

Terms of Publication. THE TIOGA COUNTY AGITATOR is published every Wednesday Morning, and is sent to subscribers at the very reasonable price of ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM, in advance. It is intended to notify every subscriber when the term for which he has paid shall have expired, by the insertion of a label on the margin of each paper. The paper will then be stopped until a further remittance be received. By this arrangement no man can be brought in debt to the printer.

THE AGITATOR.

Devoted to the Extension of the Area of Freedom and the Spread of Healthy Reform.

WHILE THERE SHALL BE A WRONG UNRIGHTED, AND UNTIL "MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN" SHALL CEASE, AGITATION MUST CONTINUE.

VOL. IX. WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, AUGUST 13, 1862. NO. 1.

Rates of Advertising.

Advertisements will be charged \$3 per square of 10 lines, one or three insertions, and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion. Advertisements of less than 10 lines considered as a square. The above rates will be charged for Quarterly, Half-Yearly and Yearly advertisements:	3 MONTHS	6 MONTHS	12 MONTHS
per square	\$3.00	\$4.50	\$6.00
per line	.30	.45	.60
per column	8.00	12.00	16.00
per line	.25	.35	.50
per column	15.00	20.00	25.00
per line	2.50	3.50	5.00

Advertisements not having the number of insertions desired marked upon them, will be published until ordered out and charged accordingly.

Posters, Handbills, Bill-Heads, Letter-Heads and all kinds of Jobbing done in country establishments, executed neatly and promptly. Justices, Constables, and other BLANKS constantly on hand.

CRYSTAL FOUNTAIN HOTEL.
DAVID HART, Proprietor.
The undersigned here begs to announce to his old friends and to the public generally, that he has taken possession of the old stand and fixtures in good style, and intends to keep it as a permanent place. Good standing and a good location. Prices to suit the times.
W. D. HART.

JAS. LOWERY & S. F. WILSON,
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW, will attend the Court of Tioga, Pa., at Wellsboro, on the 15th of August, 1862.
DICKINSON HOUSE
CORNING, N. Y. Proprietor.
Guests taken to and from the Depot free of charge.

J. EMERY
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
Wellsboro, Tioga Co., Pa. Will devote his time exclusively to the practice of law. Collections made in any of the Northern counties of Pennsylvania.
no 21, 60.

PENNSYLVANIA HOUSE.
Corner of Main Street and the Avenue.
J. W. BIGONY, PROPRIETOR.
This popular Hotel, having been refitted and re-furnished throughout, is now open to the public as a first-class house.

IZAAK WALTON HOUSE,
N. C. FERRELL, PROPRIETOR.
Gaines, Tioga County, Pa.
This is a new hotel located in the best place for business in the county. No pains will be spared for the accommodation of pleasure seekers and the traveling public.
April 12, 1862.

G. C. C. CAMPE
BARBER AND HAIR-DRESSER.
SHOP in the rear of the Post-Office. Everything in his line will be done as well and promptly as it can be done in the city of Wellsboro. Preparations for traveling dandruff, and beautifying the hair, for sale cheap. Hair and whiskers dyed any color. Call and see.
Wellsboro, Sept. 22, 1859.

THE CORNING JOURNAL.
George W. Pratt, Editor and Proprietor.
Published at Corning, Steuben Co., N. Y., at One Dollar and Fifty Cents per year, in advance. The Journal is Republican in politics, and has a circulation reaching into every part of Steuben County. Those desirous of extending their business into that and the adjoining counties will find an excellent advertising medium. Address as above.

WELLSBORO HOTEL,
WELLSBOROUGH, PA.
E. B. FARR, PROPRIETOR.
(Formerly of the United States Hotel.)
Having leased this well known and popular House, and soliciting the patronage of the public, with attentive and obliging waiters, together with the Proprietor's knowledge of the business, he hopes to make the stay of those who stop with him both pleasant and agreeable.
Wellsboro, May 31, 1860.

