The Bradford Reporter.

ALVORD & CLAUSON, Publishers. REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER. $2 per Annum in Advance.

VOLUME XXX. TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., MARCH 10, 1870. NUMBER 42.

TERMS AND PUBLICATION.

THE BRADFORD REPORTER is published every Thursday Morning by ALVORD & CLAUSON, at Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

ADVERTISEMENTS, exceeding Five lines, are inserted at TEN CENTS per line for the first insertion and FIVE CENTS per line for subsequent insertions.

Special Notices inserted before Marriages, and Deaths, will be charged TWENTY CENTS per line for each insertion. All Resolutions of Associations, Communications of limited or individual interest, and notices of Marriages and Deaths, exceeding five lines, are charged TEN CENTS per line.

	1 Year.	6 Mos.	3 Mos.
One Column,	$1 00	$60	$40
Half "	60	35	25
One Square,	15	10	7½

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

Merchants and others, advertising their business, will be charged $25 per year. They will be entitled to ½ 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, Billheads, Statements, &c., of every variety and style, printed at the shortest notice. The REPORTER Office is well supplied with Power Presses, a good assortment of new type, and everything in the Printing line can be executed in the most artistic manner and at the lowest rates.

TERMS INVARIABLY CASH.

BUSINESS CARDS.

LE RAYSVILLE MILLS!

The subscriber, having purchased the LeRaysville Mills, and refitted the same in good order, is now prepared to do good work, and to give general satisfaction.
M. J. PEUTCHET.
LeRaysville, Sept. 22, 1869.—1y

PRICE LIST—CASCADE MILLS.

Best quality Winter Wheat Flour ℔ cwt., $4 50@5 00
Best quality Rye Flour ℔ cwt., ... 3 50
Corn Meal and Rye and Corn Feed, ... 2 25

A fair margin allowed to dealers.

Custom grinding usually done at once, as the capacity of the mill is sufficient for a large amount of work.
H. B. INGHAM.
Camptown, July 12, 1869.

PATENT METALIC WHITE WIRE CLOTHES LINES.—Warranted not to rust, wear, tare, corrode or injure the finest fabrics. To be wound up and ready for use. The weather does not in the least affect it. It will last for 20 to 50 years, and costs but three cents per foot. I am now prepared to put the wire and guarantee satisfaction or no pay. If not called upon at your houses, address or call at Marshall Brothers, Hardware store.
C. L. DUTCHER, Agent.
Towanda.
Feb. 3 1870.

BLACKSMITHING!

Having completed my new brick shop, near my residence on Main-street, I am now prepared to do work in all its branches. Particular attention paid to Mill Irons and edge tools. Having spent many years in this community, in this business, I trust I will be a sufficient guarantee of my receiving a liberal amount of the public patronage.
HENRY ESSENWINE.
Towanda, Nov. 3, 1869.—tf

MYERSBURG MILLS!

The subscribers are now doing business in their line of the BEST QUALITY at the MYERSBURG MILLS.

Wheat, Rye, and Buckwheat Flour, and Feed constantly on hand for sale at market rates.

Also a large quantity of GROUND PLASTER of superior quality from the old TAYLOR MINE.
MYER & FROST.
Myersburg, Dec. 20, '69.

NEW DYEING ESTABLISHMENT.

The subscriber takes this method of informing the people of Towanda and vicinity that he has opened a Dyeing Establishment in Col. MEARS' new building,

NO. 166 MAIN STREET,

opposite Geo. Patton's, and that he is now prepared to do all work in his line, such as CLEANING and COLORING ladies' and gentlemen's garments, cloths, &c., in the neatest manner and on the most reasonable terms. Give me a call and examine my work.
HENRY REDDING.
Towanda, Sept. 23 1869.

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 over Mason's Bank, Towanda, Pa.
Jan. 29, 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 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 of 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.

BOOKS FOR FARMERS AND STOCK BREEDERS.

Bound Volumes of the AMERICAN STOCK JOURNAL for 1869 containing 324 large double column pages, sent postage paid for $1 50
Bound Volumes of the American Stock Journal for 1868, containing 324 pages sent post paid for $1 50
The Farryman's Manual, sent post paid for 25 cts
The Horseman's Manual, " " 25
The Horse Breeder's Manual, " " 25
The Poultry Breeder's Manual " " 25
The whole five Manuals sent post paid to one address for $1 00

Agents wanted, to whom liberal inducements will be offered. Address
N. P. BOYER & CO., Publishers,
Parksburg, Chester Co., Pa.
Jan19.3m

NEW FALL & WINTER GOODS.

