

ing the bottles to the table, his face quite a blaze of benignant satisfaction.

Betty, lying upon the sofa, arrayed in a pretty plaid dress, unconsciously took care of all the nitro-glycerine of principle that threatened to blow up their new social platform.

"O dear Mr. Mohen!" said she, "I'm so sorry! but we never drink wine at our Thanksgiving dinners."

"Not drink wine?" exclaimed the amazed Karl.

"Never!" said Betty. "And I'd a great deal rather not have it, you see, because I belong to the Temperance Band, and so does Miss Jones. I'm awful sorry," added Betty, just ready to cry at displeasing her kind friend.

"Vell, mine little Betty, have it shust de vey you like," and he at once set his offending donation aside.

Betty's mother asked God's blessing, and thanked Him for inclining their hearts to each other, and after that the wit, the wisdom, and vivacity of 310 flowed out in unstinted measure.

Such very interesting people as they all turned out to be!

Betty's mother was only a washer-woman by reason of weak eyes, her natural talent lying in the direction of fine sewing, paper-flowers, etc. The Misses Jones belonged to decayed gentility, being grand-daughters of the late Col. Jones, of Jonesville. The Bents had a second-cousin in Congress, and Myherr's uncle was a Lutheran clergyman over the river. They grew extremely polite as they discovered what highly respectable people they were; and after dinner the gentlemen brought up the asthmatic melodeon, and Miss Eliza produced two hymn-books, out of which they all sang. Then Myherr gave them rousing solos, and at last they sang merry-go-rounds, and nearly deafened each other in the chase and catch of "Scotland's a-burning."

What a delightful time it was, and how they thanked Betty for the loving spirit that had dared to suggest a Thanksgiving dinner among the incongruous elements of a city tenement-house!

How Myherr walked to the Mission door on the following Sunday with Miss Eliza, and how he went in and sat down the Sunday after, and how his orders increased until he had no room for all his coats and vests and journeymen, and how he and Miss Eliza one day took Betty to look at a new house in a tidy row, I am unable to tell, because it is always best to keep to one's text; and mine, you know, was only No. 310.

The Potter Journal
AND
NEWS ITEM.

COUDERSPORT, PA., Dec. 20, 1872

TO THE PUBLIC.

The reader has already been informed that the POTTER JOURNAL has a new proprietor, or rather an old one has come back to it.

The generous words with which Mrs. Dyke commended the new enterprise to the patrons of the JOURNAL, will aid us in securing a kindly welcome; and incite us to greater efforts to deserve as much of the favorable mention made of us as is within the compass of our abilities.

It is the ambition of the present owner to make the JOURNAL one of the best local newspapers in the State. Knowing full well that he is incompetent to do this with his own pen, he has engaged the best writing talent of the village to contribute regularly to these columns.

A local editor of experience, tact and ability will give our readers each week a fresh and graphic picture of passing events, and take note of all matters of interest in the County.

Other writers devoted to the success of the JOURNAL, and to the prosperity of the County, have been engaged to assist in the editorial department. These arrangements will secure greater variety and make the paper more useful and instructive than could well be expected if but a single mind dictated all the editorials.

Early in January the paper will be enlarged to seven columns and will be otherwise improved in its mechanical appearance.

These changes and improvements impose considerable expense upon the Proprietor, and he solicits from

all persons who desire to assist in advancing the growth and increasing the prosperity of this favored county of Potter, active support in extending the circulation of the JOURNAL. More brain work will be put on it than ever before; more labor of all kinds will be given to it and more capital invested in it. I have undoubted faith that the people of this County will generously appreciate these increased expenditures and will respond with a large increase of subscribers.

The POTTER COUNTY ITEM, conducted with so much spirit for eight months past, has been merged in the JOURNAL, and S. F. Hamilton, proprietor and publisher of the ITEM, will, under the new arrangement, publish the JOURNAL. This announcement is sufficient guarantee that the paper will be all that can be desired, so far as its mechanical appearance it concerned.

