JOBBING DEPARTMENT

The proprietors have stocked the establishment with a large assortment of modern styles

JOB AND CARD TYPE

AND FAST PRESSES,

and are prepared to execute neatly, and promptly

POSTERS, HANDBILLS, CIRCULARS, CARDS, BILL HEADS, LETTER HEADS, STATEMENTS, TOWNSHIP ORDERS, &c., &c.

Deeds, Mortgages, Leases, and a full assortment of Constables' and Justices' Blanks, constantly on hand.

People living at a distance can depend on having their work done promptly, and sent back in return mail.

☞ OFFICE—Roy's block, Second Floor.

The Tioga County Agitator.

"The Agitation of Thought is the Beginning of Wisdom."

VOL. XIV. WELLSBORO, PA., JULY 10, 1867. NO. 28.

The Tioga County Agitator

Is Published every Wednesday Morning, at $2,00 a Year, invariably in advance, by

COBB & VAN GELDER.

[M. H. COBB.] [P. C. VAN GELDER.

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TEN LINES OF MINION, OR LESS, MAKE ONE SQUARE.

No. of Sq'rs.	1 In.	3 Ins.	4 Ins.	3 Mos.	6 Mos.	1 Year
1 Square,	$1,00	$2,00	$2,50	$5,00	$7,00	$12,00
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BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

W. D. TERBELL & CO.,

WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS, and dealers in Wall Paper, Kerosene Lamps, Window Glass, Perfumery, Paints and Oils, &c., &c.
Corning, N. Y., Jan. 1, 1866.–1y.

W. A. NICHOLS. JOHN I. MITCHELL.

NICHOLS & MITCHELL,

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT LAW.
Office formerly occupied by James Lowrey, Esq.
WM. A. NICHOLS. JOHN I. MITCHELL.
Wellsboro, Jan. 1, 1866–1y.

WILLIAM H. SMITH,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW Insurance, Bounty and Pension Agency, Main Street Wellsboro, Pa., Jan. 1, 1866.

S. F. WILSON. J. B. NILES.

WILSON & NILES,

ATTORNEYS & COUNSELORS AT LAW, (First door from Bigoney's, on the Avenue)—Will attend to business entrusted to their care in the counties of Tioga and Potter.
Wellsboro, Jan. 1, 1866.

D. ANGELL & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS of, and Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Doors, Sash, and Blinds. Also Planing and Turning done to order.
Knoxville, Tioga Co., Pa., Jan. 16, 1867–1y.

GEORGE WAGNER,

TAILOR. Shop first door north of L. A. Sears's Shoe Shop. ☞ Cutting, Fitting, and Repairing done promptly and well.
Wellsboro, Pa., Jan. 1, 1866.–1y.

JOHN B. SHAKSPEARE,

DRAPER AND TAILOR. Shop over John R. Bowen's Store. ☞ Cutting, Fitting, and Repairing done promptly and in best style.
Wellsboro, Pa., Jan. 1, 1866–1y

JOHN I. MITCHELL.

AGENT for the collection of bounty, back pay and pensions due soldiers from the Government. Office with Nichols and Mitchell, Wellsboro, Pa. m30, '66

WM. GARRETSON,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW, Notary Public and Insurance Agent, Blossburg, Pa., over Caldwell's Store.

ISAAK WALTON HOUSE,

Gaines, Tioga County, Pa.

VERMILYEA & REXFORD, Props's. This is a new hotel located within easy access of the best fishing and hunting grounds in Northern Pennsylvania. No pains will be spared to the accommodation of pleasure seekers and the traveling public. [Jan. 1, 1866.]

PETROLEUM HOUSE,

WESTFIELD, PA., GEORGE CLOSE, Proprietor. A new Hotel conducted on the principle of live and let live, for the accommodation of the public.—Nov. 14, 1866.–1y.

J. C. STRANG.

ATTORNEY AT LAW. Any business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention.
Knoxville, Pa., Nov. 14, 1866.–tf

GEO. W. RYON,

ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR AT LAW, Lawrenceville, Tioga Co., Pa. Bounty, Pension, and Insurance Agent. Collections promptly attended to. Office 2d door below Ford House. Dec. 12, 1866–1y

C. F. SWAN,

AGENT for the Lycoming County Insurance Company, at Tioga, Pa.
June 5, 1866.–3m*

FARR'S HOTEL,

TIOGA, TIOGA COUNTY, PA.,

Good stabling, attached, and an attentive hostler always in attendance.
E. S. FARR, ... Proprietor.

