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THE TIOGA COUNTY AGITATOR

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R. C. Van Gelder. Jno. I. Mitchell.

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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, Advertising 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. [J. B. NILES. S. F. WILSON.]

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. H. 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. H. SEYMOUR. J. C. HORTON.

W. D. Tarbell & 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 Grafton 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 Roberts & Bailey's Hardware Store. Cutting, Fitting and Repairing done promptly and well.—Jan. 1, 1870.

E. 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.

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.

BACON & BAILEY

DEALERS IN

Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals,

GLASS, PUTTY, 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.

Jan. 30, 1870. y

WALL PAPER

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

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.

IN DIVORCE.—To Charles H. Webster: You are hereby notified that Ann Elizabeth Webster by her next friend, John Baker, has applied to the Court of Common Pleas of Tioga county for a divorce from the bonds of matrimony, and that said Court has appointed Monday, November 28, 1870, at the Court House in Wellsboro, as the time and place for hearing said applicant in the premises; on which occasion you can attend if you think proper. J. B. POTTER,

October 26, 1870 4w Sheriff.

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.

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

H. B. STONE,

(formerly B. C. Wickham's Nursery)

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

60,000 Apple Trees,

10,000 Pear Trees.

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

The Fruit trees are composed of the choicest varieties, good, healthy, some of them large and in bearing. Any one wishing to get a supply will do well to call and see my stock before purchasing elsewhere. ☞ Delivered at the depot, Wellsboro, Mansfield, Lawrenceville and Blossburg, free of charge. All orders promptly filled.

Address, T. B. STONE,

Tioga, Dec. 8, 1869-1y Tioga, Pa.

PAINTS,

OILS AND BRUSHES,

For the Million, at

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

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, No. 10, Market St.

J. STICKLIN,

Chairmaker, Turner, and Furniture Dealer.

SALEROOM and FACTORY opposite Durfee'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.—y STICKLIN

E. H. Harris'

CELEBRATED BAKING POWDERS

for sale by

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

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

P. R. WILLIAMS & CO'S.

Wellsboro, May 25, 1870.

For Sale.

A HOUSE AND LOT—lot contains 1 acre—on Nichols St. Also one 3 year old Hambletonian colt, 2 new buggies, one sulky and harness. R. C. BAILEY.

October 19, 1870.—tf

WM. H. ARMSTRONG. SAMUEL LINN.

Armstrong & Linn,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

WILLIAMSPORT, PENNA.

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, &c., &c., &c.

TED 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 Tioga House, and for a time occupied by D. D. Holiday, has been thoroughly refitted, repaired and opened 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, 2 good barns. The Mill has been built 2 years, contains a 35 horse Power engine circular Mill, Shingle Machine, *Lath Mill and Edger. Mill 40 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

O. 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 ALLIS.

Tioga Jan. 1, 1870-tf.

Insurance! Insurance!

HAND IN HAND

MUTUAL LIFE,

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 Priveleges unrestricted.

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

Look to 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 30 years, payable at death:

	Annual premium for life.	Ten annual payments.
Travelers'	$16,84	$88,21
Ætna,	22,78	142,80
Home,	23,80	50,00
Equitable,	22,70	46,97
Washington,	22,70	46,97
Hand-in-Hand,	16,60	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 Jno. 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.

House and Lot and Nine Acres of Land for Sale.

CHARLES WILLIAMS offers for sale his house and lot on Main street, Wellsboro, and six acres of land near the cemetery. Enquire of Joseph Williams, at the Wellsboro foundry. Nov. 2, 1870. tf

A Poets' Corner.

INDIAN SUMMER.

Just after the death of the flowers,
And before they are buried in snow,
There comes a festival season
When nature is all aglow—
Aglow with a mystical splendor
That rivals the brightness of spring—
Aglow with a beauty more tender
Than aught which fair Summer could bring.

Some spirit akin to the rainbow,
Then borrows its magical dyes
And mantles the far-spreading landscape
In hues that bewilder the eyes;
The sun from his cloud-pillowed chamber
Smiles soft on a vision so gay,
And dreams that his favorite children
The flowers, have not passed away.

There's a luminous mist on the mountains,
A light, azure haze in the air,
As if angels, while heavenward soaring,
Had left their bright robes floating there;
The breeze is so soft, so caressing,
It seems a mute token of love,
And floats to the heart like a blessing
From some happy spirit above.