So, the enterprise is undertaken with hope and confidence. This County is about entering upon new life and prosperity. I have an earnest desire to make the JOURNAL a fitting exponent and representative of this new and better life we are just entering, and to give efficient support to every honest effort for improvement.

The JOURNAL was established in 1848, in the interest of education, temperance, justice, integrity, true democracy and the best interests of the County. It has bravely held to its original purpose, and now, after almost a quarter of a century, pledges new energy and greater zeal in the advocacy of the same grand ideas.

With this explanation of the change that has been made in the ownership and publication of the JOURNAL, we commend the enterprise to the attention of all the people, and bespeak for it such hearty support as the men and women of "Little Potter" usually give to a worthy movement.

THE PROPRIETOR.

THIS village of Coudersport is a very pleasant one, neat, orderly, thrifty looking, and contains much good society as any village of its size in the state. The citizens, young and old, are generally well disposed, well behaved, well dressed and good looking. But we are sorry to notice now and then, as we go up and down our pleasant sidewalks, and in and out of our stores and other public rooms, that some of our boys are deficient in good manners. We desire to say, in all kindness to the boys of the village, that no good, but much harm, will come to you by forming coarse and ill-mannered habits; that you will be more respected, and unspeakably more happy, if you will cultivate courteous habits to all, and shun coarseness and rowdiness as you would a miasma.

"It is necessary that by the very constitution of things power should be a check to power," for Doctor Priestly wisely said, "There is no earthly power that has not grown exorbitant when it has met with no control."

A MAJORITY of the stock of the *Tribune* Association has been purchased by the friends of Hon. Schuyler Colfax, who have offered that gentleman twenty thousand dollars a year to take charge of its editorial department. The offer will undoubtedly be accepted, and the *Tribune* will again be a Republican paper. Although Mr. Colfax cannot fill the place made vacant by the death of Horace Greeley, he can do very much to restore the paper to confidence and respect. This nation contains many able but very few better men than Hon. Schuyler Colfax.

New Books.

Books are new to us when we first find them, though they may be quite familiar to our less tardy neighbors. As late

rises looks out upon the morning and exclaims upon its loveliness, a voice at his side may say, "Oh! it has been delightful these two hours," or "There was a slight shower early, that makes it so fresh now," so we late sleepers remark or things as we find them now.

Here is "Mother Goose for Grown People," by Mrs. Whitney, author of so many good books that scarce any one needs to be told who she is. I can remember thinking Mother Goose very silly, and wondering why people kept it up through so many ages; but long ago I learned to see great wisdom in Simple Simon, and to think whether it might not be in some others. Mrs. Whitney solves this question to all our understandings, though she does not mention Simon, thinking, perhaps, his lesson was marifest to all.

"Hope beckoned Youth, and bade him keep,
On Life's broad plain, his shining sheep;
And while along the sward they came,
He called them over, each by name:
This one was Friendship, that was Health,
Another Love, another Wealth,
One fat, full-fleeced, was Social Station,
Another, stainless, Reputation;
In truth a goodly flock of sheep—
A goodly flock, but hard to keep."

—as we most of us know.

We must ever be grateful to those who show us new and better meanings in simple things—meanings we may have had glimpses of but could not follow out; thankful that some write poems and prophecies with the A B C we scarcely learn; and, best of all, to know there is no end to the poems and prophecies—to the meanings and teachings that shall yet unfold from the simple words of our humblest people. As this author says in her "Conclusion,"

"For many a fool, and prophet too,
Hath spoken wiser than he knew."

—so doubtless we all do.

Here is the closing melody:

THREE SCORE AND TEN.
"How many miles of the weary way?
Three score miles and ten.
Where shall I be at the end of the day?
You shall be back again.
"You shall prove it all in the life-long round;
The joy, and the pain, and the sinning;
And at candle-light your soul shall be found
Back—at its new beginning.
"Down in the grave the old man lies
In from the earthward wild,
At the open door of Paradise
Enters a little child."

