The Bradford Reporter.

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

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TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

THE BRADFORD REPORTER is published every Thursday Morning by J. W. ALVORD at Two Dollars per annum 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.

LOCAL NOTICES, same style as reading matter, 10 CENTS a line.

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1 inch	$1.50	3.00	5.00	8.00	10.00
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3 inches	2.50	[illegible]	10.00	13.00	20.00
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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—CASH IN ADVANCE.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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

DR. T. B. JOHNSON, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office over Dr. H. C. Porter & 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. WOODRUFF, 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] T. M'PHERSON.

H. B. McKEAN, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Towanda, Pa. Particular attention paid to business in the Orphans' Court. July 20'66

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

W. H. CARNOCHAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW—District Attorney for Bradford County, Troy, Pa. Collections made and promptly remitted. [ab 18 '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 Alumium bases. Teeth extracted without pain. Oct23'69

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 8 '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. apl14'70
E. OVERTON, JR. W. C. ELSBREE.

JOHN W. MIX,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, TOWANDA, PA.
Special attention given to claims against Insurance Companies. Office, North side of Public Square. [apl 8'73.

W. H. THOMPSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, WILKES-BARRE, PA. Will attend to all business entrusted to his care, in Bradford, Sullivan and Wyoming Counties. Office, north Pavilion, Porter's Block. [Nov 19 '74.

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

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

PEET & DAVIES, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, MERCUR'S BLOCK,
Apr 1' 4. 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*.

M. DL. DODSON, DENTIST. On and after Sept. 21, may be found in the elegant new rooms on 2nd floor of Dr. Pratt's new office on State St. east. Business solicited. Sept. 3 '74-tf.

DR. A. G. BUSH,
CAMPTOWN, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA.
Treats Chronic Diseases by new methods. May be consulted by letter. [Aug. 6, '74

J. E. SPALDING,
COUNTY SURVEYOR OF BRADFORD COUNTY.
Office at Register and Recorder's office, Towanda, Pa., where he may be found when not professionally engaged. Aug 27 '74 3m

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOHN DUNFEE, BLACKSMITH, MONROETON, PA., pays particular attention to Jobbing, Shoeing, Wagon Stocks, &c. Fire-set and repairing done on short notice. Work and Charges guaranteed satisfactory. 12,15,69

AMOS PENNYPACKER, HAS again established himself in the CLOTHING 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, TOWANDA, PA.
may 23'70—tf

BARTLETT & TRACY, GENERAL INSURANCE AGENTS AND REAL ESTATE BROKERS, TOWANDA, PA. Oct. 30, 1873.

THE UNDERSIGNED ARCHITECT AND BUILDER, wishes to inform the citizens of Towanda and vicinity, that he will give his personal attention to drawing plans, designs and specifications for all manner of buildings, private and public. Superintendence given for reasonable compensation. Office at residence, S. E. corner of Second and Elizabeth streets.
J. E. FLEMMING.
[ap 15 '71 Box 711, Towanda, Pa.

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

G. W. HEATH
Has resumed the business of Manufacturing and Repairing all kinds of
FARMING MILL PICKS, MADE AND DRESSED
He also makes the Best STRAW CUTTER now in use. All orders filled promptly, at
MEANS & ROCKWELL'S CO., TOWANDA, PA.
Jan 14 '74.tm

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

Miscellaneous.

CHURCH, SOCIETY AND OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.—The following directory is published for the information of the public. We will thank our friends for notifying us of any errors they may discover:

BAPTIST CHURCH—Main Street, below Washington. Services Sunday at 10½ A.M. and 7½ P.M. Sunday School at 12 o'clock. Prayer Meeting Thursday evening. Pastor, Rev. S. J. LUSK.

EPISCOPAL CHURCH—Cor. Main and Canal Streets. Services Sunday at 10½ A.M. and 7½ P.M. Sunday School at 12:15 P.M. Rev. CHARLES E. MCILVAINE, Pastor.

M.E. CHURCH—Main Street, above State. Services Sunday at 10½ A.M. and 7½ P.M. Prayer Meeting Thursday evening. Sunday School at 12 o'clock. Pastor, Rev. M. C. DEAN.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Court Street, near Court House. Services Sunday at 10½ A.M. and 7 P.M. Prayer Meeting Thursday evening. Sunday School 12 M. Pastor, Rev. J. S. STEWART.

