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[P. C. VAN GELDER.

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Tioga County Agitator.

VOL. XIII. WELLSBORO, PA., OCTOBER 31, 1866. NO. 44.

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.

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.

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.
H. 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 accommodations 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., Confeld, Bro. & Co., F. Grove & Co., Ludwig & McSherry, John F. McJilton, Esq., Robert Lawton, Esq., S. Sutherland, Esq. [Mr. EWING is authorized to transact any business appertaining to this paper in Baltimore.]
Jan. 1, 1866–1y.

DR. 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 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, upstairs. Wellsboro, Pa., May 2, 1866.–1y.

NEW PICTURE GALLERY.—
FRANK SPENCER
takes pleasure to inform the citizens of Tioga county that he has completed his
NEW PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY,
and is now prepared 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 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 in all cases where the skill of the Dentist can be of any 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 use of Anæsthetics which are perfectly harmless, and will be administered in every case when desired.
Wellsboro, Jan. 1, 1866–1y.

ATTENTION SOLDIERS.
WM. D. 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.

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.

THE TIOGA CORNET BAND is in good blowing order, and will play for picnics, celebrations, &c., for a reasonable compensation. F. H. Adams leader,
H. F. GARRETSON, Secretary.
Tioga, August 1, 1866.–2m.

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

John W. Guernsey,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW. Having returned to this county with a view of making it his permanent residence, solicits a share of public patronage. All business entrusted to his care will be attended to with promptness and fidelity. Office 2d door south of E. S. Farr's hotel. Tioga, Tioga Co., Pa.
sept. 26, '66.–tf.

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 .....20 cts.
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 of company, number of regiment, when wounded, and what engagement, date and place of death, and cause.
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.
ELLISTON 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, lightest, easiest, and best Truss known. Send for pamphlet.
I. B. SEELEY, Sole Proprietor,
apl1 66 1347 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, 692 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 $80 each. apl1 '66

SPEAR'S FRUIT PRESERVING SOLUTION—for preserving all kinds of fruits without the expense of air-tight cans—sold at
ROY'S DRUG STORE.

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.

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.
7:25 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 Supt.

Elmira & Williamsport R. R.
Trains will Arrive and Depart from Troy as follows

Moving South.		Moving North.	
Express,	6.45 P M	Express,	10:28 P M
Mail,	5.58 A M	Mail,	8:30 P M
Day Freight,	8:38 A M	Way Freight,	4: P M
Coal Train,	9:15 A M	Coal Train,	4:25 P M

Troy, May 16, 1866. D. S. STOVER, Sup't.

WHOLESALE DRUG STORE,
CORNING, N. Y.
DRUGS AND MEDICINES, PAINTS AND OILS,
THADDEUS DAVIS' 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!!
GO AND CALL UPON
Nast & Auerbach's
CHEAP CASH STORE,
MOSSBURG, 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. R. Erwin. [feb21ctly

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, Alpacas, 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., at prices to suit the 1,000,000, at Osgood's old stand, Wellsboro, Pa.
C. B. KELLEY.
April 4, 1866.

FRUIT JARS—5 SIZES, BEST and latest patent, for canning and preserving—no wax or rosin required—at
P. R. WILLIAMS'S.
June 27, '66.

Miscellaneous.

"SENT BY EXPRESS."

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

Maria Harlan was alone in the world—her mother just buried.

She was a beautiful brown haired girl, with soft, shy eyes of violet-gray, and rosy lips compressed to a firmness far beyond her years. For after all she was scarcely seventeen, and so Deacon Gray was telling her, as he sat by the fire spreading his huge hands over the tardy blaze, and asked:

"But what are you goin' to do to arn your bread and butter, child?"

"I don't know—I haven't thought—mamma had an uncle in New York, who—"

Yes, yes, I've heern tell about him—he was mad 'cause your mother didn't marry just to suit him, wasn't he?"

Marian was silent. Deacon Gray waited a few minutes, hoping she would admit him into her secret meditations; but she did not, and the Deacon went away home, to tell his wife that "that Harlan gal was the very queerest creature he had ever come across."

