The Tioga County Agitator.

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

VOL. XVI. WELLSBORO, PA., DECEMBER 1, 1869. NO. 48.

The Tioga County Agitator

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

COBB & VAN GELDER.

M. H. COBB.] [P. C. VAN GELDER

ADVERTISING RATES.

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

No. of Sq're.	1 In.	3 Ins.	4 Ins.	3 Mos.	6 Mos.	1 Year
1 Square	$1,00	$2,00	$2,50	$5,00	$7,00	$12,00
2 Squares	2,00	3,00	4,00	8,00	12,00	18,00
Half Col.	10,00	15,00	17,00	22,00	30,80	50,00
One Col.	18,00	25,00	30,00	40,00	60,00	90,00

Special Notices 15 cents per line; Editorial or Local 20 cents per line.

JOBBING DEPARTMENT.

The proprietors have stocked the establishment with a new a varied assortment of

JOB AND CARD TYPE

AND FAST PRESSES,

and are prepared to execute neatly and promptly

POSTERS, HANDBILLS, CIRCULARS, BILL-HEADS, CARDS, PAMPHLETS, &c., &c.

Deeds, Mortgages, Leases, and a full assortment of Constables' and Justices' Blanks on hand.

People living at a distance can depend on having their work done promptly and sent back in return mail.

MASONIC.

OSSEA 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.

TYAGAGHTON 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.

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, 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 oaths, and will act as Commissioner to take testimony. ☞ Office over Roy's Drug Store, adjoining 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.

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, 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 of Wellsboro and elsewhere. Office and Residence on State St. 2d door on the right going East. [June. 24, 1868.

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.—1y.

Wm. B. Smith,

KNOXVILLE, Pa. Pension, Bounty, and Insurance Agent. Communications sent to the above address will receive prompt attention. Terms moderate. [Jan 8, 1868-1y]

Thos. B. Bryden.

SURVEYOR & DRAFTSMAN.—Orders left at his room, Townsend Hotel, Wellsboro, will meet with prompt attention. Jan. 13, 1867.-tf.

R. E. OLNEY,

DEALER in CLOCKS & JEWELRY, SILVER & PLATED WARE, Spectacles, Violin Strings, &c., &c., Mansfield, Pa. Watches and Jewelry neatly repaired. Engraving done in plain English and German. 11sept67-1y.

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.

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 in gentleman.—may 20 1868-1y.

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.

HAZLETT'S HOTEL,

TIOGA, TIOGA COUNTY, PA.,

Good stabling, attached, and an attentive hostler always in attendance.

G. W. HAZLETT, ... Proprietor.

HILL'S HOTEL,

WESTFIELD 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.

IZAAK WALTON HOUSE,

Gaines, Tioga County, Pa.

HORACE C. VERMILYEA, Prop'r. 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, 1868.]

THE GEM!

M. M. SEARS, PROPRIETOR.

WHERE delicious Ice Cream, French Confectionary, all kinds of fruits in their season, a nice dish of Tea, Coffee, or Chocolate, and Oysters in their season—can be had at all hours, served in the best style. Next door below Roberts & Bailey's Hardware Store, Main Street.

Wellsboro, Aug. 4, 1869.

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 necessary blanks, I am prepared to prosecute all pension and bounty claims which may be placed in my hands. Persons living at a distance can communicate with me by letter, and their communications will be promptly answered. 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 good. Give us a call.

JOHN HARKNES
WM. REILEY.

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.

ALL KINDS OF GILT WORK

Executed in the best manner. Old Books rebound and made good as new.

MAGAZINE READERS

COMPLETE YOUR SETS!

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

BLANK BOOK & OTHER PAPER,

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

BILL HEAD PAPER,

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,

Sept. 28, 1867.-1y. Elmira, N. Y.

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, Hard ware, 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 Store of Cooper and Kohler. 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 24th, 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 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 seasonable 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

BARERLS, 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. P. 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 Conable	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.

C-C-B-&-F-L-E

COME TO

T. L. BALDWIN & CO'S

TIOGA, PA.

and see a nice stock of Goods for the

FALL & WINTER,

such as

LADIES DRESS GOODS

—all styles, colors and patterns—

ALPACAS, POPLINS, CAMBRICKS, FRENCH JACONETS, ORGANDIES, PEQUAS, VERSAILES, BLACK AND COLORED SILKS, &c., &c.

BEAUTIFUL Winter SHAWLS,

and a large assortment to select from.

