THE SUNBURY AMERICAN,
IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
EM'L WILVERT, Proprietor,
MASSER'S BUILDINGS, MARKET SQUARE,
At $1.50 in Advance.
Subscriptions taken for less than six Months.

CONNECTED with this establishment is an extensive NEW JOB OFFICE, containing a variety of plain and fancy type equal to any establishment in the interior of the State, for which the patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.

SUNBURY AMERICAN.

Established in 1840.
PRICE $1 50 IN ADVANCE.

SUNBURY, PA., SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 26, 1870.

New Series, Vol. 2, No. 9.
Old Series, Vol. 30, No. 12.

ADVERTISING SCHEDULE.

10 Lines, or about 100 Words, make a Square.

	1 Sq	2 Sq	3 Sq	4 Sq	¼ col	½ col	1 col
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One Year	8.00	12.00	15.00	20.00	30.00	50.00	$1

Professional.

JNO. A. WILSON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
No. 114 FOURTH AVENUE,
Notary Public, Pittsburg, Pa.
Jan. 15, 1870.—1y.

GEO. HILL, Attorney at Law, SUNBURY, PA. Will attend to all professional business in this and and adjoining counties. Can be consulted in the English and German languages.

J. G. MARKLE & CO. Market Street, SUNBURY, PA.
Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Glass, Varnishes, Liquors, Tobacco, Cigars, Pocket Books, Dairies, &c.

S. P. WOLVERTON, Attorney at Law, Market Square, SUNBURY, PA. Professional business in this and adjoining counties promptly attended to.

WM. H. ARMSTRONG. SAMUEL LINN.
ARMSTRONG & LINN.
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
WILLIAMSPORT, PENN'A.
July 31, 1869.—6 mos.

DR. A. R. SAVIDGE, respectfully announces himself as Physician and Surgeon to the citizens of Sunbury and vicinity, having located himself permanently on Market street, nearly opposite the Fairmount Hotel, where he can be consulted at all hours when not professionally engaged. ap'24-1y

TEETH! TEETH!—J. K. CRESSINGER, Surgeon Dentist, SUNBURY, PA. All work carefully attended to and warranted. Am thankful to all for the kindness extended toward me by giving me their patronage in the past, and hope a continuance and increase of the same. ☞ Office, first door east of Adams' Express Office. ap10-69

G. W. ZIEGLER, Attorney at Law, north side of Public Square, one door east of the old Bank building, SUNBURY, PA.—Collections and all professional business promptly attended to in the courts of Northumberland and adjoining counties. sept15-66

ADDISON G. MARR, Attorney at Law, SHAMOKIN, PA.—All business attended with promptness and diligence. aug10-67

C. A. REIMENSNYDER, Attorney at Law, SUNBURY, PA.—All business entrusted to his care attended to promptly and with diligence. ap27-67

JNO. KAY CLEMENT, Attorney at Law, SUNBURY, PA.—Collections and all professional business promptly attended to. mch31-66

C. J. BRUNER. I. H. KASE.
BRUNER & KASE, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, SUNBURY, PA. Office on Chestnut street, west of the N. C. and P. & E. Railroad Depot, in the building lately occupied by F. Lazarus, Esq. Collections and all professional business promptly attended to in Northumberland and adjoining counties. ap10-69

S. B. BOYER. W. J. WOLVERTON
BOYER & WOLVERTON, Attorneys at Law, on second floor in Bright's new building, SUNBURY, PA.—S. B. Boyer and W. J. Wolverton respectfully announce that they have entered into co-partnership in the practice of their profession in Northumberland and adjoining counties. Consultations can be had in the German language. ap 1-69

H. B. MASSER, Attorney at Law, SUNBURY, PA.—Collections attended to in the counties of Northumberland, Union, Snyder, Montour, Columbia and Lycoming. ap23-69

WM. M. ROCKEFELLER. LLOYD T. ROHRBACH.
ROCKEFELLER & ROHRBACH, Attorneys at Law, SUNBURY, PA.—Office in Bright's new building, second floor. Entrance on Market Square. 1 ap4 68

Business Cards.

JACOB C. DECK, MERCHANT TAILOR, AND DEALER IN
CLOTHS,
CASSIMERES,
AND VESTINGS,
Fourth St., South of Weaver's Hotel, Sunbury, Pa.
March 31, '69

VALENTINE DEITZ, Wholesale and Retail dealer in every variety of
ANTHRACITE COAL, SUNBURY, PENN'A.
(UPPER WHARF.)
☞ Orders solicited and filled with promptness and despatch. may12-68

COAL! COAL! COAL!—GRANT BROS., Shippers and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in WHITE AND RED ASH COAL, SUNBURY, PA.
(LOWER WHARF.)
☞ Sole Agents, westward, at the celebrated Henry Clay Coal. Jan19-66

W. S. RHOADS,
RETAIL DEALER OF
ANTHRACITE COAL, SUNBURY, PENN'A.
OFFICE WITH HAAS, FAORSY & CO.,
Orders left at Scasholtz & Bro's., office Market Street, will receive prompt attention. Country custom respectfully solicited.
Jan. 8, 1870.—tf.

