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VOL. IX.

COUDERSPORT, POTTER COUNTY, PA., JULY 3, 1886.

NO. 7.

Business Cards.

F. W. KNOX,
Attorney at Law,
Coudersport, Pa., will regularly attend the
Courts in Potter county.

ARTHUR G. OLMSTED,
Attorney & Counselor at Law,
Coudersport, Pa., will attend to all business
entrusted to his care, with promptness and
fidelity.
Office—in the Temperance Block, up stairs,
Main-street.

ISAAC BENSON
Attorney at Law,
Coudersport, Pa.
Office corner of West and Third streets.

L. P. WILLISTON,
Attorney at Law,
Wellsboro', Tioga Co., Pa., will attend the
Courts in Potter and McKean Counties.

A. F. CONE,
Attorney at Law,
Wellsboro', Tioga county, Pa., will regularly
attend the courts of Potter county.
June 3, 1884.

JOHN S. MANN,
Attorney & Counselor at Law,
Coudersport, Pa., will attend the several
Courts in Potter and McKean counties. All
business entrusted in his care, will receive
prompt attention.
Office on Main-street, opposite the Court
House, Coudersport, Pa.

COUDERSPORT HOTEL,
Daniel F. Glassmire
PROPRIETOR.
Corner of Main and Second streets, Cou-
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Copper, and Sheet-Iron Ware. Main street,
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Dealer in Books & Stationery, Music, and
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above 4th st., Coudersport, Pa.

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short notice.
March 3, 1884.

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tention, should be addressed (post paid) to the
Publisher.

"It must be something," persisted
Mr. Crauford. "I saw a sailor come
up and give it to you. Very strange!"

"Indeed it is nothing," repeated
Millicent—"nothing that I can tell
you."

"Do you want to make me jealous,
Millicent?" he asked, in a tone that she
might take for either jest or earnest.
"I will tell you all about it some-
time," she said, endeavoring to assume
a careless, playful tone. "I promise it,
Richard."

He left her as she spoke, for he was
in pursuit of hasty business; but as he
walked on, he pondered over what he
had seen, and Millicent's agitation;
and repeated to himself that it was
very strange.

Evening came, and Millicent, ar-
ranged in the plainest garb she could
muster, a cloth cloak and dark winter
bonnet; and making an excuse to Mrs.
Crane that she was going to spend an
hour with some friends who lived
near started forth to meet her brother.
She knew, perfectly well the local-
ity of the street he had mentioned,
Port street, but never remembered to
have been in it; it was tenanted by
the very poor, and partly let out in
low lodging houses.

As she turned rapidly into it, she
saw, by the light of the dim evening,
that it was an unwholesome, dirty
street, garbage and offal lying about,
in company of half-naked children;
squalid men were smoking pipes, and
women with uncombed hair, tattered
clothing, and loud and angry tongues,
stood by them. Millicent drew her
black veil tighter over her face as she
passed for No. 21.

To turn into the house and up the
two flights of stairs, was the work of a
moment. Peeping out of the door in-
dicated, and holding a light in his
hand, was the same man who had given
her the note. He retreated into the
room before Millicent, and held the
door open for her. She stood in
hesitation.

"Millicent, don't you know me?" he
whispered, pulling her in and bolting
the door behind her. And whilst she
was thinking it could not be Phillip
she saw that it was. For one single
instant he took off the black curls, like
a sailor's, and the false black whiskers,
and his own auburn hair, his fair face,
with its open gay expression and its
fresh color, appeared to view.

"Oh Phillip! dear Phillip!" she ex-
claimed, bursting into tears, "that it
should come to this!"

He sat down beside her and told
her all—how the temptations of his
London life had overwhelmed him, his
embarrassment had drowned his reason
and his honor, and in a fatal mo-
ment of despair; he had taken a bank-
note which he could not replace.
Not for an hour since had he known
peace, and had it not been for the dis-
grace to her of having her only brother

at the felon's bar, he should have twen-
ty times over given himself up to jus-
tice. He had been in hiding ever since
in poverty, and was now in scanty cloth-
ing, for his clothes, what few he had
brought with him when he took flight,
had gone article after article to pro-
cure food. He had made up his
mind to leave the country for Austra-

lia, if Millicent could help him with
the passage-money, the lowest amount
that the lowest passenger could be
conveyed for, and clothe him with a
few necessities for the voyage.

