The Bradford Reporter.

S. W. ALVORD, Publisher. REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER. $2 per Annum in Advance.

VOLUME XXXV. TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., JUNE 12, 1874. NUMBER 2.

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

THE BRADFORD REPORTER is published every Thursday Morning by S. W. ALVORD at Two Dollars per an um in advance.

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

SPECIAL NOTICES inserted at FIFTEEN CENTS per line for first insertion, and FIVE CENTS per line for subsequent insertions.

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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.

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.

AMOS PENNYPACKER, HAS again established himself in the TAILORING BUSINESS. Shop over Rockwell's Store. Work of every description done in the latest styles. Towanda, April 21, 1870.—tf

C. S. RUSSELL'S GENERAL *INSURANCE AGENCY*, may23'70—tf TOWANDA, PA.

BARTLETT & TRACY, (GENERAL) *INSURANCE AGENTS* AND *REAL ESTATE BROKERS*, TOWANDA, PA. Oct. 29, 1873.

THE UNDERSIGNED ARCHITECT AND BUILDER, wishes to inform the citizens of Towanda and vicinity, that he will give particular attention to drawing plans, designs and specifications for all manner of buildings, private and public. Superintendence given for reasonable compensation.—Office at residence N. E. corner of Second and Elizabeth streets.

J. E. FLEMMING, oct5'71 Box 511, Towanda, Pa.

W. W. KINGSBURY, REAL ESTATE, LIFE, FIRE, & ACCIDENT INSURANCE AGENCY. Office, corner of Main and State Streets, March 13, 1872. TOWANDA, PA.

SASH, DOORS, AND BLINDS. I am prepared to furnish Kiln-dried Doors, Sash and Blinds of any style, size, or thickness, on short notice. Hand in your orders ten days before you want to use the articles, and be sure that you will get doors that will not shrink or swell. Terms cash on delivery. Towanda, July 19, 1871. GEO. F CASH.

INSURANCE.—The following reliable and FIRE TRIED Companies represented: LANCASHIRE, PHENIX, HOME, MERCHANTS. Mar 19 '74-tf. O. A. BLACK.

G. W. HEATH Has established his business of Manufacturing and Repairing all kinds of EDGE TOOLS, MILL PICKS, MADE AND DRESSED He also makes the best STRAW CUTTER now in use. All orders filled promptly, at MEANS, ROCKWELL & CO., TOWANDA, PA. Jan 14, '74-3m.

TO OUR PATRONS.

GEO. H. WOOD & CO., PHOTOGRAPHERS, TOWANDA, PA.

Grateful for the generous patronage of the past year, would inform all wanting Pictures that we are still adding to our establishment NEW AND IMPROVED INSTRUMENTS, And adopting tried and approved modes of printing and retouching in order to secure FINER PHOTOGRAPHS THAN HERETOFORE made outside of the cities, and that we make it a specialty to enlarge all kinds of Pictures to any size desired, and finish in Water Colors, India Ink, or in Oil, in the BEST STYLES AND VERY LOW PRICES.

We also endeavor to take all the time possible in making childrens pictures, so as to secure the best results. We are constantly adding to our stock of FRAMES All new patterns and tasteful styles, and furnish them at a small advance from cost prices. May 14, 1873.

BARGAINS! BARGAINS! HURRAH! HURRAH! For the next 90 days, OF SPRING AND SUMMER CLOTHING, AT M. E. ROSENFIELD'S Opposite Tracy's New Block, Store formerly occupied by Wickham & Black, has just received and is constantly receiving new stock of Spring and Summer Clothing, for MEN AND BOYS' WEAR, Than can be found in any other establishment outside the cities, AT LOWER PRICES THAN EVER. Also, a full line of GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS, Hats, Caps and Silk Hats, all of the latest styles and novelties of the present season, which I am offering at the VERY LOWEST PRICES, all bought direct from the manufacturer, therefore I will make it an object to all cash buyers to purchase clothing of me this Spring. All goods warranted as represented. Thanking you all for your kind and liberal patronage formerly extended, I respectfully ask a continuance of the same. M. E. ROSENFIELD, April 23, '74. Towanda, Pa.

