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LOCAL NOTICES, same style as reading matter, TWENTY CENTS A LINE.

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The Bradford Reporter.

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

VOLUME XXXVII. TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 23, 1876. NUMBER 22.

[illegible] terly changes.

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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.

Professional and Business Cards.

JAMES WOOD,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
mch9-76 TOWANDA, PA.

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

JOHN F. SANDERSON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
OFFICE.—Means Building (over Powell's Store).
mch9-76 TOWANDA, PA.

D. D. SMITH, DENTIST,
Towanda, Pa.
Office on Park street, north side Public Square, next to Elwell House. [mch9-76

S. W. & WM. LITTLE,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, TOWANDA, PA.
Office in Patten's Block, cor. Main and Bridge-Sts.
Towanda, Pa., April 18, '76.

H. STREETER.
LAW OFFICE,
aug20. TOWANDA, PA.

OVERTON & MERCUR,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
TOWANDA PA.
Office over Montanyes Store. [may675.
D'A. OVERTON. RODNEY A. MERCUR.

WM. MAXWELL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
OFFICE OVER DAYTON'S STORE, TOWANDA, PA.
April 12, 1876.

PATRICK & FOYLE,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.
Towanda, Pa.
Office, in Mercur's Block. jly17-73.

E. C. GRIDLEY.
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
April 1, 1873. TOWANDA, PA.

G. F. MASON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
TOWANDA PA.
Office first door south of C. B. Patch Esq., second floor. Nov. 18, '75.

E. L. HILLIS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Office with Smith & Montanye. [nov11-75.

GEORGE D. STROUD.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office on Main-st., two doors north of Ward House,
TOWANDA, PA.
Late of Philadelphia. Dec. 9, '75

J. ANDREW WILT,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR-AT-LAW,
Office over Cross' Book Store, two doors north of Stevens & Long Towanda, Pa. May be consulted in German. [April 12, '76.]

McPHERSOM & KINNEY,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA. Office in Tracy & Noble's Block.
Towanda, Pa., Jan. 10, 1876.

W. H. THOMPSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, WYALUSING, PA. Will attend to all business entrusted to his care in Bradford, Sullivan and Wyoming Counties. Office with Esq. Porter. [nov19-74.

L. ELSBREE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Oct14-75. TOWANDA, PA.

C. L. LAMB,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
WILKES-BARRE, PA.
Collections promptly attended to.
July 27, '76.

OVERTON & ELSBREE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, TOWANDA, PA. Having entered into co-partnership, offer their professional services to the public. Special attention given to business in the Orphan's and Register's Courts.
E. OVERTON, JR. (ap14-70) N. C. ELSBREE.

MADILL & CALIFF,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Office in Wood's Block, first door south of the First National Bank, up-stairs.
H. J. MADILL. [jan8-73ly] J. N. CALIFF.

JOHN W. MIX.
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
AND
U. S. COMMISSIONER,
TOWANDA, PA.
Office—North Side Public Square.
Jan. 1, 1875.

DAVIES & CARNOCHAN,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
MERCUR BLOCK
Dec 23-75. TOWANDA, PA.

H. PEET, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Is prepared to practice all branches of his profession.
Office, MERCUR BLOCK, (entrance on south side) TOWANDA, PA. [Jan6-76.

DR. S. M. WOODBURN, Physician and Surgeon. Office over O. A. Black's Crockery Store.
Towanda, May 1, 1872ly*.

F. D. PAYNE, M. D., can be consulted at Dr. H. C. PORTER'S Drug Store, from 10 to 12, A. M., and from 2 to 4, P. M. Special attention given to diseases of the Eye and Ear.
Towanda, Oct. 19, '76-tf.

DRS. JOHNSON & NEWTON. Physicians and Surgeons. Office over Dr. Porter & Son's Drug Store, Towanda, Pa.
T. B. JOHNSON, M. D. D. N. NEWTON, M. D.
jan1-75.

M. D. L. 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 Street. Business solicited.
Sept. 5-75tf.

W. B. KELLY, DENTIST.—Office over M. E. Rosenfield's, Towanda, Pa. Teeth inserted on Gold, Silver, Rubber, and Aluminum base. Teeth extracted without pain.
Oct. 24-72.

DR. C. M. STANLY, DENTIST, Having removed his Dental office into Tracy & Moore's new block, over Kent & Watrous' store, is now prepared to do all kinds of dental work. He has also put in a new gas aparatus.
may3675.

HALE & PATTON, Agents for CONNECTICUT MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.
Office No. 3 Griffith & Patton's Block, Bridge Sts.
March 26-74.

C. S. RUSSELL'S
GENERAL
INSURANCE AGENCY,
May28-70tf. TOWANDA, PA.

1864. 1876.
TOWANDA INSURANCE AGENCY.
Main Street, opposite the Court House.
NOBLE & VINCENT,
MANAGERS.

M. O. MOODY, BLACKSMITH. Does all kinds of work in his line.
HORSE-SHOEING A SPECIALTY.
Diseased feet treated. Manufactures the celebrated
CALIFORNIA PICK.
Shop on Plank Road, near old Agricult. Works.
Towanda Pa., Jan. 6, '76-tf.