These days, so serene and charming,
Awaken a dreary delight—
A troubled, tearful enjoyment,
Like to a strain of music at night.
We know they're fading and fleeting
That quickly, too quickly they'll end,
And we watch them with a yearning affection,
As we would watch a dear friend.

Oh! beautiful Indian Summer!
Thou favorite child of the year,
Thou art fair, when Nature enriches
With gifts and adornments so dear!
How fain would we wish time to linger
On mountain and meadow awhile,
For our hearts like the sweet haunts of Nature,
Rejoice and grow young in thy smile.

Destition's last brightness restore,
But thou bringest a world-weary spirit
Sweet dreams of its childhood once more;
Thy lovelinges fills up with memories
Of all that was brightest and best;
The peace and serenity of—
A foretaste of heaven bring to the—
W. A. D.

Miscellaneous Reading.

[For the Agitator.]

REFLECTIONS ON NIAGARA.

Any attempt to picture to those who have never seen the Falls, "a realizing idea," would doubtless be an utter failure, even if the description were calmly and elaborately detailed. But when one has been at the Falls, and subject to their influence, all well written descriptions are usually interesting. We wish to know how other minds have been operated upon when viewing this stupendous cataract.

With some it might be expressed in figures; the American Falls are so high and so wide; the Canada Falls so much higher and so much wider; the water estimated at so great depth, and so on. There is to them neither more nor less than just what is before them—a vast, roaring plunge of water. To others, there is a fine perception of form, color and motion. They will look upon the scene through artistic eyes, picturing to themselves how it might be drawn on canvas; while to others, still, very different sensations are produced. After the excitement becomes cooled, the imagination begins to play, and there is an appreciation of all the magnificence and grandeur which the scene never fails to prompt in the student of nature. I did not so much see simply the Falls, as seeing them, feel *thousands of associations.* While steadily gazing at these perpendicular waves, my mind glanced back with strange sensations to the length of years—to the ages and ages that have rolled away since they began to pour down their mighty floods. While all the mighty revolutions and convulsions of Europe were going on; while wars were destroying kingdoms and empires; while Inquisitions and persecutions, wars and famines were sweeping from the face of the earth thousands and hundreds of thousands of human beings; and ages and ages before an eye saw them, long before even an Indian wandered toward their mysterious thunder,—these mighty Falls were making their stupendous roar,—and not for one moment has there been a check or a pause! For ages they have thundered,—neither caring whether men heard or were deaf, or absent,—in winter and summer, in storms and sunshine, in dark and light, they have been doing their mighty work!

I have often wondered what must have been the different sensations of all the people that have thronged these banks, with all degrees of sensibility, sorrow and joy,—young and old, wise and fools; laughing girls, at once hushed before this stern and uncouqettish beauty, that would as remorselessly swallow babe and beauty as it would bear or log. I believe that if the simple and natural experiences of all the minds which have been wrought upon, before this "Majesty of Waters," could be correctly recorded, they would be almost equal in wonder to Niagara itself.

A second view is often more impressive than the first. The longer one tarries, the more he enjoys and appreciates. The impression is as indelibly enstamped upon my memory, as if written with an iron pen! No language can describe Niagara's magnificent splendor!

Then there are the Rapids, with their headlong rush of waves, whirling and tumbling over each other—one wave devouring another, as they come crashing down in headlong, fearful haste; and at last their awful plunge in the yawning chasm beneath, is a scene for the painter, truly imposing. In looking at this part of the phenomenon, one feels a sense of irresistible power, that would make his strength utterly insignificant. He would be as helpless as all other creatures. A fly, a leaf, or a blade of grass, would have as much power to resist as he. A struggle would be folly. Even an outcry would be as if he were dumb. Such utter nothingness before a presence, against which the hand of man can never be lifted, is a kind of annihilation, or a sense of that feeling. Courage, resistance, defiance, strength, are words without any meaning to a man who would step one foot beyond where I stood.

As to the roar of the Falls, it depends, of course, upon the wind and the state of the atmosphere. I was told by my guide, that sometimes every door and window for a mile around would tremble, and the roar be heard from fifteen to twenty-five miles. At other times, said he, our citizens would scarcely know there were falls in the neighborhood, (as was the case the first time I visited them,) and sometimes the roar has been heard at Toronto, 44 miles distant.

