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 50
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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.

HENRY PEET, *Attorney at Law*, Towanda, Pa. jun27, 68.

EDWARD OVERTON Jr., *Attorney at Law*, Towanda, Pa. Office formerly occupied by his late J. C. A Sams. March 1, 1869.

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

W. A. PECK, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Towanda, Pa. Office over the Bakery South of the Ward House and Opposite the Court House. Nov 3, 1868.

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

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.

DOCTOR H. A. BARTLETT,
BURLINGTON BOROUGH, PA.
July 29, 1868.

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

MISS E. H. BATES, M. D. (Graduate of Women'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

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.

T. K. VAUGHAN—*Architect and Builder*.—All kinds of Architectural designs furnished. Ornamental work in Stone, Iron and Wood. Office on Main street, over Mercur & Co.'s Bank. Attention given to Rural Architecture, such as laying out of grounds, &c. April 1, 1867.—1y.

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.
CHAUNCEY MERCUR P. D. MORROW.
March 9, 1865.

W. H. CARNOCHAN—*Attorney at Law*, (District Attorney—for Bradford County,) Troy, Pa. Collections made and promptly remitted. Feb 15, 1869 -tf

JOHN W. MIX, *ATTORNEY AT LAW*, Towanda, Bradford Co. Pa. General Insurance and Real Estate Agent.—Pensions and Pensions collected. N. B.—All business in the Orphans' Court attended to promptly and with care. Office Mercur's Block north side Public Square. Oct. 24, '67.

JOHN N. CALIFF, *ATTORNEY AT LAW*, Towanda, Pa. Particular attention given to Orphans' Court business, Conveyancing and Collections. ☞ Office at the Register's and Recorder's office—up the Court House. Dec. 1, 1864.

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 on S. De Witt st. Main street. Residence at Mrs. Humphrey's on Second Street. April 16, 1868.

DRS. T. F. & WM. A. MADILL, *PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS*. Office and residence 1½ 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 made a specialty of the above diseases for the last eightyears.
T. F. MADILL, M. D. WM. A. MADILL.
June 11, 1868.

BENJ. M. PECK, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Towanda, Pa. All business intrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. Office in the office lately occupied by Mercur & Morrow, south of Ward House, up stairs. July 16, 1868.

F. R. TAYLOR, *Fashionable Hair Dresser*, Ward House, Towanda, Pa., keeps constantly on hand and makes to order all kinds of Hair Work, such as Switches, Curls, Braids, Frissets, Lady's Front Pieces, Wigs, Toupees, Waterfalls, Puffs, False Whiskers and ornamental Hair Work of all descriptions made to suit the customer. Particular attention paid to the Cutting and Dressing of Lady's Hair.—Highest market price paid for Raw Hair. Towanda, Nov. 26, 1868.

AMERICAN HOTEL,
EAST SMITHFIELD, PA.
The subscriber having leased this house, lately occupied by A. T. Bentley, and thoroughly repaired and re-fitted it, is now ready to accommodate the travelling public. Every endeavor will be made to satisfy those who may favor him with a call. A. G. REYNOLDS.
Feb. 1, '68 6-m*

AMERICAN HOTEL,
Cor. Bridge and Water Streets,
TOWANDA, PA.
M. R CALKINS Proprietor, assisted by L. T. Royse, formerly of "Royse House," Burlington, Penn'a. Feb. 24, 1869 tf

ELWELL HOUSE, TOWANDA, PA.,
JOHN C. WILSON.
Having leased this House, is now ready to accommodate the Travelling public. No pains or 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].

RUMMERFIELD CREEK HOTEL,
PETER LANDMESSER,
Having purchased and thoroughly refitted this old and well known stand, formerly kept by Sheriff Griffis, at the mouth of Rummerfield Creek, is ready to give good accommodations and satisfactory treatment to all who may favor him with a call. Dec. 23, 1868.—tf.

WARD HOUSE, TOWANDA, PA.
On Main Street, near the Court House.
C. T. SMITH, Proprietor.
Oct. 4, 1864.