MRS. E. J. PIERCE,

Has just returned from New York with a first-class stock of

MILINERY GOODS

Consisting of the latest imported styles of

HATS, BONNETS, RIBBONS, &c. &c.

She would respectfully invite the ladies of Towanda and vicinity to give her a call before purchasing elsewhere. Work done in neat and fashionable style and on short notice. ☞ Rooms over M. E. Rosenfield's Store, opposite Powell's, Towanda, Pa.
September 30, 1869.

NEW FIRM!

NEW GOODS AND LOW PRICES!

AT MONROETON, PA.

TRACY & HOLLON,

Retail Dealers in Groceries and Provisions, Drugs and Medicines, Kerosene Oil, Lamps, Chimneys, Shaker Dye Stuffs, Paints, Oils, Varnish, Yankee Notions, Tobacco, Cigars and Snuff. Fine Wines and Liquors, of the best quality, for medicinal purposes only. All goods sold at the very lowest prices. Prescriptions carefully compounded at all hours of the day and night. Give us a call.
TRACY & HOLLON.
Monroeton, Pa., June 24, 1869—1y.

CHEAP PASSAGE FROM OR TO IRELAND OR ENGLAND.

THE ★ OR ★ 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 & CO., Bankers.
Oct. 1, 1866. Towanda, Pa.

G. S. PECK, MILLWRIGHT AND MACHINIST, Towanda, Pa. Mills built and repaired. Engines and Boilers set in the most substantial manner. I would call the attention of mill owners to my

NEW VORTEX WATER WHEEL,

unequaled in all the elements of a first-class motor, simplicity of construction, accessibility, 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 speed, requiring no alteration in mill frames or additions to dams, 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 delivery with or without cases, 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 now made.
Jan 14, 1869 tf

GENUINE IMPORTED NORWAY OATS.

SAMPLES SENT FREE TO FARMERS.

From 100 to 130 bushels grown to the acre.—Weighs from 40 to 45 pounds to the bushel. This oats has been grown on every variety of soil, and in every state of the Union, with the most perfect success.

The grain is very large, plump and handsome, has a remarkable thin husk, and ripens earlier than the common varieties.

The straw is bright, clear, stout and not liable to lodge, is perfectly clear of rust, and grows from 4 to 5 feet high.

We have both the White and Black Norway, both the same price and equally productive.

We will send one quart of the above oats to any address post paid for. $1 00
Two quarts post paid. 2 00
One peck sent by express or freight, 3 00
Half bushel, 30 pounds, 6 00
One bushel, 60 pounds, 10 00

CAUTION.—☞ We wish it distinctly understood that this is not a light oats, weighing 28 to 32 lbs., raised in New England, and sold under the name of Norway, but imported seed, every bushel guaranteed to weigh 40 lb. or the money refunded.

Samples of both kinds sent free for a three cent stamp. Also circulars and testimonials. Address all orders to
N. P. BOYER & CO.,
Jan19.3m Parksburg, Chester Co., Pa.

ASHTON SALT PUT UP IN large or small quantities at
May 8? C. D. PATCH'S.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

JAMES WOOD, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Towanda, Pa.

HENRY PEET, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Towanda, Pa. June 27, '68.

EDWARD OVERTON, JR., ATTORNEY AT LAW, Towanda, Pa. Office formerly occupied by the late J. C. Adams. march 1, '69.

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, '68.

L. P. WILLISTON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, TOWANDA. South side of Mercur's New Block, up stairs. Dec. 1, '69—3m*

W. H. THOMPSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Towanda, Pa. Office with W. C. Bogart, Esq., No. 5 Brick Row. All business entrusted to his care will be promptly attended to. July 1, 1869.

W. H. CARNOCHAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW (District Attorney for Bradford County), Troy, Pa. Collections made and promptly remitted. feb 18, '69—tf.

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

BENJ. M. PECK, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Towanda, Pa. All business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. Office in the office lately occupied by Mercur & Morrow, south of Ward House, up stairs. july 15, '68.

MERCUR & MORROW, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Towanda, Pa. 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, 1868.

JOHN W. MIX, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Towanda, Bradford Co., Pa. GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT.

