The Tioga County Agitator
is Published every Wednesday Morning, at $2,00 a year, invariably in advance, by
COBB & VAN GELDER.
[E. E. COBB.] [P. C. VAN GELDER.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 mo.	3 mo.	6 mo.	9 mo.	1 yr
1 Square	$2,00	5,00	7,00	10,00	12,00
2 Squares	3,50	8,00	12,00	15,00	18,00
1-4 Column.....	7,00	10,00	15,00	20,00	25,00
1-2 Column.....	12,00	20,00	30,00	38,00	45,00
1 Column	20,00	35,00	45,00	65,00	80,00

1 Square 1 inser'n $1,00—50 cts. each week thereafter. Administrators and Executors Notices $2,00 each. Business Cards of five lines $5,00 per year.

Tioga County Agitator.

VOL. XIII. WELLSBORO, PA., OCTOBER 10, 1866. NO. 41.

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 o 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.

W. A. NICHOLS. 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.

A. P. 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

IZAAK WALTON HOUSE,
Gaines, Tioga County, Pa.
E. 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 for 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 hospitalities 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 & McSherry, 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. BEACON, 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 boarding 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 PICTURE GALLERY.—
FRANK SPENCER
has the pleasure to inform the citizens of Tioga county that he has completed his
NEW PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY,
and is on hand to take all kinds of Sun Pictures, such as Ambrotypes, Ferrotypes, Vignettes, Cartes de Visite, the Surprise and Eureka Pictures; also particular attention paid to copying and enlarging Pictures. Instructions given in the Art on reasonable terms. Elmira St., Mansfield, Oct. 1, 1866.

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 B. 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, 1866-1y.

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 unrivalled 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.

Now Shaving and Hair-Dressing Saloon.
THE subscribers take pleasure in announcing to the people of Wellsboro and vicinity that they have located at 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, curls, etc. curls kept on hand, or made to order.
R. W. DONSEY. J. JOHNSON.
April 25, 1866-1y

C. F. SWAN,
AGENT for the Lycoming County Insurance Company, at Tioga, Pa.
June 5, 1866.-3m*

FARR'S HOTEL,
TIOGA, TIOGA COUNTY, PA.,
Good stabling, attached, and an attentive hostler always in attendance.
E. S. FARR, ... Proprietor.

UNION HOUSE.
[Formerly Hart's Hotel.]
MINOR WATKINS, Proprietor. This house is situated on Main Street, in Wellsboro, and is surrounded with beautiful shade trees, and has all the necessary accommodations for man and beast.—aug. 22, 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 10 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.

THE THIRD LOT
OF
New Spring Goods,
JUST RECEIVED AT
VAN NAME & WICKHAM'S,
TIOGA, PA.
WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED A NEW and well selected stock of goods, which we are selling very
LOW FOR CASH OR READY PAY.
Good yard wide sheeting for ..... 20cts.
Heavy yard wide sheeting for ..... 25 "
Delaines, ... 25 "
Standard prints from ..... 14 to 20 "
OTHER GOODS IN PROPORTION.
We also keep constantly on hand a choice stock of
GROCERIES, FLOUR, PORK, &c.,
At very low figures. May 30, 1866.

TO SOLDIERS.
ALL persons having knowledge of facts concerning killed and wounded soldiers from Tioga county, are respectfully requested to furnish Col. M. L. Clark, of Mansfield, Pa., with the following statistics:
Names of soldiers, place of residence, date of enlistment and muster into the United States service, letter company, number of regiment; when wounded, and what engagement, date and place of death, and cause same.
M. L. CLARK
L. D. SEELY,
J. H. SHAW,
W. D. MATTESON,
THOS. J. DAVIES,
Committee on Statistics.
August 1, 1866.

NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given, that Robert Custard, Senior, has been placed in charge of tract No. 1590, and those parts of tract No. 1589, in the vicinity of Babb's creek, belonging to the heirs of Luke W. Morris; and all persons are forbid trespassing thereon, under penalty of prosecution.
BELISTON P. MORRIS,
805 Market st., Philadelphia.
July 4, 1866.-6m

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, tightest, easiest, and best Truss known. Send for pamphlet.
I. B. SEELEY, Sole Proprietor,
ap11 66 1847 Chesnut st., Phila'a, Pa.