Hairdressing & Shaving.

Saloon over Willcox & Barker's Store, Wellsboro, Pa. Particular attention paid to Ladies' Hair-cutting, Shampooing, Dyeing, etc. Braids, Switches, coils, and swiches on hand and made to order.
H. W. DORSEY. J. JOHNSON.

GOLD received on deposite, for which certificates will be issued, *bearing interest in gold.*
E. W. CLARK & CO, Bankers,
No 35 south Third street, Phila.

D. BACON, M. D., late of the 2d Pa. Cavalry, after nearly four years of army service, with a large experience in field and hospital practice, has opened an office for the practice of medicine and surgery, in all its branches: Persons from a distance can find good board while at the Pennsylvania Hotel when desired.—Visits any part of the State in consultation, or to perform surgical operations. No 4, Union Block, up stairs, Wellsboro, Pa., May 2, 1866.–1y.

NEW PICTURE GALLERY.—

FRANK SPENCER

takes the pleasure to inform the citizens of Tioga County that he has completed his

NEW PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY,

and is now prepared to take all kinds of Sun Pictures, such as Ambrotypes, Ferrotypes, Vignettes, Cartes de Visite, the Surprise and Eureka Pictures; also particular attention paid to copying and enlarging Pictures. Instructions given in the Art on reasonable terms. Elmira St., Mansfield, Oct. 1, '66.

ATTENTION SOLDIERS.

WM. B. SMITH, Knoxville, Tioga County, Pa., (U. S. licensed Agent, and Attorney for Soldiers and their friends throughout all the United States,) will prosecute and collect with unfailing success,

SOLDIERS' CLAIMS AND DUES

of all kinds. Also, any other kind of claim against the Government before any of the Departments or in Congress. Terms moderate. All communications sent to the above address will receive prompt attention. Jan. 17, 1866.

DENTISTRY.

C. N. DARTT,

WOULD say to the public that he is permanently located in Wellsboro, (Office at his residence, near the Land Office and Episcopal Church) where he will continue to do all kinds of work confided to his care, guaranteeing complete satisfaction where the skill of the Dentist can tell in the management of cases peculiar to the calling. He will furnish

ARTIFICIAL TEETH,

set on any material desired.

FILLING & EXTRACTING TEETH,

attended to on shortest notice, and done in the best and most approved style.

TEETH EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN

by the use of Anæsthetics which are perfectly harmless, and will be administered in every case when desired.
Wellsboro, Jan. 1, 1866–1y.

Bounty and Pension Agency.

HAVING received definite instructions in regard to the extra bounty allowed by the act approved July 28, 1866, and having on hand a large supply of all necessary blanks, we are prepared to prosecute all pension and bounty claims which may be placed in our hands. Persons living at a distance can communicate with us by letter, and their communications will be promptly answered.
SMITH & SHAW.
Wellsboro, October 24, 1866.

E. SMITH, M. D.

SURGEON.

OPERATES successfully for Cataract, Strabismus, (cross eye) Removal of Tumors, Harelip, Varicose Veins, Club Feet, &c. Particular attention paid to diseases of the Eye in general Surgery.
☞ Consultation at office free.
☞ References given to operations recently performed.
☞ Office hours from 12 M. to 3 P. M.
Office at his residence, Mansfield, Tioga County, Pa. March 27, 1867–1y.*

TO PARENTS.—Nothing is so often wanted as a good Medicine for the colds of children. We know you have it: the Compound Balsam of Tarbound is just the thing for children, for it cures not merely the cough but the cold also. Sold at Roy's Drug Store at 25 cents per bottle.

FARMERS' EXCHANGE.

C. G. VAN VALKENBURG & BRO.

HAVING purchased the Store lately occupied by William Townsend, are ready to supply customers with

PORK, HAMS, SHOULDERS, WHITE FISH, MACKEREL, CODFISH, SMOKED HALIBUT,

FLOUR, CORN MEAL, BUCKWHEAT FLOUR, FEED, AND ALL

HEAVY GROCERIES,

AT

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

and at reasonable prices.