JACOB SHIPMAN,
FIRE & LIFE INSURANCE AGENT, SUNBURY, PENN'A. Represents: Farmers' Mutual Fire Insurance Co., York, Pa.; Cumberland Valley Mutual Protective Co.; New York Mutual Life; Girard Life of Phila., and Hartford, Conn., General Accident.

DENTISTRY.
GEORGE M. RENN,
In Simpson's Building, Market Square,
SUNBURY, PA.,
IS prepared to do all kinds of work pertaining to Dentistry. He keeps constantly on hand a large assortment of Teeth, and other Dental material, from which he will be able to select, and meet the wants of his customers.
All work warranted to give satisfaction, or else the money refunded.
The very best Mouth Wash and Tooth-Powders kept on hand.
His references are the numerous patrons for whom he has worked for the last twelve years.
Sunbury, April 21, 1868.

GRAND HARMONY SALOON.
The Oldest and most Noted Institution of the Kind
IN SUNBURY, PA.
J. W. WASHINGTON, having removed to his new building on Third street, between Market and the Depot, is now prepared to serve his customers better that ever. Having secured the services of first-class Barbers,
SHAVING AND HAIR-DRESSING
will be executed in the latest style. The building having been erected especially for the purpose of a first-class Barber Saloon, and having fitted it up in the latest style, he hopes to receive a liberal share of patronage.
In the adjoining room a first-class Confectionery has been opened for the sale of ICE CREAM, CANDIES, CAKES, BEER, and an endless other Temperance Drinks to common mention. Oranges, and other delicious fruits and catables of home and foreign growth in rich profusion and elegant variety. sep25-68

NEW COAL YARD.
THE undersigned having connected the Coal business with his extensive FLOUR & GRAIN trade, is prepared to supply families with the
VERY BEST OF COAL,
CHEAP FOR CASH.
Egg, Stove and Nut, constantly on hand. Grain taken in exchange for Coal.
J. M. CADWALLADER.
Sunbury, Jan. 15, 1870.—tf.

CALL and see those beautiful Bird Cages at MAUSER BROTHERS store. COURT ST.

Hotels and Restaurants.

MT. CARMEL HOUSE, Mt. Carmel, Pa. CHARLES CULP, Proprietor. A Pleasant Summer Resort. This well-known House, is refitted and repaired, will furnish the best of accommodations to travelers and permanent boarders. On account of its location it possesses peculiar attractions as a summer resort.
July 3, 1869.—1y.

PACIFIC HOTEL.
SUNBURY, PENN'A.,
WM. T. ENGLEMAN, Proprietor.
A pleasant Summer Resort, being on the bank of the Susquehanna river. This stand having been newly built by the Proprietor, offers excellent accommodations to the traveling community.—Choice wines, liquors and cigars at the bar. The table supplied with best the market affords. An ample and well stocked stablein connection with this house. ap1'24-1y

RESTAURANT & EATING HOUSE.
CHARLES ITZEL, PROPRIETOR.
Chestnut Street, a few doors from the Depot.
SUNBURY, PA.,
HAS open a Restaurant and Eating House, for the accommodation of the public. Warm meals can be had all hours. All kinds of game, fish, &c., served up at short notice. His bar is supplied with the best liquor in market. No pains spared to please, and terms moderate.
Sunbury, September, 4th 1869.—1y.

NATIONAL LAGER BEER SALOON,
ON THIRD STREET, NEAR THE DEPOT,
SUNBURY, PA.
JOSEPH BACHER informs the citizens of Sunbury and the public generally, that he has opened a LAGER BEER SALOON at the above place. The best of Lager Beer, and Malt Liquors will be kept. Also Oysters, &c., constantly served up to customers.

NATIONAL HOTEL, AUGUSTUS WALD, Proprietor, Georgetown North'd County, Pa., at the Station of the N. C. R. W. Choice wines and cigars at the bar.
The table if supplied with the best the market affords. Good stabling and attentive ostlers.

CHAS. KLECKNER. CHAS. CAWLEY.
ALLEGHENY HOUSE, Nos. 812 and 814, Market Street, above eighth, PHILADELPHIA. Terms, $2 per day. We respectfully solicit your patronage.
KLECKNER & CAWLEY.