Particular attention paid to Collections and Orphans' Court business. Office—Mercur's New Block, north side Public Square. apr. 1, '69.

H. B. MCKEAN, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Towanda, Pa. Particular attention paid to business in the Orphans' Court. July 20, '68.

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.

W. B. KELLY, DENTIST. OFFICE over Wickham & Black's, Towanda, Pa. Particular attention is called to ALUMINUM as a base for Artificial Teeth. Having used this material for the past four years, I am confidently recommend it as being far superior to Rubber. Please call and examine specimens. ☞ Chloroform administered when desired. may 20, '68.

DR. H. WESTON, DENTIST.—Office in Patton's Block, over Gore's Drug and Chemical Store. jan 1, '68.

T. B. JOHNSON, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Towanda, Pa. Office with W. B. Kelly, over Wickham & Black. Residence at the Means House. nov 16, '68.

DR. H. A. BARTLETT, *Physician and Surgeon*, Sugar Run, Bradford County, Pa. Office at residence formerly occupied by Dr. Ely. aug.10,1859.tf

DR. STEVENS, over BROWNS (late GORES) Drug Store, Patton's Block, in offices lately occupied by Dr. Madill and Dr. Weston. 11-59.

L. U. BEACH, M. D., *Physician and Surgeon*, Towanda, Pa. Particular attention paid to all Chronic Diseases, and Diseases of Females. Office at his residence on State st., two doors east of Dr. Pratt. nov.11,69.

DOCTOR O. LEWIS, A GRADUATE of the College of "Physicians and Surgeons," New York city, Class of 1844-5, gives exclusive attention to the practice of his profession. Office and residence on the eastern slope of Orwell Hill, adjoining Henry Howe's. jan 14, '69.

T. B. CAMP, INSURANCE AGENT.—Office formerly occupied by Mercur & Morrow, one door south of Ward House. July 22, 1869.

LEWIS RHEBEIN, *Fashionable Tailor*. Rooms over Aspinwall's Store, Towanda, Pa. oct 5, 69.

R. FOWLER & CO., REAL ESTATE DEALERS, No. 70 Washington Street, opposite Opera House, Chicago, Ill. Real Estate purchased and sold. Investments made and money loaned.
R. FOWLER,
April 21, 1869. S. LIND.

B. HOLLETT, MONROETON, Pa., agent for the Hubbard Mower, Empire Drill, Ithaca Wheel Rake, and Broadcast Sower for sowing Plaster and all kinds of Grain. Send for circulars to B. B. HOLLETT, Monroeton, Bradford Co., Pa. June 24, '69—1y.

HAIR WORK OF ALL KINDS, such as SWITCHES, CURLS, BRAIDS, FRIZETTS, &c., made in the best manner and latest style, at the Ward House Barber Shop. Terms reasonable. Towanda, Dec. 1, 1869.

FRANCIS E. POST, PAINTER, Towanda, Pa., with ten 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, '68.

JOHN DUNFEE, *BLACKSMITH*, MONROETON, PA., pays particular attention to ironing Buggies, Wagons, Sleighs, &c. Tire set and repairing done on short notice. Work and charges guaranteed satisfactory. 12,15,69.

OH YES! OH YES!—AUCTION!

A. R. MOE, *Licensed Auctioneer*.

All calls promptly attended to and satisfaction guaranteed. Call or address, A. R. MOE, Monroeton, Bradford county, Pa. oct.26, 69.

A WANT SUPPLIED!

The subscriber begs leave to inform the citizens of Towanda, that he is now prepared to FILE SAWS, SHARPEN AND REPAIR SCISSORS, and do other Jobs in that line, on short notice.
JOSEPH MARSHALL.
Orders may be left at the store of Marshall Bros. & Co. dec.1-3w

PATENTS!

J. N. DEXTER, *Solicitor of Patents*,

73 BROAD STREET, WAVERLY, N. Y.

Prepares drawings, specifications and all papers required in making and properly conducting Applications for PATENTS in the UNITED STATES and FOREIGN COUNTRIES. NO CHARGES IN UNSUCCESSFUL CASES AND NO ATTORNEY'S FEE TO PAY UNTIL PATENT IS OBTAINED.
Sept. 16, 1869—tf

O. W. STEVENS, COUNTY SURVEYOR, Camptown, 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 entrusted 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, so far as the nature of the case will permit. All unpatented lands attended to as soon as warrants are obtained. O. W. STEVENS.
feb. 24, 1869—1y.

