The Tioga County Agitator
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COBB & VAN GELDER.
[P. C VAN GELDER.

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TEN LINES OF MINION, OR LESS, MAKE ONE SQUARE.

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1 square,	$1,00	$2,00	$2,50	$5,00	$7,00	$12,00
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The Tioga County Agitator.

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

VOL. XIV. WELLSBORO, PA., FEBRUARY 6, 1867. NO. 6.

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.

D. ANGELL & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS of, and Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Doors, Sash, and Blinds. Also Planing and Turning done to order.
Knoxville, Tioga Co., Pa., Jan. 16. 1867–1y.*

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 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 pensions due soldiers from the Government. Office with Nichols and Mitchell, Wellsboro, Pa. m30, '66

WM. GARRETSON,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW, and Insurance Agent, Blossburg, 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 its hospitalities acceptable to patrons.
Wellsboro, May 9, 1866.

PETROLEUM HOUSE,
WESTFIELD, PA., GEORGE CLOSE, Proprietor. A new Hotel conducted on the principle of live and let live, for the accommodation of the public.—Nov. 14, 1866.–1y.

J. C. STRANG.
ATTORNEY AT LAW. Any business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention.
Knoxville, Pa., Nov. 14, 1866.

GEO. W. RYON,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR AT LAW, Lawrenceville, Tioga Co., Pa. Bounty, Pension and Insurance Agent. Collections promptly attended to. Office 2d door below Ford House.
Dec. 12, 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

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. Ritter, where he may be found prepared to shoe horses and oxen, and do all work pertaining to his trade. He also is a practical Farrier, and will treat horses for diseases.
October 24, 1866–tf

Hairdressing & Shaving.
Saloon over Willcox & Barker's Store, Wellsboro, Pa Particular attention paid to Ladies' Hair cutting, Shampooing, Dyeing, etc Braids, Puffs, coils, and switches on hand and made to order.
H. W. DORSEY. J. JOHNSON.

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

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, up stairs. 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 has 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 PAYS
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 avail in the management of cases peculiar to the profession. He will furnish
ARTIFICIAL TEETH,
set on any material desired.
FILLING & EXTRACTING TEETH,
attended to on shortest notice, and done in the best and most approved style.
TEETH EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN
by the the use of Anæsthetics which are perfectly harmless, and will be administered in every case when desired.
Wellsboro, Jan. 1, 1865–1y.

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.

W. D. LANG,
DEALER IN
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 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.

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

LAWRENCEVILLE DRUG STORE.
THE undersigned having purchased the Drug Store of W. G. Miller, will keep a full stock of
DRUGS AND MEDICINES,
PATENT MEDICINES, PAINTS, OILS, Dye Stuffs, Kerosene Oil and Groceries, which will be sold at as low prices as any other establishment in the country for cash.
C. P. LEONARD.
Lawrenceville, Nov. 7, 1866–tf.

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

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. [feb21ecly
LADIES' SETS from $1.50 to $30, at
dec19 FOLEY'S.

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.

SNOW POWDER
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 CLOTHES, 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 it has been used.
Among the advantages claimed are the following, viz:
It saves all the expense of soap usually used on cotton and linen goods.
It saves most of the labor of rubbing, and wear and tear.
Also, for cleaning windows it is unsurpassed. With one quarter the labor and expense usually required, it imparts a beautiful glow and luster, 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 five or six persons will not exceed THREE CENTS.
The manufacturers of this powder are aware that many useless compounds have been introduced to the public which have rotted the cloth, or failed in removing the dirt; but knowing the intrinsic excellence of this article, they confidently proclaim it as being adapted to meet a demand which has long existed, and which has heretofore remained unsupplied. Manufactured by
HOWE & STEVENS,
220 Broadway, Boston.
Also, manufacturers of family dye colors. For sale by grocers and dealers everywhere. oct17,'66–3m

