it that morning, and she was now fairly beginning to cry. Charlie Simmons was at his wit's end, but he bit his lips and drove home as rapidly as his horses could travel.

"We got home before them, of course, and a splendid ride we had of it. I have never seen anything since that took my fancy half so much as that red sleigh when I turned and looked at it from the door as I went in. John came in with me to warm himself, and when Charlie and Hattie entered the parlor we were chatting away cozily enough before the great, old-fashioned fireplace.

"Hattie blushed crimson, and Charlie seemed wonderfully uneasy. I thought I could detect a vexed and anxious expression on John's face, but he said, in his offhand way:

"'Ah! Miss Hattie Oliver, I'm ahead of you this time. I got an answer to my question in spite of you.'

"I looked daggers at him, and tried to stop him, but he went on:

"'Miss Morris tells me that the story of the engagement must be one of the Widow Stone's own invention; only there's no need of any more such invention hereafter.'

"Hattie blushed worse than ever, and she looked from one of us to the other in a puzzled sort of way, but could not help laughing.

"'What can you all mean?' cried she.

"'I mean that if you had let me finish my question this morning you wouldn't have been run away with; but it's all right now.'

"'Is it, old fellow?' said Charlie; 'then I wish you joy from the bottom of my heart; only I haven't been so lucky.'

"Hattie gave him one look, and ran out of the room; but he followed her, and when they came back it was clear that he had made her give him an answer. I suppose that it was about such a one as I had given John during my ride in the red sleigh."

That was the end of Aunt Sallie's story; but it puzzled us a little, and one of the girls spoke up:

"'Why, Aunt Sallie, were you engaged to Mr. Forbes?'

"'Yes,' said Aunt Sallie, 'that is the old judge's middle name; and there were so many other Browns in town that he mostly went by it until he became judge, and that was years after we were married. Sometimes I wish I was young again, and was back with John in the red sleigh, for life is not all as merry and comfortable as a sleigh ride."

Wordsworth and Cooper's Helpmeets.

In this day of matrimonial infelicities, when the Joaquin Millers deliberately desert their wives and families for the muse—and worse still, attempt to justify themselves for so doing—it is refreshing to look back upon such a scene of domestic bliss as this. We quote from James T. Fields's description of his visit to the home of the poet Wordsworth: "It was true Lake country weather when I knocked at Wordsworth's cottage door, three years before he died, and found myself shaking hands with the poet at the threshold. Mrs. Wordsworth sat knitting at the fireside, and she arose with a sweet expression of courtesy and welcome as we entered the apartment. As I had just left Paris, which was in a state of commotion, Wordsworth was eager in his inquiries about the state of things over the Channel. As our talk ran in the direction of French revolutions, he soon became eloquent and vehement, as one easily can imagine, on such a theme.

"I noticed that Mrs. Wordsworth listened as if she was hearing him speak for the first time in her life, and the work on which she was engaged lay idle in her lap while she watched intently every movement of her husband's face. * * * Now and then I stole a glance at the gentle lady—the poet's wife—as she sat knitting silently by the fireside. This, then, was the Mary whom in 1802 he had brought home to be his loving companion through so many years. I could not help remembering, too, as we all sat together, that when children they had practiced reading and spelling under the same old dome at Penrith, and that they had always been lovers. There sat the woman, now gray-haired and bent, to whom the poet had addressed those undying poems: 'She was a phantom of delight;' 'Yes, thou art fair!' and, 'O, dearer far than life and light are dear.' I recalled, too, the 'Lines Written after Thirty-six Years of Wedded Life,' commemorating her whose

'Morn into noon did pass, noon into eve,
And the old day was welcome as the young,
As welcome and as beautiful—in soothe,
More beautiful, as being a thing more holy.'

"When she raised her eyes to his, which I noticed frequently, they seemed overflowing with tenderness. * * * As we moved about the apartment, Mrs. Wordsworth quietly followed us, and listened as eagerly as I did to everything her husband had to say. Her fair little figure flitted about noiselessly, pausing as we paused, and always walking slowly behind us as we went from object to object in the room."