Sir Charles Lyell estimates the quantity of water to pass over the falls in a given time, as follows:

"Fifteen hundred millions of cubic feet pass over the falls every minute; one hundred million two hundred thousand tuns every hour; five thousand eighty-four million, eighty-nine thousand, eight hundred and fifty-three barrels in twenty-four hours; three million five hundred and thirty-six thousand, six hundred and fourteen every minute; fifty-eight thousand, three hundred and forty-three every second!" It almost seems as if the river would exhaust itself. True, when the great lakes with their vast tributaries run dry, Niagara will be no more.

In viewing Niagara, one is not long in naturally seeking to express that which he sees, by comparison with familiar objects. It seems to me more, when looking upon the bubbling out of jets of white from the face of the descending water, like a process of blossoming. This takes place especially upon the Canada side. The water at the center angle comes to the plunge with unbroken surface—a massive movement, a solemn dignity, as if conscious of the secret power that slept within. It bends without a ruffle; it plunges; but at less than a third of its descent, some projecting crag from beneath it catches at it, or the air hisses up through it, and white jets evolve, growing more and more frequent, until the mass is hidden in the mists which gather about it. The evolution of these diamond boquets is suggestive of the rapid opening of leaves—like the quick, final opening of flower buds.

Neither can one, by any process of reasoning, get rid of a sense of *life* in this cataract. It is felt in the rapids above, in the long descending fall, in the infuriate and agonized uproar beneath the Horse Shoe, and perhaps, even more than any where else, in the swift rush of waters beneath and beyond the Suspension Bridge, two miles below. This sense of life grows more earnest and real, the nearer you come to the water. At a little distance, the sense of beauty takes precedence of all others; but stand at the foot of either sheet, or close upon the edge of Table Rock, and turning to the left a hundred yards, go down and out to the very edge of the stream, that, having made its plunge, is hissing past, in wild affright and immeasurable speed, and you will have a very brave heart indeed, or a very stupid one, if you do not feel as if you were looking upon a chasm of perdition, and were in momentary danger of being clutched by weird spirits and hurried headlong to destruction.

It is almost impossible for one to look over this particular scene, from the edge of it, without an impression of subterranean and infernal doings. At one moment, the innumerable jets, that never for two seconds wear the same form, that are not water, not foam, but both, that glide off and stretch out long hands, leaping up as if clutching at some invisible prey, then rush together and whirl round and round in a maze of fury, sometimes suggest a living, full of raging and howling be-devilled water wolves. As the eye changes a little, looks farther up toward the opening and closing mist, it fancies there are monsters beneath in horrible sport. The water heaves up, as if they were about to emerge, or bubbles and boils after them, as they sink down again.

There is one point where, above all others, you have a sense of power, in a threefold form: going behind the sheet, you see the force with which the water descends. Behind this is the gloomy and mysterious mouth of the cave, swept across by violently blown mists. The wild eddying of these vapors is very impressive. You will almost look for some storm-god to issue forth, and see his whirling couriers speeding before him.

One can scarcely be persuaded that over all these views is spread the most dazzling beauty. The mind changes with perpetual and involuntary transitions—from terror to admiration; from terrible power to exqisite loveliness.—It is a scene of grandeur, covered all over with a robe of perfect beauty.

To thee, Niagara, let me pay my suit;
Thy crown, ne'er fading green, of brightest flowery hue,
With waves of white-capped foam and spray of feathery dew;
While o'er thee float bright, sparkling pearls, so swiftly fleet,
And the glorious rainbow lays its tribute at thy feet.

M. A. D.

THE STARS.—*Little Folks' Notions About Them.*—"They are peep holes to let the glory through."

"They are nice lamps that have been good and gone to Heaven."

"They are the angels' pictures pointing to us."

"Mamma, here is the moon come and brought a lot of little babies with her."

"When God makes the new moon, does'nt he cut up the old moon to make stars of?"

"Angel eyes looking down at us."

"Nails in the floor of Heaven."

"If the wrong side of Heaven is so beautiful, what must the right side be?"

"That star that you see up there is bigger than this world," said a little girl to her four-year-old cousin. "No it ain't, or it could keep the rain off," exclaimed the young philosopher.