FARMERS & OTHERS

Will find it to their advantage to call and look at our Stock before purchasing elsewhere.

Remember the place,

TOWNSEND'S OLD STAND,

MAIN STREET, WELLSBORO, PENN'A.

Feb. 27, 1867–tf.

W. D. LANG.

DEALER IN

DRUGS, MEDICINES,

BOOKS AND STATIONERY,

PATENT MEDICINES, Perfumery, Musical Instruments and Musical Merchandise of all kinds, Fancy Goods of all kinds, &c.
MANSFIELD, PA.
Physician's Prescriptions carefully compounded
October 31, 1866.–6m.

SAVE YOUR GREENBACKS!

AND CALL OFTEN AT

Nast & Auerbach's

CHEAP CASH STORE.

BLOSSBURG, PA.,

Where you can always find the best assorted stock of

DOMESTIC & FANCY DRY GOODS,

CLOTHS, NOTIONS, READY-MADE CLOTHING,

Manufactured under their own supervision.

Also—Gents' furnishing goods, &c., &c.

In their merchant tailoring establishment they defy competition; having the best tailors of New York city, and an experienced cutter, Mr. H. D. Erwin. [feb21 66]y

John W. Guernsey,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW. Havin returned to this county with a view of making it his permanent residence, solicits a share of public patronage. All business entrusted to his care will be attended to with promptness and fidelity. Office 2d door south of E. S. Farr's hotel. Tioga, Tioga Co., Pa. sept. 26, '66.–tf.

E. R. KIMBALL,

GROCERY AND RESTAURANT,

One door above the Meat Market,

WELLSBORO, PENN'A,

RESPECTFULLY announces to the trading public that he has a desirable stock of Groceries, comprising, Teas, Coffees, Spices, Sugars, Molasses, Syrups, and all that constitutes a first-class stock. Oysters in every style at all sensonable hours.
Wellsboro, Jan. 2, 1867–tf.

JOHN SUHR,

WOULD announce to the citizens of Wellsboro and surrounding country, that he has opened a shop on the corner of Water and Crafton streets, for the purpose of manufacturing all kinds of

CABINET FURNITURE,

REPAIRING AND TURNING DONE

to order. COFFINS of all kinds furnished on short notice. All work done promptly and warranted. Wellsboro, June 27, 1866.

HAND POWER LOOM.

[Patented 1865.]

ALL persons interested in the introduction of practical machinery into our country, are requested to investigate the merits of

HENDERSON'S HAND POWER LOOM.

This loom will do all kinds of hand weaving. It will weave jeans, blankets, plain cloth, satinet, kersey, flannel, seamless sack, double width blankets, or any kind of cotton, wool or flax cloth. It treads the treadles, throws the shuttle, lets off the web, and takes up the cloth. It makes the upper shed as the batten comes forward, and beats up the filling after the cross is made, making better cloth and better selvage than can be made in any other way.

Looms made to order and warranted. Apply at the shop on Water Street, sign "Loom Factory." LEWIS WETMORE.
Wellsboro, March 20, 1867–tf.

HUGH YOUNG,

Agent for the

EQUITABLE

LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

OF

THE UNITED STATES.

Insure your Life at a Home Agency.
Wellsboro, April 17, 1867–tf.

BOOT AND SHOE SHOP.

W. B. VAN HORN has moved his Shoe Shop to the building on the corner of Main and Pearl streets, rear of Roy's Block, where he is prepared to fill all orders in the line of

Boots & Shoes,

on short notice, and in a manner surpassed by none. Repairing done promptly and cheap.
Apr. 24, 1867. W. B. VAN HORN.

MUSIC! MUSIC.—The Tioga Cornet Band is now in good blowing order and prepared to furnish good Music on all occasions for a reasonable compensation.

All communications should be addressed to the Leader and Secretary at Tioga, Pa.
F. H. ADAMS, Leader.
T. A. WICKHAM, Sec'y.
April 3, 1867–6m.

