THE TIOGA COUNTY AGITATOR.

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THE TIOGA COUNTY AGITATOR

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING BY

VAN GELDER & MITCHELL.

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

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☞ 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.

Seymour & Horton,

Attorneys and Counselors at law, Tioga Pa. All business entrusted to their care will receive prompt attention.

C. H. SEYMOUR J. C. HORTON.

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.

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. B. 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.

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 Duzen, Agent.—Jan. 1, 1870.

Farmers' Hotel.

B. MONROE, Proprietor. This house, formerly occupied by E. Fellows, is conducted on temperance principles. Every accommodation for man and beast. Charges reasonable. March 30, 1870 -tf.

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 HARKNES
WM. REILEY.

Wellsboro, Jan. 1, 1870.-1y.

Notice.

The Charleston School Directors will meet at the Young's school house in Charleston, on the 30th day of April 1870, to hire teachers and contract for wood. Contract for wood at 10 o'clock a. m. Hire teachers at 1 o'clock p. m. Teachers are requested to bring their certificates. JULIUS BAILEY,

April 13, 1870—2w. Sec'y.

MONEY MADE BY FARMING,

Which can only be done by procuring good genuine seed. I have a few bushels lot of the genuine Ramsdell Norway Oats, which I will sell at $3 per Bushel. I also have for sale the justly celebrated Buckley Seedling Potato, a seedling from the chili at $2 per bushel. The potatoes can be procured here, and at my farm in Middlebury, Pa.

April 13, 1870-tf. L. C. BENNET.

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 Universelle, Paris, 1867, thus attesting their great superiority over all other Sewing Machines

Jan. 1, 1870-tf.

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 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. DURIP.

Wellsboro, Jan. 1, 1870.

Wellsboro Bakery.

J. J. BURGIN would say to the citizens of Wellsboro and vicinity that he is prepared to supply them with

BREAD, PIES AND CAKES,

of the best quality. We also serve meals to those who wish. OYSTERS always on hand, for sale, and served if desired. Call at the old Stevens' stand. J. J. BERGIN.

Feb. 9, 1870-1y.

NORWAY OATS FOR SEED!

I HAVE twenty-five bushels of the genuine Ramsdell Norway oats, being part of fifty bushels raised from one bushel sowing. The seed from which the above oats were raised, was bought in New York City from the sole agents of the genuine Ramsdell Norway Oats.—Price. $5 per bushel. Address,

HIRAM BROOKS,

Feb. 16, '70-tf. Wellsboro, Pa.

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, Pa,

Tioga, Dec. 8, 1869-1y*

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.

House and Lot for Sale.

SOUTH of Mansfield, Tioga county, Pa, within easy walking distance of the churches, State Normal School, &c. House in good order, good size, and convenient. Excellent well and cistern water close to the door. Lot contains about ¼ acre, and has a number of choice fruit trees, grape vines, &c. A pleasant and desirable home, and will be sold at a low figure. Address or inquire of J. N. BIXBY.

Mansfield, March 23, 1870. tf

House & Lot for Sale.

A GOOD House and barn, on a lot of two acres, within ten minutes walk of the Court House, Wellsboro, is offered for sale. Inquire of John I. Mitchell, Esq., Wellsboro.

Jan. 25, 1870-tf.

MANSFIELD

MINERAL PAINT,

For sale by

March 16, 1870-tf. W. C KRESS.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED FOR STRUGGLERS AND TRIUMPHS OF

P. T. BARNUM.

(WRITTEN BY HIMSELF IN ONE LARGE OCTAVO VOLUME—NEARLY 800 PAGES—PRINTED IN ENGLISH AND GERMAN—33 ELEGANT FULL PAGE ENGRAVINGS:

It Embraces FORTY YEARS RECOLLECTIONS of his Busy Life, as a Merchant, Manager, Banker, Lecturer and Showman, and gives accounts of his Imprisonment, his failure, his Successful European Tours, and important Historical and Personal Reminiscences, replete with Humor Anecdotes and Entertaining Narrative. No book published so acceptable to all classes. Every one wants it. Agents are selling from 50 to 100 a week. We offer extra terms. Our Illustrated Catalogue and Terms to Agents sent free.