S.S. PETER AND PAUL—Services every two weeks, at 9 and 11 A.M. and 7½ P.M. Sunday School at 4 P.M. Pastor, Rev. PATRICK TONER.

A.M.E. CHURCH—State Street, above Second.—Preaching Sundays at 10½ A.M. and 7½ P.M. Sunday School at 1 P.M.

A.Y.M.—NORTHERN COMMANDERY, K.T., No. 16.—Masonic Hall, over Patch's store, at 7 P.M. J. C. IRVING, E.C.

UNION LODGE, No. 108.—Once in two weeks at 7 P.M. J. C. IRVING, W.M.

H.R.A.A. CHAPTER, No. 61.—Once in two weeks, at 7 P.M. GEO. F. GROS, H.P.

I.O.O.O.F.—BRADFORD LODGE, No. 167.—Odd Fellows' Hall, over Frost & Sons' Furniture Rooms. Meets every Monday evening at 7 o'clock. WM. JONES, N.G. WARREN HILL, Sec.

BRADFORD ENCAMPMENT, No. 41.—Meets second and fourth Wednesday evening of each month. WM. SNYDER, C.P., WARREN HILL, H.P., WM. JONES, Scribe.

K. OF P.—TOWANDA LODGE, No. 291.—Meets every Tuesday evening in Temperance Hall, 7½ o'clock. J. P. VANFLEET, W.C.

K.O.R.C.—TOWANDA LODGE, No. 370.—Meets second and fourth Thursday of each month. JOSEPH MIDGLY, S.K.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

President Judge—Hon. P. D. MORONEY, Towanda.
Associate Judges—Hon. S. D. HARKNESS, Springfield; Hon. C. N. BEVIER, Towanda.
District Attorney—J. B. BEVIER, Athens.
Prothonotary and Clerk of Courts—BENJ. M. PECK.
Register and Recorder and Clerk of the Orphans' Court—D. J. CHURBUCK.
Sheriff—J. MONROE SMITH.
Commissioners—MORRIS SHEPARD, Wells; BENJ. KEYES, Sidney, Towanda; ADAM SNELL, Towanda.
Jury Commissioners—B. F. ENAPP, Columbia; C. E. FERGUSON, Litchfield.
Treasurer—MATTHEW MARSHALL; Deputy, HIRAM DESHER, Towanda.
Auditors—A. R. BROWN, Herrick; IRA CRANE, South Creek; E. B. DELAND, North Towanda.
Counsel—PECK & DAVIES.
Physician—I. N. D. S. PRATT.

TOWANDA BOROUGH OFFICERS.

Burgess—JAMES BRYANT.
Councilmen—JAMES BRYANT, JOHN D. MONTANYE, J. M. WARD, JAMES MCABEE, T. R. JORDAN, E. T. FOX, D. S. PRATT, T. M. WOODRUFF.
Sec'y and Treasurer—JOSEPH KINGSBURY.
Justices of Peace—W. L. BOGART, S. C. HOD.
Constables—JOHNSON WELLS, L. T. ROUSE.
Policemen—M. S. OGDEN, JAMES C. IRVING.
School Directors—J. A. CODDING, President of Board; N. HOD, Treasurer; J. P. VANFLEET, Sec'y; S. W. LOVO, J. N. CALIFF, JOHN H. LEWIS.
Overseers of Poor—Dr. J. W. LYMAN, WM. MIX.
Auditors—WM. S. VINCENT, J. A. RECORD, GEO. RUPERT.
Assessor—JAMES H. NEVINS.

FIRE COMPANIES.

