The Bradford Reporter.

ALVORD & CLAUSON, Publishers. REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER. $2 per Annum in Advance.

VOLUME XXX. TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., AUGUST 12, 1869. NUMBER 12.

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

THE BRADFORD REPORTER is published every Thursday Morning, by S. W. ALVORD and E. J. CLAUSON, at Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

ADVERTISEMENTS, exceeding Fifteen Lines are inserted at TEN CENTS per line for first insertion, and FIVE CENTS per line for subsequent insertions.

Special Notices inserted before Marriages and Deaths, will be charged FIFTEEN CENTS per line for each insertion. All Resolutions of Associations; Communications of limited or individual interest, and notices of Marriages and Deaths, exceeding five lines, are charged TEN CENTS per line.

	1 Year.	6 Mos.	3 Mos.
One Column,	$1 00	$60	$40
Half "	60	35	25
One Square,	15	10	7½

Estray, Caution, Lost and Found, and other advertisements, not exceeding Ten lines, three weeks, or less, $1 50
Administrator's and Executor's Notices, 2 00
Auditor's Notices, 2 50
Business Cards, five lines, (per year), 5 00

Merchants and others, advertising their business, will be charged $25 per year. They will be entitled to ¼ column, confined exclusively to their business, with privilege of quarterly changes.

☞ Advertising in all cases exclusive of subscription to the paper.

JOB PRINTING of every kind, in Plain and Fancy colors, done with neatness and dispatch. Handbills, Blanks, Cards, Pamphlets, Billheads, Statements, &c. of every variety and style, printed at the shortest notice. The REPORTER Office is well supplied with Power Presses, a good assortment of new type, and everything in the Printing line can be executed in the most artistic manner and at the lowest rates. TERMS INVARIABLY CASH.

BUSINESS CARDS.

R. FOWLER & CO., REAL ESTATE DEALERS, No. 70 Washington Street, opposite Opera House, Chicago, Ill. Real Estate purchased and sold. Investments made and money loaned. R. FOWLER. S. LIND.
April 21, 1869.

B. B. HOLLETT, MONROETON, Pa., Agent for the Hubbard Mower, Empire Drill, Ithaca Wheel Rake, and Broadcast Sower for sowing Plaster and all kinds of Grain. Send for circulars to B. B. HOLLETT, Monroeton, Bradford Co., Pa. June 24, '69—1y.

MYERSBURG MILLS!

The subscribers, having purchased of Mr. Barnes his interest in the Myersburg Mills, will carry on the business of Milling, and guarantee all work done by them to be of the very best quality.

Wheat, Rye and Buckwheat Flour, and Feed, constantly on hand and for sale at the lowest cash price.
Myersburg, Sept. 24, '68. MYERS & FROST.

PRICE LIST—CASCADE MILLS.

Best quality Winter Wheat Flour ₱ cwt., $4 50@5 00
Best quality Rye Flour ₱ cwt., 3 50
Corn Meal and Rye and Corn Feed, 2 25

A fair margin allowed to dealers.

Custom grinding usually done at once, as the capacity of the mill is sufficient for a large amount of work. H. B. INGHAM.
Camptown, July 12, 1869.

MYERS' MILL—SPECIAL NOTICE.

MYER, FOSTER & CO. will deliver Flour, Feed, Meal, Graham Flour, or anything else in their line in any part of the village.

Customers will find an Order Book at the store of D. L. Stevens, Mercur & Co. All orders left in said book will be promptly attended to.

Any inquiries in regard to Grinding, or other business of the Mill, entered in said book, will be answered.
MYER, FOSTER & CO.
Towanda, June 24, 1868—tf.

NEW MILLINERY GOODS!

MRS. E. J. PIERCE

Presents herself to the ladies of Towanda with a very choice selection of goods, and is entirely confident of being able to meet the justly discriminating taste of such as may do her the honor of an examination of her stock. Thanking her former patrons for their favors, she solicits a continuance of the same. Flouncing done beautifully and on the shortest notice. Rooms over Cohen & Rosenfield's Main Street.
Towanda, Oct. 5, 1868.

BRADFORD COUNTY

REAL ESTATE AGENCY,

H. B. McKEAN, REAL-ESTATE AGENT.

Valuable Farms, Mill Properties, City and Town Lots for sale.

Parties having property for sale will find it to their advantage by having a description of the same, with terms of sale at this agency, as parties are constantly enquiring for farms, &c. H. B. McKEAN,
Real Estate Agent.
Office over Mason's Bank, Towanda, Pa.
Jan. 29, 1867.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAVE opened a Banking House in Towanda, under the name of G. F. MASON & CO.

They are prepared to draw Bills of Exchange, and make collections in New York, Philadelphia, and all portions of the United States, as also England, Germany, and France. To loan money, receive deposits, and to do a general Banking business.