Hotels.

WARD HOUSE, TOWANDA, PA.

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

ELWELL HOUSE, TOWANDA, PA.

JOHN C. WILSON

Having leased this House, is now ready to accommodate the travelling 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.

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.

MEANS HOUSE, TOWANDA, PA. JORDAN & HORTON, Proprietors. This popular Hotel having been thoroughly fitted and repaired, and furnished throughout with new and elegant Furniture, will be open for the reception of guests, on SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1869. Neither expense nor pains has been spared in rendering this House a model hotel in all its arrangements. A superior quality Old Burton Ale, for invalids, just received. April 28, 1869.

TEMPERANCE HOTEL!—Situated on the north-west corner of Main and Elizbeth streets, opposite Bryant's Carriage Factory.

The undersigned having recently refitted his well-known boarding-house with good accommodations, would respectfully inform the public that he is now prepared to receive guests and boarders upon the most liberal terms.

Jurymen and others attending court will especially find it to their advantage to patronize the Temperance Hotel.
S. M. BROWN, Propr.
Towanda, Jan. 12, 1870.—3m

Selected Poetry.

DEAD.

The flowers are dead in the wood,
The meadows are drear and lone;
For under the maple, simple and rude,
There leaned a carven stone.

Oh! there under the rainy skies—
For the boughs are shaken bare—
The clay is damp on her hidden eyes,
And chill on her yellow hair.

Her pale hands folded across,
My beautiful hath asleep;
Safe from sorrow and sin and loss,
And never again to weep.

Serene, and forever at rest,
While the storms above her rave;
My heart lies broken and dead in my breast,
As the clods that cover her grave.

Selected Story.

LOST IN THE POST-OFFICE.

The will lay upon the counter before me, and my eyes were riveted upon the large cover which contained it, and which bore the inscription, "R. Grey, Esq., Mitre Buildings, The Temple, London." Within it lay Kate's destiny and mine. Whether we were to be married or not, before our hair was gray, was the secret wrapped up in its folds.

To go back to the beginning. My futher had been the junior partner in the old bank of Fletcher & Slaney, of Thornbury, which had come to grief after an honorable and old-fashioned manner, paying off all its debt, according to the customs of forty years ago, at the expense of the firm, who therenpon became poor men. My father had many friends, and in those times, when political influence had its finger in the bestowal of all public offices worth having, the members of our Tory borough had little difficulty in procuring for the ex-banker the office of Postmaster, then vacant. The bank offices, occupying the ground floor of our residence, were altered somewhat to suit the new purposes to which they were put. The public business room became a sort of outer office, and my father's private apartment the stamping and sorting place for the letters. The upper portion of the partition wall was thrown down, but left at sufficient height to screen the inner room from the observation of any person in the outer one: yet it was open enough to make every word audible in either part, unless intentionally spoken in a whisper. In the course of a few years my father appointed me his head clerk, upon the promotion of the previous clerk to an office of his own; and our united salaries amounted to £400 a year, besides the numerous perquisites which at that time of day fell to the share of the Postmaster, such as private letter bags, and the postage upon local letters. We had two under-clerks, and the duties were light; very different from what they have since become, as I am told. The penny postage had only just come in; postage stamps were still an institution of the future, and money orders had been a recognized branch of the establishment no more than two years. Only four years before the stamp duty on newspapers had been 3½d apiece, and the wildest Whig had not yet dreamed o. a penny paper. There were hours in our post office when our two subordinates were more than sufficient for all the work of the place, and my father's post was little else than a sinecure.

One of the boroughmen who had been most active in procuring this comfortable berth for us, was an old crony of my father's—both of them were Masons, and both dabblers in chemistry—and also the wealthiest man in the whole neighborhood. He was a bachelor, and continued to live very much in the simple and inexpensive style he had been used to in poorer days. His money had grown by lucky speculations and careful economy. A good number of his kindred lived about the town, all moderately well off, and more or less successful in life, except the brother next eldest to himself, who, having entered the Church, end gained no higher promotion in it than a poor curacy in his native town, with an income of £100 a year. Old Lawrence treated him with a kind of fretful, irritable brotherliness, which was but poorly plastered over by a yearly gift, grudgingly given, of another hundred., I need scarcely say that all the kindred were specially affectionate to old Lawrence.

