TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

THE REPORTER is published every Thursday Morning, by E. O. GOODRICH, at $2 per annum, in advance.

ADVERTISEMENTS, exceeding fifteen lines are inserted at TEN CENTS per line for first insertion, and FIVE CENTS per line for ubsequent insertions. Special notices inerted before Marriages and Deaths, will charged FIFTEEN CENTS per line for each nsertion. All resolutions of Associations; ommunications of limited or individual interest, and notices of Marriages or Deaths exceeding five lines, are charged TEN CENTS er line.

	1 Year.	6 mo.	3 mo.
One Column,	$75	$40	$30
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Merchants and others, advertising their business, will be charged $20. They will be entitled to ¼ column, confined exclusively to their business, with privilege of change.

☞ Advertising in all cases exclusive of subscription to the paper.

JOB PRINTING of every kind, in Plain and Fancy colors, done with neatness and dispatch. Handbills, Blanks, Cards, Pamphlets, &c., of every variety and style, printed at the shortest notice. The REPORTER OFFICE has just been re-fitted with Power Presses, and every thing in the Printing line can be executed in the most artistic manner and at the lowest rates. TERMS INVARIABLY CASH.

Cards.

GEORGE D. MONTANYE, *ATTORNEY AT LAW*—Office corner of Main and Pine streets, opposite Porter's Drug Store.

DOCTOR EDWARD S. PERKINS, Offers his professional services to the citizens of Frenchtown and vicinity. Calls promptly attended to.

May 28, 1867.—1y*

W. T. DAVIES, Attorney at Law, Towanda, Pa. Office with Wm. Watkins, Esq. Particular attention paid to Orphans' Court business and settlement of decedents estates.

MERCUR & MORROW, *Attorneys at Law*, Towanda, Penn'a,

The undersigned having associated themselves together in the practice of Law, offer their professional services to the public.

ULYSSES MERCUR, P. D. MORROW.

March 9, 1865.

PATRICK & PECK, ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Offices:—In Patton Block, Towanda, in Patrick's block, Athens, Pa. They may be consulted at either place.

H. W. PATRICK, apl13. W. A. PECK.

H. B. McKEAN, *ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW*, Towanda, Pa. Particular attention paid to business in the Orphans' Court. July 20, 1866.

HENRY PEET, *Attorney at Law*, Towanda, Pa. jun27, 66.

DR. H. WESTON, *DENTIST.*—Office in Patton's Block, over Gore's Drug and Chemical Store. 1jan66

EDWARD OVERTON Jr., *Attorney at Law*, Towanda, Pa. Office in the Court House. July 13, 1865.

DR. R. DAVIES, LERAYSVILLE, PA. has permanently located at the office formerly occupied by Dr. B. DeWitt, for the practice of his profession. May 9, 1867.

JOHN N. CALIFF, *ATTORNEY AT LAW*, Towanda, Pa. Also, Government Agent for the collection of Pensions, Back Pay and Bounty.

☞ No charge unless successful. Office over he Post Office and News Room. Dec. 1, 1864.

DOCTOR B. DEWITT, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.—May be found during the day—unless otherwise engaged—on Main-st., a few doors below Codding & Russell's. Residence corner of William and Division-sts., lately occupied by E. A. Parsons.

Towanda, April 28, 1867.—1y*

JONES & DEMOREST, *Coopers*, Towanda, Pa. All kinds of Cooper Work on hand and made to order Particular attention given to repairing. Work can be obtained at the shop in the Keystone Brewery, or at the store of W, A. Rockwell. Cash, or work, paid for stock. May 9, 1867.

O. D. STILES, M. D., *Physician and Snrgeon*, would announce to the people of Rome Borough and vicinity, that he has permanently located at the place formerly occupied by Dr. G. W. Stone, for the practice of his profession. Particular attention given to the treatment of women and children, as also to the practice of operative and minor surgery. Oct. 2,'66.

DR. PRATT has removed to State street, (first above B. S. Russell & Co's Bank). Persons from a distance desirous of consulting him, will be most likely to find him on Saturday of each week. Especial attention will be given to surgical cases, and the extraction of teeth. Gas or Ether administered when desired.

July 18, 1866. D. S. PRATT, M. D.

DOCTOR CHAS. F. PAINE.—Office in GORE'S Drug Store, Towanda, Pa. Calls promptly attended to at all hours.

Towanda, November 28, 1866.

EDW'D MEEKS—AUCTIONEER. All letters addressed to him at Sugar Run, Bradford Co. Pa., will receive prompt attention.

FRANCIS E. POST, *Painter, Towanda, Pa*, with 10 years experience, is confident he can give the best satisfaction in Painting, Graining, Staining, Glazing, Papering, &c.

☞ Particular attention paid to Jobbing in the country. April 9, 1866.

