THE CENTRE REPORTER,

FRED. KURTZ.....Editor.

Centre Hall, Pa., June 28., '72

TERMS.—The REPORTER is published weekly at $2 per year, in advance, or $2.50 when not paid in advance. For six months half these rates.

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Any person sending us the names of six new subscribers, with cash, will receive the REPORTER one year free.

For Governor—CHAS. R. BUCKALEW.
Supreme Judge—JAMES THOMPSON.
Auditor General—WM. B. HARTLEY.

Congressman at Large:
Jas. H. Hopkins | Rich'd. Vaux | H. B. Wright.

Delegates at Large to Constitutional Convention.

Jeremiah S. Black,	G. W. Woodward,
Wm. Bigler,	Wm. J. Baer,
Wm. H. Smith.	T. R. Gowan,
John H. Campbell,	S. H. Reynolds,
James Ellis,	S. C. T. Dodd,
George M. Dallas,	R. A. Lamberton,
A. A. Purman,	Wm. L. Corbett.

Uncle Jake Ziegler, speaking of an escort for the editors arriving at Erie, says he wants no better than B. F. Whiteman, because "he knows" that townbetter than any one else. How's that Uncle Jake, ain't you going with pure motives?

Colfax had no patronage as vice-president, hence he was not nominated for re-election. Grant was nominated through the influence of his 80,000 office holders, who did it to retain their places—hence Grant is simply the choice of the bread-and-butter brigade. Colfax was just as deserving a re-nomination as Grant, and besides is a stateman and sustains a better character—but he had no patronage to dispense, hence he went overboard.

A prohibition party met at Altoona last week and nominated the following ticket:

For Governor—Hon. Simeon B. Chase, Susquehanna.

For Judge of the Supreme Court—Hon. Joseph Henderson, of Washington.

For Auditor General—Mr. Barr Spangler, of Lancaster.

For Congressmen at large—Colonel George G. McFarland, A. J. Clark and B. Rush Bradford.

The Tariff in Politics.

The tariff plank of the Philadelphia platform is intrinsically sound. It affirms the the doctrine of protection so full and clearly as to satisfy the tribune, which has always believed and aught that doctrine, taught it to some of those who now proclaim it.

But while the doctrine is sound its proclamation is a fraud, because many of these who have constructed and profess to stand upon the Philadelphia platform do not believe a word of it. Gerrit Smith is a conspicuous example. He scouts protection as swindle, and teaches the most ultra free trade. Messrs. Finkelnburg of Missouri, and Burchard of Illinois are Grant representatives in Congress and members of its committee of ways and means. As such, they have been working hard to tear it down what this platform upholds and commends. Their nominal adhesion to this tariff plank of the Philadelphia platform is a snare and a swindle. So of Henry S. Lane, Goodlove S. Orth, Jeremiah M. Wilson, and other Grant men in Indiana. They have voted and acted in congress in marked antagonism to the drift of the Phipadelphia proposition. Mr. Wilson went into congress on a profession of faith as sweepingly free trade as was ever put forth by Calhoun or McDuffie. So of Farnsworth of Illinois, and many more. They are for General Grant, but they are hostile to Protection, and will so act and vote hereafter, as heretofore in defiance of the Philadelphia platform. So of the editors of the Cincinnati Gazette, Ohio State Journal, Buffalo Commercial, N. Y. Times, Harper's Weekly, and hundreds more of them. They are free traders; they have jeered and scouted the Tribune for advocating protection. But here is Pennsylvania to be humbugged once more, as well as the iron melters, wool growers, and cloth makers of all the states. So a plank is inserted in the platform to gull them till after the election: then these Grant statesman and Grant newspapers can get down again from the platform they have thus far been denouncing, and begin to denounce it again.

Whenever all of one party shall be protectionist, and all of the other free traders, this question may be squarely met, in national contests. At present there are protectionists in either party as there are also free traders. Hence there is just one honest way of dealing with it by setting forth the naked truth. Say to the people: "On this question we differ, and we reserve to each of us full liberty of action upon it in the choice of members of congress." This is what the Cincinnati platform does what it should have done. Its basis is truth, its method, freedom, its result, action upon the tariff question by each member of congress in accord with the will of his constituents, not the dictum of any party caucus or nominating convention. Since Philadelphia clumsily borrowed so much from the Cincinnati platform, why did it refrain from borrowing this?—*Boston Post.*

Since our last issue, the following states held conventions, and declared in favor of Greeley: Connecticut, California, Minnesota, Alabama.

Meek at last finds consolation, and a get-out for his unenviable record. Our tenacious friend has hunted up a musty copy of the Reporter, and finds that we once praised him. Well that's what he is so proverbially fond of—and the "ablest" asks, in great alarm whether we intend taking it all back. Oh, no, since you stand so much in need of it, we let it stand and are sorry we can not make it stronger. Your record, Gray, won't allow it—so be satisfied boy, and frame for your favor what you have got. Say it came from us, and it will carry you again, as it did before, a good ways.

