The Tioga County Agitator.

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

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The Tioga County Agitator

Is published every Wednesday Moorning at $2 per year, invariably in advance.

COBB & VAN GELDER.

(M. H. COBB.) (P. O. VAN GELDER.)

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The proprietors have stocked the establishme with a new a varie assortment of

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MASONIC.

TIOGA LODGE. No. 317, A, Y. M., meets at their Hall over Dr. Roy's drug store, on Tuesday evening, on or before the Full Moon, at 7 o'clock P. M.

TIOGA CHAPTER, No. 194, R. A. M., meets at the Hall, on Thursday evening, on or before the Full Moon, at 7 o'clock P. M.

TIOGA COUNCIL, No. 31, R. & S. MASTERS, meets at the Hall, on the third Friday of each calendar month, at 7 o'clock P. M.

LAGAGHTON COMMANDERY, No. 28, of KNIGHTS TEMPLAR, and the appendant orders, meets at the Hall, on the first Friday of each calendar month, at 7 o'clock P. M.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

WILLIAM H. SMITH,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW Insurance, Bounty and Pension Agency, Main Street Wellsboro, Pa., Jan. 1, 1868.

WM. GARRETSON,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW, Notary Public and Insurance Agent, Blossburg, Pa., over Caldwell's Store.

GEO. W. MERRICK,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW. Office with W. H. Smith, Esq., Main Street, Opposite Union Block, Wellsboro, Pa. July 15, 1868.

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, 1868.—1y.

A. P. WILSON. J. B. NILES.

WILSON & NILES,

ATTORNEYS & COUNSELORS AT LAW, (First door from Bigoney's, on the Avenue)—Will attend to business entrusted to their care in the counties of Tioga and Potter. Wellsboro, Jan. 1, 1868.

JOHN I. MITCHELL

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW, Wellsboro, Tioga Co., Pa. Claim Agent, Notary Public, and Insurance Agent. He will attend promptly to collection of Pensions, Back Pay and Bounty. As Notary Public he takes acknowledgements of deeds, administers oths, and will act as Commissioner to take testimony. ☞ Office over Roy's Drug Store, Corning Agitator Office.—Oct. 30. 1867

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.

JOHN R. SHAKSPEARE,

TAILOR AND TAILOR. Shop over John R. Mason's Store. ☞ Cutting, Fitting, and Repairing done promptly and in best style Wellsboro, Pa., Jan. 1, 1868—1y

GEORGE WAGNER,

TAILOR. Shop first door south of L. A. Sears's Barber Shop. ☞ Cutting, Fitting, and Repairing done promptly and well. Wellsboro, Pa., Jan. 1, 1868.—1y.

JOHN ETNER,

TAILOR AND CUTTER, has opened a shop on Crafton street, rear of Sears & Derby's shoe shop, where he is prepared to manufacture garments to order in the most substantial manner, and with dispatch. Particular attention paid to Cutting and Fitting March 26, 1868—1y

Dr. C. K. Thompson.

[WELLSBOROUGH PA.]

Will attend to Professional calls in the village, in Wellsboro and elsewhere. Office and Residence on State St. 2d door on the right going East. June. 24, 1868.

D. BAGON, 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 board at the Pennsylvania Hotel when desired.—He will visit any part of the State in consultation, or to perform surgical operations. Office in Union Block, up stairs. Wellsboro, Pa., May 2, 1866.—1y.

Wm. B. Smith,

CONTRAVILLE, Pa. Pension, Bounty, and Insurance Agent. Commutation pay kept to the case address will receive prompt attention Terms moderate. [Jan 8, 1868—1y]

Thos. B. Bryden.

SURVEYOR & DRAFTSMAN.—Orders left at Agitator office, Townsend Hotel, Wellsboro, will receive prompt attention. Jan 13, 1867.—tf.

R. E. OLNEY,

DEALER in CLOCKS & JEWELRY, SILVER PLATED WARE, Spectacles, Violin Strings, &c., Mansfield, Pa. Watches and Jewelry neatly repaired. Engraving done in plain English and German. Sept 67 1y.

Hairdressing & Shaving.

Rooms over Willcox & Barker's Store, Wellsboro, Pa. Particular attention paid to Ladies' Haircutting, Shampooing, Dyeing, &c. Braids, Switches, and switches on hand and made to order.

H. M. DORSEY. J. JOHNSON.

J. G. PUTNAM,

MILL WRIGHT—Agent for all the best TURBINE WATER WHEELS. Also Stewart's Oscillating Movement for Gang and Circular Saws. Tioga, Pa., Aug. 7, 1868, 1y.