CLOAKS READY-MADE, AND CLOTH TO MAKE MORE, ALL KINDS OF LININGS, FRINGES, TASSELS &c., TO TRIM DRESSES OR SACQUES.

—Our stock of—

YANKEE NOTIONS

can't be beat. It keeps up with everything the Yankees have thought of so far.

HOOP SKIRTS, BALMORAL SKIRTS, CORSETS, &C,

R——O——M——H——N

DOMESTICS

too numerous to mention; but will say that you will seldom find so large an assortment to select from in a country store, and clear down to the

BOTTOM FIGURE.

A——D——P——I

We also keep a large assortment of

READY-MADE CLOTHING,

in suits, and parts of suits. Should we fail to suit you with ready-made, we have Cassimere, and

A TAILOR TO CUT AND FIT.

Boots and Shoes,

all styles and sizes.

HATS AND CAPS, STRAW GOODS, AND GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS, A COMPLETE LINE OF CROCKERY, WOODEN WARE, HARD WARE, SHELF HARD WARE, NAILS, IRON, Locks, Latches, Carpenters' Tools.

A GENERAL STOCK OF

GROCERIES,

Fresh. TEAS are lower than at any time since the war. Did not go to Cuba to buy sugar, and so have some cheap. We are agents for the

E. HOWE SEWING MACHINE.

F——I——W——X

Farmers, if you want tools to work with drop in.

SALT, LIME, PLASTER, PORK, FLOUR *Lime, Cayuga Plaster, &c.*

Butter tubs, Pails, Firkins, and Ashton Salt to flavor with. All kinds of Farm Produce wanted. Prices can't be beat.

T——H——A——N——K——S

T. L. BALDWIN & CO.

Tioga, Pa., October 13 1869.

Wilson & Van Valkenburg's

No. 2 Union Block, is

the place where the crowd go to find

THE NEW SPRING STYLES

POPLINS, GRENADINES, LAWNS, ORGANDIES, PIQUES, CHINTZES, PERCALLES, GINGHAMS,

DELAINES & PRINTS, ALL STYLES,

FACTORY'S, SHEETINGS, BLEACHED AND UNBLEACHED MUSLINS. HOOP SKIRTS,

of every description, DRESS TRIMMINGS and BUTTONS of all kinds; also the largest and cheapest assortment of

READY MADE CLOTHING

ever brought into Tioga County. Remember the place, and call before purchasing.

We have selected our stock with great care and notify gentlemen that in

LIGHT CASSIMERES, TWEEDS, LINENS, FARMERS' SATINS, GAITERS, & SUMMER WEAR

of every description we can't be beat.

Thankful for past patronage, and by strict attention to business we hope to share a continuance of the same.

WILSON & VAN VALKENBURG.

Wellsboro, May 19, 1869-tf.

Dr. H. R. Phillips,

SURGEON DENTIST.

THE undersigned respectfully announces to the citizens of Westfield and surrounding country that he is permanently located at this place. He is fully prepared to do all kinds of

DENTISTRY,

in the highest style of the art. Satisfaction guarranteed. Office over Scovill's Drug Store. Fine Photographs can be had over the Drug Store. H. R. PHILLIPS.

Westfield, Pa., June 30, 1869-1y.

100,000 LBS. WOOL WANTED

for which the highest price will be paid at the Store of

June 16, 1869. TOLES & BARKER.

For Sale, Cheap.

A STEAM Engine & Boiler, and all the gearing for an up and down Saw.

JOHN R. BOWEN.

Wellsboro, June 23, 1869.-tf.

Poets' Corner.

ENDURANCE.

How much the heart may bear and yet not break!
How much the flesh may suffer and not die!
I question much if any pain or ache
Of soul or body brings our end more nigh.
Death chooses his own time; till that is worn.
All evils can be borne.

We sink and shudder at the surgeon's knife.
Each nerve recoiling at the cruel steel,
Whose edge seems searching for the quivering life:
Yet to our sense the bitter pangs reveal.
That still, although the trembling flesh be torn,
This also can be borne.

We see a sorrow rising in our way,
And try to flee from the approaching ill;
We seek some small escape; we weep and pray;
But when the blow doth fall, our hearts are still;
Not that the pain is of its sharpness shorn,
But yet it can be borne.

We wind our life about another life;
We hold it closer, dearer than our own;
Anon it faints and falls in deadly strife,
Leaving us sad, stunned, stricken and alone.
But ah! we do not die with those we mourn;
This also can be borne.

