The Tioga County Agitator
is published every Wednesday Morning, at $2.00 a year invariably in advance, by
COBB & VAN GELDER.
[P. C. VAN GELDER.

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TEN LINES OF MINION, OR LESS MAKE ONE SQUARE.

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The Tioga County Agitator.

"The Agitation of Thought is the Beginning of Wisdom."

VOL. XIV. WELLSBORO, PA., JANUARY 9, 1867. NO. 1.

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, HANDBILLAS, 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 A. Searle's Shoe Shop. Cutting, Fitting, and Repairing done promptly and well.
Wellsboro, Pa., Jan 1, 1866-1y

JOHN S. SHAKSPEARE,
DRAPER AND TAILOR. Shop one door above Smith's Law Office. 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 pension due soldiers from the Government. Office with Nichols and Mitchell, Wellsboro, Pa. [apl0,'66.

WM. GARRETSON,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW, and Insurance Agent Elkburg Pa., over Caldwell's Store

ISAAK WALTON HOUSE,
Gaines, Tioga County, Pa.
H. 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 travelling 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 it a comfortable stopping place for politicians.
Wellsboro May 9 1866.

PETROLEUM HOUSE,
WESTFIELD, PA., GEORGE CLOSE Proprietor. A new Hotel recently opened on the principle of first class. Liberal fare, low rates and good accommodations for the public.—Nov 14 1866-1y

J. C. STRANG,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Will promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention.
Keeseville, Pa., Nov 14, 1866—tf

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.]
MYRON WATKINS, Proprietor. This house is situated on Main street in Wellsboro, is newly furnished with beautiful shade trees, and has all the necessary accommodations for man and beast.—aug 22, 1y

Blacksmith and Farrier.
JOSEPH MANLY would inform the citizens of Wellsboro and vicinity that he has leased the old Mack stand on Water street, lately occupied by Mr Bitter, where he may be found prepared to shoe horses and execute all work appertaining to his trade. He also is a practical Farrier, and will treat horses for disease.
Oct. 24 1866-tf

Hairdressing & Shaving.
Shop on Water St., Wellsboro, Pa. Fashionable attention paid to Ladies' Hair cutting, Shampooing, Dyeing etc. Wigs, Toupees, and switches at hand and made to order.
H. W. DORSEY. F. JOHNSON

J. HERVEY EWING.
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW
No. 11 Law Building, 58 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 Lawson, Esq., S. Sutherland, Esq. [Mr. Ewing is authorized to transact any business appertaining to this paper in Baltimore.]
Jan. 1, 1866-1y.

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.

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 mind, and surgery in all its branches. Persons from a distance can find good accommodations at the Pennsylvania Hotel when desired—Office, 1st door north of the State in consultation, or to Dr. Carpenter's residence, Water St. Wellsboro, Pa. May 2 1866—1y

NEW PICTURE GALLERY.—
FRANK SPENCER
takes 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.

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.

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 aid, in the management of cases peculiar to the body. He will furnish
ARTIFICIAL TEETH,
set on any material desired.
FILLING & EXTRACTING TEETH,
added 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, 1865-1y.

John W Guerney,
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. HOLLIDAY, Proprietor.
THIS is one of the most popular Houses in the county. This House 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.

W. D. LANG.
DRUGS, MEDICINES
BOOKS AND STATIONERY.
PATENT MEDICINES, Perfumery, Musical Instruments and Musical Merchandise of all kinds, Fancy Goods of all kinds, &c.
MANSFIELD PA.
Physician's Prescriptions carefully compounded
October 31, 1866.—6m.

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
LOW FOR CASH OR READY PAY.
Good yard wide sheeting for 20cts.
Heavy yard wide sheeting for 25 "
Delaines, 25 "
Standard prints 10 to 20 "
OTHER GOODS IN PROPORTION.
We also keep constantly on hand a choice stock of
GROCERIES, FLOUR, FOOD, &c.
At very low figures.
Mar. 14, 1866.

NOTICE.—A new Post Office has been established at Gaines Station, and Robert Smith has been placed in charge of it. It is located on the 3d parts of lots No. 15 & 16, in the township of Gaines, creek lot, adjoining to the town of Gaines. Washington and all persons are notified to address the above office, under penalty of prosecution.
ELLISON P. MORRIS
Sup. Mt. Post, Philadelphia
July 1 1866—6m.