"I would not ask it, Millicent," he
said, "for I do not deserve help from
you; I would not, on my word of hon-
or, but that that country holds out a
hope of my redeeming what I have
done; and for your sake, if not for my
own; I would endeavor to redeem
the past and atone for it, for I well
know the severe trial this has been to
you. Large fortunes are made there
by the cultivation of land—don't look
incredulous, and stop me, Millicent,
they are. If I can gain money, my
first step shall be to refund what I
took, and perhaps in time, Millicent—
you may acknowledge a brother again.
Should this luck not be mine, I can at
least work honestly for the bread I eat,
work and rough it—and I have had
enough of crime.—Here work is done
me, for I may not show myself in
the face of day.

Millicent, good forgiving and full of
love, promised with alacrity, all he
wished. She had not the money at
command, but determined to procure
it. After her own wants were sup-
plied out of her £50, she had always
forwarded the remainder to Phillip,
and latterly her spare cash had been
spent in making preparations for her
wedding.

"I will come here to-morrow eve-
ning, Phillip," she said, "and bring
what I can with me, that you may be
getting some clothes together. I will
get it all for you in a few days. Is—
is there nowhere else that we could
meet instead of here?"

"Of course there's not," he answered.
"It will not do for us to be meeting in
the street, lest the officers should
catch the scent. Nothing will harm
you here, my darling sister.—If the
house is poor, it is honest, and the way
to it, though filthy with poverty, is
not depraved."

"No, no, there's nothing to harm
me," she pleasantly acquiesced. "I will
be here again to-morrow night, Phil-
lip."

The next evening circumstances ap-
peared to favor Millicent. She was
invited without Mrs. Crane, to take
tea at a friend's house, and nothing
would be easier, she thought, than to
go out ostensibly to pay the visit, and
run first to Phillip. So she attired her-
self in the same dark cloak and bonnet,
and when ready, went in to say adieu
to Mrs. Crane.

"You are going very early!" ex-
claimed the latter. "and what a dow-
dy you have made of yourself, Millicent!
I thought that old coal-scuttle
of a bonnet was discarded last winter."
"It is raining fast, mama."

"Is it? I hope you have got your
dress up, Where's Nancy?"

They went out together, Miss Crane
and Nancy. Soon Millicent dismissed
the latter, saying she wished to pro-
ceed alone, but that Nancy need not
mention this to her mistress. The
girl promised; she was pleased to
have an hour to herself, and went gos-
siping off to some of her acquaintances
and she only thought her young lady
was going to steal a walk with Mr.
Crauford.

Millicent walked swiftly, heedless,
of the dirt and the rain. It was a
windy night, and as she was turning
the corner of the ally, which led from
the broad, lighted street to Port-st.,
her umbrella, a light cue, turned in-
side out. So Millicent had to make a
stand there, and battle with it.

On the other side of the wide street
picking his way, that he might not
soil, more than necessary, his evening
boots, was advancing a gentleman,
likewise under of an umbrella. He
glanced at the figure opposite, strug-
gling and fighting with hers, and a smile
at her efforts came to his eyes and his
lips; but it was speedily superseded
by astonishment, for as the figure
threw its face upwards, in the con-
test with this obstinate umbrella, the
rays of a street gas-light fell on it, and
disclosed the features of his own be-

trothed wife. It was Richard Crau-
ford.

Millicent and the umbrella disap-
peared down the alley, and Mr. Crau-
ford, after a short mental debate, strode
after her. He traced her into Port
street, and saw her enter the house
No. 21. Mr. Crauford, his senses
turned up side down with wonder
and perplexity, took his standing
within the entrance door of one oppo-
site and watched.

It was half an hour before she came
out, and she went quickly up the street
in the rain, without putting up her
umbrella, fearful perhaps of another
collision with the wind. Mr. Crauford
came from his hiding-place, and kept
her in a view till she was knocking,
heated and out of breath, at the house
of their friends, where he had likewise
an invitation. He went up, as she
stood there waiting for admission, but
said nothing of what he had seen, not
a word; he resolved to watch her fu-
ture movements and pursue the mat-
ter up. But he was pointedly cool to
Millicent, and did not see her home in
the evening. He was a proud, vain
man, and to have any doubt or suspi-
cion cast upon his future wife, was to
his spirit as wormwood. And yet to
doubt Millicent Crane!—open, honor-
able, right-minded Millicent Crane!
Mr. Crauford was sorely perplexed,
and worried himself on his sleepless
bed that night.