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.

KING'S PORTABLE LEMONADE is the only preparation of the kind made from the fruit. As an article of economy, purity, and deliciousness, it cannot be surpassed, and is recommended by physicians for invalids and family use. It will keep for years in any climate, while its condensed form renders it especially convenient for travelers. All who use lemons are requested to give it a trial. Entertainments at home, parties, and picnics should not be without it. For sale by all Druggists and first-class Grocers Manufactured only by
LOUIS F. METZGER,
Jan. 1, 1866-1y. No. 549 Pearl St., N. Y.

POLLAK & SON, Meerschaum manufacturers, 642 Broadway, near Fourth street, N. Y. Wholesale and retail at reduced rates. Pipes and Holders cut to order and repaired. All goods warranted genuine. Send stamp for circular.—Pipes $6 to $30 each. apl1-'66

NICHOLS' PERUVIAN BARK & PROTOXIDE OF IRON, for sale by
[Jan. 31, '66.] BORDEN BRO'S., Tioga.

KEROSINE LAMPS at
ROY'S DRUG STORE.

JOB-WORK, IN THE BEST STYLE, and with despatch, at THE AGITATOR Office.

GOLD received on deposite, for which certificates will be issued, bearing interest in gold.
E. W. CLARK & CO, Bankers,
No 35 south Third street, Phila.

FRUIT JARS—3 SIZES, BEST and latest patent, for canning and preserving—no wax or rosin required—at
P. R. WILLIAMS'S.
June 27, '66.

LINES OF TRAVEL.

ERIE RAILWAY.

On and after Monday, July 19, 1866, trains will leave Corning at the following hours:

WESTWARD BOUND.

7:05 a m Night Express, Mondays excepted, for Rochester, Buffalo, Salamanca, and Dunkirk, making direct connection with trains of the Atlantic & Great Western, Lake Shore, and Grand Trunk Railways, for all points West.
7:23 a. m., Lightning Express, Daily, for Rochester Buffalo, Salamanca, Dunkirk and the West.
10:23 a. m., Mail Train, Sundays excepted, for Buffalo and Dunkirk.
5:05 p. m., Emigrant train, Daily, for the West.
6:45 p. m. Day Express, Sundays excepted, for Rochester, Buffalo, Salamanca and the West, connecting at Salamanca with the Atlantic & G. W. Railway, and at Buffalo with the Lake Shore and Grand Trunk Railways for points west and south.
12:23 a. m., Express Mail, Sundays excepted, for Buffalo, Salamanca, and Dunkirk, connecting with trains for the West.

EASTWARD BOUND.

3:44 a. m., Cincinnati Express, Mondays excepted, connecting at Elmira for Harrisburg, Philadelphia, and South; at Owego for Ithaca; at Binghamton for Syracuse; at Great Bend for Scranton and Philadelphia; at Lackawaxen for Hawley, and at Graycourt for Newburg and Warwick.
10:34 a. m., Day Express, Sundays excepted, connecting at Great Bend for Scranton, Philadelphia, and South.
4:15 p. m., New York and Baltimore Mail, Sundays excepted, connecting at Elmira for Harrisburgh, Philadelphia, and South.
7:10 p. m., Lightning Express, Sundays excepted.
12:12 a. m., Night Express, Daily, connecting at Graycourt for Warwick.
12:25 p. m. way Freight, Sundays excepted.

WM. R. BARR, Gen'l Pass. Agent. H. RIDDLE, Gen'l Sup't.

Blossburg & Corning, & Tioga R. R.

Leave Corning.		Arrive.	
Mail,	8 00 a m	Mail,	5 15 p m
Accommodation,	5 30 p m	Accommodation,	10 15 a m

L. H. SHATTUCK, Sup't.

Philadelphia & Erie R. R.

Trains will arr. and depart at Williamsport as follows:

Eastward		Westward	
Erie Mail Train	9 55 p m	Erie Mail Train	7 20 a m
E. Express Train	4 20 a m	Erie Ex'ss Train	9 00 p m
Elmira Mail Train	8 45 a m	Elmira Mail Train	6 50 p m

A. L. TYLER, Gen'l Sup't.

Elmira & Williamsport R. R.