O. W. STEVENS,
COUNTY SURVEYOR.
Campbell town, Bradford Co., Pa. Thankful to his many employers for past patronage would respectfully inform the citizens of Bradford county that he is prepared to do any work in his line of business that may be intrusted to him. Those having disputed lines would do well to have their property accurately surveyed before allowing themselves to feel aggrieved by their neighbors. All work warranted correct as far as the nature of the case will permit.... All unpatented lands attended to as soon as warrants are obtained. Feb 21, '69 -1y O. W. STEVENS.

DOCTOR O. LEWIS, A graduate of the College of "Physicians and Surgeons," New York city, Class 1842-4—Gives exclusive attention to the practice of his profession. Office and residence on the eastern slope of Orwell Hill, adjoining Henry Rowe's. January 14, 1869.

SHEW A LOOK

The Bradford Reporter.

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

VOLUME XXIX. TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., MARCH 18, 1869. NUMBER 43.

Cards.

H. B. McKEAN, *ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW*, Towanda, Pa. Particular attention paid to business in the Orphans' Court. July 29, 1868.

W. B. KELLY, *Dentist*. Office over Wickham & Black's, Towanda, Pa. All the various styles of work competitionally done as I warranted. Particular attention is called to the Aluminum Base for Artificial Teeth, which is cleanly 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.

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.

SOLOMON COOPER—Has removed from the Ward House and has opened a SHAVING AND HAIR DRESSING SALOON Two doors south of the National Hotel, and adjoining Patton's Block, on Main Street, in the basement. This shop is open constantly from 6 a. m., to 9 p. m to accommodate all that will favor him with a call. Two expert second workmen in this saloon, always ready to wait on customers in a satisfactory manner.—Gents and Ladies Hair Cutting in the latest fashionable style. Razors honed and set ready for use and warm ted to suit. Ornamental Hair Work, Switches, Waterfalls, and Curls, made to order. Wigs made and repaired. Towanda, Aug. 18, 1868.—tf.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAVE opened a Banking House in Towanda, under the name c. 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 knowledge 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 giving 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.

REAL ESTATE AGENCY.
H. B. McKEAN, REAL ESTATE AGENT. Offers the following Farms, Coal and Timber Lands for sale:
Pine Timber lot, 3 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 $3,450.
Farms in Franklin. All under good cultivation. Good buildings. For sale cheap.
Several very desirable Houses and Lots in Towanda.
A large tract of Oak Lands in Tioga county. Towanda, July 18 '67.

MYERSBURG MILLS!
The subscribers having purchased of Mr. Barnes his interest in the MYERSBURG MILLS will carry on the business of Milling, and guarantee all work done by them to be of the very best quality.
Wheat, Rye and Buckwheat Flour, and Feed constantly on hand, for sale at the lowest cash price.
Also now on hand a large quantity of best Ground Cayuga Plaster for sale.
MYER & FROST.
Myersburg, Sept 24, 1868.

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, Penciled and Colored, Opaltypes, Porcelain Pictures, &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 at any other establishment in town. Also Passepartouts Card frames, Card Easels, Holmes' Stereoscopes, Stereoscopic Vies, 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.

CHEAP PASSAGE FROM OR TO IRELAND OR ENGLAND!
GUION & CO.'S LINE OF STEAMSHIPS FROM OR TO QUEENSTOWN OR LIVERPOOL.
Williams & Guion's old "Black Star Line" of Liverpool Packets, sailing every week.
Swallow-tail Line of Packets from or to London, sailing twice a month.
Remittances to England, Ireland and Scotland payable on demand.
For further particulars, apply to Williams & Guion, 29 Broadway, New-York, or
G. F. MASON & O., Bank ers.
Oct. 1, 1868. Towanda, Pa.

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. 22, 1868.