CURIOUS FACTS IN REGARD TO SOUND.—The following curious observations in regard to the transmission of sound, have been carefully verified by an extended series of experiments.—The whistle of a locomotive is heard 8,300 yards through the air; the noise of a railroad train, 2,900 yards; the report of a musket and the bark of a dog, 1,000 yards; an orchestra or the roll of a drum, 1,600 yards; the human voice reaches to the distance of 1,000 yards; the croaking of frogs, 900 yards; the chirping of crickets, 600 yards. Distinct speaking is heard in the air from below, up to a distance of 600 yards.—From above, it is only understood at a range of 100 yards downwards.

A beaten politician remarked, as the reason for his defeat in a debate, that his opponent happened to state just the only thing which he was not prepared to meet. "What was that?" inquired a friend. "The truth," was the reply; "nobody ever heard of a politician stating the truth before."

To make good sharp pickles, whittle oph both ends ov them tew a pint.

[From Arthur's Home Magazine.]

WHAT FIVE DOLLARS PAID.

Mr. Herriot was sitting in his office one day, when a lad entered and handed him a small strip of paper. It was a bill for five dollars, due to his shoemaker, a poor man who lived in the next square.

"Tell Mr. Grant that I will settle this soon. It is'nt just convenient to-day." The boy retired.

Now, Mr. Herriot had a five dollar bill in his pocket; but he felt as if he could'nt part with it. He did'nt like to be entirely out of money. So, acting from this impulse, he had sent the boy away. Very still, sat Mr. Herriot the next five minutes; yet his thoughts were busy. He was not altogether satisfied with himself. The shoemaker was a poor man, and needed his money as soon as earned—he was not unadvised of this fact.

"I almost wish I had sent him the five dollars," said Mr. Herriot, finally, half audibly. "He wants it more than I do."

He mused still further.

"The fact is," he at length exclaimed, starting up, "it's Grant's money, and not mine; and what is more, he shall have it."

So saying, Herriot took up his hat and left his office.

"Did you get the money, Charles?" said Grant, as the boy entered the shop. There was a good deal of earnestness in the shoemaker's tones.

"No, sir," replied the lad.

"Did'nt get the money?"

"No, sir."

"Was'nt Mr. Herriot in?"

"Yes, sir; but he said it was'nt convenient to-day."

"Oh! dear, I'm sorry!" came from the shoemaker, in a depressed voice.

A woman was sitting in Grant's shop when the boy came in; she had now risen, and was leaning on the counter; a look of disappointment was in her face.

"It can't be helped, Mrs. Lee," said Grant. "I was sure of getting the money from him. He never disappointed me before. Call in to-morrow, and I will try and have it for you."

The woman looked troubled as well as disappointed. Slowly she turned away and left the shop. A few minutes after her departure Herriot came in, and after some words of apology paid the bill.

"Run and get this bill changed," said the shoemaker to his boy, the moment his customer had departed.

"Now," said he, *as soon as the change* was placed in his hands, "take two dollars to Mrs. Lee, and three to Mr. Weaver across the street. Tell Mr. Weaver that I am obliged to him for having loaned it to me this morning, and sorry that I had'nt as much in the house when he sent for it an hour ago."

"I wish I had it, Mrs. Elden. But I assure you that I have not," said Mr. Weaver, the tailor. "I paid out the last dollar just before you came in. But call in to-morrow and you shall have the money, to a certainty."

"But what am I to do to-day? I hav'nt a cent to bless myself with; and I owe so much at the grocer's where I deal, that he won't trust me for anything more."

The tailor looked troubled, and the woman lingered. Just at this moment the shoemaker's boy entered.

"Here are the three dollars Mr. Grant borrowed of you this morning," said the lad. "He says he's sorry he had'nt the money when you sent for it awhile ago."

How the faces of the tailor and his needlewoman brightened instantly, as if a gleam of sunshine had penetrated the room.

"Here is just the money I owe you," said the former, in a cheerful voice, and he handed the woman the three dollars he had received. A moment after and he was alone, but with the glad face of the poor woman, whose need he had been able to supply, distinct before him.

Of the three dollars received by the needlewoman, two went to the grocer, on account of her debt to him, half a dollar was paid to an old and needy colored woman, who had earned it by scrubbing, and who was waiting for Mrs. Elden's return from the tailor's to get her due, and thus be able to provide an evening and morning's meal for herself and children. The other half dollar was paid to the baker, when he called toward evening to leave the accustomed loaf. Thus the poor needlewoman had been able to discharge four debts, and at the same time to re-establish her credit with the grocer and baker, from whom came the largest portion of the food consumed in her little family.

