The Tioga County Agitator

To Published every Wednesday Morning, at $2,00 Year, invariably in advance, by

COBB & VAN GELDER.

[C. B. COBB.] [P. C. VAN GELDER.

ADVERTISING RATES.

TEN LINES OR 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., APRIL 24, 1867. NO. 17.

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, County 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 over John R. Bowen's Store. ☞ 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, Notary Public 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 traveling public. [Jan. 1, 1866.]

Pennsylvania House.

AMARIAH HAZLETT PROPRIETOR.

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

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.-tf

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.

S. S. FARR, Proprietor.

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 Wilcox & Barker's Store, Wellsboro, Pa. Particular attention paid to Ladies' Hair-cutting, Shampooing, Dyeing, etc. Braids, Puffs, Curls, and Switches on hand and made to order.

H. W. DORSEY. J. JOHNSON.

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.

D. BACON, M. D., late of the 2d Pa. Cavalry, after nearly four years of army service, with a large experience in field and hospital practice has opened an office for the practice of medicine and surgery in all its branches. Persons from a distance can find good 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—ly.

NEW PICTURE GALLERY.—

FRANK SPENCER

has the pleasure to inform the citizens of Tioga county that he has completed his

NEW PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY,

and is on hand to take all kinds of Sun Pictures, such as Ambrotypes, Ferrotypes, Vignettes, Cartes de Visite, the Surprise and Eureka Pictures; also particular attention paid to copying and enlarging Pictures. Instructions given in the Art on reasonable terms. Elmira St., Mansfield, Oct. 1, 1866.

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, Tioga at his residence, near the Land Office and Episcopal Church) where he will continue to do all kind of work confided to his care, guarantee complete satisfaction where the skill of the Dentist can avail in the management of case. Confident in 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

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.—H. H. Shaker, 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.

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 Hotels 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 Cowdon, 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.

PHOTOGRAPHIC.

E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO.,

Manufacturers of Photographic Materials,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

501 BROADWAY, N. Y.

In addition to our main business of Photographic Materials, we are Headquarters for the following, viz:

Stereoscopes & Stereoscopic Views

Of American and Foreign Cities and Landscapes, Groups, Statuary, etc.

Stereoscopic Views of the War,

From negatives made in the various campaigns and forming a complete Photographic history of the great contest.

Stereoscopic Views on Glass,

Adapted for either Magic Lanterns or the Stereoscope. Our Catalogue will be sent to any address on receipt of Stamp.

Photographic Albums.

We manufacture more largely than any other house, about 200 varieties from 50 cents to $50 each. Our ALBUMS have the reputation of being superior in beauty and durability to all others

Card Photographs of Generals, Statesmen, Actors, etc., etc.

Our Catalogue embraces over FIVE THOUSAND different subjects, including reproductions of the most celebrated Engravings, Paintings, Statues, etc. Catalogues sent on receipt of stamp.

Photographers and others ordering goods C. O. D., will please remit 25 per cent. of the amount with their order. The prices and quality of goods cannot fail to satisfy. Jan. 2, 1867-6m.

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. BROWN, D.

Lawrenceville, Nov. 5, 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-tailed, and foul seeds, and chess and cockle from wheat.

2. It clean flax seed, lobs, cat, 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.

Ready for sale. P. ROLMATHER.

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. [feb2160]y

E. R. KIMBALL,

GROCERY AND RESTAURANT,

One door Above the Meat Market,

WELLSBORO, PENN'A,

RESPECTFULLY announces to the trading public that he has a desirable stock of Groceries, comprising, Teas, Coffees, Spices, Sugars, Molasses, Syrups, and all that constitutes a first-class stock. Oysters in every style at all seasonable hours.

Wellsboro, Jan. 2, 1867-tf.

JOHN SUHR,

WOULD announce to the citizens of Wellsboro and surrounding country, that he has opened a shop on the corner of Water and Crafton streets, for the purpose of manufacturing all kinds of

CABINET FURNITURE,

REPAIRING AND TURNING DONE

to order. COFFINS of all kinds furnished on short notice. All work done promptly and warranted. Wellsboro, June 27, 1866.

