THE TIOGA COUNTY AGITATOR.

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THE TIOGA COUNTY AGITATOR

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VAN GELDER & MITCHELL.

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

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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.,

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

George Wagner,

Shop in Rear 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.

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.

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.

Union Hotel.

Wm. B. Van Horn, Proprietor, Wellsboro, Pa. This house is pleasantly located, and has all the conveniences for man and beast. Charges moderate.—May 4, 1870-1y.

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.

HOWARD SANITARY AID ASSOCIATION.

For the Relief and Cure of the Erring and Unfortunate, on Principles of Christian Philanthropy.

ESSAYS ON THE ERRORS OF YOUTH, and the Follies of Age, in relation to MARRIAGE and SOCIAL EVILS, with Sanitary aid for the afflicted. Sent free, in sealed envelopes. Address, HOWARD ASSOCIATION, Box P, Philadelphia, Pa.

May 4, 1870-1y.

PRIZE TROTTING STALLION

JUPITER.

BY JUPITER Dam, Fanny Essler, will make the season of 1870, for a limited number of Mares, at the following places, viz:

WEDNESDAY of EACH WEEK at ELKLAND.
THURSDAY " " " " OSCEOLA.

The balance of the time at Wellsboro, Pa.

JUPITER is a dark Bay, 15¾ hands high, of great speed, beauty, and unequaled powers of endurance. The great promise of his colts makes him a most desirable Stallion for those wishing good stock. Mares from a distance furnished with good keeping and well cared for. All accidents at owner's risks.

Terms $40 to insure.

May 4, 1870-tf L. C. BENNETT.

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. MARTIAL A. DURIF.

Wellsboro, Jan. 1, 1870.

Wellsboro Bakery.

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 and and ICE CREAM to those who wish. Call at the old Stevens' stand J. J. BERGIN.

June 8, 1870-1y.

TIOGA DRUG STORE!

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

PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED.

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

1870. FOR SALE. 1870.

BY

T. B. STONE,

(formerly B. C. Wickham's Nursery)

A F 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*

PAINTS,

OILS AND BRUSHES.

For the Million, at

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

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 1½ 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.

ANOTHER EXPLOSION!

HIS Excellency, J. W. Geary, Governor of Pennsylvania, laboring under a fit of insanity, for a want of money, having vetoed the *Jersey Shore, Pine Creek and Buffalo Railroad Bill,*

we would respectfully inform the traveling public, that we will continue to run the

Air Line Stages

to and from Wellsboro and Tioga, connecting with all passenger trains.

Having purchased a number of first class horses and carriages, we will continue to convey passengers in our PALACE COACHES, which, for comfort and convenience, speed and safety, are unsurpassed on any route west of New York.

Through fare, $1 50. Way stations in proportion. Always halt when flagged.

April 13, 1870. tf F. D. BUNNELL & CO.

CALL AND SEE that large stock of wall paper, selling off at cost, at

P. R. WILLIAMS & CO'S.

Wellsboro, May 25, 1870.

WALL PAPER

AT COST, At

P. R. WILLIAMS & CO'S.

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

C A S H.

Repairing done neatly, and promptly, and on short NOTICE. A. FOLEY.

January 5, 1870-1y.

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.

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 kind done promptly and good. Give us a call.

JOHN HARKNESS
WM. RILEY.

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

Register's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Administrators and Guardian named below have filed their accounts in the Register's Office for Tioga county, Pa., and that the said accounts will be presented to the Orphans' Court for said county, at a session of said Court to be held at Wellsboro, on Monday, the 30th day of May next, at 2 o'clock P. M., for confirmation and allowance:

Administration account of the estate of Theodorus Larrison, late of Jackson township, dec'd, filed by John W. Guernsey and Benj. Wells, Administrators of O. B. Wells, deceased, who was the Administrator of said estate.

Administration account of the estate of Marvette A. Rose, late of Rutland township, deceased, filed by Daniel G. Stevens, Administrator of Ezra I. Stevens, deceased, who was the Administrator of said estate.