E. B. BENEDICT, M. D.,
WOULD inform the public that he is permanently located in Elkland Boro, Pa., and will treat all diseases of the eyes and their appendages on scientific principles, and that he can cure without fail, the dreadful disease, called St. Vitus' Dance, (Chorea Sacra) and will attend to any other business in the line of Physic and Surgery.
Elkland Boro, August 2, 1860.

DENTISTRY.
C. N. DART
WOULD respectfully say to the citizens of Wellsboro and vicinity, that he has opened his office over WRIGHT'S FLOUR AND FEED STORE, where he will continue to attend to all kinds of work in the line of DENTISTRY.
Wellsboro, April 30, 1862.

CORNING
WHOLESALE DRUG AND BPO. STORE.
DRUGS AND MEDICINES,
PAINTS AND OILS,
WINDOW GLASS,
KEROSENE OIL,
ALCOHOL,
BOOKS AND STATIONERY,
field at wholesale by
W. D. TERBELL
Country Merchants supplied with the best articles at
NEW YORK PRICES.
Corning, Feb. 26, 1862.

WANTED:
ONE THOUSAND BUSHELS WHEAT!
ONE THOUSAND BUSHELS CORN!
ONE THOUSAND BUSHELS OATS!
ONE THOUSAND BUSHELS RYE!
For which we will pay CASH!
W. D. WRIGHT & BAILEY.
Flour by the pound, sack or barrel.
Feed by the pound or ton.
Bran in any quantities.
For sale cheap at Wright & Bailey's Flour and Feed Store.
All goods delivered FREE OF CHARGE within the Corporation.
FRED K. WRIGHT.

WESTFIELD SELECT SCHOOL.
U. P. STEBBINS, Teacher.
The Fall Term will commence August 26, 1862, and continue 12 weeks.
TUITION.
Primary Department.....\$2 50
Common English.....3 00
Common English and one branch.....3 50
Common English and two or more branches.....4 00
No charge in tuition, only for books and stationery. Pupils who attend this school will be furnished with all the necessary books and stationery free of charge. Pupils who attend this school will be furnished with all the necessary books and stationery free of charge. Pupils who attend this school will be furnished with all the necessary books and stationery free of charge.
Board, \$1.00 per week, for the accommodation of students can be had in the village at low prices.
U. P. STEBBINS.
The Westfield Village School has been under the instruction of U. P. Stebbins, for the last eighteen weeks to the rapid advancement of its pupils, and the satisfaction of the people.
Westfield, July 30, 1862.

NOTICE.
NOTICE is hereby given that an application has been made to the Court of Civil Pleas of Tioga County, by L. D. Seelye, John G. Fargo, G. W. Northrup and others, to grant a charter for the purpose of religious purposes, to the trustees and successors, under the name and style of the "Second Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Brookfield," and if no sufficient cause is shown to the contrary, by the said court will decree that they become and be a body corporate, by the Court.
June 18, 1862. J. P. DONALDSON, Proth'y.

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS.
JEROME SMITH
Has now on hand a large and extensive stock of DRY GOODS,
HATS & CAPS,
BOOTS & SHOES,
GROCERIES,
READY-MADE CLOTHING,
HARDWARE, GLASSWARE,
WOODENWARE, &c., &c.
which is undoubtedly the largest assortment ever brought into this county, and will be sold at prices that must give entire satisfaction. And I would invite purchasers, generally, to call and examine my assortment of Black and Figured Dress Silks, Worsted Goods, Merinos, Ladies' Cloth, Opera Plannels, Long and Square Shawls, Black and Figured Delaines, and Cashmeres, &c., &c., and in fact the best assortment of LADIES' DRESS GOODS ever brought into this county. I have also a large stock of DOMESTIC GOODS, CLOTHS & CASSIMERES, SATINS, FULL CLOTH, TWEEDS, & KENTUCKY JEANS.
Purchasers will find that the place to buy good goods at low prices, is at the store of
JEROME SMITH.
Wellsboro, April 23, 1862.