His niece, Kate Lawrence, the curate's daughter, was—well! I shall not try to describe what she was, except by saying that I was in love with her, and had been ever since I had first seen her in Church, listening with a beaming and loving face, to her father preaching one of his prosiest sermons. Everybody knew I was in love with Kattie, for I made no secret of it; and Kattie was just as simple and frankly in love with me, and made no secret of it either. Yet I am not sure I had ever asked her in so many words, if she would be my wife; but we were tacitly, without pledge or promise given, engaged to marry one another as soon as fickle fortune would permit it. When that would be the most prophetic soul could not foretell; for our lavish household expenditure at home which had not been materially reduced upon the failure of the bank, swallowed up the united income of my father and myself; while my three sisters were portionless, did not seem in a fair way to make eligible settlements. There was only one chance, a distant one—when old Lawrence died, would he leave Katie or her father any portion of his accumulated wealth?

Six or seven years had passed without any brightening of our prospects, when quite unexpectedly, one morning old Lawrence's housekeeper rushed in with the news that she had found her master dead in bed. Only the night before he and my father had been trying some chemical experiments, and the shock to the latter was so violent that he was insensible for some time, and continued speechless after his consciousness had apparently returned. Of course, my mother and sisters were in great agitation, and it was ah hour or two before I could leave them, after assisting to get my father to bed and sending for a doctor. As soon as I could however, I hastened to the poor solitary old man's house. The streets were all in commotion, and the whole town seemed in a fever of curiosity concerning the sudden event, and what might result from it. In the house itself I found every one of the relatives who lived in the town, including two younger brothers and a married sister of the deceased; and by the side of the dead man sat Katie's father, genuine tears of sorrow blinding his eyes.

The excitement, once awakened, did not seem likely to slumber again till curiosity was satisfied. It was plain that the old man had died from natural causes; but as soon as the town was assured of that, the question upon every tongue was, "has he made a will?" or, "How has he left his money?" I was myself devoured by anxiety, of which I was half ashamed. If he had died intestate Katie's father, as heir-in-law, would come into possession of the landed property and into a fourth part of his personality, which would be no insignificant windfall in itself. It was a subject which might well thrust itself upon me, in spite of my father's serious attack, which seemed not unlike a stroke of paralasys.

During the course of the afternoon old Lawrence's solicitor, Mr. Snape, was announced, and I went to speak to him. He requested to see my father, with a very impatient tone and expression of countenance.

"It is impossible," I answered, "quite impossible; he can't see any one. He has not spoken since this morning, when he heard of the sudden death of his old friend. Arnold is apprehensive of paralasye. Is it anything I can do?"

"No, no," replied Mr. Snape; "your father is one of the executors of Mr. Lawrence's will, and I have brought it here with me, to consult with him about it. The other is Gray, of the Temple. Under these circumstances I suppose I must forward it to him; and perhaps it is best; it must be proved at Canterbury, and he can see to it at once."

"Why at Canterbury?" I asked, eagerly.

"Because there is landed property in three different dioceses," he answered; "I'll send it to Gray by to-night's mail."

"Well, my father can do nothing," I said, wondering all the time whether Mr. Snape knew what were the provisions of the will, so momentous to Katie and me.

There was a will, however, that far was certain. A kind of wild hope, which had been kindled in my breast was quite quenched by the visit from Mr. Snape. I felt myself sinking into a gloomy depression, which appeared exceedingly ominous to me. For three or four hours I brooded despondingly over the fact that there was a will, scarcely allowing myself to cherish a particle of hope that Katie was provided for in it; for how often does a rich man leave his money to the poorest of his kindred? I had nothing else to occupy my mind. My mother and sisters sat weeping in my father's darkened and silent room. All the windows in our house had the curtains drawn. At last it occurred to me that this was the last day of September, and that the money order account, which was due quarterly, ought to be balanced and sent up to London by the night's mail. Glad of anything to work at, I went down stairs to the inner office found the necessary forms, and set myself steadily to the task.

I had just completed it, and folded up my balance-sheet, when I heard a footstep and voice in the outer office; both loud, and of a kind to arrest attention. They belonged to one of Snape's clerk's, who had come in to post his master's letter.

"Look here," he said; "I was to see you take this one straight in to Mr. Slaney; it's on no account to be left here with ordinary letters. It's old Lawrence's will, I guess. By George! I only wish that my name was inside of it."