J. B. BURR & CO., Publishers, Hartford, Conn.

POTATOES FOR SEED

I have a quantity of early Rose which I will warrant genuine, also, Clymax, Bresse's Pollnic, Excelsior and several other varieties which will be sold at reasonable prices.

April 13, 1870-3t* Wm. HARRISON.

WM. H. ARMSTRONG. SAMUEL LINN.

Armstrong & Linn,

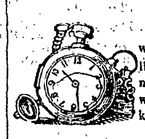
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

WILLIAMSPORT, PENN'A.

Aug. 4, 1869-1y.

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

CASH.

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

GOODS.

Jan. 5, 1869-tf.

CORNING JEWELRY STORE!

A. D. DUDLEY,

Watchmaker and Jeweler.

A large assortment of

WATCHES, JEWELRY, SILVER PLATED WARE, CLOCKS AND FANCY GOODS.

☞ Engraving done in any style.

Corning, Dec. 15, 1869. A. D. DUDLEY,
1y. No. 10, Market St.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.—Letters Testamentary having been granted upon the last will and testament of John Levergood, deceased, late of Liberty, all persons indebted to or claiming against said estate, are requested to settle with S. N. LEVERGOOD,
I. B. WERLINE,

Liberty, March 23, 1870. 6t Exec'rs.

The Richardson Washer.

WE the undersigned do hereby say to all—*that we have tried this machine,* and think it far superior to any we ever saw. It washes complete, and works with perfect ease—only requiring about one tenth the labor of common washers. We think it cheap, simple and durable. It does not wear the clothes, but simply cleanses from all dirt. And we cheerfully *recommend it to all; it being now canvassed for* with great success. March 2, 1870. 8t

Mrs. Jerome Smith, Mrs. William Mathers,
" Mary A Dewey, " George Parker,
" Christina Watkins, " Nettie Watkins,
" Lewis Holmes, " P. C. Van Gelder.

Mr. M. O. Sutton is the only authorized Agent *in this locality.* Mar. 2-6t.

Tioga Marble Works.

THE undersigned is now prepared to execute all orders for Tomb Stones and Monuments of either

ITALIAN OR RUTLAND MARBLE,

of the latest style and approved workmanship, *and with dispatch.*

He keeps constantly on hand both kinds of Marble and will be able to suit all who may favor him with their orders, on as reasonable terms as can be obtained in the country.

FRANK ADAMS.

Tioga, Jan. 1, 1870-tf.

Wanted,

3,000 CORDS hemlock bark, at the Tioga tannery. For good, merchantable bark, four feet long, and well cured, five dollars per cord will be paid, if delivered before Nov. 1, 1870. JOHNSTON & LOWELL.

Tioga, March 23, 1870. 6w

ALSO

3,000 CORDS hemlock bark wanted at the Middlebury tannery;—for which $4 50 per cord will be paid, if delivered in as good condition and at same time as above. As an inducement to peel bark, we will buy a few hundred thousand feet of hemlock logs, delivered at our mill, at the market price.

O. B. LOWELL & CO.

March 23, 1870. 6w

Poets' Corner.

[From Harpers' for May.]

A SONG.

'Tis not the murmuring voice of Spring
That stirs my heart and makes me sing;
'Tis not the blue skies, bubling o'er
With sunshine spilled along earth's floor;
Nor yet the flush of bursting rose,
Nor bloom of any flower that grows.

It is that long, long years ago,
When all the world was blushing so—
It is that then my cheek blushed too,
My heart beat fast for love and you;
There was a music in the air
I fail to find now any where.

And so, when Spring comes wandering by,
I lose the thread of misery;
Trusting the promise of her days,
I tune my voice to sing her praise,
And cheat myself with the sweet pain
That in the Spring Love blooms again.

Miscellaneous Reading.

From the Hampden, (Mass.) Times.

The Best Music-School in America.

