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.

ADVERTISING RATES.

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.

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

WM. GARRETSON,

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

JOHN I. MITCHELL

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW, Wellsboro, Tioga Co., Pa.

Claim Agent, Notary Public, and Insurance Agent. He will attend promptly to collection of Pensions, Back Pay and Bounty. As Notary Public he takes acknowledgements of deeds, administers oaths, and will act as Commissioner to take testimony. ☞ Office over Roy's Drug Store, adjoining Agitator Office.—Oct. 30. 1867.

IZAAK WALTON HOUSE,

Gaines, Tioga County, Pa.

VERMILYEA & REXFORD, Propr'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 for 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.

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

R. E. OLNEY,

DEALER in CLOCKS & JEWELRY, SILVER & PLATED WARE, Spectacles, Violin Strings, &c., &c., Mansfield, Pa. Watches and Jewelry neatly repaired. Engraving done in plain English and German. 1sept67-1y.

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, puffs, coils, and swiches on hand and made to order.

H. W. DORSEY. J. JOHNSON.

D. BACON, M. D., late of the 2d Pa. Cavalry, after nearly four years of army service, with a large perience in field and hospital practice, has opened an for the practice of medicine and surgery, in all anches. Persons from a distance can find good ding at the Pennsylvania Hotel when desired.— visit any part of the State in consultation, or to m surgical operations. No 4, Union Block, up s. Wellsboro, Pa., May 2, 1866.—1y.

NEW PICTURE GALLERY.—

FRANK SPENCER

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

NEW PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY,

on hand to take all kinds of Sun Pictures, Ambrotypes, Ferrotypes, Vignettes, Cartes Visite, the Surprise and Eureka Pictures; also cular attention paid to copying and enlarg Pictures. Instructions given in the Art on sonable terms. Elmira St., Mansfield, Oct. 1, 66.

ATTENTION SOLDIERS.

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

SOLDIERS' CLAIMS AND DUES

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

U. S. CLAIM AGENCY,

For the Collection of

Army and Navy Claims and Pensions.

THE NEW BOUNTY LAW, passed July 28, 1866, gives two and three years' soldiers extra bounty. Send ur discharges.

OFFICERS' EXTRA PAY.

ree months' extra pay proper to volunteer officers were in service March 3, 1865.

PENSIONS INCREASED

all who have lost a limb and who have been permantly and totally disabled.

All other Government claims prosecuted.

JEROME B. NILES.

Wellsboro, October 10, 1866-tf

E. SMITH, M. D.

SURGEON.

OPERATES successfully for Cataract, Strabismus, (cross eye) Removal of Tumors, e Lip, Varicose Veins, Club Feet, &c.

rticular attention paid to diseases of the Eye General Surgery.

nsultation at office free.

ferences given to operations recently perted.

ce hours from 12 M. to 3 P. M.

ce at his residence, Mansfield, Tioga County, March 27, 1867-1y.*

NORMAN STRAIT,

AGENT for the National Series of Standard School Books; published by A. S. Barnes & Co. 111 & 113 am, corner of John Street, N. Y., keeps constantly supply. All orders promptly filled. Call on or ss by mail. N. STRAIT.

eola, Pa., June 19, 1867-1y.

C. B. KELLY,

AGENT for MARVIN & CO'S FIRE AND BURGLAR PROOF SAFES.

ellsboro, September 25, 1867.

J. G. PUTNAM,

MILL WRIGHT—*Agent* for all the best TURBINE WATER WHEELS. Also Stewart's Oscillating Movement for Gang and y Saws.

ga, Pa., Aug. 7, 1867, 1y.

Bounty and Pension Agency.

HAVING received definite instructions in regard to the extra bounty allowed by the act approved 8, 1866, and having on hand a large supply of all ary blanks, I am prepared to prosecute all pen and bounty claims which may be placed in my . Persons living at a distance can communicate me by letter, and their communications will be ptly answered. WM. H. SMITH.

boro, October 21, 1866.

ALL BROOK COAL.—The undersigned having make arrangements to furnish Coal the TON or CAR LOAD, coarse or fine, solic the patronage of the public.

ALSO—has constantly on hand, a large stock CARRIAGE BOLTS, &c., at wholesale and il. ☞ BLACKSMITHING of all kinds ne in the best manner. S. M. GEER.

Tioga, Dec. 1, 1866-tf.

The Tioga County Agitator.

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

WELLSBORO, PA., DECEMBER 11, 1867. NO. 50.

JOBBING DEPARTMENT.

The Proprietors have stocked the establishment with a large assortment of modern stlyes

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.

VOL. XIV.

BE CLOTHED!

JOSEPH INGHAM & SONS, two miles east of Knoxvile, Tioga County, Pa., are prepared to manufacture wool by the yard or on shares, as may be desired. They make

FLANNELS, FULL CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, DOESKINS,

and can promise to satisfy customers. They pay particular attention to

ROLL-CARDING & CLOTH-DRESSING.