TO THE CITIZENS OF PENNSYLVANIA.—Your attention is specially invited to the fact that the National Banks are now prepared to receive subscriptions to the Capital Stock of the Centennial Board of Finance. The funds realized from this source are to be employed in the erection of the buildings for the International Exhibition, and the expenses connected with the work. It is confidently believed that the Keystone State will be represented by the name of every citizen alive to patriotic commemoration of the one hundredth birth-day of the nation. The shares of stock are offered for $10 each, and subscribers will receive a handsomely steel engraved Certificate of Stock, suitable for framing and preservation as a national memorial. Interest at the rate of six per cent per annum will be paid on all payments of Centennial Stock from date of payment to January 1, 1876. Subscribers who are not near a National Bank can remit a check or post-office order to the undersigned. FREDK. FRALEY, Treasurer, Sept 4, '73. 904 Walnut St., Phil'a.

TO THE PUBLIC.—Having had nearly fifteen years experience in boring round pump logs, I offer my services to the public. Work attended to in any part of the county in short meter and satisfaction guaranteed. CALVIN ALLEN, New Albany, March 25-tf.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

SMITH & MONTANYE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Office—corner of Main and Pine Streets, opposite Porter's Drug Store.

DR. T. B. JOHNSON, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Office over Dr. H. C. Porter Son & Co.'s Drug Store.

DR. C. M. STANLEY, DENTIST, successor to Dr. Weston. Office in Patton's Block, up stairs, Main Street, Towanda, Pa. All kinds of plate work a specialty. Jan.15'73

DR. S.M. WOODBURN, Physician and Surgeon, Office over Wickham & Black's Crockery store. Towanda, May 1, 1872.-1y*

FOYLE & McPHERSON, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Towanda, Pa. Will give prompt attention to all matters entrusted to their care. Orphans' Court business a specialty. W. FOYLE. [may21'73] I. McPHERSON.

H. B. McKEAN, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Towanda, Pa. Particular attention paid to business in the Orphans' Court. july 30, '68.

H. W. PATRICK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Office, Mercur's Block, next door to the Express Office, Towanda, Pa. July17,1873.

W. H. CARNOCHAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW (District Attorney for Bradford County), Troy, Pa. Collections made and promptly remitted. feb 15, '69—tf.

WOOD & SANDERSON, *ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW*, TOWANDA, PA. JAMES WOOD. [may 27] JOHN F. SANDERSON.

W. B. KELLY, DENTIST.—Office over Wickham & Black's, Towanda, Pa. Teeth inserted on Gold, Silver, Rubber, and Aluminum base. Teeth extracted without pain. Oc23,72

MADILL & CALIFF, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Towanda, Pa. H. J. MADILL, J. N. CALIFF. Office in Wood's Block, first door south of First National Bank, up stairs. Jan.2,73-1y

OVERTON & ELSBREE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Towanda, Pa., having entered into copartnership, offer their professional services to the public. Special attention given to business in the Orphan's and Register's Courts. ap14'70 E. OVERTON, JR. N. C. ELSBREE.

JOHN W. MIX, *ATTORNEY-AT-LAW*, TOWANDA, PA. Special attention given to claims against Insurance Companies. Office, North side of Public Square. [Dec 18'73.

DR. D. L. DODSON, OPERATIVE AND MECHANICAL DENTIST, North Main-st., opposite Episcopal Church, Towanda, Pa. All dental operations a specialty. Jan 14.

PECK & STREETER, *LAW OFFICE*, TOWANDA, PA. W. A. PECK. [Jan.15'74] H. STREETER.

E. C. GRIDLEY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. April 1, 1873. Towanda, Pa.

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.

DR. D. D. SMITH, *Dentist*, has purchased G. H. Wood's property, between Mercur's Block and the Elwell House, where he has located his office. Teeth extracted without pain by use of gas. Towanda, Oct. 20, 1870.—yr.

PEET & DAVIES, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, MERCUR'S BLOCK, Apr 1'74. Towanda, Pa.

HALE & PATTON, AGENTS FOR CONNECTICUT MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO. Office No. 3 Griffith & Patton's Block, Bridge Street. March 26, 1874.

P. A. QUICK, M. D., GRADUATE UNIVERSITY OF BUFFALO, N. Y., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, SUGAR RUN, PA. Office at Store of J. STOWELL. March 26, 1874-3m*.

Hotels.

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 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, 868—tf.

MEANS HOUSE, TOWANDA, PA., COR. MAIN AND BRIDGE STREETS. The Horses, Harness, &c. of all guests of this house, insured against loss by Fire, without any extra charge. A superior quality of Old English Bass Ale, just received. T. B. JORDAN, Towanda, Jan. 24, '71. Proprietor.

MANSION HOUSE, LeRAYSVILLE, PA. W. W. BROWNING, PROPRIETOR. This House is conducted in strictly Temperance principles. Every effort will be made to make guests comfortable. Good rooms and the table will always be supplied with the best the market affords: Nov. 1, 1871.

