THE TIOGA COUNTY AGITATOR.

VOLUME XVII. WELLSBORO, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 23, 1870. NUMBER 8.

THE TIOGA COUNTY AGITATOR

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING BY

VAN GELDER & MITCHELL.

P. C. Van Gelder. | Jno. I. Mitchell.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

Subscription, (per year).....$2.00.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

TEN LINES OF MINION OR LESS, MAKE ONE SQUARE.

No. Sq'rs....	1 In.	3 Ins	4 Ins	3 Mos	6 Mos	1 Yr
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	30,00	50,00
One Col.....	15.00	25,00	30,00	45,00	60,00	100,00

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

Transient advertising must be paid for in advance.

☞ Justice Blanks, Constable Blanks, Deeds, Judgment Notes, Marriage Certificates, &c., on hand.

BUSINESS CARDS.

Van Gelder & Mitchell,

Book, Plain and Fancy Job Printers. All work promptly and neatly executed.—Jan. 1, 1870.

Smith & Merrick,

Attorneys & Counselors at Law. Insurance, Bounty and Pension Agency, Office on Main Street, Wellsboro Pa, opposite Union Block. Jan. 1, 1870. W. H. SMITH. GEO. W. MERRICK.

Seeley, Coates & Co.

BANKERS, Knoxville, Tioga, County, Pa.—Receive money on deposit, discount notes, and sell drafts on New York City. Collections promptly made.—Dec. 15, 1869-1y*

Jno. W. Adams,

Attorney and Counselor at Law, Mansfield, Tioga county, Pa. Collections promptly attended to. Jan. 1, 1870.

Jno. I. Mitchell,

Attorney and Counselor at Law, Claim, and Insurance Agent. Office over Kress' Drug Store, adjoining Agitator Office, Wellsboro, Pa. Jan. 1, 1870.

Wilson & Niles,

Attorneys and Counselors at Law., Will attend promptly to business entrusted to their care in the counties of Tioga and Potter. Office on the Avenue. Jan. 1, 1870.
S. F. WILSON.] [J. B. NILES.

John W. Guernsey,

Attorney and Counselor at Law. All business entrusted to him will be promptly attended to. Office 2d door south of Hazlett's Hotel, Tioga, Tioga County, Pa.—Jan. 1, 1870.

Wm. B. Smith,

Pension, Bounty and Insurance Agent. Communications sent to the above address will receive prompt attention. Terms moderate, Knoxville, Pa.—Jan. 1, 1870.

John C. Horton,

Attorney and Counselor at Law, Tioga, Pa.—Office with C. H. Seymour, Esq. Business attended to with promptness.—Jan. 1. 1870.

W. D. Terbell & Co.,

Wholesale Druggists, and dealers in Wall Paper, Kerosene Lamps, Window Glass, Perfumery, Paints, Oils, &c., &c.-Corning, N. Y. Jan. 1 '70.

Dr. C. K. Thompson,

Wellsboro, Pa., will attend to Professional calls in the village of Wellsboro, and elsewhere.—Office and Residence on State St., 2d door to right going east.—Jan. 1, 1870.

D. Bacon, M. D.,

Physician and Surgeon. Will attend promptly to all calls. Office on Crafton Street, in rear of the Meat Market, Wellsboro.—Jan. 1, 1870.

E. S. Perkins, M. D.,

Respectfully announces to the citizens of East Charleston and vicinity, that he would be grateful for their patronage. Jan. 1, 1870.

A. M. Ingham, M. D.,

Homœopathist, Office at his Residence on the Avenue.—Jan. 1, 1870.

George Wagner,

Tailor. Shop first door north of Roberts & Bailey's Hardware Store. Cutting, Fitting and Repairing done promptly and well.—Jan. 1, 1870.

John Etner,

Tailor and Cutter. Shop opposite Dartt's Carriage Shop, Main St., where he is prepared to do work promptly and neat.—Jan. 1, 1870.

Thomas B. Bryden,

Surveyor and Draftsman. Orders left at his room, Townsend House, Wellsboro, will meet with prompt attention.—Jan. 1, 1870.

R. E. Onley,

Dealer in Clocks and Jewelry, Silver and Plated Ware, Spectacles, Violin Strings, &c. Watches and Jewelry neatly repaired. Engraving done in plain English and German.—Mansfield, Pa., Jan. 1, 1870.