Then Gray admits that Bush says, the Osceola matter cost them no money, and also that we did not take a thousand which they put in bank for us, as he says. Well, Gray, we did not ask you to go back upon yourself in that way, it wasn't necessary, for chance did not happen to you—it never would have got sold in bank, no more than did the Big Sandy thousand or the building commission $1400—didn't you go for them, even though the gallant democrats of Philadelphia had to suffer; Any body that slanders you by saying you didn't lift the stamps, prove him a liar by the Reporter.

the story never hurt us worth a cent. You evidently felt sorry that such a

(From the Philadelphia Press of Saturday.)

Our Reasons.

Some good, well-meaning friend, who holds Personal Rule in Pennsylvania in deep detestation, but who apparently thinks it is his duty to support and vote the "regular ticket" under all circumstances, writes to us inquiring if the opposition of *The Press* to the State ticket is based alone upon its personal resentments, and very properly adds that if this be the case we are deserving of no sympathy from the people. Our answer is, no, it is not. Senator Cameron is only a minor feature in this fight. He introduced himself into it by slandering the editor of *The Press*, in season and out; by misrepresenting his course and misinterpreting his motives. If he goes out of it with a shadow of his present political power, it will be because the world comes to a sudden ending before next October, or that the millennium dawns before that day.

The opposition of this journal to Gen. Hartranft's candidacy is based upon the following reasons;

First. His personal unfitness for the office.

Second. The manner of his nomination.

Third. The fact that there are ten millions of dollars in the sinking fund created for the redemption of the State debt, but generally used for individual speculative purposes, and that the Governor appoints a Secretary of the Commonwealth, who with the Auditor general and State Tressurer, has the management of this money.

Fourth. Because human affairs and fates are uncertain, and there may be another Chicago fire.

Fifth. Because there were better men named for the position, who were ruthlessly overslaughed.

Sixth. Because the men who set up General Hartranft knew full well the necessity of nominating this year a candidate with the confidence of the entire people, and that their favorite was not such a man, and yet nominated him because they thought that by associating his name with Grant's—their personal ends with the cause of Republicanism—they might elect him and perpetuate their rule.

Seventh. Because there is not the slightest chance of electing General Hartranft by fair means, and we are resolved that it shall not be done by foul ones.

Eighth. Because to associate Grant and Wilson with Hartranft and Allen is to bring certain defeat upon the former, and therefore we believe the latter should be retired.

There are many other reasons equally effective in this cause. Among them are the class of men in this city upon whom Hartranft relies to elect him, the exposual of his cause by Simon Cameron, the scandal concerning his administration of the Auditor General's office, the general corruption that pervades Pennsylvania politics, and the necessity for applying immediate remedy.

We may enlarge upon these reasons, and shall certainly proceed to show how Hartranft can never be elected, and how Grant and Wilson will carry the State in November in any event. We shall continue to treat General Hartranft with the utmost kindness, believing that he, as much as any man in the State, regrets his present position, and that but for bad advice from bad men he would withdraw.

For the Reporter

From Illinois.

LENA, June 14, 1872

FRIEND FRED.—It is not often that I promise and do not fulfill, but if you have ever traveled through the Western Country, you know how extremely difficult it is to find time to write.

Your friends, if you have any, monopolize all your time in, "Showing you around," and if you place none, it takes up all your time in trying to find some one. Jake and I left Lewistown on the 22d ult., at 6:23 and arrived in Chicago at 8 next morning. From thence we went to Elwood, Will Co., where J. K. Geiss met us and took us to his place on the prairie, a distance of six miles from Elwood.

While in that vicinity, I felt as though I were at home, for, truly it might be called the "Loop of the West"—not on account of the country, but because nearly every third person you meet is from the Loop, Pa. They live in a delightful country, and their land is rich, yielding bountifully, not alternately but successively, year after year, but whether this state of affairs will continue or not I am not prepared to say, but think their land will repay rest and replenishing in the course of a few years as well as other portions of the country.

They have beautiful dwellings and take great pains in ornamenting their yards with the most lovely trees and shrubery I ever saw.

Our Pennsvalley friends who live there are all getting along well and appear to feel at home. They are annoyed very much by the Chintz potato bugs, however, go where you will you will find some one who is busily engaged in hunting bugs. They gather them by thousands and kill them. They are obliged to do this every day or do without the Irishman's staff of life. These bugs are as large as an ordinary cherry, and nearly the shape of a land turtle, or, rather, the shell of one. I know nothing of the Chintz-bug and its habits, but what the citizens told me, but I do know that they destroyed entire fields of grain last year, and as a consequence, the farmers sowed no wheat this spring.

Around nearly every house there is a cluster of trees, (French Poplar) which hide the buildings from view until you get near them. In looking over the prairie from a high point it is one beautiful plain almost as far as the eye can reach, interspersed with little artificial groves in which the houses stand, thousands of acres of oats and corn are before you, and the oats, two weeks ago, was so rank that the ground was invisible and measured, in general, from six to ten inches in length, far ahead of Penn's, or the country round about Lena.

