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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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☞ 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.

William A. Stone.

Attorney and Counselor at Law, first door above Converse & Osgood's store, on Main street. Wellsboro, June 22, 1870 y

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 Haslett'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. J. C. HORTON. J. H. SEYMOUR

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.

A. M. Ingham, M. D.,

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

George Wagner,

Tailor. Shop first door north of Robert's & Bailey's Hardware Store. Cutting, Fitting and Repairing done promptly and well.—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. CROSS, 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.

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.

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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.

BACON & BAILEY,

DEALERS IN

Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals,

GLASS, UTTY, PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, DYE STUFFS.

Alcohol, Pure Wines and Liquors, for Medical Purposes.

Perfumery, Soaps, Brushes, Toilet Articles, &c.

☞ Physicians' prescriptions compounded at all hours.

BLOSSBURG, PA.

July, 20, 1870. y

WALL PAPER

AT COST, At P. R. WILLIAMS & CO'S.

Farm for Sale.

WITHIN one mile of Wellsboro, containing fifty acres, about forty improved, with a good frame house and barn, an apple orchard, containing about one hundred bearing trees, and other fruit trees thereon. Is well watered. For further particulars, enquire of WM. H. SMITH, Of Wellsboro, Pa. Aug 10, '70 tf

FOR SALE.

THE Store, Dwelling House and premises in Blossburg, Tioga county, Pa., formerly occupied by Nast & Auerbach, in the most business part of the town, are offered for sale much below their value. For price, terms, &c., confer with M. F. Elliott, Esq., of Wellsboro, or the subscriber, C. H. SEYMOUR. Aug. 17, 1870-tf. Tioga, Pa.

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 sole leather, 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. 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.

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*

PAINTS,

OILS AND BRUSHES,

For the Million, at W. C. KRESS. March 16, 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.

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, May 4, 1870-1y. Box P. Philadelphia, Pa.

Wholesale and Retail DRUG STORE!

By W. C. KRESS.

LOTS SPRING GOODS.

THE subscriber will keep on hand at all times a full stock of

DRUGS AND MEDICINES,

PAINTS, OILS,

Patent Medicines,

Flavoring Extracts, Perfumery, Kerosene, Lamps, Wicks, Dye Colors, White Wash Lime and Brushes, Varnish and Sash Brushes, Window Glass all sizes, Varnish of all kinds, Fancy Soaps, Hair Oils,

SPECTACLES,

Hair and Tooth Brushes, a full stock of Yankee Notions; also a complete assortment of

Homœopathic Medicines,

and a full stock of

Pure Wines and Liquors.

Buyers are requested to call and examine prices before purchasing elsewhere.

Apr. 20, 1870. W. C. KRESS.

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.

J. STICKLIN,

Chairmaker, Turner, and Furniture Dealer.

SALE ROOM and FACTORY opposite Dartt's Wagon Shop Main Street, where he is prepared to furnish Cabinet Ware of any kind to those in want.

Orders promptly filled and satisfaction guaranteed. Fancy Turning done to order. Wellsboro, Jan. 1, 1870. J. STICKLIN

E. H. Harris'

CELEBRATED BAKING POWDERS

for sale by

Feb. 2, 1870. P. R. WILLIAMS & CO.

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, GOLD RINGS, PINS, PENCILS, CASES, GOLD & STEEL PENS, THIMBLES, SPOONS, RAZORS, PLATED WARE.

SEWING MACHINES.

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.

State Normal School,

MANSFIELD, PA.

FALL TERM begins Sept. 7, 1870.
WINTER TERM begins Dec. 12, 1870.
SPRING TERM begins March 27, 1871.

For Catalogue or admission apply to

CHAS. H. VERRILL, A. M., Principal. Mansfield, July 6, 1870.

THE OLD

"PENNSYLVANIA HOUSE"

LATELY known as the Townsend House, and for a time occupied by B. Dr. Holiday, has been thoroughly refitted, repaired and refurnished, and is now kept by

DANIEL MONROE,

who will be happy to accommodate the old friends of the house at very reasonable rates. Aug. 24, 1870. DANIEL MONROE.

Farm and Mill Property For Sale.