G. F. Mason was one of the late firm of Laporte, Mason & Co., of Towanda, Pa., and his knowledge of the business men of Bradford and adjoining counties and having been in the banking business for about fifteen years, make this house a desirable one through which to make collections. G. F. MASON.
Towanda, Oct. 1, 1866. A. G. MASON.

ATTENTION THIS WAY!

N. KINNEY & CO.,

WAVERLY, N.Y.,

Have on hand for the Spring trade, the largest assortment of

BUGGIES AND PLATFORM WAGONS

To be found in this part of the country, which they will sell at the most reasonable prices, and warrant all work. All that doubt need but call and examine. A word to the wise is sufficient.
April 1, 1869—6m. N. KINNEY & CO.

NEW FIRM!

NEW GOODS AND LOW PRICES!

AT MONROETON, PA.

TRACY & HOLLON,

Retail Dealers in Groceries and Provisions, Drugs and Medicines, Kerosene Oil, Lamps, Chimneys, Shades, Dye Stuffs, Paints, Oils, Varnish, Yankee Notions, Tobacco, Cigars and Snuff. Pure Wines and Liquors, of the best quality, for medicinal purposes only. All Goods sold at the very lowest prices. Prescriptions carefully compounded at all hours of the day and night. Give us a call. TRACY & HOLLON.
Monroeton, Pa., June 24, 1869—1y.

CHEAP PASSAGE FROM OR TO IRELAND OR ENGLAND.

GUION & CO.'S LINE OF STEAMSHIPS FROM ON TO QUEENSTOWN OR LIVERPOOL.

Williams & Guion's old "Black Star Line" of Liverpool Packets, sailing every week.

Swallow-tail Line of Packets from or to London, sailing twice a month.

Prepayments to England, Ireland and Scotland payable on demand.

For further particulars, apply to Williams & Guion, 29 Broadway, New York, or
G. F. MASON & CO., Bankers,
Towanda, Pa.
Apr. 1, 1866.

G. S. PECK, MILLWRIGHT and MACHINIST, Towanda, Pa. Mills built and repaired. Engines and Boilers set in the best manner. I would call the attention of mill owners to my

NEW VORTEX WATER WHEEL,

Combining all the elements of a first-class motter, simplicity of construction, accessibility, great strength of parts, developing the greatest amount of power for water used, easily repaired, running under backwater with no detriment to power except diminution of head, requiring no alteration in mill frames or addition to flume, will run under low head, and made of any desired capacity. These wheels will be furnished at less than one-half the cost of any other first-class wheel in market, and warranted to perform all that is claimed for them. These wheels will be made for delivery with or without cases, on short notice, of the best iron in market.

For full particulars address or enquire of the undersigned. G. S. PECK, Towanda, Pa.

P.S.—These wheels can be seen in operation at Messrs. Horton & Wells' Mill, Towanda twp. The wheels are wholly composed of Iron as now made.
Jan. 11, 1869—tf.

HARDING & SMALLEY,

Having entered into a co-partnership for the transaction of the PHOTOGRAPHIC business, at the Rooms formerly occupied by WOOD & HARDING, would respectfully call the attention of the public to several styles of Pictures which we make specialties, as—Solar Photographs, Plain, Pencilled and Colored, Ipalitypes, Porcelain Pictures, &c., which we claim for clearness and brilliancy of tone and artistic finish, *cannot be excelled*. We invite all to examine them, as well as the more common kinds of Portraits which we make, knowing full well that they will bear the closest inspection. This Gallery claims the highest reputation for good work of any in this section of country, and we are determined by a strict attention to business and the superior quality of our work, to not only retain but increase its very *enviable reputation*.

We keep constantly on hand the best variety of Frames, and at lower prices than at any other establishment in town. Also, Passepartouts Card Frames, Card Easels, Holmes' Stereoscopes, Stereoscopic Views, and everything else of importance pertaining to the business. Give us an early call.

N.B.—Solar Printing for the trade on the most reasonable terms. D. HARDING,
Aug. 29, '67. F. SMALLEY.

TOWANDA COAL YARD.

ANTHRACITE AND BITUMINOUS COALS.

The undersigned, having leased the Coal Yard and Dock at the old "Barclay Basin," and just completed a large Coal-house and Office upon the premises, are now prepared to furnish the citizens of Towanda and vicinity with the different kinds and sizes of the above-named coals upon the most reasonable terms in any quantity desired. Prices at the Yard until further notice:

Large Egg	$6 50
Small Egg	6 50
Stove	6 50
Chestnut	6 00
"Barclay" Lump	4 00
" Run of Mines	3 50
" Pine or Blacksmith	3 00

The following additional charges will be made for delivering Coal within the borough limits:

Per Ton,	50 cents.	Extra for carrying in,	50 cents.
Half Ton,	25 "	" " " "	25 "
Qr. Ton,	25 "	" " " "	25 "

☞ Orders may be left at the Yard, corner of Railroad and Elizabeth Streets, or at H. C. Porter's Drug Store.