INSURANCE AGENCY.
The following
RELIABLE AND FIRE TRIED
Companies represented:
LANCSHIRE,
PHŒNIX,
HOME,
MERCHANTS.
March [illegible] O. A. BLABK.

FREDERICK TAFT & CO.,
GENERAL PRODUCE COMMISSION
MERCHANTS,
NO. 9, Sth WATER STREET,
PHILADELPHAI,

REFERENCES:
HON. JUDGE TAFT, Secretary of War.
HENRY SANFORD, Esq.
Supt. Adams Express Co., New York.
JEREMIAH WALKER, Esq., Philadelphia.
HON. D. S. BENNETT, Buffalo, New York.
[illegible] BATES Corn Exchange, New York.
[illegible]

Taylor & Co.

TAYLOR & CO!

Are receiving, *this week*, a

LARGE AND ATTRACTIVE!

Assortment of

DRY GOODS

For the

FALL & WINTER SEASON

EVERY DEPARTMENT

IN OUR STORE

WILL BE FILLED WITH

DESIRABLE GOODS!

And we propose to sell them at

LOWER PRICES!

THAN HAVE YET BEEN

OFFERED IN THIS SECTION!

PLEASE CALL AND EXAMINE OUR STOCK.

TAYLOR & CO.

Towanda, Sept. 20, 1876.

Kent & Bliss.

NEW GOODS!

NEW GOODS!!

NEW GOODS!!!

KENT & BLISS

Have just received their first invoice of

FALL & WINTER GOODS!

All the new styles in

DRESS GOODS—DRESS GOODS,

&c, &c., &c.

We offer Bargnins

HERETOFORE UNEQUALE

CALL AND EXAMINE OUR S

And be convinced for yourselves.

KENT &

Towanda, Sept. 6, 1876.

ED!

STOCK

BLISS.

Original Poetry.

LINES

Affectionately Dedicated to the Memory of Jeannette Montanye, who died Saturday, Nov. 11, '76.

A swift-winged angel has been here,
And we have only heard
The autumn winds that swept the hills
And through the dead leaves stirred.
No mid-air voices broke the hush
Of suffering day or night,
No flaming words athwart the sky
Spake to the startled sight.

Only a stiller white beneath
The arch of parting hair,
Only a farther-reaching gaze,
Piercing the heavy air,
As if the haze and mists of life
Were lifted, and were gone,
And the fleet glance of searching love
Went on to God's white throne.

So still they come—these messengers
From the eternal fold;
So close they wrap our loved ones round
In the relentless cold,
That mortal vision backward starts
And quakes with gathering fear,
Lest the beloved go alone,
And find the pathway drear.

But the sweet lips so newly sealed
With the slow seal of death,
Leave soothing record of a faith
Warm with their parting breath,
That heaven, and rest, and blissful home,
Are sweetly, strangely near;
So close, the weak white hands we cross
Can almost bring them here.

So close, the dying pulses throb
With the immortal love,
And dying lips move to the tone
That swells the heavens above—
So close, the faces that were ours,
Smile from the other side,
Wooing us on like little ones,
Across the silent tide.

And so she went, the dearly loved,
Down the lone way to rest,
Leaning with childlike trust upon
The Shepherd's peaceful breast,—
Whispering soft words of tenderness,
For those she knew must weep,
Until He gave, who giveth e'er,
"To His beloved, sleep."

Dear heart, so warm, and brave, and true
To every human tie,
A sweet companionship of love
Is waiting thee on high;
The same sweet glance thy father smiled
Into thy childish face,
Shall warm the living rapture of
His welcoming embrace.

And she, o'er whom thy young soul bled,
With ceaseless, gnawing pain,
A bright-winged spirit,—thou shalt clasp
Within thy arms again.
Go home, sweet face, though all the years
Are dark for want of thee,
Go swiftly up the heavenly heights
Of thy eternity!

And when the wanting and the grief,
And all the pain is done,
God will bring peace to thee, thine own,
Safe gathered, one by one.
Poor hearts, that tend the lonely graves
And search the opening skies,
Ye know full well, when home lights dim,
Where fuller brightness lies.

L. W. L.

Miscellaneous.

OLD ABEL'S MILLSTONE.

BY MARIAN NORTHCOTT.

"Understand me, Abel; both my father and myself are perfectly satisfied with the amount already paid."

"Many thanks to you, sir, for the saying of it; but nothing short of the full sum will satisfy *me*. At the time (eight years ago next midsummer) it was reckoned at a hundred and fifty pounds, in round numbers. I mean to pay it every farthing, please heaven, if I live long enough. If I die afore, I hope Polly'll keep up the payment reg'lar."

"But really, Abel, I don't like taking this money. I am sure these payments must cripple you terribly."

"Never you mind that, Mr. Baker, junior. I feel something on my conscience which is worse than hunger or cold, and it won't be easy until I have paid you all. There's five pound ten, sir; not so much as last half-year, because of Polly's illness in the spring; but I hope to make it more next time. If you enter the sum in this book and add it up, you'll find it makes ninety pounds."

"Ninety pounds exactly. Well, if you insist on my taking the money, I suppose I must. Is your daughter married yet, Webb?"

"Not yet, sir."

"Likely to be?"

"Well, I'm afraid it's nigher than I like.

"What! you disapprove of her choice?"