Mother Goose seems to be the style this year; for here we have her songs set to music. Pleasant, simple tunes, as they should be, but we fear all the time that they are not quite the same as when crooned over cradles in the days when our great-grandmothers were little folk. We have the same old words—we would like the same old music. Who will give it to us? This compiler does not claim to do so; but if this is accepted now, and is, as I trust it is, eminently suitable, it will probably be sufficiently ancient in the course of two or three hundred years.

"WHOEVER is strong enough to tell the truth will invariably find it to his own interest to do so."

Christmas.

Christmas is coming once more, with its one great break in the ordinary routine of life; with all its reminders, social, historical, and sacred, and we can hardly let it pass without some word of all it brings to us.

In these short days and freezing nights the thought of the watchful shepherds on the plains of Gallilee, brings restful, cheery visions of milder skies; of climes where the winter is less severe, while the vision of glory that burst on their enraptured sight, the announcement made through the darkness and the stillness; of the light and joy and glory that had come to the world, swells our hearts and makes them overflow.

So, as the year comes round, the time laden with all these associations brings us nearer to each other, makes us long for all kinds of brotherly communion, brings the wish to share the good gifts we have received, makes it easier to share them, since, in the spirit of brotherhood, anything, whether great or small, can be offered without offense and accepted without humiliation.

Every one, (from the highest to the lowest, we were about to say, but that there is no high or low for all are brethren at this holy time,) can give good gifts, and many are the loving thoughts

and deeds that make homes happy and the homeless less desolate.

We have not the vast charitable institutions, for which in the cities everybody is called on to provide, but we have our own few poor, whose Christmas day can be made brighter to them, and we hope none of these will be neglected. There are enough in our village who are able and willing, nay, glad to give, to supply every humble household with abundant comforts for that day at least, and the cheer of one day is a brightness that will last through many dark hours of the coming year.

But there are pains and miseries far worse than poverty in our neighborhood; a darkness of sin and shame against which we should all be roused to new watchfulness and more earnest work.

Even here, where the whole Christian feeling and even the law is outraged by it, is intoxicating poison sold and given to those who have within them a terrible temptation, and homes that would otherwise be peaceful are made places of terror and misery, and little children exposed to danger of life and limb.

Let every one of us, warmed by some inflowing of that Divine love that comes in blessing to the sorrowing and sinful world, seek new and stronger power against this curse of our friends and neighbors, for they are some of them fallen among far worse than thieves. Let us labor anew to reclaim even those who so guiltily tempt them, that they may not bring the worst sufferings they offer to others, on themselves and their families.

So shall this be a blessed Christmas to us all, charity and loving kindness reach to every heart and home, and every good thing be strengthened and every evil weakened for His sake, who was born among the lowly, labored among the guilty, and died to turn mankind away from drunkenness, from all that leads to it, and all its brood of crimes.

Brightening Prospects.

The Buffalo, New York & Philadelphia Railway is nearly complete. Trains will run regularly to Emporium after the first day of next month. Five miles of the new road, including Keating Summit and station, are in this County, and will very soon develop a large territory, now an entire wilderness, into life and activity. This road has already been of great benefit to the farmers of Potter County. In fact it has been the chief market for their beef cattle for six months past, and has kept the prices of all kinds of farm produce from sinking below remunerative figures.

We know of several men having but moderate improvements, each of whom has already realized five and six hundred dollars for the surplus crop of the present year; and we do not know of a single farmer, who has kept reasonably industrious, that has not done well. Every ton of hay and every pound of beef in the County has been increased in its market value by the construction of the B., N. Y. & P. R. R.

The people in this section are greatly benefitted in many other respects. It is now only thirteen miles from Coudersport to the railroad; and no more labor to go to Philadelphia, Buffalo, or New York, than it was before the construction of the new road, to go to Emporium or Wellsville. For these great improvements let us all be duly thankful, and let us prove it by increasing our faith in the capabilities of our County, and by greater activity in all efforts to improve the situation.

GENERAL DENT said a pretty good thing the other day to the Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial*. Speaking of the failure of the great newspapers in the late campaign, the General said: "this country aint run by papers. They are good things in their places, but when they try to do too much the people snap them up."