G. S. PECK, *MILLWRIGHT & MACHINIST*, TOWANDA, PA. Millstones and Bepal ed, Engines and Boilers set in the best manner. I would call the attention of mill owners to my NEW VORTEXT WATER WHEEL. As combining all the elements of a first-class motter, simplicity of construction, accomplishing great strength of parts, developing the greatest amount of power for water used, easily repaired, running under backwater with no detriment to power except diminution of head, requiring no alteration in Mill-frames or addition to flume, will run under low head, and made of any desired capacity. These wheels will be furnished at less than one-half the cost of any other first-class wheel in market, and warranted to perform all that is claimed for them. These wheels will be made for different sizes or without cones, on short notice of the best iron in market.
For full particulars address or enquire of the undersigned. G. S. PECK, Towanda, Pa.
P. S.—These wheels can be seen in operation at Messrs. Horton & Wells' Mill, Towanda twp. The wheels are wholly composed of iron as left made. Jan. 14, 1869.—tf

Original Poetry.

SPRING.

BY LOVER M. BAZZAR.

Bright Spring, arrayed in magic charms
Now wreaths the early year,
While sullen skies and gloomy storms
Have fled with Winter drear.

Light, rounding o'er the fragrant flowers
The breezes laying, play
Till they their sweetest kiss have wooed
Then laughing, flee away.

Arising o'er the meadow far,
The blue-bird's song I hear,
So soft, so tender and so wild,
'Tis meet for angels ear.

A paradise the landscape seems
O'er-arched with skies so bright
As those fair forms that flit in dreams—
The visitants of night.

But ah! my heart reflects no more
The smile of earth or sky;
Nor aught of sympathy will find
In things that round me lie.

The softened murmur of the stream
That babbles far away,
Enwoven with each happier sound,
Appeals in vain to-day.

For neath you green and sunny bank
Where early violets bloom;
Together sleep my hope and joy
With her amid the tomb.

Though winning nature spreads her wiles
To bid my grief depart,
And Spring around me gaily smiles
Still *Winter's* in my heart.

South Creek, 1869.

Miscellaneous.

LOVE, THE AVENGER.

I had only returned from Australia a few days, when I fell in, by one of those coincidences which people won't believe in novels, and which so often occur in real life, with a man whom I had not seen for ten years, and whom I had lost all traces of. He was Philip Chasem re, a surgeon, whose life and abilities had been devoted to the obscure well doing of a country practice, although his abilities were worthy of a more brilliant sphere of action. And I specially wished to see him, because he had been the intimate college friend and companion of a man who was the admiration of most of the men in the university during the time, their admiration being only equaled by their perplexity; for the man in question, Gerald Staunce l—"Fire-work Gerald, as he was surnamed or his erratic genius—was a person very unique in his way. With the most brilliant abilities and some of the best qualities, the united to these others proportionately bad. Generous, courteous, high spirited, free of money, time and interest on his friend's behalf, and the life and soul of every circle wherein he chose to exhibit his wit and humor, he would change in a second from the frank, brilliant *bon vivant* companion, to an enemy fierce and passionate as a revengeful southron; the blaze in his dark eyes, and the white pallor of fury which overspread his face, might be excited by a harmless speech at any moment, and his physical strength rendered him a most dangerous antagonist. No wonder, then that with all their admiration of his good qualities, men felt insecure, as on a volcano's edge, when in Gerald Staunce l's society.

His intellect was of the highest order. How often have I heard the brilliant epigram and the lucid arguments flow in an unbroken stream from his lips when he was really warm to his work and nothing crossed his temper. The lore of Greece and Rome were as familiar and dear to him, with all his fondness to modern life and pursuits, as the latest odds and the gossip on the things of the day were to his companions.—The power of concentration, argument and fluent diction which he possessed—and he had little or none of the wordy curdity of youth—marked him for distinction. So thought we all, and so, of course, did his father, a grand old specimen of the English squire, a stately country gentleman, who supported his load of years like a boy, and carried his white head as gallantly as a soldier of the old guard. He was the owner of the gray Staunce l Court, which stood surrounded by its beeches in the midst of a fair domain of three thousand acres, every tenant on which was prepared to fight any man who doubted that the young squire would be the best "member for the county" in Parliament.

When he and I quitted the university simultaneously, an advantageous offer in Australia caused us to separate. I had heard nothing of "Fire-work Gerald" for ten years. I had been thinking of him but a few hours back, for I landed at the place where ten years previously he had wished me good bye, and the first man I lit on in London was one better able than most to tell me of Gerald's career.