I have only two objections to living here but these may be remedied in course of time.

First: They have no barns and when I say this, I mean just what I say. They have buildings with stables and granaries. These they call barns. They tell me they do not want any barns They would rather thresh from the stack than put the grain in barns.

The second objection is this: The fields are too large. "Jake" and I started one evening to go to John Brisbin's. They told us it was but a short distance—only across two fields. The fields contained 160 acres each. "Jake" said the longer he walked the farther off the house appeared to be.

But these are not serious objections, these farms will be divided in course of time and the country will be more thickly settled. The unbroken prairie is a fine sight. There it is that the eye beholds a portion of this world in its natural state, untouched by the hand that leveled forest and cultivated plain, and there we find a variety of wild flowers of the most exquisite fragrance and beauty. But I must hasten on.

I cannot write half the things I would love to tell you for you have not space for it.

I want to tell you of Joliet and some of her citizens, but must defer it until my next which will be next week. The wheat crop looks well in Ohio, and in Northern Illinois looks as well as I ever saw grain. Lena and the surounding country is of a better description than I can give. I will do the best I can in my next; and shall also Tell you of the people here, state of the church, the condition of society, something concerning the Mississippi, &c.

Yours, 'TUSSEY."

REPORT

of the President of the Lewisburg Centre & Spruce Creek R. R. Co., to the Stockholders.

Your Directors take pleasure in submitting to you the following report:

That the act incorporating the Company was approved as early as the 12th of April, 1853, and the Governor, under the seal of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, did, on the 6th day of August, 1853, issue letters patent, and the company being duly organized, caused surveys to be made, but the work of construction was not progressed in for reasons not necessary here to state, until the year 1867, when, by aid of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, lessee of the Philadelphia & Erie Railroad the work of completing a railroad from the junction with the Philadelphia & Erie Railroad to Lewisburg—the Lewisburg Bridge Company agreeing to construct a bridge across the West Branch of the Susquehanna river at Lewisburg calculated for railroad purposes. This work was completed so as to enable the locomotive and cars to commence running thereon about the 23rd of July, 1869. That by great efforts, subscription to the capital stock of our company was subsequently obtained in the counties of Union and Centre, and in other counties through which the railroad is to be constructed.

In the month of September, 1870, the graduation, masonary and bridging from Lewisburg to western boundary of Mifflinburg, a distance of nine and two-tenths miles, was allotted to Harris & Black, contractors, who after doing a small amount of work abandoned it, and their contract with company was declared forfeited, and afterwards on the 19th day of October, 1870, the work given to Messrs. L. J. & H. H. Vandyke, who, with great energy, completed their contract by the following summer. By another contract made with the Messrs. Vandyke, the said road from Lewsburg to Mifflinburg was ballasted, ties and rails laid, and the Pennsylvania Railroad Co., lessee of Phila. & Erie Railroad, upon whom, by an agreement, the operation of the road devolved, began running their cars thereon, on the first day of November, 1871.

The graduation, masonary and bridging from Lewisburg to Mifflinburg cost $89,922.58. The wholesale cost of the road from the junction with the Philadelphia & Erie Railroad to Mifflinburg, a distance of ten and seven-tenths miles, including the above sum of $39,922.58, and costs of building depot, is estimated at $257,728.62. This sum, however, does not include cost of right of way not yet settled.

The earnings of the road thus far have been satisfactory, much more so than was anticipated. For the year ending Dec. 31, 1871, they amounted to 15,275.56. The expenses for same period of conducting passengers, transportation of freight, motive power, maintaining of cars, and maintaining of way amounted to $12,709.66, leaving a net balance of $2,566.10 in favor of the company, which has been paid over to the Treasurer.

In August, 1871, twenty-one sections in Centre county, extending from the forks on Penns creek to near Oak Hall, making a little over twenty-one miles, were put under contract, and the grading, masonary, and bridging so far advanced that it is expected to be completed in July, 1872. The work on those sections from estimate No. 1 to No. 7, both inclusive, amounted to $56,455.95, out of which $8,335.95 per cent was retained as security for completion of the work, and for the ballance of said estimates, to wit: $48,100.00, checks issued to the contractors.

Proposals have been received, and your Board of Directors are about to let from Mifflinburg, in Union county, to near the Forks, in Centre county, being sections No. 11 to 35, both inclusive, a distance of about 25 miles, and from the western terminus, connecting with the Pennsylvania Railroad at Tyrone, to a point near Penna. Furnace making the distance now for letting about 46 miles. The ballance of the work is expected to be let soon, and the whole line forced to a speedy completion.

The length of the main line, from the junction with the Phila. & Erie Railroad to its western terminus connecting with the Pennsylvania Railroad at Tyrone, is about eighty-six miles. The branch from main line to Bellefonte, in the neighborhood of eleven miles, and from the junction with the Phila. & Erie Railroad to Danville about fifteen miles.