J. K. VAUGHAN—*Architect and Builder.*—All kinds of Architectural designs furnished. Ornamental work in Stone, Iron and Wood. Office on Main street, over Russell & Co.'s Bank. Attention given to Rural Architecture, such as laying out of grounds, &c., &c. April 1, 1867.—1y.

J. J. NEWELL,

COUNTY SURVEYOR,

Orwell, Bradford Co., Pa,, will promptly attend to all business in his line. Particular attention given to running and establishing old or disputed lines. Also to surveying of all unpattented lands as soon as warrants are obtained. my17

W. HERSEY WATKINS, *Notary Public* is prepared to take Depositions, Acknowledge the Execution of Deeds, Mortgages, Powers of Attorney, and all other instruments. Affidavits and other papers may be sworn to before me.

☞ Office opposite the Banking House of B. S. Russell & Co., a few doors north of the Ward House. Towanda, Pa., Jan, 14, 1867.

D. D. KNAPP,

Watch Maker and Dealer in Gents and Ladies Watches Chains and Finger Rings, Clocks, Jewelry, Gold Pens, Spectacles, Silver ware, Plated ware, Hollow ware, Thimbles, Sewing Machines, and other goods belonging to a Jewelry Store.

Perticular attention paid to Repairing, at his old place near the Post Office, Waverly, N. Y. Dec. 2, 1866.—tf.

JOHN MORAY,

ARTIST AND PHOTOGRAPHER.

Will promptly attend to all business in his line. Special attention given to Landscape and Stereoscopic Photography. Views of Family Residences, Stores, Public Buildings, Animals, Machines, etc., taken in the best manner,

Particular attention given to the novel and beautiful stereoscopic representation of objects.

Orders received at Wood & Harding's Photographic Art Gallery, Towanda.

Towanda, April 23, 1867.—yl.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAVE opened a Banking House in Towanda, under the name of G. P. MASON & CO.

They are prepared to draw Bills of Exchange, and make collections in New York, Philadelphia, and all portions of the United States, as also England, Germany, and France. To Loan money, receive deposits, and to do a general Banking business.

G. P. Mason was one of the late firm of Laporte, Mason & Co., of Towanda, Pa., and his knowledge of the business men of Bradford end adjoining Counties, and having been in the anking business for about fifteen years, make this house a desirable one, through which to make collections.

G. P. MASON,

Towanda, Oct. 1, 1866. A. G. MASON.

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF VOCAL and instrumental music constantly on hand at the NEWS ROOM.

The Bradford Repor

E. O. GOODRICH, Publisher. REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER. $2 pe

VOLUME XXVIII. TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., AUGUST 8, 1867.

Real Estate and Insurance.

MONTANYE & WARD,

REAL ESTATE AGENCY,

Offer sale the following properties at reasonable prices and upon favorable terms :

A tract of land situate in Gloucester county, New Jersey. Containing 446 acres, 3½ miles from Malaga Station, Camden and Cape May Railway.

The "Blue Anchor" property in Winslow township, Camden county, N. Y. Containing 3500 acres. To be sold in lots.

Potter County Lands. Heavily timbered with Pine, Hemlock, Ash, Cherry and hard woods as follows :

Tracts No. 4763, containing 990 acres ; No. 4755, 990 acres—between the first and east forks of the Sinnamahoning in Wharton and Sylvania townships.

Tracts No. 4767, 990 acres ; No. 4768, 400 acres ; No. 4698, 400 acres ; Wharton township. line of Appot, head-waters of Kettle Creek.

Tracts No. 5917, 1100 acres ; No. 5720, 1080 acres ; No. 5823, 1100 acres ; No. 5924, 1082 acres 75 perches : No. 5912, 1100 acres. No. 5930, 1100 acres ; No. 5938, 1100 acres ; No. 5929, 1100 ; in Wharton and Stewardson townships on head waters Kettle Creek, near main branch.

Tracts No. 4717, 196 acres ; 4729, 990 acres ; Appot and Stewardson townships, near Little Kettle Creek.

Tracts No. 4920, 837 acres ; 4924, 600 acres, Wharton township, main branch, Sinnamahoning.

Two hundred and seventy-five acres prime, first class coal land. Blakely township, Luzerne county, Pa., half way between Scranton and Carbondale. Very near the Railway.

One thousand acres first class Anthracite coal land about 1½ miles north-east of Wilkes-Barre, in the midst of improvements.

About 1000 acres of land in Medford township, Burlington county, New Jersey, about four miles north from Jackson Junction of the Camden and Atlantic and Delaware and Raritan Bay Railways. Valuable mill seat. Two or three houses, stable, barns, &c., second growth of timber, never failing water. Power fall 15 or 16 feet overshot. Price $20 per acre. One-third may remain.

Delaware Farms and Pennsylvania lands.—Descriptions and directions given on application.

A valuable Country Seat near Philadelphia. Splendid grounds and trees. 69 acres of land.

WESTERN PROPERTY—For sale or exchange. 120 acres of good land one third timbered. San Piere, Stark county, Iowa.