J. M. SMITH,
HAS removed to the New Store on Market Street, Corning, First door east of Hungerford's Bank, and directly opposite the
Dickinson House,
where he is now receiving, and will constantly keep on hand a Full and COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF FANCY AND STABLE DRY GOODS, BOOTS AND SHOES, FAMILY GROCERIES, &c., which will be sold at the Lowest Prices for Ready Pay Only.
He sells good Prints for.....12c.
Merinos.....12c.
Dresses.....12c.
Heavy Sheetings.....12c.
Fine Bleached Muslin.....12c.
and other goods equally low.
The citizens of TIOGA COUNTY VISITING CORNING, are cordially invited to
Give Him a Call.
Corning, April 23, 1862.

Insurance Agency.
THE Insurance Company of North America have appointed the undersigned an agent for Tioga County and vicinity.
As the high character and standing of this Company give the assurance of full protection to owners of property against the hazard of fire, I solicit with confidence a liberal share of the business of the county. This Company was incorporated in 1794. Its capital is \$500,000, and its assets in 1861 as per statement 1st Jan. of that year was \$1,254,710 81.
CHARLES PLATT, Secretary.
ARTHUR G. COFFIN, President.
Office of the Company 232 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.
Wm. Buchler, Central Agent, Harrisburg, Pa.
JOHN W. GUERNSEY, Agent for Tioga County, Pa.
April 9, 1862.

HOME FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY
NEW YORK:
CAPITAL, \$1,000,000.
Home Fire Insurance Company
NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT:
CAPITAL, \$200,000.
These Companies have complied with the State law. Applications for Insurance received by
CHARLES L. SIEMENS,
Wellsboro Tioga County, Penna.
Wellsboro, Jan. 15, 1862.

War! War for the Union!
THE undersigned would respectfully inform his old friends, customers, and the public generally, that he has opened a
CABINET AND CHAIR SHOP
on Main Street, opposite H. W. Dart's Wagon Shop, where he intends to keep constantly on hand a general assortment of
Cabinet Ware,
made of the best materials, and by the best workmen. Also Coffins made to order, and as cheap as can be procured elsewhere, accompanied with the best wood to the CHEAPEST, to
Suit Purchasers.
Also Turning of all kinds done to order and to suit CUSTOMERS.
The undersigned having had many years experience, both in France and in this country, feels confident that he cannot be excelled in either of the above branches of mechanism—and further would recommend the public to
CALL AND EXAMINE
his workmanship and prices before purchasing elsewhere.
Wellsboro, March 19, 1862.
JACOB STICKLIN.

ORPHAN'S COURT SALE.—By virtue of an order of the Orphan's Court to me directed, I will sell at public vendue on Saturday the 9th day of August 1862, on the premises in Jackson, at 2 o'clock P. M., the following described real estate, to wit:
A tract of land situated in the township of Jackson, beginning at a post in line of James Roselle; thence North 81 east 158.7 perches to south line of Seth Daggett; thence south 89 1/2 east by said Daggett 101.3 perches to a post; thence south 66 1/2 east by Daggett 101.3 perches to a post; thence south 7 west 18.1 perches to a post; thence south 65 east 46.5 perches to a post; thence south 61 west by lands of James Starbuck and ——— Vorhees 178.2 perches to the place of beginning—containing 78.2 acres.
Allen B. Bryan, Executor.
Jackson, July 2, 1862.

CURIOSITY.—Quite a curiosity in the shape of a new patent Fruit Jar for preserving Fruit, can be seen at Boy's Drug Store. Call and examine it even if you do not wish to buy.
CONCENTRATED LYE, for sale at
BOY'S DRUG STORE.

THE GREAT NATIONAL HORSE FAIR
WILL THIS YEAR BE HELD AT
Keystone Park, Williamsport, Pa.,
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, Sept. 2 to 5 inclusive.
Arrangements have been made to secure the finest assemblage of important bloods and native breed of Horses, that has ever been collected in this country. The list of premiums will be large, ranging as high as \$200. Liberal arrangements have and will be made with the different railroads.
Williamsport, situated in the magnificent Valley of the Susquehanna, and accessible by rail from all parts of the United States, is eminently well suited for this Exhibition. Fuller particulars will shortly be given.
BOARD OF MANAGERS:
D. K. JACKMAN, P. Herdic, Edward Lyon, J. M. Bagg, Henry Drinker, Gordon F. Mason, Col. S. G. Hathaway, J. H. Cowden, Wm. Collier,
W. F. LOGAN, Chief Marshal.
H. E. TAYLOR, Treasurer.
GEORGE M. DE PUI, Secretary. A. E. KAPP, President.
June 18, 1862.