Claim Agency.
HENRY SHERWOOD & J. HARRISON Attys., will collect BOUNTIES, PENSIONS, and all other claims against the Government.
Under the provisions of late acts of Congress
$100 Extra Bounty
will be paid to every three years' man who served out his full time, or was wounded in service, or was discharged by reason of the termination of the war, and to the widows, minor children or parents of three years men,
$50 Extra Bounty
will be paid to all two years' men and their heirs under like circumstances, and to three years' men who served two years of their enlistment.
In no case will any extra bounty be paid when more than $100 has been previously paid.
No claim will be entertained unless presented under RULES AND REGULATIONS issued by the War Department Sept. 22, 1866.
The Department will receive claims from Oct. 1, 1866, until April 1, 1867. In case of claims by parents under late acts of Congress for bounty, the FATHER and MOTHER must both join in the application.
Increase of Pension.
$15 per month to every Invalid Pensioner totally disabled.
$2 per month for each child under 16 years of age of widow Pensioners.
Fees for procuring Extra Bounty.....$5
" " Increase Pension.....$5
" " Original Pension.....$10
" " collection the 4th of Sept. and 4th of March payments of Pensions.....$1
COBBLER'S EMPORIUM.
BENJAMIN SEELEY, shoemaker, over Jerome Smith's store on Main Street, would just say to the Shoeless and Bootless—that is, that portion of them who have the dudads to change their condition—that he is now prepared to manufacture coarse gentlemen's fine Boots, or fine gentlemen's coarse Boots in as bungling a manner, and at as dear rates as any other establishment this side of Whitney's Corners. Anything in the line of Shoemaking or Cobbling will be admirably botched on the shortest notice. Don't examine my work; it won't bear inspection; but "go it blind." Remember the place, next door to Shakspeare's Tailor Shop.
B. SEELEY.
Nov. 14, 1866.–tf.

PRESERVE YOUR TEETH.
J. B. RANDALL, Surgeon Dentist, would respectfully inform the citizens of Tioga, Lawrenceville, and vicinities that he has located permanently at Tioga, (office over Tuller's Drug Store) where he may be found the first three weeks of each month, and will be at Lawrenceville the last week in each month at the residence of Chas. Vangorder.
Particular attention given to the treatment of all diseases of the Teeth, Gums, and Alveolar process,
Cleaning, Filling & Extracting Teeth
and to regulate irregular Teeth in young persons. Also, especial attention given to Fitting Artificial Teeth, Palates, and obdurators on any kind of plate desired.
Anæsthetics administered and Teeth Extracted without pain in every case where it may be considered advisable.
All work will be done with promptness, and warranted, and at prices consistent with the times.
Let every one call who may need or wish for a good looking set of teeth.
Tioga, Pa., Nov. 7, 1866.–tf.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of Hirsm Saxton, late of Tioga, dec'd, have been granted to the subscriber, all persons indebted to the said Estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against the estate of the said decedent, should make the same known to
JNO. I. MITCHELL, Adm'r.
Wellsboro, Dec. 19, 1866–6w*

FLOUR FROM CHOICE WHITE WHEAT, buckwheat flour, corn meal and feed, always on hand. Call at the Charleston Mill before buying your flour and feed. I can make it an object for you to buy.
A. RUSSELL.
May 16, 1866–tf

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.

LAMPS.—A new kind of lamp for Kerosene—no breakage of chimneys—at FOLEY'S.

Select Poetry.

FATHER, TAKE MY HAND.

The way is dark, my Father! Cloud on cloud
It gathers thickly o'er my head, and loud
The thundering roar above me. See, I stand
Like one bewildered! Father, take my hand,
And through the gloom
Lead safely home
Thy child.

The day goes fast, my Father! And my soul
Is drawing darkly down. My faithless sight
Sees ghostly visions. Fears, a spectral band,
Encompass me. Oh, Father, take my hand!
And from the night
Lead up to light
Thy child.