"And you have never heard?" said Chasemore, gravely. "Why his name was in most of the newspapers."

"Likely enough; but the bush newspapers were very few and far between."

"It's a long story," said Chasemore; "dine with me and I'll tell you all about it. I'm all alone, for my wife and child are at the seaside."

A few hours afterwards I found myself an inmate of a house which showed that its owner had a good London practice. Chasemore had certainly made his coup in quitting Muddletown and settling at Tyburnia.

The cloth removed, my host pushed over the claret, and drawing his chair to the fire, relapsed into silence; his cheery conversation ended, silence remained unbroken.

"Ah," he said suddenly, "I never feel so thankful for my own domestic happiness—I wish my Laura had been at home, for you to make her acquaintance—we, when I put together all the links, half forgotten, of poor Staunce l's story."

He rose and went to a drawer, took something out, and brought it to me. It was a leather case, in which was a gold hunting watch, with one cover dented in by a heavy blow. I looked at the crest, and saw it was the Staunce l falcon.

"There," said Chasemore, "there's my sole relic of poor Gerald. He gave it to me just before he died."

"Died!" I said, in utter bewilderment; "Do you mean that Gerald's dead?"

"Dead. Eight years ago!"

I was thunderstruck. I had so keen a remembrance of the man we spoke of. His athletic form and splendid health were the envy of us all. He came of as long-lived and sound stock as could be found in England; and eight years ago he was in the very first prime of manhood.

"Ah," said Chasemore, "as if he guessed my thoughts, "no disease carried off Gerald; he was killed. I'll tell you all the story."

"You know the generous offer the old squire made to me to reside as the salaried physician of the family at the Court, till I could find a practice to suit me. To a young fellow fresh from college and hall, with a bran new diploma, the attractions of a handsome salary, perfect kindliness, and equality with an ancient family, one of the first in the country, were great temptations. I went, I was treated by every one as a friend and visitor, and shared all their invitations. My work was a sinecure, so I kept my hand in by prescribing for the village, and aiding a little the over-worked Union medical officer. As for Gerald, he was my constant companion, shooting and riding, and filled up his working hours by studying for his political career; for he was no mere *fainéant* aspirant to legislative initiate. You know what an intellect he had.

"One of Mrs. Staunce l's oldest friends was a neighboring Mrs. Chetwynd, widow of an Indian Major, who had left her with a fair income and a beautiful daughter. The widow and her daughter were constant visitors at Staunce l; in fact, they were on the most intimate footing, and Miss Chetwynd was 'Lucy' to everybody (Gerald included) except myself. She was a brilliant blonde, with a very fair complexion, deep blue eyes and a rosebud of a mouth. Tall, graceful, slimly formed, and light in all her movements, she was a model of feminine vigorous grace.

"The young lady was clever in her own way. She drew well, talked French and Italian well, and danced well, but she had no taste for music or intellectual pursuits; therefore there was not much sympathy on that point between her and Gerald.

"Gerald grew, I saw, fond of the young beauty, and he was not the man to enter half heatedly on any cause. Ere long he was evidently passionately fond of Lucy Chetwynd. He told her so, and the girl confessed a *penchant* for him, for she was fond of him—very few girls would not have been so. And her mother, a thorough woman of the world, was alive to the eligibility of Mr. Staunce l's eldest son—Mr. Staunce l being a rich and long descended land-owner. Generally you do not find the qualities united.

"Lucy behaved very prettily.—That's a queer word, isn't it? but it means just what I think. 'Pretty' her demeanor and manner and speeches to him were; 'loving' I never thought them. She was rather *distraite* at times, when he used to try to make her as enthusiastic as himself over Byron and Edgar Poe, or ran on for an hour descanting on Mozart's sonatas. Music to him was his life-blood; with her, it was a 'pretty' accomplishment. Still, to all appearance, they seemed to suit each other well. But the engagement seemed only a half one.