☞ Orders must in all cases be accompanied with the cash.
Towanda, July 26, 1869—tf. WARD & DIVEN.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

W. H. THOMPSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Towanda, Pa. Office with W. C. Bogart, Esq., No. 2 Brick Row. All business entrusted to his care will be promptly attended to.
July 1, 1869.

HENRY PEET, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Towanda, Pa. June 27, '68.

EDWARD OVERTON, JR., ATTORNEY AT LAW, Towanda, Pa. Office formerly occupied by the late J. C. Adams. march 1, '68.

GEORGE D. MONTANYE, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office—corner of Main and Pine Streets, opposite Porter's Drug Store.

W. A. PECK, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Towanda, Pa. Office over the Bakery, south of the Ward House, and opposite the Court House. Nov 3, '68.

W. H. CARNOCHAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW (District Attorney for Bradford County), Troy, Pa. Collections made and promptly remitted. feb 18, '69—tf.

JOHN N. CALIFF, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Towanda, Pa. Particular attention given to Orphans' Court business, Conveyancing and Collections. ☞ Office at the Register and Recorder's office, south of the Court House.
Dec. 1, 1864.

BENJ. M. PECK, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Towanda, Pa. All business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. Office in the office lately occupied by Mercur & Morrow, south of Ward House, up stairs. july 16, '68.

MERCUR & MORROW, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Towanda, Pa. The undersigned having associated themselves together in the practice of Law, offer their professional services to the public.
ULYSSES MERCUR. P. D. MORROW.
March 9, 1865.

JOHN W. MIX, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Towanda, Bradford Co., Pa.

GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT.

Particular attention paid to Collections and Orphans' Court business. Office—Mercur's New Block, north side Public Square. apr. 1, '69.

H. B. McKEAN, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Towanda, Pa. Particular attention paid to business in the Orphans' Court. july 20, '66.

W. T. DAVIES, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Towanda, Pa. Office with Wm. Watkins, Esq. Particular attention paid to Orphans' Court business and settlement of decedents' estates.

WHERSEY WATKINS, COUNSELLOR AT LAW. Also a NOTARY PUBLIC, resident in the borough of Towanda, Pa., for acknowledging the Execution of Deeds, Mortgages, Letters of Attorney, Wills, Contracts, Affidavits, Pensions' Papers, and other Legal Instruments.
April 28, 1869.

W. B. KELLY, DENTIST. Office over Wickham & Black's, Towanda, Pa. Particular attention is called to ALUMINUM as a base for Artificial Teeth. Having used this material for the past four years, I can confidently recommend it as being far superior to Rubber. Please call and examine specimens. ☞ Chloroform administered when desired. may 20, '68.

DR. H. WESTON, DENTIST.—Office in Patton's Block, over Gore's Drug and Chemical Store. jan 1, '68.

T. B. JOHNSON, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Towanda, Pa. Office with W. B. Kelly, over Wickham & Black. Residence at Mrs. Humphrey's, on Second Street. apr 16, '68.

DOCTOR H. A. BARTLETT,

BURLINGTON BOROUGH, PA.

July 29, 1868.

J. STEVENS, M.D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Residence at N. Tidd's, Esq., corner of Second and College Streets. Office over Rockwell's Store, opposite Means House.
Towanda, May 25, 1869—tf.

DOCTOR O. LEWIS, A GRADUATE of the College of "Physicians and Surgeons," New York city, Class 1843-4, gives his undivided attention to the practice of his profession. Office and residence on the eastern slope of Orwell Hill, adjoining Henry Howe's. jan 14, '69.

MISS E. H. BATES, M.D. (GRADUATE of Women's Medical College, Philadelphia, Class 1854.) Office and residence, No. 11 Pine Street, Owego. Particular attention given to diseases of women. Patients visited at their homes if requested. may 28, '68.

T. B. CAMP, INSURANCE AGENT.—Office formerly occupied by Mercur & Morrow, one door south of Ward House.
July 22, 1869.

F. B. FORD, LICENSED AUCTIONEER, Towanda, Pa., will attend promptly to all business entrusted to him. Charges moderate.
Feb. 13, 1868.

FRANCIS E. POST, PAINTER, Towanda, Pa., with ten years experience, is confident he can give the best satisfaction in Painting, Graining, Staining, Glazing, Papering, &c. ☞ Particular attention paid to jobbing in the country. april 9, '68.

J. K. VAUGHAN, ARCHITECT AND BUILDER. All kinds of Architectural Designs furnished. Ornamental work in Stone, Iron and Wood. Office on Main Street, over the Post-office. Attention given to Rural Architecture, such as laying out of grounds, &c., &c. apr. 1, '67-1y

A. W. AYRES' MARBLE SHOP,

ELMIRA, N.Y.