THE undersigned offers for sale in Jackson township, on Hammond's Creek, his Steam Saw Mill and Farm. Said farm contains 65 acres, three dwelling houses, store, & good barn. The Mill has been built 2 years, contains a 35 horse Power engine circular Mill, Shingle Machine, Lath Mill and Edger. Mill is by 70 feet, besides boiler house. And in good condition. Good power and plenty of stock for custom work. The farm is under good cultivation, about 60 acres improved, well watered, a good bearing orchard, and desirable for dairy purposes. The property should be seen to be appreciated. For terms, &c., address C. C. HAMILTON, June 8, 1870-tf. Box 888, Elmira, N. Y.

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.

Insurance! Insurance!

HAND IN HAND

MUTUAL LIFE AND

INSURANCE COMPANY

Office, No. 112 S. 4th St., Philadelphia.

Incorporated Feb'y 23, 1867.

Chart'd Capital $500,000.

Assets over $1,000,000.00

Stock and Mutual, combining Security with Profits. Suppose you are already insured in a first-class company, and from any cause whatever, (say after ten yearly payment) you do not, or cannot pay longer and die—your insurance is gone and your money wasted. Not so in the "Hand-IN-HAND," all Policies are NON-FORFEITABLE.

This company which ranks among the most popular and successfull Life Insurance Companies, grants policies on all desirable plans, both with and without profits.

Traveling Privileges Unrestricted.

All policies are incontestible after ones yea from any of the ordinary causes.

Lapsed your Life Insurance. Please examine the following comparative Table. It is sometimes alleged by Agents of other Companies that the Company they represent is safer than others. While we unhesitatingly assert our belief in the soundness and stability of all companies, we desire to present the following for the inspection of those desiring to Insure:

The following Companies, Compare the annual premiums charged by each for an insurance on life at the age of 20 years, payable at death:

	Annual premium for life.	Annual premium for 20 payments.
Travelers,	$22,21	$20,21
Atlantic,	22,78	12,80
Home,	23,30	16,00
Equitable,	22,70	16,97
Washington,	22,70	16,97
Hand-in-Hand,	16,50	32,60

If not already insured take a policy with the "HAND-IN-HAND," the best Mutual Company in the United States.

A. L. MONROE, Agent, Wellsboro. Office with John I. Mitchell. Aug. 17, 1870-1y.

WHITE LEAD, LINSEED OIL, and PAINTERS' MATERIALS of all kinds, for sale cheaper than at any other establishment in Tioga county, at P. R. WILLIAMS & CO'S.

WOOL WANTED.

CASH PAID FOR WOOL BY D. P. ROBERTS. Wellsboro June, 15, 1870.

Poetry Corner.

PAT'S SONG.

"Is the mistress ill?" the ould woman said,
"Does the mistress suffer pain?
Shure many a one she's clothed and fed
Is wishin' her well again!
An' many a one as well as I
Is prayin' for her too;
For sure the mistress mus' na' die,
Or what will the masther do?

When first the masther brought her home,
The darlin'! how we smiled
When by his side we saw her come
Just like a happy child
Wid shinin' curls and sparklin eye,
An' blushes not a few!
Och! mistress, dear, you must' na, die,
For what will the masther do?

They said I need na' look for grace
From a lady fresh from town;
An' I was first in all the place
To whom she gave a gown!
Oh many a gift since then had I,
An' many another too,
An' mistress, dear, ye must na die,
For what will the masther do?

An' we can all do something I shure,
To show our love for her;
They say the prayers of the poor
Go through and through the air;
A hundred prayers shall pierce the sky,
An' mistress, dear, ye canna' die,
For our prayers are keepin' you!

Get well apace, get well apace,
And make our hearts rejoice;
With blessin's on yer purty face,
An' soothin' little voice,
Shure many a one as well as I
Is thinkin' out of you;
Och mistress, darlin' mina dig,
Or we'll lose the masther too!

[*Good Words.*

Miscellaneous Reading.

YOU'RE YOUNGER THAN I AM.

"Do you want to go?" asked my father, holding the invitation poised open on his outspread fingers.

"Of course she does," said my youngest brother, Will, laughing; "girls always want to go!"