C. L. WILCOX,

DEALER IN DRY GOODS of all kinds, Hardware and Yankee Notions. Our assortment is large and prices low. Store in Union Block Call and see. Wellsboro, Pa., May 20 1868—1y.

PETROLEUM HOUSE,

COLLINSFIELD, PA., GEORGE CLOSE, Proprietor. A new Hotel conducted on the principle of live and let live, for the accommodation of the public.—Nov. 14, 1867—1y.

HAZLETT'S HOTEL,

TIOGA, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., Good stabling, attached, and an attentive hostler always in attendance. W. HAZLETT, Proprietor.

HILL'S HOTEL,

MANSFIELD Borough, Tioga Co. Pa., E. G. Hill, Proprietor. A new and commodious building with all the modern improvements. Within easy drives of the best hunting and fishing grounds in Northern Penn'a. Conveyances furnished. Terms moderate. Feb. 5, 1868—1y.

ISAAK WALTON HOUSE,

Gaines, Tioga County, Pa.

GRACE C. VERMILYEA, Prop'r. This is a new hotel located within easy access of the best fishing and hunting ground in Northern Pennsylvania. No pains will be spared to the accommodation of pleasure seekers and travelling public. [Jan. 1, 1868.]

Bounty and Pension Agency.

HAVING received definite instructions in regard to the extra bounty allowed by the act approved July 28, 1866, and having on hand a large supply of all the new blanks, I am prepared to prosecute all pending bounty claims which may be placed in my hands. Persons living at a distance can communicate by letter, and their communications will be promptly attended. WM. H. SMITH. Wellsboro' October 24, 1866.

HARKNESS & RILEY,

BOOT AND SHOE MAKERS,

Over Wilson & Van Valkenburg's Store, in the room lately occupied by Benj. Seeley.

BOOTS AND SHOES of all kinds made to order and in the best manner. REPAIRING of all kinds done promptly and well. Give us a call.

JOHN HARKNESS, WM. RILEY.

Wellsboro, Jan. 2, 1868-1y.

CITY BOOK BINDERY

AND

BLANK BOOK MANUFACTORY,

8 Baldwin Street,

(SIGN OF THE BIG BOOK, 2D FLOOR,)

ELMIRA, N. Y.

OUR MOTTO:

GOOD AS THE BEST, CHEAP AS THE CHEAPEST.

BLANK BOOKS

Of every description, in all styles of Binding, and as low, for quality of Stock, as any Bindery in the State. Volumes of every description Bound in the best manner and in any style ordered.

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I am prepared to furnish back numbers of all Reviews or Magazines published in the United States or Great Britain, at a low price.

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Of all sizes and qualities, on hand, ruled or plain.

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Of any quality or size, on hand and cut up ready for printing. Also, BILL PAPER, and CARD BOARD of all colors and quality, in boards or cut to any size.

STATIONERY,

Cap, Letter, Note Paper, Envelopes, Pens, Pencils, &c.

I am sole agent for Prof. SHEPARD'S NON-CORROSIVE STEEL PENS, of VARIOUS SIZES, FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

Which I will warrant equal to Gold Pens. The best in use and no mistake.

The above stock I will sell at the Lowest Rates at all times, at a small advance on New York prices, and in quantities to suit purchasers. All work and stock warranted as represented.

I respectfully solicit a share of public patronage. Orders by mail promptly attended to.—Address, LOUIS KIES, Advertiser Building, Elmira, N. Y.

Sept. 28, 1867.—1y.

John C. Horton,

ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR AT LAW, Tioga Pa. Office with C. H. Seymour, Esq. Business attended to with promptness. apr. 7th, '69—1y.

C. B. KELLEY

DEALER IN DRY GOODS, Groceries, Hardware, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, &c., &c., corner of Market and Crafton streets, Wellsboro, Pa. Jan. 6, 1868.

E. S. Perkins, M. D.

Respectfully announces to the citizens of East Charleston and vicinity, that he would be grateful for their patronage. Office at the late of Cooper and Perkins Mar 24th '69 1y

Smith's Hotel

[TIOGA, PA.]

E. M. SMITH, having purchased the hotel property lately owned by L. H. Smith has thoroughly refitted the hotel, and can accommodate the traveling public in a superior manner. March 27th, 1869 1y.

KEYSTONE HOTEL.

SABINSVILLE, Tioga County, Pa., J. B. Benn, Proprietor. Convenient to the best fishing grounds in Tioga Co. Fishing parties accommodated with conveyances. Good entertainment for man and beast. June 9, 1869—tf.