Over $300,000 have been subscribed to the capital stock of the company, and is being collected.

A further supplement to the act incorporating the Lewisburg, Centre & Spruce Creek Railroad Company was passed by the Legislature at their last session and approved by the Governor on the 27th day of March, 1872, by which the Company was authorized to create, issue, and dispose of, from time to time, on such terms and conditions as the Board of Directors might deem proper, bonds for an amount not exceeding three and half millions of dollars, for the purpose of completing and equipping said railroad, payable at such period or periods of time as they might appoint, with coupons attached, as otherwise bearing interests at a rate not exceeding seven per cent. per annum, payable semi-annually, with or without provisions for the payment by the Company of all taxes on the principal or interest thereof, and to secure the bonds by one or more mortgages on the whole or any portion of said railroad estate real and personal, rights and franchises, acquired and that might be hereafter acquired, by the company, with the proviso that the road be constructed of ordinary guage, which act, with its provisions, was accepted by the Board of Directors, who agreed to build the road of the ordinary gauge. That at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on 22d day of April, 1872, at the Pennsylvania Railroad Co's office, Phila., it was ordered and directed, that, in pursuance of the provisions of said supplement approved March 27, 1872, to the act incorporating the L. C. & S. C. R. R. Co., there be made and issued, under the corporate seal of the Company, and duly attested by the President and Secretary, bonds the amount of two millions of dollars of the denomination of one thousand dollars each, numbering from No. 1 to No. 2,000, both inclusive, and to be dated respectively on the first day of May, 1902, and to bear interst at the rate of seven per centum per anum, free of State and United States taxes, (upon both principal and interest) payable on the first day of the months of November and May in each year, until the principal sum is paid, for which interest coupons are to be attached. And it was also resolved that, to secure the payment of said bonds, to be made and issued, they said L. C. & S. C. Railroad Co., by their President and Secretary, under the corporate seal, shall make, execute and deliver to a mortgagee in trust a mortgage in that part of the said railroad now built and to be constructed from the junction with the Phila. & Erie Railroad, in the county of Northumberland, thence in and through the counties of Union, Mifflin, Centre Huntingdon and Blair, to connect with the Pennsylvania Railroad near Tyrone, in said county of Blair. That your Board of Directors have negotiated with Hon. J. Edgar Thompson President of the Penn's Railroad Company, for a purchase by him in behalf of his Company of a million and a half of the bonds issued as aforesaid by the L. C. & S. C. R. R., Co., on terms deemed favorable, which will enable your Board to have the work prosecuted with alacrity. That Geo. Taber, has been selected as the grantee in the mortgage.

This road, when completed, will develope a sanction of country not easily surpassed, giving an outlet for agricultural products, lumber and iron ore, the latter of which is found to be abundant, and of an excellent quality, and also affords a good market for anthracite and bituminous coal.

From every indication, when completed this will be one of the best paying railroads in the interior of the State, proving a profitable investment to the stockholders, and in all probability the day is not far distant when it will be a grand link in the great railroad from the Pacific to the Atlantic oceans.

In conclusion, it may not be improper to urge the propriety of a speedy location and construction of the branch railroad to Danville, and there connect with coal roads so as to carry the anthracite coal directly from the mines over our road, thus affording not only an accommodation to the public but a profit to the stockholders.

By order of the Board.

G. F. MILLER, President.

Another Witness.

Mr. Dana, of the New York Sun, was Stanton's assistant secretary and of course was in the closest relations with him; and he says: "After Grant had entered upon his office as President, and had developed the character and policy of his administration, Mr. Stanton, in conversation with his intimate friends never made any secret of the low opinion he held respecting the President and his system. The essential thing in his remarks to Mr. Sumner—we mean that General Grant could not govern this country—he expressed to other persons, and sometimes in the same words. We, for one, have heard this same sentiment from his lips at a considerable earlier period than that of his conversation with the senator from Massachusets; and no doubt there are others who can give the same testimony. That Mr. Stanton's dying judgement was just what he said to Sumner, there can be no dispute." This more than sustains Mr. Sumner, and there can be no question forever as to what "the great secretary" thought of Grant. And we may now expect to see Grant's leaders go zealously to work to destroy the reputation and depreciate the merits and services of Stanton. Well, let them proceed. He was never a great nor so good a man, in our opinion, as his friend Mr. Sumner's

About twenty persons, including several little children, were bitten by a mad dog in the street of Louisville, Ky; on Saturday night.

GOOD WORK.—The Reynoldsville Advocate of last week says that Master Harrie Doyle, 13 years of age, brother of the editor of that paper, who has been working at the printing business about two weeks, on last Friday set up 4,230 ems of solid brevier, working nine hours. This is doing pretty well for so young a "devil" as Master Harrie.—*Clearfield Republican.*

The steamer Great Republic, just arrived at San Francisco from China and Japan, brings news of a terrible earthquake at Hamina, a seaport in the Japanese Island of Sikokf, by which 500 lives were lost.

A STRANGE STORY.