I did want to accept that invitation, so I did not dispute Will's assertion.—There was something very tempting to a city bred girl just released from boarding school, in an invitation to spend some weeks in a country farm house, and added to this, there was still another inducement, to know my aunt Fanny.

I was motherless from my very infancy, and I had never known my relatives on my mother's side. My father had married very young, the mother of his four boys and had been left a widower when Will was two years old; for five years he mourned truly the wife of his youth, then he married a young girl who was visiting one of his friends, and in one short year she too died, leaving me a pale sickly baby. My nurse was succeeded by my schoolmistress, and I was not at home, except for a few short weeks in the summer holidays, until I had completed my seventeenth year, when I came home to remain; my father providing masters in music and languages, that I might not lose, in this home life, came an invitation from an unknown aunt Fanny, who claimed to be my mother's oldest sister, and wished to have a visit from her niece. The letter was dated Davy's Corner, and I was directed to send word to Woodtown, and I should find there an escort in my aunt's farm.

My father debated the matter for some minutes, then looked at my pale cheeks, and no doubt sent a loving memory to my mother, which opened his heart to her sister, and said:

"Pack up, then! When can you be ready?"

"Oh Monday; but am I to go alone?"

"No; Willis shall take you."

Willis was my father's old confidential clerk, who had escorted me to and from school in all my holiday trips, so I was quite prepared for this answer, and proceeded to pack up immediately. My four brothers, whose pet and plaything I had been in all our holidays, were loud in their complaints at such "shabby treatment;" but the country and that unknown aunt were too tempting to be resisted, and I persisted in my resolve to go to Davy's Corner.—The housekeeper, who had lived with my father since his first widowhood, packed up cakes and sandwiches enough to maintain a garrison in a state of siege, and had a breakfast that was a treat for an epicure, ready for me when I came down on Monday morning dressed for my journey. Father filled my purse munificently, and kissed me with warmth, and exacted a promise of frequent letters, and then, Willis hinting at the virtue of punctuality for a railway journey, I left the five tall manly figures standing on the steps, while I drove off, half doubtful already about my anticipated pleasure.

The journey was an uneventful one, and on the afternoon of the second day we came to the little station at Woodtown. Willis had decided to remain there for the night and return home by the morning train, so we looked about for some vehicle to take our trunks and carpet bags to the hotel. The only carriage in sight was a large, canvas-covered wagon, which stood down on the road, below the arch which had been erected for the train to pass over.

We were still looking disconsolately at the little cluster of houses below us, forming the village, when a heavy tread made the wooden flight of stairs leading up to the platform creak, and a shock of light hair, a tall white hat, and a sunburnt face, appeared, followed by a pair of broad shoulders, and finally by two very substantial feet, clad in muddy boots, whose soles were about two inches thick. Heavy corduroy trousers and a gray flannel shirt made the costume of this tall figure, and a large riding whip was his only weapon. He looked at us from a pair of bright blue eyes, and then said, in a very pleasant though loud voice:

"Are you my cousin, Amy Graham?"

His cousin! All my finified boarding school ideas, and all the highbred refinement of my father and brothers, rose up in defiance of the title. Willis, however, saw only a fine, stalwart farmer, with a good, honest face, and a hearty, cheery voice, and he said:

"Miss Graham, I presume."

"Yes, sir! but Gerald Brown is my name."

Gerald—my own brother was named Gerald. And I looked with interest at my cousin. Oh, dear me! Before I had time to scream or exert any other feminine defense, this tall countryman put his great hands under my arms, lifted me up as if I had been a baby, and deliberately kissed me; then putting me down, he shouldered my big trunk, and with a steady, heavy tramp, went down the wooden steps to the canvas-covered wagon, and shoved the trunk in. Up again, and the little trunk followed the big one, and Willis's carpet bag was seized, when he said:

"Not that, Mr. Brown, that is mine."

"Well, you are coming over to the Corner, are you not?"

"Thank you, no. I return by to-morrow morning's train."

All the entreaties that warm hospitality could suggest were used to induce him to accompany me, but in vain, and having taken the direction of the hotel, he saw me seated on the seat of the wagon, and bade me good-bye.