THOMAS HARDEN
is now receiving an
EXTENSIVE STOCK
of
Merchandise,
which he offers on terms to
SUIT THE TIMES.
All are respectfully invited to call and examine.
Wellsboro, June 18, 1862. THOS. HARDEN.

THE BUFFALO MERCANTILE COLLEGE,
CORNER OF
Main and Seneca Streets,
Is an important link in the great chain of National Mercantile Colleges, located in the following Cities:
NEW YORK CITY, PHILADELPHIA, BROOKLYN, ALBANY, TROY, CLEVELAND, DETROIT, CHICAGO, AND SAINT LOUIS.
A Scholarship issued from the Buffalo College, entitles the holder to attend either or all the Colleges for an unlimited time.
The design of these Institutions, is to impart to young men and ladies, a thorough, practical business education.
These Colleges are organized and conducted upon a basis which must secure to each separate Institution the best possible facilities for imparting a thorough commercial education, and render it as a whole, the most comprehensive and complete system in this country.
Book-keeping in all its departments, Commercial Law, Commercial Arithmetic and Penmanship, are taught in the most thorough and practical manner. The Spencerian system of Penmanship, is taught by competent and experienced teachers.
Scholarship, payable in advance, \$40.
College open day and evening—no vacations.
Resident Principal at Buffalo, J. C. BRYAN.
For further information, please call at the College Rooms, or send for Catalogue and Circular enclosing letter stamp.
BRYANT & STRATTON,
June 4, 1862.—ly. Buffalo, N. Y.

The Knoxville Foundry,
CONTINUES in full blast and is in the best running order, where you can get Stoves, Plows, Road Scrapers, Cutting Boxes, Sugar Kettles &c., &c. of the most approved patterns, and made in the best manner for
LESS PRICE
Machinery made and repaired in good style on short notice.
All kinds of produce, old iron, copper, brass and pewter, taken in exchange for castings.
A liberal discount made to CASH PURCHASERS.
P. S. All persons indebted are requested to call and settle
WITHOUT DELAY.
and save costs, that I may still be able to do a credit business in part.
J. P. BILES, Proprietor.
Knoxville, March 26, 1862.—6m.

WOOL CARDING AND CLOTH DRESSING,
IN THE OLD FOUNDRY AT
Wellsboro, Tioga County, Pa.
THE subscriber having fitted up the place for the purpose of Wool Carding and Cloth Dressing, and also would inform the people that we will take wool to manufacture on shares or by the yard, to suit customers, and would inform the people that we can card wool at any time, as our works run by steam power, and also that all wool will be carded for four cents per pound. Wool and produce will be taken for pay for the same.
N. B. Prompt attention will be paid to all favoring us. We will give good satisfaction.
CHARLES LEE,
PHILETUS HAMPTON.
Wellsboro, June 11, 1862.

Union Photographic Rooms.
H. H. WOOD'S
MAMMOTH SKYLIGHT ROOMS,
OVER C. W. SEARS' NEW SHOE STORE,
First door below C. L. WILCOX.
H. H. WOOD, would say to the inhabitants of Wellsboro and surrounding country, that he is now prepared to furnish them with everything in the line of
PHOTOGRAPHS,
AMBIOTYPES, OR MELANOTYPES,
furnished at any room in the City. Just received, a set of JAMES CELEBRATED LENSES, manufactured expressly for the Carte de visite. Also a large assortment of
PHOTOGRAPHIC ALBUMS,
price, from \$1.25 to \$4.00. At this day, no parlor table is considered finished, without the PHOTOGRAPHIC ALBUM.
Cases of all styles. Pictures from twenty-five cents to five dollars.
Thankful for past favors, I would solicit a continuation of the same, by doing first class work for all.
Wellsboro, May 28, 1862. H. H. WOOD.