Petroleum House,

Westfield, Pa., Geo. Close, Proprietor. A new Hotel conducted on the principle of live and let live, for the accommodation of the public. Jan. 1, 1870.

Hazlett's Hotel,

Tioga, Tioga County, Pa. Good stabling attached, and an attentive hostler always in attendance. Geo. W. Hazlett, Prop'r.—Jan. 1, 1870.

Hill's Hotel,

Westfield Borough, Tioga Co, Pa. E. G. Hill, Proprietor. A new and commodious building with all the modern improvements. Within easy drive of the best hunting and fishing Grounds in Northern Penn'a. Conveyances furnished. Terms moderate.—Jan. 1, 1870.

Smith's Hotel,

Tioga, Pa., E. M. Smith, Proprietor. House in good condition to accommodate the traveling public in a superior manner.—Jan. 1, 1870.

Keystone Hotel,

Sabinsville, Tioga Co, Pa, J. B. Bean, Prop'r. Good entertainment for man and beast. Convenient to the best fishing grounds. Parties accommodated with conveyances.—Jan. 1, '70.

John McIntosh,

Dealer in Vermont and Italian Marble, manufacturer of Monuments, Tomb-Stones, &c, corner Market and Cedar Sts., Corning, N. Y. All orders promptly and neatly executed. Andrew Van Dusen, Agent.—Jan. 1, 1870.

Union Hotel,

Miner Watkins, Proprietor. The traveling public will find this a comfortable and convenient house to stop at. Good stabling, and an attentive hostler. Jan. 1, 1870.

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, Jan. 1, 1870.

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 HARKNESS
WM. RILEY.
Wellsboro, Jan. 1, 1870.-1y.

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. 1, 1870-tf.

GROVER & BAKER'S

FIRST PREMIUM

ELASTIC STITCH

FAMILY

SEWING MACHINES,

594 BROADWAY NEW YORK.

Points of Excellence.

Beauty and Elasticity of Stitch.
Perfection and Simplicity of Machinery.
Using both threads directly from the spools.
No fastening of seams by hand and no waste of thread,
Wide range of application without change of adjustment.
The seam retains its beauty and firmness after washing and ironing.
Besides doing all kinds of work done by other Sewing Machines, these Machines execute the most beautiful and permanent Embroidery and *ornamental work.*

☞ The highest Premiums at all the fairs and exhibitions of the United States and Europe, have been awarded the Grover & Baker Sewing Machines, and the work done by them, wherever exhibited in competition.

☞ The very highest prize, THE CROSS OF THE LEGION OF HONOR, was conferred on the representative of the Grover & Baker Sewing Machines, at the *Exposition Universello*, Paris, 1867, thus attesting their great superiority over all other Sewing Machines
Jan. 1, 1870-tf.

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,
Jan. 1, 1870.-1y. Elmira, N. Y.

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, 1870-1y.

New Tobacco Store!

THE subscriber has fitted up the Store first door east Thomas Harden's dry goods 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, Jan. 1, 1870—tf.

New Tannery.

THE undersigned has fitted up the old Foundry dry 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, Jan. 1, 1870.

Great Improvement in Denistry.

HAVING purchased the exclusive right of Dr. Folsom's Improved patent Atmospheric Dental Plates for Tioga County. I now take pleasure in offering it to the public as the greatest DISCOVERY yet made in

Mechanical Dentistry.

By the use of which, we can overcome any and all difficulties which have heretofore baffled the skill of the most practical Dentist in the world. Plates constructed upon this plan retain perfectly firm under all circumstances or condition of the mouth, as no air, or particles of food can possibly get under them. Those having old styles, Gold or Rubber Plates, can, at half the cost, have the Improvement applied to them answering in every respect the same purpose as a new set. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed in every case. C. N. DARTT Dentist.
Wellsboro, Jan. 1, 1869.

This is to certify that we are now using the Improved Dental Plates with perfect satisfaction. Having used the old style of plates for years with all the trouble and inconvenience known in the use of such plates, we cheerfully recommend the improved Plates as far superior to anything yet known. E. R. KIMBALL.
CHAS. WILLIAMS.

THE EMPORIUM.

A New Store & New Goods.

(One door below Webb & Hasting's Drug Store.)

I WOULD STATE to those whom it may concern, that I have just returned from the City—bought carefully and close a full assortment of

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, FLOUR AND FEED, &C., &C.