"In the summer, down came a visitor. He had been a tuft at Christ Church in Gerald's time, and an ally of his on the river. He was a handsome man, rather *insouciant* in manner, and stupid in his ideas, or lack of them. But he was Raoul, fifth Viscount Desseston, and owner of half a Welsh county. That fact his admirers never forgot, and it threw a haze of romance and intellect round him, and the viscount never forgot it himself.

"He seemed very much struck with Lucy Chetwynd's beauty. Indeed her tranquil loveliness was eminently adapted to catch admirers by coup *d'œil*. And the young lady, even while knowing Gerald's fondness, and really fond of him herself, was not indisposed to receive a peer's glances of admiration. So matters went on for some days.

"Mrs. Chetwynd was an old campaigner. The glitter of a coronet dazzled her and made her feel thankful that the engagement between her daughter and Staunce l was only an embryo one. And so she gave her daughter sundry secret instructions.

"I don't think, looking back, that at first Lucy Chetwynd had any intention of trifling with Gerald; but the girl's character was a weak one, and her love of admiration had been fostered from her childhood. So she gradually listened more and more complacently to Desserton's compliments, for a season of bitter disappointment at Paris had taught him the sweetness of flattery, which was his sole accomplishment, which was his sole one—saying pretty things neatly; and as Gerald was away day after day on his electioneering business—poor fellow, he'd come in at night and tell Lucy his day's adventures entertaining, at least she couldn't share them, she peer had good chance of making play. And he made it.

"The squire and his son were too thoroughly high bred to dream of treachery in a guest. Moreover, the generous spirit of Gerald led him to trust a former friend, and especially a university friend, implicitly; so he let the viscount escort Lucy hither and thither, with the full trustfulness of a confiding nature. But when those natures are deceived, their wrath is terrible.

"I can fancy what an unchained lion Gerald would have been," said I.

"Yes," said Chasemore, "you are right."

"After about three weeks, and during Gerald's absence, Lord Desseston formally proposed and was accepted by Miss Chetwynd. The secret was well kept, and he having procured a license, they were married at a church near the parish; then Lord and Lady Desserton went suddenly abroad, accompanied by Mrs. Chetwynd.

"The old Squire's first intimation of the news was a letter well and craftily written by Mrs. Chetwynd. It dwelt much on the incompatibility of temper, etc., of her daughter and his son, and ended by every wish for Mr. Gerald Staunce l's happiness.—When Gerald returned, flushed with success (for he was returned by a majority,) his mother met him, and lovingly, fearfully, broke the news to him. He listened to her, and then rushed into the old hall, where I was pacing up and down, sorely ill at ease. His face was flushed crimson, and his eyes glittering as you have seen them once or twice when he was in a fury. He seized my arm like a vice, and his working lips showed how the fierce wrath within choked his words.

"You heard the news, Chasemore," he said at last. "You know what that villain has done. You know he's robbed me of Lucy. Smooth-tongued, lying, treacherous cur.—Curse him; he's taken advantage of my miserable weakness and blighted my life!"

"'Hush, Gerald,' said I, 'the servants'—

"I had no need to say more, the pride of race was more potent than ever love or hate. He bit his lip till it bled, and his anguished face settled into stern calm.

"'You are right,' he murmured; but if I live, I'll be revenged. Ah, and his voice broke, 'my lost love! my lost love!'"

"After this he grew calm, and never spoke of the matter. Days, weeks and months passed on, and although Lord Desserton's name brought the mad fury into his eyes and the burst of curses from his lips, his fits of rage never turned against his false betrothed. To him she was a victim merely; he never blamed her in the slightest degree; his voice softened, and his eye filled at allusion to Lucy But all his anger was reserved for Desserton. You know what his anger was, and can easily guess its intensity when roused by such a wrong.

"Two years rolled away. Gerald devoted himself to his parliamentary work. At the end of the time he asked me in the summer to take a walking tour. We went, therefore, into Wales, with our rods and knapsacks, and amid the glorious scenery, the good fishing, and the novelty of life, enjoyed ourselves much.

"One day, as we were walking towards a small town, a carriage passed. Gerald started, turned pale, and gasped out the word, 'Lucy.'