You will find Granite Monuments, both Quincy and Concord, Marble and Slate Mantles, and Coal Grates to fit. A large assortment constantly on hand, cheap as the cheapest. Aug. 10, 1869—1y.

O. W. STEVENS, COUNTY SURVEYOR, Camptown, Bradford Co., Pa. Thankful to his many employers for past patronage, would respectfully inform the citizens of Bradford County that he is prepared to do any work in his line of business that may be entrusted to him. Those having disputed lines would do well to have their property accurately surveyed before allowing themselves to feel aggrieved by their neighbors. All work warranted correct, so far as the nature of the case will permit. All unpatented lands attended to as soon as warrants are obtained. O. W. STEVENS.
feb. 24, 1869—1y.

J. V. DOOLITTLE, PRACTICAL JEWELER, would inform the people of Bradford and surrounding Counties, that he has opened a new Jewelry Store in Canton, where will be found constantly on hand a nicely-selected stock of goods in his line, consisting of Ladies' and Gents' Gold and Silver Watches, of American, English, and Swiss manufacture, Clocks, Jewelry, Gold Pens, and all the articles usually found in a first-class Jewelry Store. All goods sold as reasonable as in any of the surrounding cities, and warranted as represented. Repairing and jobbing done on short notice, and on the most favorable terms. A liberal share of patronage is respectfully solicited.
Troy Street, Canton, Pa., May 12, 1869.

Hotels.

AMERICAN HOTEL, CORNER of Bridge and Water Streets, Towanda, Pa. M. B. CALKINS, Proprietor, assisted by L. T. ROYER, formerly of "Royse House," Burlington, Pa.
Feb. 24, 1869—tf

WARD HOUSE, TOWANDA, PA.

On Main Street, near the Court House.

C. T. SMITH, Proprietor.

Oct. 8, 1866.

AMERICAN HOTEL, EAST SMITHFIELD, PA. The subscriber having leased this house, lately occupied by A. C. Bentley, and thoroughly repaired and refitted it, is now ready to accommodate the travelling public. Every endeavor will be made to satisfy those who may favor him with a call.
Feb. 1, 1869—6m*

ELWELL HOUSE, TOWANDA, PA.

JOHN C. WILSON

Having leased this House, is now ready to accommodate the travelling public. No pains nor expense will be spared to give satisfaction to those who may give him a call.

☞ North side of the public square, east of Mercur's new block.

RUMMERFIELD CREEK HOTEL,

PETER LANDMESSER,

Having purchased and thoroughly refitted this old and well-known stand, formerly kept by Sheriff Griffis, at the mouth of Rummerfield Creek, is ready to give good accommodations and satisfactory treatment to all who may favor him with a call.
Dec. 23, 1868—tf.

MEANS HOUSE, TOWANDA, PA., JORDAN & HORTON, Proprietors. This popular Hotel having been thoroughly fitted and repaired, and furnished throughout with new and elegant Furniture, will be open for the reception of guests, on SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1869. Neither expense nor pains has been spared in rendering this House a model hotel in all its arrangements. A superior quality Old Burton Ale, for invalids, just received.
April 28, 1869.

FOR SALE.—FIFTY THOUSAND acres of the finest farming land, situated in the County of Los Angelos, California, at prices ranging from $10 to $20 (currency) per acre. These lands are contiguous to the thriving city of Los Angelos, and are admirably adapted for the cultivation of the Orange, Lemon, Fig, Olive, Mulberry, and fruit and grain of every description. Great attention is now being given to the production of RAW SILK in this district, for which the genial climate renders it especially suited. Arrangements will shortly be made by which intending emigrants can be furnished with guarantees for title deeds before leaving New York. For further particulars address
TILESTON, EMERY & CO.,
March 30, 1869—3m. Los Angelos, Cal.

CANNED OYSTERS, AT WHOLESALE and retail. jy1 MCCABE & MIX.

Selected Poetry.

TO AN IDEAL.

Oh thou to whom my restless spirit turns
When I am weak and weary of my life,
When the poor lamp of being feebly burns,
And winds and waters make an angry strife,
Pray Heaven I may be true, for I shall be
False to myself ere I am so to thee.

There is so little in me that is real,
So small a part that bears the light of day;
Therefore I pray thee, oh! my soul's ideal,
To keep me true, or I shall fall away,
Like a poor drowning man in hungry waves,
With scarcely strength to grasp the hand that saves.

Thou know'st not how my tempest-driven soul
Is vexed with doubts and dark imaginings fears;
How I despair of ga'ring that high goal
Which must be reach'd through weary length of years,
Whose path is paved with corpses of the slain—
Dead human hopes that had their birthright slain.

Oh! give me rest! my soul cries out to thee;
Praying, yet knowing that its prayers are vain,
Useless as if a lightning-withe'd tree
Should ask for Spring to give it life again,
And seek renewal from the rain which brings
Fresh strength and beauty to all living things.