New Tannery.

THE undersigned has fitted up the old Fountain Foundry building, near the Brewery, Wellsboro, and is now prepared to turn out fine calf, kip, cowhide, and harness leather in the best manner. Hides tanned on shares. Cash paid for hides. M. A. DURIF.

Wellsboro, Oct. 14, 1868.

UNION HOTEL.

MINER WATKINS, PROPRIETOR.

HAVING fitted up a new hotel building on the site of the old Union Hotel, lately destroyed by fire, I am now ready to receive and entertain guests. The Union Hotel was intended for a Temperance House, and the Proprietor believes it can be sustained without grog. An attentive hostler in attendance Wellsboro, June 26, 1867.

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 reasonable hours. Wellsboro, Jan. 2, 1867-tf.

WALKER & LATHROP,

DEALERS IN

HARDWARE, IRON, STEEL, NAILS,

STOVES, TIN-WARE,

BELTING, SAWS, CUTLERY,

WATER LIME,

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

Carriage and Harness Trimmings,

HARNESSES, SADDLES, &c.

Corning, N. Y., Jan. 2, 1867-1y.

HEAR YE! HEAR YE! HEAR YE!

BARRELS, FIRKINS, CHURNS, BUTTER TUBS, &c.,

Kept constantly on hand, and furnished to order, by

W. T. MATHERS,

at his new store, 2d door above Roy's Building, Wellsboro. (June 10, 1868.)

Scales! Scales! Scales!

THE Buffalo Platform Scales, all ordinary sizes, for heavy, and counter use, may be found at the Hardware Store of Wm. Roberts, Wellsboro. These scales are the Fairbanks patent and have no superior anywhere. They are made in the best style and have taken the premium at all the great exhibitions.

I have the sole agency for these Scales in this region. WILLIAM ROBERTS.

Wellsboro, Feb. 12, 1868.

New Tobacco Store!

THE subscriber has fitted up the rooms adjoining D. F. Roberts Tin and Stove Store for the manufacture and sale of

CIGARS, (all grades), Fancy and Common SMOKING TOBACCO, Michigan Fine Cut CHEWING, and all kinds of PLUG TOBACCO, PIPES, and the choicest Brand of CIGARS.

☞ Call and see for yourselves.

JOHN W. PURSEL.

Wellsboro, Nov. 11, 1868—tf.

TO FARMERS!

ELK RUN PLASTER.—We hereby certify that we have used the Plaster manufactured by Champney & Bernauer, at their works on Elk Run, in Gaines township, and we believe it to be equal if not superior to the Cayuga Plaster.

David Smith	S M Cobable	A P Cone
M H Cobb	H E Simmons	J Bernauer
G W Barker	Asa Smith	E Strait
S B Davis	Albert King	John C Miller
J H Watrous	W H Watrous	L L Marsh
R M Smith	O A Smith	H M Foote
J D Strait.	P C Van Gelder	J J Smith
Jared Davis	J F Zimmerman	C L King
L L Smith.		

N. B.—Plaster always on hand at the Mill.—Price $5 per ton. Nov. 4, 1868.

Poets' Corner.

[For the Agitator.]

(To my Friend, James R. Wilson)

OLD MOUNTAIN PINES

BY ANDREW SHERWOOD.

When the night gathers cold on the moor and the wold,
Then my thoughts thro' the twilight will roam,
Till in fancy I stand in my dear native land,
On the hills by my old mountain home.

And I list to the brook in the green shady nook,
Making music so softly and low,
And the song of the bird which my infancy heard,
In that beautiful time, long ago.

But there's one simple song which has lived all along,
For it fell in such smooth-flowing lines;
'Tis the song of the breeze, coming up from the seas,
In the boughs of the old mountain pines.

I hear its refrain in the fast-falling rain,
Which beats on the shingles to night,
And it soothes me to rest like a song from the blest,
Or a gale from the islands of light.

Oh my memory twines round the beautiful pines,
Waving green in the glory of spring—
Standing proud and alone on the mountain's high throne,
Where the winds thro' the long summer sing.

At the close of the year, when the forests were sere,
And the beautiful summer had fled;
When the streams ceased to flow and the ice and the snow—
All the trees of the valley were dead.

Then 'twas pleasant to see this old mountain tree,
Thro' the the snow lift its evergreen form;
And to come from the blast, victorious at last,
Over tempest, the night and the storm.

And long may it stand, an emblem so grand
Of the home to life's wanderer giv'n—
Which the weary soul finds mid' the beautiful pines,
On the golden savannas of heav'n.