Forty acres of good land with fruit trees, apples, peaches, pears. &c. 25 acres improved, one half mile from San Piere on Railway.—Price $800.

80 acres one mile from San Piere, one-third timbered. No improvements. On railway. Price $800.

A steam mill property in Burlington township, Bradford county. A very desirable lumbering operation.

Eight parcels of land, containing from 50 to 100 acres, each partially timbered. and improved suitable for farming or grazing.

House and Barn in good order and 136 acres of improved and timbered land, orchard, good water. &c. Union township, Tioga county, on Northern Central Railway. For sale on long time and easy terms.

26 Town Lots in Monroe Borough, Bradford county, Pa.

3,000 Acres Wild Timbered Land. Sullivan county, Pa.

122 Acres good Farming Land, Burlington township, Bradford county.

Other timbered and improved properties. Descriptions given on application.

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MONTANYE & WARD,

Execute Conveyances, furnish Briefs of Title, buy and sell Real Estate, collect rentals and liens, survey and examine all kinds of property.

They are prepared to negotiate sales of farms, homesteads, and properties especially desirable to capitalists ; to procure advances of money upon bond and mortgage, and to prosecute inquiries for those desiring to make investments or secure a home. They will effect

INSURANCE

In the best known FIRE AND LIFE COMPANIES. They have exclusive Agency in Bradford and neighboring counties of leading companies in these several departments of Insurance.

Those who desire to buy or sell farms ;

All who wish to effect Insurance against Fire;

All who seek permanent investments for the future benefit of their families, in secure and first-class Life Companies ;

Capitalists desiring to buy or sell valuable speculative properties ;

All wishing surveys and examinations ;

All wishing advances upon valuable real property ;

All who wish to obtain lease or rental of Farms or Tenements,

Are respectfully solicited to entrust such business to our Agency.

Further particulars furnished at our office.

Office, corner of Main and Pine streets.

G. D. MONTANYE,
HENRY WARD.

☞ PROPERTIES ADVERTISED

FREE OF CHARGE.

REFERENCES ;

Hon. U. Mercur, Towanda, Pa.
Hon. William Elwell, Bloomsburg, Pa.
C. L. Ward, Esq., Towanda.
M. C. Mercur, "
G. F. Mason & Co., Bankers, Towanda.
J. D. Montanye, Towanda.
Lathrop, Luddington & Co., New York.
Dickson Brothers, Philadelphia.
Hon. John N. Conyngham, Wilkes-Barre.
Charles Parrish, Wilkes-Barre.
Hon. F. B. Streeter, Montrose, Pa.
Towanda, April 2, 1867.

Selected Poetry.

ONE BY ONE.

BY ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR.

One by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming, some are going;
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each;
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one (bright gifts from Heaven)
Joys are sent thee here below;
Take them readily when given,
Ready, too, to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee;
Do not fear an armed band;
One will fade as others greet thee;
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow;
See how small each moment's pain;
God will help thee for to-morrow,
So each day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly
Has its task to do or bear;
Luminous the crown, and holy,
When each gem is set with care.

Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passing hours despond;
Nor, the daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token,
Reaching heaven; but one by one
Take them, lest the chain be broken
Ere the pilgrimage be done.

Selected Tale.

A Flattering Reminiscence.

I

"A beauty ! an heiress ! an eccentric guardian, whose invitation includes any friend you like to take with you for a few days' shooting.—Why, my dear Fred, you have bound me to you forever by your selection of myself. I feel quite a new man already ; for I must confess that, when you came in just now, I was suffering from an unusually desperate fit of the blues."

"Consequent, in a remote degree, on last night's supper," suggested Fred Clayton, "and a good deal also on the way you remain cooped up in these dismal quarters."

Fred glanced contemptuously round my dingy Temple chambers as he spoke—a survey scarcely necessary, considering their intimate resemblance to his own adjoining rooms. However, I forbore any remark ; indeed the delightful prospect just presented to me absorbed all my attention, and I grasped my friend's hand in a fever of gratitude.

"Tell me all about it," I said, "and how you came to think of me."

"There is nothing to tell," replied Fred, seating himself on the corner of the table and swinging his legs backwards and forwards lazily.—"This morning I got a letter from an old fellow in the country, reminding me—as if I could remember it—that he and my father had been friends thirty years ago, and asking me down to his place for a few days' shooting, with permission to bring a friend if I liked."

"And his niece that you told me of,—the heiress ?" said I.

"O, of course he did not mention her," said Fred, "and I merely tell you because, if you choose to put yourself under my guidance, I may be the means of helping you to a good thing. You know," he added more deliberately, "how disinterested my assistance can be after the little confidences we exchanged last night."

"True," said I, charmed with the recollection,—"your pretty cousin—the secret engagement—"

"Yes," interrupted Fred ; "you all about it ; and we know more about each other than most fellows ; so it was natural I should think of you as companion for my holiday, and I'm right glad you're inclined for the trip."