J. VALER'S
WINTER GARDEN AND HOTEL
Nos. 720, 722, 724 & 727 Vine St.,
PHILADELPHIA.
WINTER GARDEN HOTEL,
(ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN)
Centrally located, connecting with all the City Passenger Railway Cars, from all the Depots in the City.
Excellent Accommodations for Travellers.
Grand Vocal and Instrumental Concerts every evening in the Summer and Winter Garden.
☞ *Orchestrion Concert Every Afternoon.* ☜
FINE LADIES' RESTAURANT—THE BEST OF REFRESHMENTS SERVED.
Office of Valer & Lawser's fountain Park Brewery.
April 10, 1869.

Miscellaneous.

N. FERREE LIGHTNER,
DEALER IN
BOOKS, STATIONERY, WALL PAPER, WINDOW SHADES, &c., &c.,
has largely added to his stock and facilities for supplying his trade. His stock consists of a full line of
SCHOOL, BLANK & MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS, CAP, BILL, NOTE, LEGAL AND OTHER PAPERS, BUFF, WHITE, CANARY, AND OTHER ENVELOPES.
ALSO PAPER & OIL CLOTH, SHADE FIXTURES, PERFUMES, FANCY ARTICLES, &c
WALL PAPER AND BORDERS
made specially. An immense new and cheap stock.
SUNDAY SCHOOLS supplied from stock or by order promptly, at the lowest Sunday School discounts, with books and other supplies.
MUSIC AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS
Picture Frames and Mouldings,
FRAMES MADE OF ALL SIZES, AT PRICES OF MOULDING.
All daily, weekly and monthly Periodicals and Newspapers supplied by No. 1000 or year. Goods not on hand promptly ordered. Single or quantity.
Persons in want of goods in his line, especially cash buyers, will find it to their interest to call at N. Ferree Lightner's Book Store, sign of the Big Gold Pen.
PLEASANT'S BUILDING, MARKET SQUARE,
Sept. 25th 1869.—1y. SUNBURY, PA.

BREAD AND FANCY CAKES.
DAVID FRY,
RESPECTFULLY informs the citizens of Sunbury and vicinity, that he will bake to order all kinds of
CAKES FOR BALLS, PARTIES, &c.
Families are supplied with FRESH BREAD, Twist, Rolls, Rusk, Tea Buns, &c., and also kept on hand and manufactured out of the best materials.
All orders left at his Shop in Market Square, one door east of Miss Anna Painter's Millinery Store, or at his Bakery on Spruce street, between Front and Second streets, will meet with prompt attention.
BALLS AND EVENING PARTIES supplied with Cakes, Ice-Cream, &c., at the shortest notice.
Orders are respectfully solicited.
DAVID FRY.
Sunbury, Dec. 12, 1868.

NEW MEAT SHOP.
THE undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Sunbury and vicinity, that they have opened a
MEAT SHOP,
in Dewart's building, on the north side of Market Square, two doors from the railroad, were they will keep a constant supply of the best of Beef, Pork, Mutton, &c., at wholesale or retail, at the lowest prices and of the first quality. A wagon will be run to supply customers every morning. (except Sundays.) The best of meat will found at their shop. Give us a call and satisfy yourselves.
REFFEW & BOWER.
Oct. 10th 1869.—tf.

LIQUOR STORE!
CHRISTIAN NEFF,
Second Street, opposite the Court House, SUNBURY, PA.,
Respectfully invites the attention of Retailers and others, that he has on hand, and will constantly keep all kinds of
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC LIQUORS,
Consisting of Pure Brandies: Cognac, Cherry, Ginger, Rochelle and Otard.
Whiskies: Pure Rye Copper-Distilled, Monongahela, Apple and Nectar.
PURE HOLLAND GIN!
Wines: Champagne Wine, Sherry, Port and Claret.
Crab Cider, Champagne Cider, N. E. Rum, Brown Stout and Scotch Ale.
STOMACH AND BAR BITTERS,
And all others Liquors which can be found in the city markets, which will be sold at Wholesale and Retail. Every article guaranteed as represented. Also, a large lot of DEMIJOHNS and BOTTLES, always on hand.
☞ Orders promptly attended to, and public patronage respectfully solicited.
C. NEFF.
Sunbury, July 3, 1869.—tf.

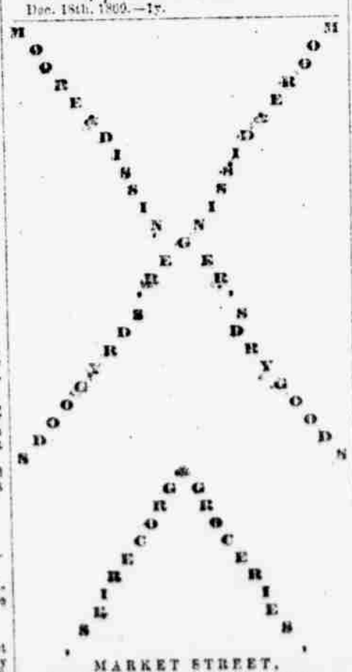
New Advertisement.

