The Tioga County Agitator.

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COBB & VAN GELDER.

[P. C. VAN GELDER.

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Tioga County Agitator.

VOL. XIII. WELLSBORO, PA., JULY 4, 1866. NO. 27.

JOBBING DEPARTMENT.

The Proprietors have stocked the establishment with a large assortment of modern styles

JOB AND CARD TYPE

AND FAST PRESSES,

and are prepared to execute neatly, and promptly

POSTERS, HANDBILLS, CIRCULARS, CARDS, BILL-HEADS, LETTER HEADS, STATEMENTS, TOWNSHIP ORDERS, &c., &c.

Deeds, Mortgages, Leases, and a full assortment of Constables' and Justices' Blanks, constantly on hand.

People living at a distance can depend on having their work done promptly, and sent back in return mail.

☞ OFFICE—Roy's block, Second Floor.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

W. D. TERBELL & CO.,

WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS, and dealers in Wall Paper, Kerosene Lamps, Window Glass, Perfumery, Paints and Oils, &c., &c. Corning, N. Y., Jan. 1, 1866.–1y.

JOHN I. MITCHELL.

NICHOLS & MITCHELL,

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT LAW. Office formerly occupied by James Lowrey, Esq. WM. A. NICHOLS. JOHN I. MITCHELL. Wellsboro, Jan. 1, 1866–1y.

WILLIAM H. SMITH,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW Insurance, Bounty and Pension Agency, Main Street Wellsboro, Pa., Jan. 1, 1866.

S. F. WILSON. J. B. NILES.

WILSON & NILES,

ATTORNEYS & COUNSELORS AT LAW, (First door from Bigoney's, on the Avenue)—Will attend to business entrusted to their care in the counties of Tioga and Potter. Wellsboro, Jan. 1, 1866.

F. W. CLARK,

ATTORNEY AT LAW—Mansfield, Tioga co., Pa. May 9, 1866–1y

GEORGE WAGNER,

TAILOR. Shop first door north of L. A. Sears's Shoe Shop. ☞ Cutting, Fitting, and Repairing done promptly and well. Wellsboro, Pa., Jan. 1, 1866.–1y.

JOHN B. SHAKSPEARE,

DRAPER AND TAILOR. Shop over Bowen's Store, second floor. ☞ Cutting, Fitting, and Repairing done promptly and in best style. Wellsboro, Pa., Jan. 1, 1866–1y

JOHN I. MITCHELL,

AGENT for the collection of bounty, back pay and pensions due soldiers from the Government. Office with Nichols and Mitchell, Wellsboro, Pa. m30, '66

ISAAK WALTON HOUSE,

Gaines, Tioga County, Pa.

I. C. VERMILYEA, PROPRIETOR. This is a new hotel located within easy access of the best fishing and hunting grounds in Northern Pennsylvania. No pains will be spared to the accommodation of pleasure seekers and the traveling public. [Jan. 1, 1866.]

Pennsylvania House.

AMARIAH HAZLETT PROPRIETOR.

This popular hotel has been lately renovated and refurnished, and no pains will be spared to render its appointments acceptable to patrons. Wellsboro, May 9, 1866.

J. HERVEY EWING,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW, No. 11 Law Building,—St. Paul St., Baltimore.

REFERENCES.—Levin Gale, Attorney at Law, Edward Israel, Att'y at Law, Rev. J. McK. Riley, D. D., Rev. Henry Slicer, D. D., Confield, Bro. & Co., F. Grove & Co., Ludwig & Mesherry, John F. McJilton, Esq., Robert Lawson, Esq., S. Sutherland, Esq. [Mr. EWING is authorized to transact any business appertaining to this paper in Baltimore.] Jan. 1, 1866–1y.

D. BACON, M. D., late of the 2d Pa. Cavalry, after nearly four years of army service, with a large experience in field and hospital practice, has opened an office for the practice of medicine and surgery, in all its branches. Persons from a distance can find good board at the Pennsylvania Hotel when desired—Will visit any part of the State in consultation, or to perform surgical operations. No 4, Union Block, up stairs. Wellsboro, Pa., May 2, 1866—1y.

NEW PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY.—

FRANK SPENCER

Would respectfully inform the citizens of Tioga County that they have the best opportunity ever offered them, to procure Ambrotypes, Ferrotypes, Photos, Cartes de Visite, Vignettes, and all kinds of fancy and popular card, and colored pictures, at his Gallery on Elmira Street. Mansfield, Nov. 15, '65–tf. F. M. SPENCER.

A. B. EASTMAN, SURGICAL AND MECHANICAL

DENTIST.