J. STICKLIN, CHAIRMAKER, Painter, and Furniture Dealer, opposite Dodd's Wagon Shop,

MAIN STREET, WELLSBORO, PA.

Orders promptly filled and satisfaction guaranteed. Fancy Turning done to order.

Oct. 31, 1866-tf. J. STICKLIN.

WELLSBORO PETROLEUM CO.—Notice is hereby given that the Board of Directors of this Company at a meeting held December 15, by resolution decided to close up the affairs of the Company and distribute the balance in the hands of the Treasurer, *pro rata* among the holders of full paid stock. The property of the Company will be sold and the proceeds divided in like manner. Stockholders will present their receipts to the Treasurer. By order,

Dec 19, 1866. M. H. COBB, Clerk.

RICH Bohemian Glass Vases, at dec19 FOLEY'S.

AT GARDNER'S

YOU CAN FIND A FIRST CLASS STOCK OF

GROCERIES & PROVISIONS,

TEAS OF ALL KINDS, COFFEE, SUGAR, MOLASSES, SYRUPS, SALT, SPICES, DRIED FRUIT, FIGS, CANNED FRUITS, PRUNES, ENGLISH CURRANTS, RAISINS, CITRON, CREAM TARTAR, SODA, &c.

PORK, FLOUR, MACKEREL, WHITE FISH, CORN MEAL, BUCK WHEAT FLOUR.

ALSO HARDWARE,

NAILS, AXES, TABLE AND POCKET CUTLERY, SHOVELS, SPADES, HOES, FORKS,

Crockery, Jars, Jugs, Lamps and Chimneys, Lanterns, Wooden Ware of all kinds.

Bedcords, Rope, Brooms, Brushes of all Kinds; Plug & Fine Cut Tobacco, Segars; also a large variety of Fancy Smoking Tobacco.

In regard to the sale of these goods I have a word to say, in strict confidence, of course. These goods were purchased for cash and will be sold for cash at prices which will make it an object for housekeepers to purchase. I mean to do a square and fair trading business. Call and see me—at the J. D. Jones' stand.

L. A. GARDNER.

Wellsboro, Dec. 12, 1866-tf

REGULATOR!

ARE NOW OFFERING greater inducements than heretofore to the people of Tioga as they have placed their entire stock, consisting of

BROAD CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, FLANNELS, MERINOES, ALPACAS,

Also a large quantity of Prints of desirable quality and patterns with a large stock of Sheetings,

HATS and Caps,

BOOTS AND SHOES,

GROCERIES.

HARDWARE & CROCKERY.

At a reduction of 20 to 25 per cent. below former prices with a view of reducing their stock for the spring trade.

We invite all to call and examine before purchasing elsewhere as we are confident of giving satisfaction both in prices and quality.

All kinds of

GRAIN AND BUTTER

Taken in exchange for Goods.

Jan. 30. 1867. WILCOX & BARKER.

COBBLER'S EMPORIUM.

BENJAMIN SEELEY, shoemaker, over Jerome Smith's store on Main Street, would just say to the Shoeless and Hopeless—that is, that portion of them who have the *dudds* to change their condition—that he is now prepared to manufacture coarse gentlemen's fine Boots; or fine gentlemen's coarse Boots in as haughty a manner, and in as derogatory a manner 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

Of all the trades from East to West,
The cobbler part contending:
He's like in time to prove the best,
Who every day is mending.
How happy he who can command,
The soles of all his neighbors;
He's ever unmindful of his end,
And to his last still labors.

INSURANCE AGENCY.

MESSRS. NICHOLS & MITCHELL would respectfully inform the people of this vicinity, that they have the agency of some of the best.

Life & Fire Insurance Companies

in the States, and are now prepared to insure on reasonable rates.

Mr. MITCHELL having been appointed

NOTARY PUBLIC,

will attend promptly to any business relating to his office, which may be entrusted to him.

They will be found at the office formerly occupied by Lowrey and Wilson, on Main Street, Wellsboro, Pa. March 13, 1867-1y.

HARKNESS & RILEY,

BOOT AND SHOE MAKERS,

OVER HUGH YOUNG'S BOOK STORE.

BOOTS AND SHOES of all kinds made to order and in the best manner.

REPAIRING of all kinds done promptly and good. Give us a call.