Trains will Arrive and Depart from Troy as follows

Moving South.		Moving North.	
Express,	6:45 P M	Express,	10:23 P M
Mail,	5:58 A M	Mail,	9:38 P M
Way Freight,	8:38 A M	Way Freight,	4: P M
Coal Train,	9:18 A M	Coal Train,	4:25 P M

Troy, May 16, 1865. D. S. STOVER, Sup't.

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

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. Erwin. [feb31-6ly

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.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.—J. B. Shakspear, dealer in Decker & Brother and Haines & Brothers pianos, Mason & Hamlin cabinet organs, Trent, Linsey & Co. melodeons, and the B. Shoninger melodeons. Room over J. R. Bowen's store. Sept. 12, 1866.

Select Poetry.

IF YOU SHOULD E'ER GET MARRIED.

If you should e'er get married, John,
I'll tell you what to do—
Go get a little tenement,
Just big enough for two!
And one spare room for company,
And one spare bed within it—
And if you'd begin life aright,
You'd better thus begin it.

In furniture be moderate, John,
And let the stuffed chairs wait;
One looking glass will do for both
Yourself and loving mate;
And Brussels too, and other things,
Which make a fine appearance,
If you can better afford it, they
Will better look a year hence.
Some think they must have pictures, John,
Superb and costly, too;
Your wife will be a picture, John—
Let that suffice for you.
Remember how the wise man said—
A tent and love within it,
Is better than a splendid house,
With bickerings every minute.

And one word as to cooking, John—
Your wife can do that best;
For love to make the biscuit rise,
Is better far than yeast.
No matter if each day you don't
Bring turkey to your table,
'Twill better relish by and by,
When you are better able.

For all you buy pay money, John—
Money that very day—
If you would have your life run smooth,
There is no better way.
A note to pay is an ugly thing,
(If, the thing you choose to call it,)
When it hangs over a man who has
No money in his wallet.

And now, when you are married, John,
Don't try to ape the rich;
It took them many a toilsome year
To gain their envied niche.
And if you gain the summit, John,
Look well to your beginning,
And then will all you win repay
The care and toil of winning.

Miscellaneous.

The Man that Killed his Neighbors.

BY L. MARIA CHILD.

It is curious to see how a man's spiritual state reflects itself in the people and animals around him; nay, in the very garments, trees and stones.

Reuben Black was always an infestation in the neighborhood where he resided. The very sight of him produced effects similar to the Hindoo magical tune called Rague, which is said to bring on clouds, storms and earthquakes. His wife seemed lean, sharp and uncomfortable. The heads of his boys had a bristling aspect, as if each individual hair stood on end with perpetual fear. The cows poked out their horns horizontally as soon as he opened the barnyard gate. The dog dropped his tail between his legs, and eyed him askance, to see what humor he was in. The cat looked wild and scraggy, and has been known to rush straight up the chimney when he moved toward her. Fanny Kemble's expressive description of the Pennsylvania stage horses was exactly suited to Reuben's poor old nag. "His hide resembled an old hair trunk." Continual whipping and kicking had made him such a stoic, that no amount of blows could quicken his pace, and no chirruping could change the dejected drooping of his head. All his natural language said as plain as a horse could say it, that he was a most unhappy beast.

Even the trees on Reuben's premises had a gnarled and knotted appearance. The bark wept little sickly tears of gum, and the branches grew awry, as if they felt the continual discord, and made sorry faces at each other behind their owner's back. His fields were red with sorrel, or run over with mullein. Everything around seemed sour as his own visage. Every day he cursed the town and neighborhood, because they poisoned his dogs, and stoned his hens, and shot his cats. Continual lawsuits involved him in so much expense that he had neither time nor money to spend on the improvement of his farm.

Against Joe Smith, a poor laborer in the neighborhood, he had brought three suits in succession. Joe said he had returned a spade he borrowed, and Reuben swore he had not. He sued Joe, and recovered damages, for which he ordered the sheriff to seize his pig. Joe, in his wrath, called him a swindler and a curse to the neighborhood. These remarks were soon repeated to Reuben. He brought an action for slander, and recovered twenty-five cents. Provoked at the laugh this occasioned, he watched for Joe to pass by, and set the big dog upon him, screaming furiously, "Call me an old swindler again, will you?"