Would inform the citizens of Wellsboro and vicinity, that he has fitted up a desirable suite of rooms over John R. Bowen's store, No. 1, Union Block, where he is prepared to execute all work in his profession, with a promptness and style that will enable him to offer superior inducements to those requiring dental operations. All work warranted, and at reasonable rates. Please call and examine specimens. Wellsboro, March 21, 1866.—tf

DENTISTRY.

C. N. DARTT,

WOULD say to the public that he is permanently located in Wellsboro, (Office at his residence, near the Land Office and Episcopal Church) where he will continue to do all kinds of work confided to his care, guaranteeing complete satisfaction where the skill of the Dentist can avail in the management of cases peculiar to the calling. He will furnish

ARTIFICIAL TEETH,

set on any material desired.

FILLING & EXTRACTING TEETH,

attended to on shortest notice, and done in the best and most approved style.

TEETH EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN

by the the use of Anæsthetics which are perfectly harmless, and will be administered in every case when desired. Wellsboro, Jan. 1, 1865–1y.

ATTENTION SOLDIERS.

WM. B. SMITH, Knoxville, Tioga County, Pa., (U. S. licensed Agent, and Attorney for soldiers and their friends throughout all the Loyal States,) will prosecute and collect with unparalleled success,

SOLDIERS' CLAIMS AND DUES

of all kinds. Also, any other kind of claim against the Government before any of the Departments or in Congress. Terms moderate. All communications sent to the above address will receive prompt attention. Jan. 17, 1866.

UNITED STATES HOTEL.

Main Street, Wellsboro, Pa.

D. G. RITTER, PROPRIETOR.

Having leased this popular hotel property, lately occupied by Mr. Nelson Austin) I shall endeavor to make it truly the traveler's home.—Personal attention will be given to the table, and the comfort of guests will be a prime object. The stables will be under the care of an experienced hostler. Wellsboro, Jan. 1, 1866–1y.

New Shaving and Hair-Dressing Saloon.

THE subscribers take pleasure in announcing to the people of Wellsboro and vicinity that they have fitted out Mr. S. F. Shaiblin, late barber and hairdresser at Wellsboro, and have fitted up a neat and convenient room over C. L. Willcox's store, where they will always be on hand to wait on their customers; and as they will spare no pains to please, they hope to merit the patronage of the community. Particular attention paid to ladies' hair-cutting, shampooing, dyeing, &c. Ladies' braids, puffs, switches, coils and curls kept on hand, or made to order. H. W. DORSEY. J. JOHNSON. April 25, 1866.–1y

WELLSBORO HOTEL.

(Corner Main Street and the Avenue.)

WELLSBORO, PA.

B. B. HOLIDAY, Proprietor.

THIS is one of the most popular Houses in the county. This Hotel is the principal Stage-house in Wellsboro. Stages leave daily as follows:

For Tioga, at 9 a. m.; For Troy, at 8 a. m.; For Jersey Shore every Tuesday and Friday at 2 p. m.; For Coudersport, every Monday and Thursday at 2 p. m.

STAGES ARRIVE—From Tioga, at 12 1-2 o'clock p. m.: From Troy, at 6 o'clock p. m.: From Jersey Shore, Tuesday and Friday 11 a. m.: From Coudersport, Monday and Thursday 11 a. m.

N. B.—Jimmy Cowden, the well-known hostler, will be found on hand. Wellsboro, Jan. 1, 1866–1y.

C. F. SWAN,

AGENT for the Lycoming County Insurance Company, at Tioga, Pa. June 5, 1866.–3m*

NEW DRUG STORE.

Dr. W. W. WEBB & BRO.

Have opened a Drug and Chemical Store, on Main Street, 1st door below Hastings, where they intend to keep a full assortment of

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

A good article of Medicinal Liquors and Wines. Prescriptions carefully prepared. Medical advice given free of charge. Wellsboro, Nov. 8–1y.

NEW FIRM & NEW GOODS AT TIOGA

BORDEN BRO'S

Would respectfully announce to "all whom it may concern," that they keep constantly on hand a large and well selected assortment of

DRUGS AND MEDICINES,

PAINTS, OILS,

GLASS AND WALL PAPER,

DYE STUFFS, FAMILY DYES, LAMPS,

GLASS WARE, PLATED WARE,

such as CASTORS, SPOONS,

TEA & TABLE, FORKS,

CAKE DISHES, &c.

WRITING PAPER,

ENVELOPES, SCHOOL BOOKS,

PATENT MEDICINES,

Tea, Coffee, Spice, Pepper, Ginger, Saleratus, Starch,

TOILET AND WASHING SOAPS,

and an endless variety of

YANKEE NOTIONS.

Tioga, Pa., Oct. 4, 1865–1y*5.