The rain which cherishes the drooping flower
But coldly beats upon the hopeless dead,
Oh keep me true with thy most gentle power!
For what is love when faith and hope are fled?
Oh Leep me true! and yet in Paradise
Death shall give to us that which Life denies.

Selected Story.

MARRYING A PICKPOCKET.

Ralph will persist—not mischievously, as I say—in telling the children all sorts of nonsensical stories about it; never the simple truth, but always some absurd falsehood or other, full of extravagance, which only stimulates their curiosity. No sooner is he out of the house than Edgar or Belle, or both together, will march up to me with the gravest of little faces, and the solemn inquiry, "Did you really pick somebody's pocket, mamma?" or, "Did papa really find you in that old ugly Black Maria wagon?" and of course they are not old enough to understand the actual story, or to remember it rightly if I were to tell them a dozen times over. So I think, as I have thought many times before, that I will write it all down just as it happened, "nothing extenuate," as Mr. Booth says at the theatre; and then the dear boy and girl will never get a wrong fancy of it in their heads; for I might lose, in time, the vivid remembrance of every incident of it which I have now; and as to Ralph, I think he has made so many fanciful additions from time to time, all in fun, that he might almost begin to believe some of them were true.

We read almost every day in the newspapers of worthy old ladies and gentlemen, who, at three score and ten, take their first ride by railroad, after living all their lives within hearing of the locomotive whistle; or who die without ever having tried the experiment, or even seeing a train of cars. So I suppose it is not altogether incredible, and perhaps not so very discreditable, that I, Mary Gilman, had grown to be a woman at the foot of a mountain from whose summit the dome of Boston State House can be seen in a clear day, and yet had never taken a nearer view of it, nor, indeed, set foot in any city whatever. I had no business to take me from home; journeys for pleasure were rare with the hard-working residents of our neighborhood, busy as they were in the summer, and snow-bound in winter; and my mother had always said, "Another time, child," when I had teased to be allowed to go with Uncle John on his quarterly trips to replenish the stock of his little store. Now I was alone in the world; my mourning-clothes were almost worn out; the school term was over, and the money for teaching ten weeks—thirty dollars—was in my pocket; and I had answered an advertisement in the *Journal*, and secured a position as an assistant, at a much better salary, in a high-school in a large manufacturing town in Maine. To get there I must pass through Boston; and I had studied myself into a headache over a railroad guide, and had ascertained that, by taking an early morning train, I could reach that city in time to leave it at noon on an eastward train, and be at my destination before dark.

So I had all my worldly goods in my trunk twenty-four hours in advance; spent the last day in bidding good-bye to old family friends, as well as to the little people to whose education I had devoted my last year, and the pleasant households with which I had boarded in rapid succession during the last term; and in the gray winter morning I took my seat in the "jumper," which replaced the lumbering stage-coach of summer, and was driven across the creaking snow to the station. I was not sorry that there was not a person I knew waiting for the same train; for I was old-fashioned enough in those days to like to enjoy first sensations alone, and I felt quite in the mood of a daring discoverer at the thought of making my way to Boston and through it on my own responsibility.

"I suppose I have plenty of time to take the 12.20 train from the Maine station," said I, when the urbane conductor vouchsafed me ten seconds or so of his precious time, to take the ticket I held in readiness for him.

"12.20 train off, ma'am," said he; "change of time last week."

I almost felt my courage take wing at this first obstacle to the easy programme I had marked out; but I retained enough of it to snatch at this hurried official the next time he passed me, with the query when the next train would start for Portland."

"2.45, ma'am," said he, as placidly as before.

After a brisk resort to the mental arithmetic which had lately filled so large a share in my daily life, I felt reassured. Two hours and a half would still carry me to my destination in season to find the committee-man who had secured my boarding-place for me, before he would be likely to be inaccessible. Two hours and a half in Boston would give scope for an amount of agreeable exploration and adventure I had not dared to hope for. I had read in some philosophical newspaper paragraph that the first requisite of a good traveler is coolness; so I rose above the condition of worrying, and amused myself with a study of the faces and manners of my fellow-passengers.

In the seat before me was a happy young mother with her baby, which, notwithstanding the early hour at which it must have been taken from the cradle, never once intruded its voice upon the attention of its elders, but slept and smiled with wonderful amiability. Behind me were a couple on easy flirtation terms, who took no pains to keep their conversation from my ears, and varied the tedium of the trip by the excitement of a bet of a pair of gloves as to whether the baby in front of them was a boy or girl. Across the aisle was an old lady who, I was pleased to perceive, asked the reticent conductor more questions than I did, and always had an inquiry ready to intercept his transit through the car. And so the complement was made up of all the inevitable characters—so new to me in those days—whom my subsequent traveling experiences have taught me to look for in every railway journey.