BETHLEHEM, PA. "OLD MORAVIAN SUN INN," BUILT 1758. Rich in historical interest, it is the only building in the country except Independence Hall, honored by the sojourn within its walls of Washington, LaFayette, Lee, Gates and other patriots of the revolution. This popular hotel has recently changed hands, been improved, entirely refurnished, and the proprietor cordially invites his friends and traveling public to give him a call—no pains will be spared to render their stay comfortable. People en route for Philadelphia will find it convenient to spend the night here, reaching the city about eight in the morning. A sample room on first floor for accommodation of commercial agents. C. T. SMITH, Sept 4, 1873. Proprietor.

NEW ARRANGEMENT AT THE FIRST WARD BAKERY. MRS. MARY E. KITTREDGE Having purchased the stock and fixtures of H. A. Cowles' Bakery, has refitted the establishment and purchased an entirely NEW STOCK OF GOODS, Suited to the trade, such as GROCERIES, TEAS, COFFEE, DRIED FRUITS, CANNED FRUITS, CANDIES, CONFECTIONERY, FRESH BREAD, BISCUITS, RUSK, ROLLS, &c., DAILY. A neat and attractive ICE CREAM SALOON Will be opened in connection with the establishment, where ladies and gentlemen can always find the best cream and other delicacies of the season. THE DINING ROOM Has been refurnished, and will at all times be supplied with substantial eatables, which will be served at reasonable rates. Farmers and others visiting town will find this a convenient place to supply the wants of the inner man. Towanda, April 23, '74-tf. MARY E. KITTREDGE.

FOR SALE OR RENT.—A desirable House and Lot on Fourth street, fifth house north of O. D. Bartlett's, convenient to Institute or Graded School. Enquire on premises. Towanda, March 19, '74-tf. WM. S. MOSCRIP.

Selected Poetry.

THE PRISONER'S DREAM.

Before his soul, as in a glass,
A train of gentle phantoms pass.
O holy vision! In the dim
Far down his mother smiles on him;
He feels her bosom softly rise,
Her kisses on his lips and eyes:
In her bright hair his dimpling hands,
Unchided, twist the silken strands,
While he, in rosy infant charms,
Once more lies nestling in her arms.

The greensward in the setting sun;
The eager play when school was done;
The little girl who pulled his hair,
And, when he kissed her, cried, 'Not fair!'
Swift set her little buskin down,
And pushed him from her with a frown,
Yet smiled and blushed a moment after,
O'erlapping in coquettish laughter;

To whom he used to shyly bring
The earliest blossoms of the spring,
The nuts he gathered when the year
Put on her gold and purple gear—
Ah! how she took with simple grace,
His humble gifts as homage due,
And flashed across his dazzled face
Her thankless eyes of sparkling blue!

At length, most near, most like to life,
The image of his girlish wife—
The graceful shape, the beaming eye,
The warm lips parted musingly,
The white young arms upon her breast,
Crossed in the guise of guileless rest—
They weave a dream of other days:
He could believe his loss a lie,
So clear her fixed and loving gaze.

Though something in the soft still beam
Transcends the purport of a dream,
And while he feels that death is kind
To yield such visions to his mind,
His eyes with swift sweet wonder shine—
Their gaze no prison walls confine!

—*Harper's Magazine for June.*

Miscellanous.

THE MILL AND THE TAVERN.

"To my oldest son, Richard, the tavern stand known as the 'Red Lion,' and twenty acres of ground attached thereto; and to my other son, Jacob, the grist mill on Dart creek, and the residue of my landlord property."

So the will read. A deep silence, and then a single word of dissatisfaction, which came from Jacob, the younger son of the deceased Richard Cragan. His brother looked up with a troubled expression on his face and then their eyes met.

"This will is not to your mind," said Richard, gravely.

"No it is not," answered Jacob, with a hardness in singular contrast with his brother's gentle and subdued manner.

"You prefer the tavern stand?"

"Of course I would," rejoined the brother.

"And I would prefer the mill; so all can be satisfactorily adjusted," replied Richard, in a frank and cheerful manner.

Jacob's face was not the only one that showed surprise. But as none present had any right to question Richard's decision, there was no remonstrance or deprecatory remarks.

"Well, you are a precious fool," said Harry Glenn in an angry voice, on meeting Richard Cragan next day; "and if Kitty follows my advice she gives you the mitten."

"What do you mean?" asked Richard, showing some resentment at the rude assault.