MRS. A. J. SOFIELD has just returned from New York with a full assortment of ladies' fancy goods and millinery in every style. Toilet articles of the purest and best quality. MADAME DEMOREST'S perfumes, powders, &c., which no lady will do without after once using.

A nice variety of white goods, consisting of hosiery corsets, handkerchiefs, collars, cuffs, &c.

A new style of Garibaldi cloth, which is most desirable.

Head-dresses and dress caps, infant caps and hats. Bonnets and hats repaired to order

Mrs. Sofield will continue to receive goods from N. York during the season, and hopes to please all her customers. Wellsboro, May 9, 1866.

GROVER & BAKER'S

Elastic and Lock-Stitch Sewing Machines

GENERAL AGENCY, 28 Lake street, Elmira. Local agents supplied at factory prices, and new agents wanted for unoccupied districts. Also, a large stock of machine findings. For circular, address THOS. JOHNSON, General Agent of G. & B. Sewing Machines, June 13, 1866–tf 28 Lake st., Elmira, N Y.

New Drug Store.

RICH & GILBERT have opened a Drug and Chemical Store on Main Street, one door below Dr. Mattison's Hotel, in the Borough of Knoxville, where they keep on hand a full assortment of

DRUGS AND MEDICINES,

a good article of medicinal Wines and Liquors.—☞ Prescriptions carefully prepared. Knoxville, March 26, 1866–3m.

TRUSSES.—"Seeley's Hard Rubber Truss" cures rupture, frees the cord from all pressure: will never rust, break, limber, chafe, or become filthy, (the fine steel spring being coated with hard rubber): spring made any power required; used in bathing, fitted to form; requires no strapping; cleanest, lightest, easiest, and best Truss known. Send for pamphlet.

L. B. SEELEY, Sole Proprietor, apl1 66 1347 Chesnut st., Phila'a, Pa.

AGENTS WANTED—For our new and beautiful work, the pictorial book of Anecdotes and Incidents of the Rebellion: heroic, patriotic, political, romantic, humorous and tragical; splendidly illustrated with over 300 fine portraits and beautiful engravings. This work, for genial humor, tender pathos, startling interest, and attractive beauty, stands peerless and alone among all its competitors. The valiant and brave hearted, the picturesque and dramatic, the witty and marvellous, the tender and pathetic; the roll of fame and story, camp, picket, spy, scout, bivouac and siege, startling surprises, wonderful escapes; famous words and deeds of woman, and the whole panorama of the war, are here thrillingly and startlingly portrayed in a masterly manner, at once historical and romantic, rendering it the most ample, brilliant and readable book that the war has called forth

Disabled officers and soldiers, teachers, energetic young men, and all in want of profitable employment, will find this the best chance to make money ever yet offered. Send for circulars and see our terms. Address:

NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., J13.–1m* No. 507 Minor st., Phila., Pa.

THE undersigned, agent for the celebrated Rochester Trout Flies, keeps constantly on hand fishing tackle, consisting of N. Y. trout flies, Kinsey & Limerick hooks, on snells, silk, braided, hair, seagrass and linen lines; leaders, gut strands, hooks, fly books, rods, reels, trout baskets, tips, landing nets, &c. Shop in the rear of Gunn & Tucker stove store. L. A. SEARS. Wellsboro, May 16, 1866.

DISSOLUTION.—Notice is hereby given that the partnership heretofore existing between the subscribers, is dissolved, by mutual consent.

JOB WILLCOX, CLARK L. WILLCOX.

Wellsboro, June 8, 1866.–3t*

AN Assortment of TABLE GLASSWARE will be found at ROY'S DRUG STORE.

Wellsboro Marble Works.

H. STOWELL, JR., having purchased the interest of P. C. Hoig, the business will now be conducted under the name of H. Stowell, Jr. & Co.

All descriptions of marble work executed to the entire satisfaction of customers.

MONUMENTS OBELISKS AND HEAD-STONES,

of the latest and most approved styles. We will also furnish to order,

MANTELS, TABLE TOPS, SODA FOUNTAINS,

and all kinds of work pertaining to the business.

We intend to do our work in a manner that will defy competition.

H. STOWELL, JR., & CO. Wellsboro, April 2, 1866.

WHOLESALE DRUG STORE,

CORNING, N. Y.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES, PAINTS AND OILS,

THADDEUS DAVIDS' INKS, CONCENTRATED MEDICINES, CINCINNATI WINES AND BRANDY, WHITE-WASH LIME,

KEROSENE LAMPS, PATENT MEDICINES, PETROLEUM OIL, ROCHESTER PERFUMERY

AND FLAVORING EXTRACTS, WALL PAPER, WINDOW GLASS, AND DYE COLORS,

Sold at Wholesale Prices. Buyers are requested to call and get quotations before going further East.