"Oh, no, not a bit. Tom Smith's as good a fellow as ever lived. He'll get on, that boy will. He's sober, honest, and manly; and all that 'll tell in the long run. But I'd rather she hadn't anybody after her—leastways until the debt's squarred 'twixt you and me."

"A debt that as you know, we already consider discharged."

"But which I *don't*, Mr. Baker, junior. However, I'm a keeping you. Good-night, sir; and many thanks for your kindness."

With that Abel Webb retreats, hat in hand; and bowing to Baker junior with every backward step he takes, finds himself by and by at the half-glass door opening to the outer office. Arriving here he once more thanks the younger partner of Baker & Baker, wholesale druggists of Ipecacuanha-lane, Aldermanbury, and at last emerges into the crowded thoroughfare.

It is dusk of an October evening, and brisk dapper young men are hurrying along the narrow courts and alleys bent upon the delights of home or the intoxicating pleasures they expect to find elsewhere. The large warehouses are closed, and the gas burns but dimly in the grimy chambers appropriated to those whose duty it is to remain in the premises after business hours. Abel Webb takes scant notice of what is passing around him. He is a little man, poorly clad, upon whose shoulders fifty-five years of unremitting toil, anxiety, trouble, and heavy disappointment weighed heavily. His hair is white as the hoarfrost, and the wrinkles upon his forehead and the dark hollows beneath his eyes make him appear a far more older man than he really is; but despite his puny stature, his weather-beaten aspect, and the wrinkles of age, he is as hopeful in spirit as ever, while there rests upon his features an expression of patience and quiet determination, giving token that Abel Webb still thinks himself capable of many a tussle in the struggle for life.

Generally speaking, Abel cannot be considered a good walker, neither does he ordinarily whistle stirring national melodies as he elbows his way through the teeming streets. Yet whenever he pays his half-yearly visit to Baker junior, he seems to become imbued with fresh life, fresh hope, and increased strength. The patient old man recognizes the change himself, and joyfully feels that the millstone of debt, which has for so many years hung about his neck, is less heavy than before. Oh, how earnestly he hopes to live to free himself of his burden! A long, weary task is still before him; but he has learned from past experience how much may be accomplished by persevering application, and daily feels himself approaching nearer and nearer the purpose of his later life.

Away from the close thoroughfares of the city on to the Thames embankment. His walk has been long and fatiguing, and resting his arms upon the stone balustrade, he paused for a few moments with his eyes fixed upon the dark silent-flowing river. His recent conversation with Baker junior, fully occupies his mind as he thus pauses on his homeward journey; and upon the old man's flushed and wearied features there breaks a smile of self-satisfaction as the thought crosses him of what so many other men would have done had they been placed in his situation.

"A hundred and fifty pounds," he murmurs, as he looks out upon the sweep of waters before him—"and a lot of money, a lot of money! Easily squandered, but how difficult to save! A fortune to men like me. Honest Abel Webb the boys used to call me at school; honest Abel Webb I have been to my employers, and honest Abel Webb I'll try to be to the end of my days."

In no spirit of Pharisaic egotism does the old man thus address himself. Integrity, devotion, and truth are component parts of his nature. Briefly his life passes before him as the cool autumn breeze plays with his white locks, and he watches the flickering light by the river's bank. First he sees himself kneeling by his mother's side, and lisping a simple prayer; then, bending low his head, he feels her gentle loving hand, and hears her sweet voice pray that God will bless her child, and cause the precious seed of His word to fall upon good ground and bring forth abundant harvest. E'en now as this vision passes before him he humbly bows his head, and ejaculates with fervent ardor, "Amen!" Next comes the school life in a little midland village. Then the kindly face of the vicar, who had been the means of introducing him to a large city house, rises before him. To this succeed recollections of his employment in the house of Baker & Baker; his marriage; the birth of his boy Sam—the child of promise that was to be a solace to his declining years; his acceptance of the situation of a warehouse-man in the establishment of Loostring & Tool, the wholesale milliners of Wood street; and the one sorrow of his life—a sorrow that seemed in its deep intensity to ingulf all the joys of preceding years. After this come visions of the long, earnest struggle to right a grievous wrong; last of all, the remembrance of the kind words addressed to him but an hour previously in the wholesale druggists' private room.

The changing tones of "Big Ben," awoke Abel Webb from his reverie. With the sudden thought that his daughter Polly would be home before him if he didn't make great haste, he set off at a brisk trot, resuming his cheery whistle as he went along.

And sure enough home she was. When he had threaded his way thro' a labyrinth of Westminster byways, and at last reached the corner of the narrow street in which were his lodgings, and involuntarily cast his eyes up to the second-floor window of one of the houses, he knew as well as though he saw her standing before him that she had managed to reach home first. No landlady—overflowing with kind-heartedness as she might be—could provide such a heart-welcome to honest Abel as his daughter Polly. Why, the very coals seemed to burn brighter and send forth a more ready glow when *she* had coaxed them into a flame. The reflection of their cheery warmth showed itself upon the drawn blinds, and bespoke the comfort and love fostered within the humble lodging shared by Abel and his daughter.