An evil spirit is more contagious than the plague. Joe went home and scolded his wife, and boxed little Joe's ears, and kicked the cat; and not one of them knew what it was for. A fortnight after Reuben's big dog was dead by poison. Whereupon he brought another action against Joe Smith, and not being able to prove him guilty of the charge of dog-murder, he took his revenge by poisoning a pet lamb belonging to Mrs. Smith.

Thus the bad game went on, with mutual worriment and loss. Joe's temper grew more and more vindictive, and the love of talking over his troubles at the grog shop increased upon him. Poor Mrs. Smith cried, and said it was all owing to Reuben Black; for a better hearted man never lived than her Joe, when she first married him.

Such was the state of things when Simeon Green purchased the farm adjoining Reuben's. The estate had been much neglected, and had caught thistles and mullein from the neighboring fields. But Simeon was a diligent man, blessed by nature with a healthy organization and a genial temperament, and a wise and kind education had aided nature in the perfection of her goodly work. His provident industry soon changed the aspect of things on the farm. River muck, autumn leaves, old shoes and old bones, were put into requisition to assist in the production of use and beauty. The trees, with branches pruned, and bark scraped, free from moss and insects, soon looked clean and vigorous. Fields of grain waved where weeds had rioted. Persian lilacs bowed gracefully over the simple gateway. Michigan roses covered half the house with their abundant clusters. Even the rough rock which formed the doorstep, was edged with golden moss. The sleek horse, feeding in clover, tossed his mane and neighed when his master came near, as much as to say, "The world is all the pleasanter for having Simeon Green."

The old cow, fondling her calf under the great walnut tree, walked up to him with serious face, asking for the slice of sugar beet he was wont to give her.—Chanticleer, strutting about with his troop of plump hens and downy little chickens, took no trouble to keep out of his way, but flapped his glossy wings and crowed a welcome in his very face. When Simeon turned his steps homeward, the boys threw up their caps and ran out, shouting, "Father's coming!" and little Mary went toddling up to him, with a dandelion blossom to put in his buttonhole. His wife was a woman of few words, but she sometimes said to her neighbors, with a quiet kind of satisfaction, "Everybody loves my husband that knows him; they cannot help it."

Simeon Green's acquaintance knew that he never was engaged in a lawsuit in his life; but they predicted that he would find it impossible to avoid it now. They told him his next neighbor was determined to quarrel with people whether they would or not; that he was like John Lilburne, of whom Judge Jenkins said, "If the world was emptied of every person but himself, Lilburne would still quarrel with John, and John with Lilburne."

"Is that his character?" said Simeon. "If he exercises it upon me, I will soon kill him."

In every neighborhood there are individuals who like to foment disputes, not from any definite intention of malice or mischief, but merely because it makes a little ripple of excitement in the dull stream of life, a contest between dogs or gamecocks. Such people were not slow in repeating Simeon Green's remark about his wrangling neighbor.

"Kill *me!* will he?" exclaimed Reuben. He said no more; but his tightly compressed mouth had such a significant expression, that his dog dodged him as he would the track of a tiger.—That very night Reuben turned his horse into the highway, in hopes he would commit some depredation upon neighbor Green's premises. But Joe Smith, seeing the animal at large, let down the bars of Reuben's own cornfield, and the poor beast went in, and feasted as he had not done for many a year. It would have been a great satisfaction to Reuben if he could have bro't a lawsuit against his horse; but as it was, he was obliged to content himself with beating him.

His next exploit was to shoot Mary Green's handsome chanticleer, because he stood on the stone wall and crowed, in ignorant joy of his heart, two inches beyond the frontier line that bounded the contiguous farms. Simeon said he was sorry, because his wife and children liked the pretty creature; but otherwise it was no great matter. He had been intending to build a poultry yard, with a good high fence, that his hens might not annoy his neighbors and now he was admonished to make haste to do it. He would build them a snug, warm house, to roost in; they should have plenty of gravel and oats, and room to promenade back and forth, and cackle to their hearts' content; there they could enjoy themselves, and be out of harm's way.