Twenty years experience in the business warrants them in expecting a generous patronage. No shoddy cloths made.
Deerfield, June 12, 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.

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.

J. B. MERRICK,
SURGEON DENTIST,
CHERRY FLATTS, TIOGA CO. PA.,

OPERATES with Chloroform, Ether, and the celebrated Spray Producer.
June 19, 1867-6m.

UNION HOTEL.

MINER WATKINS, PROPRIETOR.

HAVING fitted up a new hotel building on the site of the old Union Hotel, lately destroyed by fire, I am now ready to receive and entertain guests. The Union Hotel was intended for a Temperance House, and the Proprietor believes it can be sustained without grog. An attentive hostler in attendance.
Wellsboro, June 26, 1867.

TOWNSEND HOUSE.

WILLIAM TOWNSEND, PROPRIETOR.

HAVING leased for a term of years the popular and well known Hotel stand lately occupied by A. M. Hazlett, I am prepared to furnish the traveling and local public with the best accommodations to be procured in the country. A good hostler always in attendance. Teams furnished to fishing parties.
Wellsboro, June 26, 1867.

John W. Guernsey,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW.

Having 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 seasonable hours.
Wellsboro, Jan. 2, 1867-tf.

THE PLACE TO BUY DRUGS.

AT the Lawrenceville Drug Store, where you will find every thing properly belonging to the Drug Trade

CHEAP, CHEAPER, & CHEAPEST,

and of the best quality for Cash. Also, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Lamps, Fancy Notions, Violin Strings, Fishing Tackle, Window Glass, &c.
Cash paid for Flax Seed.
C. P. LEONARD.
Lawrenceville, May 8, 1867.

B. B. BORDEN,

TIOGA, PA.,

HAS just returned from the City with a large and desirable stock of goods consisting of

DRUGS AND MEDICINES,

Yankee Notions, of every description, Glass and Plated-Ware, Wall Paper, Paints and Oils, Dye Stuffs, School Books, Groceries, and finally every thing that is ever kept in a Drug and Notion Store. I would also call the attention of the public to our Stock of *GERMAN LAMPS*, unequaled in the wide world, and also that I am Agent for the "Morton" Gold Pen, and shall always keep a large assortment.
Tioga, May 8, 1867-tf. B. B. BORDEN.

Glen's Falls Insurance Company,
GLEN'S FALLS, N. Y.

—o—

Capital and Surplus $373,637,66.

—o—

FARM RISKS, only, taken.
No Premium Notes required.
It is LIBERAL. It pays damages by Lightning, whether Fire ensues or not.
It pays for live stock killed by Lightning, in barns or in the field.
Its rates are lower than other Companies *of* equal responsibility. I. C. PRICE, Agent,
Farmington Centre, Tioga Co. Pa.
May 29, 1867-1y.

J. H. RANDALL,
SURGICAL AND MECHANICAL
DENTIST.

OFFICE at his residence on Wellsboro street, Tioga, where he may be found from the 1st until the 12th, and from the 19th until the 25th of each month. Will be in Blossburg at the United States Hotel, from the 13th until the 18th, and in Lawrenceville at Slosson's Hotel, from the 26th until the last day of each month.

All operations connected with the *dental* profession, whether surgical or mechanical, will receive especial attention.

Having an improved liquid and apparatus for benumbing the gums, he is prepared to extract teeth without pain, and in a manner harmless to the patient, yet no stupefaction, drowsiness or nausea, follows the operation. Ether or Chloroform will be administered if advisable when desired.

Artificial Teeth of all kinds inserted in the most substantial and beautiful manner.

Call and see specimens of mechanical dentistry.
Tioga, Pa., May 1, 1867.

WALKER & LATHROP.
DEALERS IN
HARDWARE, IRON, STEEL NAILS,
STOVES, TIN-WARE,
BELTING, SAWS, CUTLERY,
WATER LIME,
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,
Carriage and Harness Trimmings.
HARNESSES, SADDLES, &c.
Corning, N. Y., Jan. 2, 1867-1y

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.—J. B. Shakspear, dealer in Decker & Brother and Haines & Brothers pianos, Mason & Hamlin cabinet organs, Treat, Linsley & Co. melodeons, and the B. Shoninger melodeons. Room over J. R. Bowen's store. Sept 12, 1866.

CASH PAID FOR BUTTER AT
WRIGHT & BAILEY'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.

SAVINGS BANK.
OTHERWISE
GARDNER'S
GROCERY AND PROVISION STORE.