W. D. TERBELL & CO. Corning, N. Y., Jan. 1, 1866–1y

Hand-Power Loom!-Patented 1865.

ALL persons interested in the production of a new machine into our country, are requested to investigate the merits of

HENDERSON'S HAND POWER LOOM.

This loom will do all kinds of hand weaving.

It will weave jeans, blankets, plain cloth, satinet, kersey, flannel, seamless sack, double width blankets, or any kind of cotton, wool, or flax cloth. It treads the treadles, throws the shuttle, lets off the web, and takes up the cloth. It makes the upper shed as the batten comes forward, and beats up the filling after the cross is made, making better cloth and better selvage than can be made in any other way.

It is the only hand loom that is suitable for weaving wool,

as no loom that makes all the shed as the batten goes back, will weave wool satisfactorily.

It has no strings to stretch and get out of order; has treadles at both sides of the loom, making the shed complete at both sides.

This loom is made to weave the different kinds of cloth, by simply changing the pins that make the upper shed.

Township rights for sale. Call at Mainsburg, Tioga county, Pa., and see a full sized loom in operation. Orders for looms solicited. LEWIS WETMORE, Mainsburg, May 2, '66.–1y A. F. PACKARD.

SAVE YOUR GREENBACKS!!

AND CALL OFTEN AT

Nast & Auerbach's

CHEAP CASH STORE.

BLOSSBURG, PA.

Where you can always find the best assorted stock of

DOMESTIC & FANCY DRY GOODS,

CLOTHS, NOTIONS, READY-MADE CLOTHING,

Manufactured under their own supervision.

Also Gents' furnishing goods, &c., &c.

In their merchant tailoring establishment they defy competition; having the best tailors of New York city, and an experienced cutter, Mr. H. P. Ervin. [feb21 6ly

NEW SPRING GOODS!!

AT REDUCED PRICES.

Great Inducements to the Public!

NOT having a big stock of *OLD GOODS* to shove off at auction, I am enabled to take advantage of the present low prices, and am ready to supply the public with a splendid stock of

NEW SPRING DRY GOODS, LATEST

Styles, purchased to accommodate this market.

Particular attention is directed to my desirable stock of Ladies' DRESS GOODS, Alpaccas, Poplins, Prints, Delaines, &c., &c.

Added to which I am offering a large and splendid stock of

GROCERIES, BOOTS and SHOES, HATS

and CAPS, &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., at prices to suit the 1,000,000, at Osgood's old stand, Wellsboro, Pa.

C. B. KELLEY. April 4, 1866.

FARM FOR SALE.—A farm of 125 acres or thereabouts is offered for sale, situate two miles from Wellsboro, the county seat of this county, and on the direct road to the lumbering districts of Pine Creek. There is about sixty acres improved, with a good house and barn, and a number of good springs of water. The timber land is covered with valuable timber, and the location for one that wishes a good farm near a thriving and enterprising village cannot be surpassed. For further particulars, as to price, terms, &c., apply to C. E. Brewster, Wellsboro, or to the subscriber at Corning, Steuben Co., N. Y. March 7, 1866–tf. J. W. GUERNSEY.

Miscellaneous.

Report of the Superintendent of Common Schools of Tioga co. for 1865.

BY N. L. REYNOLDS.

School Houses.—High taxes is a plea which will compel many a little one to shiver in an old dilapidated school house for years to come. Yet some of the townships have so much spirit, that even this plea is unavailing. Charleston, and Delmar, and Liberty, and Sullivan, as usual, take the lead. Charleston has erected one of the best houses in the county. Those townships heretofore doing least in this line, of course now do nothing.

Apparatus.—Tioga township, always noted for good schools, has this year added to its school apparatus the magnetic globe. This is a wise investment. The pupils already evince a better understanding of the first principles of geography.

Schools.—There has been very little change during the year in the matter of classifying and grading the schools.—Suitable houses are wanting. Those heretofore graded have given excellent satisfaction.

Teachers.—Three hundred and thirty-six teachers have been examined. Over sixty of these had never taught. Twenty-five males only have been employed; nearly one hundred less than in 1860.—All the female teachers with reasonable qualifications were employed then; yet the schools formerly taught by these one hundred young men, have to be taught now by females. The number of qualified female teachers has increased so as to supply about one-half of this deficiency. The others are from the "not qualified." Some females think teaching is easier than house work. They go to school just enough to get the poorest certificate, and then think to make teaching a business. We shall not, however, be troubled with them much longer. Our Normal school will soon make the supply of well qualified teachers in some degree commensurate with the demand. Labor is well paid. Schooling is cheap. With diligence and determination the poorest may be the wisest.