So saying, and silencing my renewed protestations of pleasure, Fred left me, appointing a rendezvous of the first train leaving for our destination, some two or three hours later.

Fred Clayton and I had been school fellows in our early days, and many of his vacations were spent in my father's house. Of late years, however, he had lived exclusively in London ; like me, a young aspirant to the uncertain honors of the bar, but, unlike me, possessing a large circle of friends and acquaintances, and never without a superabundance of invitations to dinners, balls, and concerts ; for Fred was said to be very popular, especially in ladies' society.

Except in the mere fact that we were both younger sons without any expectations, there was but little resemblance between Fred Clayton and Jack Harris. My residence in London only dated back a few months, and already the great city possessed no charm for me ; I pined for the country, for freedom, and for the active life of home. I might, indeed, with the assistance of Clayton, or through letters of introduction from members of my own family, have procured fashionable invitations, and received partial toleration in society ; but the prospect of a crush, heated rooms and strange faces, was a tho't of terror to timid nature, especially with the underlying chance of presentation to a young lady, and the unhappy knowledge that my deficiencies in the art of small talk would make such a chance a perspective martyrdom. No ; I confessed in my own heart that society was not my forte ; other talents I certainly had, deeper, more intrinsic merits than those that passed for genuine in a ball room,—but they were merits to develop in an atmosphere of peacefulness and repose ; qualities to expand in the quiet of a domestic hearth ; and a thrill of joy shot thro' me as, cramming every available article of clothing into a small portmanteau, I took leave of my comfortless chambers, and allowed my fancy to dwell on a brilliant possibility, that Clayton's words had evoked.—An heiress, and a beauty,—a country beauty of course ; blushes and simplicity, and rich,—how rich ? Rich enough to live on a grand estate ; to keep a large stud ; to dispense princely hospitality ? I must ask Fred.—This, however, was secondary. I would not of course acknowledge myself to be mercenary. Love must come first ; love independent of fortune,—

> "Like Dian's kiss, unasked, unsought,
> Love gives itself, but is not bought."

So I assured myself ; but then in all candor, I did not anticipate any very great difficulty on this score, for I had ever been painfully susceptible of the tender passion. Finally, for success, I must trust somewhat to my own individual attractions (and here a nervous tremor seized me,) and not a little to the co-operation of my friend, for whose pre-engagement I was more gratified than I liked to acknowledge to myself.

II

"Fifty thousand pounds," said Clayton, in answer to my inquiries, when we had secured a *coupe* to ourselves, and were preparing it for the comfort of all future travellers by lighting our cigars ; "fifty thousand, my boy, and the estate, if you consent to take her name."

"Her name ! What is her name ?" I asked.

"Effing,—Miss Effing," he replied. And now, if you think the attempt worth making, I will let you know how the land lies, and give you a sketch of your campaign. The time is short, and of course I cannot insure you a second invitation if all is not concluded during our present trip. Now then, old fellow, *pro* or *con* ?"

My reply was given with a fervor quite warranted by the occasion.

Fred Clayton threw himself back in his seat, and after arriving, by much perseverance, at a sufficiently comfortable position, he began his instructions, interrupted only by an occasional puff at his cigar, which momentary pause rendered his words all the more impressive ; at least I fancied so.

"Our great difficulty," said he, "is the uncle, Mr. Merrick,—his name is Merrick. I told you before he was eccentric ; but that is not the word,—'exacting' describes him better. He is awfully exacting, and possesses immense influence over his niece ; an influence so great that his choice would be hers, even were she not still under age, which I believe she is. My dear fellow, all depends upon the impression you make in that quarter. I cannot exaggerate the importance of devoting yourself from the very first to Merrick,—studying his tastes, sharing his pleasures, and attaching him firmly to your interests. The old fellow is so selfish in insisting on these attentions that I don't think, were I even free, I could stand enough of his society to insure success. But there's no knowing, the prize is well worth winning, and perfectly attainable through him, and through him alone."

"And about Miss Effing ?" I inquired.

"Miss Effing is a charming girl," said Fred ; "quite young, and ready to believe anything bad of a lover her uncle condemns. Being an heiress and a beauty she has already received several proposals, but all have been rejected in consequence of the suitors having had the egregious folly to pay more attention to the niece than to the uncle."

So then the uncle was the only real difficulty ; not a very grave, I thought. At all events, forewarned was forearmed, and I inwardly vowed to tax my patience to the utmost for so great a stake. At the moment it never occurred to me how remarkably well-informed Clayton appeared on all that concerned our future hosts. I was only too glad to find him so well able to advise me, and perhaps a little relieved that the great result did not involve much courtship or attendance on a young lady.

We were not long in arriving at the station, where a dog-cart was in waiting to receive us ; and after a rather cold drive of a couple of miles we reached our destination.