And here is a sketch of another *literatenre's* devoted wife, which we find in the December Harper: "A lovely, accomplished woman, Mrs. Fennimore Cooper was blessed with the unchanging, tender devotion of her husband through forty long years; and even in death they were not separated—for within four months after the husband's departure his gentle wife followed him, a fit resident for that heaven for which her whole life had been one constant preparation. Mrs. Cooper was retiring and feminine in every movement, word, and action. Her strong, impetuous husband—massive and vigorous in frame; decided and independent in action—yielded to her a chivalrous devotion most beautiful and rare. She was his preferred companion above all others, and in his daily drives to his mountain farm, called the Chalet, he always wanted her by his side, while in the evening his favorite amusement was a game of chess with his wife as antagonist. Although children grew up around them, although the hospitable mansion was often filled with distinguished and delightful guests, altho' time passed and they grew old, the husband and wife never sank into the mere father and mother, but to the last they cherished for each other that fresh affection which is so seldom seen after the bloom of youth and the charm of novelty have passed away.—The fair, gentle women who hover over Cooper's pages were patterned after his beloved wife, who, happily occupied in her own quiet sphere, was content to follow the old-fashioned rule of the Bible, that 'the husband is the head of the wife, even as Christ is the head of the Church, in everything.'"

Death of Albrecht Von Graefe.

Possessed of an indomitable and devouring soul, he ended by being devoured himself. The end came on the 20th of July, 1870. "Draw the curtains," he exclaimed at the supreme moment, "and let me look upon the sun once more," and died with the calm of the sage and the peace of the Christian. Brief as had been his career, the measure of his greatness and his fame was full. Most of the medical and scientific societies of the world had chosen him an honorary member, and many sovereigns had conferred upon him their decorations—the Czar of Russia, among others, the "Grand Cordon of the Order of Stanislaus;" the men of his own profession throughout the world held him as their prince or master.—He advanced the knowledge of the eye and of its proper treatment under the manifold grievous ills to which it is subject, from the obscurity in which it had rested from the foundation of the world to the light and certainty of a comprehensive science, while the blessings of tens of thousands who were ready to perish were after all his highest meed of honor. When one reflects that Albrecht von Graefe passed from earth at a little more than forty-two years of age, and that his scientific and practical career lasted scarcely twenty years, his manifold and mighty works create an astonishment which beggars words. When Graefe breathed his last Europe trembled under the tread of embattled hosts. Father William was going forth at the head of his armies to engage in the death-grapple with his French adversary. The flower of Germany was with him, and many a man on either side of the fray showed himself a hero, but not one of them exhibited higher qualities or deserves a more lasting and illustrious commemoration than he who was looking on the sun for the last time when the armed strife began. Half the population of Berlin escorted his coffin to the tomb and buried it under roses and palms. The poor wept because their benefactor was gone, and the great felt in grief that the brightest and most beneficent light of modern science was quenched.—*Rev. W. H. Milburn in Harper's.*

Royalty and Genius.

Such was Albrecht von Graefe's estimate of the value of time and his delicate sense of responsibility to the crowd of patients who daily waited upon his ministrations, that he could hardly be induced to attend any one, no matter how high the rank, save in his own hospital. The Czarina of Russia, then at Nice, sent an imperial summons for him to wait upon her there. He declined to go on the ground of injustice to his patients. The Czar was obliged to seek the intercession of King William, the son of Von Graefe's godfather. At his urgent solicitation the professor consented to make the journey, traveling by express. Entering the imperial presence, he made a brief examination of the Czarina's eyes, assured her that the course pursued by her own physician was quite correct, and without an hour's halt set out for Berlin.

The Queen Dowager of Prussia, who is said to have been a peculiar person, insisted that Von Graefe should go to Potsdam. He declined on the ground that he could not spare the time, and suggested that she should come to the Klinik. This she absolutely refused to do, and King William was obliged to mediate once more