"Just what I say. Did n't your father leave you the 'Red Lion' tavern stand?"

"Yes."

"And you've given it to Jacob for that miserable old grist mill on Dart Creek?"

"Yes."

"Humph!"—contemptuously—"I knew you were not remarkable for wit, but did n't imagine you were such a cursed fool as you are. Why, the tavern stand is worth forty times as much as the grist mill!"

"Maybe so, and maybe not," replied Richard, with a flash of his eyes that was unusual to their blue tranquility; "time will show. As for me, I am satisfied; and no one has a right to question any decision I may choose to make touching my own affairs."

"I have a right," said Glenn, with something offensive in his voice, "as the brother of Katy—"

"Stop here, Harry," interposed Richard, in a voice so stern and indignant that Glenn moved back a step or two in surprise. "I never permit any one to meddle in my affairs, and you cannot be an exception. Katy has cast her lot with mine, and her happiness is in my keeping, not yours."

"Not quite cast it yet," muttered Harry, as he turned away from Richard, whose ear caught the sentence. Its meaning he well understood.

On the evening of the same day Richard met Katy Glenn, and noticed with a sudden chilliness about his heart a change in her manner. She was very dear to him.

He had loved her ever since he was a boy—loved her with a steadiness that no coldness on her part, no flirting with other boys, or, as years went on, other young men, could diminish. She was pretty but wayward—the very opposite to Richard Cragan, who was so quiet, reserved, and true of purpose. After a long series of vicisitudes, of pains and discouragements, of hopes and fears, he at last had the ineffable happiness of giving her the kiss of betrothment. This happened only a short time before his father's death.

A cloud that at first looked no larger than a man's hand now appeared in his sky.

"Is this true that I've heard?" said Katy.

"What?" asked Richard, his heart falling like lead, for he understood what she meant.

"That you have given Jacob the handsome tavern stand your father left you, and taken that old grist mill and a few acres of poor land for your share."

"It is true," answered Richard.

"What could have possessed you to do this?" said the maiden, with all the beauty of her face flying out under the hot flushes of indignation.

"Because I would rather have the mill and earn my bread by useful work than burden my heart and life with the evils of tavern-keeping."

"Pshaw!" ejaculated Katy, in no amiable mood. "As good men as you have kept and are still keeping tavern. Are you better than your father?"

"I do n't set up as being better than any one, Katy," replied the young man, whose face had become very pale; "I only determine for myself what I ought or ought not to do. If I had not let my brother take the 'Red Lion' it would have made no difference to my future—I should have sold it and put the money in a farm or something else by which I could have made a living."

Katy bit her lips, looked angry and disappointed.

"I will never consent," he resumed, "to bring up a family amid the baneful associations of a tavern. There are only two of us left out of six brothers. Four of them died years ago—and it is better that they died. Oh, Katy, try to feel as I do. The mill has a good run of business. I shall improve it in many ways, and double its capacity. We shall get along well enough—trust me for that, and be, oh so much happier! As for me, I should have a restless, miserable, unhappy feeling all the time I kept a tavern and sold drinks to young men of our place—hurting all and doing good to none."

And he shuddered at the thought of such a thing.

"As you like," answered Katy, in a chilly voice. "But one thing is certain: I'm not going to be cooped up in the little pigeon-house over at the mill, you may count on that as settled."

"I will have it done up new all over, and make it the nicest place in the world," said Richard.

"But you 'll never put me into it," cried Katy, with a sudden passion in her voice.

"You are surely not in earnest, Katy," said Richard.

"I surely am," she replied, tossing her head in such a way as to hurt and astonish the bewildered young man.

Richard Cragan sat quiet and still for a long time. Then, rising slowly, and with a quiver of pain running thro' him, put out his hand to Katy. She let hers fall into his coldly, and returning by the slightest motion the pressure he gave.

"Good-night, Katy!"

She never would have known the voice as that of her lover.

"Good-night!" Not a pulse of feeling beat in her tones.

Richard turned slowly away and left the house; but all the while as he went farther and farther away from her his ear hearkened for her voice breaking out into a repellant cry, but hearkened in vain.

It was all over with Richard and Katy. The selfish, fickle and wordly minded girl who was incapable of such love as glowed in the heart of this young man, broke off her engagement, and in less than a year became the wife of his brother Jacob, who installed her mistress of the 'Red Lion,' which had been fitted up in the most attractive manner, and was known for miles around as the best tavern in that section.