There are many interested in the study of music. Young ladies, generally, do not regard their education complete, unless they are placed for a time under the instruction of competent music teachers, who shall lead them on to the respectable performance of the vocal or instrumental. Hence we find on every hand and in every place, persons of different classes of society, both parents and children, reiterating the most earnest and anxious inquiries in relation to the subject, and the queries are frequently presented before us, "Who is the best music teacher, and where the best place to obtain the most thorough musical instruction?" We have been personally interested in this matter for years, and have ourselves uttered the above inquiries perhaps hundred of times. The replies received have varied according to the locality, the circumstances, or the peculiar impressions of interested or uninterested persons. Mr. A. *recommended lessons* to be taken under Mr. Excelsior, of Broadway, New York City. This Mr. E. charges $25 for ten lessons of one hour each. He will give two lessons a week. Mr. B. thought the Philadelphia Conservatory of Music the best. Mr. C. said there was nothing like the "Hub," "Send your daughters to one of the Conservatories in Boston, there they have the finest musical talent and the best instructors," etc., etc. We inquired diligently about the mode of instruction adopted by each—the terms—and the probable length of time it would take to gain a definite education in music. The replies received were not satisfactory. As far as we could learn, the students in the above institutions, have many privileges; but the teaching is disjointed and, very expensive. Sacred and secular music have an unwarrantable distinction drawn between them. According to the representations placed upon us, there is inadequate provisions made for a thorough and comprehensive musical education. The sacred, secular, oratorio and opera *practice seemed so disjointed under the* different instructors as to threaten discord in the mind, instead of harmony in the taste of the pupil. We know of students who have had very imperfect and confused thought of the lessons placed upon them, on account of the deficiency of the system adopted by the instructor. In many schools and among many teachers there is the great deficiency of a *concrete* system of instruction—a system by which there shall be a harmonious growth in musical knowledge—a system by which there shall be a spontaneous union and coalescence of the separate parts of harmony into one grand body of æsthetic and musical culture.

We looked for years for a school or teacher that could supply this deficiency. We found some excellent musicians, but the system of teaching music, as generally adopted, presented many imperfections, and did not seem *adapted to build up a comprehensive* and perfect musical education. While pursuing inquiry on this subject, our attention was called to the University of Music, in Friendship, N. Y. The prospectus interested us. We wrote and obtained further information from different reliable sources, and finally, were so far inclined to think that *this* might combine some excellences of a desirable cearacter, that we determined to visit the institution, and as far as our ability would allow, to examine its claims to the confidence of the public. If undeserving, we determined to pass it by as we have other institutions we have visited; but if worthy, we proposed to evince our confidence by leaving a student to receive its benefits. In carrying out our plans we were necessitated to start in unfavorable weather. Some of the railroads were blocked by snow and others running out of time, hence we took a circuitous route of more than 500 miles. After continued travel and a sleepless night in a crowded car, we arrived in Friendship, and proceeded as quickly as possible to the office of the President of the University. We frankly stated our errand to Friendship, and then found a pleasant reception and a ready admittance to all the classes and exercises of the institution. At first, in our rounds to performances and classes, we proceeded suspectingly, thinking there might be preparation for a grand effect to meet such transient contingencies as unexpected visits; but our further acquaintance with the school and the system adopted, we found the suspicion entirely unfounded, and every successive fact appearing before us, carried home the conviction that the institution is not got up for show, but is designed and adapted to nurture an honest, complete, correct, harmonious and æsthetic musical education.

Dr. Baxter, who is at this time the President of the University of Music, is a man of fine musical culture and talent. His great ability as a theorist, composer and performer of music is acknowlerged by the leading artists in the country.—He was called upon to take a prominent part in the Peace Jubilee in Boston.—For thirty-five years he has labored unremittingly to perfect the system of instruction in his institution, and now he is aided in his work by a full corps of earnest and competent teachers, who have graduated under his system. An observer cannot fail to perceive that Dr. B. *possesses rare qualities of mind,* fitting him for the responsible position he holds. In manner perfectly a gentleman, in music perfectly enthusiastic—quick to perceive the least defect in execution—prompt, active, vigorous, persevering and cheerful; and these qualities appear to electryfy the teachers and animate the school.