Mr. Merrick's, or Miss Effing's, house,—for I did not know to whom it actually belonged,—was a large handsome building, situated in a fine park, with undulating lawn and well planted trees ; so much I was able to perceive in the growing darkness.

Our arrival had been heralded by a handsome pointer that we found reposing on the terrace ; and on alighting, we were met by Mr. Merrick, who treated me to a long and most unequivocal stare, and after greetings and introductions, hurried us off to our several apartments to prepare for dinner.

I shall never forget that dressing ! I had heard so much of first impressions, I believed in them so implicitly, that my anxiety to produce a proper effect almost amounted to frenzy, and I could have strangled Fred Clayton for his coolness and equanimity, when he good-naturedly came into my room to accompany me down through the ordeal of a first appearance in the drawing-room.

Miss Effing was there ; and the moment I saw her, I understood the failure of all former suitors ; I realized the almost superhuman effort that would be necessary voluntarily to resign such companionship for that of the superannuated uncle, and resolved to steel myself by the constant recollection of my predecessors' fates. Graceful, witty, and lively to a degree, no wonder the old man dreaded to lose the sunlight of her presence, and the affectionate charm of her manner towards himself.

With exemplary fortitude I dashed at my task, and before the evening was over found myself, to my great surprise, established as the chosen companion of Mr. Merrick. I listened with admirably-got-up-interest to long, dreary anecdotes of his past experiences comprising minute details of the dates and even the hours at which people, long since dead, had been born,—the memories of these old people are always prodigious!—and submitted to an account of his present devotion to the collecting of minerals, which now occupied all his time, except during the shooting season, for the old gentleman was very proud of still being able to carry a gun.

Of course I immediately professed myself an enthusiast on the subject of mineralogy, and was forthwith carried off in triumph to a large cavernous den, to admire what he called his specimens.

The examination of these hideous little bits of tin and stone lasted, what appeared to me, about two hours; and when, ultimately, we returned to the drawing room, human nature asserted its rights, and unconsciously I stole over to the piano, where Miss Effing's fairy fingers were wandering listlessly over the keys; while Fred Clayton stood beside her looking through some music. Immediately a warning glance from Fred recalled me to a sense of danger, and turning in the direction of Mr. Merrick I perceived an unmistakable scowl upon his face, as he watched the party. Hastening to his side, I succeeded partially in removing it, by the proposal of a game of chess, which absorbed all his faculties, and agonized all mine, till the general move was made for retiring.

As I approached Miss Effing to wish her good night, I overheard the old tyrant remark, condescendingly, to Fred, "Your friend is an intelligent fellow; we sympathize, and I like him; rather superficial in mineralogy, but we must try and remedy that by making the most of our time, as your stay will not extend beyond a few days. In fact the young man quite interests me; I wish you had his tastes, Frederick."

So virtue was rewarded, and I had made a good impression.

III.

The next morning we started early intent on the wholesale slaughter of partridges; and on this occasion Fred hurt his hand so severely as to incapacitate him from joining our future expeditions; in fact, every possible combination of circumstances favorable to my advancement in the good graces of Mr. Merrick seemed to surround me. To say what an effort it required to submit cheerfully to his perpetual presence would be impossible. He appeared after a little, to regard my continual companionship as a matter of course; and so well had I acted my part, that the man actually believed I enjoyed his society. Presuming, therefore, on my established popularity, I ventured casually on an occasion that appeared favorable, to introduce the subject of his niece into one of our conversations.

"Ah," said he, and his face grew hard instantly, "Bella requires to be watched closely. She is so honest and noble-minded herself, that she cannot understand the mercenary designs of the butterflies that flutter about her. But I never lose sight of her; I am always there to ward off artful attentions, and keep would-be suitors at bay. I am always there, and I shall be always there; but," he added, changing his tone, which had been growing excited, "it is well we are free from such intruders at present. I have never seen so little of my niece as during your visit.—You have made me forget myself and her; but then it is only once in a lifetime that one may meet so congenial a spirit as yours; and, as for Frederick, Bella knows,—and he would not dare *now*." He stopped with a growl.

Mr. Merrick was then aware of Clayton's secret engagement. This accounted for what had already somewhat puzzled me,—his apparent indifference to the young and fascinating lawyer's *tete-a-tete* with his niece; but his marked emphasis on the word *now* solved the incongruity, and also betrayed what would have been his tactics, had he not felt secure; and yet such knowledge argued a more intimate association with Fred's affairs than I should have expected from a man whose present hospitality was founded on a thirty-years-ago acquaintanceship with his father; but, on reflection, I detected in it an act of generosity on the part of my friend, who had evidently taken the old man into his confidence, to set his mind at ease, and leave him perfectly free to be won over by me.