THE

OLD saying that a penny saved is a penny earned, justifies GARDNER in naming his establishment a Savings Bank. Economy is Wealth, said some old chap whose name I have forgotten; and it is economy to trade where the

SLAUGHTER

of high prices is being prosecuted with vigor and without reprieve. I can sell Sugars, Teas, Molasses, Fish, Pork, Flour, Corn Meal, Coffees, Canned Fruits, Spices, and everything intended for family use, giving the buyer the benefit

OF THE

fall of the markets, an advantage duly appreciated by everybody, excepting only those verdant

INNOCENTS

who prefer *PROMISING TO PAY* one hundred per cent profits to the seller, to *PAYING* twenty five per cent. cash on delivery of the goods. I shall offer my stock of goods at fair prices

EVERY MONDAY,
EVERY TUESDAY,
EVERY WEDNESDAY,
EVERY THURSDAY,
EVERY FRIDAY,
AND
EVERY SATURDAY,

and fill up as fast as I sell out.
L. A. GARDNER.
Wellsboro, June 12, 1867.

NEW DRY GOODS STORE.

TOLES & BARKER,

(NO. 5, UNION BLOCK.)

WE have just received our new and very large stock of

DRY GOODS,

such as

SHEETINGS, SHIRTINGS, PRINTS, CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, VESTINGS, READY MADE CLOTHING, HATS & CAPS, BOOTS AND SHOES,

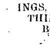
also a large and well selected stock of

CROCKERY, HARDWARE, WOODEN WARE, STONE WARE, KEROSENE OIL, PAINTS & OILS, SUGARS, TEAS, COFFEES, SYRUPS, MOLASSES,
ETC., DTC., ETC.

We are able to offer our customers the benefit of the

LAST DECLINE OF PRICES

in the New York Market, our Stock having been purchased since the great decline in Goods.
TOLES & BARKER.
Wellsboro, July 3, 1867.



A. B. EASTMAN,
SURGICAL & MECHANICAL
DENTIST.

IS permanently located at Wellsboro, Office over J. R. Bowen's Store, where he is prepared to execute all work pertaining to his profession with promptness and in a superior manner.

Teeth extracted without pain by the use of lately improved Spray Producer. Chloroform and Ether administered when desired. All work warranted. Satisfaction guaranteed or no charges. July 3, 1867.

HARKNESS & RILEY,
BOOT AND SHOE MAKERS,

Over Wilson & Van Valkenburg's Store, in the room lately occupied by Benj. Seeley.

BOOTS AND SHOES of all kinds made to order and in the best manner.
REPAIRING of all kinds done promptly and good. Give us a call.
JOHN HARKNESS,
WM. RILEY.
Wellsboro, Jan. 2, 1867 1y.

Select Poetry.

TERRA INCOGNITA.

A little song has come to me,
  A strain of sadness from over the sea;
And I hear its music and love it well,
  Though the heart that framed it I cannot tell.

A little picture comes to me,
  A dash of brightness from over the sea;
There are clasping hands and a holy face—
  But the name of the artist who can trace?

So I, in faith which comes to me,
  Believe in a land across the sea,
Where my vaguest fancies stand supreme,
  In a grand perfection beyond my dream.

O, land unknown! in thee alone,
  Shall formless lyrics to shape be grown;
In the all rhapsody riseth true,
  And the thoughts of beauty are ever new.

O, land unknown! where all is best,
  In thee is my aspiration blest.
For, I toil and tarry until I may,
  With my broken sentences, pass away.

Miscellaneous.

A GOOD STORY.

A SINGULAR AFFAIR.

It is now more than thirty years (says a traveler) since I met with a very singular adventure in the northern part of Mexico. I had left Chihuahua for the Rio Grande, having some Indian drivers and a Mexican guide. Near the close of the second day, just as we had fixed upon our camp, in a pleasant grove, near a running stream, a party of armed men, six in number, suddenly made their appearance, coming from I know not where, as I did not perceive them until they were close upon me.

They were all gaily drest in the fanciful costume of the country, and five of them carried carbines, which they leveled at me as with the intention of shooting me down at once.

"Do you surrender senor?" demanded the sixth—the leader of the party—who was armed with a brace of pistols and a stiletto.

"Have I any choice?" said I.

"Death!"

"Then, of course, I surrender."

"Throw down your arms, then, and permit yourself to be blindfolded at once."

"May I ask what you intend to do with me, senor," said I, as I obeyed his order.

"You may ask, but I shall not tell you."

"Of course, I am in your hands and at your mercy; as I never harmed you or yours, I shall venture to hope you will not treat me harshly." I rejoined.

He did not reply to this, but made a sign to his men, who advanced, gathered up my weapons, and fixed a tight bandage over my eyes. Two of them took each an arm, and I was led away between them.

To the best of my judgment, we walked about half a mile, not a word being spoken. Then we began to descend some steps, and by the cooler and [illegible] some subterranean place, perhaps a cave.—We went down for a comparatively long distance and then through what seemed to be a narrow passage, with sharp turns—now to the right, and now to the left. Then we went up a few steps, and down twice as many, and soon after appeared to enter a large apartment, where several persons were assembled, chattering and laughing, but suddenly became silent.

Here I expected my bandage to be removed, but it was not. I was still led forward into another narrow passage, and then into some room, the door of which opened with a harshly grating sound.