JOHN HARKNESS. WM. RILEY.

Wellsboro, Jan. 2, 1867 1y.

DEMOREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE, universally acknowledged the Model Parlor Magazine of America; devoted to Original Stories, Poems, Sketches, Architecture and Model Cottages, Household Matters, Gems of Thought, Personal and Literary Gossip (including special departments on Fashions), Instructions on Health, Gymnastic, Equestrian Exercises, Music, Amusements, etc.; all by the best authors, and profusely and artistically illustrated with costly Engravings (full size), useful and reliable Patterns, Embroideries, Jewelry, and a constant succession of artistic novelties, with other useful and entertaining literature.

No person of refinement, economical housewife, or lady of taste can afford to do without the Model Monthly. Single copies, 30 cents; back numbers, as specimens, 10 cents; either mailed free. Yearly, $3, with a valuable premium; two copies, $5,50; three copies, $7,50; five copies, $12, and splendid premiums for clubs at $3 each, with the first premiums to each subscriber. Address, W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, No. 473 Broadway, New York.

Demorest's Monthly and Young America, together $4, with the premiums for each.

March 20, '67-6m.

SMITH & SHAW,

GENERAL POLICY AGENTS for the leading Stock Companies in the United States; also Agents for the Lycoming County Mutual, Columbia Mutual, and Farmers' Mutual Insurance Companies.

Non-Hazardous, Hazardous, and Extra-Hazardous Risks taken at reasonable rates. Policies Issued, and all Losses adjusted at our Office.

Wellsboro', Pa., Feb. 20, 1867.—tf.

PLATED WARE—Cake baskets, card baskets, castors, sugar bowls, etc., at FOLEY'S.

CALENDER, French, Marine and Chureq Clocks, at [dec10] FOLEY'S.

Select Poetry.

THE OLD-FASHIONED CHOIR.

I have heard, sometimes, the Bethel-beat hymn
That trembled to earth in the patriarch's dream,
Was a ladder of Song in the wilderness rest,
From the pillow of stone to the blue of the Blest,
And the angels descending to dwell with us here,
Old Hundred," and "Corinth," and "China" and "Mear."

All the hearts are not dead, not under the sod,
That those breaths can blow open to Heaven and God!
Ah, "Silver Street" leads by a bright, golden way,
O, it is not the hymns that in harmony flowed—
But those sweet human psalms in the old-fashioned choir,
To the girls that sang alto—the girls that sang air!

"Let us sing to His praise," the minister said,
All the psalm-books at once fluttered open to "York,"
Seemed their dotted wings in the words that he read,
While the leader leaped into the tune just ahead,
And politely picked out the key-note with a fork,
And the vicious old viol went growling along,
At the heels of the girls, in the rear of the song.

I need not a wing—bid no genii come,
With a wonderful web from Arabian loom,
When the world was in rhythm and life was its rhyme;
When the streams of the years flowed up noiseless and narrow,
That across it there floated the song of the sparrow;
For a sprig of green caraway carries me there,
To the old village church and the old village choir.

When clear of the floor my feet slowly swung,
And timed the sweet praise of the song as they sung,
Till the glory aslant from the afternoon sun
Seemed the rafters of gold in God's temple begun!
You may smile at the nasals of old Deacon Brown,
Who followed by scent till he ran the tune down—
And dear sister Green, with more goodness than grace,
Rose and fell on the tune as she stood in her place,
And where "Coronation" exultingly flows,
Tried to reach the high notes on the tip of her toes!
To the land of the Real they went with their song,
Where the choir and the chorus together belong,
O, be lifted, ye Gates! Let me hear them again—
Blessed song, blessed Sabbath, forever, amen!

Miscellaneous.

HOW I ALMOST LOST MY HUSBAND.

It was once, while spending a few weeks at Uncle John Wilber's, that I met Homer Stuart. He was reading law with Uncle John, and as his mother and Aunt Lottie were old and intimate friends, he was always welcome to their pleasant home.

There was nothing particularly prepossessing in his appearance: he looked well enough without being handsome, and could make himself agreeable when he tried. But he was proud—not a scornful pride, for he was the most perfect gentleman I ever met; but his parents were wealthy and aristocratic, and he was an only child; so, perhaps, it was natural that he should think that the Stuart family, himself included, were better than every one else; and then, too, he was fastidious to a fault.

