# The Bradford Reporter.

ALVORD & CLAUSON, Publishers. $2 per Annum in Advance.

VOLUME XXX. TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., APRIL 7, 1870. NUMBER 46.



TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

THE BRADFORD REPORTER is published every Thursday Morning by S. W. ALVORD and E. J. CLAUSON, at Two Dollars 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 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 | 20 |
| 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 1 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 ¼ 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. FRUTCHEY.

LeRaysville, Sept. 22, 1869.—1y

PRICE LIST—CASCADE MILLS.

| | |
|---|---|
| Best quality Winter Wheat Flour per sack | $1 62½ |
| Per hundred pounds | 3 25 |
| Per barrel | 6 50 |
| Rye Flour per hundred pounds | 3 00 |
| Buckwheat " " | 3 00 |
| Feed, Rye-Corn and Oats per hundred lbs | 1 87½ |

Liber 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, March 23, 1870.

PATENT METALIC WHITE WIRE CLOTHES LINES.—Warranted not to rust, wear, tare, corrode or injure the finest fabrics. Is always up and ready for use. The weather does not in the least affect 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 to 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 this 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 YARGER BEDS.

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. MEANS' new building

NO. 166 MAIN STREET,

opposite Gen. 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, clothe, &c., in the neatest manner and on the most reasonable terms. Give me a call and examine my work. HENRY REDDING.

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 inquiring 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 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. O. 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 284 pages, sent post paid for $1 50

The Dairyman'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,

aug19,3m Parksburg, Chester Co., Pa.

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, Candles, Dye Stuffs, Paints, Oils, Varnish, Yankee Notions, Tobacco, Cigars and Snuff. Pure 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.

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 & 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 best manner. I would call the attention of mill owners to

NEW VORTEX WATER WHEEL,

as combining all the elements of a first-class motter, 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 head, requiring no alteration in mill frames or additions 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 and 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, 1867—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 7 feet high.

We have both the White and Black Norway, both of 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, 20 pounds, 6 00

One bushel, 40 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.,

aug9 3m Parksburg, Chester Co., Pa.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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

HENRY PEET, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Towanda, Pa. June 27, '66.

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.

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 16, '68.

MERCUR & DAVIES, 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. W. T. DAVIES.

March 9, 1870.

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, '65.

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 can 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. apr 16, '68.

DR. H. A. BARTLETT, *Physician and Surgeon*, Sugar Run, Bradford County, Pa. Office at residence formerly occupied by Dr. Ely. aug.10,1869.tf

DR. STEVENS, over BROWNS (late GORES) Drug Store, Patton's Block, in offices lately occupied by Dr. Madill and Dr. Weston. 11-50.

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 1843-4, 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 REBEIN, *Fashionable Tailor*. Rooms over Aspinwall's Store, Towanda, Pa. oct.8, 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. B. FOWLER, April 21, 1869. S. LIND.

B. 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 Hair Dresser 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. apr10, '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. 13,15,69.

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.

GIFFORD'S NATIONAL PAIN Killer and Life Oil, are the Great Family Specifics that find a welcome in every home as a Sovereign Remedy for more of the common ills of life than any other medicine in the market. Sold by dealers in medicine generally. Manufactured by C. T. GIFFORD, Chicago, Ill., and 143 Main st., HORNELLSVILLE, N. Y. March 10, '70—5*

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 CHARGE IN UNSUCCESSFUL CASES AND NO ATTORNEY'S FEE TO PAY UNTIL PATENT IS OBTAINED. Sept. 16, 1869—tf

O. W. STEVENS, COUNTY SURVEYOR, Canton, 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.

Oct. 8, 1866. C. T. SMITH, Proprietor.

DINING ROOMS

IN CONNECTION WITH THE BAKERY.

Near the Court House.

We are prepared to feed the hungry at all times of the day and evening. Oysters and Ice Cream in their seasons.

March 30, 1870. D. W. SCOTT & CO.

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 Griffin, 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 Elizabeth 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.

Surgeons 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

TRY OUR TEAS AND COFFEE, COWELL & MYER.


## Selected Poetry.

INCONSTANT.