In the meanwhile Marian was packing her few scanty things into a little carpet bag, by the weird flickering light of the dying wood fire.

"I will go to New York," she said to herself, setting her small pearly teeth firmly together. "My mother's uncle *shall* hear my cause pleaded through my own lips. Oh, I wish my heart would not throb so wildly! I am no longer meek Minnie Harlan; I am an orphan all alone in the world, who must fight life's battles with my own single hands!"

Lower Broadway at 7 o'clock P. M.—What a babel of crashing wheels, hurrying humanity, and conglomerate noise it was! Minnie Harlan sat in the corner of an express office, under the flare of gas lights, surrounded by boxes, and wondering whether the people ever went crazed in this perpetual din and tumult. Her dress was very plain—gray poplin, with a shabby old fashioned little straw bonnet tied with black ribbons, and a blue veil, while her article of baggage, the carpet bag, lay in her lap. She had set there two hours, and was very, very tired.

"Poor little thing," thought the dark haired young clerk nearest her, who inhabited a sort of wire cage under a circlet of gas lights. And then he took up his pen and plunged into a perfect Atlantic ocean of accounts.

"Mr. Evans?"

"Sir!"

The dark haired clerk emerged from his cage with his pen behind his ear, in obedience to the beckoning finger of his superior.

"I have noticed that young woman sitting there for some time—how came she here?"

"Expressed on, sir, from Millington, Iowa—arrived this afternoon."

As though Minnie Harlan were a box or a paper parcel.

"Who for?"

"Consigned to Walter Harrington, Esq."

"And why hasn't she been called for?"

"I sent up to Harrington's address to notify him some time ago; I expect an answer every moment."

"Very odd," said the gray headed gentleman, taking up his newspaper.

"Yes, sir, rather."

Some three quarters of an hour afterwards, Frank Evans came to the pale girl's side, with an indescribable pity in his hazel eyes.

"Miss Harlan, we have sent to Mr. Harrington's residence—"

Minnie looked up with a feverish red spot on her cheek, and her hands clasped tightly on the handle of the faded carpet bag.

"And we regret to inform you that he sailed from Europe at twelve o'clock this day."

A sudden blur came over Minnie's eyes—she trembled like a leaf. In all her calculations, she made no allowance for an exigency like this.

"Can we do anything further for you?" questioned the young clerk politely.

"Nothing—no one can do anything now!"

Frank Evans had been turning away, but something in the piteous tone of her voice appealed to every manly instinct within him.

"Shall I send you to any other of your friends?"

"I have no friends."

"Perhaps I can have your things sent to some quiet family hotel?"

Minnie opened her little leather purse and showed him two ten cent pieces, with a smile that was almost a tear.

"This is all the money I have in the world, sir!"

So young, so beautful, and so desolate! Frank Evans had been a New Yorker all his life, but he had never met with an exactly parallel case to this. He bit the end of his pen in dire perplexity.

"But what are you going to do?"

"I don't know, sir. Isn't there a workhouse, or some such place, I could go to, until I could find something to do?"

Hardly! Frank Evans could hardly help smiling at poor Minnie's simplicity.

"They are putting out the lights, and preparing to close the office," said Minnie, starting to her feet. "I must go somewhere."

"Miss Harlan," said Frank, quietly, "my home is a very poor one—I am only a five hundred dollar clerk—but I am sure my mother will receive you under her roof for a day or two, if you can trust me."

"Trust you?" Minnie looked at him through violet eyes obscured in tears.—"Oh, sir, I should be so thankful!"

"How late you are, Frank! Here, give me your overcoat—it is all powdered with snow, and—"

But Frank interrupted his bustling, cherry-cheeked mother, as she stood on tip-toe to take off his outer wrappings.

"Hush, mother, there is a young lady down stairs."

"A young lady, Frank?"