Visitations.—The number of visits, by Mr. Elliott and myself, is greater than the number of schools in the county; but on account of the hasty change in the middle of the school year, some were visited twice, and others not at all. It is to be regretted that any should have been omitted; for when a school is not visited, it has lost the most valuable part of the Superintendent's labor. I realized this in my recent visits more than ever before. I found many pupils in schools which I had visited seven years before, remembering almost everything I then did and said. What an opportunity to plant in these receptive minds, seed truths, which shall by and by spring up and bring forth a bountiful harvest!

Some time in [illegible] I visited the schools of the county, I [illegible] the names of over six thousand pupils, marking the degree of their advancement in each branch which they studied. In my visitations I have carried this book with me, and when about to leave the school called the names of those former pupils, asking those present to tell what had become of them.—This was intensely interesting to the scholars as well as to myself. I elicited some very curious and instructive statistics. Of three thousand five hundred and fifty-four male and female pupils, whose names I thus called, five hundred and fifty-nine had been in the army, about one-sixth of all, or one-third of the males, or two out of three who were old enough to go. Of the five hundred and fifty-nine who went to the army, one hundred and twenty-eight only are dead, or about one in five; few in proportion to the number, but enough to bring sorrow and weeping into nearly every school I visited. These noble boys are embalmed in the memories of their kind and loving school mates. Of the two thousand nine hundred and ninety-five remaining at home, one hundred and thirty-two are dead, or only one in twenty-three. Thus we see the risk of losing one's life in the army was about five fold greater than remaining at home. Of the three thousand five hundred and fifty-four, five hundred and fifty-nine are married. The pupils have become the parents.

How soon the results of school training affect the character of the citizen and the State. The truths taught in the schools only seven years ago, are now being acted upon, and in many instances voted upon, by multitudes.

Of the three thousand five hundred and fifty-four, only five hundred and seventy-one are now attending school. The answers given for others were various. Of many it was said, "living at home;" of some, "at work out;" again of others, "ran away from the draft," "deserted," "gone to Canada," &c. I noticed one bright little boy weeping bitterly, while I was calling the roll, and after school I inquired of the teacher the cause. He said one of the names belonged to his brother, and he had fled the draft, and this boy, a younger brother, was weeping for shame. He feared that some one would tell. How different these tears from those wept over the grave of the fallen hero, who has nobly died in the defence of his country.

Remarks.—I do not suppose the duties of this office have been performed with as much profit to the county as they would have been, had Mr. Elliott served his whole term. No man could step into his tracks, without a moment's notice, and carry out his plans as effectually as he would have done. He felt it his duty, in the dark days of the republic, to hasten to its defence, to see to it that we had a country wherein common schools were possible. I do not regret that he and thousands like him responded to their country's call, but I do regret that the schools should have suffered thereby.

The Cincinnati *Commercial* states that in 1843, when Henry Clay was in that city on his way to an ox-roast in Dayton, he was called out at his hotel by a crowd and said:

"My fellow citizens, for many years my mouth has been like a public hydrant, pouring out for the people, and I have now concluded to turn the cock."

Upon which he retired. The *Commercial*, which is a Conservative sheet, pertinently adds:

"If we could reach the ear of the President, we would beg him to follow the example of Henry Clay, and for once 'turn the cock.'"

THE MARKED MONEY.

A STORY OF LOVE AND LAW.

John Gordon kept the "Village Tavern." Gordon was a hard-headed, stout-bodied, red-faced, jolly, humorous Scotsman. He was liberal, with an eye to the main chance. He was proud of his position as landlord, proud that his house should be known and spoken of in the great city of London, and particularly proud that so many connoisseurs tho't it well worth their while to drive out to the "Village Tavern," that they might drink Gordon's inimitable punch, made from the peculiar whiskey of which the landlord had *trace from the moment it* came from the still, just close by the foot of Ben Nevis, to the hour it went gurgling down the drinker's throat.

Of all these things was John Gordon proud. This was the pride of his profession. But there was one thing more of which he was proud, and to which all other things were but as accessories. This was his daughter Letty. Letty Gordon was the landlord's only child. He had married an English wife, and ten years after this marriage there came to John Gordon this one child. On the day that little Letty could count eight years, Mrs. Letty Gordon, senior, was called to another and a better world, leaving little Letty heiress of all the goods, chattels and real estate of which she died possessed, the last item being "The Village Tavern," with its furniture and belongings; a comfortable little setting out, which, with true Scottish thrift, her good father had settled upon her the day she was married, and from which John Gordon had garnered some solid wealth, which lay stretched out in various farms in the country around.