Inconstant! Oh, my God!
Inconstant! When a single thought of thee
Sends all my shivering blood
Back on my heart in thrills of ecstacy!

Inconstant! When to sleep
And dream that thou art near me, is to learn
So much of heaven, I weep
Because the earth and morning must return.

Inconstant! Ah! too true!
Turned from the rightful shelter of thy breast,
My tired heart flutters through
The changeful world—a bird without a nest.

Inconstant to the crowd
Through which I pass, as, to the skies above,
The fickle summer cloud,
But not to thee, Oh, not to thee, dear love!

I may be false to all
On earth beside, and every tender tie
Which seems to hold in thrall
This weary life of mine, may be a lie.

But true as God's own truth,
My steadfast heart turns backward evermore,
To that sweet time of youth
Whose golden tide beats such a barren shore!

Inconstant! Not my own
The hand which builds this wall between our lives;
On its cold shadow, grown
To perfect shape, the flower of love survives.

God knows that I would give
All other joys, the sweetest and the best,
For one short hour to live
Close to thy heart, its comfort and its rest.

But life is not all dark;
The sunlight gladdens many a hidden slope,
The dove shall find its ark
Of peaceful refuge and of patient hope.

I yet shall be possessed
Of woman's meed—my small world set apart!
Home, love, protection, rest,
And children's voices singing through my heart,

By God's help, I will be
A faithful mother and a tender wife;
Perhaps even more, that He
Has chastened the best glory from my life.

But sacred to his loss
One white sweet chamber of my heart shall be;
No foot shall ever cross
The silent portal sealed to love and thee.

And sometimes when my lips
Are to my first-born's clinging, close and long,
Draining with bee-like sips
As its sweet lily heart, will it be wrong,

If, for an instant, will
With precious pain, I put the truth aside,
And dream it is thy child
That I am fondling with such tender pride?

And when another's head
Sleeps on thy heart, if it should ever seem
To be my own instead,
Oh, darling, hold it closer for the dream.

God will forgive the sin,
If sin it is our lives are swept so dry,
So cold, so passion-clear,
Thank Him Death comes at last—and so good-bye.

## Selected Story.

[From the Atlantic Monthly.]

### THE BLUE RIVER BANK ROBBERY.

I.

"It is not of the least use to argue the question, father. Tell me plainly, yes or no, and I will bother you no more about it."

"I cannot indulge you in this, Harry. Indeed, you should believe me when I say we cannot afford it."

Mr. Houghton leaned his head heavily on his hands as he spoke, and seemed to deprecate the displeasure of his handsome, impatient son.

"Very well, sir," said the youth of nineteen, his hand quivering as he rose with the anger he seemed striving to keep out of his words and tones. "I hope you will never be sorry for the rifle you have refused me tonight. I shall make the trip to Lake George next week, nevertheless, if I have to sell my grandfather's watch and chain to get the money."

A half-groan came from the hidden face of Foster Houghton, and a reproachful "O Harry!" from his mother, whose eyes had been filling with tears as she sat silent through the stormy interview. But the boy was angry, and in earnest, and he twisted the chain in his waistcoat to give emphasis to the threat. Then as he took his cloak and cap from the closet he continued:

"You need not sit up for me, or leave the door unlocked: I am going to Tinborough with the fellows to the strawberry party, and as there will be a dance, and the nights are short, I shall wait for daylight to come home, if I do not stop and catch a nap at the Valley House before starting."

"Who is going from Elmfield?" inquired the father, more from a desire to show an interest and win the boy from his moodiness than from any real curiosity.

"Nearly everybody of my set," said Harry, with something of studied coldness; "Arthur Brooks and Tom Boxham and Frank Pettengill—and Harrison Fry, if you want the whole list."

His father turned sharply away, but the mother spoke appealingly:

"If you would cut off your intimacy with Harrison Fry, now and forever, I think there are very few things your father would refuse you. I have seen his evil influence over you ever since he came back from the city. He was a bad boy, and will be a bad man."

"Like myself and other wicked people," said the boy, looking at his watch, "Harry Fry is not half so black as he is painted. But I am not as intimate with him as you fancy; and as to father, I don't think his treatment of me to-night gives him a claim to interfere with my friends. Ups."