Several days elapsed before Millicent
got together the necessary money
for her brother, borrowing in secret,
a few pounds from one and a few from
another; for Mrs. Crane she did not
dare to ask or confide in, and nearly
every evening she contrived to see
him. But never did she enter that low
street and its No. 21, but she was
watched by Richard Crauford. He
made inquiries. A handsome young
sailor, just come off a voyage, was
lodging in the house, and the young
woman came to see him—Richard
Crauford could not fathom it, but his
heart waxed wroth against Millicent.

One evening, when the time of Phil-
lip's departure was drawing near, as
Millicent was returning through Port
Street, from one of those stolen visits,
she heard a haughty stride behind her,
and the voice of one she knew well.

"Millicent! Miss Crane."
She was obliged to turn, shaking all
over with apprehension and debating
how she could account for her appear-
ance in such a locality.

"What have you been doing here?"
demanded Mr. Crauford. "Tell me."
"I—Richard—it was an errand.—
It is done now, and I am going."

"You can have no legitimate errand
in this part of the town," he retorted,
"and your visits here of late, have been
pretty frequent. Will you impart to
me the cause of your extraordinary
conduct, Millicent!"

"Richard," she cried, with tears of
agitation, "you have known me for
years; you have chosen not for your
wife; you cannot suspect if me any-
thing wrong!"

"My wife; yes, I did choose you.—
But do you think a wife, actual or
promised, should hold a disgraceful
secret and keep it from her hus-
band?"

"I trust, Richard, when I am your
wife—that we shall have no conceal-
ments from each other," she panted
forth. "I will not from you."

"Will you tell me what brings you
to this place of an evening, and who it
is you come to visit?"

"Later I will tell you—if you al-
low me," she answered. "I may not
now."

"What do you call later? When we
are married?"

"Yes."

"And not before?"
"You would not hear me, Richard!"
she returned, her mind reverting to
his interdiction, "and perhaps not for-
give me."

"You must think my confidence in
you will stretch to any limit," he
haughtily rejoined. "A man does not
usually marry with a doubt on his

mind. I must know what this mystery
is, and without subterfuge."

"I may not tell you now," she an-
swered in a deprecating tone; "I do
not know what the consequences would
be. I will ask permission."
"Of your sailor friend at No. 21?" he
returned, his lip curling with ineffable
scorn. And Millicent could not sup-
press a cry of terror.

"Oh! Richard, don't ask me! don't
try to fathom this! On my word of
honor, as your future wife, I am doing
nothing wrong; nothing disgraceful;
nothing of which I need be ashamed."

"If you wish me to believe this, you
must tell me what it is, and let me
judge what you call disgraceful."

"Indeed, I cannot to-night. But—
perhaps to-morrow night—I will if I
can."

"Very well," he replied. "I will
afford you the opportunity to-morrow
night. And he continued to walk by
Millicent's side till she reached her
home. But he did not offer her his
arm, and observed a stern silence.

"You will come in?" she said to
him, when the door was opened.

"No. Good night to you," he an-
swered, and turned and strode away.
It seemed as if he had but constrained
himself to walk with her for her pro-
tection.

The next time Millicent saw her
brother she spoke of Mr. Crauford,
and asked if she might impart the se-
cret to him.

"You could not betray it to a worse
man, a lover of yours though he is,"
was Phillip's rejoinder. "He is one of
your cold, upright men, Millicent—
who would deem it derogatory to his
high mercantile character not to deliv-
er me up to justice if he knew I was
here. When I am gone, I and the
good ship which will bear me out of
danger, then tell him."

"That may not be for a fortnight,"
she observed.

"Before a fortnight, I hope. I shall
go by the first that sails from Liver-
pool, and you shall have notice of my
departure. But, Millicent, if you think
the delay will cause serious unpleas-
antness between you and Richard
Crauford, tell him at once. I will
risk it. And better that a worthless
vagabond, as I have proved myself
should be sacrificed, than that your
peace should be endangered."

Millicent's heart sank within her;
but she felt that her duty to her unfor-
tunate brother must be paramount
over all things. She reflected, too,
that Richard Crauford loved her, and
hoped she should find little difficulty
in appeasing him when the time for
declaring all should come. Besides,
she believed that he could not not hint
at such in his high and haughty sense
of honor.