Finest Clothing
Ready made Clothing
AS FINE AS
Custom Work,
SILK LINED READY-MADE CLOTHING
THE
HEIGHT of the STYLE.
ELEGANTLY MADE UP
SUPERBLY FINISHED.
READY TO PUT RIGHT ON.

The object of the Chestnut Street Clothing Establishment is to furnish a class of Ready-made Clothing superior to anything that has heretofore been offered to the public. Only the finer fabrics are used, and the best trimmings, and these are cut by the most skillful and artistic cutters, and made up in elaborate and tasteful styles. A full stock of such clothing is now in store, and being sold at moderate prices.

The Custom Department
Connected with the establishment, affords rare advantages.
Imported Goods,
Choice Styles,
Highest Art in Making Up.
No finer work is done in any Merchant Tailoring House in the land. No better styles, no richer goods, no more renowned cutters, no more perfect fits can anywhere be obtained.

CLOTHING
FOR
YOUNG GENTS AND LADS.
Beautiful and Serviceable Garments.
IN LARGEST VARIETY.
An Elegant Assortment of
GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS,
AT THE
FINEST ESTABLISHMENT
ESTABLISHMENT
818 & 820 CHESTNUT STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.
JOHN WANAMAKER.
SPECIAL NOTE.—By our system of Self-measurement, gentlemen at a distance can order with certainty of having a good fit. Rules for Self-measurement and samples sent by mail when requested.
Dec. 18th, 1869.—1y.



MARKET STREET,
In Haupt's Iron Front Building,
Sunbury, Pa.
April 10, 1869.

NEW GROCERY STORE.
THE undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Sunbury and the public generally, that they have opened a New Grocery Store, near the north east corner of Third and Market streets, SUNBURY, PA.
They will constantly keep on hand Groceries of all kinds. Also, a regular supply of Wheat, Buckwheat, Corn-Meal and other Flour of the best quality. All of which will be sold at the lowest prices.
WEITZEL & BROTHER.
Nov. 6, 1869.

HARDWARE STORE,
J. H. Conley, & Co.
MARKET STREET, SUNBURY, PA.,
HAVE received a new assortment of all kinds of Hardware, Cutlery, Mechanics' Tools, &c., of all descriptions. Also Wagon Maker's Materials, Hubs, Rims, Spokes. Also, all kinds of Leather for Shoemaker's and Saddler's. Everything in the Hardware line can be found which will be sold as low as can be bought of any other establishment in the country. Call and see their stock.
Sunbury, Dec. 11, 1869.

NOTICE is hereby given that the partnership of Masser & Hill, in Sunbury, has been dissolved by mutual consent. The book accounts, &c., will be settled by H. B. Masser, who will continue the business at the old stand.
Sunbury, Feb. 5, 1870.

Select Poetry.

HOE YOUR OWN ROW.

BY ALICE CAREY.

I THINK there are some maxims
Under the sun
Of more worth preservation,
But here, boys, is one,
So sound and so simple,
'Tis worth while to know;
And all in a single line!
"Hoe your own row."

A good many workers,
I've known in my time—
Some builders of houses,
Some builders of rhyme;
And they that were prospered,
Were prospered, I know,
By the truest and meaning of
"Hoe your own row."

I've known, too, a good many
Idlers, who said,
I've a right to my living,
The world owes me bread!
A *right*, lazy lounger!
A thousand times No!
'Tis life, and hit only,
Who loses his own row.

Tales & Sketches.

From Ballou's Monthly Magazine.

HOW I FOUND MY MARIA.

BY N. P. DARLING.

My name is Smith—"one of the few immortal names that were not born to die"—Jabez Smith, and I am not a married man, though I expect to be one soon. My hair stands on end, like the quills on the fretful porcupine, when I think upon the doom that awaits me. It is hard, for one so young, so beautiful, and with such bright hopes as were mine only a few short hours ago, with the world all before me, as one might say, with the expectation of what is behind me, to be thus doomed to drag out a weary existence as the husband of a woman I never saw but once, who is ten years my senior, and who has only one thing to recommend herself to my love—her name, which was Jones.