Henry Houghton shot his shaft deliberately, for he knew his father's sensitive nature, in which it would rankle cruelly; and in a moment he was off, bounding through the low, open window, and running with fleet steps down the gravel sidewalk toward the common.

The family circle thus divided was that of the cashier of the Blue River National Bank of Elmfield. Foster Houghton was a man past middle age, and older than his years in appearance and in heart. He had petted his only son in his childhood enough to spoil most boys, and now made the balance even by repressing the exuberance of his youth with a sharpness sometimes no more than just, sometimes querulous and unreasonable. The boy's grandfather, old Peleg Houghton, who died a year before at ninety and over, had almost worshiped Harry, and, on his death-bed, had presented his own superb Frodsham watch to the lad; and both father and mother knew he must be deeply moved to speak so lightly at parting with it.

"I fear Henry is getting in a very bad way," said Mr. Houghton, gloomily, after a pause in which the sharper click of his wife's needles told that her thoughts were busy. "He goes to the other church too often to begin with. He smokes; after I have repeatedly told him how the habit hurt me in my boyhood, and what a fight I had to break it off. He is altogether too much in Harrison Fry's company. He has been twice before to Tinborough, driving home across country in the gray of the morning. And this project of going alone to Lake George on a week's trip is positively ridiculous."

"Very likely you are the best judge, my dear," said Mrs. Houghton. She always began in that way when she meant to prove him otherwise. "I fully agree with you about that reckless young Fry. But as to Harry's going to the brown church, and his visits to Tinborough, I think the same cause is at the bottom of both. Grace Chamberlain has been singing in the choir over there this spring, and now she is visiting her aunt at Tinborough. And as to that, she is going with her aunt's family to Lake George to spend July, and I suppose they have expressed a wish to meet him there. Grace Chamberlain is a very pretty girl; and Harry is like what you were at his age."

"Bless my soul, Mary," said the cashier, "then why didn't the boy tell me what he was driving at? Chasing across the country after a pretty face is foolish enough, at his age, but it is not so bad as going to a watering-place merely for the fashion of it, like some rich old nabob or professional dandy. If Harry had told me wanted to dangle after Grace Chamberlain, instead of talking in that desperate way about the watch, I might have received it differently. There is a charm on the chain with my mother's hair that I wouldn't have go out of the family for a fortune."

Just here the door-bell rang, as if a powerful, nervous hand were at the knob. Mr. Houghton answered the ring, for their one domestic had been called away by a message from a sick sister, and the mistress of the house was "getting along alone" for a day. So when her quick ear told her the visitor was one to see her husband on business, she quitted the room to set away the milk and lock up the rear doors of the house for the night.

The caller was Mr. Silas Bixby. He would have been a sharp man in Elmfield estimation who could predict the object of one of Silas Bixby's calls, though there were few doors in the village at which his face was not frequently seen. He was the constable, but he was also the superintendent of the Sunday-school, and the assessor of internal revenue in the district, to say nothing of his being the agent of two or three sewing-machine firms, and one life insurance company, and the correspondent of the Tinborough *Trumpet*. He owned a farm, and managed it at odd hours. He gave some of his winter evenings to keeping a writing-school, with which he sometimes profitably combined a singing-school, with lucrative concerts at the end of the term. He was clerk of the fire company, and never had been absent from a fire, though some of his manifold duties kept him riding through the neighboring towns in his light gig a great deal of the time. He had raised a company and commanded it, in the nine months' army of '62. He kept a little book store in one corner of the village quadrangle, and managed a very small circulating library, with the aid of the oldest of his ten children; and he was equal partner in the new factory enterprise at the Falls. So Mr. Houghton did not venture to guess on what errand Mr. Bixby came to see him, and showed him to a chair in the twilighted sitting-room, with a face composed to decline a request to discount a note, or to join with interest in a conversation on the Sunday-school, or to listen to a report on the new fire-engine fund, with equal ease and alacrity.

Mr. Bixby looked about him to see that nobody was in hearing. "You'll excuse me, I know, 'Squire, if I shut the windows, hot as it is;" and before his host could rise to anticipate him he had suited the action to the word. "It's detective business. It's a big thing. It's a mighty big thing. Do you know I told you, Mr. Houghton, the first of the week, that there was dangerous characters about town, and asked you to keep your eyes open at the bank. Will you bear witness of that?"