In this University there are different grades of classes,—in voice, thorough bass, piano, harmony, composition, and musical phrasing; also in horn, violin, and all orchestral and band instruments, commence at 7 a. m. and close at 8 p. m. A student taking the full course usually receives four lessons daily on the regular instruction days—Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays.—Each student on instruments is limited to four hours practice, daily. Every morning at 9 the whole school, (in the vocal department, are required to meet in the hall and spend half an hour in reading church music by note, and half an hour in singing the Oratorio of the Creation. On Wednesdays the whole Orchestra and Oratorio assemble in the hall for a review and rehersel before the President of the Institution. Every afternoon all who are competent to read notes readily in the vocal department, meet in the hall from 3 to 4 for opera practice, and accomplish various other desirable results.

It may seem strange to some that one student should be able to receive four lessons in music from four different teachers, and still be benefitted by them. We went into several of the classes and saw the secret of the success of this method. The lessons were so simple that any one could comprehend them, and easily remember and put them in practice, and each succeeding lesson is a step in advance,—a small, but important item added to the preceeding,—and no student is allowed to received the lesson in advance, till he has fully conquered the lower elements taught. I said to one student, "You receive more lessons here in a week than you would under a teacher giving you a course of lessons, in two months," and the reply was returned, "Yes, and such a teacher would not have told me half as much nor led me along one-fourth as well."

I saw A. N. Johnson, the author of the celebrated work on Thorough Bass, and for several years President of the Institution. He spoke in the highest terms of the merit of the school, and signalized it as the best music school in the country. After looking narrowly into its arrangement, considering its provisions for proper culture, and the facts and performances it presents, we were constrained to entire concurrance with such an opinion, for all its provisions lead to one end, viz: to give a clear, perfect, systematic, satisfactory, comprehensive, useful and reasonable tuition in all departments of music.

T. H. R.

CAPTAIN BEN'S CHOICE.

An old red house on a rocky shore, with a fisherman's blue boat rocking on the bay, and two white sails glistening far away over the water. Above, the blue, shining sea.

'It seems clever to have a pleasant day,' said Mrs. Davids, sighing.

Mrs. Davids said everything with a sigh, and now she wiped her eyes, also, on her calico apron. She was a woman with a complexion like faded seaweed, who seemed always pitying herself.

'I tell them,' said she, 'I have had real hard luck. My husband is buried away off in California, and my son died in the army, and he is buried away down South. Neither of them is buried together.'

Then she sighed again. Twice, this time.

'And so,' she continued, taking out a pinch of bayberry snuff, 'I am left alone in the world. *Alone,* I say! why, I've got a daughter, but she is away out West. She is married to an engineer-man. And I've got two grandchildren.'

Mrs. Davids took the pinch of bayberry, and shook her head, looking as though that was the hardest luck of all.

'Well, everybody has to have their pesters, and you'll have to take yours,' rejoined Miss Persus Tame, taking a pinch of snuff—the real Macaboy—twice as large, with twice as fierce an action. 'I don't know what it is to bury children, nor to lose a husband; I s'pose I don't; but I know what it is to be jammed round the world, and not have a ruff to stick my head under. I wish I had all the money I ever spent traveling—and that's twelve dollars,' she continued, regretfully.

'Why in the world don't you marry, and have a home of your own?' sighed Mrs. Davids.

'Well, I don't *expect* to marry. I don't know as I do, at my time of life,' responded the spinster. 'I rather guess my day for chances is gone by.'

'You ain't such a dreadful sight older than I am, though,' replied Mrs. Davids, reflectively.

'Not so old by two full years,' returned Miss Tame, taking another pinch of snuff, as though it touched the empty spot in her heart and did it good. 'But you ain't looking out for opportunities yet, I suppose.'

Mrs. Davids sighed evasively. 'We can't tell what is before us. There is more than one in want of a wife.'

As though to point her words, Capt. Ben Lundy came in sight on the beach, his head a long way forward, and his shambling feet trying in vain to keep up.

'Thirteen months and a half since Liddy was buried,' continued Mrs. Davids, accepting this application to her words, 'and there is Captain Ben taking up with just what housekeeper he can get, and no housekeeper at all. It would be an excellent home for you, Persus. Captain Ben always had the name of making a kind husband.'

She sighed again, whether from regret for the bereaved man, or for the multitude of women bereft of such a husband, it was uncertain.

By this time Captain Ben's head was at the door.