I can't help smiling now, after so many years, when I think how I must have shocked his delicate sensibilities once in a while, for it must be confessed I was rather wild sometimes.

For a week or so after my arrival, my head was so full of Mark Wordard—a constant visitor, with the curliest of curly brown hair, the reddest of cheeks, and brightest of eyes, and *such* teeth, that he showed in the most wickedly fascinating manner when he smiled—that I had no eyes or ears for any one else.

But by and by Mark was obliged to be absent for a few days, and as I must flirt, I cultivated the acquaintance of the young law student most assiduously; and, to tell the truth, I was most agreeably disappointed in him.

Mark, on acquaintance, did not come up to my expectations. Stuart far exceeded them, and as I had just made the important discovery that cousin Lizzie Wilber was very much interested in him; and so of course, having—as what woman has not, although it is nothing to their credit?—a spice of coquetry in my composition, I resolved, just for the fun of the thing, to try the interesting experiment of making her jealous, for the sake of having something to make the time pass more pleasantly until Mark's return.

We were out on a walk one day—Stuart, Annie Burdick, Lizzie and myself. Annie and I ran on in advance for a while, leaving Lizzie and Stuart to follow more slowly; but finding nothing particularly interesting in playing the agreeable to Annie—who was a good little thing, with nothing to say for herself—I waited for our companions to come up, engaged Stuart in conversation, and, as Lizzie and Annie paused for a moment to speak to a friend, we hurried along, and went down a cross street.

"Where now?" said he, looking back to see if the girls were coming.

"Oh, let us go around by the new park," I replied; "it is much the pleasantest walk and only a little further. They will follow."

But when they reach the crossing we were out of sight, and I well know we should be.

I made myself as agreeable as possible, and just as we reached home he invited me to accompany him to a lecture that evening. I consented to go if he would ask Lizzie also, though I knew all the time that she was engaged at home for the evening.

Lizzie looked sour when I came in, and sourer still the next morning, and for many succeeding mornings and at last used some sour language in calling him to account for incontancy, which did not suit very well, and caused an open rupture.

I think that Lizzie felt rather badly about it for a while, for one day I caught her in tears over a very suspicious-looking package, which I afterwards discovered to be Homer's picture, a few trifling presents, letters, notes, etc.

If I was penitent for a moment it did not last long. I quieted my conscience by saying to myself, "I am only flirting a little. Mark will be home soon; then she may have her love again."

Well, Mark did come back, and I discovered all at once that he was very silly and insipid, so I left him for Lizzie to entertain, and went over to Stuart altogether. I never knew what it was that fascinated me so and kept me in his society, for he wounded my pride most cruelly, telling me of my faults in a way that I should have resented in any one else.

So things went on until I was unexpectedly called home; my mother was going on a journey to be away several days, and I was to be housekeeper *pro tem.*, and was to start *immediately*. So the message ran.

Stuart had never told me in so many words that he loved me, but I knew that he did by many little things of daily occurrence, and as I sat in the parlor alone, expecting him, I wondered if this would bring him to the point. He came in presently, and, after the usual salutation, I said abruptly:

"I am to start for home to-morrow, on the morning train."

"So detained my hand, and drawing me to a seat beside him on the sofa, said in an agitated manner:

"You surely are not in earnest."

Just then the door opened, and Annie Burdick entered unannounced. I guess she thought she was in the wrong place, for she paused a moment at the entrance, but I bid her come in, and, seating herself, she gave us the benefit of her highly interesting company until the entrance of the family. I don't wish you to think me of a bad disposition, but I don't think I have ever quite forgiven Annie in my heart for that ill-timed visit.

"I shall see you in the morning," said Stuart, as he pressed my hand when he said good night.

But morning came, and some unlooked-for business detained him, and I went home with the all important explanation unmade.

Mother had gone, and, as a matter of course, everything bearing the most remote resemblance to a systematic and well-regulated household had disappeared for the time being. It was the spring of the year, and house-cleaning time, and, at the risk of shocking your delicate sensibilities, I will confess that we did not afford a servant. It was a bright, sunny afternoon early in May. For fear that you may be in want of something unique and novel in the way of a reception costume, I will give you a description of my dress on this particular occasion.