Letty Gordon had great blue eyes, very blue, very large, and sparkling with suppressed mischief. Letty Gordon had light brown hair, that danced about her head, laughing all combs to scorn, and almost repudiating a ribbon. She had the whitest skin, and the whitest teeth, and the—oh! this sounds too much like an auctioneer's summary.—I shall end it by saying that she was just the merriest, sweetest, and most enticing little fairy I have ever seen, and I am not alone in so believing. There were a few of the favored guests of "The Village Tavern" who could occasionally see Letty Gordon; but to the mass, who came and went like shadows, Letty was herself a shadow. They had heard of the landlord's beautiful daughter; once in a long while, some one more fortunate than the rest, would catch a glimpse of the little maiden; but from whence she came, or whither she went, the glimpser could never tell. They drank the health quietly of the mysterious beauty of whom they heard so much, of whom they knew that she breathed the same atmosphere as themselves, and yet to them was a sealed book.

This was the treasure that John Gordon watched and guarded—she who, already an heiress in her own right, was to inherit all the acres that he had been adding year by year from the overflow of the Village Tavern." Letty was not only the [illegible] groups who came from the city, but she was the ambition of every rustic beau, who looked with covetous eyes upon the fair face and the broad acres of the landlord's daughter. They looked, but they looked in vain; for John Gordon had long resolved that whoever came wooing to his Letty, should be no common man, but should out-double her in wealth.

Letty Gordon was not the only fair attraction that brought the gallants to "The Village Tavern." There was another bright face, another comely shape, in the person of Martha Field. Martha and Letty were of an age—both eighteen. Martha was an orphan, and had been taken when a child by the late Mrs. Letty Gordon to "care for."—Martha was the right hand of "The Village Tavern;" she was here, there, and everywhere, as John Gordon expressed it. If extra company came, and aid was wanted in the kitchen, Martha was able and willing. Whether Martha's hand was wanted in the bedrooms, in the parlors to wait on the guests, or to attend in the bar, it was always the same—she was there. Whatever she did was well done. Many a smart farmer's son, who came as suitor to the mistress, made a desperate effort to amend the hopelessness of the case by falling in love with the maid, only to find out that his fate was the same in either quarter.

Martha Field had already disposed of the little beating heart that lay beneath her trim, well-fitting bodice. She had given it, subject to certain conditions, into the keeping of David Bigelow, a smart and promising carpenter, who, by some special art lurking under his tongue, had managed to secure the little girl to himself, in the face of the most startling opposition. Under these circumstances, there can be no wonder that Martha should be given to reading romances, and sympathizing generally with lovers, particularly with those in distress.

There were some who said that when Martha Field married, John Gordon would come down "warm" with a trifle for the couple to start with; but those who knew the landlord better, declared that as long as life was in John Gordon's body he would not part with a pound of all he had so carefully hoarded, and now so strictly watched. In proof of this, they pointed to Letty and Martha, upon whom he never lavished a penny, putting off their desires for showy dress, so inherent in the sex, by telling them that their faces would make their fortunes without ribbons and silk.

This was John Gordon's household, save only Aunt Judy, who reigned supreme in the kitchen department. 'One bright day in June, when the leaves fluttered with more than ordinary gladness, and the sun glanced over the waters of the river, lending its light to the clear, gravelly bottom, till it showed the lazy fish in their very homes, the Patterson stage rattled through the village, and dropped one passenger at "The Village Tavern." He was a tall, dark complexioned man, somewhere about thirty, with a quiet, assured manner, that told the crowd of idlers who stood always ready to stare at the stage passengers, if they were capable of receiving any impression, that the new comer was not one easily stared down, and well accustomed to all the attentions that could be thrust upon him.

He told John Gordon, who stood ready to receive him, that his name was Philip Conger, and his intention was to spend a week with him, and to try his hand at the fish. John was pleased at the announcement, and told his guest so; more pleased, as he noticed that the young man's luggage bespoke that money was plentiful; and still more pleased when he found that his liberal orders did full justice to his looks. Philip Conger fished until the venerable old trout and pickerel trembled in their watery beds. He shot with such success that he awakened the jealousy of the stereotyped sportsmen of the place. He walked, he rode, and drove, and so the week passed away, and yet he remained a guest of "The Village Tavern."