The custom had more than doubled since Jacob had become 'mine host,' and the new owner was beginning to reap an abundant harvest therefrom.

Katy had her horse and carriage, her fine clothes, her personal ease and comfort; pride and vanity were gratified in many ways. Yet she was not so happy as she expected to be. Jacob was a different man from Richard. He was harder, more selfish, less scrupulous, and had little hesitation about trampling down with a ruthless foot whatever came in the way of his purpose. He had no tenderness toward his wife, and never seemed to regard her feelings, comfort or wishes in what he did. Not that he was unkind to her—only indifferent. There were no little confidences between them—no concessions on his part to her wishes and comforts, but a silent self-assertion that left her wholly out of his business affairs, while in all that concerned her personally he seemed to feel little or no interest.

No, Katy was not happy—far from it. And as the years rolled past, the desire of her heart was less satisfied.

Richard Cragan took possession of his mill, and began refitting, improving, and setting things in order. All the light of his life seemed for awhile to have gone. But his work kept him up. There was not many in the neighborhood who did not call him fool. But in his own mind he never doubted or repented.

"Better so," he would often say, "than have the responsibility of all that"—meaning the tavern. "I take no man's money without giving him what is good in return. My work will not come back to curse me in after years. No father or mother can ever say to me, 'Where is my boys?—my poor, lost boy, that was led astray in your barroom!' No—no! I will give the people bread, not a poison to consume body and soul!"

The years went on. Jacob Cragan grew rich; but alas! how many became poor and miserable that he might abound in wealth. Richard had no ambition beyond his mill and thirty or forty acres of land attached thereto. His first work was to put it in good order, and year after year he had made improvements, until he had the finest mill in all the region and all the custom he could possibly attend to.

The miller did not marry. Katy had been his first and only love; his heart never opened to another. Year after year he grew better off; but not with the rapid increase that marked the fortunes of his brother.

But there came a time when things began to change—when the owner of the 'Red Lion' grew less attentive to business and more given to sporting and the company of sporting men. A good customer at his own bar, the evil of his work cursed him as well as others. His feet drew near the pit he had dug for other men, and the edge was crumbling away from them.

"The 'Red Lion' is not what it used to be," said one and another of its old customers.

"Jacob is going to the dogs, I'm afraid," was heard now and then, half confidentially.

One day, more than twelve years after Richard and Katy parted company, the former, while standing at his mill, was surprised to see his brother's wife coming down the road. She was alone.

"Why Katy!" he said, going out to meet her, "what has brought you away down here?"

As he looked her in the face, he saw she was having trouble. "Is anything wrong?" he added.

"Yes, everything is wrong," she replied, her voice choking with the sentence, "and I want to talk to you."

Richard's bachelor home stood close to the mill, and he went in with Katy. "What is it?" he asked, with kindly interest.

"O, Richard!" she choked and sobbed, and then, controlling herself, went on: "O, Richard, I am almost heart-broken. Things are going to rack and ruin; and if there is n't some change, we will not have a house over our heads in a year."

"Which may be the best thing that can happen," replied Richard. "A tavern is a curse to all who may have anything to do with it, and the sooner you and your children are out of it the better."

Katy hid her face, sobbing and crying in a weak voice.

"I wish you would talk to Jacob," she said, after a few minutes, looking at Richard with tearful, pleading eyes.

"I have talked to him again and again, but he only gets angry."

"Yes—yes—that's just it. I can't say a word without his flaring up, and—and cursing me! Oh, Richard! It's dreadful how he goes on sometimes!"

"I know. Tavern-keeping has been his ruin; I wish he were out of it—if it is n't too late."

The words sent a chill through Katy's heart.

"It is n't too late for your boys, if it is for their father," Richard added in a softer voice.

"But what else can Jocob do?" asked Katy. "If he gives up the tavern we must starve."

"Not so bad as that," said Richard. "He 'll never turn his hand to anything else, you may be sure," replied Katy.

"Necessity drives men to do a great many things."

"It may drive him to do worse things than he is doing now," answered Katy. "He's in with a dreadful set of men—horse-jockies, and—and—gamblers, I'm afraid! Oh, dear! And I'm getting worried about Jemmy. He had trouble with the teacher, and has been home from school now for three weeks, and his father won't make him go back; says the teacher is a cross old hunk, and not fit for the place. And now he goes idling about spending his time in the barroom or with the stable boys. He 'll go to ruin if something is n't done."

Richard looked very grave. There was so little in common between him and his brother, that they had been for a long time getting farther apart, and now they rarely met.