Was Polly handsome? No. Was she pretty? Scarcely that, for her features lacked harmony. You had to look below the surface to discover what made Polly the idol of her father's heart, and the cause of anxieties unspeakable to honest Tom Smith. First of all, Polly was short. She had light brown hair, which formed itself into natural curls and danced about her head in the most provokingly coquettish fashion. Her eyes were a soft liquid blue, her nose slightly *retrousse*, and her lips like no other woman's in the world—at least so Tom Smith thought.

So much for Polly's outward characteristics. In temper and resolution she was the counterpart of her father, and her judgment was far in excess of that possessed by most girls of her age (eighteen). She was of industrious habits, was thoroughly domesticated, and above all, possessed a heart which as warmly responded to the appeal of the suffering as it echoes the joys of those it loved.

Polly's usefulness was not confined to the two rooms on the second floor. She had served her apprenticeship to the millinery business in the house possessing the services of her father, and, strange to say, Tom Smith was one of the young men who "served" at Messrs. Loostring & Tool's. Of course the love affair was kept very quiet; and sometimes poor Polly's heart thumped with fear lest the secret should be discovered, for in the eyes of their employes Loostring and Tool were terrible people indeed. Abel and his daughter, however, kept nothing from each other; so that the simple-hearted warehouseman was speedily made acquainted with this state of affairs, and by no means disapproved of the match, though his devoutly hoped that it would not be brought to an issue until he was freed from the burden which had so long kept him, by his own free will, almost penniless.

The ascent to Mr. Webb's apartment was to a stranger an experiment attended with many difficulties. As in most poor localities, children were in great force; and on wet days it was the pleasing custom of the juveniles belonging to the house in which Abel resided to employ their infantine leisure in games upon the stairs or on the landings of the two floors. The house was let out to several families; and, as the ladies of the establishment more closely resembled Leah than Rachel, a degree of mirth and reckless gayety pervaded what might be termed the lungs of the house. The children too (being naturally of a hospitable and social disposition) were in the habit of inviting neighboring juveniles to share their exhilarative pleasures— a circumstance tending in no small degree to increase the noise, commencing at daybreak and ordinarily ceasing about midnight.

In total darkness it was certainly confusion to have one's ears saluted with a very Babel of voices; to find the baluster occupied by aspiring young gymnasts; to place one's foot upon a warm yielding mass of humanity, that would thereupon send forth a yell of remonstrance, speedily bringing from the retirement of the washing tub and ironing table boiling, perspiring mammas; or to lose one's balance by treading upon marbles or other awakward obstructions by the way. With these little difficulties, however, one soon became familiar; so that when Abel Webb had opened the street door he speedily reached his own apartments.

How cosy the little place looked! It was a pattern of neatness and domestic comfort. The table was laid for supper, a nice crisp loaf being flanked by a piece of cheese (placed upon a small plate in order to make it look more than it really was,) and, yes! really a gigantic cucumber. Polly, who was kneeling before the fire, vigorously plying the bellows and inciting the coals. to a perfect fury of flame, had not lighted a candle, and certainly none was wanted. The bright blaze brought into full view the nettle-geranium occupying the table in front of the window; it lit up the photograph of the mild-looking woman (Polly's mother) on the other side of the room; it showed the brass-knobbed piece of furniture, to outward view a bureau, but to the initiated frequenter of Abel's apartments nothing more nor less than a turn-up bedstead in which the father himself slept; and it reflected its brightness upon the sideboard, with its ornaments of ware, a few books, and the old fashioned work-box, containing so many relics dear to Abel and his daughter; among others a tiny baby's shoe, once worn by that boy (now dead) on whom Abel had lavished such a wealth of paternal love.

"Why, you 're rather late, father, ain't you?" inquired the girl, springing to her feet, and giving old Abel such a sounding kiss that it might almost been heard on the pavement outside, if anybody had been curious enough to listen. "I've been home a long time."

"Well, Polly, I've been to the savings bank, and afterwards to Aldermanbury—you know where. I took five pound ten; and Mr. Baker junior spoke so kindly that the time slipped by, and 'twas seven o'clock afore I knew where I was a'most."

"Heaven bless Mr. Baker for those kind words!" responded Polly, giving her father another hearty kiss as she unwound the woolen comforter encircling his neck. Then, after a pause, she asked, "Does that not make ninety pounds you have paid!"

"Yes, ninety pounds. It's a good deal, ain't it? All saved, too, by you and me, Polly."

"Oh, father, I don't do much to it. If you weren't to deprive yourself of comforts, why, we shouldn't have paid off twenty of it."

"Don't say that, Polly. If it was not for your earnings, how could I put my wages into the savings bank, as I do nearly every month?"

"Well, daddy dear, you know it 's only you I've got to live for," said the girl archly.

"What's that you say?" replied old Abel, highly pleased with his daughter's remark, but determined not to be hoodwinked. "How about Tom Smith? D'ye mean to say you don't care for him?"

"Hush! Don't speak so loud."

Polly blushes, and looked half-frightened toward that corner of the room where the big bureau cast its shadow.

"Why, there's nobody can hear."

"Yes, father, children might; and children sometimes make a lot of mischief," observed that little wisacre, Polly.

Then, with a desperate intention of changing the subject, she said: "You must have a great coat this winter, or you are sure to have the rheumatics, as you had 'em last winter. Oh, I saw a beauty in the Horseferry road to-night—so thick, with nice warm lining inside, and the price only eighteen shillings! Second-hand, of course, but almost as good as new."