My hair was all tucked back under a little close old brown merino hood in the most dreadfully unbecoming manner. My dress—a dingy, faded print—was pinned up so that there was not the least danger of its unsurping the place of the mop, and showing, in bold relief, my shoes, which—I don't know but I might as well tell the whole story—were an old pair of brother Tom's that I appropriated on such occasions. Usually I like housework, but this day everything had gone wrong. In the first place, Mrs. Murphy did not come, as I had expected, to help me to take up the carpets, but I had got my mind made up to clear the parlor, and as it was pleasant, I resolved to do it myself, and with such assistance as Tom could render me.

Tom helped me all the forenoon. He broke off one of the legs to the sofa, tore the carpet, cracked the glass of one of my favorite pictures, and ended by knocking down the canary's cage, tipping over a pail of suds, and tearing a leaf out of my last *Atlantic* to wrap his bait up in, started off fishing, singing "Lily Dale," to the tune of "Yankee Doodle," in the most ear-splitting manner imaginable.

I had got along very well, considering, and was ending my first day of house cleaning by mopping the kitchen floor, when there was a ring at the front door. It is only Tom, said I to myself, and he will not make a fool of me; but it soon came again, louder than before. I tried to unpin my dress, but it would not come down. Ring, ring again; they were in earnest this time, and assuring myself that it was a tin peddler, I opened the door, and there stood, in all his fastidious elegance, Homer Stuart!

Ah, dear me; I wished the ground would swallow me. I almost sank into Tom's shoes. All the things I had ever heard him say of a lady's hands, feet, hair, and general appearance, flashed like lightning through my mind; but I rallied my scattered senses, shook hands with him, and invited him in.

Once in the hall, what should I do with him? I cast one eye at the sitting-room, and one at the kitchen, then ushered him into the dismantled parlor, that had the virtue of cleanliness, if it was minus carpet and curtains. Did I make an apology? Not one. I excused myself a moment, went out, made a little change in my dress, took off the hood and Tom's shoes, smoothed my hair, and returned to my visitor. While doing so, I had plenty of time to think. I believe that after the first surprise, I rather gloried in my position, in the opportunity to show my independence.

What did I care if his parents were able to have everything that comfort, luxury and taste could devise? Although not as wealthy, my family maintained as high a social position as his.

My visitor was uncommonly silent and thoughtful. I was perfectly at ease, talked, laughed, chatted, and asked questions.

At length, without noticing that I had asked him for the second time if he had seen Mark of late, he said abruptly turning to look at me more fully:

"I am about to sail for California, and came—and came—to—to bid you good by."

His hesitation and strange, absent manner, so unlike his usual self, convinced me at once that this was not what he came for; but I answered him carelessly enough, though my heart stood still for a moment, and then gave a great leap that almost choked me.

He stayed but a short time after that.

As he stood before the door, with the warm May sun falling brightly around us, he looked at me very earnestly, but I did not change countenance, only shook hands with him cordially, and wished him a pleasant voyage.

He mounted his horse, went part way to the gate, turned and came back, asked me for some crimson blossoms that grew beside the steps, and I gave them to him. He thanked me, gave me another searching look, said "good bye" again, and galloped away.

It is nobody's business if, after he was really gone, I had a good cry all to myself. I thanked my lucky stars meanwhile that Tom was safely out of sight and hearing. Why shouldn't I feel bad at Stuart's unaccountable coldness. We had been friends for several months, and I had numberless reasons for believing that we should be bound by a nearer and dearer tie than friendship; but I at last came to the conclusion that if he was to be frightened away by a dress not just to his taste, and a house out of order, his affection for me could not be very strong, and he was not worth crying for.

A short time after that I received a letter from him, characterized by that cold, haughty pride that was so marked a trait of his character.

My reply gave him to understand that if it came to that, I was proud as he; if my family were not as wealthy. There were no more letters, but I heard from him often by the way of mutual friends.