Engineer—Chief, H. H. PATCH; Assistant, MARLON CROSS.
Franklin Steam Fire Engine Co., No. 1.—Meets first Wednesday evening in each month in Borough Engine House. I. B. HUMPHREY, President; J. CANDLIN, Jr., Sec'y.
Neptune Engine Co., No. 2.—Meet first Monday evening in each month, in Borough Engine House. E. B. STINE, President; H. F. FROST, Sec'y.
Linda Steam Fire Engine Co., No. 3.—Meet first Tuesday evening in each month, in Linda Engine House. C. A. PACKER, President; R. A. MERCUR, Sec'y.
Mantua Hook and Ladder Co., No. 4.—Meets first Wednesday evening in each month, in Borough Engine House. JAMES H. NEVINS, President; E. C. BEVISS, Sec'y.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

TOWANDA POST-OFFICE.—Mails going South close at 9:30 A.M. and 9 P.M. Going North, at 10:15 A.M. and 4:30 P.M. Arrive from North at 10:30 A.M. and 4:30 P.M.; from South 5:15 P.M. and 3:30 A.M.

Barclay mail closes at 1 P.M.; arrives at 6.30 P.M.

S. & E. closes at 2.30 P.M.; arrives at 10:30 A.M.

Troy closes at 8 A.M.; arrives at 1 P.M.

Le Raysville closes at 1 P.M.; arrives at 12 M.

New Era arrives Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 12 M.; departs at 1 P.M.

Mehoopany arrives Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 12 M.; departs at 1 P.M.

Sheshequin arrives Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 10 A.M., departs at 12 M.

S. W. ALVORD, P.M.

BUILDING ASSOCIATIONS.

Mutual Building and Saving Fund Association.—Meets in Grand Jury Room for payment of installments, third Monday in the month, from 5 to 7 P.M. N. B. PECK, Jr., President.

Towanda Building Association.—Meets in Grand Jury Room for payment of installments, fourth Monday in each month, from 5 to 7 P.M. JOSEPH POWELL, President.

NO TICK HERE!

But the very best grade of all kinds kept by any first class grocer, and sold Down, Down, Down,

STRICTLY FOR CASH!

The choicest

TEAS, SPICES, SYRUPS
MOLASSES, SUGARS,
COFFEES, &c.,

Received Daily, Fresh from the New York Market, and bought at the very lowest cash prices.

Having been engaged for the last three years with a first class Wholesale grocer in New York, I have facilities for buying as cheap as that house does, and can GUARANTEE FOR ALL CASH BUYERS, TO CALL AND

SEE MY STOCK AND PRICES

Before purchasing elsewhere.

I will pay CASH for Produce.

M. B. OWEN,
RED, WHITE AND BLUE STORE, BRIDGE-ST
Towanda, Nov. 25, 1874.

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.
Towanda, Jan 24'71. T. B. JORDAN, Proprietor.

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.

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 travelling public to give him a call—no pains will be spared to render their stay comfortable. People on 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, Proprietor.
Sept 4, 1873

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 6', 1872. D. W. SCOTT & CO.

Selected Poetry.

TO A CHRISTMAS PUDDING.

Orb from a chaos of good things evolved,
Rounded, while plastic, in a tightened rag;
Globe whose creation's not in doubt involved,
Whose mold and matrix was a pudding bag,
No sphere of which astronomy can brag
Compares with thine. Perchance the sun may be
A world half fire, half scoria and slag,
Or it may not; what is the sun to me,
Since for my system's centre I have thee.

I know thy "elements"—when mixed and how—
Work of a culinary Providence.
Methinks I see the raw materials now,
Fluid and solid, to a batter dense
Turned by the cook's supreme intelligence."
Such was thy origin. Upon my life,
In thy concoction there was common sense.
Toward thee I yearn, thou orb with richness rife,
"Planned, ordered, and perfected" by my wife.

Probers of earth, geologists, avaunt!
With all your strata—granite, flint, or slate;
Look at this "fissure," as with knife aslant
Thy "spotted globe" I glibly excavate.
Where's your "formation of remotest date,"
Compared with this but now together thrown?
Behold the "specimen" upon my plate!
Is it not worth—the soft impeachment own—
Tons of your "hard-pan" and your "pudding stone?"

Sir Isaac Newton was a wondrous man,
So was Galileo, ditto Tycho Brahe;
Persons that knew of orbs the girth and span,
And how to cook the public up a star.
But can they make a good plum-pudding? ah!
What was their space of learning good for? say?
What use to us are twinkling spheres afar?
From "Charles' Wain" our beeves derive no hay,
The "Dipper's" empty, dry the "Milky Way."