My sight being now restored to me, I found myself in a small rocky cell, whose dimensions and contents I could perceive by the light of an iron lamp which one of my two conductors held in his hand. The apartment was perhaps ten feet by six, and looked as if it had been hewed out of solid rock. It had an iron door, with a very small opening over the top, to admit air. It was daylight when I left the fresh world above, but there was no daylight here, and the air was damp and noisome. A dirty matress stretched along the ground on one side, and an earthen jug stood in one corner. These were all the room contained, which had the appearance of a prisoner's cell.

"Will you not tell me why I am here?" I said to the men, as they stood watching the expression of my features.

"Because it is the wish of our chief," answered one with a grim smile.

"Have I done anything for which he wishes to punish me?"

"He had better answer that question himself."

"Shall I see him soon?"

"You may and you may not."

"What will become of my propertry, meantime?"

"It will be taken good care of."

"May I hope it will be restored to me!"

"You may hope what you will."

"Will you tell me nothing to solve the mystery in which I am involved?"

"That is not our business here," said the spokesman, and then both turned to go out.

"Oh, gentlemen!" exclaimed I, as a horrible suspicion suddenly flashed upon me, "pray assure me of one thing—I am not to be locked up here and left to starve to death."

"It is not for us to say," was the reply, as the heavy iron door was swung to and locked, leaving me in darkness, a prey to fear and despair.

For hours no one came near me; and not knowing what better to do, I stretched my weary self out on the mattress, and finally fell asleep.

I was awakened by the creaking of the hinges of my iron door. I looked up, and could hardly believe my senses, when I beheld, by the light she held in her hand, a young, tall, beautiful lady, with black eyes and hair, very gaily and richly dressed; her soft, white tapering fingers fairly glittering with rings of great value. Behind her, like an evil genius, stood a wrinkled and ugly old woman, whose bleared eyes and hooked nose just came out of the shadow, over her shoulder, with a very unpleasant, if not startling effect.

I immediately rose from my dirty couch and made my most polite bow, which the younger female, after staring hard at me, in a very peculiar manner, for nearly half a minute, acknowledged by a very slight inclination of her head.

"What is your name, age and country, senor?" she said, at length, speaking in the tone of one accustomed to command.

"My name is Walter Ainsworth. I am twenty-nine years of age, and I was born in the United States."

"What is the value of your mule train, including goods and animals?"

"Ten thousand dollars."

"What amount of money have you about your person, and what things of value?"

I knew I might as well tell the truth, and the whole, as endeavor to conceal anything, for I was unquestionably in the hands of an organized body of brigands, who could search me, or do whatever else with me they might choose; so I answered, without hesitation:

"I have in money not far from a hundred dollars and a gold watch, worth perhaps two hundred. These are all of any special value, my silver-mounted pistols and bowie knife having already been given up."

"Are you married or single?"

"I have a wife and two children."

"Where?"

"In New Orleans."

"Do they depend upon you for support?"

"Entirely."

"Have you other property besides your mule train?"

"Only a little—worth, perhaps a few hundred dollars."

"I think you have given me honest and truthful answers," she said, looking me keenly in the eye.

"I have, indeed fair lady, and I hope I may trust much to your kindness and mercy!"

"Give him bread and water Frances!" she said, turning to the old woman.

The latter stepped past her mistress and placed a stone jug and loaf of bread on the ground at my feet. Then she advanced to the corner and took away the jug already there. Both then turned to go out, and I exclaimed pleadingly:

"Have mercy fair lady, and procure me my liberty!"

"What will you give for it?" she inquired.

"If necessary, everything I possess."

I will consider your proposition, she replied, and then the heavy iron door was again swung to and locked, and I was again left in darkness and solitude.

From that time, for a long period—a month, as I made it out, I saw no living soul. There was a small door set in the larger, and once a day this was opened, but being dark outside, and no light being brought, I could see no one. A hand reached in a loaf of bread and jug of water. Several times I addressed words to the invisible party outside, but no answer ever being returned, I at length ceased to speak, and for the last three weeks said nothing. What I suffered in that time I leave to the imagination.

One day the same lady I have described came and spoke to me through the wicket.

"Are you still of the same mind, senor—willing to give all you possess for your liberty!"

"Oh, yes, lady! yes! I will give all! all!! Oh, for the love of Heaven, set me at liberty!"

"Will you swear to follow my directions in every particular, and never seek to bring to justice any one concerned in your capture and imprisonment?"

"Yes, lady! by the most sacred oath you may prescribe."

"Then, by the lives of your wife and children, swear!"

"I do; and by my hopes of Heaven?"

"You will be blindfolded and let out of your prison," she pursued, "but will not be left to go penniless. What you have about your *person* you will be allowed to keep, and you will be put upon the road to Chihuahua, mounted on a good horse, and furnished with a heavy purse, a part of the proceeds of your mule train, which has been sold to advantage. You will ride to Chihuahua as fast as you can, and report yourself as having done well, without making of any person or thing you have heard or seen in this vicinity. After that, take my advice, and leave the country, without ever returning this way again."