I think when Gerald took his place beside me on the board which formed the wagon seat, I felt something the same sensations as would have resulted from finding myself perched upon the box beside my father's coachman.—We rode for some time in silence, I resolutely staring forward at the dry, dusty road; but at last the kindly voice broke the quiet, as my cousin said:

"Are you tired, Amy?"

I looked round. How could I have thought his face a common one? The profuse clusters of waving light hair made a thousand little crisp curls over his high forehead, and his large blue eyes were full of bright animation.—His smile showed a sweet mouth, and unbroken rows of white, even teeth, and the sunburned features, tho' large, were handsome and regular. Having made this mental inventory, and indignantly asked myself if I expected to meet city dandies in a farm house, I was all ready for chatting.

"Tired? No. How far have we to go?"

"Ten miles! The horses are tired coming down in the heat of the day, or we would go faster. You look tired or sick, or something. Such white cheeks! I am never very rosy."

"Then the Corner is the place for you. All the girls here have cheeks like peonies. You know how to ride?"

"Oh, yes. I brought my habit and hat."

"Your—"

"Riding dress."

"Oh—yes—I—in fact, we don't make any difference here. Some of the girls have a long calico skirt, but mostly they jump on just as they are. Well, we've fine horses on our place trained to the saddle, so if you like to ride, why you can."

He was very chatty now the ice was broken, and made me so many offers of service, so many promises of pleasures to come, that his "Here we are" at the gate of a winding road, was rather an unpleasant announcement, than the relief I had expected it to be when I started. The house, at whose door we left me standing while he drove to the barn, was small, with little windows, and a high, pointed roof, and I hesitated about knocking. He came back while I was standing there.

"Not gone in?" he cried. "Come this way."

He led me round the porch which ran into the kitchen. Here, fast asleep in a rocking chair, we found a middle aged woman, whose striking likeness to Gerald prepared me for his

"Hillo, mother!"

"Mercy on me, Jerry," she said, peevishly, opening her eyes, "don't holler so. I ain't deaf."

"Here's Amy, mother."

"Come round here. I don't want to get up, and my head's just easy. You're younger than I am, and can come to me."

I obeyed, and after looking at me earnestly, she said, in a soft, gentle voice, entirely unlike her previous tone:

"Just like what poor Amy was when she went to the city to teach. Heigho! Study and teaching killed her. Kiss me, dear, and then take off your bonnet."

"Tea ready, mother?" asked Gerald, as I threw aside my traveling cloak and bonnet.

"No, Jerry; is it six?"

"Past six, nearly seven, and I'm hungry as a hunter."

"Can you make Johnny-cake, Amy?" inquired my aunt, in the languid drawl, which I afterwards found was habitual to her.

"I? No, ma'am. I—can't cook."

"Can't! Why, how old are you, child?"

"Seventeen."

"And can't make a Johnny-cake!"

The idea seemed to rouse up her dormant energies, for she left her rocking chair and began to move about the kitchen. I was dusty, tired, and heated with my long ride, and, after a few moments, ventured to ask if I could go to my room.

"Jerry, take her traps to my room, said his mother. "You'll sleep with me, Amy; there ain't but two sleeping rooms in the house, Jerry's and mine."

I followed Jerry to a large, comfortably, though plainly furnished room; and when he had deposited my trunks and filled for me a large water pitcher, he departed. I bathed face and neck, fished out a cool muslin from my trunk, smoothed my tangled curls into order, and donned a pair of slippers. By the time this operation was completed, Gerald's clear voice called me to tea, and I went down again to the kitchen.

Eating here, and the total absence of servants, did not surprise me, for numerous novels had impressed upon my mind the fact that this was the custom of the *country*; but I was unprepared for aunt Fanny's start and Jerry's widely opened eyes as I came in.

"Why, Amy, you're a perfect picture!" said Gerald. "Ain't that a pretty gown, mother?"

"What's the use of dressing up so smart, just for tea at home?" said my aunt.

I glanced at my simply made white dress, and wondered what they would say to my more stylish bareges and grenadines, but only thanked Gerald for his compliment, and let his mother's remark pass unanswered. Johnny-cake, I found, was a mixture of Indian meal with other ingredients, and particularly unpalatable from a superabundance of salt. Gerald complained loudly, but a hint of headache from his mother silenced him, or rather turned his grumbling to a tender care of her, very touching.