"Yes, mother; expressed on from Iowa to old Harrington, the rich merchant. He sailed for Europe this morning, and she is entirely alone. Mother, she looks like poor Blanche, and I knew you wouldn't refuse her a corner here until she could find something to do."

Mrs. Evans went to the door and called cherrily out:

"Come up stairs, my dear—you're welcome as flowers in May! Frank, you did quite right; you always do."

The days and weeks passed on, and still Minnie Harlan remained an inmate of Mrs. Evans's humble dwelling.

"It seems just as though she had taken our dead Blanche's place," said the cozy little widow; "and she is so useful about the house. I don't know how I managed without her."

"Now Minnie you are not in earnest about leaving us to-morrow?"

"I must, dear Mrs. Evans. Only think—I have been here two months to-morrow; and the situation as governess is very advantageous."

"Very well, I shall tell Frank how very obstinate you are."

"Dearest Mrs. Evans, please don't!—Please keep my secret."

"What secret is it that is to be so religiously kept?" asked Mr. Frank Evans, coolly walking into the midst of the discussion, with his dark hair tossed about by the wind, and his hazel brown eyes sparkling archly.

"Secret!" repeated Mrs. Evans, energetically wiping her dim spectacle glasses. "Why, Minnie is determined to leave us to-morrow."

"Minnie!"

"I must, Frank; I have no right further to trespass on your kindness."

"No right, eh? Minnie, do you know that the house has been a different house since you came into it? Do you suppose we want to lose our little sunbeam?"

Minnie smiled sadly, but her hand felt very cold and passive in Frank's warm grasp.

"You'll stay, Minnie?"

"No." She shook her head determinedly.

"Then you must be made to stay," said Frank. "I've missed something of great value lately and I hereby arrest you on suspicion of the theft!"

"Missed something!" Minnie rose, turned red and white. "Oh, Frank, you never can suspect me!"

"But I do suspect you. In fact, I am quite sure that the article is in your possession."

"The article!"

"My heart, Miss Minnie! Now look here; I love you Minnie Harlan, and I will be a good and true husband to you. Stay and be my little wife!"

So Minnie Harlan, instead of going out as a governess, according to the programme, married the dark-haired clerk in Ellison's Express Office.

They were very quietly married, early in the morning, and Frank took Minnie home to his mother, and then he went calmly about his business in the wire cage, under the circlet of gas-lights.

"Evans!"

"Yes, sir."

Frank, with his pen behind his ear as of yore, quietly obeyed the behest of the gray-headed official.

"Do you remember the young woman who was expressed on from Millington, town, two months since?"

"Yes, sir—I remember her."

A tall, silver-haired gentlemen here interposed with eager quickness:

"Where is she? I am her uncle, Walter Harriington. I have just returned from Paris when the news of her arrival reached me! I want her; she is the only living relative left me!"

"Ah! but, sir," said Frank," you can't have her."

"Can't have her? What do you mean? Has anything happened?"

"Yes, sir, something has happened; Miss Harlan was married to me this morning."

Walter Harrington started.

"Take me to her," said he hoarsely.

"I can't be parted from my only relative for a mere whim."

"I wonder if he calls the marriage service and wedding ring mere whims," thought honest Frank; But he obeyed in silence.

"Minnie," said the old man, in faltering accents, "you will come to me and be the daughter of my old age? I am rich, Minnie, and you are all that I have in the world."

But Minnie stole her hand through her husband's arm.

"Dearest uncle, he was kind to me when I was most desolate and alone. I cannot leave my husband, uncle Walter I love him!"

"Then you must both of you come and be my children," said the old man, doggedly. "And you must come now, for the great house is as lonely as a tomb."

Frank Evans is no longer an express clerk, and pretty Minnie moves in velvet and diamonds; but they are quite as happy as the were in the old days, and that is saying enough. Uncle Walter Harrington grows older and feebler every day, and his two children are the sunshine of his declining life.

Potting Butter.