So time wore on, and, as the day fixed for our departure approached, I began to feel a trifle qualmish, in spite of the undeniable favor shown me by Mr. Merrick. It was all very well to have secured the uncle,—if I had secured him; but was I certain of securing the niece? I had scarcely exchanged half a dozen words with her. Old Merrick had remorselessly absorbed every second of my time,—the converse all day, mineralogy and chess all the evening, till the very sight of a chess-board generated a nausea that I have never since got rid of; and the suspicion that the lady had been too much overlooked in our calculation, suddenly struck me with an uncomfortable sensation of doubt.

I determined to speak to Fred, and seized the opportunity that evening, when Miss Effing had retired, to propose a cigar on the terrace,—a proposition to which Fred readily consented. The case was speedily represented, and Fred's answer, as usual, concise.

"You have been admirable," he asserted, "and deserve, I must admit, immense credit for so fully carrying out our plans; and I feel that I cannot congratulate myself or you too heartily. Now perceive the result; the old fellow swears by you, and I have drawn Miss Effing's attention to the high opinion entertained of you by her uncle. Of course, to alter your line of conduct now, would be to destroy everything. You would be accused of a *ruse*, suspected of intentions, and summarily ejected.—Consistency, my dear fellow, believe me, unvarying consistency, is your only course,—unremitting devotion to the ogre; delicate diffidence towards the niece; and on the morning of our departure, when the near prospect of losing his congenial spirit, as he calls you, has unnerved our friend, a solemn interview in the library, a formal proposition, and you return to town an engaged man! Is it not as clear as daylight? straightforward and inevitable in every point, because so simple. You retain your pedestal, remain consistent, and the result comes about quite naturally, through and in consequence of that very consistency."

I looked at Fred with admiration; everything appeared so feasible when detailed by him in a few simple words, his very rodes of semi-indifference had a wondrous power of conviction; and, moreover, my own common sense responded to the assertion that a change of manner would be fatal. I saw my way now, straight before me, plain and easy as an ordinary transaction of life, and the horizon grew bright within me.

Warmly thanking my friend for the invaluable benefit of his shrewd sense and convincing advice, I withdrew to my room, my mind filled with more sanguine projects, more tangible hopes, than I had yet indulged in, since the beginning of my adventure.

IV.

At length the momentous morning dawned. We had prolonged our few day' stay to a week, and our host had evidently determined not to renew his invitation, spite of the manifest pleasure my company gave him; so, almost before I could realize it, the eventful day arrived.

I passed a sleepless and disturbed night, several times starting from a confused, dreamy rehearsal of the interview I intended demanding in the morning, to fancy I heard whispering voices and confused sounds about the house, quite impossible at that late hour. Visions floated before me of the already approaching future; the events of the last few days seemed to spread back over half my life, so great was the importance attached to their issue; and now the culminating point was reached, I felt already the foreshadowing of my victory; for, had I not fulfilled every condition?—had I not accomplished the task in which every other competitor had failed? And the question of the young lady's possible opposition was merely doubtful enough to give excitement to the *denouement*. Did not all young ladies first oppose, and ultimately yield, with very little persuasion, to all parents and guardians? How much more so then in the present case, where the circumstances were so exceptionally strong in my favor!

I had not been long awake, and was debating in my own mind whether or not to start on an early walk, and by a dose of fresh air to brace up my shattered nerves and stimulate them for the coming scene, when I was startled from my cogitation by a tap at the door, and almost immediately Mr. Merrick's valet stood before me. This was a most unprecedented occurrence; hitherto a servant had never entered my room without being summoned, and this man seldom even then.

A vague presentiment of evil seized, and I turned uneasily to look at him. One glance sufficed; he was ghastly pale, and seemed half insane with alarm. Utterly unable to conjecture the cause, but certain that something terrible must have happened, I gasped, "What is it?"

"O, sir! don't you know?" said he,—"are you sure you don't know? They're gone, sir,—bolted,—Mr. Fred and Miss Bella,—the two of them, and the new maid,—off in a post-chaise three good hours ago; and who's to tell the governor I don't know; I daren't."

The man might have gone on speaking forever,—in fact he did go on; but beyond those few first words, not a syllable was intelligible to me. My first impulse was to bound up and strangle him then and there, but the effort was a miserable failure, and I fell back powerless, paralyzed.

No suspicion of a possible mistake; no crumb of comfort in a momentary feeling of incredulity, sustained me; the man's manner bore the stamp of truth; his terror was too real, his statement too concise to leave room for a doubt. It was by no process of reasoning, by no mental review, by no recapitulation of events that the light broke in on me, but suddenly, in an instant, with the violence of a galvanic shock, I realized how completely I had been sold, victimized, taken in!

At last, a movement on the part of the servant attracted my attention; he was handing me a letter, and had probably been describing how it came into his possession, but of this I had not heard a word. My sensations can be neither imagined nor described when, on looking at it, I recognized the writing of my traitorous friend. Had the viper left his sting there? I hesitated to touch the dishonored paper. At that moment a violent ringing of bells announced Mr. Merrick's *levee*; and

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throwing the note on the table, the distracted valet rushed from the room, muttering "I cannot tell it,—I cannot; Thomas must go to him."