'Morning!' said he, while his feet were coming up. 'Quite an accident down here below the lighthouse last night. A schooner ran ashore in the blow, and broke all into kindling wood in less than no time. Captain Tilsdale 's been out looking for dead bodies ever since daylight.'

'I knowed it!' sighed Mrs. Davids. 'I heard a rushing sound some time about the break of day that waked me out of a sound sleep, and I knowed then there was a spirit leaving its body. I heard it the night Davids went, or I expect I did. It must have been nearly at that time.'

'Well, I guess it wasn't a spirit, last night,' said Captain Ben; 'for as I was agoing on to say, after searching back and forth, Captain Tisdale came upon the folks, a man and a boy, rolled up in their wet blankets, asleep behind the lifeboat house. He said he felt like he could shake them for staying out in the wet. Wrecks always make for the lighthouse, so he s'posed those were drowned to death, sure enough.'

'O, then it couldn't have been them I was warned of!' returned Mrs. Davids, looking as though she regretted it. 'It was right over my head, and I waked up just as the thing was rushing past. You havn't heard, have you?' she continued, 'whether or no there was any other damage done by the gale?'

'I don't know whether you could call it *damage,* exactly,' returned Captain Ben; 'but Loziah Mullers got so scared she left me and went home. She said she couldn't stay and run the chance of another of our coast blows, and off she trapsed.'

Mrs. Davids sighed like November. 'So you have some hard luck as well as myself. I don't suppose you can *get* a housekeeper to keep her long,' said she, dismally.

'Abel Grimes tells me it is enough sight easier getting wives than housekeepers, and I'm some of a mind to try that tack,' replied Captain Ben, smiling grimly.

Mrs. Davids put up her hand to feel of her back hair, and smoothed down her apron; while Miss Persus Tame blushed like a withered rose, and turned her eyes modestly out of the window.

'I am *so.* But the difficulty is, who will it be? There are so many to select from it is fairly bothersome,' continued Captain Ben, winking fast, and looking as though he was made of dry corn cobs and hay.

Miss Persus Tame turned about abruptly. 'The land alive!' she ejaculated, with such sudden emphasis that the dishes shook on their shelves and Captain Ben in his chair. 'It makes me as mad as a March hare to hear men go on as though all they'd got to do was to throw down their handkerchers to a woman, and, no matter who, she would spring and run to pick it up. It is always 'Who will I marry?' and not 'Who will marry me?'

'Why, there is twice the number of widders that there is widderers here at the P'int. That was what was in my mind,' said Captain Ben, in a tone of meek apology. 'There is the Widder Keene, she that was Azuba Muchmore, I don't know but what she'd do; Lyddy used to think everything of her, and she's a first rate housekeeper.'

'Perhaps so,' assented Mrs. Davids, dubiously. 'But she is troubled a sight with the head complaint; I suppose you know she is. That is against her.'

'Yes,' assented Miss Tame. 'The Muchmores all have weak heads. And, too, the Widder Keene, she's had a fall lately. She was up in a chair cleaning her top buttery shelf, and somehow one of the chair legs gave way—it was loose or somethin, I expect—and down she went her whole heft. She keeps about, but she goes with two staves.'

'I want to know if that is so,' said Captain Ben, his honest soul warming with sudden sympathy. 'The widder has seen a sight of trouble.'

'Yes, she has lived through a good deal, that woman has. I couldn't live through so much, 'pears to me; but we don't know what we can live through,' rejoined Miss Tame.

Captain Ben did not reply, but his ready feet began to move to and fro restlessly; for his heart, more ready yet, had gone out toward the unfortunate widow.

'It is so bad for a woman to be alone,' said he to himself, shambling along the shingly beach a moment after. 'Nobody to mend her chairs, or split up her kindlings, or do a chore for her;—and she lame into the bargain! It is *too* bad!'

'He's steered straight for the Widder Keene's, as sure as A is apple dumplin', remarked Miss Tame, peering after him from the window.

'Well, I must admit I wouldn't have thought of Captain Ben's being enamored after such a sickly piece of business. But men never know what they want. Won't you just hand me that gum of camphyer bottle, now you are up. It is on that chest of drawers behind you.'