RICH Bohemian Glass Vases, at
dec19 FOLEY'S.

CALENDER, French, Marine and Church Clocks, at [dec19] FOLEY'S.

LAMPS.—A new kind of lamp for Kerosene—no breakage of chimneys—at FOLEY'S.

Grocery and Provision Store,

CORNING, N. Y.

C. D. SILL,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER in all kinds of

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS,

Wines, Liquors and Cigars,

FOREIGN & DOMESTIC, GREEN & DRIED FRUITS,

CANNED FRUITS AND VEGETABLES,

WOOD & WILLOW WARE, GLASS & CROCKERY WARE,

CHILDREN'S CARRIAGES, CABS & PERAMBULATORS, TOYS, &c., &c.

A full and complete assortment of the above mentioned goods of the best quality always on hand.

Particular attention paid to Fine Groceries. Dealers and Consumers will find it to their interest to examine his Stock before buying.
Corning, N. Y., March 27, 1867.

WELLSBORO FOUNDRY AND MACHINE SHOP.

THE subscribers having procured additional machinery are now ready to furnish to order all sorts of

CASTINGS,

SUCH AS

PLOWS, CULTIVATORS, FIELD ROLLERS, MILL GEARING, SLEIGH SHOES, WOOD, SAWING MACHINES, &c., &c., &c.

We have also a

WOODWORTH PLANER,

for custom and job work. We are also prepared to do,

SLITTING & SCROLL SAWING

to order.

Having a first-class screw-cutting Lathe, we are prepared to make

CHEESE PRESS SCREWS,

to order. Builders of Cheese Factories are requested to examine our work. We manufacture the

Champion Plow,

one of the finest implements in the market.

Cash paid for OLD IRON.

CHARLES WILLIAMS,
F. L. SEARS.
Wellsboro, May 15, 1867–tf.

Buffalo Scales,

PLATFORM & COUNTER SCALES, constantly on hand at manufacturer's prices, at

SMEAD'S STOVE WARE ROOMS.

Also, just received, a large stock of

HARDWARE,

which I selected with care and am selling as low for Cash as can be bought in any market.

COMMON AND CHOICE TABLE AND POCKET CUTLERY,

SAWS, (12 kinds,)

AXES, ADZ, HATCHETS, HAMMERS, LOCKS, KNOBS, LATCHES, HINGES, BUTTS, BITTS, SCREWS, AUGURS, CHISELS, GOUGES,

PICKS, SPADES, SHOVELS, SCOOPS, FORKS, RAKES, SCYTHES, &c., NAILS, COMMON, FINISHING AND CLINCH, 14 KINDS,

CARRIAGE BOLTS, ALL SIZES, FROM 1-4 X 1 1-2 TO 1-2 X 8 INCHES.

For further particulars call and see.
Tioga, May 15, 1867–tf. E. A. SMEAD.

SOMETHING NEW.

BECOMING convinced that the wants of the people of this and adjoining counties warrant me in so doing, I have constructed at much expense, two finely arranged Hot Houses for propagating Grape Vines, Flowers, and all kinds of Green House Plants. I devote my whole time to the business and now offer for sale the following varieties:

GRAPE VINES—Ionn, Allen's Hybrid, Israella, Delaware, Hartford Prolific, and all of the better known varieties, which I offer at prices that defy competition.

ROSES—Geant des Battailles, Gen. Jacquiminot, Gen. Washington, La Reine, Victor Verdier, Hermora, Souvenir de Malmaison, and many other monthlies. Also Moss and Climbing Roses.

Among the Miscellaneous Plants will be found Heliotropes, Pansies, Tuberoses, Cineraria, Calceolaria, Carnations, Salvias, Fuchias of all kinds, Veronica, *Myrtles, Geraniums of all varieties*, Verbenas of all colours, Tulips, Gladiolas, Dahlias, &c., &c., in endless variety.

VEGETABLE PLANTS—Early and late Cauliflowers, Cabbages:—Early Winningstadt, Ox Heart, Large York and Sugar Loaf, Dreer's Late Drumhead, Late Red Drumhead and Flat Dutch.—*Sweet and Bell-shaped Peppers, Dreer's Improved* Celery, Round and Long Egg Plants. Among many other varieties of Tomatoes, I would especially call attention to the "Tilden" Tomato, a new and choice variety, *very early* and highly recommended by all experienced gardners and seedmen. Bouquets of choice flowers *for sale.* All plants nicely packed in moss and can be carried any distance with safety.