The way is long, my Father! And my soul
Longs for the rest and quiet of the goal;
While yet I journey through the weary land,
Keep me from wandering. Father, take my hand,
Quickly, and strait,
Lead to Heaven's gate
Thy child.

The path is rough, my Father! Many a thorn
Has pierced me; and my weary feet all torn
And bleeding; mark the way. Yet thy command
Bids me press forward.—Father, take my hand,
Then, safe and blest,
Lead up to rest
Thy child.

The the throng is great, my father! Many a doubt
And fear, and danger, compass me about,
And foes oppress me so. I cannot stand
Or go alone. Oh, Father! take my hand,
And through the throng
Lead safe along
Thy child.

The cross is heavy, Father! I have borne
It long, and still do bear it. Let my worn
And fainting spirit rise to that blest land
Where crowns are given. Father, take my hand,
And, reaching down,
Lead to the crown
Thy child.

Miscellaneous.

JACK SPROUT'S CONVERSION.

A LIFE SKETCH.

Jack Sprout swore a terrible oath. In fact, he swore quite a number of oaths, for he was very angry. It was nothing wonderful for Jack Sprout to swear, even in the presence of his wife, for he was sadly given to the habit of using profane language. And yet Jack was a good husband; an indulgent father; an honest, industrious man; an accommodating neighbor; and he possessed many other excellences of character which might have made him a valuable member of society, had it not been for certain loose habits which had marked his course from childhood. His parents had been careless and profane before him; his father had been a tough, rough customer; so Jack naturally enough came up in the same track. But he was good looking, and kind hearted, and genial and social, and so he had gained for a wife one of the very best maidens of our town, as well as one of the handsomest.

Master Freddy Sprout, aged five years, stood by his mother's side, with a sadly begrimed and tearstreaked face, and his story was that Solomon Gordon had whipped him with a stick, and the boy's legs still bore a few slight tokens of the castigation. Two other boys had come home with Master Freddy, and their testimony corroborated that which the sufferer had given. Freddy, with some of his playmates, had been throwing stones at Mr. Gordon's dog, and one of the missiles hurled by Freddy had hit the animal and caused him to howl with pain. Of course, the stone thrown by such a tiny hand, could not have inflicted much injury upon the canine brute; but Solomon Gordon loved his dog, and when he saw what had been done he caught Master Freddy and gave him a thrashing; for, be it known, Solomon Gordon was just such another man as Jack Sprout—warm-hearted, generous, and neighborly; but rough, uneducated, strong-willed, and impulsive.

Jack Sprout put on his hat and prepared to rally forth. His lips were pale and tightly compressed, and the huge muscles in his arms worked like bundles of ropes.

"Dear Jack," pleaded his wife, "don't go out now."

"Let me alone, Abby. No man shall strike a child of mine without having a chance to strike me. I shall go and see Sol. Gordon, and I'll give him such a licking as he won't forget in a hurry!" And Jack closed the sentence with a terrible oath.

"No, no, Jack—don't go. What good will it do? Wait until you are more cool!"

"Pshaw! Go away, Abby. There is not power enough on earth to save Sol. Gordon from a dubbing; and I'll give it to him before the sun goes down!"

And as Jack Sprout looked at that moment he gave awful evidence that he was physically able to make good his word; for a more magnificent structure of frame-work and muscle was not to be found in the town.

"Dear Jack," cried the wife, taking her husband by the arm, "Oh, do listen to me one moment. Freddy is not much hurt; and he ought not to have thrown stones at Gordon's dog. You know both Solomon and his wife set everything by the little animal, and he would not bark at the boys if they did not plague him. If you go and find Gordon as you are now, you will only make matters worse. Oh, I wish you would drop it!"

Jack only shook his head, and smiled one of those smiles which are terrible upon the face of an angry man.

"O Jack, if you only try the effect of kindness upon Solomon! He is a good man at heart—"

Jack interrupted his wife with a derisive sneer.