Account of Daniel G. Stevens, Administrator of the estate of Ezra I. Stevens, late of Middlebury township, deceased.

Account of Caleb S. Graves, Administrator of the estate of Ira Graves, late of Covington township, deceased.

Account of John B. Van Namo, Guardian of Grace Theo Van Namo, Henry M. Van Namo and Herbert C. Van Namo, minor children of Charles Van Namo, late of Tioga, deceased.

D. L. DEANE, Register.

Wellsboro, May 4, 1870.

TIOGA CO. COURT PROCLAMATION. Whereas, the Hon. Robert G. White President Judge for the 4th Judicial District of Pennsylvania, and E. T. Bently, and C. F. Veil, Esq's, Associate Judges in Tioga County, have issued their precept, bearing date the 4th day of April, 1870, and to me directed, for the holding of Orphan's Court, Court of Common Pleas, General Quarter Sessions and Oyer and Terminer, at Wellsboro, for the County of Tioga, on the 5th Monday of May (being the 30th day,) 1870, and to continue two weeks.

Notice is therefore hereby given, to the Coroner, Justices of the Peace, and Constables in and for the county of Tioga, to appear in their own proper persons, with their records, inquisitions, examinations and remembrances, to do those things which of their offices and in their behalf appertain to be done, and all witnesses and other persons prosecuting in behalf of the Commonwealth against any person or persons, are required to be then and there attending, and not to depart at their peril. Jurors are requested to be punctual in their attendance at the appointed time, agreeably to notice.

Given under my hand and seal at the Sheriff's Office, in Wellsboro, the 4th day of May in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy. J. B. POTTER, Sheriff.

May 4, 1870.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

TERMS FOR 1870.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, One Year.....$4 00.
HARPER'S WEEKLY, One Year..... 4 00.
HARPER'S BAZAR, One Year..... 4 00
HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, and HARPER'S BAZAR, to one address, for one year, $10 00; or any two for $7 00.

An extra Copy of either the Magazine, Weekly, or Bazar, will be supplied gratis for every Club, of Five Subscribers at $4 00 each, in one remittance; or, Six Copies for $20 00, without extra copy.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE contains nearly Double the Amount of Matter furnished in the Galaxy, The Atlantic, Putnam, or Lippincot. It exceeds in about the same ratio any English Magazine of the same general class.

A New Story, splendidly Illustrated, by Wilkie Collins (Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "Armadale," and "The Moonstone"), will be commenced in Harper's Weekly in November, 1869.

Persons desiring to renew their Subscriptions to Harper's Periodicals will much oblige the Publishers by sending in their Names as early as convenient before the Expiration of their present Subscriptions. This will obviate the delay attendant upon re-entering names and mailing back Numbers.

New Subscribers will be supplied with either of the above Periodicals from the present time to the end of the year 1870 for Four Dollars.

Address HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

New York, Oct. 15, 1869.

Tioga High School,

Academic and Commercial Courses.

THE third term will commence April 8d, 1870. Thorough instruction. Terms liberal. Philosophic apparatus.

Tuition a half term strictly in advance. For full particulars call on or address

H. M. BEELES, Prin'l.

March 23, 1870. tf Tioga, Pa.

House and Lot for Sale.

THE subscriber offers for sale his house and lot on Main Street, opposite Dartt's Wagon Shop. Enquire on the premises of

March 30, '70-6m. JOHN ETNER.

Poets' Corner.

[For the Agitator.]

THE MOURNING DOVE.

By Andrew Sherwood.

Softly the roses that bloom in the May,
Meadow and vale are perfuming;
Come in the morning and wander away,
O'er where the orchards are blooming;
List to the song,
Floating along,
Down where the violets wander;
Ah, 'tis the notes of the mourning-dove's lay,
Heard in the vale over yonder.