"'Whose carriage was that?'" said I, to an English slate miner passing.

"'His lordship's'" said the man civilly; 'he owns all our Mines hereabouts.'

"'Not Lord Desserton?'

"'Yes, sir.'

Gerald Staunce l's face wore the old look of vengeance which had gone from it so long. I tried to soothe him, but my efforts were useless.

"'You heard me swear, Chasemore,' he said, sternly, 'that I'll be revenged. You can do no good.—You know me, and might guess that, therefore.'

"I said nothing, and we reached our inn. All night long in the next room I heard my companion's restless steps, and in the morning he looked haggard with watching and care; but over his face there brooded that grim and savage look which boded the worst.

"He ate nothing, and after breakfast asked the way to Desserton Hall. It lay three miles off, and, seeing he was bent on going, I decided on accompanying him.

"We went on for some two miles, until we crossed a railway line. By the side of this road ran a road marked 'Private.'

"'His private path,' said I mechanically.

"'Yes,' said Gerald, with a ferocious glare in his eyes that made me shudder; 'therefore let us use it.'

"Hardly had we crossed and entered on the road, when, coming towards us from a little copse on the other side, we saw two women.—They advanced from some distance and to reach us would cross the line.

"'Merciful Heaven!' said Gerald with a quick gasp, 'Lucy!'

"I looked and recognized Lady Desserton, her companion a nurse, carrying a crowing, laughing baby. Staunce l's eye fell on it like that of a famished wolf; the glare in them was horrible, and the convulsion of his features dreadful.

"'His child,' he muttered: 'the future viscount—their heir

"'Yes,' said I, and *her* child, Gerald, too.'

"He shivered, passed his hand over his eyes, and said in a calmer tone, 'Aye, here—Lucy's—Lucy's,' with a pathetic intonation very painful to hear.

"The gallop of a horse was heard behind us. I looked back and saw Lord Desserton. Staunce l looked round and started, while the red flush darkened his face with passion.

"'D' you see the dog?' said he furiously, 'Now's my time—now!'

"He turned. I seized his arm, dreading some act of violence, when the shrill whistle of a steam engine rang out. I looked and saw the express coming at a tremendous speed, while a shriek from Lucy drew my attention to what was indeed a terrible sight. The nurse had slipped on the rails, and the child had rolled in front of the advancing train, while the unhappy mother made the air resound with her screams; suddenly her eyes fell on my companion.—Stretching out her hands, she shrieked, 'Save him, save him,' and fell fainting into her husband's arms, who had reached the spot.

"Gerald paused a second, and then, with a glance at Lucy, sprang on the line. He seized the baby, tossed it to the nurse, and turned, but the express was on him like a flash; it passed, and Gerald Staunce l lay motionless between the rails. Desserton, his face blanched to the lips, hurried over, as did some laborers. I, half frantic, rushed to our poor friend, and a cursory examination showed me how fatal were his injuries—arm and ribs broken, by the blow of the engine buffer, and internal wounds. He only lived for an hour from the time he was struck down. He was sensible and we carried him into a cottage near, and there in a strange group we stayed.

"By-and-by the white face grew for a second flushed, the eyes opened and the lips quivered. Lady Desserton burst into bitter tears.

"'The child?' gasped Staunce l, half inarticulately.

"'You've saved him—you whom I so wronged,' she sobbed out.

"'I,' he said with a look of hopeless on his bleeding face; 'I, Phil, you hear her? That's my revenge.'"

—*Once a Week.*

EARTHQUAKES.