Behold, through all things—famine, thirst,
Bereavement, pain; all grief and misery,
All woe and sorrow; life inflicts its worst
On soul and body—but it cannot die,
Though we be sick, and tired, and faint, and worn;
Lo! all things can be borne.

Miscellaneous Reading.

THE MAIL ROBBER.

Fourteen years ago I drove from Danville to Littleton, a distance of forty-two miles, and as I had to await the arrival of two or three coaches, I did not start until after dinner, so I very often had a good distance to drive after dark. It was in the dead of winter, and the season had been a tough one. A great deal of snow had fallen, and the drifts were plenty and deep. The mail that I carried was not due at Littleton, by the contract, until one o'clock in the morning, but that winter the postmaster was very often obliged to sit up a little later than that for me.

One day in January, when I drove up for my mail at Danville, the postmaster called me into his office.

"Pete," said he, with an important, serious look, "there's some pretty heavy money packages in that bag;" and he pointed to the bag as he spoke. He said the money was from Boston to some land agents up near the Canada line. Then he asked me if I'd got any passengers who were going through to Littleton. I told him I did not know, but "suppose I hadn't," says I.

"Why," says he, "the agent of the lower route came in to-day, and he says that there have been two suspicious looking characters on the stage that came up last night, and he suspects that they have an eye upon this mail, so that it will stand you in hand to be a little careful."

He said the agent had described one of them as a short, thick-set fellow, about forty years of age, with long hair, and a thick heavy clump of beard under the chin, but none on the side of his face. He didn't know anything about the other. I told the old fellow I guess there wasn't much danger.

"Oh, no, if you've got passengers through; but I only told you of this so that you might look out for your mail, and look out for it when you change horses."

I answered that I should do so, and then took the bag under my arm and left the office. I stowed the mail under my seat a little more careful than usual, placing it so that I could keep my feet against it; but beyond this I did not feel any concern. It was past one o'clock when I started, and I had four passengers, two of whom rode only to my first stopping place. I reached Gowan's Mills at dark, when we stopped for supper, and where my other two passengers concluded to stop for the night.

About six o'clock in the evening I left Gowan's Mills alone, having two horses on an open pung.

I had seventeen miles to go, and a hard seventeen it was too. The night was quite clear, but the wind was sharp and cold, the loose snow flying in all directions, while the drifts were deep and closely packed. It was slow, tedious work, and my horses soon became leg-weary and restive. At the distance of six miles I came to a little settlement called Bull's Corner where I took fresh horses. I'd been two hours going that distance. As I was going to start, a man came up and asked me if I was going through to Littleton. I told him I should go through if the thing could possibly be done. He said he was very anxious to go, and as he had no baggage, I told him to jump in and make himself as comfortable as possible. I was gathering up my lines when the hostler came out and asked me if I knew that one of my horses had cut himself badly. I jumped out and went with him, and found that one of the animals had got a deep cork-cut on the off fore foot. I gave such directions as I considered necessary, and was about to turn away, when the hostler remarked that he thought I came alone. I told him I did.

"Then where did you get that passenger?" said he.

"He just got in," I answered.

"Got in from where?"

"I don't know."

"Well, now," said the hostler, "that's kind o' curious. There ain't been no such a man at the house, and I know there ain't been none at any of the neighbors."

"Let's have a look at his face," said I. "We can get that much at any rate. Do you go back with me, and when I get into the pung, just hold the lantern so that the light will shine in his face."

He did as I wished, and as I stepped into the pung I got a fair view of such portions of my passenger's face as were not muffled up. I saw a short, thick frame; full, hard features, and I could also see that there was a heavy beard under the chin. I thought of the man whom the postmaster had described to me; but I didn't think seriously upon it until I had started. Perhaps I had gone half a mile, when I noticed that the mail bag wasn't in its old place under my feet.

"Hallo!" says I, holding up my horses a little. "Where's my mail?"

My passenger sat on a seat behind me, and I turned toward him.

"Here is a bag of some kind slipped back under my feet," he said, giving it a kick, as though he'd shoved it forward.

Just at this moment my horses lumbered into a deep snow drift, and I was forced to get out and tread down the snow ahead of them and lead them through it.

This took me all of fifteen minutes; and when I got in again, I pulled the mail bag forward and got my feet upon it. As I was doing this I saw the man take something from his lap, beneath the buffalo, and put it in his breast pocket. At this I thought it was a pistol. I had caught the gleam of a barrel in the starlight, and when I had time to reflect, I knew I could not be mistaken.

