The Bradford Reporter.

E. O. GOODRICH, Publisher. REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER. $2 per Annum, in Advance.

VOLUME XXIX. TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., AUGUST 6, 1868. NUMBER 11.

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 subsequent insertions. Special notices inserted before Marriages and Deaths, will be charged FIFTEEN CENTS per line for each insertion. All resolutions of Associations; communications of limited or individual interest, and notices of Marriages or Deaths exceeding five lines, are charged TEN CENTS per line.

	1 Year.	6 mo.	3 mo.
One Column,	$100	$60	$40
Half "	60	35	25
One Square,	15	10	7½

Estray, Caution, Lost and Found, and other advertisements, not exceeding 10 lines, three weeks, or less $1 50
Administrator's & Executor's Notices .. 2 00
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Business Cards, five lines, (per year) .. 5 00

Merchants and others, advertising their business, will be charged $25. They will be entitled to a column, confined exclusively to their business, with privilege of quarterly changes.

☞ 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.

WARD HOUSE, TOWANDA, PA.
On Main Street, near the Court House.
C. T. SMITH, Proprietor.
Oct. 8, 1866.

AMERICAN HOTEL,
TOWANDA, PA.,
Having purchased this well known Hotel on Bridge Street, I have refurnished and refitted it with every convenience for the accommodation of all who may patronize me. No pains will be spared to make all pleasant and agreeable.
May 3, '66.—tf. J. S. PATTERSON, Prop.

ELWELL HOUSE, TOWANDA, PA.,
JOHN C. WILSON.
Having leased this House, is now ready to accommodate the Traveling public. No pains nor expense will be spared to give satisfaction to those who may give him a call.
☞ North side of the public square, east of Mercur's new block [now building].

PUBLIC DRAY.
The subscriber having purchased the DRAY formerly owned by O. W. Delano, respectfully informs the public that he is prepared to do all kinds of work in his line and will attend promptly to all orders. Household goods carefully handled. Charges reasonable.
G. BALVORD.
Towanda, June 1, 1868.

MYERS' MILL!
SPECIAL NOTICE.
Myer, Foster & Co., will deliver Flour, Feed, Meal, Graham Flour, or any thing else in their line in any part of the village.
Customers will find an Order Book at the store of Fox, Stevens, Mercur & Co. All orders left in said book will be promptly attended to.
Any inquiries in regard to Grinding, or other business of the Mill, entered in said Book, will be answered.
MYER, FOSTER & CO.
Towanda, June 24, 1868.—tf.

FASHIONABLE TAILORING!
LEWIS REHBEIN
Respectfully informs the citizens of Towanda Borough, that he has opened a
TAILOR SHOP,
In Phinney's Building opposite the Means House and solicits a share of public patronage.
He is prepared to cut and make garments in the most fashionable style, and the most durable manner. Perfect satisfaction will be guaranteed.
Cutting and Repairing done to order on short notice. Sept. 10, 1867.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAVE opened a Banking House in Towanda, under the name of G. F. 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. F. Mason was one of the late firm of Laporte, Mason & Co., of Towanda, Pa., and his known ge of the business men of Bradford and adjoining Counties, and having been in the banking business for about fifteen years, make this house a desirable one, through which to make collections.
G. F. MASON,
Towanda, Oct. 1, 1866. A. G. MASON.

BRADFORD COUNTY
REAL ESTATE AGENCY,
H. B. McKEAN, Real Estate Agent.
Valuable Farms, Mill Properties, City and Town Lots for sale.
Parties having property for sale will find it to their advantage by leaving a description of the same, with terms of sale at this agency, as parties are constantly enquiring for farms &c.
H. B. McKEAN,
Real Estate Agent.
Office Montanye's Block, Towanda, Pa.
Jan. 29, 1867.

HARDING & SMALLEY,
Having entered into a co-partnership for the transaction of the PHOTOGRAPHIC business, at the rooms formerly occupied by Wood and Harding, would respectfully call the attention of the public to several styles of Pictures which we make specialties, as: Solar Photographs, Plain, Pencilled and Colored, Opaltypes, Porcelaintypes, &c., which we claim for clearness and brilliancy of tone and Artistic finish, *can not be excelled*. We invite all to examine them as well as the more common kinds of Portraits which we make, knowing full well that they will bear the closest inspection. This Gallery claims the highest reputation for good work of any in this section of country, and we are determined by a strict attention to business and the superior quality of our work, to not only retain but increase its very *enviable reputation*.
We keep constantly on hand the best variety of Frames and at lower prices than any other establishment in town. Also Passepartouts Card frames, Card Easels, Holmes' Stereoscopes, Stereoscopic Views, and everything else of importance pertaining to the business. Give us an early call.
N. B.—Solar Printing for the trade on the most reasonable terms. D. HARDING,
Aug. 29, '67. F. SMALLEY.