It was brought in to me immediately, and placed before me on the counter. I did not touch it, but there it lay, a long narrow packet, not over large or bulky, yet containing the whole of Katie's future and mine.

I cannot say how long I sat before it, fascinated, perfectly spell-bound; my eyes riveted upon it as if they could see through the thick cover and read the momentous lines within. I never touched it with my finger even. I felt as if I no more dare do that than I would have dared to tease and arouse some deadly serpent. I am conscious, however, that not the shadow of an idea of opening it ever crossed my mind. At last I felt a warm, smooth little hand laid upon mine, and Katie's voice whispered close to my ear: "What is it you're staring at, Harry?"

There was, of course, an entrance into this inner office from the house, and Katie had stolen in several times before, when I was alone, and had always spoken in the lowest of whispers, lest the clerks in the office beyond should overhear her; yet I started nervously at the sound of her voice and the touch of her hand, and she was obliged to repeat her questions before I seemed to comprehend.

"That is your uncle's will," I answered.

Her eyes met mine, and there was a strange look in them, such as I had never seen before; an uneasy, troublesome, almost sly expression. She had been crying until they were red, and appeared smaller than usual under their swolen lids. She dropped her eyelids hurriedly, and then whispered again:

"If there had been no will?"

I answered her as if that were a question, but afterwards it occurred to me that it was but an involuntary utterance of her wish.

"Your father would have been an heir-at-law, Katie," I replied; "and you a great heiress."

As I was speaking an alarmed and hurried voice called loudly for me from the interior of the house—a voice so urgent, and strang to such a pitch of terror, that it drove every thought of everything else out of my mind. At two or three bounds I sprung up the staircase, and into my father's bedroom, where every one was in confusion and dismay. Some crisis of his sudden attack had come on, and he was to all appearances in the agonies of death. A friendship, too rare between father and son, existed between him and me—a very close friendship, which had grown with my growth from boyhood. To lose him would be to lose my life. I did not give a thought to my official duties; the Queen's mail was nothing to me; and during the whole of that long night I never left my father's side.

The next morning he was pronounced to be out of immediate danger, though he continued speechless, and seemed scarcely conscious of our presence. By dint of persevering entreaty my mother persuaded me to go and lie down, when I fell i to one of those utter and awful lethargies, deeper and more death-like than sleep, which now and then seem to come to obliterate any impression stamped too deeply upon the brain. When I awoke I felt calm and strong again. Katie was in the house, and she and my sister lavished upon me those trival feminine attentions so inexpressibly soothing after any great emotion, when one is suffering from the languor which usually follows it.

When the hour for making up the mail arrived, I went down into the office, and made some slight inquiries as to how the clerks had managed the work the evening before. They had been late, of course; but the mailcoach—there was no railway near Thornbury then—had waited for them to complete their evening's dispatch, and they believed that everything had gone as well as usual.

But the return mail proved that everything had not gone off as well as usual. Our mail, leaving Thornbury at 8 P. M., reached the London office about noon the next day; and the return mail not quitting London until about 8 o'clock of the following morning, threw the arrival of the answers to correspondence to the fourth morning. On the fourth day after old Lawrence's death, to the serious inconvenience of all parties, there appeared no reply to Mr. Snape's communication to Mr. Grey, which had been enclosed with the will, and in which he desired to be immediately acquainted with any instructions left by the deceased in regard to his funeral. The next London mail was waited for, but there was still no letter; and then the interment necessarily took place, while the solicitor addressed a second communication to the executor.

I waited with the keenest anxiety, the arrival of Mr. Grey or his reply, and all the town was on tip-toe of expectation. The relatives did nothing but meet one another and discuss the will in all its possibilities. There was a wistful look about Katie's face. It was nine days now since old Lawrence's death, but the wonder instead of dying out, was growing greater every day. Why did not the executor come to satisfy the general curiosity, and set the general mind at ease? The mail-bags reached Thornbury about midnight, and were ordinarily deposited in the office to await the appointed hour for opening them at seven in the morning, which was considered quite early enough for the accommodation of the public. But upon this occasion Mr Snape spent the evening with me, and when the mail arrived, he and I went down alone into the quiet office, where I picked out the London bag, opened it, took out the bundles of letters, ran my eager fingers and eyes over them until I came to the one I was in search of, and handed it over to the lawyer.