Another week, and Philip Conger was still there; but he no longer fished, no longer hunted, his walks and rides were shorter, and the house had more attraction. In a few words, he had seen Letty Gordon, and spoke with her, and from that moment all things that carried him away from where he could feel that she was near, had lost their charm.—And stranger still than this, Letty, who had been so invisible to all other eyes, now went flitting uneasily about the house. If Philip sat upon the settle, there were large chances but he would see her within the hour. If he walked roamingly about the garden, Letty had a boquet to make up, some berries to pick, or something to do which he always could take a hand in. Those about the village who always see everything, told John Gordon occasionally that Letty was at that moment under the charge of the stranger, being paddled leisurely along the river bank in a skiff, or had been seen at some past time walking with the stranger in some near lane, or sitting in some half-secluded place, earnestly talking. They could see that the landlord's face grew dark, whenever such intelligence was brought him, and those who were most about the house could observe that he no longer treated his guest with the same attention as formerly; there was a lack of that welcome and greeting that John Gordon had always for well-paying guests; and then the gossips foretold a storm. They said that when John Gordon's face darkened, there would be lightning flashes which would strike somewhere. There were other signs besides these foretelling this storm. Letty was seen once, twice, perhaps three times, in tears, and Martha Field had been heard openly to declare all fathers tyrants.

One day John Gordon, with a redder face than usual, and quicker step, went from bar to stable, from parlor to cellar. Something there was in the wind more than common. The busy-bodies looked around and abroad for the cause, and were not long in finding out. There, almost opposite the house, and in full view, lay the little skiff fast at anchor, while Philip Conger, with Letty Gordon as his pupil, was back at his old employment of fishing. Now they said the long gathering storm would burst; but they were to be wofully mistaken when they believed it would break with violence over the head of Philip Conger.

In their own good time the couple came back; they were too happy to hasten much; and then John Gordon, with his vials of wrath all charged, sought Philip. For an hour they were together in the room of Philip; but those who listened for the thunder of the storm heard nothing. There was only the time and sound of the two voices, sometimes as instinctively [illegible] the other. The mesmerism was that held the usually violent man, was a mystery; but at the end of the hour John Gordon came forth, pale and silent, and in another hour Philip Conger had turned his back on "The Village Tavern," never to be its guest again.

It was for his daughter all his harshness was reserved; and poor Letty had now not only to bear with her father's dark looks and stern words, but, what was worse, with a curtailment of her liberty. How she would have borne this it would be hard to tell, but that Martha had brought to her a letter from Philip, written within that hour before he left the house, filled with his promises of love, and his declarations that he would not depart from the vicinity, and would find means to communicate with her. How well these declarations were kept she knew the next day, when Martha brought her intelligence that Philip Conger was within a mile, having found quarters at a farm house scarcely that distance away, on the opposite side of the river. It may be held as a certainty that John Gordon was not long in knowing this; and further, he knew that many days would not elapse ere the lovers would find means of correspondence. Nor was John Gordon wrong in this.—To Martha Field Letty had confided everything, and Martha was now the Mercury that managed, if she did not carry the correspondence between Letty Gordon and Philip Conger; and David Bigelow, the worker, at the bidding of Martha, performed the postman. Without actually knowing this, John Gordon suspected, and with him suspicion generated active measures. David Bigelow was at once forbidden the house, and the full weight of his displeasure rained down upon the head of Martha.

For weeks things remained in this uncertain state. Whatever measures John Gordon intended to take, were locked within his own breast. There was a mystery in progress, through which none could fathom, and to which Betty Gordon lent her ear seriously and tremblingly, when Martha Field brought her the gossip she had heard stirring. John Gordon had been known to have several private interviews with the village constable, old Brown. The old man had been seen lurking around the village suspiciously, as if smelling out some trouble. He spent a great deal of time at the tavern in talks with the landlord, or sitting watching every body and everything under his lowered brows. The gossips were busy again. They declared that between John Gordon and old Brown there was something that would bring trouble to Philip Conger or David Bigelow. They had heard the landlord declare his intention of driving them both out of the village, and of turning Martha Field into the road to seek a home where she could.

Perhaps he would not go so far; but every one who knew John Gordon, knew that he would not stop half way in his efforts to reach any end upon which he started. Of late he had talked much about ingratitude—about those he had fed turning from him—about conspiracy—about nursing vipers in his bosom, that turned and stung him; and for a long time these pickers up of unconsidered domestic trifles were divided in opinion as to whether the old man made allusion to his daughter or to Martha Field. They were soon satisfied, when they perceived that he ceased to speak to Martha, unless forced by necessity to do so, and then only with an expression that betrayed his unwillingness. Martha laughed at the threats of John Gordon to expel her from his house. She knew that she was essential to the success of "The Village Tavern," and that if its landlord did not understand when he had a good and faithful servitor, she knew enough that would, and to these she would go. Martha Field set him at defiance, and still continued, with the aid of David Bigelow, to carry the letters of the lovers.

It was one evening in the early autumn, following a day that John Gordon and old Brown had been engaged in numberless consultations. The plot seemed to thicken, and those who had been peering about until they knew more of the matter than the actors themselves, said that it was near its catastrophe.