About this time I began to think somewhat seriously. From what I had heard and seen, I soon made up my mind that the individual behind me not only meant to rob me of the mail, but he was prepared to rob me of my life. If I resisted him he would shoot me, and perhaps he meant to perform that delectable operation at any rate. While I was pondering, the horses plunged into another deep snow drift, and I was again forced to get out and tread down the snow before them. I asked my passenger if he would help me, but he didn't feel very well, and wouldn't try; so I worked alone, and all of a quarter of an hour getting my team all through the drifts. When I got into the sleigh again, I began to feel for the mail bag with my feet. I found it where I had left it; but when I attempted to withdraw my foot, I discovered that I had become entangled in something—I thought it was the buffalo, and I tried to kick it clear; but the more I kicked *the more closely was it held*. I reached down my hand, and after feeling about a few moments, I found that my foot was in the mail bag! I felt again, and found my hand in among the packages of letters and papers! I ran my fingers over the edges of the opening, and became assured that the strong leather had been cut with a knife!

Here was a discovery. I began to wish I had taken a little more forethought before leaving Danville; but as I knew that making such wishes was only a waste of time, I quickly gave it up, and began to consider what I had best do under the existing circumstances. I wasn't long in making up my mind upon a few essential points.—First, the man behind me was a villain; second, he had cut open the mail bag, and robbed it of some valuable matter. He must have known the money letters by their size and shape; third, he meant to leave the stage on the first opportunity; and forthly, he was prepared to shoot me if I attempted to arrest or detain him.

I resolved these things over in my mind, and pretty soon I thought of a course to pursue. I knew if I could get my hands safely upon the rascal, I must take him wholly unawares, and this I could not do while he was behind me; for his eyes were upon me all the time—so I must resort to stratagem. Only a little distance ahead was a house, and an old farmer named Longee lived there, and directly before which a huge snow-bank stretched across the road, through which a track for wagons had been cleared with shovels.

As we approached the cot, I saw a light in the front room, as I felt confident I should, for the old man generally set up until the stage went by. I drove on, and when nearly opposite the dwelling, stood up as I had frequently done when approaching bad places. I saw the snow-bank ahead, and could distinguish the deep cut which had been shoveled through it. I urged my horses to a good speed, and when near the bank forced them into it.

One of the runners mounted the edge of the bank, after which the other run into the cut, thus throwing the sleigh over about as quick as though lightning had struck it. My passenger had no calculation on any such movement, and wasn't prepared for it; but I had calculated, and was prepared. He rolled out into the deep snow, with a heavy buffalo robe about him, while I lighted upon punched his head into the snow and sang out for old Longee. I did not have to call a second time, for the farmer had come to the window to see me pass, and as soon as he saw my sleigh overturned, he lighted his lantern and hurried out.

"What's to pay?" asked the old man as he came up.

"Lead the horses into the track, and then come here," said I.

As I spoke I partially loosened my hold on the villain's throat, and he drew a pistol from his bosom; but I saw it in season, and jammed his head into the snow again, and got the weapon away from him. By this time Longee had led the horses out and came back, and I explained the matter in as few words as possible. We hauled the rascal out into the road, and, upon examination, we found about twenty packages of letters which he had stolen from the mail bag, and stowed away in his pockets.

He swore, and threatened, and prayed; but we paid no attention to his *blarney*. Longee got some stout cord, and when we had securely bound the villain, we tumbled him into the pung. I asked the old man if he would accompany me to Littleton, and he said "of course." So he got his overcoat and muffler, and ere long we started on.

I reached the end of my route with my mail all safe, though not as snug as it might have been, and my mail bag a little the worse for the game that had been played upon it. However, the mail-robber was secure, and within a week he was identified by some officers from Concord, as an old offender; and I'm rather inclined to the opinion that he's in the State Prison at the present moment. At any rate, he was there the last I heard of him.

That's the only time that I ever had any mail trouble; and I think that under all circumstance I came out off it pretty well.