I extend a cordial invitation to all to call and see the garden. HARRY MIX.
Towanda, Pa., March 13, 1867–4m.*

New Spring Goods

Just received at C. B. KELLEY'S.
April 1, 1867.

Select Poetry.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

BY HATTIE WINFIELD TORREY.

The cares of the week are all ended,
Its toils and its labors are o'er,
Its joys that with sorrows are blended
Shall bless or oppress us no more.
With hands idly folded we're sitting
Within the red fire-light's glow,
While slowly the daylight is flitting,
And denser the world shadows grow.

Oh, well if our loads have been lightened
By words of affection and love,
And well if the ways have been brightened
By light from the radiance above.
There's many an eye that is weeping
O'er the treasures angumered and fled;
And many a heart that is keeping
Its tryst with a love that is dead.

We think of them now, in our gladness,
And pray the good father to bless
The hearts that are heavy with sadness,
With trouble or sorrow oppressed.
How dark seems the way and how dreary,
When friendship and fortune are fled,
Oh, life must be lonely and weary.
When hope and ambition are dead.

The busiest hands may well rest them
In peace through those twilight shades:
The duties and cares which oppressed them
Falls off, as day's brightness fades.
The fire-light flickers and dances,
The shadows grow ruddy and bright,
And we, o'er the oldest of fatieles,
Sit dreaming this Saturday Night.

Miscellaneous.

THE THREE TRAVELING BAGS.

There were three of them, all of shining black leather; one on top of the pile of trunks; one on the ground, and one in the owner's hand—all going to Philadelphia—all waiting to be checked.

The last bell rang. The baggageman bustled, fuming from one pile of baggage to another, dispensing chalk to the trunks, checks to the passengers, and curses to the porters, in the most approved railway style.

"Mine, Philadelphia!" cried a stout military looking man, with enormous whiskers and a red face, crowding forward, as the baggageman laid his hand on the first bag.

"Won't you please give me a check for this, now?" entreated a pale, slender, carefully-dressed young man, for the ninth time, holding out bag No. 2 "I have a lady to look after."

"Say, be you agoin' to give me a check for that are, or not?" growled the proprietor of bag No. 3, a short pocked-marked fellow, in shabby over-coat.

"All right, gen'l'men. Here you are," says the functionary, rapidly distributing the three checks. "Philadelfy, this? Yes sir,—1092—1140, 11—1020. All right."

"All aboard!" shouted the conductor.

"Who-whew!" responded the locomotive; and the long train moved slowly out of the station-house.

The baggageman meditatively watched it, as it sped in the distance, and then, as if a thought suddenly struck him, slapping his thigh, he exclaimed, "Blest if I don't believe—"

"What?" said the switchman.

"That I've gone and guv them three last fellers the wrong checks! The cussed little black things was all alike, and they bothered me."

"Telegraph," suggested the switchman.

"Never you mind," replied the baggageman, "they was all agoin' to Philadelfy. They'll find out when they git there."

They did.

The scene shifts to the Continental Hotel, Philadelphia. Front parlor up stairs. Occupants, the young gentleman alluded to in chapter 1 and a young lady. In accordance with the fast usages of the times, the twain had been made one in holy matrimony, and 7.30 a. m., duly kissed and congratulated till 8.15; put abroad the express train at 8.45, and deposited at the Continental, bag and baggage, at 12.58.

They were seated on the sofa, the black broadcloth coat sleeve encircling the slender waist of the traveling dress, and jetty moustache in affectionate proximity to the glossy curls.

"Are you tired, dearest?"

"No, love, not much. But you are, arn't you?"

"No, darling"

Kiss, and a pause.

"Don't it seem funny?" said the young wife.

"What, love?"

"That we should be married."

"Yes, darling."

"Won't they be glad to see us at George's?"

"Of course they will."

"I'm sure I shall enjoy it so much. Shall we get there to-night?"