I observed some time ago in the Telegraph, and inquiry for the "best mode of potting butter, and where to keep it." From my experience, butter is best put down in the 10th or 11th month, the last of good grass butter. It is much more difficult to make good butter in dog days; and if it is not good when put up, that will not improve it. As soon as the butter is churned, work out some of the buttermilk, and add good fine salt, (to suit the taste,) one tablespoonful of white sugar, one small teaspoonful of saltpeter, (both pulverized,) to every ten pounds of butter; work these through the butter, and set in a cool place several hours; then work it again sufficiently to get the salt, etc., well through it, and the butter-milk out, or it will be streaked; if it is worked too much it will be tough and lose its flavor. Have a clean stone pot, cover the bottom with salt, and add the butter immediately, a small portion at a time, not leaving any space at the sides or any part, and press firmly. If one churning does not fill the pot, cover the butter with a thick layer of salt, then put a clean, dry cloth on, and tie another several thicknesses over the top of the pot to exclude the air, and set in a cool cellar or cave. Continue this process until the pot is nearly full, then put salt half an inch thick on it, and the cloths as above; previous to tying the cloth on when the pot is full, paste a paper over the top of the pot; keep in a cool place. If it freezes, the pot may burst and admit air, and that will make the butter rancid.

As you use the butter, scrape or wash off the salt before bringing to table.—*Cor. Germantown Telegraph.*

A widow said one day to her daughter, "When you are of my age you will be dreaming of a husband." "Yes," replied the young lady, "*for the second time!*"

An exchange, presided over, we presume, by a crusty old bachelor, says:

"Never look at the girls—they can't bear it; they regard it as an insult.—They wear their feathers, furbelows and frills merely to please their mammas, that's all!"

Select Poetry.

The Guard at Fortress Monroe.

BY LUCY H. HOOPER.

In the silence of the midnight, when the lamp
was burning low,
On my brain there dawned a vision of the cell at
Fort Monroe;
And around its massy portals, doubly lock'd and
triply barred,
Swept a train of pallid phantoms, in the dark-
ness keeping guard!

And I cried aloud in horror, "O thou dim and
dreadful train,
By what strange unrest art summoned unto Earth
and Life again?"
Then a solemn voice gave answer, "From our
graves, 'neath sod and tide,
We have come to watch his slumbers, through
whose wickedness we died.

"From the far-off fields we reddened with our
blood in fearful rain,
From the hiding waves of ocean, now we rise in
might again;
From the graves, a welcome refuge from the
loathsome prison pen,
Come the dread avenging specters that were
starved and tortured men.

"We died starved;—*his* fare is dainty—soft and
snowy is his bed;
Countless nameless graves bear witness we were
low and roughly laid.
But the sleep to which death lulled us by no trea-
son dream was marr'd,
And the angels came from Heaven, and around
our rest kept guard.

"Can you marvel that he sleeps not while we
stand outside the door?
That he starts in quivering anguish at our foot-
falls on the door?
Though his prison walls be massive, though his
door be closely barr'd,
He beholds us, and he hears us, and he knows
we're keeping guard.

"Traitor hearts may yet befriend him, traitor
hands may set him free.
He may fly from hate and scoffing, but from us he
cannot flee:
When at last to God in Heaven flies his soul, all
treason-scarr'd,
Round about the Throne Eternal he will find us
keeping guard!"

—*Philadelphia Bulletin*

[For The Agitator.]

BOOK OF JEFF.

CHAP. XVIII.

Now it came to pass, that after many days had gone by, the people marvelled, and were sorely afflicted in their minds because of Jeff; whose trial from some pretext, had been long delayed.

And they said one to another; "Behold Jeff still liveth, and dwelleth with his family, and many of his kindred, in a strong fortress near the chief city; While Wirz, the vile slave, who did but fulfil the behests of Jeff, has been long slain."