At half an hour before noon we arrived at the Boston station, and my heart had thrilled at the recognition of the plain shaft on Bunker Hill as we passed over the water to reach the city. I suffered myself to be captured by a hackman, and taken across Haymarket Square, for the sake of getting my trunk there; and I can remember to this day how strange looked the high brick walls, the brilliant shop-windows, the hurrying crowds that have since become such familiar objects, as I peered, half sick with loneliness but excited by the novelty of the scene, from the windows of the carriage. I think it appeared all the more wonderful to me then, fresh from the country as I was, than a glimpse of Jeddo or Pekin would now. Even the people seemed like foreigners, as they rushed along with inexplicable haste close beside me; and the signs furnished reading as interesting as a novel.

This taste of the sights of the city, I suppose, made the quiet of the Maine station particularly tedious to me. I could not check my trunk until half an hour before the train would leave; but I could leave it with entire safety in the baggage-room, my hackman told me, and I myself saw him deposit it there and noted the spot. I ate my lunch—a sandwich and slice of sponge-cake—in the waiting-room; and as I read the inscription: "Beware of Pickpockets," which hung by the ticket-office window, I remember mentally congratulating myself that I had put all my store of money, except enough for the needs of the journey, safely in my trunk. Ralph has told me since that that was the beginning of my follies, and the fruitful source of all my woes; but I thought at the time it was a remarkable piece of womanly prudence. At least it relieved me of my anxiety as I resolved to spend the two hours at my command in rambling about the city; and I set forth with a stout heart and eager anticipations of pleasure.

I paused, however, at the threshold and looked upon the noisy tumult of the square, thinking whether I had any especial point to aim at. I knew but one person in the city—a Mr. Churchill—who had paid a hunting and fishing visit to our village in the summer, had extended his stay far beyond his original purpose, had visited my little school, and had left his photograph in my keeping when he came, in a merry mood, to say good-bye. Decidedly, I should like to see Mr. Churchill; but, decidedly, I would not go to his office to see him. Perhaps I might meet him. I had noted the windows of Washington street, as I rode through, as offering the most positive attractions; so I determined to go there for my walk, and, if I saw Court street by the way, to look up and down the walls for the strip of board which, Mr. Churchill had told me, indicated his office there.

A burly policeman gave me the right direction, with a courtesy and clearness which made me set down a mental credit-mark very near the maximum standard of a hundred, as I used to grade my pupils at school, for the whole class to which he belonged. By dint of long waiting at the crossings till a wide gap should appear in the endless processions of teams, and frequent questions when I found myself getting astray in the confusing labyrinths of a part of the city in which now, as a resident, I often get puzzled, I made my way to Washington street, and speedily plunged into the delights of book-store windows and millinery windows, with an enjoyment only interrupted by inspections of my watch about once in ten minutes, in my nervous fear, lest I should overstay my limit. I walked around the old State House, and fixed, by a combined effort of memory and imagination, upon the very spot which must have been stained by the blood of the Boston massacre, so familiar to my mind from frequent listening to parrot-like recitations of its history as coldly told in the school-books. I stopped a full minute to look at Mr. Whipple's revolving sun—now only a memory of the past—until people trod on my skirts, and the expressmen stopped to smile at my curiosity, as they trundled their boxes in and out of the office close by. Every little incident of that hour is photographed upon my mind, as the trifles often are that go before a great calamity or a serious fright; but it is not worth while to recall them here. I saw Mr. Churchill's gilt sign under a window on Court street; but I did not see his bright face under any one of the countless black hats which swept by me as I strolled up the street. At last it was one o'clock, and I thought I would turn back, and so have plenty of time to reach the station.

The window at which I had paused when I made this resolution was the most florid and the most persistent in its appeals to the public that I had seen. Its contents clamored for attention, with great placards in staring letters, "A few more left—only seventy-five cents," and equally alluring inscriptions attached to yellow chains and lockets which, in my innocence, I should have fancied to be of the finest gold, had they thus not proclaimed their own baseness. Vases that looked like porcelain, statuettes that looked like bronze, chessmen that looked like ivory, trumpeted forth their inferior material by similar ostentatious announcements of cheapness. Strings of beads and toy tea-sets, cases of soaps and packs of playing-cards, babies' rattles and old folks' spectacles, mingled in the heterogeneous assortment; and little boys on the sidewalk thrust handbills into my fingers, to assure me that the entire stock was to be sold off at an alarming sacrifice on account of removal. But it was none of these temptations which led me up to my face and made me enter the shop. It was a paper doll that hung in the window, with her wardrobe beside her, all in a single sheet, ready for cutting out—just what would fill with unbounded delight the soul of little Susy Whiting, the one member of my deserted flock who had actually been moved to tears at the news of my going away. My heart seemed to be turned anew towards Susy by the chilly, unsympathizing rush of the throng which swept past me; and when I thought how easily this addition to her scanty family of rag babies could be sent to her in a letter, I hurried in to secure it.