Nor does the earthquake give any notice of its coming. Not the most experienced observer, whose life may have been passed in the most favored land of the destroyer, can foretell by by signs in the earth, air, or heavens when the dread visitation is at hand. Sometimes it comes when the tropic skies are cloudless, when the air is fresh with the scent of summer flowers, and the breeze plays with the orange-leaves; sometimes the stars are brightest, and night smiles upon the earth. At others the air is thick and heavy; a dull fog covers the skies, and a sulphurious stench sickens the sense. Sometimes it comes in darkness, and then in the broad day light. Now in winter, when the air is calm and cool; and now in summer, when all nature melts beneath the torrid heat. At Lima, says a traveler, the inhabitants believe that they could foretell an earthquake when the rats ran swiftly over the rafters of the houses, or when the stars twinkled with an ominous brightness. But the next one came in a starless night, and the rats were unusually quiet. The Spanish conquerors imagined that earthquakes happened only once in a hundred years in Peru and Chili, until their terrible frequency proved to them that they were miserably deceived. The great convulsion at Lisbon came without a warning, when that city had felt no severe shock for more than a century. Caraccas was overwhelmed in an instant, while all its people, without a thought of danger, gay and hopeful, had crowded into their churches to celebrate a high festival religion. The churches fell and destroyed the multitude of worshipers. Neither science nor observation, not the wise philosopher nor the presuming empiric, has succeeded in laying down any laws by which the dread destroyer consents to be bound.

An earthquake, in its most destructive mood, usually seems to strike the solid ground a heavy blow from beneath. This is by far the most fatal form. Nothing can resist the concussion. The earth itself seems to rise into the air; the strongest buildings start upwards, crumble into ruins, and fall in a confused heap upon their occupants; the land slides away from its accustomed, and whole fields and towns are driven through the air to the tops of hills or to some distant region; men and cattle are shot out as from a catapult, and fly like missles over the land until they fall, bruised and bleeding, upon the earth; and, as if resolved to complete the labor of destruction, the fearful concussion is sometimes repeated, three or four times, until the whole face of nature is changed into a chaos of ruin. At the great Calabrian earthquake a man was carried, in an instant, together with the field on which he was laboring, to a distant part of the valley; at Riobamba the bodies of the inhabitants were hurled through the air to the top of a neighboring hill. The Calabrian shock was described as resembling an explosion of a subterranean mine, which did its fearful work in an instant; in Chili a witness of one of the severe earthquakes describes it as a sudden explosion, accompanied by a noise like that occasioned by the discharge of countless cannon. So perfect is the change produced on the face of nature that lawsuits have frequently arisen after an earthquake as to the possession of lands and houses that have been wholly removed from their ancient bounds. In the indiscriminate destruction and removal it was impossible for men to determine what was their own.—*Harper's Magazine.*

DREAD OF SUDDEN DEATH.—There is an almost universal dread of sudden death. Nor can we wonder at this dread, when we consider how momentous an event death is, and how solemn the realities it involves. But after all does it not spring—does it not receive force and point mainly in the consciousness that we have no habitual preparation for death, and the consequent "something after death?" Does it not spring from a consciousness that we are leaving something undone, which we would wish to repair in a dying hour? And yet, how rare are the instances in which death does not come suddenly! Down to the last hour of life, and almost to the last gasp, the wasting consumptive will repeat his oft told delusive story of "being a little better," thus hugging the delusive hope of life till its last sand is already falling from life's emptied glass. Who of us will die when and where, as we suppose? Probably not one. The fact is, death comes suddenly to all. It breaks in upon all the unfinished plans of life, and hurries the victim away. No startling admonition breaks upon the air.

A GENTLEMAN addressed his servant—"James, I have always placed the greatest confidence in you; now tell me, James, how is it that my butcher's bills are so large, and I always have such bad dinners?" "Really, sir, I don't know, for I am sure we never have anything nice in the kitchen, that we don't send some of it up to the parlor."

THE young men of Chicago are said to be classified according to their skill as velocipedists into the "timid toddlers," the "easy wabblers," the "go it gracefuls," and the "fancy few."

"It's a man who reads a book bound in sheep in danger of getting on the wrong page."

FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

THE LEGEND OF THE CHAPEL MOUNTAIN.

The winter of 1832-33 was one of the most severe ever experienced in Germany. The snow fell to a great depth; the cold was intense, and of long continuance, so that the people became very weary of it, especially the poor, and all those who were obliged to work in the open air. On one of the worst days of this memorable winter, about seven o'clock in the evening, in the great kitchen of one of the largest houses in a pleasant village near Dresden, were assembled the servants of the family; and among them, according to the custom of the country, were the children of the peasant. All were busied with their various occupations. The peasant and his wife were eating their supper in the next room; but they soon joined the company, and took their place on the bench by the great Dutch stove.