"In every particular, kind lady, you shall be obeyed," said I, my heart wildly beating with hope and joy.

"It is well. Be ready in an hour.—Adios.

She went away, and that hour seemed to me an age, as I hurriedly paced up and down my dark cell. Would she keep her promise? should I again be free?

Thank heaven, she was true to her word. At the expiration of an hour two persons entered my cell in the dark, put a close bandage over my eyes, and led me away in silence, through long, narrow passages as before, and up to the world above. Oh! what a delightful sensation to feel and breathe once more the pure air of heaven. They still continued to lead away for something like a mile, and then put a heavy purse in my hand and mounted me upon a horse.

"Now, then," said one, we are about to leave you. Your horse's head is toward Chihuahua. Do not touch your bandage till you hear us whistle; then tear it off and ride for your life, looking not behind you."

I followed their directions, as I had sworn to do, and reached my destination in safety, and soon after left the country. The bag given me contained the amount of a thousand dollars in gold. To this day I do not understand the mystery of my imprisonment, robbery and parting present.

A very worthy fisherman, by the name of Grizzle, was drowned some time since, and all search for his body proved unavailing. After it had been in the water some months, however, it was discovered floating on the surface, and taken to the shore, whereupon Mr. Smith was dispatched to convey the intelligence to the much afflicted widow.

"Well, Mrs. Grizzle, we have found Mr. Grizzle's body."

"You don't say so."

"Yes we have, the jury has sot on it, and found it full of eels."

"You don't say Mr. Grizzle's body is full of eels?"

"Yes, it is, and we want to know what you will have done with it."

"Why, how many eels do you think there is in him?"

"About a bushel."

"Well, then, I think you had better send the eels up to the house and set him again."

Old Mr. Russell was fairly caught in his own trap. He was better known as Major Ben. Russell, and being met by his old friend Busby, he was familiarly saluted by a hearty shake of the hand, and:

"How do you do, old Russell?"

"Come, now," said Major Ben., "I'll not take that from you—not a bit of it; you are as old as I am this minute."

"Upon my word," says Mr. Busby, "you are my senior by at least ten years."

"Not at all, friend Busby; and if you please, we will determine this question very soon. Just tell me what is the first thing you can recollect."

"Well, the first thing I recollect," said Mr. Busby, "was hearing people say, "there goes old Ben. Russell."

A good story is told of a Glasgow merchant, who, on his death-bed, sent for a Free church clergyman. Having some fears regarding his future prospects, he asked the reverend gentleman:

"Do you think, if I were to leave £10,000 to the Free kirk, that my soul would be saved?"

"Well," answered the cautious minister, "I couldn't just promise you that, but I think the experiment well worth trying."

Have the courage to prefer comfort and prosperity to fashion in all things.

Have the courage to acknowledge your ignorance, rather than to seek credit for knowledge under false pretenses.

Mrs. Houghton's Cat, or Who Was the Burglar.

Mr. Jones was on his way home from a small party, at a late hour in the evening. It was a very dark night—darkness solid enough to cut, as somebody has expressed it. Under the circumstances it was perhaps strange that Mr. Jones found considerable difficulty in finding his way home, familiar as it was.

At length, with a feeling of relief, he turned into the street in which he lived. I should say into the street in which he supposed he lived. The fact was that he mistook the street, and turned into one running parallel to it.

"Now where's my house?" thought Jones.

It was rather hard to tell. He tried with his eyes to peer through the darkness, but not very successfully. At last he discerned an outline that looked like the front of No. 62, which he occupied.

"Yes," said he, [illegible] a feeling of decided relief, "that's it."

But he was mistaken.

It was the residence of Mr. Houghton, a dry goods merchant.

But how should Jones know? He couldn't read the name on the door-plate. However he felt so confident he was right, that he probably wouldn't have done so if he could.

He took out his latch key, and inserted it in the proper place.

But a very curious coincidence and unfortunately for Jones, as it proved, his latch key fitted Mr. Houghton's door. The door flew open, as if to its lawful proprietor, and Jones, entirely unconscious that he was committing a grave offence in the eye of the law, stepped tranquilly inside.

It was about twelve o'clock. Every soul was in bed and asleep. I ought to except Mrs. Houghton, who had been kept awake by a severe toothache.

Jones groped his way along until he came to the hat stand, which happened to occupy a similar position to that in his own hall, and quietly took off his coat and hung it up. His hat ditto.—He then thought he would make his way into the dining-room opening out of the hall at the end, and light the gas.

"I should think Mrs. Jones might have kept the hall burner lighted," he said to himself. "She knew I was going to stay out late. Confound it."

This last exclamation was elicited by a stumble over an article of furniture in the dining-room which he had already entered. Jones fell over it with considerable violence, producing a contusion on the knee, and a trifling pain in that bone sometimes denominated the crazy-bone.