There was a dead silence in the hour and place; only the clock ticking off the seconds as evenly as if nothing was happening. I watched Mr. Snape's face hungrily, as if it would reflect and disclose what he was reading. The letter was brief, but he read it over twice. It seemed a very long pause of suspense to me, yet I suppose three minutes had scarcely passed.

"He says he has never heard of old Lawrence's death!" exclaimed Mr. Snape at length; "he knows nothing about his will—has never received it!"

"Never received it!" I repeated, "not received it! But I could take my oath it went from this office."

"Did you see it go into the bag yourself?" asked Mr. Snape.

I hesitated a minute or two, for that deep, lethargic sleep I spoke of had dimmed my recollections of that night. I remember it was the night I had left the two under clerks to do all the work alone, while I was watching beside my father; but I recalled also the exact spot where I had left the will on the counter, reared up against the folded money-order account, which had been duly acknowledged. If one had gone safely, why not the other?

"No," I answered after a long pause; "I took it in and left it here on the counter; but the clerks did the work that evening. It would be impossible for them to overlook it. Besides, we should have found it the next day if it had been left behind, and I should certainly have informed you of the irregularity. No. It must have gone from here."

So said the elder clerk when we questioned him in the morning. He would not positively swear to it, because they had been hurried and flurried over their work; but he was quite sure it must have gone, if it had been on the counter as I described. The other clerk, who had taken it in, and knew it to be old Lawrence's will, had not made up the London bag, or would have taken special notice of it, and would have been able to swear to it. Still both of them were very positive that it had not been left behind; though it might have got into the wrong bag, and then missent.

"I'll go up to London by to-night's mail," said Mr. Snape.

Nothing could be more significant of the importance of the document; for a journey to London by coach, occupying sixteen hours at the swiftest, was not undertaken for a trifle. The anxiety which had been devouring me was now sharpened to a keener point; but both Mr. Snape and I wished to keep the affair quiet as long as possible, and I said nothing about it to any one, my father being still to ill to have it confided to him. As for the clerks, both being unmarried men, there was little danger of their telling tales out of school, after being once warned to keep it to themselves for the present.

But the anxiety I had suffered before was security itself compared with my consternation and disquietude when Mr. Snape returned, accompanied by Mr. Grey, who asserted that he had seen nothing whatever of the packet which had been posted in our office. There was not the shadow of a doubt of that last circumstance. The clerk who received it, and myself, were compelled to admit that it had been safely deposited with us, but no trace of it could be found beyond that. Both Snape and Grey had been to the general post-office to make inquiries there, but nothing was known of it. The whole onus of the disappearance rested upon our office and the three persons within it.

It was simply impossible to keep the mysterious loss of old Lawrence's will any longer a secret. The relatives were ready to pull Mr. Grey to pieces as soon as he showed his face in the town. Was it not shameful, scandalous, that a fortnight had already dragged by, and no one knew how a quarter of a million of money—for rumors said the old man's wealth was no less—had been bequeathed? With real reluctance Grey made known the facts. There had been a will; he and the postmaster were executors; it had been posted for him on the night after old Lawrence's death, and nothing more was known about it.

The excitement in the town was tenfold, a hundred fold greater now than on the occasion of the testator's sudden death. Our post-office was besieged, and the clerks plied with questions, while I kept myself safely out of sight in the inner office, brooding in perplexity over the singular occurrence. I could arrive at no other conclusion than that the packet must have slipped into a wrong bag, and so been missent. Of course there were worrying inquiries made by the London authorities, to which I could give no other reply than this supposition. The affair was of such importance that official circulars were dispatched to most of the offices in the kingdom, requiring any information concerning any missent letters; and in the course of a few weeks a handsome reward was offered for the discovery of the missing document.

About five weeks after old Lawrence's death I received a summons to present myself before the surveyor of the district, a Mr. Talbot, who lived sixteen miles or so from Thornbury. He, too, was an old friend of our family, and had assisted in obtaining the post-office for my father. He was one of these jovial, courteous old gentlemen of a past generation, who liked to make his own and every one's life as easy and agreeable as possible, and who had somewhat of an aristocratic contempt for the exacting public—far less exacting then than now. I received a cordial greeting from him, was set down to a good dinner, and forbidden to speak of business until he began, which he did over our wine.

"Now, Harry, just tell me all about it, as shortly as possible," said Mr. Talbot; and I obeyed him.