"I remember it very well, Mr. Bixby, and also that there has not been a single person in the bank since that day, other than our own townspeople and friends."

"That is just it," said Silas Bixby, twisting his whiskers reflectively; "they have got some accomplice who knows the neighborhood and whom we don't suspect. But we shall catch him with the rest. The fact is, Mr. Houghton, the Blue River National Bank is to be robbed to-night. The plot is laid, and I have got every thread of it in my hand."

Foster Houghton was one of a class in the village who were habitually incredulous as to Silas Bixby's achievements, as announced by himself; but there was a positiveness and assurance about the constable's manner which carried conviction with it, and he did not conceal the shock which the news gave him.

"Just you keep very cool, sir, and I'll tell you the whole story in very few words, for I have got one or two things to do before I catch the burglars, and I have promised to look into Parson Pettengill's barn and doctor his sick horse. There is two men in the job, beside somebody in the village here that is working with them secretly. You needn't ask me how I managed to overhear their plans, for I sha'n't tell; you will read it all in the Tinborough *Trumpet* of the day after to-morrow. They are regular New York swellmen, and they have been stopping at the hotel at the Falls, pretending to be looking at the water-power. They come here on purpose to clean out the Blue River Bank."

"Do they mean to blow open the safe?" inquired Mr. Houghton, who was puzzled.

"Just have patience, 'Squire," said Silas Bixby. "I thought it best to prepare you, and so led you up kind o' gradual. They have got false keys to your house door and your bedroom door. They are going to come in at midnight, or an hour after, and gag you and your wife, and force you at the mouth of the revolver to go over to the bank and open the combination lock. Your 'help,' they say, has gone off; and they seemed not to be afraid of Henry."

"Henry has gone to Tinborough," said Mr. Houghton, mechanically.

"I presume they knew that, too, then," said the constable. "They calculate on forty thousand dollars in the safe, government bonds and all. Their team is to be ready on the Tinborough road, and they mean to catch the owl train. You they calculate to leave, tied hand and foot, on the bank floor, till you are found there in the morning."

Foster Houghton stopped in his rapid walk up and down the little room, and took his boots from the closet.

"Fair play, 'Squire," said Bixby, laying a hand on the cashier's arm as he sat down and kicked off his slippers. "I've told you the whole story, when I might have carried out my plan without telling a word. Now what are you going to do?"

"Going to order a stout bolt put on my front door at once, and to deposit the bank keys in the safe at Felton's store."

"You will think better of it if you will just sit still and hear me through," replied the visitor. "Don't you see that will just show our hand to the gang who are on the watch, and they will only leave Elmfield and rob some other bank and make their fortunes? Moreover, the plot never would be believed in the village, and such a way of meeting it would make no sensation at all in print. No, Mr. Houghton, you are cashier of the bank, and it is your business to protect the property. I am constable at Elmfield, and it is my duty to capture the burglars. I propose to do it in such a way that the whole State shall ring with my brilliant management of the matter, and yours, too, of course, so far as your part goes. The programme is all complete, and you have only to fall in."

"Well, Mr. Bixby," said the elder gentleman, again surrendering to his companion's superior force and determination of character; "and what is the programme?"

"As far as you are concerned, simply to remain passive," said the rural constable. "You are to show no knowledge of expecting the visit, and after a proper display of reluctance you are to go with the burglars, with your keys in your hand. If I were to arrest the rascals now, I should have nothing to charge them with, and could only frighten them out of town. When the bank is entered, the crime is complete. I shall be on the watch, with two strong fellows I have secured to help me—men who served in my company, stout, afraid of nothing, and not smart enough to claim the whole credit when the job is done. When you are fairly inside the bank we shall pop out from behind the bowling-alley, guard the door, flash our lanterns in their faces, and overpower them at once. It sounds very short now; but it will easily fill a column in the city papers."