"The sooner this tavern-keeping is broken up, the better," he said, after a long silence. "I can't help you now, Katy, but when things come all to the worse I'll do the best I can for you. If I had Jemmy all to myself in the mill, I am sure I could make something of him. But as things are, there's no use talking about that; Jacob would n't give his consent."

Poor Katy went home but little comforted; and Richard had a weight of concern laid on his heart that was not to be shaken off.

Later in the day Richard was surprised again—this time by a visit from his brother, who had not been at the mill for over two years. Jacob wanted him to go on his note for three hundred dollars.

"I shall be sold out by the sheriff if you do n't do it," he said, after a hurried statement of his affairs and the pressing need of money that was upon him.

Richard was silent for a long time, trying to see what it was best for him to do.

"Let the tavern go, Jacob," he said at length. "It has cursed you from the beginning, and will curse you ten-fold in your boys, if you keep it. A sheriff's sale, if it must come to that, will, in my opinion, be the most fortunate thing that can happen to you."

Jacob started up all on fire with anger. He shook his clenched fist in his brother's face, and cursed him for a mean, selfish man.

A sheriff's sale did not take place. But Jacob gave up his inheritance in a compromise with his sporting creditors—gamblers—and went off to a new place, two or three hundred miles distant, and set up another tavern, but in a style far below that in which he had kept the 'Red Lion.'

Years passed, and no certain news from his brother and family came to Richard. Once or twice he wrote to him, but got no answer. A lonely man, working on steadily and patiently in his mill, the years crept over him and vied with the dusty atmosphere in which he dwelt in sprinkling his hair with grey. He was spoken of far and near as the old man at the mill; and the gossips for once had the truth when they told the story of his disappointed love, and the mistake of Katy.

Twenty years had gone since Jacob Cragan sold out the 'Red Lion' and went away. One evening late in November, Richard sat in his solitary home, while the wind and rain sobbed and sighed without, feeling more lonesome and disquieted than was usual with him. His thoughts had all gone out of his control, back thro' more than thirty years, and the image of Katy, in all the freshness and sweetness of girlhood, stood before him. He was stirred with feelings that he had believed dead and buried long ago. Then he thought of the fatal tavern which he had given up to his brother, and how it had blighted all of their lives.

"If I had kept it and closed it," he said in a kind of bitter self-accusation, "it might have been so different."

He started and listened. A voice had faintly touched his ear. He rose up and moved toward the door. The voice came to him again, and then a low, answering voice. He threw the door wide open, and let the light stream out. Then he saw two women, closely wrapped up, coming in from the road through the little gate.

"Richard! oh, Richard!" one of them cried faintly, and tried to hurry forward, but stumbled and fell on the wet ground. In an instant she was lifted in his strong arms and carried into the house.

The voice—how like the old voice that had been for all these years the sound of music in his soul! But the face, when he looked into it, alas! how changed. Old, shrunken, faded—even haggard! What a wreck! What a transformation!

"I have come here to die, Richard. I have no right, but—"

Sobs choked the voice.

"Hush, Katy." Then, "Where is Jacob?"

"Dead."

"Dead?"

"Yes," in a steadier voice.

"How long since?"

"Not long; a month. This is Katy, my youngest child. You never saw her before."

Richard looked into the girl's face, as the light fell upon it, and trembled. He was back again through thirty years, and Katy, in the sweet May time of life, stood before him.

"Dear child!" said the old man, as he took her hand and kissed it tenderly.

The story that Richard heard that night was sad and sorrowful to the last degree. Both of his brother's sons grew up to be miserable drunkards, and died in the prime of manhood. Her eldest daughter married their bar-keeper, who broke her heart and then deserted her. She was now dead. Three children were left, and were now with the husband's parents, who were low people and not fit to have charge of them.

"There is room here for all," said Richard Cragan, when the sad history was told. He asked no particulars about his brother's life and death, and Katy did not intrude them.

A week later, and the last of another mortal life was closed. Dark and stormy had been the years that preceded this dying day, but as the sun drew near the western hills the clouds broke suddenly, and golden rays came flooding the earth and brightening all the air. All Richard Cragan could do to soften the pillow on which lay dying his early and only love, was done.

"They shall be mine," he said. "Your Katy shall be my Katy; and the children out west shall be my children."

And, smiling in gratitude and calm content, the woman died—died with a single draught from a cup that love had filled for her years ago, but which she had ruthlessly pushed aside for another that had only gall and wormwood.