"Its a regular man-trap," muttered Jones, picking himself up somewhat irritably. "What is it I have stumpled over?"

He felt about, thinking it might be a chair, but his astonishment may be conceived when he discovered, by his sense of feeling, the offending article was a cradle.

"A cradle in my house!" he exclaimed, "What can it mean?"

Mr. Jones' youngest child was ten years old, so that he had some ground for his surprise.

"A cradle!" he repeated. "Good heavens! Has Mrs. Jones been entertaining babies during my absence! Even if she has, she might have the good sense to put away the cradle so that I needn't break my shins over it."

He made a stride forward—and unfortunate step it proved. The table was laid for breakfast—the custom in that household, but not that in Mr. Jones'. Coming into violent collision with it, the table was tipped over, and there was a tremendous smashing of Crockery, making a hideous racket.

"Good gracious!" thought Jones, "what on earth induced Mrs. Jones to set the table over night in this particular occasion. She never has done so before. I suppose I have destroyed ten or fifteen dollars worth of crockery. It is Mrs. Jones' fault. I shall deduct it out of her pin-money."

Meanwhile, in the chamber above, Mrs. Houghton had striven in vain to find relief from her toothache. She tried cloves, she tried toothache drops, and various other remedies, but all to no purpose. The disagreeable pain would not be exorcised. She envied Mr. Houghton, who lay in tranquil slumber unheeding her torments.

All at once she thought she heard the outer door open. Still she could hardly believe it. It must be her imagination. She thought, however, she would listen again.

No, she was not mistaken. She certainly did hear a step in the hall.

Mrs. Houghton began to be frightened.

"Could it be burglars?"

She waited.

Next came the sound of Jones, stumbling over the cradle.

"It must be somebody," thought Mrs. Houghton, nervously. "Shall I wake Mr. Houghton? If I do, and he goes down, and if burglars, they will very likely shoot him. I'll wait a minute."

She did wait a minute.

Then came the fearful crash of crockery, a sound which Mrs. Houghton heard with a degree of terror which quite cured the toothache. She felt if she could no longer stand it alone, so she gave her husband a vigorous shake.

"What's wanted?" demanded he drowsily; more than half asleep."

"Wake up!"

"Is it morning?"

"No, but you must wake up at once!"

"What for? What's the matter?"

"There's matter enough?" exclaimed Mrs. Houghton, in an energetic whisper. "There's a burglar in the house!"

"A what?"

"A burglar! I heard him come in.—He's making a tremendous noise below. I think there may be two or three of them."

"What's to be done?" said Houghton, now fairly awake.

"They'll carry off my silver. I forgot to bring it up to night."

"I've got a pistol," said Mr. Houghton, "and I believe it is loaded."

"Then you'd better go down stairs and use it," said his wife, her anxiety about the silver getting the better of her anxiety for her husband's safety.

There was another crash, and a loud exclamation from Jones, as he stepped on a dish that had thus far lay uninjured and demolished it.

"He's swearing," said Mrs. Houghton. "Oh, do go down quick, before he gets at the silver."

Mr. Houghton didn't seem to be much in a hurry. In fact he was rather cowardly by nature, and didn't at all relish a conflict with a burglar. However, he put on his pants in a leisurely manner, greatly to Mrs. Houghton's disturbance.

"Oh, do be quick," she said.

"I suppose you want him to shoot me," he muttered. "Why don't you go down yourself?"

"That's a pretty question for a man to ask his wife. There isn't any danger. He's in the dark, and you can open the door at the foot of the stairs and fire."

"But perhaps he's got a lantern."

"O, do go down Mr. Houghton, or shall go!"

"Go if you wish to."

"I believe you're a coward."

"I'm going as quick as I can," sa
Mr. Houghton, who did not relish th

imputation, more especially as he had a decided conviction that it was near the truth.

"Here's your pistol."

Mr. Houghton took the pistol with no great alacrity, and opening the door, began to descend the stairs. He heard sounds as of some one groping about, and that gave him courage. It seemed to indicate that the burglar had no light.

"I hope he won't catch hold of me," thought, and his blood ran cold at the thought. "He is probably some desperate ruffian."

He slipped quietly to the foot of the stairs, and pulling the trigger, fired.

There was a piercing scream, such as it was hard to think could proceed from any human being's lungs.

Mr. Houghton, his soul stricken with fear, bounded up stairs four steps at a bound.

Jones heard the report, and he too was astonished. [illegible] thought. "Somebody has fired a pistol at me. Who screamed, I wonder?"

Just then he stumbled across a card of matches, and struck one against the wall. The light revealed to him the startling information that he was in the wrong house.

"Good Gracious!" he exclaimed, the light flashing upon him, "I've been fired at as a burglar. I must get out of this."

He lost no time in making his way to the front door, and hurried down the steps, fearing lest an alarm might be raised. He soon reached his own house, and entered, saying nothing of his adventure.

The Houghtons did not sleep much.—Mr. Houghton was convinced that he had shot a burglar, and that he was probably stretched out in the dining-room. But he didn't like to go down and look at him.