"Oh, I think I can do without it this year. Let's save the eighteen shillings, and send it to Mr. Baker junior."

"No, I shan't allow anything of the sort. I'm just as anxious as you are to pay our debts, but I'd rather work my fingers to the bones than that you should suffer another year as you did last."

"And I too," added a strong, manly voice, which seemed to issue from Mr. Webb's sleeping-place.

Polly gave a shriek, then burst into a ringing laugh that seemed to fill the room with joyous harmony, like the sonnd of bells upon a frosty night; and Abel, turning suddenly in his chair. saw the burly form of Tom Smith emerge from the dusky corner.

"Hallo, Tom," shouted Abel. "So you've been listening. Well, luckily, you ain't heard no secrets. I suppose you are one of those children that makes mischief, as Polly says."

This retaliation upon his daughter struck Webb as such an extraordinary masterpiece of witticism that he fairly roared with laughter. By and by Tom Smith roared too; and when he had had his laugh out, finding that Abel's attention was still engrossed by the wondrous joke, seized the opportunity to throw his arms around Dolly's waist, at which the damsel, who did not like being laughed at, told the devoted lover to "a-done, and not be so silly."

"Well, what brings you here?" inquired Abel, whose laugh had now subsided into a giggle, and winking at his friend.

"Why, father, he saw me home, and brought the cucumber for a present."

"My stars, that's a beauty! I 'm much obliged to you, Tom, for there's nothing I like better. Some people say cowcumbers ain't good, that you ought to peal 'em nicely, and then fling 'em out of the window; but taken with a little of the rind on, a bit of Injun, lots of pepper, I don't think there's much harm in 'em—leastways they don't harm me." And apparently cucumbers were thoroughly innocuous to Mr. Webb, who speedily drew his chair up to the table, and began to apply his knife and fork with a will.

Mr. Tom Smith considerately waited until his old friend had completed his repast, and then explained the object of his visit. Polly, who was besy cleaning the supper table, wanted to leave the room, but her betrothed wouldn't hear of such a thing; and by and by that gallant swain exercised his influence with such marked success that, all aglow with blushes, she was induced to take a seat upon the footstool between the two men, of whom it would be hard to say which loved her most.

"You know, Mr. Webb, Polly and I have been courting a long time, nigh upon eighteen months, and we're beginning to think—that is, I'm beginning to think (this alteration in response to a protest from Polly) it's time we got married. I don't like to see her wearing her young life out in our hot work-rooms. My salary, as you know, is at present £80 a year, and I live on the premises. Now I thing if I was to tell Loostring the facts of the case, and that I wanted to live-away, he'd give me £130. Now ain't that enough to get married on, and have you any objection to Polly and I being married at once?"

Here Tom Smith paused, not because he had exhausted his subject, but for the reason that he was out of breath.

Then Polly took up the parable. Sidling her stool up to her father's side and resting her head upon his knee, she said tremblingly:

"Don't think, daddy dear, that my being married will make any difference to you and me, for you are to come and live with us; eh, Tom?"

Mr. Smith, thus appealed to, vowed that his father-in-law's residence with them was considered quite a settled matter, as in truth it was.

A tear stood in old Abel's eyes, and his voice quivered with emotion, as laying aside his pipe and taking his daughter's hand lovingly within his own, he said:

"Tom Smith, I know you to be a true and honest fellow. There is no man upon the face of this earth I would more desire to call my son-in-law; but before I give my consent to your marriage I must tell you of something that may perhaps cause you to draw back."

Tom was about to speak, when Abel, in trembling accents, resumed:

"If you'd both been content to wait a few years, what I am about to tell might never have been known to either of you. I was still a young man when I first entered Baker & Baker's warehouse; you, Polly, were three years old, but your brother Sam was eleven or more. He used sometimes to bring me my meals at the drug warehouse, and once or twice Mr. Baker—the old man I'm speaking of now—took notice of him. As I was a bit of a favorite, he used to say to me, 'Now, Abel, when that boy's old enough I'll take him into the counting-house, if you like.' If I would like! I treasured those words, and your mother and myself did all we could in the way of sending him to school and such like, so as he should be fit when Mr. Baker wanted him. Oh, how we loved that boy! How proudly we watched him grow up, and what hopes we formed of him! Sam seemed a steady, industrious lad enough, and for a time he certainly gave great satisfaction in the counting-house. He was then seventeen, and as handsome a fellow as you might wish to see, though I'm his father as says it. He was a general favorite in the office, and at last got trusted to collect some of the debts of the firm. About this time there came a sudden change in his habits and appearance which alarmed me and his mother very much. He got to keeping late hours, made some bad acquaintances, and began to dress extrvagantly. It was no use our cautioning him, for he seemed determined to go on his own course. But all the sorrow and disappointment we felt was as nothing to the fearful blow that almost stunned us when, on a chance examination of the books, it was found Sam had embezzled his employer's money to a hundred and fifty pounds. From the moment of that terrible discovery your mother drooped until she died. What he had done with the money he would never tell; but the head cashier (Mr. Robert Wilmot, he who went soon after to Australia), declared that more than once he had heard the boy talk about horse racing; and it was in this way we always considered the money had gone. As for Sam himself, he stuck to it hard and fast that he was guilty of no dishonesty. He swore that the money he'd collected had always been paid over to the cashier; but the evidence the other way was too strong, and our boy was branded as a thief. Mr. Wilmot, who was angry at Sam's insinuations, wanted him sent to prison; but Mr. Baber was a merciful man, and did not bring upon us further disgrace. After this I felt I could no longer remain in Mr. Baker's employ; and thus it was I went to Loostring & Tool's. So that Sam might have a chance of getting back his character, Mr. Baker gave him a letter of introduction to a merchant at Bombay, somewhere in India, who might be able to find him employment that wouldn't have temptations. Sam eagerly jumped at the offer, but up to the moment of his departure declared himself innocent of stealing Mr. Baker's money. Poor fellow! it was the last we saw of him. Before the vessel reached India she met a fearful hurricane, and every soul on board perished."