"Yes, love, if—"

Rap rap, rap, at the door.

A hasty separation took place between man and wife—to opposite ends of the sofa; and then—

"Come in."

"Av ye plaze, sur, it's an M. P. is waiting to see yez."

"To see me! a policeman!"

"Yis, sur."

"There must be some mistake."

"No, sur, it's yourself; and he's waiting in the hall beyant."

"Well, I'll go to—no, tell him to come here."

"Sorry to disturb you, sir," said the M. P., with a huge brass star on his breast, appearing with great alacrity at the waiter's elbow. "B'lieve this is your black valise?"

"Yes, that is ours, certainly. It has Julia's—the lady's things are in it."

"Suspicious circumstances about that ere valise, sir. Telegraph came this morning that a burglar started on the 8.45 Philadelphia train with a lot of stolen spoons in a black valise. Spoons marked T. B. Watched at the ferry. Saw the black valise—followed it up here. Took a peep inside, and sure enough there were the spoons, marked T. B. too. Said it was yours. Shall have to take you in charge."

"Take me in charge!" echoed the dismayed bridegroom, "But I assure you, my dear sir, there is some strange mistake. It's all a mistake."

"S'pose you'll be able to account for the spoons being in your valise, then?"

"Why, I—I—it isn't mine. It must be somebody else's. Somebody's put them in. It is some villainous conspiracy."

"Hope you'll be able to tell a straighter story before the magistrate, young man; 'cause if you don't you stand a smart chance of being sent up for six months."

"O, Charles, this is horrid! Do send him away. Oh, dear, I wish I was at home!" sobbed the little bride.

"I tell you, sir," said the bridegroom, bristling up with indignation, "this is all a vile plot. What would I be doing with your paltry spoons? I was married this morning, in Fifth Avenue, and I am on my wedding tour; I have high relations in New York. You will repent it, sir, if you dare arrest me."

"Oh, come now," said the incredulous official, "I've heern stories like that, before. This ain't the first time swindlers have traveled in couples. Do you s'ppose I don't know nothing? 'Tain't no use; you've just got to come along to the station house. Might as well come along peaceably, 'cause you'll have to."

"Charles, this is perfectly dreadful! Our wedding night in the station house! Do send for somebody. Send for the landlord to explain it."

The landlord was sent for and came; the porters were sent for and came; the waiters, chambermaids, and bar-room loungers came without being sent for, and filled the room and adjoining hall, some to laugh, some to say they wouldn't have believed, but nearly all to exult that the unhappy pair had been "found out." No explanation could be given; and the upshot was, that, in spite of tears, threats, entreaties, rage, and expostulations, the unfortunate newly-married pair were taken in charge by the relentless policeman and marched down stairs, *en route* for police office.

And here let the curtain drop on the melancholy scene, while we follow the fortunes of the black valise No. 2.

When the train stopped at Camden, four gentlemen got off and walked arm-in-arm, rapidly and silently, up one of the bystreets, and struck off into a foot-path leading to a secluded grove outside the town. Of the first two, one was our military friend in a blue coat, apparently the leader of the party. Of the second two, one was carrying a black valise. Their respective companions walked with hasty irregular strides, were abstracted, and apparently ill at ease.

The party stopped.

"This is the place," said Captain Jones.

"Yes," said Doctor Smith.

The Captain and the Doctor conferred together. The other two studiously kept apart.

"Very well. "I'll measure the ground, and do you place your man."

It was done.

"Now for the pistols," whispered the Captain to his fellow second.

"They are all ready in the valise," replied the Doctor.

The principals were placed ten paces apart, and wore that decidedly uncomfortable air a man has who is in the momentary expectation of being shot dead.

"You will fire, gentlemen, simultaneously, when I give the word," said the Captain. Then in an undertone, to the Doctor—

"Quick, the pistols."

The Doctor stooping over, and fumbling at the valise, appeared to discover something which surprised him.

"Why, what the devil—"

"What's the matter?" asked the Captain, striding up. "Can't you find the caps?"

"Deuce a pistol or cap, but this."

He held up—a lady's night cap.

"Look here—and here—and here!" holding up, successively, a hair brush, a long white night gown, a cologne bottle, and a comb.