So several years rolled awifully by, bringing their usual train of events. I had seen Lizzie and Mark married, and had several unobjectionable suitors, but could not bring my mind to accepting any of them. Being of a reflective turn of mind, my thoughts often went back to that delightful winter at B——, and I knew I never should love another as I had and still love Homer Stuart; and as I had not the most remote expectation of ever meeting him again, I had set myself down as the old maid of the family.

But "it is a long lane that has no turning," so one bright spring morning a change came to my quiet life most unexpectedly. Mother was at home, so as a matter of course, the wheels of the domestic machinery ran as smoothly and noiselessly as could be desired, and the years had brought experience as well as wrinkles to me.

We had just finished house cleaning; I was sitting in our cheerful parlor, where everything was arranged in the most passable manner. I was attired in a becoming morning dress, with immaculate collar, and cuffs and slippers. A shadow fell across the sunshine which was flooding in at the open door, and, on looking up, who should meet my astonished vision, but my old lover, Homer Stuart.

I married him six months later.

I am sure you don't care to have me to tell you how I all came about. There are some things which were never meant to be told of, or talked over, and I think our reconciliation was one of them.

I dare say we made ourselves sentimental and ridiculous as a sensation novel writer would have desired.

You will be satisfied with my telling you that half a dozen years spent among the vicissitudes and uncertainties of a new country, and an eight-months' illness in a log-cabin, had the effect of taking the fastidiousness out of one member of the Stuart family most effectually.

He had come back to me with all the good and noble qualities I had admired undiminished, and a much truer, fuller man than he went away. And it is to be hoped that my years of probation did not leave me entirely unimproved.

I am willing to believe that we needed the discipline, and that although it was weary waiting, it was all for the best.

[For the Agitator.]

Lights and Shadows in a Teacher's Life.

"Life is chequered shade and sunshine."

In no life is this more eminently the case than in a teacher's.

A young and enthusiastic teacher enters upon the duties of school life, with bright hopes of soon knowing that she is held high in the estimation of others, as a benefactor of mankind. For weeks before she is to make her *debut* upon the stage, as principal actor in the drama of school life, her waking and sleeping dreams are all filled with plans for the future. She feels that nothing but having the name of being *one* of the best, if not the best teacher in the country, will satisfy her. How she hopes to make her pupils love her, so that she may rule by love and not by fear! What new plans she will invent for their advancement! What new zeal and love for improvement will she infuse in their minds! Thus she fills all the future with images of the beautiful, little thinking of the dark clouds which are to shut out the sunshine from her heart! She little dreams that her dearest hopes will be blighted, and that her brightest air castles are doomed to fall with a stunning crash about her.

As the eventful morning approaches, she wends her way toward the school house. She soon finds herself the centre of attraction to a company of open-mouthed boys and girls, and it cannot be denied that her heart flutters with redoubled energy, and her cheeks are dyed with a deeper flush. The "Young America" around her perceive her embarrassment, and instead of trying to diminish, do all they can to increase it. She hardly knows how she is to get through the day. But something must be done, and collecting her scattered faculties, the call for order is given. Seats are taken—classes are formed—lessons assigned, and at last the hour for dismissal has arrived. Now appears the bugbear of country school teachers—"boarding round." But *our* teacher, had made up her mind that it would be rather pleasant than otherwise, for it would give her such a good opportunity to become acquainted with her scholars, and to learn their different dispositions, habits, etc. She is therefore a little disappointed, when one after another takes hat or bonnet and leaves, until the school room has no occupant except herself, and she has received no intimation as to where she is to spend the night. But she must stay some where; so she follows the only group in sight, down the road and across fields till they reach what answers for home. A slovenly, ill-natured woman meets them at the door, and gratifies her by remarking—"I didn't want the teacher to board here yet, for there are others better prepared for her than I am," or words to that effect. There is nothing to be done however but to make the best of it. So she divests herself of her out door gear, and seats herself, glad of an opportunity to rest her aching limbs, and begins to look around her. Everything has the same slouchy appearance of the mistress. The air has a greasy disagreeable odor of fried pork and onions. She thinks of her own neat home and gentle mother, and a lump rises in her throat, and threatens to choke her. How she longs to lay her head in her mother's lap and cry! But she has her dignity as a *schoolmam* to sustain, and must choke down her heart-ache and answer the numerous questions of her hostess cheerfully.