Going to School.

This morning, December 10, we again see the eager gathering of scholars; crowds of boys streaming by with books and slates, some too, with balls and sleds, equipped for the new campaign. Girls in bright woolen hoods and warm wraps, with their books tucked under their shawls, and only their dinner pails held in the mittened hands, go cheerily through the snow. We never see them

without quickened pulses and brighter eyes. They are a part—no small part—of our daily cheer; and if by "Our daily bread" is meant, as we believe, whatever is needed for the sustenance, benefit and growth of soul and body, then is this glad going to school of so many children some of it.

A friend says: "I never see them going, particularly on the first day, but I feel as though I must go too." That is the way many of us feel as we grow too old to spend our time in that way, though we may not have felt it so much when we were young. Then, frosted feet and aching fingers, tumblers and bad colds, may have taken a share of our attention; while headaches over hard tasks, and sometimes what seems to us, miserable failures, made us long for the time when lessons should be over.

The road in front of us has no stones, that far behind has neither ruts nor mudholes; which is, perhaps, the reason that school days look so bright to us old children. But let any wearied man of business, worrying over the dangers of this or that investment think whether he was not as much harassed once over the multiplication table or by Tom's getting above him in class.

So while we rejoice in the little people's zeal and earnestness, and share their enthusiasm, let us not forget their trials but give them hearty sympathy in every way.

Pen and Scissors.

THE WEEK OF PRAYER.—The officers of the different branches of the Evangelical Alliance have issued their annual programme of topics for the week of Prayer, extending from January 5th, '73, to the 12th. The following are the subjects selected:
Sunday, Jan. 5th.—Subject—The foundation, security and universal extension of the Christian Church.

Monday, Jan. 6th.—Devout Acknowledgment—Remembrance of God's mercies to the nation, to families and to the churches; providential and spiritual blessings to ourselves; confession of sin.

Tuesday, Jan. 7th.—Prayer for Christian churches; their increase in love, activity, fidelity to truth, and the clearer manifestation of the unity in the faith; for ministers, missionaries and evangelists.

Wednesday, Jan. 8th.—Prayer for families; for sons and daughters of Christian parents; for a blessing on home influence, and on the services and ordinances of the "Church of God;" for schools, colleges and universities; for children at sea or in foreign lands; for young men in business and professions; for servants, and for all in sickness and tribulations.

Thursday, Jan. 9th.—Prayer for nations; for kings and all in authority; for the spread of religious liberty; for the growth of sound knowledge; for contentment, concord and good will among all classes; for the discernment of God's hand in national judgments, and for the removal of intemperance, immorality and the sins which are a "reproach to any people."

Friday, Jan. 10.—Prayer for mankind; for the circulation of the Holy Scriptures, and the spread of pure literature; for the overthrow of all forms of tyranny and oppression; for the removal of every form of antichrist; for all prisoners and captives, and for the increase of that kingdom which is "righteousness, peace and joy in the Holy Ghost."

Saturday, Jan. 11.—Prayer for Sunday schools; for missionary, tract and other religious societies, for raising up and sending forth of more "laborers into His harvest," and for the removal of hindrances to the spread of the gospel and the conversion of the world.

Sunday, January 12.—Sermons—"Let the whole earth be filled with glory. Amen and amen."

HOMESTEADERS in the West, if they get their land without money, do not get it exactly without price, for we hear of these pioneers in places where timber is scarce, who live in sod houses, with paper windows, and who burn river-bottom grass, twisted into ropes and dried, for fuel, and actually bring themselves to believe that it gives out great heat and is very nice. There are two sides to this Western business.

"MR. PRESIDENT," said a member of a school committee out West, "I rise to get up, and I am backward to come forward in the course of education. Had it not been for education, I might have been as ignorant as yourself, Mr. President."

A CORRESPONDENT asks: "Don't you ever get tired of getting up in the morning, eating, drinking, loafing around, and going to bed, wondering why in the devil you were ever born?" Answer reserved.