He sought her that evening. He
had watched her to the old haunt, and
he watched her out again, and then
strode after her and overtook her in
the street as he had done the preced-
ing one.

"I said I would afford you an op-
portunity of speaking to me to-night,"
But do you think a wife, actual or
promised, should hold a disgraceful
secret and keep it from her hus-
band?"

"And I cannot yet, Richard. You
must accord me a little while longer;
a few days."

"Not a day, not another hour," he
burst forth. "If we part to-night
without full confidence between us,
we part for the last time."

"Richard," she uttered, clasping
her hand together and laying them on
his arm in her agitation, "do not be
so harsh with me, do not be so cruel!
I assure you, as I would assert it in
the hearing of heaven, that my going
as I have done to that house in Port
street, is no just cause for your break-
ing with me. You taught me to love
you, Richard; and if you desert me,
you remove all I now have to live for."

"Fine words, flowery sentiments,"
he retorted, but they possess more
sophistry than reason. I do not de-
sert you, nor do I wish to do so; I ask

but for your confidence, Millicent.
If you will not give it me, you drive
me from you."

"I will give it you, Richard—after
a little while. I would give much to
be able to give it you now."

"What prevents you?"
"Have confidence in me," she im-
plored, evading his question; "accord
me yet a few days' delay. Do not see
me before then, if you would so wish it.
But cherish no harshness against me,
for I do not deserve it."

"I am not a fool, Millicent," he bit-
terly said. "You ask to be freed from
my company that you may pursue these
iniquitous visits; it is impossible that
they can be for any good. And it is
equally impossible that you can be
called upon to indulge in any line of
conduct which may not be told to your
future husband. I think a species of
madness must have overtaken you."

"Sorrow has overtaken me," she
murmured, "nothing else. Can you
not understand Richard! There is a
secret in this matter which is not mine."

"What if I promise to keep! What
is entrusted to you may be entrusted
to me."

"May I trust him?" she asked herself.
With perfect safety to Phillip?

"If it involved criminality!" she
hesitated, looking at him, and speaking
timidly. "Criminality in another," she
hastily added, "not in me. Would you
promise to keep it then?"

"I am not in the habit of being made
the confidant of crime," he imperious-
ly rejoined. "I did not know that
you were."

And Millicent felt that her momen-
tary hope of telling him then must not
be indulged. She stood, looking the
image of trouble and despair, her cheeks
pale, and her eyes cast down. M.
Crauford may be forgiven for mistak-
ing the signs for those of deceit and
guilt.

"Then you refuse to tell me, Millicent
Crane?" he resumed.

"For the present; for a few days. I
have no other resource. Indeed I
will tell you later."

No, he said, I shall never give you
another opportunity. We part now
forever.

Oh, Richard you cannot mean it!
she uttered, her voice shaking with
emotion. Surely you will not cast me
off, and we so near the time of being
man and wife!

"I will send you your letters back
to-morrow, he coldly rejoined, to-night
it is too late; and I desire you will re-
turn me mine. Adieu. Your way
now lies one road and mine another.
But it must not be, she sobbed clasp-
ing his arm in her anguish. I am
to be your wife; you have said it."

Yes, he answered, remaining quiet
still, and not seeking to push her away.
If you will explain your con-
duct, and I find you have done some-
thing unworthy the future wife of a
honorable man. Can you do this, Millicent?

She pressed both her hands upon
her throbbing temples, and again re-
peated the question with herself. Her
brother's safety; and her own happi-
ness and the good opinion of Richard
Crauford; should she risk the former
for the latter? Mr. Crauford watched
her countenance and its signs of des-
pair.

Slowly she removed her hands, and
raised her eyes to his, and essayed
twice to speak before she could get
out the words.

Were appearances against you, Rich-
ard, she said, and you bid me wait and
trust you, I would wait for any length
of time, and trust you—I would wait
for any length of time and trust you
still; for years if you so wished it. I
only ask for a few days.

Then you decline to explain, he
answered. That is your final answer?
It is so, against my will. It is
obliged to be.

Farwell to you, he sternly rejoined.
Henceforth we are strangers.
He strode away rapidly in the direc-
tion of the home he had prepared for
Millicent, and she sought her wife's