A CARD.—Dr. VANPETSKIRK has obtained a license, as required, of the Goodyear Vulcanite Company, to Vulcanize Rubber as a base for artificial Teeth, and has now a good selection of those beautiful carved Block Teeth, and a superior article of Black English Rubber, which will enable him to supply all those in want of sets of teeth, with those unsurpassed for beauty and natural appearance. Filling, Cleaning, Correcting Irregularities, Extracting, and all operations belonging to the Surgical Department skillfully performed. Chloroform administered for the extraction of Teeth when desired, an article being used for the purpose in which he has perfect confidence, having administered it with the most pleasing results during a practice of fourteen years.
Being very grateful to the public for their liberal patronage heretofore received, he would say that by strict attention to the business of his patients, he would continue to merit their confidence and approbation. Office in Beldleman's Block, opposite the Means House, Towanda, Pa. Dec. 20, 1867.—3m.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS EXPERIENCE IN DENTISTRY.
J. S. SMITH, M. D., would respectfully inform the inhabitants of Bradford County that he is permanently located in Towanda, Pa., He would say that from his long and successful practice of TWENTY-FIVE YEARS duration he is familiar with all the different styles of work done in any and all Dental Establishments in city or country, and is better prepared than any other Dental operator in the vicinity to do work the best adapted to the many and different cases that present themselves oftentimes to the Dentist, as he understands the art of making his own artificial teeth, and has facilities for doing the same. To those requiring under sets of teeth he would call attention to his new kind of work which consists of porcelain for both plate and teeth, and forming a continuous gum. It is more durable, more natural in appearance, and much better adapted to the gum than any other kind of work. Those in need of the same are invited to call and examine specimens. Teeth filled to last for years and oftentimes for life.—Chloroform, Ether, and "Nitrous Oxide" administered with perfect safety, as over four hundred patients within the last four years can testify.
Office in Patton's Block. Jan. 23, 1868.

CARRIAGES!! CARRIAGES!!
AT THE
BURLINGTON CARRIAGE EMPORIUM!
The subscriber would inform his friends and the public generally, that he has now on hand, and is prepared to build to order,
OPEN AND TOP BUGGYS,
Democrat and Lumber Wagons, at reduced prices. I have enlarged my shop, by adding a superior Paint and Varnish room. The different departments are under the charge of
FIRST CLASS MECHANICS.
I would inform the public that I have secured the services of Mr. JAS. W. TUNISON, formerly of Waverly, who has charge of the Painting Department, we are now prepared to do all kinds of Painting, having just received the largest and best selected stock of paints and varnishes ever brought into the county. Orders solicited and all work warranted. Repairing done on the most reasonable terms
MORTIMER VOSBURGH.
April 25, 1868.—6m*.

FOR SALE AT SCOTIA TANNERY
Plastering Hair at wholesale and retail, also Soap and Wagon Grease by the pound and barrel. Cash paid for Bark and Hides.
ADAM INNES.
Granville Centre, Pa., July 18, 1868.6m.

Cards.

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

MISS E. H. BATES, M. D.
(Graduate of Woman's Medical College, Philadelphia, Class 1854.) Office and residence No. 11 Park street Owego. Particular attention given to Diseases of Women. Patients visited at their homes if requested.
May 28, 1868

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's.
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, Patrick's block, Athens, Pa. They may be consulted at either place.
R. W. PATRICK, apl15 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. jan27, 66.

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

JOHN W. MIX, *ATTORNEY AT LAW*, Towanda, Bradford Co. Pa. General Insurance and Real Estate Agent—Bounties and Pensions collected. N. B.—All business in the Orphans' Court attended to promptly and with care. Office first door south of Ward House, up stairs. Oct. 24, '67.

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 Post Office and News Room. Dec. 1, 1864.

H. P. KIMBALL, Licensed Auctioneer, Bradford Co., Pa. tenders his services to the public. Satisfaction guaranteed, or no pay required. All orders by mail, addressed to his residence, will receive prompt attention. Oct. 2, 1867.—6m

DR. C. P. GODFREY, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, has permanently located at Wyalusing, where he will be found at all times. ap 16'68.6m.*

DR. T. B. JOHNSON, TOWANDA, PA. Having permanently located, offers his professional services to the public. Calls promptly attended to in or out of town. Office with DeWitt on Main street. Residence at Mrs. Humphrey's on Second Street.
March 16, 1868.