GROVER & BAKER'S
Elastic & Lock Stitch Sewing Machines
Government Agency, 495 Lake St., Chicago
Are now prepared to supply the public with these popular and celebrated machines, the best family machines in the world. Circulars with full description, terms, &c., free on application to the undersigned, General Agent for Tioga Co.
H. S. LEE, Agent.
Wellsboro, Pa., Dec. 1, 1866.

KING'S PORTABLE LEMONADE is the only preparation of the kind made from the fruit. As an article of economy, purity, and delicateness 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. 549 Pearl St., N. Y.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.—B. Shakspear, under in Decker & Brother and Haines & Co's pianos, Mason & Hamlin cabinet organs, Grant Tinney & Co. melodeons, and the Boston melodeons. Room over J. R. Bowen's store. Sept. 14, 1866.

NEW WINTER 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., at prices to suit the times. Cash or Produce at the old stand, Wellsboro, Pa.
C. B. KELLEY.
April 4, 1866

To the Farmers of Tioga County.
I AM now building at my manufactory, in Lawrenceville a superior
FANNING MILL,
which possesses the following advantages over all other mills:
1. It separates oats, rat litter, and foul seeds, and chess and cockle, from wheat.
2. It cleans flax seed, takes out yellow seed, and all other seeds, perfectly.
3. It cleans timothy seed.
4. It does all other separating required of a mill.
This mill is built of the best and most durable timber, in good style, and is sold cheap for cash, or produce.
I will fit a patent sieve, for separating oats from wheat, to other mills, on reasonable terms.
J. H. MATHER.
Lawrenceville, October 10, 1866-tf

SPECIAL NOTICE!
READY-MADE CLOTHING
FOR THE MULTITUDE.
OVER COATS! OVER COATS!
HEAVY BUSINESS SUITS, FINE BL'K SUITS, DRESS SUITS OF ALL GRADES
FURNISHING GOODS IN GREAT VARIETY.
Is fully stocked with the choicest and newest styles of garments equal in style, workmanship and material to the best custom work, both for
BEAUTY OF FIT, QUALITY & ECONOMY IN PRICE
shall be unsurpassed.
NEW STYLES CONTINUALLY RECEIVED.
All Goods will be sold at the
LOWEST CASH PRICES.
N. ASHER.
under the Agitator Printing Office, next door to Roy's Drug Store.
Wellsboro, Sept 26 1866

Patented May 29, 1866.
THIS is an article for washing without rubbing except in very dirty places, which will require a very slight rub, and unlike other preparations offered for a like purpose will not injure the fabrics, but will leave them much whiter than ordinary methods without the usual wear and tear.
It removes grease spots as if by magic, and softens the dirt by soaking, so that rinsing will in ordinary cases entirely remove it.
This powder is prepared in accordance with chemical science, and upon a process peculiar to itself, which is secured by Letters Patent. It has been in use for more than a year, and has proved itself an universal favorite wherever introduced.
Among the advantages claimed for the following article are:
It saves all the expense of soapsuds, fully half the cost of soap, and linen goods.
It saves most of the labor of washing, and wear and tear.
Also, for cleaning windows it is unsurpassed. With one quarter the labor and expense usually required, it imparts a brilliant glass, far finer, much superior to any other mode. No water required, except to moisten the powder.
Directions with each package.
And can be readily appreciated by a single trial. The cost of washing for a family of one or six persons will not exceed twelve cents.
The manufacturers of this powder are aware that many articles have been introduced to the public which have subsided after a fair trial, leaving the impression that the intrinsic excellence of the article, they confidently proclaim as being adapted to every thing for which it is claimed to be adapted, has not prevented its premature decease. Manufactured by
HOWE & STEVENS,
No. 280 Broadway, Boston.
Also in preparation of family dye colors for silks, worsteds and leathers, by the same.
Sold by all Druggists everywhere. 1y.

WHOLESALE DRUG STORE.
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.
DRUGS AND MEDICINES, PAINTS AND OILS.
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 tailor of New York city, and an experienced cutter. Mr H. P. Erwin [feb21 66]-1y

ANNOUNCEMENT!
WE have reduced the price of Flour $1 per barrel, Feed and meal 50 cents per cwt, and shall sell, FOR CASH ONLY,
C. J. HILL FLOUR, WRIGHT & BAILEY'S BEST WHITE WHEAT FLOUR,
SPRING WHEAT FLOUR, BUCKWHEAT FLOUR, GROUND FEED, CORN MEAL, BRAN, &c., &c.
CASH PAID FOR ALL KINDS OF GRAIN.
WRIGHT & BAILEY.
Wellsboro, Jan. 24, 1866.