Miscellaneous Reading.

AN IDLE WORD.

'Never!'

Old Jacob Ray hissed out the words between his set teeth, with a malicious light in his dull eyes as they rested on the tall graceful figure of the girl who was mixing bread on a wooden tray at the table beyond.

'No,' he added, watching with a cool deliberate malice the oval face, 'My son shall never be your husband.'

Rachel Miner's cheek crimsoned.

'But he loves me for all that,' she said, passionately.

'Love!' mocked the old man, in a sneering tone. 'Love! An old wife's song—a tale told long ago. Bah! what does it all amount to? Herbert Ray shall never marry a servant girl.'

'Mr. Ray,' said Rachel, turning round short and sharp, 'be silent—You have insulted me far enough—too far. If I live I will be revenged on you! For—'

She checked herself suddenly, for close to the door Adoniram Jenkes' tall figure loomed up at the same instant.

'Mornin,' Farmer Ray,' said that individual with a curious glance at the two excited colloquists. 'How d'ye do, Miss Rachel? I've come to see 'bout them apples ye wanted took to the village. Uncle Josh is goin' down with the ox team early to-morrow morning, and he can take'em, just's well's not.'

'Come out in the storehouse and look at em,' said Farmer Ray, rising slowly and with difficulty from his cushioned arm-chair. And together they went out, leaving Rachel Miner alone.

She was a tall, lovely girl, with jet black hair, large eyes full of Southern languor, and cheeks delicately tinted like newly opened peach-blossoms.

Hardly had the two men disappeared than she shook the flour from her beautiful hands and arms, and began to pace slowly up and down, the color coming and going on her cheeks, and a steadfast light burning in her dark eyes.

'He *does* love me,' she muttered to herself, and I love him. No power on earth can part us, when God has sealed the union of our hearts; yet his father dares to talk of seperating us because Mary Woodham has money, and I have none—because her father is a Judge, and mine I never knew. But Herbert is not like this strange, saturnine old man—*he* will be true to me through everything. I must strive to do as he would counsel me, were he here—wait and endure in such patience as I can command.'

With a long, shuddering sigh, she went back to the old pine table and the moulding board, murmuring to herself.

'At all events, I have not long to wait. He will be home soon—my Herbert!'

Her voice softened to an accent like the coo of the dove as she uttered the last few words, and a tender, dewy light stole into her eyes. Yes, it was very evident that Rachael Miner loved this man, of whom her thoughts were full.

'Farmer Ray to hum?'

The afternoon's sun of the next day was low in the west, tracing its golden fretwork on the kitchen floor, when Adoniram Jenks' ox team halted at the door, and that rustic charioteer hailed Rachael, as she sat sewing in the shadow of the hop vine that draped the widow.

'No,' said Rachel, quietly, 'he is not. I have not seen him all day.'

'Isn't he up stairs?'

'No,' he is nowhere about the premises. He went up to bed as usual last night, and I have not seen him since.'

'The dickens you havn't,' quoth honest Adoniram. 'Where do you s'pose he is?'

'I have not the least idea. You know how strange he is. Perhaps the freak has seized him to go away for a day or two. I dare say he will be back in time?'

'You don't seem much worried about it, any how,' said Adoniram; with a short laugh.

'No,' said Rachael, quietly, 'I am not.'

So Adoniram went away, muttering under breath that "it was mighty queer, anyhow.'

'I al'ays was afeared o' that stuck up hired gal o' his'n,' he pondered as he drove 'hawing' and 'geeing' along. 'Too airy for her place, a deal, accordin, to my way o' thinkin'!'

But as the days went by, and old Jacob Ray did not return, the neighbors began to look at one another and ask questions which nobody could answer.

And one night the village constable walked in and arrested Rachel Miner, 'on suspicion of murder.'

'Murder!' echoed Rachel, turning as white as the wall. 'Merciful Heaven! whom on earth should I murder?'

'Come, none o' that,' said the man of office; 'you know as well as we do that it's old Mr. Ray. When did you do it? and what have you done with the body?'

'Mr. Ray,' slowly repeated Rachel. 'But why should you suspect *me*?'

'There's reason enough,' spoke up one of the accompanying neighbors. 'Wasn't you always a quarrellin'? And didn't Adoniram Jenkes hear you say, with his own ears, that you'd be revenged on the poor old man, only the night before he disappeared?'

'Stop,' said Rachel, with her trembling hand to her forehead, 'let me remember. Yes—yes, I *did* say that; but I never meant aught but an idle word.'