Alone with my enemy, I screwed up my courage and broke the seal. The note was short, and ran as follows:

"Dear Jack.—Pray accept my best thanks. But for your efficient aid we could never have successfully hood-winked old Argus. You are an apt pupil, and I sincerely wish you equal success in all your future undertakings.

"Yours, by all the bonds of gratitude,

"Fred Clayton."

"P. S. Bella insists on apologizing; so I enclose."

There was then another epistle! I looked about; it had fallen on the floor. I opened it mechanically, and read:

"Dear Mr. Harris.—I hope you will forgive Fred. What he did was for my happiness. We have long been attached and secretly engaged; but my uncle was so obdurate and so vigilant that an elopement was our only refuge, and, but for your assist ance, could not have been effected. Trusting soon to receive from your own lips pardon for a harmless stratagem, believe me, yours (by the time you receive this),

"Bella Clayton Effing."

"Please, sir, Mr. Merrick wishes to speak to you."

The door of my room was wide open, and on its threshold stood the old butler, grave and severe of aspect. I followed him silently, too full of bitterness for words, but solacing myself with the reflection that in my host I should find a thorough sympathizer in my overwhelming anger and indignation.

I was ushered into a small sitting-room, where Mr. Merriek, in a flaming red dressing-room, and absolutely purple with fury, was pacing up and down like a wild beast in a cage. Before I could open my lips he turned sharply round on me, and roared out,—"So, sir, do you know I have sent for the police? Do you know you can be taken up for this conspiracy? I see it all now,—the infamous plot, and the part you were brought here to play. Fool that I was!"

"But, Mr. Merrick," I began.

"Silence!" he exclaimed. "Do you dare to taunt me? Have I not forbid Frederick Clayton this house scores of times? and, in letting Bella ask him here for a few days, could I refuse her first request on coming of age? Could I turn a guest, though uninvited, out of a house that was not my own? A guest, indeed!—a swindler, a blackguard, probably paid to amuse the uncle, and keep him off the scent."

His voice rose higher as he proceeded; at the end he actually shrieked. But this was unbearable,—my own temper had been severely tried, and endure more I could not.

"Mr. Merrick," I said hotly, "such language even under the circumstances—"

"Can't you leave off acting even now?" he burst in. "Confound your gaping look of innocence. Do you see this?" he cried, exhibiting a crushed letter, which he kept clenched in his hand. "They are married by this time, and your villainy has so far succeeded; but the triumph shall not last long. I will hunt the scoundrel and his contemptible accomplice—yes, you—through every law court in Europe; I will publish his infamy in every newspaper, and proclaim it throughout the civilized world! You shall not escape me,—you shall not!"

The madman shook his fist in my face, and glared at me like a tiger; but, staggered as I was by such revelations and accusations, I nevertheless made one more attempt at a protest. "Your nephew—" I began.

"My nephew!" he yelled, "do you think that reptile is my nephew? No, my fine keeper; I am now no longer your dupe: I can see now through your shallow shamming, and I order you to leave my house. Do you hear? leave it instantly, or I will bid my servants kick you out," he cried, pointing to the door as he spoke.

I hesitated; Fate seemed so cruel. I felt that the smallest justification or explanation would lessen my misery; but before a sound could pass my lips, he had raised his hand with the savage menace,—"one word more and I give the order."

There was nothing for me but to retreat; and retreat I accordingly did from the room and from the house, leaving instructions with the servants to send my belongings to the railway station,—that station from which I had driven only a few days before with such pleasurable emotions and ambitious hopes

Mr. Merrick's unexpected rending of the case had indeed brought my wrongs to a climax. It was not enough to have been the fool, the dupe, the cats paw of one I believed my best friend; I was also to be stigmatized as the confederate, the paid agent of a plot of which I was the principal victim. Truely I had reached the summit of human wretchedness.

The whole of the scheme which Miss (or Mrs.) Bella so obligingly called a "harmless stratagem," unfolded itself by degrees to my mind's eye, and, struggle as I would, I could not banish the thought of how the designing pair must have chuckled over my credulity, and watched with malicious amusement my unremitting devotion to the avuncular conquest. The last drop of bitterness had been poured into my cup, a lifetime of experience had been crowded into the space of a few days, and swallowing my humilation as best I could, I returned to London,—a wiser, if not a better man.