And now let us follow Mrs. Lee. On her arrival at home, empty handed, from her visit to the shoemaker, who owed her two dollars for work, she found a young girl, in whose pale face were many marks of suffering and care, awaiting her return.

The girl's countenance brightened as she came in; but there was no answering brightness in the countenance of Mrs. Lee, who immediately said, "I am very sorry, Harriet, but Mr. Grant put me off until to-morrow. He said he had'nt a dollar in the house."

The girl's disappointment was very great, for the smile she had forced into life instantly faded, and was succeeded by a cloud of deep distress.

"Do you want the money very badly?" asked Mrs. Lee, in a low, half choked voice; for the sudden change in the girl's manner had affected her.

"Oh! yes, ma'am, very badly. I left Mary wrapped up in my thick shawl, and a blanket wound all around her feet to keep them warm; but she was coughing dreadfully from the cold air of the room."

"Hav'nt you a fire?" asked Mrs. Lee, in a quick, surprised tone.

"We have no coal. It was to buy coal that I wanted the money."

Mrs. Lee struck her hands together, and an expression of pain was about passing her lips, when the door of the room opened, and the shoemaker's boy came in.

"Here are two dollars. Mr. Grant sent them."

"God bless Mr. Grant!" The exclamation from Mrs. Lee was involuntary.

On the part of Harriet, to whom one dollar was due, a gush of silent tears marked the effect this timely supply of money produced. She received her portion, and, without trusting her voice with words, hurried away to supply the pressing want at home.

A few doors from the residence of Mrs. Lee, lived a man who, some few months before, had become involved in trouble with an evil disposed person, and been forced to defend himself by means of the law. He had employed Mr. Herriot to do what was requisite in the case, for which service the charge was five dollars. The bill had been rendered a few days before, and the man, who was poor, felt very anxious to pay it. He had the money all made up to within a dollar. That dollar Mrs. Lee owed him, and she had promised to give it to him during this day. For hours he had waited, expecting her to come in, but now had nearly given her up. There was another little bill of three dollars which had been sent in to him, and he had just concluded to go and pay that, when Mrs. Lee called with the balance of the money; one dollar, which she had received from the shoemaker, Grant.

Half an hour later, and the pocket-book of Mr. Herriot was no longer empty. His client had called and paid his bill. The five dollars had come back to him.

Concerning Large Armies.

The following facts, culled from the fields of ancient history, may be of some interest at the present time:

The city of Thebes had a hundred gates, and could send out at each gate 10,000 fighting men and 200 chariots—in all, 1,000,000 of men and 2,000 chariots.

The army of Trerah, King of Ethiopia, consisted of 1,000,000 of men and 800 chariots of war.

Sesostris, King of Egypt, led against his enemies 600,000 men, 24,000 cavalry, and 27 scythe-armed chariots, 1491 B. C.

Hamilcar went from Carthage and landed near Palermo. He had a fleet of 2,000 ships and 8,000 small vessels, and a land force of 800,000 men. At the battle in which he was defeated, 150,000 were slain.

A Roman fleet, led by Regulus against Carthage, consisted of 330 vessels, with 140,000 men. The Carthaginian fleet numbered 150 vessels, with 150,000 men.

At the battle of Cannæ, there were of the Romans, including allies, 80,000 foot and 6,000 horse; of the Carthaginians, 40,000 foot and 10,000 horse. Of these 70,000 were slain, in all, and 10,000 taken prisoners.

Hannibal, during his campaign in Italy and Spain, plundered 400 towns and destroyed 800,000 persons.

Ninus, the Assyrian King, about 2,200 years B. C., led against the Bactrians his army, consisting of 1,700,000 *foot, 200,000 horse, and 16,000 chariots* armed with scythes.

Italy, a little before Hannibal's time, was able to send into the field nearly 1,000,000 of men.

Semiramis enployed two million of men in building the mighty Babylon. She took one million prisoners at the Indus, and sunk 1,000 boats.

Sennacherib lost in a single night, 185,000 men, by the destroying angel—2d Kings, 19, 35.