Now there is nothing in the simple name of Jones to cause a man's heart to palpitate, perhaps you think, my lovely reader. Under ordinary circumstances, I agree with you; but if for three long years (one was leap year) and more, you had loved with your whole heart a girl who bore the euphonious name of Jones; if for one thousand and ninety-six conclusive nights ("an unprecedented run") you had retired to your virtuous couch with the name of Jones upon your lips, and the fancied image of Maria Jones before your eyes, would it be strange if you came to love the name only less than its lovely owner? Would it be strange if the name of Jones, no matter where you saw it, should fix your attention? Would it be at all singular if you became intensely interested in everybody and everything belonging to the whole Jones family, or rather all the families and members of families—Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Jones keeping the celebrated Davy, and his famous locker? I rather think not. This was the case with me. I was interested in everybody by the name of Jones; I loved the name, but alas! I loved Maria better.

Maria, the beautiful, the dark-haired, the hazel-eyed, the loveliest Jones of all the Joneses. O, where was she? "Ask of the winds that far around with fragments strewed the sea," as the late Mrs. Hemans replied when questioned as to the whereabouts of the boy who stood on the burning deck.

I don't think the above quotation quite appropriate, but it was the only thing I could think of, and I felt just as though I must quote something. My feelings have been so wrought upon in the last few hours, that nothing but mental pictures of those people who at some period of their lives found themselves in a worse situation than I am at present, afford me the slightest relief. It made me almost cheerful when I thought of young Cassobianca for, although my situation is horrible to contemplate, his was certainly worse.

But to my story. I must tell it, for I can find relief no other way, and I have but a few minutes to do it in. The marriage ceremony is to take place at two o'clock this afternoon. The minister is engaged, and my particular friend William Williamson has just left me for the purpose of obtaining the marriage certificate. I am alone with my thoughts.

Where, Oh, where is Maria? I know not, but, ah! let me forget her. She can never be mine. It is three years now since these eyes of mine dwelt upon her beauteous countenance, since she told me that she loved me. During those long years I have been a wanderer in distant lands, with nothing but her dear letters and a comfortable salary to comfort me.

I made her acquaintance while I was principal of the P—— High School. She was one of my pupils. When she graduated it was our idea to marry, and open an academy for young ladies and gentlemen, where we could instruct the young idea in the art of shooting on the most approved plan.

But before the arrival of the day that was to make us both supremely happy, I received such a very liberal offer from a Mr. Jordan, the father of one of my pupils, to become his son's tutor and traveling companion, while the lad made a tour through Europe, for the benefit of his health, which had become much impaired by study, that I thought, and Maria agreed with me, that it would be very foolish of me to accept. And so, bidding adieu to the dear girl, who had wound herself like a corkscrew through the very core of my heart, I kissed her upon both cheeks, and, promising to be true to her, as well as to the rest of the Joneses, whom I loved sincerely for her sake, I tore myself away from her, and that very day, in company with my pupil, embarked in the Asia for Liverpool.

For three years, as I remarked before, I traveled or sojourned in Europe. We passed our first winter in Nice, which is a very nice place to spend a winter, though some crabbed people don't pronounce it so; the second in Venice, and the third in Paris; and although I saw many beautiful women, I am happy to state that the needle of my heart never for one instant "wobbled," but pointed steadily to the north star of my existence, Maria Jones.

Meantime that dear creature amused herself (she always was fond of amusements), by teaching school in the rural districts, and in writing to her dear Smithy, as she called me, and in reading the letters I sent her, containing glowing descriptions of the various countries, cities, peoples and incidents, that I visited and met with in my journey; and so the time passed.

At last, I stood once more upon the soil of my own native land. This interesting and rather difficult feat (for I have seen those who couldn't stand thus without help) I executed for the first time in three years, just one week ago to-day in the city of New York.

What my feelings were I shall not attempt to describe. It would take too long. It is enough to say that I was supremely happy in the thought that I was once more near my own Maria, and that in a few days, at most, I should press her beauteous form to my wildly throbbing heart.

With the utmost despatch I transacted what little business I had in the city, and then started for the village of M——, where I expected to find my Dulcinea. Alas! she had gone from there, no one knew whither. All that I could learn was, that her brother had returned from Australia, immensely rich, and that he was going to settle somewhere in his native country, and Maria was to live with him.

I believe that I have not told you that my love was an orphan. Knowing how tender-hearted you are, dear reader, I didn't want to harrow up your feelings, and I shouldn't have mentioned her fatherless and motherless condition even now, if I did not think it was positively necessary for you to know it. I loved her better on that account. You see I had been in the habit of falling in love with young ladies that *had* fathers who had money, and the said fathers had been in the habit of declining my proposals, sometimes viciously, to speak mildly, until I retired at last in disgust and centered my affections upon the orphan Maria, congratulating myself that at last I had anchored in a port from which no cruel parent could drive me.

My love had a sister some years older than herself, whom I had never seen, and a brother in Australia, whom I had never called upon. But, of course, the former would not undertake to influence Maria in the choice of a husband, and as to the latter, I never expected to see him.