Come and price my

TEAS, SUGARS AND SYRUPS.

Before you Purchase. W. P. BIGONY.
Wellsboro, Jan. 4, 1870-tf.

WM. H. ARMSTRONG. SAMUEL LINN.

Armstrong & Linn,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

WILLIAMSPORT, PENN'A.

Aug. 4, 1869-1y.

TIOGA DRUG STORE!

BORDEN keeps constantly on hand: Pure Drugs and Medicines, Chemicals, Paints and Oils, Lamps, Stationery, Yankee Notions &c.

PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED.

H. H. BORDEN.
Tioga, Jan. 1, 1870.-1y.

1870. FOR SALE. 1870.

BY

T. B. STONE,

(formerly B. C. Wickham's Nursery)

AT HIS NURSERY OF FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL TREES, IN TIOGA:—

60,000 Apple Trees,

10,000 Pear Trees.

A good supply of PLUM, PEACH, CHERRY and ORNAMENTAL TREES & SHRUBBERY

The Fruit trees are composed of the choicest varieties, good, healthy, some of them large and in bearing. Any one wishing to get a supply will do well to call and see my stock before purchasing elsewhere. ☞ Delivered at the depot, Wellsboro, Mansfield, Lawrenceville and Blossburg, free of charge. All orders promptly filled.
Address, T. B. STONE,
Tioga, Dec. 8, 1869-1y* Tioga, Pa,

PREPARE FOR WINTER!

AND don't neglect to secure a first class

CUTTER OR SLEIGH.

H. W. DARTT, has on hand the latest styles and will make to order and warrant to suit. All kinds of REPAIRING done at the shortest notice. Also,

Iron Wok and Horse-Shoeing.

Please call and examine and be convinced that better workmanship or material is not furnished elsewhere at more reasonable prices.
Main Street, Wellsboro, Pa.
Nov. 24, 1869.-tf. H. W. DARTT.

Get the Best!

MRS. A. J. SOFIELD, is agent for that superior SEWING MACHINE, the,

WILLCOX & GIBBS,

which everybody likes who tries it. It is a beautiful Machine, never gets out of order with fair usage, sews rapidly and strong stitch, and is perfectly noiseless.

☞ Machines rented by the week.
Nov. 17, 1869-tf. Mrs. A. J. SOFIELD.

JEWELRY STORE!

WELLSBORO, PA.

ANDREW FOLEY,

who has long been established in the Jewelry business in Wellsboro, has always on sale, various kinds and prices of

AMERICAN WATCHES,

GOLD OR SILVER CLOCKS, JEWELRY, GOLD CHAINS, KEYS, RINGS, PINS, PENCILS, CASES, GOLD & STEEL PENS, THIMBLES, SPOONS, RAZORS, PLATED WARE,

SEWING MACHINES,

&c., &c., &c.

With most other articles usually kept in such establishment, which is sold low for

C A S H.

Repairing done neatly, and promptly, and on short NOTICE. A. FOLEY.
January 5, 1870-1y.

GREAT REDUCION

IN PRICES,

AT

WICKHAM & FARR'S,

Tioga, Pa.

All those wishing

WINETR DRESS,

AND

FANCY GOODS,

can save a good percentage, as we must make room for other

G O O D S.

Jan. 5, 1869-tf.

Poets' Corner.

SMOKE IN WINTER.

THOREAU.

The sluggish smoke curls up from some deep dell
The stiffened air exploring in the dawn,
And making slow acquaintance with the day,
Delaying now upon his heavenward course,
In wreathed loiterings dallying with itself,
With as uncertain purpose and slow deed
As its half-wakened master by the hearth,
Whose mind, still slumb'ring, and sluggish tho'ts
Have not yet swept into the onward current
Of the new day; and now it streams afar,
The while the chopper goes with step direct
And mind intent to wield the early ax.

First in the dusky dawn he sends abroad
His early scout, his emissary, smoke,
The earliest, latest pilgrim from his roof,
To feel the frosty air, inform the day,
And, while he crouches still beside the hearth,
Nor musters courage to unbar the door,
It has gone down the glen with the light wind,
And o'er the plain unfurled its centurous wreath,
Draped the tree tops, loitered upon the hill,
And warmed the pinions of the early bird;
And now, perchance, high in the crispy air,
Has caught sight of the day o'er the earth's edge,
And greets its master's eye at his low door,
As some refulgent cloud in the upper air.