Richard Cragan kept his word to the dying one. Katy's daughter and grandchildren were taken to his home. There presence gave new life to the old mill, and a new grace and charm to his dwelling that filled his soul with sweetness once dreamed of but never tasted before.

It was a pleasant sight to see them all together in the waning summer afternoons gather about the mill door, after the wheel was still, and the air no longer jarred by the rumble of machinery. There was peace and sweet content and hope for the young lives over which, when their morning broke, dark clouds hung and threatened.

BRADFORD COUNTY CASES ARGUED AT THE SUPREME COURT

Compiled from the Pennsylvania Reports, by R. A. MERCUR.

No. VI.

Ethan Baldwin vs. David Cash. 7. W. & S. 427. In Error.

The Act of the 29th of March, 1827, which requires the prothonotary to keep a docket in which all judgments shall be entered, does not impose any penalty upon the officer for receiving the fee provided by the Act to be paid, before the service is performed.

Baldwin, *in propria persona.*

Williston and Elwell, for defendant in Error.

Judgment affirmed.

The Towanda Bank vs. O. P. Ballard. 7. W. & S. 434.* In Error.

If a plaintiff bring several suits before a justice of the peace, founded upon several causes of action, which in the aggregate exceed in amount $100, and for which one suit might have been brought in the Court of Common Pleas, he will not be permitted to recover more than the costs of one suit, although he himself may be liable to the officers for all the costs which accrued.

Elwell and Williston, for plaintiff in error.

Watkins, for defendant in error.

Judgment reserved as regards the costs of the justice and prothonotary, so far as they can be charged to the defendant in these suits.

Ira H. Stephens, Sheriff of Bradford county, vs. the County of Bradford. 7. W. & S. 438. In Error.

The expenses of removing one who is convicted of forgery to the Eastern Penitentiary, must be paid out of the State Treasury, by the provisions of the Act of 23d April, 1829.

Sanderson, for plaintiff in error.

Elwell, for defendant in error.

Judgment affirmed.

Reuben Park's Appeal. 1. Barr. 164.

D. P. bequeathed as follows: "My sons, Joseph, Owen, and Warren, shall have $500 each, out of the old farm we now live on, and $150 each, as freedom, when they come of age." *Held*, that the legacies of $500 each were payable to the legatees out of the farm as early as practicable, and that the legacies of $150 each were to be paid when the legatees, respectively, came of age.

The case was submitted without argument.

No counsel named.

The decree of the court below is, therefore, affirmed.

David Cash's Appeal. 1. Barr, 166.

A lien creditor, who neglects to appeal from the distribution of a fund raised by execution of the debtor's land, cannot be relieved by this court, though it clearly appear that he was entitled to the money in contest.

Elwell, for appellant.

Decree affirmed.

Wm. L. Post vs. John Naglee et al. 1. Barr, 168. In Error.

Where an order to suspend proceedings on an execution is based on an arrangement between the prior and a subsequent judgment creditor, which fails, without the default of either of them, the priority of the first execution revives.

Case and Grenough, for plaintiff in error.

Elwell and Williston, for defendants in error.

Judgment reversed, and a *venire de novo* awarded.

James H. Phinney vs. George Tracy. 1. Barr, 173.* In Error.

A colourable assignment to make a legal plaintiff a witness, does not divest his interest. Every assignment is deemed colourable until the contrary appears.

The assignor of a chose in action, for which suit is brought, cannot be a witness for the assignee on the trial of the cause, unless the assignment were made in the usual course of business, and without any intention, either expressed or understood at the time, of supporting the claim by the oath of the assignor. The legal presumption, which is adverse to the admission of such testimony, must be rebutted by the most overwhelming proof; not the slightest doubt should be suffered to remain, that at the time of the contract there was no intention whatever entertained to support the claim by the oath of the assignor, nor any such necessity supposed to exist. Indeed, it should not be permitted that the assignor of a chose of action should support it by his own oath. In that respect, the creditor and debtor ought in all justice to be placed on precisely the same footing; both should be allowed to testify, or neither.

Overton, for plaintiff in error.

Elwell and Williston, for defendant in error.

Judgment affirmed.

Abel Fairchild et al. vs. Cæsar Laurent Comte de Chastelleleux. 1. Barr, 176.* In Error.

Under a deed of conveyance of lands to husband and wife in fee, they hold not in moieties, but in entireties; each has an entirety of interest with the right of survivorship, so that neither can convey any part thereof without the consent of the other. In such case, the husband may maintain, in his own name, *an action of trespass, quare clausum fregit*, for cutting down and carrying away timber.

Case, for plaintiffs in error.