But here he had returned, with wealth, and his sister was under his charge. I knew not where to find them, and if I did perhaps this brother would object to making over his sister into the hands of a poor tutor. Alas! was I always to be balked by crabbed fathers and wealthy brothers?

Hardly knowing which way to turn or what to do, I tarried in M—— nearly a week in a state of dreadful uncertainty. But in the meantime I wrote to my old friend William Williamson, informing him of my return to "my dear native land." His answer reached me before I had decided upon any particular plan of action. It contained an invitation for me to visit him immediately at his home in the town of Becklinburg, where he was keeping bachelor's hall, his family being away.

Without more ado, I immediately packed up, and started for Becklingkurg, via. New York and New London, per steamer.

The steamboat train, as it is called, reaches Becklinburg at about four o'clock in the morning; and at that hour of this very morning I found myself landed at a dark and dismal depot, from which I hurried out into the street in search of my friend Williamson's house.

I have been here in Becklinburg many times before, and I am quite familiar with three years ago, and time has made but few changes. To be sure the town is larger, and quite a number of buildings have been erected in my absence, as I noticed this morning while walking through its deserted streets. I noticed in particular, that some one had built a house on the lot adjoining my friend Williamson's, and so much like his in every respect, that it would have been difficult for a stranger to distinguish between them. However, I had visited the house too often to experience any difficulty on that score, or at least I thought so, for I pride myself a great deal upon the fact that I never forgot a face that I have once seen, a road that I have once traveled, or a house whose threshold I have once crossed.

When I reached Williamson's gate I was undecided what course to pursue. It was really too bad to ring a man up at four o'clock in the morning, even if he was your friend, if I could effect an entrance without; and I knew I could, as I had done it many a time before, in company with Williamson, when we were boys, and slightly wild perhaps.

Around the house ran a varanda, the top of which was easily reached by some trellis work at the side and from there I could step into one of the chamber windows without troubling any one. This I resolved to do.

I succeeded in climbing to the roof of the veranda without any serious difficulty, and with but little noise, and then a few cautious steps brought me to the window of Williamson's room, which I raised noiselessly and entered, not without some trepidation, although as I knew my friend had never been in the habit of keeping firearms about him, the danger, even if he should awaken, was slight.

Once in the room I paused to listen, for it was so dark that I could make nothing out of but the dim outlines of the bed and furniture. I believe I trembled slightly, but the regular breathing of the occupant of the bed reassured me, and so cautiously closing the window I advanced into the room.

Still Williamson slept. Peering through the darkness, I could discover his form lying very near the edge of the bed, having plenty of room for me to slip in on the other side without disturbing him, or at least I thought so, remembering that he was a heavy sleeper.

It was with a chuckle of satisfaction and delight that I threw off my clothes, thinking meanwhile what would be the surprise of Williamson when he awoke in the morning to find his old friend Smith comfortably reposing beside him. I could hardly restrain myself from laughing outright, as my fancy pictured to me the sleeper's wonderment and perhaps alarm, or that which would be his, to find a bed fellow. Would he take me for the ghost of Smith, and run screaming away, or—just at this moment the sleeper turned over, and I became quiet as a mouse, hardly daring to breathe; but he did not awake, and I, having completed my preparations, crept softly toward the bed, cautiously turned back the sheet, and slipped in.

Egad! how the bedstead creaked. Williamson flopped over, but he did not wake. He moaned musically, and then he muttered "Smithy," and I knew he was dreaming of me.

My grandmother used to tell me that if you pinch a sleeping person's toe he will answer any question you may ask. I had never tried it; but here was certainly an excellent opportunity. I began to search for Williamson's too, but very carefully. Slowly I slipped my hand beneath the sheets, slowly I—

"What the—Moses!"

"Murder! fire! help! help!"

It wasn't Williamson!

I sprang out on the front side, and the other party sprang out on the back side of the bed, yelling murder, and crying for help at the top of her voice (it was a female voice, or the voice of a female), while I stood shivering with the cold, and trembling with fear, endeavoring to persuade the lady to "hush up," declaring that I was a gentleman of honor, and that it was all a mistake, and that what wasn't right then we'd make right in the morning, but I really don't believe she heard a word that I said; and just as the lady became exhausted with screaming, and might have been persuaded to listen to reason, I heard footsteps outside the door.

There is nothing like presence of mind in a case like this. Some people wouldn't have known what to do at this juncture. I did. With the *greatest* presence of mind I seized my pantaloons, and jumping into them (I never had a pair to go on with more ease). I very coolly made a dash at the window, dashed through it of course dashing it all to "smithereens," and landed myself handsomely on the roof of the veranda, my face, hands and legs beautifully ornamented with "cuts;" but I did not stop to admire these, but with greatest celerity I made my way down the trellis work to the ground, followed by cries of "robbers!" "thieves!" etc., from my unknown bedfellow, and fat, puffy gentleman in a red nightcap who had popped himself out of the window with a lamp in one hand and a "seven-shooter" in the other who began to let it off just as soon as I disappeared from his view.