Miscellaneous Reading.

MY MOTHER-IN-LAW AND I.

"So you are going to marry John Wheeler, are you, Chat, and move right into the house with the old folks?" said my uncle Peter, as he came in suddenly one morning, long ago, and found me buried in the pretty mysteries of lawns, and laces, and knots, and bows of ribbons, and the glow on my cheeks as red as the heart of the sweetest rose in the wreath of my white silk bonnet.

"Yes, I suppose so," said I, bending over the heap of dainty ruffling to hide my embarrisment.

"Well, child, I give you joy of your future mother-in-law," said he, peeping round so as to see what my busy hands were doing; and Chatty, if you havn't a hard life before you no one ever did have. I pity you—that's so; my heart aches for you, little niece; and I do believe that if that old termagant does not treat you like a human being, I'll slip round into the grove back of the cottage with my shot-gun, hunting quails, and I'll make a mistake and shoot her! ha! ha!" and that jolly old uncle, Peter Whittaker, leaned back in his chair and laughed right merrily.

I laughed, too a minute, and then, growing serious, I said

"You know, Uncle Peter, it is an old saying that 'a mother-in-law and a daughter-in-law are natural enemies.' Now, do you really believe that there is a mother-in-law in this world whose heart has not a tender place in it somewhere which may be found—that she may be touched tenderly, lovingly, if one can only find the right key?"

"Well, I don't know, sis. I am afraid Granny Wheeler is an exception.—When I lived on the Downing farm, joining Widow Green's, I did think I never saw her equal; she thought no one knew anything but herself. My wife couldn't get along with her, and you know Sofie's way is kind, and gentle, and forbearing. I felt sometimes as though it would be a real satisfaction to make mouths at her and go yeh! yeh! She used to make me feel very ugly, spiteful, and devilish, as though I would enjoy calling her hard names. Oh, she had an eye like an old Norway rat—so sharp, and bright, and cunning."

"Why, that's energy, Uncle Peter," said I, beginning to feel that I must stand up for John's mother.

"Fiddlesticks!" said he, shutting his tobacco box with a click, slipping it into his pocket, and rising to leave.

"Well, Uncle," said I, "as Mrs. John Wheeler jr., we'll be good friends, won't we? and you'll come and see Chatty, and she'll visit you; and if she should make any discoveries, she'll tell you."

"Yes," he replied, sighing; "and if you find out really that Granny Wheeler has a drop of human blood in her veins, let me be advised of it."

Forewarned, forearmed. Do you think, reader, there was a cloud no bigger than a dove's wing even in my beautiful summer sky? I thought one little minute, seriously, my hands outspread midway in the air between my heap of foamy laces and my forehead; and something—perhaps the good angel who had never deserted me for an hour—something made me say, with a brave smile whose twinkle I found in my eyes, "It will be just as I make—just as I will it!"

Then those grand old words came surging up to me, full of hope and strength, an anthem of exultation:

"Unto thyself be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

The wedding was a quiet affair; we were married by the gray-haired old pastor who had handled me on his knee in babyhood, and whose raven locks I had pulled to my heart's content—into whose sharp black eyes I had thrust my baby thumbs, and whose pockets I had often searched to find something good for little girls. Of all the ministers I had known, he alone was the one to officiate on this importaht occasion. We moved into the same house with John's parents, and I tried to take the place of a daughter. Of course I did not find everything as I would like to have it, but I made due allowance for the manner in which we had been brought up. Mother treated me kindly enough, but as though I had no judgment, and could hardly be trusted alone with anything that required care or thought. It seemed that she regarded me as a child, to be looked after and made comfortable. Sometimes, if I felt ready to cry out, I would say, "For his dear sake," dry up my tears and make myself happy. Little trials, that hurt like the little thorns of the thistle, met me every day, but I had shod my feet in anticipation of them.

I tried not to draw any comparison between my two homes, but they would come up to me.

One of the adornments with which Mother Wheeler beautified the walls of her room was a cat and kittens cut out of black cloth and pinned on a white background. I grew very tired of the round-headed cats, and cautiously suggested their removal, but her "O, no, I like to see them?" silenced me. I did want the snow-white window curtains to be made so long that they would just touch the floor, but she wanted them made long enough to reach only to the window-sills, and starched so stiffly they rattled like paper.