200 BARRELS OF SALT—Just received and for sale by
J. HARDEN.
Tiegs, June 4, 1862. 24

Veal Skins.
THE highest price will be paid for light skins—must be free from cuts or holes—by
JOHNSTON & BOYCE.
Tiegs, June 4, 1862. 24

From the Journal of Commerce.
T. O' MAUD.
Sitting in my lonely chamber,
Where I've sat since evening,
I am thinking of thee only,
Out of all the world beside.
And the midnight bells are ringing
Out their long and solemn chime,
To my saddened senses bringing
Consciousness of pasting time.
Time, that passing, oft reminds me
Of the joy I've lost with thee—
Time that passing only binds me
Closer to thy memory.
Life was aimless till I knew thee—
All its purpose was vain,
But thou camest, and I through thee,
Fought life's battles o'er again.
I could fight it nobler, better,
With thee by me in the strife—
Thou—thou break each earthly fetter
Binding to a meaner life.
I could wrestle bolder, longer,
With a more than human pride,
Daily, hourly, growing stronger
If I had thee by my side.
But in absence I must wake me
From this fatal lethargy,
Striving every hour to make me
Worthy of myself and thee.
It were shameful now to falter—
More than shameful not to win;
Since the past I cannot alter,
Here life's duty I begin.
True to manhood's best believing,
Doing nobler day by day,
Never faltering—only leaving
Time enough to watch and pray.
Hoping thus to leave behind me
Something worthy of thy pride,
When declining years shall find me
Floating calmly down life's tide.

A BLINDFOLD MARRIAGE.
BY GEORGE L. ACKEN.
The elite of the court of Louis the XIVth, the great monarch of France, were assembled in the chapel of the great Triannon, to witness the nuptials of Lewis, Count of Franche Comte—a natural son of the King—to Lydonie, Duchesse de Baliverne, a wealthy heiress.
The singular feature of the ceremony was, that the bridegroom's eyes were bandaged with a white handkerchief.
This circumstance excited the wonder of all. Had the bride been old and ugly, they would not have been surprised. On the contrary, she was young and quite pretty.
The King alone understood this strange freak of the bridegroom, and, although much enraged, he prudently held his peace and suffered the ceremony to proceed.
A few words will explain the motives of the bridegroom.
When Louis XIVth came back from his great campaign in the Palatinat, he determined to unite his son, whose valor had greatly pleased him, to one of the wealthy wards of the crown.
He proposed the union to the young Duchess of Baliverne, and found her favorably inclined.
She had just come to the court, having just emerged from the convent where she had completed her education.
She had seen the young Count often, though he never deigned to cast a glance upon her.
She knew he was brave and noble, and she thought, handsome. The bar sinister in his escutcheon was no objection. She accepted him.
Unfortunately, Louis of Franche Comte, who, like his father, was something of a reprobate, would not accept her.
"My son," said the great King, "I have resolved that you shall marry."
"My worthy sire and most excellent father," returned the Count, "I have resolved to do no such a thing!"
The King frowned. He was not in the habit of being contradicted.
"I have made a formal proposition in your name for the hand of the Duchess of Baliverne and she has accepted you," he said gravely.
"Doubtless," sneered the young scapgrace, "her taste is excellent, and how could she refuse me? Perhaps it would have been as well to have counseled my inclinations in this matter. I do not wish to marry."
"Are you in love with any one?"
"No."
"Then love my Duchess. She is wealthy and noble."
"I am your son—that is nobility enough," he bowed low as he spoke, and the King smiled at the compliment; "and the Jews trust me—what could I do with more gold?"
"She is the prettiest woman in my court."
"I am tired of pretty women; they are always fools."
"Could you but see her, you would be sure to fall in love with her."
"I never will see her," answered the Count, determinedly.
"See her or not, you shall marry her," cried the King in a rage.
"If I do, I'll marry her with my eyes shut," returned the Count.
The King grew purple with passion.
"Hark ye, boy! You owe me obedience as a subject and son. It is my will that you bestow your hand upon the Duchess de Baliverne. The wedding shall take place this day fortnight. Submit to my will with a good grace, and I will create you a Duke on your wedding day.—Dare to disobey me, and I will strip you of your title, and the lands you hold from me, and cast you into the Bastille."
This was what had brought the Count of Franche Comte blindfolded to be married.
The King smiled grimly, but said nothing.
The Count placed the ring upon the finger of his bride, but he did not salute her, and when the ceremony was over, he turned his back upon her, took the handkerchief from his eyes, and walked deliberately out of the chapel.
Lydonie pouted her pretty lips, and was almost ready to cry with vexation.
The King took her in charge, escorted her to her carriage, and they were conveyed to the hotel her husband occupied.
"Here you are, my dear," said the King, conducting her through the apartments he had expressly furnished for her reception; "here you are at home."
"But where's my husband?" asked Lydonie.
"Silly boy!" muttered the King, looking