"Bang, bang, bang!" He discharged every barrel, but fortunately he was a poor shot at long range. He missed me, but awakened all his neighbors. Lights flashed up into the houses on both sides of the street. Windows flew up and nightcaps popped out to see what was the matter.

Fortunately for me, at this moment I saw a face appear at a window in the next house that seemed familiar. It was Wilson. I sprang forward, and leaping the garden wall called to him to come down.

"Who is it?" cried he.

"Smith—Jabez Smith, I replied as softly as I could.

"Where'd you come from at this time, and in such a plight Smith?"

"Don't stop to ask questions, now, but come down and let me in."

"Go around to the door then."

I did so, and was admitted. Williamson closed the door behind me, staring at me in the greatest astonishment.

"What in thunder does this mean, Smith?" he cried grasping my hand, "your face and hands are covered with blood, and ha, ha, ha—where are your pantaloons?"

I looked down, Egad, I had jumped into the unknown's balmoral skirt!

"Where have you been?"

"I've been roaming, I've been roaming my dear boy, and I lost my reckoning, and slipped into bed with a female in the next house, thinking it was you; and I dashed myself through a window; and I've been shot at, and it we can't hush this matter up, I'm ruined. Hide me, William, hide me, from the terrible man next door."

Williamson pulled me into the parlor, and throwing himself on the sofa roared with laughter.

"Hush! keep quiet. Wait here and I'll go and see what is wanted," said Williamson beginning to be alarmed.

"Don't betray me—don't."

He took the lamp and closing the door after him, left me alone.

It was a moment of terrible suspense for me. If I had been seen to enter Williamson's house, if they searched and found me there, what would be the consequence? I dared not think. I had been guilty of something worse than burglarly, and although I might be able to prove that I was innocent of any bad intentions, still my situation was dreadful to contemplate. At this moment I heard a strange voice at the hall door.

"But I tell you I saw him enter this house, Mr. Williamson, cried the voice in a tone that assured me that the speaker was terribly in earnest;" and although I have not a search warrant, unless you mean to harbor a thief, you certainly can have no objections to my satisfying myself that he is not here."

"But he certainly wasn't a thief," said my friend.

"How do you know that, Mr. Williamson?"

My friend was nonplussed.

"Come," said he, "come in, and I will explain it all."

"You explain it! What, are you the man?"

"No, but it was a friend of mine. Close the door, and let us keep the matter entirely to ourselves."

"Certainly, if your friend is an honorable man, and is willing to do the right thing."

"But it was a mistake you see."

"Yes, and a very bad one, Mr. Williamson, and if men will make blunders they must pay for them."

"But my friend mistook the house. He thought it was my room that he was entering, and he thought it was I in the bed."

"But it was my sister.

"Well, there was no harm in that."

"How the deuce do I know, Mr. Williamson? I merely know the facts in the case, just as I have stated them, and I am bound to have satisfaction of your friend. He must marry the lady, even if she is compelled to sue for a divorce the next day after."

"Am lose my Maria!" I yelled, forgetting in the agony of that thought the necessity for silence.

"Ha! that's him," cried the fat gentleman, rushing into the room, followed by a long, thin, peaked-nosed, peaked-chinned, lady of thirty-five, perhaps, whose face was the color of tan bark, and whose eyes were as red as a soldier's button-hole.

"O, ho, Mr. what's your name," cried the tan-colored lady, springing forward, and clutching my hair, "aren't you ashamed of yourself sir?"

"Hanged if I ain't," I answered trying to sink into my balmorals:

"Are what are you going to do about it sir? Just tell me that, will you?" inquired the fat gentleman, grasping me by the arm. "Didn't you know that it was a high crime and a misdemeanor, for which you might be impeached, sir? Didn't you know that you might be lynched, sir, and don't you think you deserve to be lynched, sir, for attempting to sleep with my sister contrary to the laws of the Commonwealth, and against the peace and dignity of the state?"

Looking at the tan-colored sister, I could but answer in the affirmative.

"And now what do you propose to do about it?" cried the fat gentleman.

"Why," said I, "I am very sorry sir; and for you, madam, I beg your pardon! It was all a mistake, I assure you, and my friend Williamson will tell you so."

"Quite likely, sir; you suppose such an error mistake should become common They must be nipped in the bud, sir nipped in the bud," and the fat gentleman looked exceedingly fierce. "To come to the point you must either marry my sister, or—"

"What?" I gasped, fixing my eyes upon the countenance of the tan-colored female, who gave me an amorous glance at this point.