"How the wind howls to-night," said the wife. One cannot keep warm in the room; yet, I am contented here;" and she leaned back comfortably, fell asleep, and soon snored so loudly, that the servants could hardly restrain their merriment.

The peasant watched his children and servants at work. He appeared very happy; and seemed to say to himself, "I am satisfied with my lot." At last, he left his seat, went to the window, and looked out into the dark, stormy sky, and upon the earth, thickly covered with snow,—at first, without any fixed object in view. At length, he looked toward a certain place, and called his son to him. "Andreas, look yonder. Who is wadling there through the new fallen snow?"

Andreas did as he was bidden, and answered, "Do you not see, father? that is old Claus, the tinker."

"Poor, poor fellow!" said the peasant, earnestly. "In his youth, he worked hard; later, things did not go well with him; and now, in his old age, he must wander in storm and darkness, to earn his daily bread." Opening the window, he called out, "Come in, Claus, and spend the night here; thou canst go about thy business again;" and he motioned to Andreas to open the door, and let the tinker in.

Andreas soon returned with a man who seemed about eighty years old, though he might be younger. Under his shabby fur-cap hung long white hair; his face was deeply furrowed; his form bent; his clothing ragged, and not at all suited for the weather or the season. In his hands, he carried the implements of his trade. After he had laid them aside, he took the hand of the peasant, which was extended to welcome him, and said, in a voice half choked with emotion, "Trangott, thou art still the same good fellow, even if I am no longer thy equal; and though the cruel war, the quartering of the soldiers, and the long sickness of my wife, have used up my property"—

The peasant interrupted him.—"How canst thou speak so, Claus? Thou wert always an honest fellow." And, in order to cheer him up, he added, "Dost thou remember, when we were young fellows, how we often played many mad pranks together in the alehouse, when thou didst remain overnight in Stolpen?"

Yet, the recollection of his past did not seem to restore to Claus his cheerfulness. The peasant therefore broke off when the maid servant placed before the tinker a great bowl of soup and a loaf of bread, and poured out for him a glass of ale. A tear ran down the furrowed cheek of the tinker. "God bless thee, Trangott!" said he, in a low voice, turning to the peasant; and then he ate and drank with good appetite until he was satisfied. "Thanks for the meal," said he, and the maid cleared away the dishes, bread, etc.; while Claus himself now resumed the broken thread of conversation:—"Yes, in my youth—"

"Were you not a postillion?" asked the boy Andreas. "You must, as they say, have seen many wonderful things."

"Yes, my son," answered the old man; "in those times, a postillion meant something. Then, there were roads which made even an old postillion shudder; now any child could drive over the smooth highways."

"You must have had some strange adventures on the Chapel Mountain. Something was lately said about it at the 'Fox,' when I came back from Bischofswerda, and took a cup of coffee there on account of the cold. My father has also heard you tell something about it."

The tinker was silent for a little while, and then replied, "Shall I tell you about it? You have very little faith in anything, you conceited young fellows."

"Do tell the story, Claus," said the peasant, who knew well the hobby of the tinker. "We will be good listeners."

Thus urged, the tinker began:—

"In order not to be forced into the army, I became a postillion, and served many years with the postmaster in Bischofswerda. I drove the mail-coach from there to Stolpen, twice a week. The road lay over Chapel Mountain. In summer, all went well; but in winter, it was dangerous, for I always had to drive over the worst places in the darkness, when the moon did not help me in finding the way. Once,—I remember it well; it was the Friday before Christmas,—the weather was such as it is to-day, only that I did not mind it so much, being young and vigorous. When I was on the Chapel Mountain, near the place where stood the chapel, from which the mountain takes its name, the wind whistled loudly around my face and ears, and I was almost blinded by the snow which it blew into my eyes. Yet, I drove on boldly, in spite of the darkness, wind, and storm. The horses had known the road many years, and I had no fear of losing the way. All at once, my hor