They were greeted with a long whistle by the Captain, and a blank stare by the two principals.

"Confound the luck," ejaculated the Captain: "If we haven't made a mistake, and brought the wrong valise."

The principals looked at the seconds. The seconds looked at the principals.—Nobody volunteered a suggestion.

At last the Doctor inquired, "Well, what is to be done?"

"D——d unlucky!" again ejaculated the Captain—"the duel can't go on."

"Evidently not," responded the Doctor, "unless they brain each other with the hair brush, or takes a pop at each other with the cologne bottle."

"You are quite sure there are no pistols in the valise?" said one of the principals, with suppressed eagerness, and drawing a long breath of evident relief.

"We must go over to the city and get the pistols," proposed the Captain.

"And by that time it will be dark," said the Doctor.

"D——d unlucky!"

"We shall be the laughing stock of the town," consolingly remarked the Doctor, "if this gets wind."

"One word with you, Doctor," here interposed his principal.

They conferred.

At the end of his conference with his principal, the Doctor, advancing to the Captain, conferred with him. Then the Captain conferred with his principal. Then the seconds held a conference with each other.

Finally, it was formally agreed between the contending parties that a statement would be drawn up in writing, whereby principal No. 1 tendered the assurance that the offensive words, "You are a liar," were not used by him in any personal sense, but solely as an abstract proposition, in a general way, in regard to the matter of fact under dispute. To which principal No. 2 appended his statement of his high gratification at this candid and honorable explanation, and unqualifiedly withdrew the offensive words, "You are a scoundrel," they having been used by him under a misapprehension of the intent and purpose of the remark which had preceded them.

There being no longer a cause for quarrel, the duel was of course ended. The principals shook hands, first with each other next with the seconds, and were evidently very glad to get out of it.

"And now that it is so happily settled," said the Doctor, chuckling, and rubbing his hands, "it proves to have been a lucky mistake, after all, that we brought the wrong valise. Wonder what the lady who owns it will say, when she opens ours and finds the pistols."

"Very well for you to laugh about," growled the Captain," but it is no joke for me to lose my pistols. Hair triggers—best English make, and gold mounted. There ain't a finer pair of shooters in America."

"Oh, we will find them. We will go on a pilgrimage from house to house, asking if any lady there has lost a night cap and found a pair of dueling pistols."

In very good spirits the party crossed the river, and inquired at the baggage room in reference to each and all black leather traveling bags arrived that day—took notes of where they were sent, and sent out to follow them up. In due time they reached the Continental, and as luck would have it, met the unhappy bridal pair just coming down stairs in charge of the policeman.

"What's the meaning of all this?" inquired the Captain.

"Oh, a couple of burglars, caught with a valise of stolen property."

"A valise!—what kind of a valise?"

"A black leather valise. That's it, there."

"Here!—Stop!—Hallo!—policeman!—Landlord! It's all right! You're all wrong! That's my valise. It's all a mistake! They got changed at the depot. This lady and gentleman are innocent. Here's their valise, with her night cap in it."

Great was the laughter, multifarious the comments, and deep the interest of the crowd in all this dialogue, which they appeared to regard as a delightful entertainment got up expressly for their amusement.

"Then you say this'ere thing's yours?" said the policeman, relaxing his hold upon the bridegroom, and confronting the Captain.

"Yes, it's mine."

"And how did you come by the spoons?"

"Spoons, you jackanapes!" said the Captain, "dueling pistols!"

"Do you call these pistols?" said the policeman, holding up to view one of the silver spoons, marked T. B.

The Captain, astonished, gasped, "It's the wrong valise again, after all."

"Stop, not so fast!" said the police functionary, now invested with great dignity by the importance of the affair he found himself engaged in. "If so be how you've got this lady's valise, she's all right, and can go. But in that case this is yours, and it comes on you to account for them are stolen spoons. Have to take you in charge, all four of ye."

"Why, you impudent scoundrel!" roared the Captain. "I'll see you in—I wish I had my pistol here; I'd teach you to insult a gentleman!" shaking his fist.

The dispute waxed fast and furious. The outsiders began to take part in it, and there is no telling how it would have ended, had not an explosion, followed by a heavy fall and a scream of pain been heard in an adjoining room.