'No more they don't,' returned Miss Tame, with a plaintive cadence, taking a sniff from the camphor bottle on the way. 'However, I don't begrutch him to her—I don't know as I do. It will make her a good hum, though, if she does conclude to make the arrangements.'

Meantime, Captain Ben Lundy's head was well nigh at Mrs. Keene's door, for it was situated only around the first sand hill. She lived in a little bit of a house, that looked as though it had been knocked together for a crockery crate in the first place, with two windows and a rude door thrown in as afterthoughts. In the rear of this house was another tiny building, something like a grown-up hencoop; and this was where Mrs. Keene carried on the business bequeathed to her by her deceased husband, along with five small children, and one not so small. But, worse than that, one who was 'not altogether there,' as the English say.

She was about this business now, dressed in a primitive sort of bloomer, with a wash tub and clothes wringer before her, and an army of bathing suits of every kind and color flapping wildly in the fresh sea air on one side.

From a little farther on, mingling with the sound of the beating surf, came the merry voices of the bathers—boarders at the great hotels on the hill.

'Here you be! Hard at it!' said Captain Ben, puffing around the corner like a portable west wind. 'I've understood you've had a hurt. Is that so?'

'Oh, no! nothing to mention,' returned Mrs. Keene, turning about face, bright and cheerful as the full moon; and throwing, as by accident, a red *bathing suit over the two broomsticks* that leaned against her tub.

Unlike Mrs. Davids, Mrs. Keene neither pitied herself nor would allow any one else to do so.

'Sho!' remarked Captain Ben, feeling defrauded. He had counted on sacrificing himself to his sympathies; but he didn't give up yet. 'You must see some pretty tough times, 'pears to me, with such a parcel of little ones, and only yourself to look to,' said he, proceediing awkwardly enough to hang the pile of wrung-out clothes upon an empty line.

'I don't complain,' returned the widow, bravely. 'My children are not *tiresome;* and Jack—why you would be surprised to see how many things Jack can do, for all he isn't quite right.'

As she spoke thus with affectionate pride, Jack came up wheeling a roughly made cart filled with wet bathing clothes from the beach. He looked up at the sound of his mother's voice with something of the dumb tenderness of an intelligent dog. 'Jack helps, Jack good boy,' said he, nodding with a happy smile.

'Yes, Jack helps. We don't complain,' repeated the mother.

'It would come handy, though, to have a man around to see to things and kind o' provide, wouldn't it, though?' persisted Captain Ben.

'Some might think so,' replied Mrs. Keene, stopping her wringing to reflect a little. 'But I haven't any wish to change my situation,' she added, decidedly, going on with her work.

'Sure on't?' persisted the Captain.

'Certain,' replied the widow.

Captain Ben sighed. 'I thought ma' be you was having a hard row to hoe, and I thought like enough—'

What, he never said, except by a beseeching glance at a cheerful widow, for just then an interruption came from some people after bathing suits.

So Captain Ben moved off with a dismal countenance. But before he had gone far, it suddenly brightened. 'It might not be for the best,' quoth he to himself. 'Like enough not. I was very careful not to commit myself, and I am very glad I didn't.' He smiled as he reflected on his judicious wariness. 'But, however,' he continued, 'I might as well finish up this business now.—There is Rachael Doolittle. Who knows but she'd make a likely wife? Lyddy sot a good deal by her. She never had a quilting or a sewing bee but what nothing would do but she must have Rachael Doolittle. Yes; I wonder I never decided on her before. She will be glad of a home, sure enough, for she has to live around, as it were, upon her brothers.'

Captain Ben's feet quickened themselves at these thoughts, and had almost overtaken his head, when, behold! at a sudden turn in the road there stood Miss Rachael Doolittle, picking barberries from a wayside bush. 'My sakes! If she ain't right here, like Rachael in the Bible!' ejaculated Captain Ben, taking heart at the omen.

Miss Doolittle looked up from under her tied down brown hat in surprise at such a salutation. But her surprise was increased by Captain Ben's next remark.

'It just came into my mind,' said he, 'that you was the right one to take Lyddy's place. You two used to be such great knitups, that it will seem 'amost like having Lyddy back again. 'No,' he continued, after a little reflection, 'I don't know of anybody I'd rather see sitting in Lyddy's chair and wearing Lyddy's things than yourself.'