"Don't laugh at me, Jack. I tell you it would be better to do so than resort to blows. If you were attacked I should not blame you for fighting to protect yourself; but this is not a case that calls for your strength of muscle. There is a higher and a nobler strength that you can use now."

"Oh!" uttered Jack, "you are preaching. You are giving me some of your Sunday School lessons. But I don't want 'em. You may experience religion as much as you please; but you musn't preach the stuff to me."

"Jack," spoke the wife, with stern solemnity, "have I been any the worse since I began to have an interest in religious things?"

"No, Abby—you were good always."

"Then why will you not listen to me? If you will stay with me now—if you will wait until your anger is cooled—and then go and speak kindly to Solomon Gordon, I give you my solemn pledge that you will feel a thousand times better than you will if you—"

But Jack would not hear his wife out. He had sworn that he would thrash Solomon Gordon, and he would keep his word. His temper was at the boiling point; and he was fairly aching to get his hands upon the man who had dared to strike his boy; for Freddy was his pet, and every blow that had been laid upon the child's body had made a mark of fire upon his own heart. So he put his wife away from him and hurried from the house, slamming the door after him.

Away went Jack Sprout with rapid, heavy strides; and had Solomon Gordon fallen in his way just then he would have most assuredly been severely beaten; for though Solomon was a stout, bold man, yet Jack was a very Hercules.

But Jack was destined to get pretty thoroughly cooled off before he met the object of his wrath. As he approached the bridge that spanned the river just below the falls, he heard loud cries of alarm, and upon hurrying forward he found that a boy had fallen from one of the projecting timbers into the water. He looked over the railing, and saw the little fellow coming to the surface of the foaming, boiling flood—a curly-headed boy, just about the age of his own darling Freddy—stretching forth his tiny arms in agony of despair. It was a terrible place, that seething, roaring pool, where the waters of the great river came pouring down from over the high dam; but Jack did not hesitate. He forgot every thing but the danger of the little one—and only stopping to kick of his boots, and throw aside his coat, he leaped down into the angry flood. He caught the boy in his arms, and then struck for the shore. It was a mighty conflict, but the strong man persevered. More than once those who had gathered upon the bridge and upon the rocks had reason to fear that neither the man nor the child would come forth alive; but Jack held his own against the mad torrent, and finally reached the shore where many hands were ready to help him. As for himself, a few minutes rest so far restored him that he was able to walk: and he had sustained no injury save a few trifling bruises. And as for the boy, he had come forth in safety, for Jack had held him high above the water during all the time of his struggle.

And when Jack Sprout had regained his strength and was able to speak, he looked to see the boy that he had saved, and he saw that it was Andy Gordon, a bright eyed, curly haired, fair faced, boy, not a year older than was his son Freddy.

"Where's papa?" asked the dripping child.

"He is coming," answered some in the crowd.

Jack looked up, and saw Solomon Gordon coming—Solomon, pale and terror stricken—and with all possible haste he seized his coat and boots, and hurried away. He could not meet Solomon Gordon then.

"Mercy! What is it, Jack!"

Mrs. Sprout was alarmed. Her husband was dripping wet, his step was tottering, his breathing was labored, and there was a livid mark upon his forehead as though he had received a heavy blow.

"It is nothing, Abby."

"Has Solomon——"

"Pshaw! D'ye think Sol. Gordon could have done this? I have been in the river. A little boy had fallen from the bridge right into the flood beneath the falls. I jumped in and brought him out."

"Alive?"

"Yes, alive and unhurt."

"Oh, thank God! Whose child was it, Jack?"

Jack hesitated.

"Don't stop to ask questions now, Abby, but make me a cup of hot, strong tea, while I get on some dry clothes. My soul! I think I had a narrow dodge of it!"

Jack put on dry garments, and when he had rested awhile he drank his tea, and in the course of an hour all traces of exhaustion had passed away.

"I tell you, Abby, I have had a good many tough jobs in my day, but I never had one like that before. A weaker man than I could never have brought out the child alive."