It is scarcely necessary to add that long before [illegible] the bride and bridegroom, Mr. Merrick had resigned himself to submit peaceably to the inevitable; and nothing more was heard of the terrible vengeance destined to overtake Fred Clayton and his guilty accomplice.—*Family Herald.*

Firmly Resolve Never to Owe a Debt.—It is the fundamental mistake of most boys to suppose that they can get rich faster on money earned by others than that earned respectively by themselves. If every youth of 18 to 25 years to-day were offered $10,000 for ten years at seven per cent. interest, two-thirds of them would eagerly accept it; which the probable consequence is that three-fourths of them would die bankrupts and paupers. Boys do not need money half so much as they need to know how to earn and save it. The boy who, at the close of his first year of independence, has earned and saved one hundred dollars, and invested or loaned it where it will pay him six or seven per cent. will certainly become rich if he lives; while he who closes his first year of responsibility in debt, will probably live and die in debt.—There is no greater mistake by our American youth than that of paying interest rather than receive. Interest devours us while we sleep; it absorbs our profits and aggravates our losses. Let a young man at twenty-five have $1,000 loaned on bond and mortgage, or invested in public securities, and he will rarely want money thereafter; in fact, that $1,000, invested at seven per cent., will of itself make him rich before he is sixty. There is no rule more important or wholesome for our boys than that which teaches them to go through life receiving interest rather than paying it. Of the torments which afflict this mortal sphere, the first rank is held by Crime, the second by Debt.—*Horace Greeley.*

FUN, FACTS AND FACETIÆ.

Why is a coquette like a washerwoman? Because she wrings men's bosoms.

Why are your lips always at variance? Because words are frequently passed between them.

A new name for a seamstress.—Miss Sew and Sew.

"Boy," said a facetious farmer to his son, "we had a pretty hard day's work yesterday, now let's have a game of chopping wood."

A mother trying to get her little daughter of three years old to sleep, one night, said to her:

"Anna, why don't you try to go to sleep?"

"I am trying," she replied.

"But you haven't shut your eyes."

"Well, can't help it; 'um's come unbuttoned."

"Mother," said little Ned one morning, after having fallen out of bed, "I think I know why I fell out of bed last night. It was because I slept too near wheer I got in." Musing a little while as if in doubt whether he had given the right explanation, he added, "No, that wasn't the reason; it was because I slept too near where I fell out."

An old fellow in a neighboring town who is original in all things, especially in excessive egotism and profanity, and who took part in the late great rebellion, was one day blowing in the village tavern to a crowd of admiring listeners, and boasting of his many bloody exploits, when he was interrupted by the following question:

"I say, old Joe, how many rebels did you kill during the war?"

"How many did I kill, sir—how many rebs did I kill? Well, don't know 'xactly how many; but I know this much—I killed as many o' them as they did o' me!"

A gentleman, walking with two ladies, stepped on a hogshead hoop, that flew up and struck him in the face. "Good gracious!" said he, "which of you dropped that?"

A correspondent writes that, if we desire it, he will "send us something to fill up with." That's just what we want. Suppose you commence now with a good roasting piece of beef and a barrel of flour.

A punster says: "My name is Sommerset. I am a miserable old bachelor. I cannot marry; for how could I hope to prevail on a young lady possessed of the slightest notions of delicacy, to turn a Somerset?"

"Sarah," said a young man the other day, "Why don't you wear ear-rings?"

"Because I haven't had my ears pierced."

"I will bore them for you."

"Thank you, you have done that enough."

"Would I were a man!" exclaimed a strong-minded woman in her husband's hearing. "Would you were!" was his only comment."

The good deeds that most sons prefer that their father's should leave behind them, are real estate deeds,

Which is the strongest day of the seven? Sunday, because the others are week days.

Adversity has ever been considered as the state in which a man most easily becomes acquainted with himself, particularly being free from flatterers.

Why talk about not sleeping a wink, when people in their sleep never wink?

"I wonder," said a Scotch maiden, "what my brother John sees in the lasses that he likes them sae well; for my part, I wad nai gai the company o' one lad for twenty lasses."

"Daughter, why do you not wear your rings?"

"Because, papa, they hurt me when anybody squeezes my hand?"

"What business have you, I would like to know, to have your hand squeezed?"

"Certainly none; but still you know, papa, one would like to keep in squeezing order."

A young lady of eighteen, Miss B., was engaged to be married to a gentleman of thirty-six. Her mother having noticed her low spirits for some time, inquired the reason.

"Oh, dear, mamma," replied the young lady, "I was thinking about my husband being twice my age!"

"That's very true; but he's only thirty-six.

"He's only thirty-six now, dear mamma; but when I'm sixty—"

"Well?"

"Oh, dear! why, then he'll be a *hundred and twenty.*"

What is the Bible Like?—It is like a large, beautiful tree that bears sweet fruit for those who are hungry, and affords shelter and shade for pilgrims on their way to heaven.

It is like a cabinet of jewels and precious stones, which are not only to be looked at and admired, but used and worn.

It is like a telescope which brings distant objects and far off worlds very near, so that we can see something of their beauty and importance.

Diggory says he always respects old age except when some one sticks him with a pair of tough chickens.

In reply to an advertisement headed, "Use Thingumbob's Tooth Brush?" a Western editor says: "We'll see Thingumbob hanged first, the dirty fellow! Would he like to use our's?".

A Missouri farmer being asked if raising hemp was a good business, answered, "I can't sartin say; but it is surely better than being raised by it."