Over the mirror in our sitting room were long sprays of asparagus dropping, that in the twilight looked like faint mist, while the finest gilt and bronze tail-feathers of slaughtered chickens intermingled with the delicate green. The side-saddle, with the crimson plush seat and bright, brassy fixings, always hung in the best bedroom, and in the night its dim outline would look like the horned head of a buffalo. It was not for me, John's young wife, Chatty, to say that its time-honored place should be vacated, and that it could hang in a closet or in the attic, out of sight.

Great bunches of dried herbs hung from the ceiling in the kitchen, while the very choicest and most aromatic depended from the walls of the sitting-room. Piles of bedclothes reared themselves up like things of life from the different and conspicuous corners of the rooms.

All this, that shocked my ideas of good taste, pleased and gratified poor mother, who had been accustomed to these regulations all her life. John wanted to break in upon her rules, but I could not endure the thought of the innovation—of setting aside her good old way, and taking, as it were, her work from her hands, just as though she had outlived her usefulness. It would have been cruel and thoughtless, and would have given her a fatal wound. She had seen a great deal of trouble, and had brought up a large family who were married and living in homes of their own.

Death had taken from her two lovely babies, who were just beginning to prattle; and one son, a young man, had met an awful death by being dragged more than a mile over a new road with his foot in the stirrup. Her husband had been security for a neighbor in the first year of her wedded life, and had the debt to pay. Half of the sum she paid, little by little, with butter, cheese, dried fruit, and berries that she gathered with her nursing baby lying in the shade near her.

Often, while toiling thus, the dishonest rascal whose debts she was sacrificing herself to pay, would dash past her, clean and soft-handed, and stately and proud in his glittering carriage.

O, could I, an interloper, come into her home and mark out new duties, and crowd against the wall this crowned old heroine! God helping me, I said in my heart, I will truly be a daughter unto you.

I could see that my music was something new that she did not like—that her lip would curl a little when she would touch my magazines and books of poetry; so most heartily did I sing sweet old church music, and when I would lay Pilgrim's Progress or a volume of sermons, good, old well-red books, on mine, as though intimating a preference. It was a little thing, but mother understood it, and her eyes would follow me, in a long questioning look, as much as to say, "I wonder if you really do love me, Chatty," sounding there very distinctly.

She wore the fashionable lace cap with a full border or frill all around the face. All the pride she had seemed to center in her faultlessly neat, but old time caps. Her hair was abundant, and quite brown and pretty, but it was always covered out of sight.

My friends, when they would visit me, would say, "If I were you I'd soon have those great, scary-looking, boozy caps in the stove, they are so abominably old-fashioned."

My thoughts would fly with electrical speed away back to the time when that poor old mother was young and vigorous, and bravely bearing the trials and sorrows that had fallen to her lot; when her heart was wrung with anguish over the death-beds of her beloved children, and the dark graves closed over the dear dead faces, taken suddenly away from her bosom, and oh! she would be so dear to me, and I would be so ready and willing to defend her that her very faults almost seemed virtues.

I liked to show mother off to the best advantage; and sometimes, when my visitors would be dressing and re-dressing their scant adornment of hair, and resorting to deceptive means in making much hair out of a little, I would say, "Now sit down and rest, mother, and let me comb and brush you." Then I would unroll and loosen her wealth of brown hair, all down her back and shoulders, and its waves, and ripples, and glossiness would bring forth the most envious and enthusiastic exclamations of delight and wonder from the admiring visitors.

One morning early, a neighbor came in very angry, saying that our horses had been in his corn-field all night, and if the like ever happened again he'd shoot every one of them. His anger was contagious, and mother retorted, "Fix your old fences, then!"

The man said something in the same and she replied in a like manner, and the little fire of anger was blazing up into a flame. I had not caught the infection at all, and coming into the kitchen at that moment, I said, "Heigho, good neighbors, this will never do. Poor mother is not well this morning, and she flashes up like powder. You have reason to be provoked at our horses, but I know you will never have cause again; and now don't let a little thing like this make you angy with us; you're too good a neighbor to lose so easily—worth more than all the horses in town. Don't mind poor mother's hasty words; you know if you were sick, or your wife and babies, she'd be to as much trouble as though it was her own family, and come puffing over with her herbs, and roots, and poultices, and—"

"Oh, I know it, Chatty, and I know I have been a little too fast, that's so. I should have waited till I was calm, but I came right here from the field as fast and as mad as I could come. You mustn't mind me, Mrs. Wheeler," said the man, with eyes that wanted to cry as he stood there, so ashamed and embarrassed that he'd turned his hat inside out a half-dozen times, and twisted the rim into all sorts of shapes.