HOW TO SAVE CORN FODDER.—Much of the value of corn fodder is destroyed by careless handling, even in the districts where they store it for seed.—This is especially true of the corn that is cut up by the ground, and put in shocks to cure. The curing process goes on safely while it remains in the shock, but the husking begins while the stalks are yet green at the bottom, and the fodder is immediately stacked or carried to the barn and stored in bulk. It soon heats and moulds. If, after husking, the stalks are bound immediately in bundles, of convenient size for handling, and put into large shocks of thirty or forty bundles, set up endwise, and capped with straw they will cure without moulding, and make excellent fodder. Or the bundles may be taken directly to the barn, or an open shed, and stored in the same way. The air has free circulation through the interstices of the bundles, and the moisture is carried off. Well cured corn fodder is nearly equal in value to hay, and the extra labor of making it into bundles will pay.—*Am. Agriculturist.*

TIMELY HINTS ON THE USE OF COAL.—The practice of putting ashes on the top of a fire to keep it, is very productive of clinkers, although it answers the purpose very well in other respects. Damp coal screenings are better, and may be economically burned in this *manner. If a coal fire gets very low,* the quickest way to extinguish it is to rake it at the bottom. To preserve a fire under such circumstances, a little coal should be placed on the fire, and when it has caught more may be added and the raking deferred until it has got well ignited. When the fire bricks have become burdened with clinkers which have fused and adhered, they may be cleaned by throwing oyster or clam shells into the fire box when the fire is hot, and allowing the fire to go out. The clinker will generally cleave off without the use of much force the next morning. From two quarts to one-half peck will be sufficient for most stoves, and the operation can be repeated if some of the clinkers still adhere.

Fatten your Turkeys for Christmas.

A GUESS FOR LIFE.

A volume could be filled of the strange delusions entertained by bad men—the remarkable pertinacity and cunning they display in carrying out the whims of their disordered minds.—In their wild freaks maniacs frequently evince a method in their planning, an adroitness and coolness that would do credit to the shrewdest sane person.—We give below a thrilling incident which actually occured as related, one of the parties to it having been a prominent army officer.

When my regiment was mustered out of service, I bade adieu to my old comrades, and to the army, and opened an office in the flourishing town of L—.

As I was starting for the supper table, on the evening of the third day after my arrival, the office bell rang violently, and soon the boy came in and said that a man wanted to see the doctor.

The visitor was standing by the fire when I entered. He was a tall, powerful man—a perfect giant compared to my 'five foot six;' and his great head and bushy black hair were well fitted to the monstrous form.

'If you are at liberty, doctor, please come with me. It is but a few steps, and you will not need a carriage.'

I put on my coat and hat and followed him. It was my first call in L—, and I fondly hoped it was the forerunner of many others.

The man strode on a pace ahead of me all the time, notwithstanding my endeavors to keep at his side, and he spoke not a word, not even answering my questions.

Stopping before a substantial looking residence on one of the principal streets, he applied the latch-key, and led me into a pleasant little room on the second floor (a study, I thought it,) hung about with good paintings and elegant chromos, and lined with books of every name.

'Take a seat, doctor; I will step out a moment. Take this chair by the fire. It is a bitter cold night.'

The chair was a great unwield thing, but exceedingly comfortable. I threw my feet upon the fender, and leaned back on the cushion, very well satisfied to warm a little before seeing the patient.

I heard the man approach the door, which was directly back of where I sat, and heard the door open and close again. I supposed he had gone out, but did not look around to see. Indeed, I had no time, for a stout cord was thrown over my wrists and across my breast, and a handkerchief bound over my mouth so quickly that I could make no move to prevent it.

When I was perfectly secure, my conductor stepped in front of me and looked with much interest at my vain attempts to free myself.

'Good stout cord, isn't it?' he asked. 'It has never been broken, and many a stouter man than you has tried it.—There, now, be quiet a while and I will tell you what I want.'

He went to a cabinet that stood in the corner of the room, and taking a long, wicked-looking knife from one of the drawers, ran his thumb over the edge, and felt of the point, all the while talking in the most common place manner imaginable.

'I have studied the art of guessing, for years,' said he. 'I can guess anything; that is my guessing chair that you are sitting in now; and I take great pleasure in imparting my knowledge to others. This is what I want of you to-night. I did intend to make you guess that, but I have thought of something better.'

He had become satisfied with edge and point of his knife, and was pacing up and down the room, giving me a full history of the world, interspersed with facts relative to the art of guessing, at which times he always stepped in front of me.

'Did you ever study it, doctor? I know you haven't. I am the only one that ever reduced it to a science. Since I left my noble veterans, I have devoted my whole time to it; and now I am about to initiate you into its mystories, if you are worthy.'

He was standing before me so very calm, that I did not think that he intended to harm me; but when I looked into his eyes, burning with the fire of insanity, I felt my situation was desperate indeed.

'I must test you,' he said. 'I must see whether you are naturally gifted or not, before I waste much time with you. If I remove the handkerchief, will you answer my questions?'