Select Poetry.

AN OLD STORY.

Softly the sun's last rays are glinting
Over the hillside, over the lea,
Flushing the fleecy clouds and tinting
With gold and crimson the purple sea.
While hand in hand, they wander together—
Youth of twenty and child of ten—
Across the sea beach, over the heather,
By sloping hillock and shady glen:
A breeze is stirring each rippling curl
On the sunny head of the little girl,
And her eyes, from the shading hat's broad brim,
With innocent love look up to him.

Ten long years—and the mellow glowing
Casts its glamour over glen and lea,
And gilds the sands where a maid is roaming
With eyes that wander beyond the sea.
Ten long, long years—and that daily glory
Has dawned and darkened on wood and grove,
Lighting the page of a lasting story—
The old, old story of maiden's love.
But duty severed these clasping hands—
As the philess ocean severs the lands—
And the heart grew sad and the eyes grew dim
Wearily waiting and watching for him

Ten years more—while the restless billows
Fret and foam on the patient shore
And the red beams slant through the drooping willows,
And write strange words on the greensward floor:
But from Iogle and Glen and Leithe,
From the purple hills of their native land,
Wander those two, as of yore, together—
Heart answering heart and clasping hands.
No more watching through heavy years,
No more waiting through weary years,
But eyes that in radiant love light swim,
And life long devotion, to look up to him!

Miscellaneous.

OUR MINISTER'S PURCHASE.

"Are these all you have for sale?" said Mr. Hale, as he stood in the yard before Debray's stable, while the salesman walked around a low, heavy-built, gray horse, and a tawny, large-boned racker.

"Yes, sir, these are all we have to-day except a young mare, that I don't think you'd like. Jim, bring out the black filly," and the clumsy hostler proceeded to pull out, with jerks and twitches, a small rough-coated animal, whose pleading mouth and scarred flanks showed that she had been unmercifully treated.

She resented the hostler's rough handling with spirit; still she did not look vicious. There was no very ugly gleam of the eyes, but on the contrary a pleading expostulation with the coarse creature, who gave her a kick and a kick, to make her show off, and brought her up with a jerk of the halter that almost broke her slender neck.

"We've sold her twice, but had her returned," said the salesman. "she's gentle as a lamb unless she get's her temper up, then she's a regular devil, and for all she's so small, she's as strong and fierce as a lion when she's roused.

"I guess Bill Smith'll have her, and he'll break her temper or her neck."

Going up to her Mr. Hale spoke kindly, patting her neck, which was still quivering with pain from the pressure of the halter, passed his hand caressingly over her nose, and flung back the heavy mane that was tangled and knotted above her eyes.

The poor creature seemed to know at once that he was of a different nature from her old tormentors, and, with a gentle whinny, laid her head confidingly upon his shoulder, while her large hazel eyes filled with something very much like tears.

She was not such a horse as he wanted. Her spirit seemed broken, except when enraged, and she had been abused and neglected till she was anything but a beauty; still her head was well formed, and her eyes almost human in their expression. If her coat could be made smooth, she might possibly pass without exciting remark. Mr. Hale liked to drive a good looking animal as well as any one, and he hesitated for some time, but the could not resist her pleading look to be taken from her brutal owners.

"I think I will take her," he said, at length. "I will send for her this afternoon," and paying the price asked, which was not large, he left the yard, followed by the imploring gaze of the poor beast, whose instinct readily recognized his kindness and humanity, but not to comprehend that he was to be her future master.

It was not until quite dark that Mr. Hale dispatched his Irish boy for his new purchase, and for several weeks she was allowed to remain quietly in the stable.

During this time Denis worked assiduously under Mr. Hale's direction, in cleaning the knots from her luxuriant mane, and brushing its full waves to a shining gloss. Her rough coat yielded readily to his keeping and care, giving, in its jetty blackness and silky softness, sure proof of good blood.

It is evident that she had always been ruled through fear, but she was particularly susceptible to kindness, and Mr. Hale thought what time he could spare from duty and study well spent in teaching her to love and obey him. He called her Psyche, and the name seemed very appropriate, for her slender form and jetty blackness, united with a capricious gracefulness, made her much more beautiful than her master had anticipated.