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 with G. D. Montanye, corner Main and Pine Streets. Towanda, Pa., Jan. 14, 1867.

PARSONS & CARNOCHAN, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Troy, Bradford Co. Practice in all the Courts of the county. Collections made and promptly remitted.
S. S. PARSONS. tf2 W. H. CARNOCHAN.

DR. PRATT has removed to State Street, (first door S. S. Lee and Co's Boots,) Towanda, where he will be most likely to find him on business of each week. Especial attention will be given to Surgical cases, and the extraction of teeth. Ether administered when desired.
Jan. 1, 1866. D. S. PRATT, M. D.

DR. H. WESTON, *DENTIST*.—Office in Patton's Block, over Gore's Drug and Book Store. 1jan68

DRS. T. F. & WM. A. MADILL, *PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS*. Have their residence in Wysox, Pa. Dr. T. F. Madill can be consulted at Gore's Drug Store in Towanda, every Saturday. Dr. Wm. A. Madill will give especial attention to diseases of the Eye, Ear, Throat and Lungs, having had specialty of the above diseases for the last eight years.
T. F. MADILL, M. D. WM. A. MADILL, M. D.
April 1, 1868.

BENJ. M. PECK, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Towanda, Pa. All business intrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. Office with W. C. Bogart, Esq., opposite to Powell & Co's store. July 16, 1866.

DRS. MASON & KELY, *Physicians & Surgeons*.—Office on Pine street, Towanda, at the residence of Dr. Mason. Particular attention is given to diseases of the Sexual Organs and Eye, Ear and Throat.
F. M. MASON, M. D. HENRY OLIVER KELY, M. D.
April 9, 1868.

EDWD 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. Apr. 9, 1866.

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

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

F. B. FORD—*Licensed Auctioneer*,
TOWANDA, PA.,
Will attend promptly to all business entrusted to him. Charges moderate. Feb. 13, 1868.

W. B. KELLY, *Dentist*. Office over Wickham & Black's, Towanda, Pa. All the various styles of work scientifically done and warranted. Particular attention is called to the Aluminum Base for Artificial Teeth, which is equally as good as Gold and far superior to either Rubber or Silver. Please call and examine specimens.
Chloroform or Ether administered under direction of a Physician when desired.
Aug. 6, 1867.—tf.

REAL ESTATE AGENCY.
H. B. McKEAN, REAL ESTATE AGENT, offers the following Farms, Coal and Timber lands for sale:
Fine Timber lot, 5 miles from Towanda, containing 53 acres. Price $1,325.
Farm in Asylum, containing 135 acres. Good buildings. Under a fine state of cultivation. Mostly improved. Price $6,000.
Farm in West Burlington—on the Creek.—New house and barn. Under a fine state of cultivation. 95 acres. Price $5,450.
Farms in Franklin. All under good cultivation. Good buildings. For sale cheap.
Several very desirable Houses and Lots in Towanda.
A large tract of Coal Lands in Tioga county.
Towanda, July 18, '67.

Selected Poetry.

MORNING DEW.

BY G. A. SIMCOX.

The dewdrops vanish one by one,
That seems to glisten everywhere,
Drawn by the kisses of the sun
Into the thirsty lap of air:
They vanish, and they do not die,
Although the thirsty road be dry.

The dew at night will fall in vain
On broken herbage by the way;
The dew will change to gentle rain,
And waken far-off flowers to May;
Yet herbs and flowers in every sky,
In every land are born to die.

The pleasant thoughts of dawning youth
Are parched away by toil and care,
And leave the dusty road of truth,
The trodden path of duty bare:
And yet our pleasant thoughts are true,
Although they pass like morning dew.

They pass from us, their light is shed
On broken works of weary hands;
They pass from us, their sweetness fed
Some nobler toil in happier lands:
Yet every man beneath the sun
Doth all his deeds to be undone.

Our pleasant thoughts are like the dew,
One half of heaven, one half of earth;
They seem to die, but they renew
The sacrament of their sweet birth:
But fruitful plants and deeds of men
Are earth, and turn to earth again.

In thirsty fields of barren air
The dew is born to fall in vain;
Our thoughts go up to heaven, and there
They change to mists of golden rain,
Whereof the fourfold fountain head
In Paradise is always fed.

Our thoughts, that seem to come and go,
Abide indeed in God on high;
For he ordains to water so
The only tree that does not die:
And angels in its shadow sit,
But who is he shall eat of it?