'It's easy sayin' so,' said Adoniram with a shrug of his shoulders; 'but where's old Jacob? That's the question. Come, Rachael Miner, you may as well confess.'

'I cannot,' cried Rachael, trembling. 'I am as innocent of this crime, if crime there is, as the babe unborn. But he is not dead; he will surely be back one day. Only wait.'

'We've waited just about long enough,' said the constable, gruffly, and you'r my prisoner. So, come along; the quieter the better.'

'Herbert will be on to night, won't he?' questioned Adoniram.

'Yes, if he got the telegram,' answered another. 'Hallo! what's up?'

For Rachael had sunk on a chair, with a slight agonized cry, as the words reached her ear. Herbert Ray to come home, and find her under arrest! And on suspicion of having murdered *his* father! Oh, could it all be an awful dream?

'It is impossible! it *can't* be!' she wailed wildly. 'Oh, let me go. He will come back again. You will see how unfounded all your fears have been—let me go!'

And with sobbing moan, she fainted away.

'It's better so,' said the constable, phlegmatically, 'we'd a had a scene, if she'd had her senses. Woman ha'n't no self-control. Lend a hand, Adoniram, and we'll get her in the wagon. Time enough to bring her to afterwards.'

When Rachel Miner, returned to her senses, she lay on a warm pallet in one of the most decent rooms in the village 'lock up,' with the keeper's wife deluging her forehead in burnt vinegar and hartshorn, and a tender face bending over her own.

'Herbert!'

'Yes, Rachael, it is I. Lie still, darling—dont look so terrified!'

'But Herbert, do you know—'

'I know it all, Rachael—and I know too that you are as innocent as a lily-bud, my poor outraged darling. It will all come right in time. My poor father's murderers *must* be traced, and you will stand forth in the sight of the world as pure as you really are.'

She sank back on her pillow, while a look of unutterable peace came over her pale countenance.

'I don't mind it any longer, Herbert!' she murmured softly. 'Let them all call me guilty, as long as *you* believe in my innocence!'

The village of Weeksdale had its nine days' wonder; the stream of gossip was at high tide now! That Herbert Ray should persist in the innocence of the girl who undoubtedly had killed his father—that he should not even break their marriage engagement—surely the idle tongue of rumor needed no more delicious morsel than this!

'Rachael murder, my father!' he cried contemptuously. Why, Rachel never hurt so much as a butterfly in all her life.'

'Well, then, who did it!' persisted Adoniram Jenkes. 'I heerd her myself say she'd be revenged on him, only the night afore he disappeared.'

'It was an idle word—a foolish word,' said Herbert, with a slight cloud on his frank, open brow, 'but she never meant it. I would stake my own life on Rachel's innocence.'

The time of trial drew near, and still no light shone upon the dark and troubled mystery; and a day or two before the sitting of the court, Adoniram Jenkes stopped his ox team once again before Farmer Ray's door. Old Goody Park, who 'kept an eye to things,' was out in the hen yard, gathering her apron full of eggs, and Adoniram went in straight into the kitchen.

The fire was burning brightly on the hearth, before its ruddy glimmer, with staff and bundle beside him, and worn shoes all dusty with the tokens of travel, sat old Jacob Ray in his wonted chair.

Adoniram Jenkes uttered a choked sort of cry. He was not superstitious, yet at that moment he fully believed that he saw before him the ghost of the murdered man.

'What ye a' croakin' at?' demanded Jacob, in his ordinary abrupt mood.

'Where's Rachael? What's old Goody Parker doin' in my hen yard? Why don't you speak instead o' standin' starin' there?'

'Well, I am beat,' said Adoniram, dabbing at his forehead with the crown of his hat. 'So you an't murdered, arter all.'

'Murdered! No; but I've come as near it as a man need to come.'

And old Jacob Ray told the tale of how, trudging to town in the early morning to deposit in some bank a hoard of ready money he had contrived to accumulate, he had been knocked down and robbed by ruffians, who, scenting the money, had dogged him some distance, and how his body, the life totally extinct as they believed, no doubt, had been left on the beach, hidden under a pile of overhanging rocks, where the first tide would bear it off to sea like some useless bed of driftwood.

'But a craft bound to Havana picked me up with its boat, just as I was lifted off the sand by the incomin tide,' went on old Jacob while Adoniram listened with wide open ears and mouth, 'and somehow there was a bit o' life in the old hulk yet; and afore we'd got down fur' I come to. And the first port we stopped at, I come off again, for they was furriners, and I couldn't no ways make them understand, nor they me. And I've worked my way home the best way I can, and—that's all,' concluded Jacob Ray, rather abruptly.