Lonely she sings where the violets blow,
Out where the daisies are sleeping,—
Down in the dell where the pure waters flow,
O'er which the willows are weeping,
Sad is her lay,
Wafted away,
Over the moor and the wildwood;
Such was the song that I heard long ago,
Roaming the fields of my childhood.

MANSFIELD, PA.

Miscellaneous Reading.

THE WIDOW'S BEAU.

Service had commenced in the neat little sanctuary which the inhabitants of Fairmount had consecrated to the worship of God. The minister had read the psalm and the scripture lesson, and the first lines of the opening hymn. The eyes of his people were fixed intently upon him, for he was not only a good, sound, eloquent, preacher, but he was a fine looking one, too; and thus enchained, usually, not only the attention of the true but the false worshiper. The house was very still—the clear, melodious tones of the speaker were the only sounds that throbbed on the golden, balmy air, which the midsummer Sabbath morn had breathed into that place. The first syllable of the second line was trembling on his lips, when a rustle at the door, and the entrance of two persons, a lady and a gentleman, dissolved the charm. In a second every eye turned from the pulpit to the broad aisle, and watched with more than ordinary eagerness the progress of the couple. A most searching ordeal were they subjected to; and when they were fairly and quietly seated in the front pew, immediately before the pulpit, what a nudging of elbows there was, aye, and how many whispers, too. In vain, sought the good, the sound, the eloquent, the handsome Mr. B., to seal again the attention of his hearers. They had eyes and thoughts for nobody but Widow C. and Widow C.'s young and dashing looking attendant.

How she had cheated them! Hadn't she said an hundred times or more, that her heart was in the grave of her buried one, and that she would never marry again? Hadn't she refused always to walk out or ride out with any of the unappropriated gentlemen of the village? Hadn't she said she didn't feel as tho' she could wear anything but mourning? And in spite of all these protestations, hadn't she come out, all at once, dressed all in white, and walked into church in broad daylight, leaning on the arm of a young gentleman?

Yes, indeed she had. She would have pleaded guilty to all these charges, grave ones as they were; and to the last two how many witnesses might have been subpoenaed? She was actually dressed in white. A beautiful robe of India mull, tucked to the waist, with an open corsage, displaying an elaborately made chemisette, drapery sleeves trimmed with the richest of Mechlin lace, under sleeves of the same expensive material, a white crape shawl, a white lace hat with orange buds and flowers, white kid gloves, and light gaiters,—such was the description every lady had on her tongue's end to repeat over as soon as service was closed. And the gentleman—he, too, was dressed in style.—Didn't he wear white pants, of the latest pattern, and a white vest, and a coat of "satin finish," and white kids, too; and didn't he gaze often, and tenderly, and lovingly, on the fair creature beside him? Ah, yes, he did so, and there was no further room to doubt.—Widow C. had cheated them. She had won a beau, laid aside her mourning, put on bridal attire, and was going to be married in church. But who the beau was, or whence he came, was more difficult to solve.

Service proceeded. The choir sang—the minister prayed and preached—the people wondered when the ceremony would take place. But, to their utter astonishment, they were left to wonder; for when the benediction was pronounced, Widow C. and the strange gentlemen walked, with the rest of the congregation, quietly out of the church. When they reached the pavement, he offered his arm, very gracefully, and she placed her arm very confidingly on the beautifully soft coat sleeve, and they passed on.

What a nooning that was in Fairmount! What a world of conjectures, surmises, inquiries and doubts rolled over and over in the brains of not only gossiping ladies, but sober, matter-of-fact gentlemen. "The like of such a thing" had never occurred before in the village. There was something new under the sun—a lady had had a beau and nobody knew it. Widow C.! didn't your ears, not only your right but your left, burn that day? Ah, we wonder that they hadn't dropped off—surely they must have been crisp and crimson.

The Rev. Mr. B. preached to a crowded house that afternoon; no compliment to him, though. The magnet was in the pew before him. Every one was sure the wedding would take place then; but everybody was again sadly disappointed; and if tongues had run at railroad speed before, they traveled then on the electric wires. The minister might have preached in Greek that day, and his sermon would have been quite as edifying. But one subject engrossed the village mind—the widow's beau; that was the topic.