And they wagged their heads, and looked strangely one at another. Then spake one who was bolder than his fellows, and his words were after this wise. "Ye men of Columbia! As my soul liveth, there is a traitor in the camps; one who dwelleth in high places; and inasmuch as our Divine Master bade us beware of wolves in sheep's clothing," let us ever search out this Judas, that he betray us not;" and he further continued, Men of Columbia, Doth not Jeff lie upon soft couches, and his slippered feet tread upon costly carpets, while his meat and wants are the best the land affords; and are not guards set round about him, that the brave soldiers, whose brethren Jeff imprisoned, and put to the sword, take not his life; And do not his friends from rebellion, visit him as they list, and comfort him with words of cheer, and with joyful news, like unto the massacre at New Orleans; and doth not Andrew, the chief magistrate, bid that all these things be done.

And lo! when he had made an end of speaking, the people groaned in spirit, and did hang their heads. And they said one to another, "verily these things are true. And Andrew conniveth with Jeff, and with his compeers." Nevertheless, they wist not what to do.

After these things, Andrew said in his heart, "Lo! I am hated of these loyal men, because of my love for evil doers, and they will never again make me their chief magistrate. But behold the time draweth nigh, when the provinces of the land of Columbia shall vote, choose for themselves chief rulers, called governors; And if these chief rulers be not friends to "my policy," I am utterly undone, both I and my friends the Jeffites.

Now therefore, I will even gird on mine armor, and I will go forth unto the people of many of the provinces; and will talk with them face to face; Peradventure they will hearken unto my words, and my heart misgiveth me if this people triumph.

And he straightway made ready, and took his departure; And of his further sayings and doings, the scribe at present writeth not.

MEETA MELGROVE,
The Scribe.

OCTOBER.

BY MEETA MELGROVE.

October, beautiful, and health-restoring, is now in our midst; and her many hued robes, cover the noble forest-trees of our lofty mountains, with a liveried splendor; that no court of kings, nor gorgeous trappings of gilded pages can ever equal.

But we sigh when we remember that the soft blue of her skies, must soon be flecked with clouds, and that all this brilliant crimson and gold-tinted scenery, will vanish with ephemeral rapidity, that ere the ruby gleams of the rich maple boughs, have become familiar to our eyes, they are changed to a russet brown, and fall to the ground; that while we are admiring the gay shimmer of the orange-dyed forest leaves; we find them eddying about our feet, driven thither by the wild winds of sportive autumn.

Yet nature's dying breath is fragrant, her grave-robes, sweet, but mournful, for they speak of irrevocable change.

Many receive autumn as a season of unwelcome sadness and gloom; but such is not the case with me. It awakes in my heart, all the pleasant memories of youth; all the bright hopes of more advanced years; all the tranquil expectations of old age.

I am always better for a ramble over the autumn hills, mentally, as well as physically. All the good in my heart is stirred into life by its healthful breezes; and I look forward with something like the aspirations of pure childhood.

Yet even in this calm hour, memory is busy with the past; and through her I now recall the death of our both brave and generous, on whose lonely grave the winter snows have four times fallen.

He was of our country's martyrs, one who responded to her earliest call. But the chill miasmic swamps of the Chickahominy brought to his frame disease, and death.

Five years ago this very month, I stood beside his death-bed in a military hospital.

The scene was night! Almost interminable seemed the hours, as the loud clock tolled their moments one by one, and breathlessly, agonizingly, I watched the terrible life-struggle, going on before me. Youth, with its bright hopes all undimmed, and its warm heart throbbing eagerly, so eagerly, for life, love, and happiness, striving fiercely with the conqueror, Death.

Oh! it was a dreadful conflict, but, ere long the latter triumphed.

Suddenly rising the dying man said, "hark! the bugle calls; I must go on picket-guard, to night.

Then, changing in his mood, he called me to his side reason once again resumed her throne; said he 'dear, M. I am going home! But my friend goes with me and I have no fears! God, is the soldier's friend. I trust in him".

Just as the gray dawn tinged the east, the flickering lamp expired. The cold and fluttering heart stilled forever, and that noble heart had ceased all earthly aspirations.