Overcome by these painful recollections, Abel buried his face in his hands and wept. Complete silence reigned in the room for a few moments, and then Polly, controlling with an effort the strong emotion that swept through her heart, crept to her father's side and placed her hand in his.

"Dear father," she said in broken tones, "the story of your sorrow makes you even dearer to me than ever."

The old man withdrew his hand from her embrace, and, when she had kissed the tears from his cheeks, resumed:

"There could be no doubt of your brother's guilt, and I was too sensible of the kindness of his employers to let them suffer. I resolved, come what might, that I would do my best to repay them. For this I daily denied myself; for this I narrowed your opportunities of education; and this, next to your happiness, my child, is the object of my life."

"Dear father, and until now you have always led me to believe that the amount paid half yearly was to discharge a debt of your own."

"My darling, was it to your interest to know the truth? When your brother left England you were but a child. Up to to-night it has been my constant endeavor to hide the real facts of the case from you. I had hoped to have paid off the whole amount before you got married. Tom's proposal to-night, however, has frightened the secret out of me, for I could not allow him to marry you without knowing the truth."

"And now I do know it, Mr webb," exclaimed Tom, who had been trying to speak for sometime, but had been unable to do so, owing to a strange sensation as of marbles rolling up his throat, and a determination of water to his eyes—"now I do know it, I am more than ever desirous of making Polly my wife. I thought of having the banns put up next week, and then we can be married before another month is over our heads."

"But, Polly," inquired Abel, "is not that rather soon?"

His daughter was at that moment engaged in attending to the fire, the brightness of which had during the recital of Abel's revelation become somewhat dimmed. Just after he spoke a cheery flame again shot forth and disclosed a happy smile upon Polly's face and a blush upon her cheek, forming quite sufficient answer to the question.

"Well, my children," continued the old man, "do as you will."

Tom Smith sprang from his chair and was wringing Abel's hands in token of gratitude, when the sound of footsteps ascending the stairs caught Abel's ear.

"Here, Polly! Quick with the candle," he cried "There is some one wants us, or has mistaken the floor."

The room had hitherto been illuminated solely by the fitful gleam of the fire, and just as Polly had got the candle lighted the door was opened and in strode Mr. Baker—Baker junior—whom Able had left but an hour and a half before.

"O, Abel," said Baker, with his broad, ruddy face glowing with excitement, "I'm so glad I've found you at home. I've good news for you—news that'll make your heart leap from your bosom."

"What—what is it?" exclaimed Abel, while Polly and her betrothed looked on in silent amazement.

"Why, your boy Sam—he who eight years ago was thought to be guilty of robbing us—is proved to have been innocent."

Abel sank back in his chair, his face grew pale, and his hands clutched the wrists of Tom Smith and his daughter, who had rushed to his side.

"How—how do you—do you know this?" he gasped.

"An hour after you left my office a letter from Australia was delivered—it was written by a gentleman, a Magistrate in Melbourne, and was to the effect that our late cashier, Robert Wilmot, having received a fatal injury through being run over in the streets, in his last moments made a deposition before the legal authorities that your son was innocent, that he himself had appropriated the money of the firm, and in order to conceal his own delinquincies, was compelled to fix the guilt upon some one else. The official papers will arrive by next mail. Abel, believe me, no person is more rejoiced at this intelligence than myself."

The old man was in tears; he could not speak, but the pressure he gave the extended hand evinced his belief in Baker jr.'s sincerity.

"And Abel," he continued, "it gives me great pleasure—more pleasure than I can tell you—to hand you back your ninety pounds. Both my father and myself resolved never to touch a penny of it; if you had died before you were satisfied you had discharged the sum we should have handed over the money to your daughter. I am delighted, however, to give it back to you personally; and if you will come to our office tomorrow I will hand you over the five per cent. interest which has accrued since the first payment. Good-bye, Abel. I feel myself an intruder now. Good-bye, and heaven bless you, my honest fellow!"

Baker, junior, who seemed with every word to become thicker and thicker in his utterance, then placed in Abel's lap a small canvas bag which gave forth a chinking sound, and once again heartily wringing the old man's hand, bounced from the room ere any one could bid him farewell.

"Polly, Polly," whispered Abel, give me that work-box."

The girl knew what he wanted, and placed the box before him. She saw his fingers draw from its contents of precious relics of a bygone day a tiny baby's shoe which had never belonged to her. The old man held it within his hands, and after gazing at it for a few seconds, drew it reverently to his lips, and murmured, "My boy innocent, my boy innocent! Oh, that he he had lived to see this day!"