Selected Tale.

After Three Thousand Years.

"Do you remember the last request you made of me, when we parted in Paris, you to return homeward, and I to bury myself in the tombs of the Pharaohs?" asked Vance, the latest lion of Eastern travel, of Marion Harleigh, as he took her out to dinner at Madame Belletoile's.

"Perfectly. I asked you to bring me some personal ornament from the mummy of a princess," replied the young lady with *sang froid*.

"And you promised to wear it, remember," pursued Vance, maliciously watching for the pallor that did not come.

"Exactly. I promised to wear it, and I am ready to keep my promise. Did you bring me the opportunity?"

"Could I have ventured to present myself before you without it?" replied the traveller, with smiling courtesy.

"And what is it?"

"May I come to morrow and offer it?"

"I shall be very glad to see you."

The next morning, at twelve o'clock Vance rang at the door of Mr. Peter Harleigh's fine town-mansion, and, upon inquiring for Miss Harleigh was shown at once to the drawing-room, graced by that young lady's presence. She came to meet him with outstretched hand.

"Welcome home!" said she, a little more earnestly, perhaps, than she would have spoken to Professor Byzantium, who also returned to New York from Eastern travel by the Persia.

Millard Vance held the hand she offered long enough to dart the piercing glance of his hazel eyes deep into the heart of the young girl, and then, releasing it, said softly,

"You are kind; but I have no home, you must remember."

"You should interpret the word more widely, and feel that your native land is enough for home, and your countrymen and women enough for family, at least in the present," said Marion, hating herself for the blush she could not restrain. Turning hastily, she added,

"This is Mr. Vance, Juliette. My cousin, Miss Randolph, Mr. Vance."

A little figure rose from the great arm chair where she had been almost buried, and bowed smilingly in answer to the stately bow of the traveller. Then she seated herself upon the sofa beside Marion and unconsciously offered her misty golden curls, pure complexion, and sweet blue eyes in contrast to her cousin's trained and statuesque brunette beauty.

Vance, studying the two without looking at either, found it impossible to award the palm to either, and gave both credit for arranging a contrasting tableaux—a manœuvre for which Juliette was as yet too innocent, and Marion too proud.

After ten minutes Vance drew a little Indian casket from his pocket and placed it in Miss Harleigh's hand.

"There is the Pharaonic spoil you have kindly allowed me to bring for you," said he.

Marion opened the box, and utter a little cry of surprise. It appeared filled with golden beetles sparkling with phosphorescent gleams. Immediately she closed the lid upon them, and looked up into Vance's laughing face.

"They will not harm you; they are securely chained," said he, opening the case as it lay upon Marion's lap, and taking from it a necklace of golden scarabæi, with diamond eyes and green enamelled wings. Each insect was linked to each by a tiny chain, but so loosely as to admit of perfect freedom of movement. The necklace was clasped by a medal of burnished gold deeply graven with certain symbols or characters, not easily to be deciphered even as to form.

"Oh, the darling, lovely, odd thing!" exclaimed Juliette Randolph, while Vance lightly swung the glittering toy from his finger; but Marion turned pale, and slightly shivered.

"Where did it come from, Mr. Vance?" asked she.

"From the neck of a Pharaonic princess, as you desired that it should," returned Vance, watching with boyish zest the effect of his announcement.

"Oh, tell us all the story, please, Mr. Vance!—how you got it, and how she looked, and all," pleaded Juliette, settling herself in the sofa-corner with the impatient delight of a child about to listen to a fairy-tale.

Vance looked at her appreciatively, then suffered his regard to linger for a moment upon the proud, dark eyes Marion Harleigh had almost unconsciously fixed upon his own, before he gaily answered:

"Oh, yes; we travellers are but too happy in finding audience for our adventures, you know; and this one in a manner belongs with the necklace. I wintered upon the Nile last year, partly, no doubt, for my own pleasure, but partly, as I hope you will not refuse to believe, Miss Harleigh, in the hope of fulfilling your commission more certainly than a mere passing visitor could have done; for a new mummy is not to be met with every day, even upon the Nile; and I promised, you will remember, to take the ornament you were so kind to ask for, directly from the person of its original possessor. My inquiries, bribes, false hopes, and opportunities of allowing myself to be cheated in the neatest possible manner, were unlimited; so also was my patience and my faith in its final reward. That faith was justified upon the day when my dragoman mysteriously introduced into the cabin of the Sphynx a rascally-looking Arab calling himself Sheikh of El Kab, the village off which we lay, and who offered for a compensation to conduct the illustrious lord, of whom he had heard as desirous of opening a new tomb, to the door of one discovered only a few days previously by himself and his son, who had resolved to sell their secret to the magnificent nobleman "Inglis," instead of to their own government, to whom it properly belonged.