"Better wait till morning," he said. "He may still be alive and might shoot me."

He bolted the chamber-door, but it is needless to say that neither he nor his wife slept much that night.

With the first glimmering of dawn, everything below being quiet, his courage returned, and supported by Mrs. Houghton, he descended to the dining-room.

He opened the door nervously, but instead of seeing the dead burglar, only saw an overturned table, demolished crockery, and on a chair, cold in death, the body of Mrs. Houghton's favorite cat, who had received the bullet intended for the midnight marauder.

"Could it be possible that Tom upset the table?" ejaculated Mrs. Houghton.

"I think it must be," said her husband bewildered.

"And you shot him?"

"You told me to."

"I don't understand it; I distinctly heard somebody swear."

"Probably it was the cat," said Mr. Houghton, sarcastically.

Mrs. Houghton was not sure. It seemed as if puss were the only burglar, yet she had never heard that cats were in the habit of swearing. To this day that night's adventure is a mystery to the bewildered pair. Of course Mr. Jones never revealed his complicity, and the cat still bears the blame of the nocturnal uproar, and the destruction of

Poor Ponto.

One of the most affecting stories I ever heard about a dog was told me many years ago by an uncle of mine who once lived in Paris. My uncle was walking on one of the quays, when he saw a man approach, holding a dog by a chain. The poor animal was frightened, and yet did not attempt to struggle as he was being led along. He looked up piteously at his jailor, and every now and then tried to fawn about his feet, as if pleading with him.

"Poor beast, he might know, seemingly, what was going to happen to him," said the man.

"What is going to happen?" inquired my uncle.

"Sir, I'm going to drown him; that is what will happen."

"But why, sir; are you his master?"

"I am certainly his master, and he is old—poor Ponto! I am sorry, but it must be."

The dog gave a low whine, and trembling, crouched close to his master.

"He does not seem so very old, and drowning is a hard death," remonstrated my uncle.

"Sir, he is quite useless."

While he was speaking the words, the man unmoored a little boat, lifted the dog in, and rowed to the middle of the stream. When he came to where the water was deepest, my uncle saw him lift up the dog suddenly, and throw him with great force into the stream.

If the master had thought that the dog's age and infirmities would prevent his struggling for life he was very much mistaken, for he rose to the surface, kept his head well up, and trod the water bravely. The man then began to push the dog away with an oar, and at last, losing all patience, he struck so far to deal the dog a blow that he overbalanced himself and fell into the river.—He could not swim, and now began the generous animal's efforts, not to save his own life, but that of the master who was trying to drown him. The dog swam to him, and seized fast hold of his coat collar, held him up until a boat put off to his rescue and brought him, half drowned and wholly frightened, to the shore—his faithful dog barking, crying and licking his hand and face in the greatest excitement of affection. I remember still the look with which my uncle used to tell how he stepped forward and asked the man:

"Do you still think him useless—this noble, generous dog?"

"I think he deserves a better master," said the gentleman who had witnessed the incident; and there and then he made an offer to buy Ponto; but the man, embracing the dog, said hoarsely:

"No, sir; no, I was wrong; as long as I have a crust, I will give half to my poor Ponto."

A woman who had a basket on her arm came up at the same time and said, "I should think you would, indeed, or else you ought to be ashamed to look him in the face," and out of her basket took a piece of meat, and the dog was feasted and petted and made much of, and from that time, as long as my uncle staid in Paris, he often saw Ponto on the quay, and the story of his generosity to his master made him so many friends that the dog's keep was no longer burdensome. No one was suffered to molest him, and his old age was doubtless the happiest period of his life.

A gentleman about to travel on a French railroad, had, at the time of entering the car, an unlighted cigar in his mouth. Observing that there was a lady in the compartment, he was about to replace the cigar in his case, when lo, from the lady's feet there rose a fierce dog, in a threatening attitude. At the same time the lady snatched the cigar from the gentleman's mouth and threw it out of the window, with the remark: "I dislike smokers, they make me ill."

The gentleman, with a polite bow, rejoined: "I do not like dogs, they annoy me." Then seizing the animal by the back of the neck, he pitched it after the cigar.

ROMANCE IN PLATTSBURG.