But Reuben Black had a degree of ingenuity and perseverance which might have produced great results for mankind, had those qualities been devoted to some more noble purposes than provoking quarrels. A pear tree in his garden very improperly stretched over a friendly arm into Simeon Green's premises. Whether the sunny state of things there had a cheering effect on the tree, I know not; but it happened that this over-hanging bough bore more abundant fruit, and glowed with a richer hue than the other boughs.

One day, little George Green, as he went whistling along, picked up a pear that had fallen into his father's garden. The instant he touched it, he felt something on the back of his neck, like the sting of a wasp. It was Reuben Black's whip, followed by such a storm of angry words, that the poor child rushed into the house in terror. But this experiment failed also. The boy was soothed by his mother, and told not to go near the pear tree again; and there the matter ended.

This imperturbable good nature vexed Reuben more than all the tricks and taunts he met from others. Evil efforts he could understand, and repay with compound interest, but he did not know what to make of this perpetual forbearance. It seemed to him there must be something contemptuous in it. He disliked Simeon Green more than all the rest of the town put together, because he made him feel so uncomfortably in the wrong, and did not afford him the slightest pretext for complaint. It was annoying to see everything in his neighbor's domains looking so happy, and presenting such a bright contrast to the forlornness of his own.—When their wagons passed each other on the road, it seemed as if Simeon's horse tossed his head higher, and flung out his mane as if he knew he was going by Reuben Black's old nag. He often said he supposed Green covered his house with roses and honeysuckles on purpose to shame *his* bare walls.—But he didn't care—not he! He wasn't going to be fool enough to rot *his* boards with such stuff.

Green never resented his disparaging remarks, or sought to provoke him in any way. The roses smiled, the horse neighed, and the calf capered; but none of them had the least idea they were insulting Reuben Black. Even the dog had no malice in his heart, although he did one night chase home his geese and bark at them through the bars. Reuben told his master the next day; he swore he would bring an action against him if he didn't keep that dog at home; and Simeon answered very quietly that he would try to take better care of him. For several days a close watch was kept, in hopes Towzer would worry the geese again; but they paced home undisturbed, and not a solitary bow-wow furnished excuse for a lawsuit.

The new neighbors not only declined quarreling, but occasionally made advances toward a friendly relation. Simeon's wife sent Mrs. Black a large basket full of cherries. Pleased with the unexpected attention, she cordially replied, "Tell your mother it was very kind of her, and I am obliged to her." Reuben, who sat smoking in the chimney corner, listened to this message without any manifestation of impatience, except whiffling the smoke thro' his pipe a little faster and fiercer than usual. But when the boy was going out of the door, and the words were repeated, he exclaimed, "Don't make a fool of yourself, Peg. They want to give us a hint to send us a basket of our pears; that's the upshot of the business. You may send 'em a basket when they are ripe; for I scorn to be under obligations, especially to your smooth-tongued folks. Poor Peggy, whose arid life had been for a moment refreshed with a little dew of kindness, admitted distrust into her bosom, and the halo that radiated around the ripe, glowing cherries, departed.

Not long after this advance toward good neighborhood, some laborers employed by Simeon Green, passing over a bit of marshy ground with a heavy team, stuck fast in a bog occasioned by long continued rain. The poor oxen were unable to extricate themselves, and Simeon ventured to ask assistance from his waspish neighbor, who was working at a short distance. Reuben replied gruffily, "I've got enough to do to attend to my own business." The civil request that he might be allowed to use his oxen and chains for a few moments, being answered in the same surly tone, Simeon silently walked off, in search of some more obliging neighbor.

The men who were waiting with the patient, suffering oxen, scolded about Reuben's ill-nature, and said that they hoped he would get stuck in the same bog himself. Their employer rejoined, "If he does, we will do our duty and help him out."

"There is such a thing as being *too* good-natured," said they. "If Reuben Black takes the notion that people are afraid of him, it makes him trample on them worse than ever."

It chanced, soon after, that Reuben's team did stick fast in the same bog, as the workmen had wished. Simeon observed it from a neighboring field, and gave direction that the oxen and chains should immediately be conveyed to his assistance. The men laughed, shook their heads, and said it was good enough for the old hornet. They however proceeded cheerfully to do as their employer had requested.