"After hearing this story, I quietly remarked to my friend the Sheikh that I had been so many times imposed upon by the same account, and had lost so much time, patience, and money in consequence, that I had resolved to revenge myself upon the very next impostor for all that I had suffered at the hands of his fraternity, and that it was but fair to give him timely warning that I intended keeping to my resolution, and to offer him the chance of reconsidering his proposition.

"Without any pretence of being hurt in his feelings or wounded in his honor—pretences at which I should have only laughed—my Sheikh repeated his assertion that the tomb he mentioned was, and had been for ages, fast sealed, and that, from its situation and certain characters wrought upon the stone closing its door, he had no doubt it contained the remains of some person of consequence. Beyond this he knew nothing and professed nothing, and stipulated that, in all events, he was to receive a certain sum for admitting me to the tomb, let the results be what they might. Should they prove considerable, of course the reward was to be augmented.

"Rather impressed, after all, with the fellow's apparent honesty, I acceded to his terms, and that night, accompanied only by my two servants, I met him just outside the village, and followed to the catacombs perforating like the cells of a honey-comb the sandstone cliffs behind the town. The scene was wild enough, and more picturesque than you get even in the new Park, ladies, and, were I an artist either in words or colors, I would give it you with all the accessories of swarthy Arabs in snow-white drapery and turbans, flashing torches, gloomy subterranean passages, sculptured walls, and paintings yet glowing with all the richness of the original color. Sparing this, however, I will merely say that the old Sheikh proved himself a man of his word, and even 'builded better than he knew;' for the tomb whose door he had discovered hidden behind the pile of bones and dust half filling an outer tomb, rifled ages ago, had never been opened, to all appearance, since it was first sealed up, perhaps three thousand years ago."

"Three thousand years!" softly exclaimed Juliette Randolph, opening her great blue eyes. "Has the world lasted more than three thousand years, Mr. Vance?"

"Miss Harleigh's downcast eyes glittered impatient scorn; but Vance smiled with the indulgence rarely refused by men to a pretty woman's ignorance, while he replied,

"For perhaps four times three thousand years, Miss Randolph, woman's beauty and man's devotion have enacted upon this earth of ours the same old-new story that makes it to-day so beautiful and fresh, to fresh and beautiful eyes."

A little quivering smile emphasised the look not yet died out of Miss Harleigh's haughty eyes; but Juliette, blushing like a rose, lifted her innocent gaze to meet the meaning Vance rather looked than spoke, and then she said,

"But the story, Mr. Vance."

"Yes, the story. We penetrated the tomb at last, although not without much difficulty and hard work, for the cement was like stone, and that stone like—well, like stone itself. At last, however, we stood within the little chamber beside the single sarcophagus it contained. At the head lay, upon a sculptured pedestal, a lamp burned dry, but with the wick still clinging to the lip, and at the foot, an exquisite vase of alabaster, three feet high.

"We lost no time, for the adventure was not without its peril had we been discovered by the Turkish authorities in opening the sarcophagus, in removing the innumerable folds of mummy-cloth swathing the occupant by the expeditious means of slitting the whole series from neck to heel with a sharp knife, and turning it back like the covers of a box. Within lay a slight, elegant figure, very dark in color, as mummies nearly always are, but retaining sufficient beauty of outline, both in face and form, to prove to my mind that a rare loveliness of the days gone by lay before me, neither preserved nor quite destroyed; and in my heart I wished that the too careful love that had laid it here had rather given that beautiful form to Nature, who would in those three thousand years have produced and reproduced from that germ, flowers enough to beautify the whole earth.

"But Miss Randolph's eyes are exclaiming, 'The story! the story!' and I return, contritely. This mummy, I had expected, would be richly decorated with amulets and ornaments, for such was the rule in the interment of women of the higher class among the Egyptians; but, to my surprise, there was absolutely no ornament about it, with the exception of the necklace you now hold, and a small square box or reliquary of gold suspended from it, and containing a bit of parchment inscribed with a brief hieroglyphic sentence. Carefully removing these, I folded the cerements once more about the silent figure, replaced the cover of the sarcophagus, and left my Pharaonic princess to resume the slumber so rudely disturbed. Let us hope that no evil dream connected with her lost necklace has marred her rest."