Dennis had been very indignant when she first came home. He had boasted to the neighboring boys, of "the splendid creature" his master was about to purchase, and his first sight of "the little black devil" as he called her, under his breath, had sorely vexed him. But he soon became interested in her, and as she grew in beauty under his hands, his pleasure and his pride knew no bounds.

He would follow her with his eyes, as Mr. Hale drove away, and fairly caper with delight, as after a little playful caracoling, she would spring off, throwing the miles behind her in fine style.

He taught her many tricks. She would carry and fetch his coat, when ordered. One day the provender had not been given her as usual, to his great delight he found her tugging at the string of the oat-bag. He was never weary of recounting her exploits to her master, who, for his part found the exercise and excitement of driving her ladyship very agreeable and beneficial, after the confinement of the study; and for some time the pleasure both experienced was unalloyed.

But trouble was brewing for Psyche, who, to repay the kindness of her master, put on a thousand graceful airs and assumed a dainty friend not at all ministerial.

Martingale and check availed not; though perfectly kind, she persisted in arching her neck, tossing her mane, and prancing in a very undignified manner. She seemed to take special delight, when passing Deacon Saunders's house, in pretending to see all sorts of bugbears about the yard, and her dilating nostrils, flashing eye and timid bound were very pretty to see, or would have been in any but a minister's horse. The poor deacon was sadly tried about it. He had been one of Mr. Hale's warmest friends, but how could he countenance such doings? It was a new phase of his ministerial experience. Old Dr. Dow, under whose preaching he was converted, drove a horse who never forgot the dignity of her station, so far as to exceed a fast walk, on any occasion, and he could not help feeling scandalized at such an innovation on the old custom.

So much was his mind exercised upon the subject, he felt it his duty to expostulate with his pastor. Mr. Hale heard him with a smile, and endeavored to soften his animosity to poor Psyche, by telling him of her docility and gentleness, but to no purpose. He left him not in anger but with a lengthened visage, and a sorrowful shake of the head.

The good deacon lived just below the parsonage, in an old farm-house, whose projecting roof, where the swallows colonized, with stone floored porch and a large yard shaded by Lombardy poplars, gave it a venerable, patriarchal appearance.

The yard, with its carpet of emerald turf, was the playground of the deacon's grandson, a little blackeyed fellow, whose father, had gone to the land of gold, had placed his wife and year-old boy in his father's house for protection. The child was the idol of his grand-parents and the pet of the whole village. Mr. Hale often walked down to the gate to caress him, and sometimes lifted him over, and set him upon Psyche's back, who seemed to know, that with such a delicate, precious burden, she must be very gentle, and paced slow about, now and then looking back, as if to see that he was securely seated.

A few rods above the parsonage a noisy, brawling brook makes its way over a huge race, that covers nearly an acre of ground; in the summer it dwindles to an insignificant stream and a small pool of muddy water; but in the spring, when swollen by the melting snows, it runs with a swift current, and in some places the lake is quite deep.—A path is laid out around it, and a flight of rude steps, up to the side of the rock, leads to a shady walk above, much frequented by villagers on summer evenings.

On bright May morning, not long after the deacon urged Mr. Hale to sell Psyche, Mary Saunders sat inditing a letter to her absent husband, and she told him of the home he had provided for him in his absence, and descanting upon Willy's goodness and beauty; she forebore to tell him the rogue had already upset an inkstand upon his snowy wrapper, and now hung about distracting her mind by his childish questions. Unable to proceed while thus annoyed, she tied on his little straw hat and coat, and sent him out into the yard, where the grass was just springing, and the lilac trees bursting into bloom.

Congratulating herself that he would be safely amused for an hour, she returned to her letter and forgot all things else.

Willie was very happy for a while in watching the robins that flew from limb to limb of the old poplars, and the swallows, who were bringing mud for their nests, beneath the eaves, but he soon got tired of these, and leaning against the gate looked wishfully out into the street.

Soon he espied the latch. It was a perfect mystery to him how it was to be unfastened, but standing on tip-toe, his little fingers soon pressed with sufficient force upon the thumb-piece to lift it, and the gate slowly opened. Peeping out, first on one side and then on the other to be sure no cows were near, and casting a furtive glance toward the house, as if he suspected he was not doing quite right, he ventured out upon the grassy sidewalk. The yellow dandelions and the bright king cups beckoned him on, as they peeped out from under the fence, and filled his hat with their gay blossoms, as he wandered on toward the pond and brook which was still swollen by the spring rains, attracted him by the noise as it flashed over the rocks.