The shop was so crowded—with women almost exclusively—that I made my way to the counter with difficulty; and I clutched my pocket-book as the sight of a policeman at the door reminded me of the caution posted at the railway station. The young women behind the counter were busy as bees, and I waited patiently fully five minutes for my turn.

A sudden scream startled me; and the lady standing next me turned round, all flushed and half frantic, with the exclamation:

"My money! O, my money is gone!"

The attendant behind the counter and all the customers in that part of the shop crowded around with eager inquiries, and the policeman was there in an instant, putting quick, curt questions. There seemed no prospect for my getting immediate attention for the little purchase I contemplated; and thinking at the moment only of the lapse of time and the distance through strange streets to the station, I turned to go without Susy's paper-doll, committing thereby, my acute husband informs me, blunder number two.

"Please wait a minute, miss," said the blue-coated officer. "The lady has only missed her money a minute; it may not have got out of the store. Just keep that door shut, will you"—this to another man who had joined him.

"I assure you, sir," said I, committing I know not how serious an error in my amazement and consternation, "I am on my way to a train."

"Going to a train, eh?" rejoined the policeman, with a perceptible diminution in the tone of respect he had used at first; "seems to me I have heard just such a story before. Do you think you can tell who took it, ma'am?"

The lady who had lost the money—rather an elderly person, with sharp, unattractive features—seemed greatly flustered by the incident.

"O dear, O dear, no such thing ever happened to me before," said she, talking at telegraph speed, and at intervals thrusting her hand again and again into the depths of her pocket, as if the thief might have left a glove there, or as if she expected her purse to reappear by magic. "I had it but a moment ago. It must have been this woman who stood next me."

Full of wrath and bewilderment as I was at this abominable accusation, the tears did not come to my eyes as they usually do at moments of excitement. I seemed rather dazed and stunned by the interruption of my sight seeing, and perhaps I looked calm outwardly to the group who were scrutinizing my features as if I were already on exhibition in some rogues' gallery.

"You will have to be examined, ma'am," said the policeman. "If you will step to the rear of the store it will only take a second. You will please come also,"—to the lady whose loss had occasioned my misfortune—"I want to take your name and address."

"I am entirely willing," said I, quite rejoiced at a suggestion which promised my immediate exculpation; "only pray do not detain me longer than is necessary."

But as I moved to follow in the direction indicated, something fell to the floor. It was a morocco pocket-book. Half a dozen hands hastened to pick it up.

"You see you have merely dropped your money," said I to my feminine accuser, already beginning to assume the haughtiness of vindicated innocence.

"Not a bit of it," said Officer Knox. (I was destined to learn his name soon after.) "There is not a cent of money in the wallet. How much is there missing, Mrs. ——?"

"Mrs. James Proctor is my name, and I live in Ames place. There was sixty dollars in the wallet, and some small silver and a gold eagle."

"I shall feel it necessary to take you to the station," said the policeman, addressing me again. "There is no call to search you here. You see, ma'am," turning to Mrs. Proctor again, "it is not probable she has the money on her. They work in pairs generally, and when this one took your money she passed it directly to her pal, who would make off with it at once. I saw a woman pass out rather hastily just before you sung out."

"This is too much," I exclaimed, gathering courage for one desperate effort. "I never saw the woman who went out, but I presume she was the thief. She must have dropped the wallet into my skirt. My name is Mary Gilman; I am a school-teacher from the country, and a stranger here. Your mistake will make me lose the train."

The officer's face showed no more sign of attention to my remonstrance than did the bright buttons on his coat.

"Will you be so good as to come to the station in half an hour?" said he to Mrs. Proctor. "You will merely have to state the case to the captain of the district."

"You see it is your duty to the community, ma'am," put in another group of ladies who had clustered around us; "if you have no chance of getting your money back you should feel obliged to bring the thief to justice for the security of the rest of us."

Mrs. Proctor wavered. Abstract justice seemed a trivial thing to her by the side of her sixty dollars.

"It is by no means certain that the money is gone beyond recovery yet," said Officer Knox, reassuring her. "When this woman is fairly frightened by seeing she is going to be dealt with, she will be very likely to offer terms, and put you in the way of getting it all back again. It is more often done so than to bring the case into court."

So to the habit of bargaining with crime, which was rife even then, but which the newspapers have only lately begun to talk about, I owed the persistence of my accuser.

"I will come there directly," she said to the policeman; "and if the money is got back," in a whisper, "the gold eagle shall be yours for your energy in assisting me."