Vance ended smilingly; and Marion, who had listened with the utmost intentness, although never raising her eyes, suddenly looked at him, demanding,

"And what was written on the slip of parchment, Mr. Vance?"

"Hieroglyphics."

"But they can be read by modern science," replied Marion, a little impatiently.

"Yes; and the parchment, with an impression from the clasp of the necklace, is now in the hands of the man best qualified to decipher them, of all our cryptic scholars. I left them with him last night, and am to learn his decision to-day. You shall know it almost as soon as I."

"Thanks," said Marion, breathing a little more freely. "It would be horrible to me to have a three thousand-year-old secret hung like a millstone about my neck, if I could never hope to solve it."

"Then you will wear the necklace?" asked Vance, smiling down upon her, for he had risen to take leave.

"Certainly. Shall you be at Mrs. Cane's to-night?"

"May I hope to meet you there?"

"We are going, and I shall wear the necklace of scarabæi, with many thanks to the giver."

"It is not a gift; it is a commission. You sent for it by me, as you send to Paris through your *modiste* for a new dress. It is a debt."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Marion, a little superbly. She had walked beside Vance the length of the drawing-room, and now stood near the door, out of ear-shot from the sofa.

"Yes," replied Vance, pausing in his leave-taking, and slowly adding, "The price is already fixed. Do you wish to know it?"

"Perhaps I should know it before accepting the necklace. It may be beyond my means," said Marion, struggling for an indifferent look and tone.

"I think not—I hope not. I cannot tell you now what that price is,—but you will wear the necklace tonight?"

"Yes," murmured Marion, and felt glad to see him go.

"What a splendid man, Marion dear! And he knows such a quantity! One really feels quite ashamed of ignorance beside him," prattled little Juliette; and her cousin, with a lingering, unfathomable smile upon her lips, made some vague reply, and hid the true answer in her heart.

That evening, at nine o'clock, came an imperative ring at the Harleigh door, and a message earnestly requesting Miss Harleigh to see Mr. Vance for one moment on important business.

In ten minutes she came down to him, superb in gold-colored silk and black lace, but without ornaments.

"Your business is very urgent, then, Mr. Vance," said she, a little haughtily.

"Thank God!" murmured Vance, staring at her regal neck and shoulders.

"For what? That you have some important business at last?" asked Marion Harleigh, one of the women who instinctively resent, even upon the man they love, the attempt to reconcile them to lure and jess. It was upon one of the profoundest truths of feminine nature that the mythologists founded their fable of Atalanta, of the sleeping princess—yes, of the Sphynx herself. He who approaches such a woman's heart with intent to win, must wholly subdue it, or she will turn upon him and slay him with her eyes for daring to make the attempt.

But Vance was too engrossed to note the antagonism so flattering to his vanity which had replaced Miss Harleigh's suavity.

"You have not put on the necklace!" exclaimed he at last.

"I was interrupted before my toilette was complete," said Marion.

"I can never be sufficiently thankful. I went from here to call upon the *savant* whom I mentioned this morning. He had gone out—as I afterward discovered, had gone to find me. I remained down town, and finally dined at Delmonico's with a friend. On my way home I called once more upon the *savant*, whose first words were—

"Have you parted with that necklace?"

I said that I had presented it to the lady for whom it was procured.

"She will not wear it?" exclaimed he.

"She has promised to do so tonight," said I.

"Great Heaven! You have killed her, man!" thundered he, and then went to show me the translation of the hieroglyph taken from the breast of the mummy. It was—

"'See me, the beloved of a king. I scorned him for a lesser love, and thus I lie.'"

"Upon the clasp of the necklace were engraved the words,

"'The gods who give life, also take it.'"

"In some way the infernal (beg pardon, but I could not help it) necklace was the cause of that unhappy woman's death. Probably it is poisoned, and I—I brought it to you, and urged you to wear it for my sake!"

His emotion was as unfeigned as it was evident; and Marion Harleigh forgot even her antagonism—forgot the danger she had escaped, and drooped her happy eyes, lest her lover should read them too easily.

But a lover reads his lady's eyes even through the lids, and, five minutes later, Millard Vance had presented Miss Harleigh with a girdle in place of the rejected necklace—a girdle formed of his own right arm; and she, her pride forgotten, submitted to its tender compulsion, nestled close to his heart, and even yielded her lips to his kiss, as meekly as the simplest country maiden could have done.

What wonder that Marion forgot then, or afterward, to repeat to any one the half-revealed secret of the necklace hidden in the depths of her well-stocked jewel-box?