An extraordinary story is published in the Birmingham Morning News. A commercial traveller for a firm of brass castors and bell-founders had been for some time in Russia on the business of the firm. He returned to London, and his employers had been expecting for some days to see him in Birmingham, when a letter came to them bearing the London post mark, and purporting to be written by the missing traveller. The letter stated that the writer was a member of a Russian secret society; that for some offence he was detained in London and had been condemned to death, and in a week the sentence would be carried into effect. His luggage, the letter stated, would be found at his hotel. Nothing further was heard of the matter for a week, when the firm received another letter, also dated "London," but written in broken English, informing them that their traveller was dead and buried according to the laws and regulations of the society. The firm placed the matter in the hands of the police, but nothing has been heard either of the traveller or the luggage, although they have visited the hotel and searched every spot which could furnish a clue to his fate.

CURSE OF ROMANCE.

The *Rondout Freeman* says that very respectable young lady of Sangerties, New York, recently discovered to some paper an advertisement purporting to have come from a respectable christian young man, desiring some young lady to correspond with him probably with a view direct toward matrimony. Now, though she was a plain country lass, she was by no means one who should "waste her sweetness on the desert air," so she concluded to answer. In due time a reply came, and as time passed on the letters became more and more affectionate. At last affairs came to a crisis, and the young gallant was invited to come and see her. He came. But alas! he came dead—drunk. But the joke of it was, he had to go two or three miles out of the village, and every house he came to he went in and enquired if Miss —— lived there. Being very tight he would generally state the object of his visit to her, and would read her last letter and then pass on to the next house. He made out to arrive at her house at ten o'clock at night. The old folks were absent, but two sisters were there. The meeting can better be imagined than described; suffice it to say, she is cured of "Romance."

THE TWO WALLETS.

A very wonderful dog was old Hector, and if his merits could not be overlooked, yet some particular brought he forward, nevertheless, to have gathered in his huge and shaggy carcass all the virtues of the many canine races whose blood was mingled in his veins. And with these had come a degree of intelligence less quadruped than human.

Well might Tom Ord vow that his dog was the smartest man in the settlement, and add that Hector could read as well as he could himself, for, with all his sterling honesty and other good qualities, poor Tom could not read at all.

Hector was a dog of strong prejudices, however, and, from the first, he had refused any especial intimacy with Stephen Langway—the man from no one knew where, whom Tom had hired to help get in the usually abundant harvest of his little farm.

Hector had been with his master on a trip to the village, that memorable Autumn morning, and he it was who had first discovered the thick, greasy-looking wallet that lay in the dusty road; and he had watched and growled, as Tom picked it up.

Why Tom did not give his prize an immediate examination, he could hardly have explained to himself; but his color went and came more than once, as he rode slowly on toward home, feeling all the while, whether he would or not, the pressure of the heavy wallet in the inside breast-pocket of his best coat. He always put that coat on when he went to the village, and he looked pretty well in it.

"Very well, indeed!" had been the verdict of pretty Kate Griffith, when Tom parted from her at the gate of her mother's little cottage in the edge of the hamlet.

Kate had asked, somewhat timidly, but frankly:

"Tom, did your crop sell well?"

"Splendidly, Katie. Got the biggest price in the market."

"And will there be enough?"

"Plenty, and more too. We'll have enough to go ahead, nicely."

"When do you mean to pay the judge?"

"*Mean* to pay! The note falls due day after to-morrow, and I've *got* to pay, or good-bye, farm and everything else. A trust-deed is an awful thing, and I'll never give one again."

"No, Tom, don't. I'm so glad you've got rid of this one!"

"So am I, Katie—*awful* glad! And now—now it's to be paid?"

"Yes, Tom, we won't wait any longer."

There had been more said besides that, but a proper regard for Tom's feelings forbids the rehearsal of it all; and the honest fellow had gone on homeward, happier than he had ever been before in his life, until Hector had pounced upon that greasy wallet by the roadside. The dog couldn't have meant any harm, for he and Katie Griffith were on terms of the most intimate frendship.

It was quer that a man like Tom Ord should come home so sober-faced from such a day as that, even if there was no one at the house to welcome him but weasel-eyed Stephen Langway; and Stephen noted it.

At first he imagined that Tom had not made a good sale; but a few questions and answers removed that idea, and then Stephen settled it in his own mind that there must have been trouble at the cottage of the widow Griffiths; but about that he did not care to ask any questions.

Their simple supper, not such as Katie Griffith would have prepared for Tom, was soon ended, Hector was fed; the two sat and smoked for an hour or so in the little porch, and talked about the next day's work, and then it was bed-time.

The small farmhouse was but half-finished yet, and the low upper story where Stephen slept was little more than a rude loft, with a loose floor of boards.

Stephen climbed up the ladder, and threw himself down; but, somehow, he could not sleep, or perhaps he did not care to do so; and it was not a great while before the rays of light which came streaming up through the chinks in the floor announced to his wakeful eyes that Tom Ord had lighted a candle.