It actually seemed, too, as though the lady tried to make all the talk she could. After tea, arm in arm with the strange gentleman, she walked the whole length of the village, and away out into the cemetery, and never returned till the moon was high.

"A nice looking dress I guess she had," drawled out old grandma W., as she listened to the widow's wanderings. "I'm glad I hain't got to wash it, all drabbled up with dew, as it must have been—but I don't suppose she thought or cared a word about it, she's so carried away with him. But I'll give her a piece of my mind the first time I have a chance, see if I don't. Cheating as all in this way!"

But the good old dame began to fear by Wednesday night she should never have the desired chance. She hurried through her washing on Monday, and hobbled over to the widow's as soon as possible; but the door was locked, and one of the neighbors said Mrs. C. and the gentleman went off in a carriage, nobody knew where, very early in the morning.

"Yes, and never got home till nine o'clock in the evening."

Look out, widow C., your character is on the carpet.

If she knew it, she apparently didn't care, for the next day she went sailing with her beau, and the next day rambling with him away off to the mountain, and on the next forenoon went with him in a carriage to the station house, and there not only wept as she parted from him, but actually embraced and kissed him.

"What, in broad daylight?" exclaimed grandma W. "Well, if I ever seed or heard the like on't!"

Little Nell, the old lady's youngest grandchild, wondered to herself if it were any worse in broad daylight than at any other time. Perhaps you will wonder, too; we do, at least.

There was a very large attendance that afternoon at the weekly meeting of the sewing society. Everybody went that could possibly leave home. And what a chattering there was when the bustle of assembling was over. There was but one topic, but that was all-sufficient, all-engrossing—the widow's beau—for the gentleman must be her beau, or at least he ought to be.

Everybody had something to tell, something to wonder about. But suddenly every magpie tongue was hushed, a universal dumb palsy seemed to have fallen on the group, as looking up it perceived the very lady about whom they were conversing so eagerly standing in the doorway.

"Good afternoon ladies," she said, in her usual quiet, lady-like way. "I am glad to see so large and happy a gathering. It is a beautiful day for our meeting." And then she proceeded to the table, helped herself to a block of patchwork, inquired for the sewing silk, which having received, she sat down in the only vacant chair, and commenced hemming a very red bird with a yellow wing to a very green twig, which latter had been hemmed on to a square piece of white cloth; and the whole, when completed, was designed to form the twentieth part of a bed-spread. She seemed all engrossed with the bird's bill, and spoke to no one. Everybody wondered if she had heard what they were saying when she came in; but her placid countenance soon reassured the most fearful, and every one longed to commence a personal attack.

Old grandma W. was the first to venture. She meant "to do up the matter" very delicately, and in so roundabout a way that the lady should not suspect her of curiosity. So she began by praising Mrs. C.'s dress. "Why, it's a real beauty," said she; "where did you get it?"

"I bought it," was the quiet reply.

"Here?"

"No."

"Where then?"

"In New York, last spring."

"Oh, you did, did you? But I tho't you wasn't never going to wear anything but black again?" Every eye scrutinized the lady's face this time in search of a blush, but it continued as pale as was usual, while she answered:

"I did think and say so once, but I have finally changed my mind."

"You have, ha! But what made you?"

"Oh, I had good reasons." Here the hearers and lookers-on winked expressively at each other.

"But didn't you spoil your beautiful white dress Sunday night, wearing it 'way up there to the burying ground?"

"I did not."

"You didn't! du tell! But how could you help it? There was a wonderful heavy dew."

"*I didn't wear it!*"

Here was a damper on the old lady. She had such a long lecture to read on extravagance, and she was so determined to do it, too, when, unfortunately for her eloquent strain, Mrs. C.'s dress had hung up in the wardrobe all the time, and she had worn an old dark silk.

After a while the old lady took a fresh start. She would not be so baffled again. She would find out all about the beau before she went home:

"Your company went away this morning, didn't they?"