I nodded an affirmative, and he removed it.

'Now, my dear doctor, you are an entire stranger to me. Without doubt you have often heard of me, but it will be a hard task to distinguish my name from all other great men of the time.—You may guess it, doctor. What is it?'

He had brought his face so near to mine that I could feel his hot breath, and I fancied that I could feel the heat of those terrible eyes. The long keen blade he was holding over me—for what? To take my life if I failed.

'Guess! guess!' he screamed. 'If you fail, it will be your last guess in the world.'

I dared not cry out; the knife was too near; I could not escape, for the strong cords bound me to that chair I could not lift, and I could not lie there, and lose my life. What could I do?

'It is a hard guess, and I will give you three minutes to answer it,' he said.

I summoned all my courage, which had never yet failed me—even in the awful hour of battle—and looking him steadily in the eye, said:

'I know you, sir; so where is the use of guessing? I have seen you on the battle field marshalling your hosts to victory. I have seen you cut down a score of men with your own single arm. I have seen you put to flight a whole battallion. I know you—everybody knows you. Your name is in my mouth.'

I remembered what he had said about leaving his veterans, and had tried this harangue to divert his attention. I paused to mark the effect.

'Yes!—yes, doctor! But what is it,' he screamed again. 'Thirty seconds!'

Great God! What would I not have *given for a clue to that madman's fancy!* Thirty seconds, and how short a second is! The knife was raised higher, that it might gain momentum by the distance. His body was braced for the stroke, and his eyes upon the mark.

'Ten seconds more! What is it?'

There was only one hope for me, and that was to guess. I felt that he considered himself some great man; as he had spoken of veterans, some great military chieftain. I thought of our own heroes and the names of many of them were upon my lips, but I dared not utter them. It was the greatest chance game that I had ever played.—My life depended on the guessing of a name. I thought of all the European generals, but cast them aside again and came back to our own side of the water.

'Two seconds?' screamed the lunatic.

Without a thought, almost without a volition, I spoke a name, breathing a prayer that it might be the right one:

'Napoleon Bonaparte!'

'Right!' said the madman, throwing aside his knife and undoing the cords that held me. 'I was mistaken in you, doctor. You have true genius; this is your first lesson; come at this hour every evening and I will teach you the beautiful art—the way to immortal fame.'

As I arose from the chair, weak and trembling, the door opened softly and four strong men entered and secured the maniac. I started for home well pleased that I had got through with my first guessing lesson, and fervently hoping I should never be called upon to take another.

FIRST LOVE.

It is one of the oddest points of difference between man and woman that woman has no first love. The long alphabet of her affections is without any distinct end or beginning; she mounts by insensible gradations from dolls and kittens and pet brothers, to the zenith of passion, to descend by the same insensible gradation from the zenith of passion through pet brothers to tabby cats. There is no such event as a first kiss forms in a boy's life to mark for woman the translation from girlhood to the sudden maturity of passion; she has been kissing and purring and fondling and petting from her cradle, and she will pet and fondle and purr and kiss to her grave. Love, in the technical sense of the word, is with her little more than an itensifying of her ordinary life. There is no new picture, but the *colors are for the while a little heightened* and the tone raised. Presently the vividness of color will fade again, and the cool grays lower the tone, and the passion of life will have died away. But there will be no definite movement at which one could fairly say that love came or went. A girl who is not whispering in a lover's ear will always say frankly enough that she never knew what it was not to be in love.

There is one obvious deduction which she forgets to draw—that there never can be a time when she can know what is to be in love. Here and there, of course, a woman may be colder, or later in development, or more self-conscious, and may divide by more rigidly marked lines the phases of her life. But even then, if she be a woman at all, she can have no first love. Feeling, with woman, has no past, as it has no future. Every phase of her life begins with and act of oblivion. Every love is a first love. "I never loved anybody before," is said, and said truly, to a dozen loving ears in succession. "The first thing I should like to meet with in Paradise," said Lady Wortly Montagu, "would be the river Lethe—the stream of Forgetfulness."

But woman finds a little rivulet of Lethe at every stage of her heart's career. If she remembers the past at all, it is to offer it up as a burnt sacrifice to the deity of the present. When Cleopatra talked about Cæsar to Mark Antony, she passed, no doubt, her fingers through her lover's hair, and wondered how she could have ever doted on such a baldpated fellow as the Dictator. Had she succeeded in charming Octavius, she would have wondered equally at her infatuation for such a ne'er-do-well as Antony. And so it is no wonder that a woman's first love, even if she realizes it at all, goes down in the general wreck of the past. But in man's life it is a revolution. It is, in fact, the one thing that makes him man.