"Mr. Bixby," said Foster Houghton, with a good deal of deliberate emphasis, "I have always thought you a man of sense. I think so now. Do you suppose I am going to stand quietly by and see a couple of ruffians tie a gag in the mouth of my wife, at her age, when I know I can prevent it beforehand?"

"No, sir, I expect no such thing," said Bixby, not at all embarrassed. "I expected like as not you would bring up some such objection, so I have provided for it in advance. John Fletcher's little girl is very sick; they have gone the rounds of all the folks on our street, taking turns watching there; to-night they came to me and said, 'Bixby, can't you find us somebody to watch?' and I said I knew just the one that would be glad to help a neighbor. So I will deliver the message to Mrs. Houghton, and you needn't have a mite of anxiety about her, up there as safe and comfortable as if she were twenty miles away."

While her husband yet hesitated Mrs. Houghton re-entered the room; and Bixby, quick to secure an advantage, was ready at the moment with his petition.

"Good evening, Mrs. Houghton. Been waiting very patient for you to come in. I called to see if you felt able and willing to set up to-night along with John Fletcher's little girl. The child don't get any better, and Mrs. Fletcher, she's just about sick abed herself, with care and worry."

"You know I am always ready to help a neighbor in such trouble," said the lady, graciously, with the prompt acquiescence which people in the country give to such calls. "And now I think of it, Mr. Bixby, I have another call to make on your street. I think I will walk up with you, and so get around to Fletcher's at nine o'clock. My husband has several letters to write, so he will not miss me."

Foster Houghton sat in a sort of maze, while fate thus arranged affairs for him, though they tended to a consummation which was far from welcome to his mind. His wife went out for her smelling-salts, her spectacles, and her heavy shawl; and Bixby snatched the brief opportunity,

"I have told you everything, 'Squire, that you need to know. Keep your mind easy and your head cool, and the whole thing may be done as easy as turning your hand over. Remember it is the only way to save the bank, and catch the men that may have robbed a dozen banks. Do not stir out of the house again this evening, or you will excite suspicion and ruin the game. Between twelve and two you may expect your company; and rely upon me in hiding close to the bank. Mum is the word." For Mrs. Houghton was descending the stairs.

"Come in again when you come back, Bixby; can't you?" said the cashier, still loth to close so hasty and so singular a bargain.

"Not for the world," replied the constable. "It would expose our hand at once, and spoil the trick. Now, Mrs. Houghton, I'm really proud to be the beau to such a sprightly young belle."

And so, with a word of farewell, they were off, and Foster Houghton sat alone in the house with his secret.

He was not a coward, but a man of peace by temperament and training, and the enterprise in which he had been enlisted was both foreign and distasteful to him. How many incidents might occur, not set down in Bixby's programme, to make the night's work both dangerous and disagreeable! His very loneliness made the prospect seem doubly unpleasant. A dozen times, as he sat musing over it, he put forth his hand for his boots with intent to go out and frustrate the robbery in his own way, regardless of Bixby's schemes of capture and glory. As many times he fell back in his easy-chair, thinking now that he was bound in honor by his tacit agreement with the constable, and again that the whole story was nothing but the fruit of the officer's fertile imagination, and that only the inventor should make himself ridiculous by his credulity. Now he wished his wife were at home to make the waiting moments pass more quickly; then that Harry were there to give the aid of his daring and the stimulus of his boyish enthusiasm in the strange emergency. And sometimes the old man's thoughts wandered, in spite of the excitement of the hour, to his boy, dancing away the night at Tinborough. He recalled his anxieties over his son's dissipations, his associates, his growing recklessness of manner, his extravagant tastes, the look of hard defiance in his face but an hour or two before. His heart yearned over the lad in spite of his wild ways, like David's over Absalom, and he resolved to try the mother's method and imagine excuses, and replace harshness with indulgence, hereafter. The village bell clanged out from the steeple close by, and Foster Houghton dropped the thread of his revery with a start, and went back to the robbery again. Clearly he was getting too nervous. He must do something to shake it off.

"I'll get Harry's revolver," he thought, with little purpose what he should do with it; and he took the lamp and went up stairs to the boy's empty room. The drawers were thrown open in a confusion which offended the cashier's neat prejudices acquired in the profession. He knew where the pistol was kept, but its box was empty; and he exclaimed under his breath:

"That is a boy all over. He goes to Tinborough to dance and eat strawberries, and he carries a pistol, loaded I dare say to the muzzle. It is ten to one he will shoot himself or his sweetheart before the evening is over."