"They did," was the answer. A wee bit of emphasis rested on the "they."

"He didn't stay very long, did he?"

"Not as long as I wish he had," was the emphatic answer, this time. And how the ladies did look at each other. It was as good as a confession.

"When did he come?"

"Saturday evening."

"Was you looking for him?"

"I had been expecting him for a fortnight."

"Why, du tell, if you had, then, and you never told on't either. Had he business in the place?"

"He had."

"What was it?"

This was rather more direct and blunt than the old lady had meant to put it, and she forthwith apologized, by saying, "I didn't mean that—I—I—I only thought—I—"

"Oh, I'd as lief you knew as not," said the lady, with a charming air of *naivete*. "He came to see me."

Oh, Widow C.! didn't your good name go down, then! Be careful what you say next, or you'll have only a remnant of character to go home with, and remnants always go cheap.

"He did, did he! and he didn't come for nothing else, then? But was you glad to see him?"

"Indeed I was. It was one of the happiest moments of my existence."

"Well, well," said the old lady, she hardly knowing how to frame her next question; "well, he's a real good looking man, anyway."

"I think so, too; and he's not only good looking, but he's good hearted; one of the best men I ever knew."

"You don't say so, then! but is he rich?"

"Worth a hundred thousand or so," said the widow, carelessly.

"Why, du tell, if he is. Why, you'll live like a lady, won't you? But what's his name?"

The old lady's curiosity was now roused to the highest pitch.

"Henry Macon."

"Macon! Macon! Why, wasn't that your name before you was married!"

"It was."

"Then he's a connection, is he?"

"He is."

"Du tell, if he is then! Not a cousin, I hope. I never did think much of marriages between cousins."

"Henry is not my cousin."

"He isn't. Not your cousin! But what connection is he, then? Du tell, now."

"*He is my youngest brother.*"

If ever there were rapid progress made in sewing and knitting, by any circle of ladies, it was those composing this society, for the next fifteen minutes. Not a word was uttered, not an eye raised. Had the latter been done, and the roguish and expressive glances which passed between Mrs. C. and the minister, who, unobserved, had stood on the threshhold, a silent spectator and curious hearer, perhaps, mind you we only say *perhaps*, they might have guessed more correctly the name, character, standing and profession of the widow's beau.

[For the Agitator.]

TO-DAY.

There is no age like the present; so full of warm faith in the promises of the future. And though memory has garnished her secret chambers with many a sad history of the past, yet the age is hopeful. The dark clouds are moving off. The blue sky is now only flecked with fleecy clouds; and bright, warm sun-rays are threading their way through the scattering cloudlets.

While we note the present as an age of faith, may we not also say an age of glorious action, of noble, manly—yes, and of womanly work. What is the past to us? About it there has been thrown a false glory, which has too often deceived us.

The beautiful, the noble, and the good, are all about us; even on our every day path, the life about us lacks not the poetry which gilds all things. How many-phased is this life! Here we may read of high-souled, chivalrous devotion, of deep and earnest heroism;—there, of sorrows too deep for utterance, and tragedies stern and terrible. Mystery is all about us. Now we hear a wild, exultant shout of jubilance and glee;—and in a moment, a prolonged and tragic wail of agony and sorrow.

Here is a bright, beaming face, covering, perchance, a gnawed, cankered heart; there, a, seemingly, staid, sober countenance, chiding, it may be, a soul full of hypocritical gladness. And all around us, we see a dread struggle in the battle of life;—some, combatants with closed lips, and firm, unflinching eye; others, with trembling aspect, giving vent to sighs and groans.

Oh! the mystery and the burden of life. To-day we pace the busy streets, our thoughts the while reaching back to old historic lands, and scenes, and ages;—thinking not of the sad sorrow which is eating away the heart of the maiden who has just passed us; nor of the soul-conflicts of that young man, as he vainly endeavors to solve the mystery that surrounds him; nor of the desolateness of that old man, who has buried the last friend of his youth, and whose sorrows press heavily upon his bowed head.