"But this is a deuce of a mess!" he exclaimed, when I had finished; "the will must be found, sir. The authorities insist upon it, and I will not answer for the consequences if there is much longer delay. Do you know what your townsfolk are saying, my boy?"

His manner had changed from consternation to anger, and then into compassion, as he spoke; but I only looked into his friendly face and shook my head in reply.

"They say just this," he continued, "neither more nor less—that the will is in your possession. They say you are going to marry Parson Lawrence's only daughter, and by keeping back the will you expect him to come in possession of all the property."

"I should be a fool if I did," I answered, stammering; for this phase of my position had not failed to occur to me.

"A confounded fool," he added, drily; "the estate will be thrown into chancery, and the lawyers will get the best pickings out of it. Come, Harry, we are old friends; I knew you when you were a baby, and your father and mother years before. You might tell me anything, my boy."

"Thank you," I cried, grasping his offered hand; "but I have nothing more to tell. I swear I know nothing more about the will than you do."

"Could anybody else know of its being in your office besides you and your clerks?" asked Mr. Talbot.

Strange to say—so strange that I marveled at it myself—until that moment I had altogether forgotten, or it had been kept back from recurring to my memory, that Katie had been with me when my mother's agonized voice called to me. Like some vivid revelation made by a flash of lightning, lurid and blinding, came back the position in which we stood, and the last words I had uttered. The events which had followed had been so hurried and engrossing, the sleep succeeding to them so exhausting, that the impression must have been for the time almost obliterated. It returned all the keener now, and my pulse stood still, and my heart sank heavily. Katie had been there; Katie had seen her uncle's will; I had left her behind me in the office alone.

I answered incoherently, stammered, contradicted myself, and at last, for almost the only time in my life, fairly burst into tears. Never did a poor, weak wretch appear more guilty than I did. My friend—for he was truly my friend—urged me, implored of me, in vain, to confess all, and make him the confident of my temptation and my fault; he gave it no harsher a name. It was impossible for me to cast a suspicion upon Katie, though as I came to think quietly over it in my bedroom—I stayed all night at Mr. Talbot's—I could not banish from me the dread misgiving that here lay the solution of the mystery. I said to myself that at first it would be nothing but a girl's curiosity, which had changed into shame and terror upon facing the consequences of her action; and that every day had made it more impossible for her to own her fault. Then returned powerfully to me the fascination the mere sight of the will had exercised over me, and the conjectures which had rushed to my brain as I sat staring at it. A tenth part of such a temptation, I was inclined to argue, would be too strong for the curiosity of a woman the most deeply interested in its contents. Yet Kate was so good, so simple-minded, so religious; should I be forced to lose my faith in her? No; I could not believe her capable of a dishonorable and criminal action. Yet where, then, was the will?

It will be readily credited that I did not sleep that night, and that I was haggard and miserable-looking in the morning. The surveyor made a last effort to gain my confidence, and my agitated reserve produced upon him that I was guilty. The last sentence he uttered, with unusual sternness, was to the effect that, unless the will was speedily found there was no hope of my retaining my office, even if my father kept his, being shielded by his dangerous illness at the time.

I rode homeward, wretched enough, and found Snape awaiting my return. Mr. Grey had gone back to London, after staying no more than a few days in Thornbury.

"Nothing discovered yet?" said Snape.

"Nothing," I answered despondingly. "If there was, you'd have no need to come to me. I should be only too glad to let you know."

"It beats everything in my professional experience," he continued.

"That's no satisfaction to me," I said, in a testy tone; "the question is, what is to be done if the will does not turn up at all?"

"The very question all the relatives are asking," replied Snape. "Mr. Lawrence drew the will up himself, gave me no hint of its contents, and has left no copy. We are every one of us utterly in the dark as to his intentions. We cannot proceed as if he had died intestate; all the world knows he did not; and no one has a legal right to touch a penny of his property."

"Will it be thrown into chancery?" I asked.

"There will be nothing else for it, if the will is not found," he said; "and, to let you into a secret which concerns you, some of the relatives are talking of a prosecution against you. But, I ask them, what proof have you that Mr. Henry Slaney has abstracted this document? The abstraction of any letter or packet from the post-office is felony, such letter or packet being the property of the Postmaster General during its transit, and the penalty is penal servitude or transportation. But how can the felony be proved? There may be good grounds for suspicion, strong presumptive evidence—his own admission of having