And then Adoniram Jenkes had his story to relate, no less electrifying to Jacob Ray, than Jacob's had been to him.

'Get me my hat and stick, quick!' cried the old man, starting up. 'Rachael Miner, whose heart was soft as a robin's! Are you all fools, the whole pack of ye? I was always hard on that poor girl—too hard, yes too hard. Give me my hat and stick, I say!'

And away he trudged, before Adoniram fully knew what he was about.

'Rachael!' he cried, bursting into the desolate little room where the pale, lovely girl sat with he faithful lover at her side, talking over the dread possibilities that lay before them; 'it's all a lie! They've treated you shamefully; but I'll make amends for it, see if I don't.'

'Father,' cried Herbert.

'Mr. Ray!' broke from Rachael's pale lips.

And then old Jacob had to tell his story all over again.

'I knew it,' cried Herbert, triumphantly, 'I knew all along that she was innocent.'

'So might they all ha' known; a set of gibbering idiots,' cried the old man. 'But Herbert, you shall marry her to-morrow—my poor little girl! I'll oppose it no longer.'

He kept his word. Herbert Ray and Rachael Miner were married the next day, and the old farm-house bears a homelike look again. But Rachael has never forgotten the deadly peril that once overhung her future, in consequence of having spoken one 'idle word.'—*New York Ledger.*

Josh, Jemima and the Wolves.

Josh Staver, loved Jemima Pineapple. Loved her, did I say? Love was no name for it. Whenever he saw her, his heart bounded up so violently that he was thrown to the ground. Cold chills would run all over him, as he expressed it, "from the sole of his head to the crown of his foot." Jemima was pretty, to Josh; her hair, "red as the sea;" large eyes, which had the faculty of looking ways opposite each other at the same time, and a nose which looked as if it had been lengthened by the addition of several others.

Now Josh had never escorted Jemima home, for she lived two miles from Fleasburg. She came to meetin' every Sabbath night, and would walk across the fields all alone, not in the least afraid of the wild beasts which at that time infested the country. But one night our hero resolved to bear the damsel company, and accordingly prepared for his nocturnal journey. He got his grandfather's horse-pistol and loaded it to the muzzle, and thrust a large butcher knife in his bosom, which thrust didn't hurt him much, for it was the bosom of his coat. A lantern completed his "fixings."

The meeting closed, and Joshua, with Jemima leaning on his arm, like a large gourd hanging from a tall vine, set out for the Pineapple mansion.

"We are in the woods, now, Jemima," said Josh, as he assisted his partner over the fence of the last field, "and now comes the tug of war. I'll bet a dime that these woods are full of wolves."

"I think they will not atlack us; but if they do, oh, Joshua, on thy arm I will recline, and breathe my life out sweetly there." And she gave such a sigh that Josh started, thinking it the half-smothered growl of a bear.

"What is the matter Josh?"

"Oh, nothing." And gaining new courage at the sound of Jemima's voice, he squeezed her arm till she nearly screamed aloud.

Suddenly a cry echoed through the woods.

"Wolves!" shouted Josh.

"Bears!" re-echoed his partner.

"Come, Jemima, let us git." And they got.

Through the woods they went, Josh really dragging Jemima along. The foe was approaching, the couple could hear his footsteps in in the leaves, for they had wandered from the path.

"Josh, I can't go any further; we must tree it," said Jemima, as she paused for breath.

"By gosh, we must. Here is a tree with limbs nigh hanging on the ground. Climb it Jemima! Here I go. Gods! If the animal climbs the tree, what then!" and with a bound the terrified Josh climbed up the tree, leaving Jemima to follow him or be devoured by the terrible pursuer a few feet in their wake.

But Jemima was an old climber, and was soon beside Josh, who was perched on one of the highest branches of the tree.

"Listen Jemima, hear the horrible thing gnawing at the tree. It's wolves, sure'n shootin. They will gnaw the tree down in half an hour."

"I fear so, Joshua."

"But hold, Jemima, I've got a pistol!" said our hero, thinking for the first time that night of his weapon. "Now, just keep still, while I shoot."

He deliberately aimed the weapon, pointed it down through the branches where their pursuer was pawing among the leaves, and fired. It was a destructive shot, and Josh went spinning thro' the air like greased lightning. He had loaded his pistol so heavily that it kicked him from his perch into the jaws of the animal below. But fortunately he alighted on his feet, and in an instant he was again in the tree, hatless, his red locks catching in the branches, which cruelly tore them from his head.

"I was a durnd fool, Jemima, to have loaded that pistol so heavily, and it kicked me right into the wolves' mouths; but thank Moses, I escaped.—Just feel my head."