The world of boyhood is strictly a world of boys. Sisters, aunts, cousins, mothers, are mixed up in the general crowd of barbarians that stand without the playground. There are few warmer or more poetic affections than the chivalrous friendship of school-fellows; there is no more truer or more genuine worship than a boy's worship of the hero of the scrimmage or the cricket field. It is a fine world in itself, but it is a wonderfully narrow and restricted world. Not a girl may peep over the palings. Girls can't jump, or fag out, or swarm up a tree; they have nothing to talk about as boys talk; they never heard of that glorious swipe of Old Brown's; they are awful milksops; they cry and "tell mamma;" they are afraid of a governess and of a cow.

It is impossible to conceive a creature more utterly contemptible in a boy's eyes than a girl of his own age usually is. Then in some fatal moment comes the revolution. The barrier of contempt goes down with a crash. The boy world disappears. Brown, that god of the playground, is cast to the owls and to the bats. There is a sudden coolness in the friendship that was to last from school to the grave. Paper chases and the annual match with the "old fellow" cease to be the highest object of human interest. There is less excitement than there was last year, when a great cheer welcomes the news that Mugby has go the Ireland.

The boy's life has become muddled and confused. The old existence is sheering off, and the new comes shily, fitfully. It is only by a sort of compulsion that he will own that he is making all the "fuss" about a girl. For the moment he rebels against the spell of that one little hand, he lingers on the border of this new country, from whence there is no return to the old playing-fields. He is so shy, strange to this world of woman, and woman's talk and woman's *ground tumbles over foot-stools,* and tangles itself in colored wools. The sturdiest arm that ever wielded bat, trembles at the touch of the tiny finger. The voice that rang out like a trumpet, among the tumult of football, hushes and trembles and falters in saying half a dozen commonplace words. The old sense of mastery is gone. He knows that every chit in the nursery has found out his secret, and is laughing over it. He blushes, and a boy's blush is a hot, painful thing, when the sisterly heads bend together, and he hears them whispering what a fool he is. Yet, he is a fool, that is one thing which he feels quite certain about. There is only one other thing which he feels even more certain about—that he is in love, and that love has made a man of him.—*Saturday Review.*

ANOTHER ROBINSON CRUSOE.—In the month of August, 1863, the French ship Adeline Eliza quitted Bordeaux for Hong Kong. A month afterwards she was spoken off the Cape of Good Hope. She was never heard of again until a few days since, her history and and the history of all her crew became public. A typhoon in the Indian Ocean threw her out of her course, dismasted her, broke her rudder, and tossed her toward Oceanica. Bad weather lasted twenty days, and when fair weather returned she struck upon a coral reef, and the exhausted crew were scarcely able to take refuge in the boats.

It was a moonless, starless night when this accident occurred. They rowed wildly, and thanked God when the breaking day showed them a barrier surrounded by a smiling landscape. They reached land and lay down to sleep. When they awoke they found themselves bound hand and foot, and surrounded by savages. Their captors proved to be cannibals. Eleven of them, the captain included, were slain and eaten. Three others contrived, how does not appear, to make their escape, but they were mutilated. The one who succeeded in reaching Europe has one arm cut off and one eye torn out. The three reached a remote part of the island, where they found a canoe and embarked in it, prefering the risk of being devoured by sharks, to the certainty of being killed and eaten by cannibals. Fortunately they found themselves in an archipelago, and were able to go from one island to another. After wandering for some time, moving as rapidly as possible away from the cannibals' home, George Samazon's two companions died of exhaustion.

He remained alone, mutilated, hopeless, upon a frail canoe. He nevertheless continued to push on, touching land only when necessary to sleep, and to get water and food. He ate shell-fish and roots. One day he reached the last island on the group and nothing lay before him but the wild ocean. He set to work to build a raft. He launched it. He several times tried to put it to sea, but constantly failed. He resolved to take his footsteps landward, but in a different direction from the cannibals' home. He climbed a mountain, crossed a desert, fell again into savages' hands, once more escaped from them, fled through forests; his feet were bitten by venomous insects; his face scabbed by the bite of musquitoes; at last nearer dead than alive, he came upon white *men. The white men received* him kindly, and did what they could for him, He embarked upon a small Portuguese ship, and at last reached Europe. His family had long given him up for dead.

A Thrilling Indian Adventure.