very much annoyed. "Never mind, my dear, he is your husband."
"What is the use of having a husband if he will not look at you?"
"He shall look at you, or I'll send him to the Bastille."
"Oh, no," cried Lydonie, "do not force him to look at me. If he has not curiosity enough to see what kind of a wife he has got, I'm sure I do not wish to oblige him to look at me. I see how it is," she continued, a sad expression stealing over her countenance; "Sir, you have forced the Count into this union."
The King coughed and looked guilty.
"Oh!" cried Lydonie, with anguish; "he never loved me, then—he never will love me."
"Why should you care?"
"Because I love him," answered Lydonie, innocently.
"Love him?"
"Oh, so dearly; that is why I married him. I had loved him from the moment I first beheld him. And now I am his wife, he will not look at me."
Lydonie burst into tears, and sank upon a sofa.
The King pitied her sincerely, but what could he do? He had forced his son to marry her, but he could not force him to love her.
He thought of the Bastille. It would not make him love his wife to send him there.
"Well, well," he said, "you are his wife. I will make him a Duke, and, I dare say, you'll find him home before morning."
With these words the King withdrew.
Lydonie was left alone with her sorrow; but she was not one to droop long. She soon dried her tears, and looked all the better for them, like a rose after a shower.
Her old nurse came in, and together they inspected her new home, which Lydonie found entirely to her satisfaction.
The Count did not come home that night.
A week passed by and he did not make his appearance. Lydonie came to the conclusion that he never would come.
She knew it was useless to appeal to the King. He had made Franche Comte a Duke, but he could do nothing for her.
She determined to ascertain what her husband was about.
She dispatched a trusty servant for intelligence, and like all wives who place a spy upon their husband's movements, she was not at all pleased with the news she received.
The Duke was plunging into all kinds of dissipation. He was making love to all the pretty daughters of the shop-keepers in the Rue St. Antoine.
In fact, for a newly married man, his conduct was shameful.
"To leave me to run after such canaille!" exclaimed Lydonie.
She paused suddenly. An idea entered her brain. She determined to act upon it.
While she is meditating upon it, let us see what the Duke is about.
One night, about eight days after his marriage, the Duke, plainly attired and muffled in a cloak, roamed through the Faubourg St. Antoine, as was his wont in quest of adventures.
As he turned the corner of one of these narrow lanes that intersected the quarter at that period, a piercing shriek burst upon his ear, mingled with suffocating cries for assistance.
The Duke's sword was out in an instant. He was brave to rashness. Without a moment's thought he plunged into the lane.
He beheld a female struggling in the grasp of a man.
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"Silly boy!" muttered the King, looking