And how we miss the gladness which abounds in the world in spite of sin and sorrow, when we transport our thoughts to some distant clime and age. Beautiful nature is everywhere present to make us glad; pleasant sights and sounds will greet our eyes and ears, if we will but attend to them; the happy faces of friends are ever ready to smile upon us;—then, there is the playfulness of youth; and the harmonies struck out by the meeting of two souls, who decide evermore to sing in concert; and those gay hearts who bear everything cheerily, having a merry laugh and witty jest for all of life's petty ills, yet not wanting in genial seriousness; and the gentle loving ones, ever ready to soothe the sorrowful, and relieve the weary and overburdened. These, and countless other sources of joy and gladness, we miss, when we neglect to read, on the page of to-day, the book of life around us. MEETA MELGROVE.

DARING ROBBERY.—A bold and successful robbery was perpetrated on the night of the 26th inst., in this city, (Williamsport.) The house of Mr. E. Davidson, No. 15 Rural avenue, was entered by burglars, who secured and made off with $133,60 in cash, and a check of $18 which Mr. Chas. Davison, son of Mr. E. Davison had in his possession. The intruders had effected an entrance by means of a ladder, in one of the side windows, and had rifled all the pockets of the young man's clothing, securing his pocketbook and taking with them his coat which they left at the front gate. They had also explored boxes of papers and receipts, &c., and scattered them around in great confusion. The work was evidently done by some one familiar with the place, and who had previously taken their bearings, and had everything cut and dry for the occasion. Mr. Davison at once stopped payment on the check, which was on the Lumberman's National Bank, but has not gained any clue as to who the perpetrators of the robbery are up to this writing.—*Gazette and Bulletin.*

COLORED PEOPLE AT HOTELS.—An anonymous correspondent (we never published articles unless we know who writes them) speaks of his late trip to Elmira to participate in the celebration of the Fifteenth Amendment. He compliments the hotels—the best to be found there—on their courtesy and fairness in treating colored people with the same attention as the white guests. He then draws an unfavorable contrast between them and the hotels of Williamsport, and says that, in this city, the colored traveler cannot find accommodations at our hotels, unless he will consent to be thrust into some underground room or garret. We are not posted as to the practice of our hotels in this respect, but we have certainly known large numbers to be well cared for at the largest hotels in the city.—*Gazette and Bulletin.*

"Oh ma," said a little girl, who had been to a show, "I've seen the elephant, and he walks backwards and eats with his tail."

A colored lady, boasting the other day of the progress made by her son in arithmetic exultingly said: "He is in the mortification table."

"Wake up," cried one comrade to another, "the ship is sinking!" "Well, what is the use of waking then?" the other answered, as he turned over for another nap.

[From The Day.]

PENNY WISE.

There was a man who made three divisions of farm products, to wit: 1st, the marketable; 2nd, what the hogs would eat; 3d, what the hogs wouldn't eat. He sold the first, fed the second to the hogs, and consumed the third in his family. He refused to send his children to school, regarding education a waste of time and money. He furnished scant clothing to himself and family. He gave nothing to churches, to charitable objects, or to beggars. His purse had many inlets, and no outlet. Many will conclude that this man grew rich and was prosperous. However, he did not grow rich, nor did he prosper. A bad quality of food, scanty raiment, and overwork, made the doctor a constant visitor. The undertaker was several times called in. Of his six children, two, a boy and a girl, survived and grew to manhood and womanhood;—both hopelessly ignorant, ashamed of their clothes, ashamed of their home, and of their parents. The boy landed in the penitentiary, and the girl disgraced her sex. Happily, her parents were beyond disgrace.

This man was not economical, but blindly mean. He stands for a class in every day life, but illustrates the fraternity of penny wise and pound foolish. Let us have economy, public and private; but let us distinguish between economy and meanness.