The habitual redness had deserted John Gordon's face; it was pale instead—very pale for John Gordon. He stepped more quickly that night than was his custom from the bar to the parlor, and so up stairs to where Letty and Martha sat. Those who spoke of it afterwards, said that many things passed that evening that were strange, but were not thought of in that way until the next day. They said that soon after dark a rower in a skiff, looking very like the one Philip Conger was sometimes seen in, came slowly up the river, and lay for some minutes under the great willow that grew at the foot of the garden; and one of these gossips, living on the opposite side, says he saw this single rower leave his skiff, and stand under the willow, where in a few moments he was joined by one in a light dress; that they stood together for a short space, and parted—the skiff and its single rower returning the same way that it came.

Another equally as veritable, two hours later saw a carriage and horses, entirely unknown in that part of the country, traveling at great speed on the road towards London, and declared this carriage to contain a lady and gentleman, who, with corroborating circumstances, were believed to be Philip Conger and Letty Gordon.

Those who were nearer home saw that same evening a cart drawn up in front of "The Village Tavern," with old constable Brown as its driver. They saw him and John Gordon go together to the vacant parlor, where, after a talk, Martha Field was sent for. Within a few minutes the more inquiring, who pressed out of the bar room for that purpose, saw Martha Field, John Gordon and old Brown drive away together from "The Village Tavern;" Martha without bonnet or shawl, and with a calm, scornful look; John Gordon with white face, and pale, tight shut lips; and old Brown with a complacent expression of face, that would leave the impression with all who did not know him, that he had just performed one of the most benevolent and praiseworthy of actions.

The next day the village was startled from its sleep with the intelligence that Philip Conger had carried away Letty Gordon, and they were believed to be in London; that Martha Field, at almost the same moment that the runaway couple were commencing their flight, had been arrested on a charge of stealing money at various times from John Gordon, and was now in the county jail, [illegible] to confess; that [illegible] ced to her by a plan of John Gordon and old Brown, the different coins having been marked to lead to detection, and spent by Martha Field at different places in the village; and that John Gordon, upon his return from the squire's where Martha was committed, and finding that Letty had fled, started in pursuit, and was brought in half an hour afterwards with a broken arm, having been thrown from his cart.

This was news indeed for the gossips, and great capital they made of it. The stories that flew from mouth to mouth did not lose in telling. Some had it that Martha had robbed John Gordon of many hundreds of pounds, in revenge for his refusal to bestow a marriage portion on herself and David Bigelow;—others, that Martha was thrown into prison by the landlord in revenge for assisting Letty in a marriage that would surely throw him out of the tavern stand. These cried shame, and asked each other if John Gordon was not rich enough to give Letty her little property, and if he was not old enough to give up to younger men. It was strange then how many had seen and foretold all these things to themselves long ago; how many knew it would be so, and were not surprised in the least; and how many were ready with the charitable hope that it would be a lesson to John Gordon, and lead him to see that there was an instability in wealth, and nothing really true but their advice.

A week rolled by, and John Gordon left his room, with his broken limb, in splints, hanging by a sling. He had altered, people said, in that week, to be at least ten years older. His face was drawn and haggard, and the rosy, healthy hue had gone out of his cheeks.—His eyes were dim, and there was no loud hearty laugh ringing through the house as in the old days. The loungers and gossips watched the old man as he went vacantly about the place, with something like awe. They watched him as he was confronted in his own bar, that spot which one short week before was his stronghold, by another face as pale and haggard as his own, who asked for justice on behalf of Martha Field, and was refused.

Then this man, who was none other than David Bigelow, stood up before the landlord and the curious crowd, and told how Martha Field was guiltless, and that John Gordon knew it, when in his base anger and desire to remove the means of communication between his daughter and Philip Conger, he sent an innocent girl, who should have been as dear to him as his own child, to a criminal prison.

John Gordon trembled with the rage he was obliged to suppress, and David Bigelow went on. Yes! he knew that the money which he had marked as a trap was taken by his daughter Letty, as she had a perfect right to do; for, was not the house and all within it—aye, and all its profits, even to the last penny, even the lands he had bought with those profits—hers? Yes; and he, John Gordon, knew this, and more. He knew that Letty Gordon had taken this money as she would take any other thing that was her own, and had given it to Martha Field to purchase such articles as her father wrongfully denied her—paper, pens and ink, that she might write to the man to whom she had betrothed herself, and such things as were necessary to have when she fled from the home where she was a prisoner.

This he said, and more. That Martha Field had refused to say anything on the night of her arrest, knowing that Letty would step forward for her protection at the proper time; that it was