Send your philosophers with me to dine,
I'll teach them something that will do them good—
How to enjoy a meal of proper kind;
And, that a dinner, rightly understood,
Is not (Heaven bless us!) a mere mass of food,
But Taste's rich offering, worth it's weight in gold.

Meanwhile, my dinner waits—I must conclude.
Orb of my heart! mourns that monarchs hill
Are worth one segment from thy circle rolled.

Miscellanous.

CYRUS FORD'S TEMPTATION.

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

"You'll be expecting company to-day, sir?"

Simon Clayton looked over the top of the newspaper he was reading, to see his housekeeper waiting for an answer.

"Why to-day?" he said, in a surly tone, as if annoyed at the interruption. "Why to-day, more than any other day? Do I ever have company?"

"But it is Thanksgiving Day, sir, and most folks have their kin around them, or perhaps you are going out amongst your own relatives?"

"No! I have no kin! There is no relative of mine with whom I break bread, either on this day or any other."

The newspaper screen came between the master of the house and the old housekeeper once more, but it could not quite shut from his ears the murmur of the good woman, as she left the room:

"Dear, dear! What a pity! And so rich, too!"

Simon Clayton was roused from thought by a knock at the door, and in answer to "Come in," a lad entered carrying a letter. It was a brief letter, scarcely more than a note, reading:

"DEAR SIMON: I am dying, and I may call you so now, will give a helping hand to my son who will bring this to you after I have left this world. Five children lay beside my husband in the churchyard, but my youngest, Cyrus, my only one, sits beside me while I write. We have scarcely enough of worldly wealth to save me from a pauper's grave, and send my son to you; but by your old love, Simon, I implore you to help him to obtain an honest employment. I have been a true wife and a good mother, as far as I could, Simon, yet on my deathbed I know that my only love was given to you when they carted us, and will be yours if we meet in another world. MINNIE."

There was deep silence in the room as Simon Clayton read the letter, and he was forced to wait many minutes before his voice would obey him to ask: "Your mother is dead?"

"She died in the summer, sir."

"Why have you waited so long to come to me?"

"It took all we had to pay our debts and the funeral expenses and I had to work to earn my travelling money to come from Illinois."

"You want employment now?"

"I shall be very grateful, sir, if you will help me to find work."

"To-day is a holiday. You will be my guest for the present, and I will see what I can do for you."

As Simon Clayton spoke, he reached out his hand and touched a bell upon the table near him. His housekeeper answered the summons.

"You see I have company, Mrs. Gray," he said, and the housekeeper wondered at the change in his face and voice, lacking all severity, yet so sad. "You will have a room made comfortable for Mr. Ford."

The woman courtesied and was gone, and Simon questioned his young guest. His eyes were misty more than once over the straightforward story of privation the boy told, his evident devotion to his mother, who had been widowed when he was a baby. It was not difficult to see that the boy, ground down by poverty, had yet a craving for education, and had profited by all his mother could teach him. His very touch upon the books on the table, his eyes, when they rested upon the well filled bookcase, told the brain hunger better than spoken words. So before Mrs Gray called them to dinner, Simon Clayton was planning the lad's future as his adopted son.

True Thanksgiving fare the kind-hearted housekeeper had prepared for the unexpected guest, and Simon Clayton's heart was nearer thankful prayer than it had been for many long years, as he looked at the bright, grateful face opposite to him, and knew Minnie's child looked up to him for kindness and protection.

Before a week had passed the lad was entered as a student in one of the city colleges, living with his new friend.

"You had better call me Uncle Simon," the latter had said to him, "for your mother was dearer than a sister to me, my boy, and if the people who hear you think you are my nephew, leave all explanations to me."

But the world troubled itself very little about Simon Clayton's new relative, some of the more kindly-hearted hoping he would have comfort in the lad; others pitying poor Laura, whose chance of forgiveness seemed lessened by the arrival of this handsome boy.

Four years glided by uneventfully and happy. The stern old man seemed to renew his youth in his intercourse with the son Minnie had sent to him, the talented scholar who was winning college honors, and who kept himself singularly pure in the whirl of the great city's vices.