O, how grand it is, Jack, to use one's strength in such a cause. But whose child was it? Do you not know?

Before Jack could answer, the outer door was unceremoniously opened, and Solomon Gordon entered the apartment. Abby shrank back in alarm when she saw how pale and excited the man looked, and how he trembled, for she did not notice the moist, brimming light that shone in his swollen eyes.

"Jack!" spoke the new comer, in a gasping manner, at the same time holding out both his hands. He choked for strength to add, "I've presently gained I say? Jack! Jack!" Here the strong man broke fairly down and burst into tears.

Jack, almost as much affected as was his visitor, arose and took the extended hand.

"Never mind, Sol. It's all right.

"No, no," cried Gordon. "It isn't right. It can never be right. O, what can I do? Jack, if I could only go back to where I was this morning! My God! I beat your child for a trifling thing, and you have saved mine from a terrible death, saved him almost at the expense of your own life. Kill me if you will. Beat me, Jack. Do anything you like, only—forgive me for what I did to your little Freddy—forgive me, so that this saving act of yours shan't be always like a heap of coals upon my head!"

And then with sudden impulse—under the influence of an emotion such as he had never before experienced, Jack Sprout said,

"Solomon, I tell you it's all right. You have no more reason to thank God that I saved your child than I have. When I went forth from my house I was full of wrath; madness and curses were upon my heart. I should have sought such revenge as the wild beast seeks. Is it not better that I found your little Andy in the flood? And is not better than my great strength was used in saving his life? I forgive you, Sol., from the bottom of my heart. And now I say, it's all right!"

And so was cemented a friendship holy and lasting.

Seemingly slight perturbations in the current of a man's life sometimes work marvelous changes for good or ill.

"Abby," said Jack Sprout—it was late in the evening, and they had been sitting for some time without speaking—"I believe I am converted."

"Jack!"

"Yes, Abby, I am converted. Saul of Tarsus, that you read to Freddy about last Sunday, was not more suddenly brought to light that I have been. Really and truly, there is more virtue in kindness than in enmity; it blesses everything and everybody. He who bestows it is as much blessed as he who receives it.

And then the wife with her arm placed gently around her husband's neck, gently, kindly said:

"Dear Jack, wouldn't we both be happier if we would try to live by the blessed rules laid down by the Saviour? Oh, I know that they were given by one who sought our highest good, and I think we should find much joy in trying to square our lives by the golden rule."

And Jack, with a kiss, made answer: "My darling, we will try."

A few days ago a tree was cut down in the edge of Boone county, Mo., containing, in one hole, two coons and six large black snakes.

Correspondence.

[For the Agitator.]

A SHORT STORY, WHICH IS NO ROMANCE.

You like stories? I dare say, yes. Let me tell you a short one, which not only contains tragedy but truth; and I will tell it as it was told me by one of the principal actors, (a mild, straight-forward German,) and vouched for by his friends and neighbors, who know all the circumstances right well. In 1856 there came to this country a German family by the name of Schultz, whose destination was New Ulm, Minnesota. Now it is a fact that New Ulm is settled entirely by Germans; there is but one American living in that community, and he is married to a German woman, speaks German, drinks much lager, and is said to be fond of sour kraut.

The family of Schultz consisted of himself, his wife, and three children; the eldest, a sturdy young fellow, who afterwards did good service during the Indian raid in August 1862, the second, a daughter of eighteen, and the youngest, a beautiful girl of sixteen, who is the subject of our story. The eldest daughter had been affianced to a young German farmer who was already settled on a branch of the Cottonwood near New Ulm, having come over the year before, taken a claim, and improved it. Of course there was a Dutch wedding soon after the arrival of the Schultz family, and the plump, practical Gretchen, dropped from the dreamy regions of romance into to the sober ruts and routine of backwoods matrimony.