"Why, bless you, Nathan, I'm not a bit mad," said mother, reaching out her hand: "but you took me so by surprise, I just said the first thing that I thought of. I take fire just like dry tow; but I couldn't hold spite at ye, if ye shot every critter on the farm."

Just then the men came in from hunting the horses, and made apologies and said he should be well paid for all damages, etc.; but Nathan went off blushing and saying he wouldn't take a cent; he was ashamed of himself, and that his wife had his breakfast waiting for him; and away he ran with his hat crammed down on his head with the cotton-lining on the outside.

This little incident showed that mother was a kind hearted, reasonable woman, and I began to think my uncle Peter Whittaker was himself to blame that he did not find her a good, obliging neighbor.

I often had hard work to keep myself under proper restraint.

One day my mind had been dwelling upon my school days, and I felt in a mood for writing. In the afternoon I dressed up freshly, in my newest white dress, and went away up stairs where I could be undisturbed. I had written two verses, and was deep in the enjoyment of the coming poem, "The Meadow Path," when I heard a great commotion, and squabbling, and fluttering among the geese, and, going down stairs, the cause was apparent.

Mother met me at the gate in such outlandish attire that I did not know her. She wore a dingy old flannel dress, her neck bundled up with a cotton shawl, and a handkerchief tied around her head, so as to cover her ears and hair.

She said the geese were all at home now, and she was afraid of rain, and thought we had better pick them that afternoon. I could write verses only when the poetical mood was upon me, and I did not know when that would be again; and I was so sorely disappointed I cried.

She saw my red eyes, and, divining the reason, said, "Oh, you'll have to drop a good many of your fine lady ways if you make a farmer's wife!"

So I dressed up, after the fashion of women who pick geese, and worried through as long an afternoon as I ever lived. My head ached, and my poor arms were bitten over with blue spots, and I was so tired and low-spirited that I could hardly keep from crying right before John.

Some time in the night I was awakened by a low, moaning sound coming from mother's room. I threw a shawl over my showlders and softly drew near her bed, when I heard her suppressed cries of pain. I said, "Are you sick, mother?"

"Oh, is that you, Chatty?" she replied, with a sense of relief in her tones; "don't let me disturb you—you are tired and need your sleep. Oh, my body and limbs are all cramped and cold, but maybe I'll get warm pretty soon and feel better. Go to your bed and do'nt let me disturb you."

I laid my hand on her forehead and it was cold and clammy, and big drops of sweat stood upon it. I soon heated water and made teas, and had her wrapped in warm flannels, and before half an hour she was comfortable. As she became easy she closed her eyes, and was sinking into restless slumber when I touched my lips in blessing upon her forehead.

"Oh, Chatty, child of mine," she said, crying right out. "I've never been half good enough to you. I should not have taken you from your writing to-day; you mite, tender thing, what s'pay you fell into such cruel hands."

I slid my arm around her neck and gathered her to my bosom, and cried over the dear old broken-down mother—the woman of many sorrows, stricken when in full leaf and blossom with a blight that would have been death to any one less brave, noble and true.

I crept into the bed beside her, and just as she was sinking into a sweet and painless sleep, her tremulous voice said, "Chatty, don't ever tell it, but it is the truth, never did one of my daughters come to me in answer to my moans of distress when I was sick at night. Why was it? Didn't they love me as much as you do?"

I soothed her by saying I had always been the little nurse and doctor at home, and my ear was ever open to catch any cry of pain. It calmed her, and she rested until morning.

Little things like this drew us together, and soon we became warmly attached to each other. Oh, we had pleasant times together—my mother-in-law and I.

When wee baby Charley came to me, the little pink and white flower, his grandmother opened her arms to him as though he was a great blessing sent here from heaven. He touched her heart and filled it with a joy she had never known before. The fountains of my own soul were opened, and life assumed new realities and new beauties, and a sweet song of newness broke from my lips and flooded my soul.

Crowned with motherhood, I walked with feet ointed, and the glory of the stars seemed to gather about my brows.