A short time after the taking of Babylon, the forces of Cyrus consisted of 600,000 foot, 120,000 horse and 2,000 chariots armed with scythes.

An army of Cambyses, 50,000 strong, was buried up in the desert sands of Africa by a south wind.

When Xerxes arrived at Thermopylæ, his land and sea forces amounted to 2,641,610, exclusive of servants, cutlers, eunuchs, women, etc., in all numbering 5,858,820. So say Herodotus, Plutarch and Isocrates.

The army of Artaxerxes, before the battle of Cunaxa, amounted to about 1,200,000.

Ten thousand horses and one million foot fell on the fatal field of Issus.

When Jerusalem was taken by Titus, one million perished in various ways.

The force of Darius at Arbela, numbered more than one million. The Persians lost 90,000 men in that battle; Alexander about 500 men.

The army of Tamerlane is said to have amounted to *one million, and that* of his antagonist, Bajazet, one million.

Ye men of gloom and austerity, who paint the face of Infinite Benevolence with an eternal frown, read in the Everlasting Book, wide open to your view, the lesson it would teach. Its pictures are not in black and somber hues, but bright and glowing tints; its music—ye who ye drown it—is not in sighs and groans, but songs and cheerful sounds. Listen to the million voices in the summer air, and find one as dismal as your own. Remember, if ye can, the sense of hope and pleasure which every glad return of day awakens in the breath of all your kind who have not changed their nature—and learn some wisdom even from the witless, when their hearts are lifted up, they know not how, by all the mirth and happiness it brings.—*Dickens.*

—The following hymn appears in a German hymn book. No attempt at versification has been made in the translation: "Almighty God, I am content to remain the dog, I am. I am a dog, a despicable dog. I am conscious of revelling in sin, and there is no infamy in which I do not indulge. My anger and quarreling are like a dog's. My envy *and hatred are like a dog's.* My abuse and snappishness are like a dog's. My robbery and devouring are like a dog's Nay, when I come to reflect upon it, I cannot but own that in very many things I behave worse than the dogs themselves."

A gentleman driving up to a country inn, accosted a youth thusly: "My lad extricate my quadruped from the vehicle, stabulate him, donate to him a sufficient supply of aliment, and when the aurora of morn shall again illuminate the oriental horizon, I will award you a pecuniary compensation for your amiable hospitality."

The boy becoming puzzled, and not comprehending the gentleman's high sounding effusion, ran to the house and exclaimed:

"Daddy, there is a Dutchman out here who wants lager beer."

AN ELMIRA BOY COMPOSES A 'PIECE.'—A precocious boy in Elmira has just written a communication for the *Gazette* of that city. Here it is: "The horse is the most usefull animal in the World. So is the Cow. I once had thirteen Ducks and two was drakes and a Skunk killed One. He smeled Orful. I know a Boy which had 7 chickens but his Father would not let him raise Them and so he got mad and so he boared a Hole in his mother's Wash tub. I wish I Had a horse—a horse weighs 1000 pounds,"

What a Fall.

A minister of the Gospel told me one of the most thrilling incidents I ever heard in my life. A member of his congregation came home for the first time in his life intoxicated, and his boy met him on the door step, clapping his hands and exclaiming, "Papa has come home!" He seized that boy by the shoulders, swung him around, staggered, and fell in the hall. The minister said to me, (I could give you his name, if necessary,) "I spent that night in that house. I went out and bared my brow, that the night air might fall upon it and cool it; I walked up and down the hill. There was a child dead; there was his wife in strong convulsions, and he asleep. A man but thirty-five years of age asleep, with a dead child in the house, having a blue mark upon the temple, where the corner of the marble steps had come in contact with the head as he swung him around, and a wife upon the brink of the grave. Mr. Gough," said my friend, "I cursed the drink. He had told me I must remain till he awoke, and I did. When he awoke, he passed his hand over his face and exclaimed, 'What is the matter? where am I? where is my boy?' 'You cannot see him.' 'Stand out of my way, I will see my boy!' To prevent confusion I took him to that child's bedside, and as I turned down the sheet and showed him the corpse, he uttered a shriek, 'Ah, my child!'"

That minister said further to me:—"One year after that, he was brought from a lunatic asylum, to lie side by side with his wife in one grave, and I attended his funeral."

The minister of the Gospel who told me that fact, is to-day a drunken hostler in a stable in Boston! Now, tell me what drink will