The fatherly love that Simon Clayton had thought buried in the graves of his own boys at Greenwood, sprang to new life and vigor, as Cyrus gained a firm stand in his heart. He kept the boy from the temptations of vicious company by giving him free permission to extend the hospitalities of his home to his fellow students, and the boy's own refined instincts led him to seek only the association of gentlemen. His love of animals being discovered, he became the possessor of a fine horse. He was encouraged to join a boat club, and Simon himself accompanied him to such places of amusement as he desired to visit. Yet, suddenly lifted from poverty to riches, from bitter self-denial to an indulgence of every wish, from the necessity of bread winning to the supply of riches, Cyrus Ford was not spoiled.

With his heart full of gratitude, he looked upon all his opportunities for improvement as a preparation for making his own way in the world. He was studying law, and he studied with the thought that his daily bread would soon depend upon his legal knowledge. The idea of ever inheriting any portion of the wealth that was smoothing his path in college, never presented itself to his mind, and his almost constant thought of future prosperity, resting upon his own exertions, was the hope of one day proving his gratitude by repaying the money spent so freely for him, though he could never by a lifetime of devotion return the fatherly love and kindness lavished upon him.

He had heard of Laura Clayton from one of those dear friends who try to poison all happiness by anticipations of misery.

"You had bet er keep on the right side of your uncle by never contradicting him," this friend had told him; "he was awfully fond of his daughter, but he never forgave her for marrying against his will."

"I thought his children were all dead," was the reply.

"Not at all. Mrs. Cameron lives in a little room in Pearl street, and runs a sewing machine for a living. She has one daughter, but all the rest are dead. Hard lines, ain't it, sewing for a living when her father is rolling in wealth?"

"In Pearl street!"

"Yes. She makes my shirts, so I keep her address. She is a—No.—, Pearl."

The conversation left a deep impression upon Cyrus Ford. Once, in the generous impulse of youth, he had approached the subject with his adopted uncle, but he was so sternly silenced that he never dared speak again the name of the disobedient daughter. In October, when his twenty-first birthday came, Simon Clayton led the young man one morning to his library.

"Cyrus," he said, "you are a man to-day, and you have a right to know what are my intentions regarding you. In the course of the next year you will be admitted to the bar, and I shall make you the agent of my property. Together we will go over all my investments, and you will be able to relieve me of some burden of care, as well as to learn where your own property will one day lie. For to-day I make my will, and you will be my sole heir. Not a word! Your mother gave you to me! Be my loving son, Cyrus, it is all I ask of you."

"Your daughter—"

"Not a word of her! She died to me fourteen years ago."

The tone was so stern, Cyrus could only bow his head in silence, and register a vow in his heart that his life service should never waver toward his benefactor.

It seems a sudden adoption when told in the limits of my story; but, in truth, it was no caprice that influenced Simon Clayton in his resolve. During four years of constant intercourse, he studied Cyrus Ford with the close scrutiny of a stern nature, soured by many disappointments, and keenly alive to every defect in human nature.

He found in the closest study of the young *protegee*, so unexpectedly placed in his care, no deceit, no time serving, no servility. An honorable ambition, a respectful gratitude that was never favoring nor cringing, and upright integrity, and a close attention to the studies that were no child's task for country-bred brains, all wakened the respect of the old man. His love was more easily won. Minnie's son, looking into his face with Minnie's great, tender eyes, moved his heart to affection before the first hour of intercourse was over; and, once given, the affection never wavered, growing stronger with every day's intercourse, till the gnawing pain for his own boys gone was lost in the love for the son sent to comfort his old age.

Thanksgiving came again—the fourth since Cyrus Ford came to Clayton—and with it came a sorrow. For the first time in his life, Simon Clayton felt the pressure of physical pain. He had been a model of manly strength during the entire sixty years of his life, but some unwonted exposure had brought on an attack of fever that, setting its fangs deep in the strong frame, brought it very nigh the grave. Cyrus had been watching all night when thanksgiving day dawned clear and bright, though the first fall of snow lay upon the streets. The invalid, turning restlessly upon the pillow, spoke of some unfinished business his illness had delayed, and seemed to have his intellect clearer than at any time before during his illness.