Tom Smith stole his arm around the waist of his betrothed and drew her to the window. They raised the blind, and looking out witnessed the heavens resplendent with myriad stars and a bright crescent-shaped moon.

"Polly, dear," said Tom, "it's the first day of the new moen. You ought to wish, and what you wish is sure to come true.,'

"Is it, Tom?" replied the girl, with a wistful, trusting look in her eyes, that made him draw her still nearer to him. "Do you know I have watched for the new moon and wished regularly the same thing for many months past?"

"And what was your wish, Polly," inquired Tom archly, (I think he knew though he pretended to be quite ignorant).

"Oh, if I were to tell you now, the charm might fall. Ask me, dear, when the next new moon comes, and Perhaps I'll tell you my wish."

"Then, darling, we shall be man and wife."

His voice had sunk to a whisper, but it reached her ears, and when the words ceased her head sank upon his shoulder. The fire in the grate died away, the candle upon the table flickered, and at length went out; but with its last ray it showed the old man rapt in the contemplation of his precious relic, and the two lovers—one in heart and mind—still gazing upon the peaceful splendor of the star-checked firmament.—*Tinsley's Magazine.*

* * *

WHAT GIRLS SHOULD CULTIVATE.—Personal attractions most girls possess, at any rate in a sufficient degree to render them attractive to somebody; for although there are standards and models of beauty, yet these do not prevail with all persons. There is something wonderful in the difference of aspect which the same face wears to different beholders. Probably the philosophical explanation of this is that what is hidden to all others becomes immediately and instinctively apparent to the eye of love. How can a moderately good looking girl increase her attractions? By culture. She must cultivate her mind. An ignorant and illiterate woman, even if she attract the attention, cannot retain the interest of an intelligent man. She must do this, by reading, by study, by reflection, and by familiar conversation with the best and most highly educated persons with whom she comes in contact. But the heart must be cultivated as well as the head. "Of all things," exclaimed a most elegant and refined gentleman, after nearly a lifetime's familiarity with the best society—"of all things give me softness and gentleness in a woman." A harsh voice, a course laugh—trifles like these have sufficiently spoiled many a favorable first impression. The cultivation of the heart must be real and not feigned. A woman who studies to appear rather than to be good and generous, seldom succeeds in deceiving the opposite sex in these respects. She who in truth seeks earnestly to promote the happiness of those around her is very apt soon to obtain admirers among men. No woman ever otherwise so completely triumphs over a rival as when she is seen in good earnest to prefer that rival's interest to her own. Above all other requisites in a woman is conscientiousness. Without this one touchstone of character, no matter what her charms and acquirements, she cannot expect to command the lasting regard of a man whose love is worth having.

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GOOD WIVES.—The story is told, that in the early life of Commodore Vanderbilt, his wife was a most frugal and faithful helper. From the money given her for household expenses, she saved what she could, and so a handsome little fund was accumulated. When, at length, her husband saw a chance to purchase a ferry-boat, and so to lay the foundation for what became so great a fortune, he lacked some ready cash. "How much do you need?" said the good wife. The sum was named, and to the husband's surprise she produced the full amount, which had been saved by her skill and prudence.

When Marshall Bazaine was sentenced to banishment to one of the forts of France, his youthful and attractive wife determined to go with him. Her friends attempted to dissuade her from going, but she replied, "When my husband was in honor, I shared it with him; and shall I not also share his banishment?"

FUN, FACT AND FACETIÆ.

WHEN a young lady loses her beau, she may as well take to a bass viol, or "hang up her fiddle."

THE young lady who always wanted her sweetheart close at hand explains it on the ground that 't was only a nigh dear of her own.

A CLERGYMAN who did n't believe in going outside of his own denomination to distribute his charities, was solicited by a beggar for alms. "My brother," said he, "are you High Church?" "Never was high in my life," returned the beggar reproachfully. "Never drinks nuthin' at all, sir."

A TAILOR and his son were, in the olden days, doing a day's work in a farm house. The prudent housewife, to secure a good day's work, lighted candles when daylight began to fade. The tailor looked to his son and said, "Jack, confound them that invented workin' by candle-light." "Ay," replied young snip, "or daylight either, father."

A BLACK cloud makes the traveler mend his pace and mind his home, whereas a fair day and a pleasant way waste his time. However others may think of it, yet I take it as a mercy, that now and then some clouds come between me and my sun, and many times some troubles do conceal my comforts; for I perceive if I should find too much friendship in any inn in my pilgrimage, I should soon forget my Father's house and my heritage.—*Dr. Lucas.*

NOTES ON THE INTERNATIONAL LESSONS

BY REV. JOHN S. STEWART, D. D.

NOVEMBER 26, 1876.

PETER'S VISION.

Acts x: 1-20.—GOLDEN TEXT: Acts x: 34.

FOURTH QUARTER. LESSON IX.