At the end of an hour Mary Saunders had finished her letter, and placing her writing materials in a rose wood desk, her husband's last gift, she returned with a bright smile to the window, to see what pretty mischief of cunning roguery Willie might be doing. But no Willie was in sight. The gate stood ominously open, and catching her sun bonnet, she darted into the street. "Willie, Willie," she called, but no answer.

Looking down she espied his tiny track in the soft earth, outside the gate, and with a beating heart, she saw they led toward the pond.

With tears she almost blew on little hat prints still tending toward the water. The flowers he had picked she found scattered by the margin of the pond, and on the steps his hat still holding a few of its gaudy treasures. Mary's strength was hardly sufficient to make the ascent, and on reaching the top, what was her horror, to see Willie standing in the middle of the stream, on a large flat rock, that just showed itself above the stream for more than half its width. The water below it was deep, and ran with a swift current, into which he was throwing the last of his flowers, and watching with glee their rapid progress toward the fall. Poor Mary was no heroine. With one piercing shriek she fell senseless to the earth.

Willie, hearing the cry, and seeing his mother, instead of going back to the bank, took one step toward her and plunged beneath the swift running stream. Mary's cry had reached the ears of Denis, who was at work in a field near by, and Willie's screams as the cold water closed over him convinced him in which direction it came. With all possible speed, he was at the water's side, where he found Mary lying as one dead and caught sight of Willie as the rushing waters bore him over the smooth surface of the rock into the lake beneath. It is impossible to give any idea of the terrific cries with which Dennis filled the air, as he ran like one frantic along the shore.

Men at work in the fields listened a moment, and feeling that something unusual must be the cause dropped hoe and spade and hastened in the direction from which they came.

Housewives, with uncovered heads, and bare arms, darted from every house, and children of all ages, swelled the flying crowd.

Deacon Saunders, who was storing wheat in his granary, recognized Dennis's voice and with an undefined presentiment that it was something in which he had a deep interest, ran as fast as his old limbs would allow, in the direction all were taking.

But had Willie's safety depended upon human aid, he would never have sailed up his grandfather.

Psyche, who had been turned out to rail in the land and refresh herself by a nibble from the roadside, was the first to hear Dennis's cries. She was accustomed to all kinds of noises from the boy and usual expected that he was calling her to partake of some dainty, when she heard his voice, so pricking up her ears she cantered towards the lake where he reached just as Willie rose for the first time.

With a low whinny of recognition, not unmixed with fear, the beautiful creature lowered her head, and as he came to the surface again plunged in and swam with vigorous strokes towards him.

It was something more than instinct, it was an Almighty hand that directed the noble beast and taught her care in striking out, with her iron-bound hoofs, as she neared Willie, and the same hand guarded her, as, plunging her slender head beneath the waves, she caught the scarf that was about his neck, in her teeth, and drew his head above the water. The scarf was a thick cashmere, and held him securely; so Psyche, turning with her precious burden fast in her mouth, swam steadily toward the shore. Willie's golden hair and pale face gave striking contrast beside her jet black coat, glistening with water, which ran in streams from both.

A crowd had collected upon the bank, and foremost of them all stood the deacon with clasped hands, his hair streaming in the wind, and nerves stretched out to their utmost tension, as he watched the gallant animal.

It was he who received from her mouth his darling pet. He held him only to assure himself that his life was not extinct, and then consigned him to his mother (who had recovered from her swoon) and a hundred helping hands that were readily extended for the relief of the little sufferer.

With streaming eyes the good deacon turned to Psyche, who stood with drooping head and panting sides, looking very tired but still very much interested in the restoration of her little friend, whom she followed with her eyes till he was borne out of sight.—Tenderly and carefully the deacon wiped the water from her shining coat, and then, without speaking, which he had not done since first startled from labor by Dennis's cries, he led her to his own stable.

Mr. Hale had been absent all this time, and knew nothing of the accident, until, on coming in sight of the old farm house, what was his surprise to see Psyche standing in the yard, covered with one of Mrs. Saunder's otter colored bed puffs, making a very ludicrous figure with black head and flowing tail, in bold relief at either end.

"God bless you, Mr. Hale," said the deacon, as he wrung his pastor's hand, "for not minding the words of a foolish man. Had you sold Psyche, my boy would have now been a corpse.