"I wish you would call upon Hoskins this morning, Cyrus," he said. "I want him to understand about the lease of those Grand street stores, before the last of the month. You have the papers ready?"

"All ready, sir. But are you well enough for me to leave you?"

"Yes. I shall feel better when that is settled."

It was a relief to be out in the crisp, cold air, after the long confinement in a close room, and Cyrus felt light hearted in a certainty that his friend was better. Surely this attention to business was a good symptom, and the fever was certainly gone. Mrs. Grey was a good nurse, and there was no especial bury; so after settling the business with Hoskins, Cyrus came leisurely up Broadway. It was full of holiday seekers, many of the stores being closed, and the clerks and saleswomen in their best attire going to family gatherings. Cyrus was thinking of the day four years ago, when he came friendless and lonely to the great city, when, just before him, a girl hurrying past with a large bundle slipped upon the frozen pavement, and fell heavily to the ground. In a moment Cyrus was bending over her, helping her to rise; but her ankle was sprained, and she would have fallen again but for his arm.

"I am afraid you cannot walk," he said kindly, noting with deep pity her thin garments, her pinched features, and the look of pain upon her face.

"I must try," she answered, stooping to secure the big bundle.

"Lean upon me," he said, taking the burden from her. "You cannot," he said, as the effort to put the injured foot down brought an ashy paleness to her very lips. "I will call a cab."

"No, no! I have no money!"

Again the deadly pallor gathered on cheek and lips till Cyrus lifted her gently into the cab that came at his call.

"Where shall I take you?" he asked.

"To No.—, Pearl street."

Directing the cabman, Cyrus got into the cab, with a face almost as pale as the one beside him. The number was the same his friend had mentioned as the address of Simon Clayton's daughter, and looking attentively under the shabby bonnet, Cyrus saw that the face, pale and thin, was yet that of a child of not more than thirteen summers. When the cab stopped before the tall, narrow tenement house, the young man lifted his charge in his strong arms, and bidding her hold fast to the big bundle, carried her to the room to which she directed him.

It was a poor room, shabby to the extreme of shabbiness, with no romantic air of poverty, but the real facts of extreme penury staring the beholder in the face. A woman, pale and emaciated, was stitching upon a sewing machine, but came forward trembling when Cyrus entered with the child.

"Do not be frightened," he said, "it is only a sprained ankle. I will send you a doctor if you will tell me for whom he is to inquire."

"Mrs. Cameron. O, Dollie, child are you much hurt?"

"My foot aches," the child said, "but the gentleman has been so kind. The work is here mother."

"I will send a doctor," Cyrus said, hastily putting the child upon the bed, "he had better come at once."

As he spoke he slipped a note for fifty dollars into Dollie Cameron's hand and left the room before she could speak. It was too bitter. He could not realize it at once, but the cruel truth pressed harder and harder as he neared home. This was the child and grandchild of Simon Clayton, starving in an attic, while he commanded their rightful inheritance.

Mrs. Grey met him at the door with a pale, frightened face. There had been a sudden change for the worse since he had left, and Simon Clayton was sinking fast. Hurrying to the room, Cyrus found the news only too true. Eagerly the dying man welcomed him. He had forgotten all business cares, but he craved the love of his adopted son.

"It is Thanksgiving day," he said, when they had talked a little while, "the day for the forgiveness of injuries. Cyrus, I would I knew where Laura is to-day. I have destroyed all letters from her, lest all clue to her. She may be poor, Cyrus. She may long for her father's forgiveness. My poor Laura! I had never crossed her, Cyrus, and she did not think I would be unforgiving. I could die easier if I could tell her that I forgive her."

Cyrus did not speak. Literally he could not. All those gasping words implied pressed upon his brain with relentless clearness. Laura at home, Laura forgiven, meant the loss of all the fair inheritance now his own. He could provide handsomely for the widow and her child when he was the heir, and he was surely better fitted to manage a great estate than a weak woman.