The winter passed, and the spring, and Mr. Harleigh took his daughter, the neice who was to him almost another daughter, and the good-natured elderly cousin who matronized them, to the little cottage by the sea where they always spent a portion of the year.

Vance went also, finding quarters in a farm-house close at hand, and spending all his time with the two girls. Marion, now that she had time to think and to command herself, was the most capricious and shyest of *fiancees*; and poor Vance never knew from day to day if he should be permitted to quietly lay his homage at her feet, or if he must watch to see it spurned, ridiculed, or rejected. Seldom, indeed, could he obtain a *tete a tete*, and not unfrequently Marion declined altogether to see him, pleading, to-day a severe headache, to-morrow a dress maker, the next day an imperative engagement in town, compelling her to leave with her father in the morning, not to return until his return at night.

In all his sufferings, at first poignant, but, alas! as time went on more endurable, from these various caprices and desertions, Vance found comfort always awaiting his acceptance in the pitying eyes and tremulous smile of Juliette Randolph, who, single-hearted darling that she was, could never understand how her cousin found pleasure in tormenting thus the man she loved—and such a man!

"Perhaps she does not love me, Juliette," suggested Vance, in disconsolate reply to this wonder, naively expressed on one occasion.

"Not love you, Millard! Why, of course she does! How could she—" began the child, and there stopped, blushing like the dawn.

Vance, a master in heart-lore as in book-, finished the sentence, read the blushing face, and his own grew suddenly pale. Then his gloomy eyes wandered across the sea to the horizon line, and rested there so long, that Juliette, who had as yet guessed neither his secret nor her own, gaily asked of what he was dreaming.

"I was thinking what a pity I came home last winter," said Vance, simply.

"Oh, don't talk like that! Marion will be well to-morrow, and perhaps gay and bright. And on those days, you know, you do not wish that you had not come home," said Marion's cousin, with a smile as tender as it was arch.

Vance glanced at her, then away, and, leading her back to the house, excused himself from entering, and spent half the night pacing up and down the beach with the wild sea breaking whitely at his feet.

"I must have an explanation with Marion; and, unless she will consent to an early marriage, I shall leave this some for time. I will travel again, or—"

But if the night brings counsel, it also puts to sleep and benumbs the counsel that came before; and when, next morning, Vance found his lady-love genial, beautiful, and even affectionate, he said nothing of the explanation or the journey, and the day went on as many a day had gone before.

And other days, and weeks, and months, while still the little party lingered at the shore, held by the warm, dry autumn, as sweet as summer, and even richer in their gorgeous beauty.

And still the explanation had not come; and still Vance lingered; and still Juliette, the simple, loving child, all innocently sought to soothe the wounds inflicted by her haughty cousin, and all unconsciously gathered poison to herself from the wound she had sought to heal.

At last there came a day when Marion, suddenly arraigning her own heart for judgment, found it guilty of hypocrisy, ingratitude, cruelty, and all uncharitableness toward the one creature upon earth for whose sake life was worth the living. She stood aghast at the record placed by memory before eyes too long and too wilfully blinded, and then took a resolve in strict accordance with her fault. As the sin had been a sin of pride, so the reparation was born of a profound and sweet humility,—child of pride wedded to love.

"I will go to him this moment," whispered Marion, "and, telling him how dearly, how wholly I love him, I will beg forgiveness for my fault, and, if he wishes still to take me all to himself, I will—"

So, on the moment she went. It was the night of the full moon, the harvest moon, and all earth and ocean lay glowing and quivering in a bath of golden splendor. From the woods and fields came rich autumnal odors, and from over the sea, sighing breaths of a dying tropic breeze,—night birds and insects on the one hand, the long waste of dreaming waves sliding up the sands, and breaking in music, upon the other.

Marion stopped, to raise her face to heaven.

"Thank God for life, for this beautiful world, and for love," murmured she and then went smiling on.

Her light feet made no noise upon the sand; the moon and the wind threw her long shadow and the rustling of her draperies behind her; and so she came all unconsciously along the beach to the spot where Vance and Juliette sat in the deep recess of a hollowed cliff.

Hearing her lover's voice, Marion paused. She could not speak indifferently to him just then, nor could she say what was in her heart to other ears than his. She hesitated, wondering how to act, but soon wondered no more, for Vance spoke again in answer to words which Marion did not hear.

"You do comfort me, darling; who else?" asked he passionately, and Marion, turned to stone as she stood, knew, as if she had seen it, the embrace and kiss that accompanied the words.

Then Juliette murmured sobbingly.