"I would like one, if you please, like—like—"
"Like what?"
"Like you?"
"Phew!" thought the Duke, "I am getting on here. Now, is this cunning, or is it simplicity?"
They walked on for some time in silence.
Bergeonette checked the Duke before a little cottage, with a garden in front. There was a wicket leading into the garden.
"Here is where I live," she said.
She took a key from her girdle and unlocked the gate.
"Will she invite me to enter?" thought the Duke, and the thought was father to the wish.
"Good-night, sir, and many thanks for your kindness," said Bergeonette.
"She is a Diana!" was the Duke's mental reflection.
"Shall I ever have the pleasure of seeing you again?" said the Duke.
"Do you wish it?" said she, earnestly.
"Most ardently."
"I'll ask my mother."
"Arise oath to the Duke's lips, but he prudently checked it.
"Will you receive me to-morrow?"
"You may come, sir, if my mother is willing."
"I shall be here, sure."
"You will have forgotten me by to-morrow."
"I never shall forget you!"
"I have heard my mother say the men always protest more than they mean."
"Your mother is——" the Duke paused and bit his lip.
"What is she?" asked Bergeonette.
"She is——is right. But I mean what I say. As surely as the morrow come, so will I."
She turned from him, and was about to enter the garden.
"Bergeonette, one kiss before I go. Surely my forbearance deserves it," he said, quickly.
She made no answer, but she inclined her head gently towards him. For a moment she lingered in his arms, and then tore herself from his embrace and passed quickly through the gate.
The Duke determined to follow her. When he placed his hand against the gate, he found it securely fastened. Bergeonette had prudently locked it after her.
The Duke went to his lodgings—he had taken bachelor's apartments on his wedding day—dream of Bergeonette.
The next day he went to the cottage in Rue St. Helene.
He was received by Bergeonette in timidity, and introduced by her to her mother, a fine, matronly dame, who sat quietly spinning in the corner, and allowed the young couple to rove about the garden at will.
The Duke thought she was a very sensible old woman.
The Duke departed at the end of three hours more in love than ever. He came every day for a fortnight, and every day he pressed his suit. But there was only one way in which Bergeonette could be won—an honorable marriage.
The Duke was in despair and at his wit's end—he had a stormy scene with the King, who threatened to send him to the Bastille if he did not return to the Duchess.
So, he came to Bergeonette on the fourteenth day, to make a final effort to obtain her. They were alone together in the garden.
"Hear me, Bergeonette," he cried when he had exhausted every argument and found her still firm. "I swear to you I was I, free, this instant would I wed you. I will confess all to you. I have told you that I am a Duke, but not my title. Now you shall know all. I am the Duke de Franche Comte and—I am already married."
"Married!" echoed Bergeonette with a smothered scream.
"I was forced into this union by the King's command. I do not love my wife. I have never seen her face. I left her at the altar's foot, and we have never met since. She possesses my title but you alone possess my heart. Fly with me. In some distant land we may dwell in happiness, blessed with each other's society. Time may remove the obstacle to our union, death may befriend us, a divorce may be obtained, and when, I swear to you by every saint in Heaven you shall become my Duchess!"
"Were you free, would you really make me your wife?"
"I have pledged you my word."
"I believe you."
"You will fly with me?"
"I will."
"Dear Louis," she murmured, for so had he taught her to call him, "I also have something to impart to you. My name is not Bergeonette, and I am not what you take me to be."
"What do you mean?"
"I have a title equal to your own."
"Then this old woman?"
"Is not my mother, but my nurse."
"And the man who assaulted you?"
"Was my lackey instructed for the purpose."
The Duke looked bewildered.
"I like you," she continued, "I am—MARRIED."
"I'll out your husband's throat! exclaimed the Duke wildly.
"I don't think you will when you know him."
"Who is he then and who are you?"
"I am Lydonie, Duchesse de Franche Comte, and you are he!"
The Duke was thunderstruck.
Lydonie knelt at his feet.
"Forgive me this little plot," she pleaded; "if it has succeeded I am happy—if it has failed, with my own lips will I sue to the King for a divorce."
"Up—up to my heart!" cried the Duke joyfully, as he caught her in his arms. "You have insured our mutual happiness. Ah, none are so blinded as those who will not see. Little did I think when I stood blindfolded at your side at the altar, that I was rejecting such a treasure!"
They passed the honeymoon in the little cottage, and the Duke was not sent to the Bastille.
This line fills out the column.