ON THE TRAIL.

I am a police superintendent in a large iron-making town, and for upwards of twenty years have had the care of a populous colliery district. The peculiar avocations of the people supply ample disguise for criminals in hiding. Who would look for a runaway clerk in the black face and coal-stained garments of a collier, or in the guise of a laborer in the iron shed? It may be assumed, therefore, that many a strange incident has come under my notice in the course of so long a service, and some of these I may occasionally present to the public. One in particular I remember well, as practically illustrating a remark made in the *Times* on the conviction of Mullet: the crimes of a conspicuous character are generally committed by the class that is least suspected. I was called one evening to quell a disturbance between several colliers and a party of Irishmen. The colliers, it appears maddened with drink, had assailed the latter; driven them into a dwelling, and would speedly have killed one or more, but for the opportune arrival of the police. The night afterwards, I received a note from the railway authorities that a coal train had been thrown off the line by some miscreant or other, who had placed sleepers along the rails. Knowing that colliers working at a distance invariably returned by these trains, and remembering the struggle of the night before, I at once concluded this to be an attempt at Irish revenge, and pursued my investigation accordingly.

A few nights after, another coal train was thrown off the rails, as, in the former case, however, without harm to the men; but this second attempt spurred me on, so that certain suspected persons were speedily in custody. But I soon found that these were not "my men." It is useless for me to expatiate on the querring signs by which innocence invariably asserts itself. The Irishmen were violent men in their cups, but most certainly incapable of the atrocious act of which they were accused.

Scarcely had a week passed when the whole neighborhood was thrilled with horror. At a distance of twelve miles from the town where I lived was another town, to which our tradesmen resorted in numbers every Wednesday to market. In the evening, the last train, as usual, bore its numerous passengers to their homes. It was summer-time, and merrily they dashed along the rugged bank of a mountain-river, winding in amongst the hills. But soon the picture was changed; turning a curve in full career, the engine left the rails, and cutting deeply into the embankment, rolled on its side, fortunately having continued just a sufficient time in progress to break the shock of the carriages. There was an awful cry of lamentation, a wild medley, a hurried scene; men and women seeking to clamber through the opening above the locked doors, too intent on personal safety to think of anything else. Most were bruised, and all were frightened. While messengers were dispatched to the nearest station, others searched along the route for the cause of the mishap. It was soon found. The scene of the accident was a curve, and the rail nearest to the river had been forcibly removed. The miscreant—for it was soon seen that the villains had been there—had fortunately been ignorant of mechanics. He had taken up the rail by the ravine—for I have omitted to mention that there was a steep precipice at this point—and naturally through that the train, with its load of human life, would have tumbled over. The rail next to the river was the "safe" one, and so the engine simply ploughed along towards the scarp of the mountain.

When the details of this lucky escape reached me, I felt that my reputation was at stake. This was evidently No. *Three* of the diabolical attempts of the same hand. The first inquiry made was, Who drove the train? and one or two questions of a similar character put me in possession of this important fact, that the driver of the coal-engine trains at the time the trucks were thrown off was one and the same person. "Now, then, for the driver," said I, and marched to his lodgings. I found him a quiet, inoffensive sort of a young fellow, not a likely man to have a malignant enemy. He was unmarried and somewhat fresh to his duties on the line, not having been in the position very long. We at once touched on the subject of the accident, but I found he was quite at sea as to the cause.

"Have you an enemy," said I, "or any one who entertains any malice against you?"

"No; he thought not.

"You are unmarried, I believe?"

"Yes" he was.

"Courting, perhaps?" I suggested.

He confessed to the soft impeachment.

"Have you any objection to tell me who the lady is?" inquired I, for we police officers are sometimes obliged to override delicate scruples. He mentioned the name of a young woman residing at a farmhouse six miles down the valley, and within half a mile of the scene of the accident. I drew a long breath, but kept my own counsel.

Oh, so the damsel lives there, does she? Now, has she any other sweethearts besides yourself?"

He thought there had been one, a carpenter? but, quoth the driver complacently smoothing an incipient beard, "She has no lover now but me."

"Where does this carpenter live?"

"About half a mile from the farm," he answered; and with that I left, fully satisfied now that I was on the trail.

The morning after, and at the scene of the accident, I had found a large thick stake, cut evidently from the adjoining wood. This had been used to pry up the rail from the sleeper. Examining it minutely, I saw that it had been cut recently, and that with a notched-knife.