Jemima placed her hand upon Josh's cranium, and withdrew it, wet with gore.

"That is my blood shed for you, Jemima, and I am willing to shed more, dogoned if I ain't."

"Can the wolves climb?"

"Climb like rabbits, Jemima; and every minute I am looking to see them come up here. I do believe my shot killed half a dozen of them. Listen at them gnawing. If we could only keep them gnawing at something else beside the tree till daylight, we would be safe."

"May be they are like bears, Joshua; they will eat anything you throw at them."

"Well, I'll try them; so first here goes my boots, and taking off his fine boots, Josh groped his way out on a limb.

"Farewell, dear boots, bran new ones, cost eight dollars this blessed morning. Farewell, I sacrifice you to Jemima," and the splendid boots were soon gone.

For a while the animal ceased gnawing the tree, and gnawed the boots, Josh cursing inwardly the while. At last the gnawing re-commenced. "Blast him! he ain't satisfied with eight dollars worth of leather, so I'll have to give him eighteen dollars worth of cloth," and away went his coat; it was soon afterward followed by his vest and stockings, and Josh declared his "unmeationable" raiment would follow the rest, at which declaration Jemima blushed, and said:

"Oh! Joshua."

"Blast if I don't, Jemima." He spoke determinedly and would no doubt make his word good.

But the vest satisfied the animal beneath the tree, and a few hours later, morning dawned. The lovers, for such they were now, descended from the tree, when lo! to their astonishment they beheld Jemima's pet calf chewing at the coat. All was realized in an instant. It was the calf which followed them, and not the wolves. The gnawing they heard, was the harmless animal chewing at some undergrowth which lay plentifully around. Josh's eyes filled with tears as he looked around. There lay the boots, but in somewhat damaged condition—here the coat and vest partly chewed up.

They said nothing but proceeded to the Pineapple mansion, where they told a doleful story about being treed by wolves; how Joshua had sacrificed his clothes to save their lives; how he slaughtered forty of the ravenous animals, &c., &c.

Old Pineapple said such bravery and devotion should not go unrewarded, and placing Jemima's hand in Josh's, told him to take her as his mate. They were married, and now live in a little hut with one room and a garret, near Fleasburg, now a flourishing "burg" on Turtle creek.

N. B.—Jemima's pet calf was never seen after the night it treed the devoted couple. We rather guess it wasn't.

"Alice," said Andrew, "what letter in the alphabet do you like best?" Alice didn't like to say, but the young man insisted. "Well," was the final answer, as she dropped her eyes, "I think I like U best."

Henry Ward Beecher says it will never do to "preach cream and practice skim milk."

LETTER FROM THE PLAINS.

FORT SANDERS, July 17, 1869.

Correspondence of the Agitator.

In my last letter, I promised that my next should tell you something of the changes a year has wrought, in the social and political condition of Laramie City. When I came to this country a year ago, the track of the U. P. R. R. ended about twenty-five miles west of this post; only construction trains being allowed to run beyond Laramie; which, was then the great point for the shipment of goods, and the delivery of stock; the principal contractors made it their headquarters, and purchased their outfits and supplies of Laramie merchants. The population at that time, was about 2500; who found shelter in tents, and adobe huts; there being but two or three frame buildings in the place, and they were occupied as stores. Two hotels met the wants of the traveling public, while about a half-dozen eating houses fed the greater portion of the populace, at the rate of one dollar a meal. Nearly every place in the city had a bar, over which the worst kind of liquors were dispensed for twenty-five cents a drink, cigars the same price. The great resort at that time, was known as the "Big Tent," devoted to gambling, and occupied by as great a set of rogues, as ever did credit to a hangman's skill; there, a "fool and his money, soon parted," for woe be to the luckless wight who exposed money in that place; for did he escape the wily gamblers within the tent, he could get but a few steps from the door, till he would be set upon by foot-pads, and relieved of his valuables in a more summary manner, for this class of thieves did not scruple to use revolver or knife to quiet their victim and secure their booty; their necessities knew no law, and there were no policemen to protect the unwary or preserve peace. A half-dozen Dance Houses were kept running, and drew a great deal of custom; but, I will not attempt a description of these dens of infamy, now that the place is so nearly purged of them. As the road advanced, many of the saloons and brothels were removed further west; to Green River, Bryan City, and Wasatch. Then commenced the effort to organize a city government, that would be a credit to the place; men of means were investing capital in Laramie, realizing that it would become a principal point for business, next to Cheyenne; a local Vigilance Committee was organized, and made short work with those of the gambling and thieving fraternity who did not quit the country on short notice; their mode of operating I described in a previous letter.