"Mother suffers very much, Amy," he said to me; "you will find her alling most of the time, but I hope you will overlook any deficiencies."

I answered politely, and the subject dropped.

As soon as tea was over, Gerald asked me to walk over the farm with him, and, as I pleaded fatigue, he took some chairs out to the porch, and we sat there chatting until nine o'clock, when my aunt called me in, and I found this was the usual bedtime at Davy's Corner. I was very tired, and, in spite of the novelty of my position, slept soundly.

"Amy! Amy!"

It seemed about the middle of the night when this call and a most energetic shaking roused me.

"Amy, said my aunt, it is five o'clock, and Jerry has gone down."

"Well?" I said, sleepily.

"You are younger than I am, you get up first, and put the kettle on; by that time I'll come down."

"But, aunt Fanny"—I began.

"Come, hurry. Jerry's whistling, and that's a sign he wants his breakfast."

I got up slowly, wondering what I was expected to do next, and began to dress myself.

"Mercy on me! don't stop to curl your hair; tuck it up anyhow."

I twisted my curls into a roll and put on a black net, and then took a tucked skirt and wrapper from my trunk.

"Bless my heart! you ain't agoing to put on that fixed-up thing to get breakfast?"

"Get breakfast! I get breakfast; I, who, to my shame be it spoken, hardly knew a coffee pot from a frying pan. I thought of my father's elaborately prepared table, and wondered, for the first time, how hot rolls, steaks, eggs and coffee were made; if I had been informed that they all grew, ready cooked, on a tree, I could not have brought one item of actual experience to contradict the assertion.

"Get breakfast! My French lawn wrapper must return to the trunk; but the thicker materials were ruffled and trimmed, open from the waist, and required embroidered skirts; so, in the plainest of them, I earned my aunt's contemptuous comment,

"Fixed off to kill!"

"What must I do, I inquired, until you come down?"

"Well, I sha'nt be down yet awhile; my head aches. Just make the coffee, and boil some eggs, and fry some slices of ham; you'll find bread in the closet."

"Boil! fry! coffee! I started down stairs. Jerry was in the kitchen.

"Where's mother?"

"Got the headache!" I answered, short enough.

"Well, I've made the fire, and—and"—Gerald was eying my wrapper, and the embroidery on the skirt, "and the kettle is on; but—but—"

"Well?" I said, laughing, now.

"Ain't she coming down at all?"

"No. I'm to boil a ham, and—"

"What!"

"No, boil an egg and fry a ham!—"

"What!"

"Well, it's boil, and fry, and eggs, and ham, and that's all I can tell you."

"But, Amy—"

"Stop, let me finish. I am fresh from a boarding school, and, as we have a housekeeper and plenty of servants, I never boiled or fried anything in my life; but I am not too old to learn, and if aunt Fanny is sick, why I'll try me, I'll retire from service and return to New York. Where is the ham?"

"Bravo! What a spunky little fashion plate you are. Ain't—it's none of my business, to besure—but won't those trimmings and the holes in your petticoat suffer in the boiling and frying operations?"

"S'pose they will. Never mind!"

"Well, I'll get the ham and slice it for you, and bring in some eggs, and then you must release me until I attend to the live stock. Can you make out?"

"Oh yes. Where are the pots and pans?"

Gerald did not leave me until all my materials were found and ready for use; then with a shy, yet not unmanly grace, he bent down on one knee, and said:

"We are on a level now; won't you bid me good-morning?"

I understood him, and, gratefully inclined, I gave him a hearty kiss and "Thank you," and he bounded off like a stag, leaving me to loneliness and breakfast-getting.

I knew that boiling meant putting things in water and standing them on the fire, so I put the eggs in a saucepan, filled it from the pump and stood it on the coals. Then I piled the slices of ham neatly in the fryingpan, and put that beside the eggs; but coffee—how was coffee made? Really interested now, I flew up stairs and roused aunt from her nap.

"Aunt Fanny, how do you make coffee?"

"Bless the child, what a start you gave me! Why, you put it in the coffee pot, pour boiling water on it, and then set it down to boil. Put in an egg, Amy, to clear it."

"Where is the coffee?"

"In the red tin can in the closet. Put in plenty, Jerry likes it strong."