That was an uncommon thing for Tom to do, and Stephen slily stretched himself from under his blanket, and glided softly toward the nearest available crack between the boards. He could not only see, but hear all that went on down below.

There sat Tom on one chair, with another before him, and there sat Hector by his side. On the otherwise empty chair lay two large leathern wallets, so nearly alike externally, that Stephen would have spoken about it to himself, if he had dared to make an audible sound.

Tom Ord took up one of the wallets, and opened it, taking out a respectable package of banknotes, to which he added another very good reinforcement from a roll that he had in his hand. Greenbacks, all of them; and, if lot of very large denominations, they were a very interesting pile to Tom, and he counted them carefully. He knew figures well enough, from practice, and Katie Griffith had promised to improve his book-learning, when once she could have all his evenings to himself.

"There's enough for old Judge Barber, and nigh into three hundred dollars over for Katie and me. That's bully—ain't it, Hector?"

Hector growled good-naturedly, as was his wont on such appeals, and Tom carefully put the bills altogether in the wallet, and tied it up.

Then, even more slowly and deliberately, the other wallet was forced to open its mouth. It was the one Hector had found in the road.

Tom's face grew pale and red by turns, as he spread the contents out on the chair, for they, also, were greenbacks. Crisp, fresh, tempting, as if just from the Treasury, and of such excitingly large denominations—tens, twenties, fifties, and hundreds!—it was a perfect windfall to a poor farmer like Tom!

"I could pay Judge Barber half a dozen times over out of this," he said, aloud. Hector growled doubtfully, for he did not know what to make of his master's face. "You're right, Hector, my boy. They ain't mine, nor yours either, if we did find 'em in the road. I'll tell you what we'll do, Hector, my boy! We'll take the whole lot over tomorrow afternoon, and ask Katie what she thinks about it."

Hector showed his splendid teeth in a long yawn, and Stephen's eyes were ready to start through the crack in the floor at the sight of so much money, as Tom Ord carefully replaced the crisp, new bills where he had found them.

When the two wallets lay once more side by side on the chair, Stephen could not have told them apart, and he crept back to his pallet to think over and ever a train of thought and purpose which had been troubling his brain for days and weeks.

Perhaps Tom Ord did not sleep any better than his hired man that night, and when morning came, he wore a disturbed and anxious look, such as any man may wear who he has too much responsibility on his hands, or too much money in his house.

There was work to be done at several points on the farm that day; and, after breakfast, and after sending away Stephen to his appointed task, Tom stepped to the door and shouted for Hector.

He saw him at the root of an old tree, at some little distance industriously at work with his paws, constructing a safe hiding-place for precious bones, against some possible future day of famine. Hector reluctantly gave up his job and trotted obediently into the house.

No safe or strong-box had Tom Ord, but perhaps he had better, for he took out from under the bed the wallet containing his own money, showed it to Hector, made him smell of it, put it back, and then pointed to the floor in front of it, and bade the old dog "Watch!"

Hector's eyes gleamed intelligently as he threw himself down, and Tom went off to his work, doubly secure of the treasure in the fact that, although he himself alone knew that it was there, it was guarded by so very grim and faithful a warder. He did not intend returning until later than usual, for he retained his purpose of paying a visit to the village that day.

But so it was, that, about an hour after Tom's departure, the lank, ungainly figure of Stephen Langway came slouching along behind the cover of the tall corn in the field nearest the house, until he was close enough to search with his weasel-eyes every part of its surroundings.

He knew that Tom was away the other end of the farm, for he had seen him at work there, and had been more than a little "put out" to find that Hector was not with his master, for Stephen had serious doubts about Hector's probable conduct as a spectator of what he meant to do.

However, his anxiety was partly relieved, as he peered over the fence; for, although he soon discovered Hector's presence, that faithless animal was once more busily at work at his bone-burying, pawing away for dear life, and Stephen hesitated no longer, but jumped the frail barrier before him, and sped stealthily but swiftly to the house.

In he went, and out again; and now he went away even more swiftly, and with more snake-like stealth than he had come, concealing something, as he did so, in the bosom of his rusty blanket-coat.

Stephen had been doing wrong of some kind, no doubt of it; but Hector had paid him no manner of attention, seeming to be utterly absorbed in his old bones and their hiding-place.

Stephen had no notion of being seen in his hurried departure, and he sneaked through the corn quite a distance before he went out into the road, and, when he did so, he left the bars down behind him. Why should he stop to put up bars, when he had so long and rapid a journey before him?

When bars are left down, especially if they open an entrance to a corn-field, stray cattle are apt to find them; and; before it was midday, Tom Ord's attention, as he passed from one field to another, was suddenly arrested by the tossing of many horns, and the crash of breaking stalks, as a scattered herd of bovine wanderers made their destructive way through the still ungathered remnant of his crop.

Long and shrill and clear, through the still Autumn noonday, rang out Tom's summons for his four-footed servant, and Hector's quick ears caught and obeyed it instantly.