From the time that mother was attacked with sickness in the night, she seemed to fail, and to grow more and more lovely as she gradually faded from earth. She would sit for hours and play with the baby, and laugh at his funny little ways, and think he looked just like her babies, who had lain under the dasies for twenty years.

It is very pleasant to die thus—like a light growing dimmer and dimmer, like the sunset tint fading from the hill-tops into a soft twilight gray—creeping into the dimness of darkness gradually.

The last summer we lived together we had not much work to do, and I look back now to that May, and June, and October, as I would remember a song, or poem, or a book read by the seaside, or something that gave me a sweet pleasure and left me beautiful memories.

After she was confined to her bed, she would lie and watch me, and follow my footsteps with a tender, loving gaze—eyes full of the light of love, and often she would say to me: "Oh, Chatty, you are my best child! I know I have been stern and cold, but you have always been the same dutiful daughter. You have overlooked my faults, and you have kept back the unkind reply many a time when I was unjust to you. You have helped to make me a better woman than I was, and for all this, you know, I bless and love you!"

Oh, how much better it was for me now that I had yielded my will and wishes to hers in the few years of my married life, and treated her respectfully, too, in the appointments of her own household! What to me was the praise or blame of my butterfly friends now, in comparison to the good will and earnest love of my husband's mother?

Before mother died I was her nurse for seven weeks; she would have no other. I gave her medicine, and attended to her wants, taking rest as best I could. I could not have endured much longer; I was worn, and pale, and thin and felt all the time as if I were dreaming.

One morning I sat in the rocking-chair beside her; John held the baby as he sat on the other side of the bed. Her hand was in mine—her little blue-veined, wasted hand, on which was a ring, the gift of a brother, who had died far away from his home.

She said in a low voice, looking fondly upon me: "Chatty, you are so tired; but you will not have mother to care for to-night. I wish you would take off this ring and put it on your own hand, and wear it for my sake. Whenever you looked at it, remember what I have often told you lately—how dear you are to me—how much I love you."

Before noon of that day the strange silence of death came stealing over her face. I knew what it meant. We had so grown together it was like rending life from me to part with her, and with a cry I fell back faintly. Dying as she was, she heard the fall, and turned her head to look, and died with her last long gaze fixed, oh, so tenderly and lovingly! upon me.

And this is my testimony—the record of one mother-in-law; and I tell it, believing it may do good, and perhaps be a light and a lamp to the feet of those who may have and hold in their hearts to do unto others as they would have others do unto them.

NASBY.

Mr. Nasby Receives a Letter from His Old Friend Deacon Pogram—The Frightful Demoralization at the Corners.

[FROM THE TOLEDO BLADE]

6TH WARD, NOO YORK, Jan. 10, 1870.—Yesterday I received the followin letter from that old saint in trowsers, Deekin Elkana Pogram. It was delayed a long time ez the Deekin directed it to "Rev." Petroleum V. Nasby. The letter carriers hedn't any idee that there wuz a man in the 6th ward who hed any title to that prefix. But I finally got it. I need not say that after readin it I closed my bar and hung crape onto the door. Oh the demoralizashun uv this cussid age! But it wuz a comfort to hear from him. "Ez in water face answereth to face, so the heart uv man to man." The text shood read, in Kentucy at least, "Ez in whisky," &c., but I take no liberties with skripture. This is the Deekin's epistle:

CONFEDRIT X ROADS, Ky., Dec. 2, 1869.—*My dear Friend,*—I avale myself uv the presence uv a young man from Injeany who kin rite, to inform you ez to the condishun uv things in your old home. Things is bad here and is rapidly growing wuss. Sence yoo left us it seems to me as the kaos hed come again, and thet confooshen wuz bein wuss confoundled. The first families hev lost their grip; niggers and abilishnists hev come in and hev taken controle, and confedrit X Roads is no longer a place in which a gentleman of refinement and kulture kin decently live.