Years ago, when what is now Washington was a vacant expanse of upland and marsh, the owners of the city plot saw a chance to put money in their purses. The owners of the upland reasoned that the city must be built on their property. They put the city lots into market at exorbitant prices. The owners of the marshy portion came forward and said to the public, "We will give every other lot on Pennsylvania avenue to men who will, within a certain time, erect thereon comfortable brick buildings." The upland men laughed. They said, and it looked reasonable, that the city must stand east of the capitol, and they held prices up. The laugh did not properly come in at that point in Washington history; for the liberality of the owners of the ground west of the capitol told. The marsh was filled in.—Small capital embraced the opportunity to secure lots free, and the owners of the marsh lands grew rich *by giving away half they were worth.* The city of Washington lies *west* of the capitol.

Years ago Congress granted a land subsidy to a railway company in Illinois. It was loudly denounced by the penny-wise people as a grab and a steal. But it trebled the value of the remaining public domain along the lines of the railroad subsidied and its branches. It developed an idle expanse into a rich and prosperous State, quadrupled productive and taxable values, and doubled the population in a decade. That was pound wise. It was economy in its highest manifestation.

Later, Congress gave much territory to the several enterprises which, combined, constitute the Central Pacific railway—the greatest undertaking and the grandest triumph of these times.—The credit of the nation was likewise pledged for its benefit. Congress was rather lavish in aid of this great enterprise. But who that has considered its present and thought of its future, would to-day vote to recall the gifts of land and loans of credit, and consent to blot the road from the railway system of the country: cities are growing west along its line. Towns are springing up, and the child is born who shall behold a continuous settlement across the continent. If there were doubts as to the profits of such a highway, they have been dissipated; and it is now shown that a single road is not equal to the needs of trans-continental commerce. Along the line of the road, the reserved public domain is to-day worth as much as the whole was worth before the road was subsidied, and doubtless more.

Was this land grant an extravagance? Not if the residue of the public domain is worth as much now as it was before the grant was made. The nation wants no unimproved lands. If by judiciously giving half of it away, the balance can be brought into market, sold to and improved by actual settlers, within a century, then to give the half away is economy. It is business. It goes for little that the nation offers its lands for a nominal price to actual settlers, unless settlers can get to the lands, and having got to them, can get to market with their produce. No settler wants to go out of the world for a farm because it is cheap. Land is not cheap at any price, or at no price, if the means for its improvement are wanting. We submit, therefore, that the interest of the nation lies in affording every reasonable encouragement to the construction of highways through the public domain, that its unimproved lands may find ready sale, and purchasers a convenient market.

Had the *Public Ledger* been controlled as at present, when national aid was extended to the great improvements mentioned foregoing, it would of course have opposed it as a swindle, or a great robbery of the treasury for the enrichment of a few speculators; and, we may say, with the same effect upon the action of Congress and the President, as its virulent, as well as violent, though impotent opposition to the encouragement of the Northern Pacific railroad, has so recently had in the same quarter.

The accumulated evidence from all parts of Mexico reveals the condition of that country as in every sense deplorable. Financially bankrupt, socially demoralized, and politically disrupted, there is protection neither for property nor person. Trial by jury is suspended and special taxes are levied by mere Governors of States. Brigandage is a favorite occupation of dissatisfied citizens and defeated politicians. Congress is without authority and the President without power. We had hoped braver and wiser things from this people after the expulsion of the French, and we reluctantly confess to grave disappointment at witnessing this result of republican rule in that unfortunate country.—*Tribune.*

A very handsome young lady in Washington, says in reference to Secretary Robeson's bachelor establishment, "If the little house were a ship, how charming to be *first mate?*"

A gentleman traveling on a steamer, one day at dinner, was making away with a large pudding close by, when he was told by a servant that it was desert. "It matters not to me," said he, "I would eat it if it was a wilderness."

Bone Fertilizers for Trees.

A writer in the *Maine Farmer* comments as follows on this subject: A wonderful magnetism has been observed to exist between the roots of a tree and a bone deposited in the ground within its reach. For a stone or anything not necessary