Still, it is no small job to get a drove of hungry cattle out of a field of corn, and it was more than an hour before the last hoof of them was turned into the road, and Tom disconsolately put up the bars, wondering how they came to be down, and angry enough at the mischief done. He did not feel like any more work that afternoon, and he and Hector made the best of their way toward the house—Tom's heart misgiving him more than a little at the thought of how long his treasure had been left unguarded.

All looked peaceful enough as they drew near; but Tom did not pause until he stooped by the bedside, and looked under for his precious wallet. He searched and probed; then, he moved down, and looked under; and then, he sprang up, and jerked the bed from its place, and scattered its coverings in all directions.

"Gone! Both gone! Oh, Hector! what made me call you away?" and Tom Ord sat down on a chair, and buried his face in his hands, while Hector put both fore-paws on his knees, and growled, half savagely, half-mournfully; for the old dog was more than a little puzzled at his master's singular conduct.

Only a moment sat Tom, and then he sprang to his feet, shouting:

"Stephen Langway! the robber!"

He then rushed out of the house toward the stable. A few moments more and he was in the saddle, urging his favorite horse to his best speed toward the village.

Somehow, he felt, rather than reasoned that, whether he meant to pursue Stephen, or to confide his calamity to the kind bosom of Katie Griffith, that was the direction in which he must travel.

Hector bounded along at the side of the horse, keeping up marvellously well for a dog of his age and weight; but, before they had gone a mile, Tom suddenly reined in, as if seized by a sudden change of purpose.

"Hector, old boy!" he shouted, as he pointed in the direction of the house, "go find him! Fetch him! Go—go find him!"

Hector looked up at Tom for a moment, as if anxious to gather the whole meaning of the command, and then started back at full speed, while Tom rode on toward the village at a somewhat more moderate pace.

The humble cottage of the widow Griffith was in the outskirts of the little "country town," and, as Tom drew near, he saw that more than one person was standing by the rose-bushes at the gate. He knew them both, those two, and one of them was the last person on earth he would have wished to meet just then. There was no mistake about it—they were the keen, pitiless grey eyes of old Judge Barber, the money-lender, that locked out of his leathern face as Tom rode up, and the hard old man almost tried to smile as he said:

"Your friend here tells me that you have sold your crop, Tom?"

"Yes, I've sold it," and Tom's face turned ashy pale as he said it.

"Why, man! what's the matter? didn't you get the money for it?"

"Yes, I got it; but——"

"But what? Speak out, now, and no nonsense. Your note is due to-morrow, and there won't be any fooling with me. I can tell you."

"It's—it's—*stolen!*" gasped Tom.

Poor Katie Griffiths put her hands before her eyes; but a light of something very much like pleasure shot across the old man's face, as he replied:

"Stolen—stolen, eh? That's unlucky—very unlucky, that is, for you. It won't be pleasant to lose a farm like that—such a nice farm, and so well improved. Who stole it?"

"Stephen Langway," said Tom, but more firmly this time, for angry feeling was coming to his aid. "Stephen Langway," he repeated; "and I'll follow him to the end of the earth, but I'll get it back again!"

"Well," said the old man, "if Steve's got fairly off with it, you can just say good-bye to it. I can't wait on any wild-goose chase for him, you know. Money down, is my motto."

"Oh, Tom," exclaimed Kate, as she once more looked up, "*do* follow him! Get it back, Tom—*do* get it back! Do you know which way he went?"

"No," said Tom; "and he can't have been gone many hours. I sent Hector after him."

"Why, there's Hector himself," exclaimed Kate, "coming up the road as fast he can run! What is that he has got in his mouth?"

Tom turned in his saddle, as if he had been shot, and in an instant he was on the ground, just as Hector, good old dog, came lumbering up, dropped something at his master's feet, and then fell to panting as if he had not breathed before for a month.

"Something?"

Yes, and Tom Ord could hardly muster courage to pick it up, for it was a large, fat, greasy-looking old wallet, deeply dented by the sharp teeth of old Hector. There could be no mistake; the wallet was Tom's own; but where had it come from?

"It's mine!" shouted Tom; "and if the money is in it, I can meet your note, Judge Barber, you old skinflint!"

"I'm a skinflint, am I?" hissed the old man, as the look of gratification faded from his face with the vision of Tom's fine farm from his greedy eyes. "I'll make you pay for that!"

"Will you?" said Tom, as he tore open the wallet. "Here, Katie, you keep it for me. I'm afraid to have it in my hands for a minute, for fear I'll lore it. I guess the money's all there. Count it for me, won't you?"

"Hullo, Judge!" said a voice from the road beside them, "have you heard what's happened in the village?"

They turned toward the newcomer, to recognize the fat features of the village doctor.

"No, doctor; what's the news?" said the judge.

"Why, they've got Steve Langway up for passing counterfeit money. He tried it on Bill Brockway, at the tavern. Wanted to buy a horse, but Bill was too smart for him. What Bill don't know about money ain't worth knowing."