"Marry my sister, or I shoot you like a dog."

"Choose," cried the tan-colored one.

"And quick, too," yelled the fat one, growing excited.

"I'll marry her," I faltered.

"When?" inquired the lady.

"Name the day yourself. The sooner the better."

"This afternoon, then, at two o'clock."

"And meantime you will remain a prisoner in one of the chambers," said the fat gentleman, "and your friend must have no intercourse with you."

"I submit."

"Very good," said the fat gentleman; "and now follow me."

He led me to this room, brought my clothes, and locked me in. I have taken a bath since, and am now dressed ready for the execution—or the marriage ceremony, rather. Shall I ever survive it?

—Hold heart;
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up."

I hear a footstep at the door. My time is almost come. The fat gentleman enters. Adieu, my own beloved Maria, adieu!

Three o'clock, P. M. The ceremony is concluded, and still live. Truly,

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends;
Rough-hew them how we will."

The fat gentleman conveyed me to his house, where I found his sister arrayed in her best, the minister and Williamson waiting for us.

I was introduced to the minister, and then Williamson asked me if I was all ready, and I answered that I was.

"You can take your place then, said the minister.

"Place me on the trap, and draw the cap over my eyes."

"The lady isn't here," said Williamson.

"Yes, I am," answered a voice from the door.

I sprang forward almost crazy with astonishment and delight.

"That voice!" I cried, "that form, those eyes, them nose! It is, it is my own, my darling Maria!"

"You bet! she exclaimed, throwing herself into my arms.

We kissed.

And this is your brother from Australia?" I asked.

"Yes, love. And this is my sister; but you are not going to marry her. We found out who you were by some of my letters which I found in your coat, after your abrupt departure this morning from my room."

"Then it was your room that I entered—not your sister's?"

Exactly. But don't make such a mistake again, my dear."

"Won't I, thought?"

Then we took our places, and the minister made us one flesh.

Miscellaneous.

Freight Transportation

COMPLETE REVOLUTION—TEA FROM JAPAN TO NEW YORK IN FORTY-ONE DAYS—VALUE OF THE PACIFIC ROAD.

Commercial people cannot have failed to remark the complete revolution not only in the method of transporting freight from one ocean to another, but in the time occupied in the transport, by the facilities supplied in the great railway lines spanning the continent. An instance to point occurs in the conveyance of the cargo of tea brought from Yokohama by the ship *Dunfactress* to San Francisco. The owners Messrs. A. A. Low & Co., telegraphed her captain to sail from Japan, after his ship was fully laden, to San Francisco instead of New York, as had been previously arranged.

Arriving at the metropolis of California the entire cargo, consisting of eleven thousand packages of tea, was immediately placed aboard the California fast freight line, and dispatched to New York, being partially distributed at Chicago and other points by the way. A glance at the time occupied in this matter will be instructive and give occasion for some reflection. The ship passage from Yokohama to San Francisco was made in 26 days; the time from San Francisco was to New York was 15 days; allowing in all only 41 days for a full cargo consigned in Japan to be delivered in New York.

From New York to London is, say twelve days, which would make the time necessary for a consignment to reach England from Japan but fifty-three days all told. Such figures demonstrate more powerfully than any treatise the marvelous progress of science, the immense saving of time, and the great revolution in the Chinese and Japanese trade, effected by the construction of the Pacific roads. The annexed telegram shows still further how near Boston is to the California cities, it been stated that a consignment has been received at Sacramento in fifteen days from that city. It reads as follows:—

(Copy). "Sacramento, March 9, 1870

To G T Nutter, Agent California Fast Freight Line, No. 229 Broadway, New York:—Freight is coming through from New York by your line in seventeen (17) and eighteen (18) days One consignment for Levi Strauss & Co received in fifteen (15) days from Boston.

"A. N. Towne.

"General Superintendent Central Pacific R. R."

The above is proof sufficient of the capacity and inestimable value of these roads. Seventeen days from New York and fifteen from Boston bring California almost within hailing distance, or at least make it practically a suburb of the East, instead of a distant country requiring a passage around the Horn or transit across the Isthmus.

Arrangements have been made by which all foreign goods arriving at New York or Boston are taken through for the Pacific coast in bond. The California Fast Freight Line makes the regular time, with only one transfer, via the Chicago and Northwestern Railway and Union and Central Pacific Railroad.

"There's the frying pan to
"Kitty get it carrying dirt and water
"John the alley, with the cat for a horse,
shelter a little fellow! what a genius he'll
"Oh! but go and get it. We're going to
"have company, and must fry some fish for
"supper."