After a pretense of supper, she wanders out of doors, hoping to find something more cheering than the interior of the house. But the appearance is nearly the same. The farmer despises what he calls "book-larnt notions," and every thing around shows it. The house is out of repair—the fences are broken down—the worms have eaten the leaves off the few fruit trees—the bugs are destroying the apology for a garden; even the grass and sky have a leaden color, and the few horses, cows, and other stock have a weary dispirited look, as if they can see a lack of something but are powerless to remedy it. As the work for the day is concluded, the farmer and older boys gather into the house. Now instead of whiling away the time till the hour for retiring, with pleasant talk or an instructive book, the farmer sleeps in his chair, the boys content themselves with pulling the dog's ears, tenzing each other, drumming upon the backs of chairs, or on the table, with their fingers, or on the floor with their feet, or whistling or humming under their breaths. The younger children are allowed to race through the house, yelling at the top of their voices, till the head of the poor "school ma'am" is in a perfect whirl. When at last bed time comes, she is told that she is to sleep with Jerusha Jane, whose hair smells of lard, and who confidently informs her that "she'll spile her hair entirely if she don't quit usin curlin tongs to do it up." Quietly telling her mentor that her hair curls naturally, she smoothers her face in the pillow, and gives vent to the tears that will no longer be restrained. She rises in the morning unrefreshed, with a wavering belief in the *poetry* of boarding round. Day after day passes, with but few breaks in the clouds which darken her sky. She finds not one among her scholars to whom she has to apply the checkrein. But among the dullest there is one in "*dullness* further gone." He is dull in play, in conversation, in study, in observation, and in fact in everything.—Upon him the teacher exhausts her powers, but nothing she can do awakens the least mark of interest in anything. Night after night she lies awake conjuring up new plans to arouse his ideas. She gives hours to him when one less hopeful would despair. But all is unavailing. Her strongest efforts are unappreciated, and her most energetic appeal only calls forth an open-mouthed stare from Blank-face. The time passes on, and before the close of the term, she is greeted with the intelligence that some one among her patrons says, "she takes no pains with any of the children except Smith's and Jones'!" This is as much as she can bear, but when she learns that the complainant is the mother of Blankface, she feels that the drop has been added which fills her cup to overflowing.

There is one intolerable bore which seems to be one of the vials of wrath reserved for the defenceless heads of country school teachers. In nearly every district there is a class of boys (young men they think themselves) each of whom ought to be in school every day. They have no taste for reading or studying, or any other sober employment; so whenever they are thrown out of work by a stormy day or anything else, having no resources of their own, they flie to the school-house. Here instead of behaving like men as they ought, they will pass from seat to seat, whisper and laugh, disturb the school, keep the scholars from their studies, and annoy the teacher in every possible way. To cap the climax, ere many days, the report comes to her ears, "Such a one says that he visited Miss ——'s school a few days ago, and that she doesn't keep good order." I should like to ask if a teacher would not be justifiable if she should tell such persons to behave properly, or else leave the house?

Then, too, a teacher has all kinds of dispositions to deal with, both youthful and mature, and it is very often the case that the hardest part of her school is at the homes of her scholars. Some parents uphold her in her judgments, others do not. If she corrects her pupils for disorderly conduct, some will call her a cruel tyrant. If she does not, others will say she has no government. If she assists her pupils, some will find fault; if she does not, others will say she can't. If she makes free with her scholars either in school or out, some will say she lacks dignity; if she does not, others will say she is proud and haughty. Then she must moderate the strong desires of those who have too great a love for learning, and infuse zeal into the dull and unaspiring. She must be able to tell the why and wherefore of everything on the face of the earth, and in the waters under the earth, or else she doesn't know enough to be a teacher. She must make virtue, morality and religion, appear the sweetest things on earth, especially to the wicked and degraded. She must even furnish capacities to those who have none, or else she is unfitted for the place she occupies. In short, though "one were sent from Heaven" it would be impossible for her to accomplish all that is required of one in this position.

The teacher is but human, and who can wonder if her heart sometimes sinks,—her courage flags,—and her patience fails, when she sees that her strongest efforts are unappreciated, and knows that her "best laid plans gang aft ag