This lesson brings before us a striking incident in Peter's visitation of the churches. It was an educational episode, designed to answer an important question in Peter's mind, and in the minds of others, viz: "Must we become circumcised Jews in order to be Christians?" The Jews never denied or doubted that Gentiles could be received into the church of God; but they held that they must first become Jews. The idea that the Gentiles as such could be heirs of the covenant of promise was not yet promulgated. In our present lesson we have

I. The Occasion of Peter's Vision.

V. 1. The providential object used in solving the problem was a centurion named Cornelius, who was stationed at Cæsarea. Cæsarea was the Roman capitol of Judea, on the sea-coast, about sixty-eight miles from Jerusalem. Cornelius was the captain of the Italian band; *i. e.*, a subdivision of the Roman army composed of Italian soldiers. He was, no doubt, an Italian by birth, and of princely blood. No name was more honored at Rome than that of the Cornelian house. It was the name borne by the Scipios, by Sulla, and by the mother of the Gracchi.

V. 2. He was not only noble but good. He was "a devout man, and one that feared God with all his house." This means that though not a proselyte to Judaism, he had abandoned heathenism and had become a worshipper of Jehovah. He had heard of the new religion, and was, no doubt, seeking light concerning it. His religion was practical. He dispensed many charities to the Jewish people. It was also systematic. He prayed to God always; *i. e.*, at the regular hours of prayer observed by the Jews.

V. 3. This good man had a vision: *i. e.*, a supernatural communication, addressed not only to the mind but also to the senses. He saw in this vision *evidently; i. e.*, clearly, certainly; about the ninth hour of the day, which corresponds nearly to our three o'clock in the afternoon, which was the regular hour for evening prayer. No doubt he was engaged in devotion when the vision appeared. An angel of God coming in to him. This was a visitant from the spiritual world, clothed in human-form. "The popular idea of winged angels is derived from the Cherubim (Ex. xxv: 20) and the Seraphim (Isa. vi: 2), but is never suggested by any of the narratives of angelic visits to this world and its inhabitants. (Alexander)."

V. 4. As was generally the case Cornelius was afraid. He seems to have recognized the visitor as an angel, and was alarmed at the suddenness of his appearance. His question expresses his surprise and alarm. "What is it, Sir?" There is nothing to show that Cornelius regarded the angel as God himself; but he spake reverently as to a superhuman personage. "Thy prayers and thine alms are come up for a memorial before God." That is, they were remembered before God. They were an evidence of piety, and were accepted as such. By his prayers are probably meant his prayers for light and instruction with reference to the new faith. It is not meant that there was anything meritorious in his prayers, but merely that as he acted according to his light, God was ready to give him more light.

Vs. 5–6. He is pointed to the providential source of instruction. See Lesson VIII.; V. 43. God might have enlightened him immediately, but he preferred, as is his wont, to use a human and mediate cause.

Vs. 7–8. He obeyed promptly. This shows that the man had faith in God and was willing to obey God without asking any questions. He summoned two of his domestics, and placed them under the charge of a subordinate of like mind with himself (v. 2). Da Costa holds that this soldier was most probably Mark the Evangelist. When he had narrated to them all the circumstances of the vision, he despatched them to Joppa.

II. Peter's Vision.

V. 9. Joppa is about thirty miles south of Cæsarea. The three men probably left Cæsarea shortly after the ninth hour, and hence would naturally reach Joppa about noon the following day; or about the sixth hour. Just as the messengers came near the city, Peter went up to the house-top to pray. This was probably one of the Jewish seasons of devotion (Ps. lv: 17; Dan. vi: 10, 13).

V. 10. He was very hungry. There may have been something preternatural about his hunger, as God meant by means of it to reveal a great spiritual truth to him. While the family were preparing food (this confirms what has just been surmised, as this preparation was evidently out of season and hasty) a trance came upon him; *i. e.*, an exstasy, or rapture. He was carried out of himself and put in a mental state in which he could discern objects beyond the scope of his natural apprehension.

V. 11. He saw heaven opened, and out of the aperture, a receptacle—more definitely, a great sheet—descend, held up by a cord attached to the four corners. It is supposed by many that the four corners symbolized the four quarters of the globe; showing that all parts of the earth are included in the kingdom of God.

V. 12. The contents of this sheet, according to the oldest manuscripts, were four-footed beasts, creeping things of the earth, and birds of the air. It included, therefore, both clean and unclean animals.

Vs. 13–16. While Peter gazed upon the strange sight he was commanded to kill and eat. His answer was what might have been expected from a conscientious Jew. But the reply silenced him. It taught him that old things had passed away; that ritual distinctions were abolished, and with them the wall of separation between Jew and Gentile. This was repeated three times to impress it deeply upon his mind. "What God hath cleansed that call not thou common." Then the vision vanished.

Vs. 17–20. While he doubted the purport of what he had seen and heard (so wonderful and stunning was the revelation) the men appeared before the gate of the house; and the Spirit of God spake inwardly to him: "Arise and get thee down, and go with them, doubting (or distinguishing) nothing." He was to go and visit this Gentile, making no more distinction between Gentile and Jew. The warrant was adequate and trustworthy. "For I have sent them."

III. Seed Thoughts.

1. True religion always manifests itself in fear of God, in benevolence, and in prayer.
2. God is no respecter of persons. Ch. x: 34–35.
3. The believer who lives up to his light will always receive more. John i: 16.
4. Faith always works out obedience.
5. God's will should be the standard of right and propriety with his people. We must not set up our notions against God's Word.