The crowd rushed to the scene of the new attraction.

The door was fast. It was soon burst open and the mystery explained. The thief—who had carried of the Captain's valise by mistake for his own, had taken it up to his room and opened it to gloat over the booty he supposed it to contain, thrusting his hand in after the spoons. In so doing he had touched one of the hair triggers, and the pistol had gone off, the bullet making a round hole through the side of the valise, and a corresponding round hole in the calf of his leg.

The wounded rascal was taken in charge first by the policeman, and then by the Doctor; and the duellists and the wedding pair struck up a friendship on the score of their mutual mishap, which culminated in a supper, where the fun was abundant, and where it would be hard to say which was in the best spirits, the Captain for recovering his pistols, the bride for getting her night cap, the bridegroom for escaping the station house, or the duelists for escaping each other. All resolved to "mark that day with a white stone," and henceforth to mark their names on their black traveling bags in white letters.

AUDUBON.

BY JAMES PARTON.

One of the happiest men, and one of the most interesting characters we have had in America, was John James Audubon, the celebrated painter and biographer of American birds. He was one of the few men whose pursuits were in accordance with his tastes and his talents; and, besides this, he enjoyed almost every other facility which falls to the lot of a mortal.

His father was a French admiral, who, about the middle of the last century, emigrated to Louisiana, where he prospered and reared a family. His distinguished son was born in 1780. While he was still a little boy, he showed a remarkable interest in the beautiful birds that flew about his father's sugar plantation, particularly the mocking-bird, which attains its greatest perfection in that part of Louisiana. He soon had a considerable collection of living birds; and he tells us that his first attempts to draw and paint were inspired by his desire to preserve a memento of the beautiful plumage of some of his birds that die. In delineating his feathered friends he displayed so much talent that, at the age of fourteen, his father took him to Paris, and placed him in the studio of the famous painter, David, where he neglected every other branch of art except the one in which he was destined to excel. David's forte was in painting battle-pieces; but his pupil was never attracted to pictures of that kind, and he occupied himself almost exclusively in painting birds. At seventeen, he returned to Louisiana and resumed, with all his former ardor, his favorite study.

"My father," he says, in one of his prefaces, "then made me a present of a magnificent farm in Pennsylvania, on the banks of the Schuylkill, where I married. The cares of a household, the love which I bore my wife, and the birth of two children, did not diminish my passion for Ornithology. An invincible attraction drew me toward the ancient forests of the American continent, and many years rolled away while I was far from my family."

To facilitate his design of studying birds in their native woods, he removed his family to the village of Henderson, upon the banks of the Ohio, whence, for fifteen years, he made excursions into the forest with his portfolio, rifle and gaming-bag.

From the great lakes to the extremest points of Florida—from the Alleghenies to the prairies beyond the Mississippi—through impenetrable forests, in canebrakes, almost impassable, and on the boundless prairies, he sought for new varieties of birds, copying them of the size of life, and measuring every part with the utmost nicety of mathematics. Up with the dawn and rambling about all day, he was the happiest of men if he returned to his camp in the evening carrying in his game-bag a new specimen with which to enrich his collection. He had no thought whatever of publishing his pictures.

"And now that it is so happily settled," said the Doctor, chuckling, and rubbing his hands, "it proves to have been a lucky mistake, after all, that we brought the wrong valise. Wonder what the lady who owns it will say, when she opens ours and finds the pistols."

"Very well for you to laugh about," growled the Captain," but it is no joke for me to lose my pistols. Hair triggers—best English make, and gold mounted. There ain't a finer pair of shooters in America."

"Oh, we will find them. We will go on a pilgrimage from house to house, asking if any lady there has lost a night cap and found a pair of dueling pistols."

In very good spirits the party crossed the river, and inquired at the baggage room in reference to each and all black leather traveling bags arrived that day—took notes of where they were sent, and sent out to follow them up. In due time they reached the Continental, and as luck would have it, met the unhappy bridal pair just coming down stairs in charge of the policeman.

"What's the meaning of all this?" inquired the Captain.

"Oh, a couple of burglars, caught with a valise of stolen property."

"A valise!—what kind of a valise?"

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