Simon Clayton did not notice the silence that fell upon the room while Cyrus wrestled with the bitter temptation in his heart. He was very weak, and time was short for prayer and preparation for eternity, so the silence suited him well. But when the very sound of his breathing was audible in the stillness, he sighed as if from a breaking heart, "My poor Laura!"

Like clouds dispersed by sunlight, the shadows of evil sped from Cyrus Ford's heart.

"Uncle Simon" he cried, "I can bring Laura to you if you wish."

The dying man expressed no surprise. The end was to near for that. It seemed nothing strange to him that his strong dying wish should be answered.

"You can find her? Bring her quickly, Cyrus, or you will be too late. But before you go, give me my desk, and send Mrs. Grey to me."

"Shall I open your desk?"

"Yes; I only want my will. She is my only child, Cyrus," he said pleadingly.

"And if this is destroyed she will have her rightful inheritance," said Cyrus. "Shall I lay it here on the live coals?"

"Yes. God will give me an hour or two more of life. Burn it Cyrus, and send at once for Mr. Pearsons."

So, while the flames curled over the paper that would have made him master of nearly a million dollars, Cyrus Ford started to bring Laura Cameron to her father, and sent his lawyer to the dying man. But few words sufficed to explain his errand. Dollie was carefully carried to the easy carriage in waiting and after a long drive the stately house was reached when twilight was settling over the great city.

It was thoroughly in keeping with the delicate instincts of Cyrus Ford's character that he sent Laura alone to her father, while he carried Dollie into the parlor, and made her comfortable upon a sofa. The gray, pale child looked earnestly into his face.

"Do you live here with my grandfather?" she asked.

"I have lived here for four years. I ate my first meal here on Thanksgiving Day four years ago."

"Thanksgiving Day! We meant to make a little holiday, too; but I was not paid for the work I took home, and I hurt my foot. I was not in a very thankful frame of mind before I met you, and you were so kind and generous!"

"I hope this will be the first of many thankful days for you," he answered. "Your mother will not leave her home again, I trust."

There was still a long talk before they were summoned to the sick room. Here the reconciliation had been perfect, and Dollie was placed in an arm-chair where her grandfather could look upon her face.

"You will trust everything to Cyrus, Laura," her father said. "He knows how all my property is invested. Cyrus, you will be faithful to my child?"

"God deal with me as I am faithful to your trust," was the solemn reply.

Before midnight, surrounded by those he loved, Simon Clayton died. Not until three days later, when the funeral was over, did Cyrus know that Mr. Pearson had made a new will, while he was seeking Laura Cameron. By this will he became heir to half of Simon Clayton's estate, the other half and all personal property becoming Laura's.

My story may not end here. Five years later, on Thanksgiving Day, there was a wedding in the house where Simon Clayton had spent so many lonely days, and the bride groom was the rising young lawyer, Cyrus Ford, who wedded the grandchild of his benefactor, sweet Dollie Cameron.

FOOLISH HABITS.—Dr. Hall enumerates several practices of the careless public, which are sometimes as dangerous as foolish:

Walking along the streets with the point of an umbrella sticking out under the arm or over the shoulder. By suddenly stopping to speak to a friend, or other cause, a person walking in the rear had his brain penetrated through the eye, and died in a few days.

To carry a long pencil in vest or out side coat pocket. Not long since a clerk in New York fell, and his long cedar pencil so pierced an important artery that it had to be cut down from the top of the shoulder to prevent his bleeding to death.

To take exercise, or walk for the health, when every step is a drag, and instinct urges repose.

To guzzel down a glass of cold water on getting up in the morning, without any feeling of thirst, under the impression of the health giving nature of its washing-out qualities.

To sit down at the table and force yourself to eat, when there is not only no appetite, but a decided aversion to food.

To take a glass of soda, or toddy, or sangaree, or mint drops on a summer day, under the belief that it is safer and better than a glass of water.

To persuade yourself that you are destroying one unpleasant odor by introducing a stronger one; that is, to sweeten your unwashed garments and person by enveloping yourself in the fumes of musk, eau de cologne, or rose water; the best perfume being a clean skin and well washed clothing.