As Mr. Houghton fumbled over the bureau his hand encountered a covered flask. Even his unaccustomed nose was able to recognize its contents as whisky; and his regret at such a discovery in his son's room was lost in the joy with which he hailed a stimulant so greatly needed to put his nerves in condition for the events to come. Perhaps he forgot how long it was since he had called in such a reinforcement; perhaps his hand shook; perhaps he thought the occasion required a large dose. He took a hearty one; and when he was down stairs again the difficulties in the way of bagging the burglars vanished from his mind. He was a young man once more, and entered into the romance of Bixby's plot, he said to himself, as enthusiastically as Harry would have done. He paced the room with an elastic stride very different from the nervous, wavering step with which he had heard the news. Bixby and himself, he thought, would be enough to overpower any three burglars. Then his head was heavy, and he felt drowsy. To be in proper condition for the emergency, he reflected, he needed all the sleep he could get. The resolve was one to be executed as promptly as formed; and a few minutes later the cashier had locked the door, fastened the lower windows, and was snugly in bed.

A gentle tinkle of the door-bell aroused him again before, as it seemed to him, he had fairly closed his eyes. "The robbers at last," he thought; and then he rebuked himself for the absurdity of supposing that a burglar would announce his coming by the door-bell. "It is Bixby, of course," he said to himself, "come to own he was a fool and the story all nonsense." But he paused before he turned the key, and said in his fiercest tone, "Who is there?"

"It is only me, Foster," said the sweet, familiar voice of his wife, without; and when he had admitted her she told him, in her quick way, that after she had watched with the child an hour or two, a professional nurse who had been sent for a week before had arrived unexpectedly, and that she had been glad to give up her vigil and come home.

Foster Houghton rarely did anything without thinking twice about it, if not more; so it came about that while he balanced in his mind the *pros* and *cons* as to revealing to his wife the secret which Bixby had confided to him, and thus giving her a fright in advance for what might prove to be a false alarm after all, the tired lady went sound asleep; and thus the scale was turned in favor of reticence. Perhaps the husband's continued drowsiness contributed to the resolve also; for his eyelids still drooped with strange obstinacy, and an influence more powerful than even the apprehension of danger transformed his terrors into dreams again.

II.

One, two, rang out from the belfry on the breathless June night, already heavy with the rising fog from the river. Foster Houghton found himself broad awake as he counted the strokes; but even while he thought it was the clock that had disturbed him he felt a cold, hard ring of steel against his temple, and saw through the darkness a man by his bedside.

"Not one word, or you will never utter another."

He noted the voice even in the whirl of the moment, and knew that it was strange to him. He turned towards his wife and saw that there was a man by her side also, with revolver aimed; felt, rather than saw, that she had waked when he did, and was awaiting, self-possessed, for whatever was to come. As the darkness yielded to his eyes, he was aware of a third figure, standing at the window.

"Perfect quiet, remember, and we will tell you what is to be done," said the same voice, cool, firm, with an utterance entirely distinct, yet hardly louder than a whisper. You have nothing to fear if you obey orders. A knife is ready for the heart of each of you if you disobey. The lady has simply to lie still; as she will be bound to the bed and her mouth stopped, that will be easy; and the gag is very gentle, and will not hurt if she does not resist. Mr. Houghton will rise, put on his trousers, and go with us to the bank, always in range of this pistol and in reach of this blade. The keys are already in my pocket. Number Three, will you scratch a match that I may help the gentleman to his clothes."

The figure in the window stepped noiselessly forward at the summons. As the blue flame lighted the room Foster Houghton observed that his visitors were all masked with black silk, through which a narrow slit permitted vision. He noticed that their feet were shod with listing, so thick that a step made no audible sound upon the straw carpet. He noticed that long, thin, black cloaks covered their forms to the ankles, so that no details of clothing could be noted to identify them. And while he observed these things, not venturing to stir until the threatening muzzle was withdrawn from his face, he felt his