During the fall, the railroad company erected a very fine hotel, capable of accommodating 200 guests; a freight depot, (round house), to accommodate a dozen locomotives—and a machine shop, affording employment from fifty to seventy-five men; also a hospital for employees; the only one on the road.—These improvements by the company gave an impetus to the business of Laramie, which it still maintains; a bank was established by Rogers & Co., of Cheyenne, which is doing a splendid business, in the hands of their very efficient agent, Col. Donalan. The Col. is erecting a very fine two-story, stone building on 2d St., which will be ready for occupying in a few weeks; the first floor and cellar will be used for banking purposes, and the second, as a Masonic Lodge, which will be organized this fall; two Churches, an Episcopal, (frame), and a Catholic (stone) are rapidly approaching completion. An excellent city government has been organized, and an efficient police force appointed to look after the safety of the lives, and property of the inhabitants. A daily paper, the "Laramie Sentinel" advertises the business of the place, and publishes a local column, and summary of telegraphic news from the East. An Odd Fellows Lodge, Engineers Protective Union, and a Turn Verein Society have been organized under favorable auspices. The amusement of the people has also been considered in the establishment by Aug. Srabing, Esq., of a theatre, with a well selected variety company, giving a style of entertainment, devoid of all vulgarity, and patronized by the best society. On the 19th of June, "Dan Costello's Circus and Menagerie" gave two exhibitions to crowded audiences; on the 13th of July, Tom Thumb and wife, with Com. Nutt and Minnie Warren entertained the people. "Langrishe's Dramatic Troupe" open on the 18th, for one week, and on the 26th, the "Howson Opera Troupe" from San Francisco, commence a series of entertainments. Nor was the Fourth of July forgotten; meetings were held, and arrangements made to bring the people of Cheyenne, and Laramie together, on the 3d, at Sherman, (Summit of the Black Hills), for a grand pic-nic; excursion trains were run, bringing the parties together about 10 A. M.,; each delegation being accompanied by a band of music. At 11 A. M., the ceremonies were commenced with the reading of the Declaration of Independence, by Judge Miller, of Cheyenne, from the top of Castle Rock; (the highest point in the Rocky Mountains, traversed by the U. P. R. R.) The orator of the day, Mr. E. M. Lee, Secretary of the commonwealth of Wyoming, then deliver'd a patriotic and rather political address, which was followed by remarks from Mr. Garbanati, of the "Cheyenne Argus," and others. The balance of the day was spent in gathering geological specimens, trout fishing, (in Dale Creek), and dancing, until 4 P. M., when the Cheyenne folks started for home; at 6 P. M., the Laramie train came along, and very soon the delegation from our side of the Black Hills, (among whom was your humble servant) were at home; all apparently well pleased with the first Fourth of July festivities given patriotically in Wyoming Territory. On the 5th, a local celebration was given in Laramie, by the Turn Verein Society, which passed off pleasantly, and ended the 6th of July, as far as could be for 1869.

"WANDERER."

Mr. C. was in the habit of asking his children to repeat the text, on their return from church, to prove that they gave attention. One sabbath the text was, "Why stand ye here all the day idle? Go into my vineyard and work, and whatsoever is right I will pay thee.' Charlie came home, and was asked to repeat the text. He hesitated a moment, and then, as if it just came to him after much thought, he said:—"What are you standing 'round here doin' nothin' for? Go into my barn-yard and go to work, and I'll make it all right with you."

An apprentice boy in Pittsfield, who was exceedingly fond of mince pies, was told by a lady that she would give him one if he would sit upon the stove while she counted one hundred. He got the pie and two big blisters besides.

"The soldiers must be an awful dishonest set," said an old lady, "for not a night seems to pass that some sentry is not relieved of his watch."

The man who tried to get up a concert with the band of a hat, is the same genius who, a few weeks since, played upon the affections of a lady.

WHEELING HAS A GHOST.

Haunted houses having become too common, the Wheeling *Intelligencer* occupies over a column in telling a story of a haunted tunnel near the city, on the Hempfield road. After laying the ground work of the story by reciting the number of murders that have been committed in the tunnel, the *Intelligencer* proceeds to relate the experiences of four men who passed through the tunnel on Thursday evening, about six o'clock, as follows:

The darkness of the cavern had set into an appalling storm, but still they held their way. Soon groans and supplications for mercy fell upon their startled ears. The usual cavernous echo was doubly apparent, as the tone of the voice was unnatural and sep