FLOGGING SCHOOLBOYS.—We once knew a man who set out to write a book entitled "Pedagogues who have Flogged Me." That book contained some of the liveliest recollections of his life. Time with all effacing sponge had rubbed out every remembrance of the "sums" he used to do; his history lesson had retreated into the dim past until they mingled themselves with fable and tradition in unresolvable nebulae; his spelling book had been thrown to the bat and owl; but the impression of his numerous floggings remained. He had classified his subject into "Deliberate Floggers," "Passionate Floggers," "Floggers for Fun," "Malicious Floggers," "Floggers with a Prologue," and "Pantomimic Floggers." He wrote rapidly, for he had a good command of language, and was never in want of facts. But after a while he began to grow nervous, and before he had finished a hundred pages he was an acute sufferer. He could feel the old welts rising again on his back in one vast smarting, tingling throbbing net work for rawness. Broad blisters actually came out on the palms of his hands. Several times he upset the table and spilled the ink over his manuscript by suddenly jerking up his knees, as if somebody with a lash had cut his bare ankles from behind. He could never hear a step beside him without involuntarily dodging his head and protecting it with his raised elbow. The strain upon his nervous system became too great, and he was obliged to desist. That manuscript is like the window in Aladdin's tower—no mortal man can ever finish it.—*Appleton's Journal.*

[FOR THE REPORTER.]

SKETCH OF THE EARLY DAYS OF PEEKSKILL AND VICINITY.

MR. EDITOR: As several of your readers have written me during the past two years, asking questions concerning the early history of this place and its surroundings; with your permission, I will answer them to the best of my ability, through the REPORTER, giving them the most reliable and trustworthy information, gleaned from history, and more especially from the lips of the older inhabitants here, for we have, fortunately, three or four "among the nineties," in age.

On the banks of the beautiful river which flows through these mountains, emigrants from Holland established themselves and the first Protestant church in North America. Before the revocation of the edict of Nantes, as early as 1625, some French families were mingled with the Dutch. The first white man that ever sailed up this river, was a Dutch navigator, Hendrick Hudson, and the first spot where he cast anchor, after leaving the mouth of the river, was off what is now called Verplank's Point—four miles below Peekskill.

The "Half Moon" was speedily surrounded by the canoes of the Highland Indians, drawn by curiosity and amazement at the strange appearance. One Indian, more adventurous than his fellows, made bold to crawl up the rudder into a cabin window, and then could not get back without stealing a pillow and other articles. The thief pulled off, but was pursued and shot; and in the *melee* that followed, the hand of a native, who had laid hold of the yawl, was severed with a sword. This was the first Indian blood, I know of, shed by the Dutch; but for this transaction in this vicinity, the Indians ever hated the white man.

Hudson was much impressed with the fact that in less than sixty miles the river shores rise from a few feet to the lofty height of fifteen hundred feet. This he thought ended his discovery, until, in searching, he found a passage, narrowing, deepening, and winding through the mountains. He proceeded as far as the site of Albany. Not long after, the tradition goes on, a Capt. Peeck, charmed by the accounts of Hudson, and having a mind to see for himself, attempted to follow in his wake. He too, found the mountains—these very mountains—but instead of the river passage, he boldly dashed up the broad creek just above here which, in fact, looks more like the river than the river itself. A few hundred yards, however, stopped his progress, and he returned, doubtless meditating on the marvelous deceptions of travelers' tales. To immortalize his penetrative genius, his name was given to the creek, as that of Hudson to the river, and this is said to be the origin of the name Peekskill, *kill* being the Dutch for creek. The Indian name was Sachoes.

On these hills they built their council fires and smoked their calumets of peace and war, long after they had left portions of the country up the river settled by the whites. One hundred and fifty years ago, this region was famous for its venison; but as that disappeared the sons of the forest moved off, till, about one hundred and twenty years ago, the last of them were rarely seen in these parts except in fishing time. Owing to these facts, I have no Indian massacres to chronicle, as the Susquehanna Valley had.

At an early date the farm houses sprang up here and there, the farmers paying rent in grain, which, in those days, I am told, often passed from hand to hand, as bank bills now do, instead of coin. The first attempt at a village was on the Peekskill creek which was then navigable much farther than it now is. The present village was founded in 1764. The first sloop was sailed from there