In the latter part of June, in the year 1856, Capt. John G. Weatherwax, one of a numerous family of that name, living six miles south of Plattsburg, sailed as the owner and commander of a vessel on Lake Champlain for a Canadian port, taking with him as employees, his cousin, Andrew Weatherwax, and another boatman. On the return trip, they one morning put into the mouth of Pike river, a small stream which empties into the lake on the east and just north of the Canada line, for the purpose of taking on a cargo of wood. During the day, the third man of the crew, as he afterwards testified, observed the Captain and his cousin violently quarreling. There were high and passionate words, and threats employed without stint or measure. The quarrel and wrangling continued at intervals, and the angry feelings of the part[illegible] day wore on, [illegible] quarrel was at its hight near nightfall. At evening, while the witness stood alone at the stern, the Captain and his cousin resumed their quarrel near the bow, and for a long time the noise of a wordy conflict and threats of violence continued to be heard by him. Finally, however, the quarrel seemed to have been brought to a sudden termination, and in a very singular manner. There came through the darkness to the ear of the listener the sound of a dull heavy thud, as of a powerful blow with some heavy weapon crushing through a skull, and then all was still. A few minutes more elapsed and the Captain came aft, but without his cousin. Nothing was said by him or the witness about the matter, and the night passed away. In the morning, the hat of Andrew Weatherwax lay upon the forward deck and near it a pool of blood. The Captain was taciturn and moody, and said nothing of his cousin; and the assistant being now the only occupant of the vessel with him, did not care to agitate the matter. It turned out afterwards, however, that the captain of a vessel lying near heard also the quarrel and the blow, but like the near witness, of whose presence he was not aware, he preferred to say nothing about it; and the Captain, after a few more days had elapsed, returned unmolested to Plattsburg, where, in answer to inquiries concerning his cousin, he gave only vague and what were considered evasive replies, stating that he had gone here or there to some indefinite place, of which the Captain seemed unwilling to give any account.

The second scene in this remarkable tragedy was the discovery of the dead body of a man in Pike river, in the exact spot where Captain Weatherwax's boat had been moored, only six days after the quarrel and supposed murder above related. The man had evidently been murdered, as his skull was crushed in, as though a blow had been given him. The body was identified as beyond all doubt that of Andrew Weathwax. This led to a revelation of the occurrences upon the boat, and in ten days thereafter, Captain Weatherwax was arrested and imprisoned on charge of having murdered his cousin. The warrant for his arrest was issued by S. D. M. Beckwith, then a justice of the Peace, and now a resident of Canton, N. Y. At the preliminary examination which lasted nine days, the evidence was so strong and so conclusive against the prisoner, that Mr. Beckwith gives it as his opinion that if it had been given to a jury upon his trial, no earthly power could have saved from conviction and execution. But as the transaction had taken place in Canada, it was decided that Justice Beckwith had no jurisdiction in the matter, and the prisoner was set at liberty. His counsel advised him upon his release to leave the country, change his name, and live in the greatest possible obscurity, so firmly convinced was he, as well as the entire community, of his guilt. But the Captain boldly and resolutely refused to do this, claiming that he would yet be able to vindicate his entire innocence. After a time, however, the news reached the British authorities in Canada, and in obedience to their requisition, Hon. Wm. L. Macy, then Secretary of State, issued a warrant for the Captain's arrest, and he was conveyed to Montreal, and closely confined in jail. Thither his faithful counsel followed him, and upon the trial managed to secure his acquittal by such means as are best known to skillful lawyers. Suffice it to say that there was not elicited a particle of evidence to weaken the conviction of his guilt, and yet the Judge charged the jury that the evidence was not sufficient to convict. He was accordingly released and returned to Plattsburg, which for ten years he has walked among his neighbors, spurned and despised of all, bearing the brand of Cain and even abandoned by his own family relatives, because he had murdered their kinsman. Of all who had known him, not one believed him innocent.

And here we reach the last, and above all others, strange event of his history. Early in the present month of October, Andrew Weatherwax appeared among his relatives in the southern part of the town of Plattsburg. When intelligence of his return was brought to those who participated in the scene of 1856 they refused to credit it. But he is nevertheless the veritable Andrew, and as such is received and recognized by his astonished and delighted friends. The account which he gives of himself is, that on that July night, in '56, he left the boat lying at the wharf at Pike river, and wandered off to a rum shop somewhere in the neighboring settlements. Already partially intoxicated, and irritated by the events of the day, it did not take long for him to become embroiled with certain tipsy fellows he found there.—He says he was arrested, brought before a magistrate and fined. Not having the money to pay the fine, he was about to be placed in close confinement, when a man stepped forward and offered to take him as a seaman, giving an advance of wages to pay the fine. Andrew accepted and was speedily shipped on an English vessel. He went as a common sailor to China, to Australia and to various parts of the world in different vessels. He returns now and learns for the first time of his supposed death by violence.

Since the return of his cousin, Captain John G. Weatherwax is another man. The confidence, vigor and heartedness of his younger days have returned to him. Friends cannot do enough to recompense him for the sufferings he has endured through their unjust condemnation. There is still a mystery connected with this case. No rational account can be given of the body that was found and identified as that of Andrew Weatherwax. No other man was missing, no other stranger or settler, far or near, was known here or at Pike River, to have suddenly disappeared. Too great an interval of time has now elapsed to solve this mystery, and the truth in regard to it must be left to conjecture.

An editor never leaves any money at home for fear of fire, and never carries any with him for fear of robbers, nor deposits it in bank for fear of speculating officials. His money is generally in the hands of his subscribers.

Secretary Stanton is in favor of Gen. Grant for President.