Think Infernal Scratch, Joe Biglar, and that unmitigated pest, Pollock, is in partnership, at least Joe is selling goods for Pollock, and his store is the resort uv all uv their class for miles around. The old settlers have nothin whatever to do with em. We wuz disposed to paternize em, but when Pollock refused to let goods wich *we* hed bought go out of the store till they wuz paid for, and the next minit give credit to niggers, we indignantly declined to deel with him. That indignity we woodent submit to. We indoost two merchants from Louisyille to start biz his here, but they didn't stay long. They gave credit, and their trade wuz conskently brisk, but they hed difficulty in renoovin ther stock. When one uv em presented his bill to me, I told him indignantly that of that wuz the way he perposed to do bizness he mite ez well close. "Why," said I, "I mite ez well deel with Pollock." He remarkt, insolently, that he wished I hed delt with Pollock, and flung hisself out of my presence. Merchants are, as a class, disgustingly mersenary.

Bascom threatens to close out and leave us. He hez already mortgagis oh all our lands to its full valyoo, and sence the offises are all in the hands of men who don't drink liker at ail, he sez there ain't no money within his reach and he can't carry us much longer. He sighs for the good old times under Johnson's administration, when all the money receeved by the postmaster, the collector and assessor, poured into his drawer. He is morose and gloomy, and waters his likker fearfully. I allus hev to take five or six drinks before I experienced any sensashun.

But these things is not the worst or most gloomy uv the signs uv the times. There's roin ahed uv us. The chivalry uv the Corners hev lost all spirit. Only last week there wuz a tempranz lecturer advertised to make a speech in the hall over Pollock's store. "Shel this be permitted?" askt Bascom indignantly, bringin' his fist down onto the bar till the glasses rattled.

"Never!" shoutid Isaker, Gavitt and others in the bar-room, who scentid drinks ahed.

Bascom sot out the bottles. We all took suthin' and rusht toomulchusly to the hall. Yoo remember with what egernis we formerley mobbed obnoxyus speekers? We wuzn't at all eger that nite. We only run a rod or two; our pace got down to a slow walk afore we reecht the spot, and we got into the hall we meekly sot down and listened to the heretikle cuss, and went away without heavin' a stun at him. When Bascom reproached us for our lack of Spirit, I told him that wuz no yoose. Men couldent mob anybody on such likker as he furnisht. It won't do to diloot when you hev sich biznis on hand.

But that wuz not the most alarmin' sign uv the degeneracy uv our people. within a month, two Methodist preachers hev held forth in this village, and neither on em were hung or shot!—What, hope kin there be where such things occur? And wat is wuss, two uv our old friends attended their meetins, and immediatly they quit comin' to Bascom's and I notist their children yesterday with shoes on. Bascom sighed ez he seed it.

"It's a mystery to me," he sez.

"What is a mystery?" sez I.

"Why, so long ez them men stayed with me all day, they hadn't no money to spend—now that they don't come no more, they have money, but they waste it on shoes and I don't get it. Why didn't nacher make men capable uv workin all day and drinkin all nite?"

Their ain't no change in me or mine, ceptin that my house is somewhat smaller. At the beginning uv the winter we wuz compelled to yoose our kitchen for firewood, ez me and Jethro, my oldest son, cooden't procoor the labor to cut the winter's fuel. The niggers won't work for us. Next Winter I spose the settin room will go, then the wing which we yoose for a spare bed-room will follow, and ef I am not gone hentz by that time, I don't know wat we shall do for more. The coil uv fate is titenin about me.

The niggers up towards Garrettstown are akkoomulatin property rapidly, and they pay their taxes promptly, but what good is that to Bascom? The offishls is all abolitionists and that money is diverted into other than legitmate channels. The vandals hev macadmized a mile uv road between the Corners and Garretstown, and built a bridge over the run. Kin you blame Bascom for wanting to leave here?

I hev heard of yoor success and am glad uv it. Wood that I cood git into suthin uv the sort! Wood my fate wuz different. But we can't all keep grosery. I shel stay here and when all the people is gone I shel go down.—Thank Heaven, the time is not far off. Yoor friend. ELKANAH POGRAM.

P. S.—Ef you cood send me a two gallon jug uv likker which hez life into it I should alluz remember it gratefully. After Bascom's wattered stuff it wood be a gleam uv sunlite after a long and tejus nite. E. P.

I laid down the old man's letter affected to teers. Water in the whiskey. Children with shose, while old men lack sustenance! Macadamized roads! Bridges! Methodist Preachers! Temperance lecturers! Abilishnism, there is thy work! Thank Hevin, I am ankered where none uv these things kin be. I shel send the old man his jug. It will put him out of his misery quicker, and smooth his pathway to the toom. Besides when he is gone wat I owe him is settled.

PETROLEUM V. NASB