"You don't say!" exclaimed the judge. "Why, Steve worked for Tom Ord, here. How's that, Tom?"

"So he did," said Tom; "but he ran away."

"Tom!" half whispered Kate, with a vague idea that he had better say very little.

Tom understood, and the doctor went on.

"That ain't the worst of it. When they came to search him, they found a whole wallet full of the same stuff in his breast-pocket."

"What does he say about it?" asked Kate.

"He says he found it," said the doctor.

"Maybe he did," remarked Tom.

Judge Barber was a lawyer, and thought he smelt a fee; and so, while the doctor drove away to visit a patient, the old money-lender hastened toward the village, leaving Tom and Kate to their own devices.

Great was Tom Ord's wonder as to how the old dog managed to recover the lost treasure, and Hector was utterly unable to describe how, after his master had left him, he had obeyed his canine instincts, and buried the greasy wallet with his own hidden deposit of inestimable bones, and how, when he was ordered home, he had obeyed what he understood to be his master's meaning, not out only home, but brought it as far as he was able. The poor old fellow was lame for a week, over the special haste which he made on his errand, but Steve Langway was "laid by" several years in the Penitentiary and got a warning out his time at hard labor without allowance.

SHOWING OFF ON A DONKEY.

I am not a swearing man, but I do not hesitate to asseverate, good and strong, that there is nothing in the whole range of youthful experiences that awakened and is remembered with so much delight as circuses

Who does not remember the excitement attending the advent of a circus in town? Why, it was equal to an old-fashioned general training.

And then the doubled-distilled luxury of going to the performance in the evening—why, the memory of it will waken the blood that has long been tamed by the curb of years.

I remember the riders, the feats, the clown, and all the tinseled paraphernalia with the greatest distinctness, and although I have seen hundreds of similar entertainments since then, the circuses of my kittenhood have never yet been eclipsed, that is, where the heart stands a critic.

I also remember the trained donkey. Who dosen't? What fun! Why, I am laughing now, as you doubtless are, reader, at the recollections of the sport he occasioned.

By the way, this is a good place to relate a story of what I saw at one of these circuses, years and years ago

It happened in the town of Andover, Massachusetts. I may as well be particular, since I am relating a genuine occurrence; besides, there are hundreds of readers who will probably remember either to have seen it or heard it related by those who did see it.

"There was a chap living there, and perhaps he is living there still, by the name of "Hi" Berry, a good enough sort of an overgrown fellow, whose bump of self-esteem was so large that he could never wear anything but a "stove-pipe" hat with any degree of comfort.

"Hi" was something of a bully, and nothing pleased him more than to be looked upon as such, although he often had to fight to maintain his title, as there were several aspirants for it.

At the time of which I write he was trying his prettiest to make a lasting impression upon a pretty, bright, auburn-haired girl, by the name of Amanda Abbott. In this he made rather slow progress, and he engaged in two or three rough-and-tumbles with his rivals before, so far as they were concerned, he had a right to court the young lady.

At this interesting juncture a circus came to town. Now, if there is anything in a country town that will place a young damsel under lasting obligations to a young man, and open the way for the popping of the question, it is to take her to a circus.

"Hi" knew what a high treat this would be to Amanda, and the moment the show was announced he invited her to go with him to see it. So much by way of preface.

One of the features of the entertainment was an educated donkey, and among the many things that he did was to keep out from under any body who attempted to ride him; in fact, the proprietor of the circus offered a prize of twenty-five dollars to any person who should ride him once around the ring.

Now, Berry thought much of this offer, and after debating upon the subject for a while, he concluded that if he could succeed in gaining that prize, he could at the same time win the heart of the beautiful Amanda, and the applause of his fellows generally.

Secretly resolving on the attempt, he was early at the show, and obtained a couple of seats on the front row, next to the edge of the ring.

Everybody was there; not only everybody in town, but people came in droves from adjoining towns, and by the time the performance commenced, the tent was crammed with a happy, noisy, antisipating crowd.

One by one the acts went off, and were applauded to the echo. The clown was too comical for anything, and such shouts of laughter as greeted him for everything he did and every word he said that the poor fellow must have thought there was at least one place in the world where he was appreciated.

Well, at length that educated donkey was brought out, and a colloquy took place between the ringmaster and the clown regarding him that created another hurricane of laughter. Finally the ringmaster asked the clown to ride the long-eared animal, and he attempted it.

Such capers, such cautions getting on and such unceremonious getting off, were enough to make a stuffed elephant laugh. The poor clown at length gave up in disgust, and in reply to the chaff of the crowd, he challenged some one of them to try it on.

A chap sprang from one of the front seats, a dummy, placed there for the purpose, and he acted the part at everyby show, and announced himself asable to ride the capering "rabbit." This also created nearly as much fun as the clown had occasioned, and ended quite as disastrously, whereat the crowd yelled, and the man sloped away, and was soon lost to view.

"Next!" shouted the clown, and everybody laughed.

"Ladies and