In New Ulm, and, in fact, throughout Minnesota, the male element is disproportionately numerous; add to this, that the pretty Katherine was at once pronounced the most beautiful of all the unmarried feminine arrivals for the season, and that old Schultz was known to be the possessor of two or three thousand hard dollars, and it will readily be credited that the young beauty from Faderland was besieged by suitors in a way to turn to turn the head on an older pair of shoulders than hers. It did not turn her head at all. In vain the baker offered to share his home and fortunes with the fair Katherine, although his business was good, his person pleasing, and his habits unexceptionable.—In vain the proprietor of the best brewery in New Ulm (and they have seven breweries there) laid profits and principal at her feet. Even the village merchant, Yohan Miller, sued in vain.—Old Schultz was desperate; one strong inducement with him in emigrating to America, had been the separation of Katherine and Jacob Kohler, the young schoolmaster of the little German village where Katharine was born, whence Old Schultz had emigrated, and where Jacob was still diligently teaching the young Teutonic idea to "shoot" on correct principles. The father coaxed, wheedled, and promised her a thousand dollars on the day she became the wife of either the baker, brewer, or merchant, but she remained obdurate as a rock.—Could it be that she was clinging fondly to the memory of Jacob Kohler, whose name she had not been heard to speak since the family arrived at their new home? Hardly a probable story, that a young girl would keep her own counsel so wisely and well, in a love affair; however it would do no harm to know how the matter really stood, so the father went to the Post Master (who was a rejected suitor) and there he learned, without the least difficulty, that a letter to Jacob Kohler went from that office every other Monday with the regularity of clock work. In a woman's hand-writing? "Yes; in the hand-writing of the fraulein, your daughter." The post master was avenged; if he could not succeed with the handsome Katherine, he rather preferred that nobody in New Ulm should be the successful rival; a prior attachment in the fatherland was another thing of course; a thing which broke the fall of self-love and pride wonderfully. As to old man Schultz, he went home in wrath, and at once called his refractory daughter to account; the first question he asked her was rather a business like one. "How many letters has that rascal Kohler sent you since you came out here?" Now, in any "well conceived and faithfully executed" romance, the proper thing for a heroine to do under such circumstances, would be to faint dead away, bumping her head uncomfortably against the corner of the dining table, and only reviving after the sedulous application of hartshorn, sashes, the contents of a waterfall or two on reviving, would add to the general effect, and when I record what my heroine really did, you will agree with me that there was not the least romance about it. She turned a pair of bright, candid blue eyes on her father's face for an instant, and then answered with the utmost serenity, quite as she might have answered any ordinary question, "between fifty and sixty—I don't know exactly."

"Der Tuyfel!" ejaculated the old man; and then after a minute's reflection, "Go and bring 'em—all of 'em; I want to *read* every *one*." Instead of going into hysterics, the dutiful Katherine, who probably knew her father better than you and I—marched off to a plethoric Dutch trunk, whence she returned with two bundles of letters, tied—not with blue ribbon, but with substantial buck-skin strings, which she handed over to the old man, not without some blushing, and a little trepidation. All that afternoon, all the long December evening, old John Schultz devoted to the faithful reading and analyzing of that pile of love letters. Long after the family were abed—all but Katherine—he sat and pondered the case with such utter obliviousness, that he not only failed to observe his daughter sitting in her favorite corner, patiently knitting and waiting, but even forgot to fill his long tailed China pipe, without which he was never known to decide any important question in a manner at all satisfactory to himself or others. At length he rose hastily, filled the big pipe to the rim and smoked furiously for five minutes, at the expiration of which he beamed through a blue cloud of tobacco smoke and ejaculated "Katrina!"

"Yes father," (interrogatively.)

"Don't go to bed yet."

"No, father." And Katherine went on with her knitting, while the old man smoked slowly, and yet more slowly, as the vexatious question began to mix and dissolve with the gently curling smoke, and thought, sober, candid thought, superseded prejudice. He had always opposed Jacob Kohler, had said many hard, and some unjust things about him, and for what? Jacob was poor, but his conduct from a boy up had been of the best, and as for learning, what comparison could the brewer, the merchant, or even the post master pretend to hold with him? And then, his letters; so kind, so full of earnest, manly love, with not a peevish or disrespectful word about the man who stood between him and happiness.