So, with this idea uppermost, I started on the mission, and after a pleasant drive reached the little hamlet where the carpenter lived. This district was very mountainous and rugged; and as I mounted a winding road towards the house, I could hear the monotone of the river at which so narrow an escape had taken place. Yonder was the scene. Was the the criminal here? The door was soon opened to my knock, and by the carpenter himself, a cool, self-possessed young man, who seemed to read my errand in a moment, yet asked me what I wanted, without the change of a muscle. I entered into his little room, and told him I had a suspicion he could enlighten me on the case of the railway accident.

No, he couldn't; he had heard of it, like the rest.

Would he allow me to search him?

Certainly; and forthwith various article were in my hand. On his person I found two pocket knives, each of which would have served to cut the stake. As I paused a moment, and held them in my hand, he heedlessly observed: "That knife" (pointing to one) "I only put into my pocket this morning, as I generally keep it at home." I opened the knife; the blade was notched; and looking up from the article to the carpenter, caught his eye. We knew one another's thoughts in an instant; but he accompanied me tranquilly enough to the town. At the trial, the knife figured in evidence; various corroborating matters satisfied the jury of his guilt; he was found guilty, and sentenced to seven years' transportation. It turned out afterwards that he loved the farm-girl, and was incited by jealousy to the act which so nearly caused so frightful an accident. For all I know, the driver still dwells in single blessedness, for the maid is still a maid, as rosy-cheeked as ever, and, it is said, is waiting for the carpenter's return!

Correspondence.

LETTER FROM MONTANA.

SPRING GULCH,
NEAR VIRGINIA CITY, MONTANA,
November 14, 1866.

FRIEND COBB: The old saying, "Home is where the heart is," is as over true tale—at least so friend Jim and I think, and I assure you we claim the pleasant village of Wellsboro as our home—from which we were induced to depart by that rebellious mob, concerning the immense nuggets and fortunes to lie made by investing in, or connecting oneself with a mining company. So, as you honored us by a notice of our departure for the gold mines, I think we are in duty bound to announce our arrival—and in few words as possible, our experience in passing through the Indian country, as well as our first impressions on reaching the mines.

On the 22d of June we volunteered as teamsters in a train consisting of 52 wagons, loaded with machinery for quartz and saw mills, belonging to a company gotten up in our *honest Quaker State*. Our trip, though tedious, was not monotonous, owing to the Sioux and Cheyenne Indians who, having lately been provided with arms and munitions by Fort Officials, were very annoying—our train being attacked several times, though fortunately without loss of life. Our train was the only one that accomplished the trip via the Bowman cut-off without losing from one to twenty men each, killed by the Indians. Nearly every day we passed newly-made graves, with headboards stating that the occupants fell victims to Indian barbarity; and in many instances, the wolves having exhumed the remains, the clothing &c. scattered about afforded a most melancholy spectacle. We arrived here on the 2d of October after a most tedious and dangerous trip, and admit being greatly disappointed. Virginia City, the capital, is an ordinary mining camp, or in other words, the rendezvous of about 5,000 floating population prospectors, Peter Funks, gamblers, *nymphe du pave* and Chinese—a more motley crowd can not be imagined or expressed.

There is one gulch, the Alder, from which a large amount of gold has been taken, but which at present is abandoned to new comers, termed "pilgrim," and to Chinamen, which latter in California are accounted to be similar to jackals, picking up the refuse of the deserted camp.

The company in whose employ we are and have been since leaving the Missouri River, are erecting a quartz mill, which will be completed in a few weeks; but where the quartz is to come from remains a mystery. The mill will have the capacity of crushing forty tons of quartz per day, which the General Grant and Ora Cache Lodes are expected to yield, Gen. Grant as usual, is stubborn and won't yield an inch; and Ora Cache in Spanish, signifies "concealed gold," which is very appropriately named, and like Grant, yields nothing. We are disappointed, and consider oil stock far preferable to gold, and would advise adventurous disposed persons to avoid Montana.

Friend Jim and I are keeping bachelor's hall. Think of it! and in the Rocky Mountains too. I think we are to be excused if we breathe an occasional sigh for home, friends and sweethearts—especially the latter.

For the benefit of inexperienced youths, we recommend the following lines:

If you have enough to eat and drink
And buy your Sunday clothes,
Don't listen to the gammon
That from Montana blows:
But stay at home and bless the stars
On every hard