I obeyed my directions literally. I put a double handful of coffee kernels in the coffee pot, deposited an egg on top of them, filled up the pot with boiling water, and set it on the stove. My eggs were boiling merrily, and a strong smell of burning ham filled the kitchen. The under side was surely done, so I drew it out. It was rather black on one side, but I put it on a plate, and resolved to watch the next layer more carefully.

It was half past six when Gerald came in, his bright face flushed with the early exercise, and his cheery voice ringing out like pleasant music—

"Breakfast ready, Amy?"

"Oh yes! Is that the way to set the table, Gerald?"

"First rate! How long have your eggs been boiling?"

"About an hour?"

Such a ringing burst of gleeful laughter as burst from my cousin's lips I never heard before. He laughed till the tears stood in his eyes, then, with a sudden gravity, he said:—

"I guess they're done," and burst out again laughing.

Spite of a vexed feeling, I joined him.

"How long ought they to boil, Gerald?"

"Three minutes."

"Three minutes? Why, the water wasn't warm in three minutes."

"You didn't put them on in cold water?"

"Yes; is that funny too?" for his hearty laugh broke out again.

"It is rude, real rude for me to laugh," he said, penitently, in a few minutes. "I should know no more myself, if mother was right smart, but she's been ailing so much that I've done a great deal of woman's work, and pride myself on my cooking. Fish out the eggs, Amy, and I'll get some more. The water is first-rate."

We sat down presently, and Jerry poured the coffee into the table coffee-pot."

"The coffee's rather weak, Amy," he said, hesitatingly; "how much did you put in?"

"A double handful."

"Such wee fists as yours don't hold much," he said, raising the lid and peeping in. "Why, Amy, here's a *whole* egg. You ought to have crushed it."

"Your mother said to put in an egg."

"But you didn't grind the coffee," and Gerald bit his lip; but seeing my rueful face he did not laugh, but throwing out my mess, he showed me how to make coffee, and, finally, at what he informed me was an "unheard-of hour," we sat down to breakfast. Aunt Fanny did ample justice to some toast, eggs and coffee, which Gerald prepared and took to her, but languidly informed us that she did not feel able to rise, congratulating herself on the fact that the "spell did'nt come on" till I was there to take the care."

"I'm sorry I can't stay to help you clear up," said Gerald, disconsolately; "you ain't used to it, and mother's fixing for sick, I see; but I must be off, for I'm nearly two hours behind time now."

"Oh, never mind me. I'll get along, and I am glad I'm here to help."

"What shall I bring in for dinner? Something to roast is easiest; or no, I'll tell you, I'll bring you a leg of mutton to boil, and you've nothing to do but put it in a pot and stand it on the fire."

"Do you grind it, or smash it, or anything?"

"No; I'll fix it ready for you."

He was as good as his word, and left the mutton on the fire before he started off. The clearing up came next, and I could do nothing more after that until I had donned a new wrapper and skirt, hanging up the first, drenched with dish-water, to dry. How do people wash dishes in dryness? Every saucer dripped its allowance of soapsuds over me as I lifted it from the pan and wiped it. I wet five towls wringing wet, and was one sea of greasy water myself.

"Aunt Fanny, what do you cook with boiled mutton, and how do you cook it?"

"It's too late for boiled mutton."

"But it has been on for nearly two hours."

"Oh! Well, boil some potatoes, and you'll find some cabbages cut in the shed; and, Amy, boil some rice; Jerry is fond of it with mutton."

If, in the excess of my gratitude, she had informed me that Gerald had a partiality for fried elephant steaks, I should have undertaken to procure them, so boiled rice sounded simple enough. Deluded Amy! I'm sure if I ever have a nightmare it will take the form of boiled rice.

I had ascertained that potatoes require more boiling than eggs, was "posted up," as Will says, on the cabbage question, and had received the rice, prevent its scorching, and the accurate time required for boiling. One more question remained—

"How much shall I cook, auntie?"

"As much as will fill a vegetable dish."