Between? Not so certain about that; for did he not gather from the letters that the whole affair was arranged, that Jacob was to come out in the following April and marry the fair Katherine out of hand? Well; and ought not a woman who is to live with a man as his wife, to have her choice as to the man—that is if she can get it. Then, the cool, quiet business like manner in which these young people had managed their love affair, looked very much as though they would be able to manage their own affairs after marriage. At all events, it was a course of true love, and bid fair to run somewhere—if it did not run smoothly, whose fault would it be but his, John Schultz's, standing between his favorite daughter and her happiness, like an obstinate old Dutchman, as he was; he admitted that, (to himself).—Finally, taking the pipe from his mouth, he knocked the ashes out gently—very gently, and spoke.

(*To be Continued.*)

[For the Agitator.]

DIARY

Of JOHN L. POND, Co. A, 149th Reg't P. V., while a prisoner in the hands of the Rebels.

MAY 4th, 1864.—We left camp at 2 o'clock this morning, crossed the Rapidan without opposition—at noon we encamped near the Chancelorville battle ground.

5th. Were called up at 3 this morning, marched about two miles and found a line of battle; advanced our line about 10 o'clock and found the enemy in force; were obliged to fall back and I was taken prisoner while getting off the field; came to Orange Court House to-night.

6th. Fell in about noon and gave our names and regiment, then came on to Gordonsville this afternoon.

7th. Got on the cars this morning at 10 o'clock, reached Lynchburg about 4 this afternoon, marched a mile out of town and went into camp.

8th. All quiet in our prison camp; we can get no news from the field of battle. Another squad of prisoners came in this evening.

9th. More prisoners came this morning, and another squad this afternoon; the weather is pleasant but looks like rain this evening.

10th. Six hundred and forty prisoners came in this morning. There is no news hear we cannot here anything that is going on. 11th. We left Lynchburg about 7 o'clock to-day on the Tennessee and Virginia R. R. and are now at the junction of the Richmond and Tennessee R. R.

12th. Staid at the junction all night slept in the cars, came on about forty miles and are halted again for the night. Rained to-day.

13th. Laid by on the R. R. all night; slept in the cars—came on to Danville, Va., drew the first rations we have had for three days. We are in large brick factories.

14th. Our first day of prison life has passed off slowly: we can get no news from the seat of war. Plenty to eat but not of the finest quality.

15th. A dull Sunday with us to day, nothing to change the routine of prison life, no news from the Army. The days are very long here. Orders came to get ready to go to Georgia.

16th. Did not start to-day. Another squad of prisoners came in to day. They say we are to go to-morrow—we have drawn our rations and are to leave in the morning.

17th. Left Danville this morning—came over the North Carolina line, passed through a fine open country to-day. The Railroad is not finished and we had to lay by 6 miles this side of Greensburg. Expect to go on in the night.

18th. Did not get to Greensburg last night as we expected; are waiting for the train; came on to Greensburg, then on to Charlotte—have passed through a fine country and saw some small villages on the road. We drew ration at Salisbury.

19th. Came on to Charlotte last night, Staid until 4 o'clock in the afternoon then on to Columbia Junction in South Carolina.

20th. Left at 10 to day; came on to Augusta Ga. and laying over here.

21st. Left Augusta at one o'clock, were on the road all night.

22d. Came through Macon to day; arrived at Andersonville and have found our destination; things look dark here. Our prisoners look very long and are dying off fast.

23d. More prisoners came to day. The weather is very hot, but have passed the night more comfortable than I expected.

24th. More prisoners again to day; it looks as if they intended to pile one upon the other; they say there are 11-000 prisoners here already; God knows what will become of us if they put in many more.

25th. Still another lot of prisoners from north; news is about