"You are in a bad situation, neighbor," said Simeon, as he came alongside of the foundered team. But my men are coming with two yoke of oxen, and I think we shall soon manage to help you out."

"You may take your oxen back again," replied Reuben; I don't want any of your help."

In a very friendly tone Simeon answered, "I cannot consent to do that; evening is coming on, and you have very little time to lose. It is a bad job at any time, but it will be worse in the dark."

"Light or dark, I don't ask *your* help," replied Reuben, emphatically. "I wouldn't help you out of the bog the other day when you asked *me*."

"The trouble I had in relieving my poor oxen teaches me to sympathize with others in the same situation," answered Simeon. "Don't waste words about it, neighbor. It is impossible for me to go home and leave you here in the bog, and night coming on."

The team was soon drawn out, and Simeon and his men went away without waiting for thanks.

When Reuben went home that night, he was unusually silent and thoughtful. After smoking awhile in deep contemplation, he gently knocked the ashes from his pipe, and said, with a sigh—"Peg, Simeon Green *has* killed me!"

"What do you mean?" said his wife, dropping her knitting with a look of surprise.

"You know when he first came into this neighborhood he said he'd kill me," replied Reuben, "and he has done it.—The other day he asked me to help him draw his team out of the bog, and I told him I had enough to do to attend to my own business. To-day my team stuck fast in the same bog, and he came with two yoke of oxen to draw it out. I felt sort of ashamed to have *him* lend me a hand, so I told him I didn't want any of his help; but he answered just as pleasant as if nothing had happened, that night was coming on, and he was not willing to leave me there in the mud."

"It was very good of him," replied Peggy. "He is a pleasant-spoken man, and always has a pretty word to say to the boys. His wife seems to be a nice, neighborly body, too."

Reuben made no answer; but after meditating awhile, he remarked, "Peg, you know that big ripe melon down at the bottom of the garden—you may as well carry it over there in the morning." His wife said she would, without asking him to explain where "over there" was.

But when the morning came, Reuben walked back and forth, and round and round, with a sort of aimless activity often manifested by hens, and by fashionable idlers, who feel restless, and don't know what to run after. At length, the cause of his uncertain movements was explained, by his saying, in the form of a question:

"I guess I may as well carry the melon myself, and thank him for his oxen. In my hurry down there in the marsh, I didn't think to say I was obliged to him."

He marched off toward the garden, and his wife stood at the door, with one hand on her hip, and the other shading the sun from her eyes, to see if he really would carry the melon into Simeon Green's house. It was the most remarkable incident that had happened since her marriage. She could hardly believe her own eyes. He walked quick, as if afraid he should not be able to carry the unusual impulse into action if he stopped to consider the question. When he found himself in Mr. Green's house, he felt extremely awkward and hastened to say:

"Mrs. Green, here is a melon my wife sent you, and we reckon it's a ripe one."

Without manifesting any surprise at such unexpected courtesy, the friendly matron thanked him, and invited him to sit down. But he stood playing with the latch of the door, and without raising his eyes said:

"May be Mr. Green ain't in this morning?"

"He is at the pump, and will be in directly," she replied; and before her words were spoken, the honest man walked in, with a face as fresh and as bright as a June morning. He stepped right up to Reuben, shook his hand cordially, and said:

"I'm glad to see you, neighbor; take a chair."

"Thank you; I can't stop," replied Reuben.

He pushed his hat on one side, rubbed his head, looked out of the window, and then suddenly, as if by a desperate effort, said:

"The fact is, Mr. Green, I didn't behave right about the oxen."

"Never mind, never mind," replied Mr. Green. "Perhaps I shall get into the bog again one of these rainy days. If I do, I shall know whom to call upon."

"Why, you see," said Reuben, very much confused, and avoiding Simeon's mild, clear eye, "you see the neighbors about here are very ugly. If I had always lived by such neighbors as you are, I shouldn't be just as I am."

"Ah, well, we must try to be to others what we want them to be to us," rejoined Simeon. "You know the good book says so. I have learned by experience, that if we speak kind words we hear kind echoes. If we try to make others happy, it fills them with a wish to make us happy. Perhaps you and I can bring the neighborhood round in time. Who knows? Let us try, Mr. Black; let us try. But come and see my orchard. I want to show you a tree I have grafted with very choice apples. If you like, I will procure you some scions from the same stock."