In the midst of the tumult of thoughts and emotions suggested by my dreadful predicament, I remember thinking the real pickpocket they took me to be was not a whit worse morally than those honest people conspiring for their common advantage. But Mr. Knox, in his imposing uniform, probably cared very little for my good or ill opinion. He offered me his arm, with the same politeness which I had seen his comrades of the force showing to the ladies they escorted across the snowy street. "Not that, at least," said I; "let me walk before you or behind you; you need not fear my running away." For I had made up my mind that Officer Knox was too stupid to be reasoned with to advantage. "Surely," thought I, "the captain he speaks of will have penetration enough to see that his captive is not a thief. A word of explanation in an unprejudiced ear will at once release me from this ridiculous dilemma. It must be that after twenty odd years of staid New England life I have enough of manifest respectability about me to satisfy a captain of police." So I walked rapidly through the streets, in the direction which my captor indicated, he following close behind me, with an apparent unconsciousness of my presence, for which I was deeply thankful. He was sufficiently near, at the corner of every intersecting street, to show me that there was no hope of escape by sudden flight, if I had contemplated such a wild manœuvre; and in the midst of all my crowded thoughts as to the methods to be taken to make my honesty clear, there hummed over and over again in my mind, like the burden of some old song, the words, "Driven like a lamb to the slaughter—driven like a lamb to the slaughter."

"Here we are," in the gruff voice of my guide, interrupted my musings, and scattered my half-formed plans and carefully elaborated sentences of explanation into chaos again. We ascended a short flight of steps, and entered a room wainscoted to the ceiling, in which a row of staves, caps, and blue coats hung against the wall, suggested to my distempered fancy the night policemen here suspended to take rest in seemly erectness and uniformity. Behind a wooden railing sat a tall, burly man with a prodigious length of preternaturally black beard, which he caressed and smoothed, with a fat, white, ringed hand, unceasingly during my whole acquaintance with him.

"Ah, Knox, what now?" said this personage, looking through me at the wall behind, with entire ease and overwhelming dignity.

"Big thing, Cap," said my policeman, entirely forestalling my purpose of stating my own case before an unprejudiced mind. "Party caught picking a pocket in a store on my beat. Pal, dressed in black like this one, made off with the plunder before I could lay hands on her. Empty wallet thrown away by this one when I proposed to search her. Lady coming here presently to identify her. Sixty dollars in bills gone, and some small silver."

"Oh, most discreet schemer," thought I, with all my horror at this succinct statement, "to avoid all mention of your promised eagle!"

"If you please, sir," I began, when the curtain of beard and mustache parted, ever so slightly, with the question, "Seen her before, Knox?"

"Had my eyes on her for several days, Cap. Always keeps her veil down, but know her by her general rig and build. Think she is lately from New York."

(Ralph says it is a part of the professional police etiquette to have known everybody before. But I thought at the time it was a deliberate lie.)

"Will you hear me a moment?" said I, with a forced calmness that was anything but real, and I presume deceived nobody. "This is all a most silly mistake. I am a school-teacher, never in the city till to-day in my life, and going to Maine this afternoon. I know no more of this robbery than you do."

"We always take down these things in order, ma'am," said the serene official, opening a huge ledger, and substituting his left hand for his right in the task of stroking his flowing whiskers, while he picked up a stumpy pen.

"What is your name?"

"Mary Gilman."

"Age?"

I told him.

"Where born?"

"Massachusetts."

"Not a person of color, I see," murmured the captain, as he jotted off something in each of the ruled-off columns. "Charge, picking a pocket, you say. Officer, Knox. Complainant?"

"Mrs. Proctor, of Ames Place," said Mr. Knox, promptly.

"Now, ma'am, probably it would be pleasanter for you to empty your own pockets," said the superior officer, passing both hands alternately down his superb cascade of whiskers, and gazing lovingly at the scintillations of a diamond thus set off to advantage. "You can pass the things right over to this desk; and if there is anything more your want to say, I'll hear it."

I began to detest this man, imperturbable, glassy, self-satisfied as he was, more than I did his blundering, impulsive subordinate. But there was nothing to do but to obey him. I took from my pocket by wallet, my handkerchief, the key to my trunk with its long blue ribbon, my little bottle of ammonia.

"There is very little more to say than I have already told you. I left my home fifty miles from here, this morning, on my way to Maine, where I have a school engaged. I left my trunk at the station, and was merely taking an hour's walk before the train should leave, when this man pounced upon me. The pocket-book must have been dropped in a fold of my skirt by the thief as she left the store."

"Have you any friends in Boston?"

I hesitated. I need not set down all the reasons why I did not desire, in my present plight, to send a policeman to Mr. Churchill. Had I liked him less, or known him better, I might have done it earlier. But I could not yet believe my condition so desperate as to require this remedy.

"There is nobody whom I wish to disturb about this matter."

"You will see, Mr. Knox, more and more, the longer you remain in the force," proceeded the captain, most deliberately—the white hand sailing down the black ripples more luxuriously than ever—"you will see how incapable these people are of making up a tolerable story. Let them be ever so smart in their regular line of business, their lies are always clumsey." I clutched the railing involuntarily;