On Thursday last three men—McKenna, McAllister and Wentworth, of Company K. Second Cavalry, went out from this post hunting. Night overtaking them near the entrance of La Prelle Canon, fifteen miles from here, they turned into a secluded den, stationed one of their number to watch, and the other two made down in their bed and went to sleep side by side.—About midnight, it being cold, the watchman made a fire. Fatal mistake! Soon after this he laid down by the side of his comrades—doubtless not intending to go to sleep. One of his comrades (Wentworth,) awakening for a moment, warned him of his imprudence, but received an assurance that all was well, and again fell asleep. It is probable the sentinel did the same.

A few minutes afterward a terriffic discharge of fire-arms, from every side of the sleepers, in such close proximity that the powder burnt their faces, proved the folly of their watcher's feeling of security. One of the men, McKenna, did not move—a ball had pierced his heart and four had entered his breast. Death itself had succeeded its counterfeit. McAlister sprang up with a single exclamation, and fell back dead, *pierced with a dozen bullets.* Wentworth who was sleeping between the two, was not scratched. Being a man of great nerve and much experience with the Indians, his plans were instantly matured, and as quickly executed. Seizing his pistol as he slipped from the side of his dead comrades, he shot the Indian who confronted him as he rose; jumped over his prostrate body; knocked down the next in his path with the butt of the weapon; dodged the rest; sprang in among the ponies, from which the savages had dismounted, and running through the herd gained the creek, and under cover of its friendly bushes escaped his pursuers, and came barefoot over the jagged rocks and prickly pears to the post, where he arrived at about six o'clock, *in a condition to move the heart of the* most unfeeling. The flesh of his heels and the balls of his feet were worn to the bone, and on their raw surface he had made most of his terrible march for life.

On receipt of information the company instantly proceeded to the place, and found the bodies as he had described; but, strange to say, neither scalped nor mutilated. Stranger still, their guns, ammunition, overcoats, saddles and bed blankets were all there undisturbed. One of their horses had been shot and left; the other three were taken off by the Indians.

Captain Egan was accompanied by Black Coal another Arapahoe of Medicine Man's band, who assisted him materially in deciphering the trail and reading the signs of the war party.—Jose Meravell, the post guide, was also of the party, and iswell versed in such matters. He and Black Coal agree that the fact of the Indians not taking the guns and other property, is attributed to their having a quarrel among themselves over the division of the spoils, which may have been settled by the chief having them have everything here. They estimate the force at about sixty, and say all the indications show them to have been Sioux, and probably of Red Cloud's band.

The story of Wentworth's escape may be deemed rather hard to swallow, but it is true, nevertheless, as any of the officers of his company will readily vouch. Nor is it the first thrilling adventure of which he has been the hero. Though but a private soldier, he is an old frontiersman, and possesses the esteem and confidence of his officers to an unusual degree. He is a "dead shot," a man without fear, well skilled in Indian tactics, and fairly entitled to rank with those men of whom Kit Carson was the unequalled chief. He says this is the most unaccountable of his escapes, and we doubt not, in after years, when the old soldier's children relate to their children the stories of their adventures, this one will be received with some allowance, however faithfully narrated.—*Fort Fetterman, W. T., (Nov. 2) Correspondence of the Cheyenne Leader.*

"LET HIM SQUEAL."—The beautiful town of Manchester, Vermont, so pleasantly situated at the foot of Equinox; also though of less pretensions, the Vermont house, kept at the time of my story, by George St—e. George was a character considerably deaf especially when he did not want to hear. Rallying him one day on his ability to hear or not to hear, he told me, under promise of never telling, the following story:

When a young man, he worked on a farm for a stingy old farmer in an adjoining town. On leaving him a balance of two dollars was due George for wages. Having called repeatedly for his money, the old man had some excuse for not paying.—A sow of the old man's had a litter of pigs consisting of four; one of them which is generally the case being a small runt, as they call them. George told the old man that he would take a pig for the money; the old man said he might have the small one. George jumped into the pen and seized the largest pig. The old man shouted:

"Take the small one!

"Let him squeal," said George; "I can hold him."

Old man, excited:

"Take the small one!"

"I'll risk his biting," replied George.

Old man, desperate, and as loud as he could bellow.

"Take the small one!"

"Let him squeal; I can hold him," answered George.

"Take him along, you deaf cuss, I can't make you hear anything."

George carried off his pig in triumph.

A regular reader who has lost his cat, requests the finder to keep it for his honesty.