They went into the orchard together, and a friendly chat soon put Reuben at his ease. When he returned home he made no remarks about his visit, for he could not, as yet, summon sufficient greatness of soul to tell his wife that he had confessed himself wrong. A gun stood behind the door in readiness to shoot Mr. Green's dog for having barked at his horse. He fired the contents into the air, and put the gun away in the barn. From that day, henceforth, he never sought for any pretext to quarrel with the dog or his master. A short time after, Joe Smith, to his utter astonishment, saw him pat Towzer on the head, and heard him say, "Good fellow!"

Simeon Green was far too magnanimous to repeat to any one that his quarrelsome neighbor had confessed himself to blame. He merely smiled as he said to his wife, "I thought we should kill him."

Joe Smith did not believe in such doctrines. When he heard of the adventures in the marsh, he said:

"Sim Green's a fool. When he first came here, he talked very big about killing folks if they didn't mind their P's and Q's. But he don't appear to have as much spirit as a worm; for a worm will turn when it's trod upon."

Poor Joe had grown more intemperate and more quarrelsome, till at last nobody would employ him. About a year after the memorable incident of the watermelon, some one stole several valuable hides from Mr. Green. He did not mention the circumstance to any one but his wife; and they both had reasons for suspecting that Joe was the thief. The next week the following anonymous advertisement appeared in the newspaper of the county:

"Whoever stole a lot of hides on Friday night, the 5th of the present month, is hereby informed that the owner has a sincere wish to be his friend. If poverty tempted him to this false step, the owner will keep the whole transaction a secret, and will gladly put him in the way of obtaining money by means more likely to bring him peace of mind."

This singular advertisement of course excited a good deal of remark. There was much debate whether or not the thief would avail himself of the friendly offer. Some said he would be a greenhorn if he did; for it was manifestly a trap to catch him. But he who had committed the dishonest deed alone knew where the benevolent offer came from; and he knew that Simeon Green was not a man to set traps for his fellow creatures.

A few nights afterward a timid knock was heard at Simeon's door, just as the family was retiring to rest. When the door was opened, Joe Smith was seen on the steps, with a load of hides on his shoulder. Without raising his eyes, he said, in a low, humble tone, "I have brought these back, Mr. Green; where shall I put them?"

"Wait a moment, till I can light a lantern, and I will go to the barn with you," he replied. Then you will come in and tell me how it happened. We will see what can be done for you."

Mrs. Green knew that Joe often went hungry, and had been accustomed to the stimulus of rum. She therefore hastened to make hot coffee, and bro't from the closet some cold meat and pie.

When they returned from the barn she said, "I thought you might feel the better for a little warm supper, Mr. Smith."

Joe turned his back toward her, and did not speak. He leaned his head against the chimney, and after being a moment he said, in a choked voice, "It was the first time I ever stole anything, and I have felt very bad about it. I don't know how it is. I didn't think once I should ever come to be what I am. But I took to quarreling, and then to drinking. Since I began to go down hill, everybody gives me a kick. You are the first man that has offered me a helping hand. My wife is feeble, and my children are starving. You have sent them many a meal, God bless you! and yet I stole the hides from you, and meaning to sell them the first chance I could get. But I tell you the truth, Mr. Green, it is the first time I deserved the name of thief."

"Let it be the last, my friend," said Simeon, pressing his hand kindly; "the secret shall remain between ourselves. You are young, and can make up for lost time. Come, now, give me a promise that you will not drink one drop of intoxicating liquor for a year, and I will employ you to-morrow at good wages. Mary will go to see your family early in the morning, and perhaps we may find some employment for them also. The little boy can at least pick up stones.—But eat a bit now and drink some hot coffee; it will keep you from wanting to drink anything stronger to-night.—You will find it hard to abstain at first, Joseph; but keep up a brave heart, for the sake of your wife and children, and it will soon become easy. When you feel the need of coffee, tell my Mary, and she will always give it to you."

Joe tried to eat and drink, but the food seemed to choke him. He was nervous and excited. After an ineffectual effort to compose himself, he laid his head on the table and wept like a child.

After a while Simeon persuaded him to bathe his head in cold water, and he ate and drank with a good appetite.