Elwell and Williston, for defendant in error.

Judgment affirmed.

Julius S. Holden vs. Francis Cole et al. 1. Barr, 303.* In Error.

Without an order of the Quarter Sessions, supervisors of the highways have no authority either to open a temporary way for the public, in a case of sudden necessity, thro' private property, or to correct errors in the opening of an old one.

Unless an exception be taken at the trial, the president's charge, filed pursuant to request made on the following day, is not a subject for the assignment of error.

Holden, *in propria persona.*

Elwell, for defendants in error.

Judgment affirmed.

McDuffie vs. Bartlett. 3. Barr, 317. In Error.

Two creditors claiming the same fund, one as the creditor of M. J. C. & Co., and the other under C. & C., there being evidence that they were composed of the same persons, and known under the different names; it was left to the jury to decide that fact. Where there is a judgment against M. J. & Co., and the creditor has a priority under an execution on the property of that firm, he retains it, though he does not show his claim was on a partnership transaction, the presumption being that it was.

Overton, for plaintiff in error.

Adams and Elwell, for defendant in error.

Judgment affirmed.

Wells vs. Bentley. 3. Barr, 324. In Error.

The approval of a bond to take the benefit of the insolvent law by the prothonotary, is intended for the benefit of creditors; and where it was done by the deputy, and the party had been discharged from arrest, and the bond subsequently forfeited, they may waive the defect and maintain an action.

Baird and Elwell, for plaintiff in error.

Watkins, for defendant in error.

Judgment reversed, and *venire de novo* awarded.

Edmund Sickler et al. vs. Edward Overton. 3. Barr, 325.* In Error.

Venditioni exponas amendable by the precipe, by inserting the name of the defendants during the trial of an ejectment under the sheriff's deed; and a sale under such a writ passes the title.

Elwell, for plaintiffs in error.

Overton, for defendant in error.

Judgment affirmed.

Ramsdale vs. Horton. 3. Barr, 330* In Error.

A., being the debtor of B., at his request, promised to pay the amount of his indebtedness to C., who was a creditor of B. C., cannot sue A., unless he has accepted him as a debtor in lieu of B.

Nor is it material that A. has attempted to make payment, which was partially void, being in a forged bank note. Payment in counterfeit bank paper is a nullity.

Watkins and Baird, for plaintiff in error.

Adams, for defendant in error.

Judgment affirmed.

Edward Overton vs. Francis Tyler et al. 3. Barr, 346.* In Error.

An instrument having the usual words of a note payable to bearer, and in addition an authority to any attorney to enter a judgment in favor of the holder for the amount of the note with costs, coupled with a release of errors, and a waiver of stay of execution, and of the right to an inquisition and appraisement, *is not a negotiable note*, and consequently an execution may issue on a judgment (previously confessed) on the day after the day fixed for payment, —the drawer not being entitled to the days of grace.

Case and Overton, for plaintiff in error.

Elwell and Williston, for defendants in error.

Judgment affirmed.

[Those marked with a star are leading cases.]

[For the REPORTER.]

REVIEW OF W. H. THOMPSON.

"Sense foils fury as the blowing whale
Spouts, bleeds, and dyes the waves without avail;
Wears out the cable's length that makes him fast,
But worn at length comes up *harpooned* at last."

—*Pilgrim of Glencoe.*

MR. EDITOR: W. H. Thompson, Esq., seems to take it in high dudgeon, is very much offended—blows and spouts like a wounded whale, strikes at our boat with his tail—goes at another with his mouth wide open to chaw it up, because any one *dares* presume to call in question *any* statement he may have made.

But a man who would climb to lofty heights, be gazed and wondered at by the multitude, honored with the office of President or Governor, must expect to be criticised, and it will do him no good to get mad about it. If the little gnats do hum and buzz about his ears occasionally, he will have to stand it. If he don't take the Presidential chair when Gen. Grant goes out of office, he can well afford to wait till 1880 at least.

Now, Mr. Editor, in regard to the lecture at Ulster, it was almost *universally* condemned by the teachers present, for the sentiments advocated; a few, a *very few* asked for its publication in the REPORTER.

And Mr. Thompson, who had been waiting and watching for the first breeze of popular applause, jumped at the chance to spread his peacock plumes before the world.

He reminds one of a little boy fishing with a pin-hook—his eyes shine and glisten with anxious expectation, and at the first nibble he hauls away with all his might, and glories in his success, no matter whether his game be a gudgeon or a flounder. If it is a toad-fish, it is all the same to Mr.