We buried him in a lonely graveyard, amid the blue hills of our own Pennsylvania; and a more loyal heart rests not upon her bosom; Yet, when the autumn winds wail forth a requiem, sad tears will fall, though well we know, he is but one of tens of thousands, who must be thus mourned; whose lives were laid upon their country's altar! But wonder not that October is to me a sacred month.

SPENCER'S MILLS, OCT. 1866.

The London Times and The New York Tribune.

The reputation of the English press is well founded. Intellect and culture, of *no ordinary* standard, have been for more than half a century elements of English Journalism, which in no country are surpassed, while its energy in procuring news is not equaled in Europe. Of all the English papers The Times is unquestionably the leader, and, therefore, the representative of European Journalism. How remarkably that Journalism differs from the American would be an interesting comparison, involving a nice balance of advantages, but at present we merely desire to show, for the entertainment of the public, how far the value of even The London Times as a newspaper has been excelled by THE TRIBUNE. A newspaper is not a review nor a book—it is a compendium of news and there is no question but that in this distinctive characteristic the American press is unrivaled.

Let us take up The Times of September 19, the latest number received in this city. Its pages are the same size as those of THE TRIBUNE: its columns the same length and width: the type about the same size. Exclusive of advertisements, The Times contains 41 columns of reading matter, of considerable variety, and much of it well-written. It furnishes less than a column of military and naval intelligence; five columns of Reports of Markets, Railway and Mining shares, &c. To a review of Borchgrave's history of Belgian Colonies in the 13th century it devotes three columns, and to the transactions of the Ethnological Society, three more: an essay on Food Fisheries in France, theatrical criticism, a letter justifying the Jamaica Atrocities, a complaint of mock auctions, occupy one column each. Three and a half columns are devoted to editorials, of which there are but three, upon Napoleon's Circular, the Act for limiting liability in Partnerships, and the Established Church in Ireland. It publishes foreign letters from three capitals—Paris, Berlin and Vienna—making in all four columns. The same number are used for its legal and police reports. An inquiry into election bribery cases exhausts three more columns. Of telegrams it prints less than a single column. This is considerable reading for eight cents in specie.

THE TRIBUNE of nearly the same date published 42 columns of reading matter. It gave the public for four cents three and a half columns of correspondence from Mexico, and letters from London, Paris, Milan, Moscow, Nijni-Novgorod, Berlin, Pragde, and Panama, which in all amounted to 12 columns; special Washington correspondence, official documents from the State Department, occupied two columns and a half; commercial news, two columns; courts and police, two; political intelligence, two; literature, one; local news, three columns. Its editorials filled six columns, including six articles, besides a number of paragraphs. Its telegraph dispatches required three columns, and this was an unusually limited space.

Thus we find *The Times* has letters from but *three* foreign capitals, while THE TRIBUNE has letters from *nine*. *The Times* has three and a half columns of editorial, and but three articles; THE TRIBUNE six columns, and treats six subjects. Then, in that which is the life of a newspaper—its Telegraphic dispatches—*The Times* is far below the TRIBUNE. In this age the use of the Telegraph is the great feature of a daily paper, and makes the radical difference between it and all other periodicals. In no other way can the world's news be promptly gathered in and redistributed. Yet we find *The Times's* telegrams contained in one column, and printed in its largest type; while most of the dispatches in the three columns which THE TRIBUNE gives, are in small, close letter, and in *The Times's* type would be expanded to six columns. Here is one radical difference between the two papers.

Another feature which marks a great newspaper, is its enterprise in obtaining news exclusively. *The Times* has but *one special dispatch, and that of but three lines from Berlin.* THE TRIBUNE publishes nearly three hundred lines of special telegrams. With Reuter's Telegrams, which answer to the dispatches of our Associated Press. *The Times* fills the remainder of its column, and they are dated from Berlin, Florence, Paris, Trieste, New York, Constantinople, Liverpool, Queenstown, Southampton, Bombay, Gibraltar, Kiel and Pesth. It uses the Atlantic Cable for but one brief dispatch, and that merely referring to commercial matters. THE TRIBUNE has nearly