"Oh, Millard, you must not—you ought not! It is Marion whom you love, and she loves you. Let me go away from both of you—and die."

"No, you shall stay with me, and live," cried Vance, ardently. "She does not love me now, if she ever did. Has not she been trying to prove how little she cares for me ever since we came here? And I—oh, darling, it is simple, trusting, loving heart like yours that a man should give his own for. Marion is a splendid woman—a woman of grand intellect, passions and possibilities; but you, Juliette, you are the dove whose nest is in my heart. Come to me, doveling—come to your home forever! Trust me; you have the right, and Marion will never suffer."

Then, in the pause that followed, she turned and went her way, careless if she were seen and heard or not. Turning her back upon the man that had wooed her to her doom, she saw her shadow stretching black and ominous along her path, and she set her feet within it at every step. The dreaming sea no longer whispering of love and hope, moaned wearily among its grasses; the sighing wind brought an odor of decay from the woods and fields, of chill unrest from the distant sea. The sands that had seemed the golden dust of Pactolus, were of a sudden filled with flints and shards. All nature showed a change, and yet nowhere was change like that in the heart Marion Harleigh carried home from the little journey she had made to find her love.

The next morning Vance was awakened in the early dawn by the farmer's wife, who, standing at his bedside, laid a letter in his hand.

"It was brought by the Squire's man. He said you was to have it last night, but it was so late when he got here that we was all a-bed, and so he called again the first thing this morning and made me come right up with it."

"Yes, thank you. That will do, Mrs. Brown," said Vance, who, holding the unopened letter, had turned of a sudden, numb and chill with a horrible, indefinite foreboding.

So soon as he was alone, he tore open the envelope with his fingers almost too impatient and too tremulous to reach their object.

It contained the slip of parchment Marion had begged of him soon after their engagement, and the sheet of paper exhaling the violet perfume Marion loved, and with Marion's monogram at the top. It brought him this message:

"Your friend did not interpret the hieroglyph aright. This is my reading:

"'Behold me, who fancied myself the beloved of a king among men. He scorned me for a lesser love, and thus I lie.'"

In ten minutes Vance, with death at his heart, was on his way to he who thus summoned him. The early morning was fresh and sweet and delicate in its beauty as a young girl's first dream of love, but Vance knew it no more than Cain, who fled from the wrath of God and the eyes of man with a brand upon his brow.

Arrived at the cottage, and finding only the servants astir, he ordered Marion's maid to go and ask if she could see him in half an hour.

The woman went, and when her shrill shriek rang through the house, one listener at least was neither startled, nor doubtful of its meaning.

Striding up the stairs, and past the frightened servant who ran to call her master, he entered the chamber alone, and stood beside the bed where lay his mistress, royal in death. She had dressed herself in the bridal robes, given her only a few days previously by her doting father, and magnificent in silk and lace and embroidery of oriental pearls. The bridal veil, fastened to her glorious coronal of hair, swept down at either side, but no flowers encircled it, or lay upon the quiet bosom, or were clasped in the icy fingers. No flower, no jewel, no ornament of any description entered into that strange bridal toilet, save such as formed part of the dress itself, and a necklace of golden scarabæi about the throat.

With a groan, such as the rack might at last wring from the strongest heart, Vance bent to examine this necklace, which had, as the merest glance showed, undergone some strange transformation.

Strange, indeed! The beetles, no longer mere toys and images, appeared to have suddenly assumed life, the power attributed to them by the men who worshipped them as gods. Standing erect upon the myriad legs hitherto folded unobserved beneath their bodies, with open, and upraised antennæ, with their diamond eyes flashing and glittering in the first ray of the rising sun, the creatures appeared so fearful and so unearthly that Vance drew back a pace in terror from the sight. Recovering his manhood almost instantly, however, he snatched at the necklace with the shrinking hate of human nature in presence of the fiend, and would have torn it from its resting-place, although too late, for its work was done. But with a strange, new thrill of horror, he found the effort in vain. Each of these thread-like legs ended in a minute claw, and each of these claws, fastened deep in the flesh beneath, held to its prey, still warm beneath its deadly grasp.

The household, alarmed and wondering, were by this time flocking into the room; but Vance, turning upon them a pallid face, and strained, blood shotten eyes, begged to be left yet a moment alone with the corpse of his promised wife. Only the father remained; and Vance, leading him to the bed, pointed at what lay there, asking, in a hard, cold voice.

"She dressed herself in these robes as a girl would naturally like to do, and she put this necklace about her neck. It was poisoned, as I told her, when I gave it to her, and warned her not to use it. She forgot my