'Dear me, Captain Lundy, I could not think of it. Paul's folks expect me to stay with them while the boarder season lasts, and I've as good as promised Jacob's wife I'll spend the winter with her.'

'Ain't that a hard life you are laying out for yourself? And then b'um by you'll get old or sick, ma'be, and who is going to want you around then?—Every woman needs a husband of her own to take care of her.'

'I'm able to take care of myself, as yet, thanks to goodness! And I am not afraid my brothers will see me suffer in case of sickness,' returned Miss Doolittle, her cheeks flaming up like sumac in October.

'But hadn't you better take a little time to think it over? Ma'be it comes sudden to you,' pleaded Captain Ben.

'No, I thank you. Some things do not need thinking over,' answered Miss Doolittle, plucking at the barberries more diligently than ever.

'I wish Lyddy was here. She would convince you you are standing in your own light,' returned Lyddy's widower in a perplexed tone.

'I don't need one to come from the dead to show me my own mind,' retorted Miss Doolittle firmly.

'Well, like enough you are right,' said Captain Ben, mildly, putting a few stems of barberries in her pail; ma'be't would be the best. I don't want to be rash.'

And with that he moved off, on the whole congratulating himself that he had not decided to marry Miss Doolittle.

'I thought, after she commenced her miserable gift of the gab, that Lyddy used to be free to admit she had a fiery tongue, for all they were such friends. And I'm all for peace myself. I guess, on the whole, ma'be she ain't the one for me, perhaps, and it's as well to look further. *Why!* what in the world!—Well, there! what have I been thinking of? There is Mrs. Davids, as neat as a new cent, and the master hand to save. She is always taking on; and she will be glad enough to have somebody to look out for her—why, sure enough! And there I was at her house this very day, and never once thought of her! What an old dunce!'

But, fortunately, this not being a sin of commission, it could easily be rectified; and directly Captain Ben had turned about, and was trotting again toward the red house on the beach.

'Pound for pound the best white sugar,' he heard Miss Tame say as he got near the door.

'White sugar!' repeated Mrs. Davids, her usual sigh drawn out into a little groan. '*White* sugar for *cram*berries! Who ever heard of such a thing? I've always considered I did well when I had plenty of brown.'

'Poor creeter!' thought Captain Ben. 'How she will enjoy getting into my pantry. Lyddy never complained that she didn't have enough of *everything* to do *with.*'

And in the full ardor of his intended benevolence, he went right in and opened the subject at once. But, to his astonishment, Mrs. Davids refused him.

'I've seen trouble enough already, without my rushing into more with my *eyes wide open,*' sighed she.

'Trouble? Why that is just what I was meaning to save you,' exclaimed the bewildered widower. 'Pump right in the house, and stove e'enamiest new. And Lyddy never knew what it was to want for a spoonful of sugar or a pound of flour. And such a *handy* buttery and sink! Lyddy used to say she felt the worst about leaving her buttery, of anything.'

'Should thought she would, answered Mrs. Davids; forgetting to sigh. 'However, I can't say that I feel any hankering after marrying a buttery. I've got buttery room enough here, without the trouble of getting set up in a new place.'

'Just as you say,' returned the rejected, 'I ain't sure as you'd be exactly the one. I *was* a thinking of looking for somebody a little younger.'

'Well, here is Persus Tame. Why don't you bespeak her? She is younger, and she is in need of a good home. I can recommend her, too, as the first rate of a cook,' remarked Mrs. Davids, benevolently.

Miss Tame had been sitting a little apart by the open window, smiling to herself.

But now she turned about at once.—'H'm!' said she, with contempt. 'I should rather live under an umbrella, tied to a stake, than marry for a *hum.*'

So Captain Ben went home without engaging either wife or housekeeper.

And the first thing he saw was Capt. Jacob Doolittle's old one-eyed horse eating the apples Loziah Mullers had *strung and festooned from nails against* the house to dry.

The next thing he saw was, that, having left a window open, the hens had flown in and gone to housekeeping on their own account. But they were not, like Mrs. Davids, as neat as a new cent, and *not,* also, such master hands to save.

'Shoo! shoo! Get out.