Down stairs I went, feeling fully the importance of my new position. I filled the vegetable dish with rice, picked, and washed it, and set it on in a large pot to boil. Boil! I was watching my fire with one eye, and my rice with the other, when I saw the latter begin slowly to rise in the pot. It rose with a spiteful, bubbling noise, swelling immensely like some live thing till it filled that great pot full, and still it swelled. I bore it until it threatened to rise over the edge, and then I got another pot and put half into that. I was beginning to believe the stuff bewitched, for with a steady swell, and positively malicious noise, it filled both pots, and I got a third. I was desperate.

What if it was like the porridge in the fairy tale, which boiled porridge till it filled house, roads, and village, until all the inhabitance were smothered. Still it rose slowly, majestically, threatening to fill the third pot. I was staring at it, with a perfect fascination, when Gerald came in.

"Why, Amy, what a lot of rice! What are you going to do?"

"Go crazy, I think! It has filled one pot, and then another, and now a third; and it goes on swelling, and rising, and swelling. It has swelled up to this now. When will it stop? Will it go on swelling all day?"

"How much did you put on?"

"About two or three quarts!"

"Dry? Two or three quarts dry?"

"Aunt Fanny said that dish full," I said, humbly, for the clear, ringing laugh of the morning warned me that I had made a new blunder.

"After it was cooked, Amy! Mutton done?"

"I don't know. Does mutton swell up?"

"No, nor cabbages. These are done to a charm. Hillo, mother!" for at that instant my aunt Fanny appeared at the door.

"Dinner ready?" she inquired, languidly.

"Yes, said Gerald, gravely. "We've got rice; do you like rice?"

Aunt Fanny's eye fell on my three pots, and that white mass which still steadily swelled up with its triumphant, insolent bubble.

"Bless my heart, Amy, what were you thinking about?"

"Never mind, mother, this is new work." And Gerald put his mother in a chair while he and I "dished up."

He praised my cabbage and potatoes, but could not resist a merry emphasis when he said:

"Cousin shall I help you to *rice?*—Don't be bashful, there's plenty of it."

"I abhor rice! I hate rice! I abominate rice! I detest rice! I despise rice!" Aunt Fanny made rice cakes for tea that night; rice balls for breakfast next morning, followed by rice pudding for dinner, and rice cakes again for tea. I am happy to say that the rest of the mass soured, and was given to the pigs.

I sincerely hope they enjoyed it!—Whether it was my awful extravagance on the rice question that roused aunt Fanny, I am unable to say; but she was about again for a week, trusting me with no responsibility, but making my years tell upon me very painfully in this style:

"You're younger than I am, Amy; get me some water, will you?"

"You pick the vegetables, Amy.—You're younger than I am."

Up stairs and down, in doors and out morning, noon and night, I traveled, spurred on by the eternal "You are younger than I am, till I wished I was as old as Methuselah, if only for the pleasure of retaliating once.

I was acquiring a vast amount of "useful information" on the cooking question, and under the early hours and exercise my cheeks were glowing as they had never done before.

One week passed, and at dinner time, one fine day, Gerald reminded me of our proposed ride.

"I will come in at four o'clock, so be ready," was his parting cry, and I promised to comply.

It had been rather amusing to me to see my aunt and Gerald admiring so naively my city made wardrobe, and I dressed for my ride with a pardonable desire to "astonish the natives." I fixed my hair in waving bands in front, but let it fall in its own profusion of natural curls on my neck; then I donned my buff nankeen habit, braided with white, and put on my jauntiest linen collar and black necktie. My straw hat was turned up round the rim, and had a long white feather encircling the crown, and falling on one side almost to my shoulder. I had just drawn on my gauntlets and taken my pretty little whip, when I heard Gerald calling me. I gathered up my skirt and ran down. Gerald's whistle was just what I expected.

"You look good enough to eat!" he cried, enthusiastically, and, stooping his tall figure, he lifted me up and placed me on the saddle.

"Jupiter, ain't that a gown! You wee mite, how can you get so much fixings on one dress?"

"Do you like it, Gerald? "Like it! and that hat! Whew! won't the folks of Woodtown stare?"

They did stare. As we cantered thro' the main streets, windows flew up in all directions, and "Did you ever!—Well, I am beat! Ain't that a beauty?" fell from lips on every side. Gerald enjoyed it all hugely. His eyes sparkled, and his lip curled in a thousand merry twists as he bowed right and left, sometimes reigning up to