The Bradford Reporter.

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

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TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

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

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

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

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YEARLY Advertisements are entitled to quarterly changes.

TRANSIENT advertisements must be paid for IN ADVANCE.

ALL Resolutions of Associations, Communications of limited or individual interest, and notices of Marriages and Deaths, exceeding five lines, are charged TEN CENTS PER LINE.

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.

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.

GEORGE D. STROUD, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW. Office—Main-st., four doors North of Ward House. Practices in Supreme Court of Pennsylvania and United States Courts.—[Dec7,'76. TOWANDA, PA.

H. STREETER. LAW OFFICE, aug30. 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. J. ANGLE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Office with Davies & Carnochan, Towanda, Pa. jan4,'77.

G. F. MASON. ATTORNEY AT LAW, TOWANDA PA. Office first door south of C. B. Patch Esq., second floor. Nov. 18, '76.

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

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.]

McPHERSON & 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 Orphans's and Register's Courts. E. OVERTON, JR. (apr14-76) S. C. ELSBREE.

MADILL & CALIFF, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, TOWANDA, PA. Office in Wood's Block, first door south of the First National bank, upstairs. H. J. MADILL. [jan5-74ly] J. N. CALIFF.

GRIDLEY & PAYNE, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, No. 1, TRACY & NOBLE'S BLOCK, MAIN STREET, TOWANDA, PA. E. C. GRIDLEY. [jly775) S. R. PAYNE.

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 23-76. 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, 1872]tf*.

E. 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. 18, '76-tf.

DR. T. B. JOHNSON, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office over Dr. Porter & Son's Drug Store, Towanda. Jan'75tf.

M. D. L. DODSON, DENTIST. On and after Sept. 21, may be found in the office now occupied by Dr. Pratt, on Second Street. Business solicited. Sept. 1874tf.

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

DR. C. M. STANLY, DENTIST, Having removed his Dental office into Tracy & Mercur'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. may18'73.

HALE & PATTON, Agents for CONNECTICUT MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY. Office No. 3 Griffith & Patton's Block, Bridge Sts. March 29-74.

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 19-74tf. O. A. BLACK.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

TO THE WORKING CLASS.—We are prepared to furnish all classes with constant employment at home, the whole of the time, or for their spare moments. Business new, light and profitable. Persons of either sex easily earn from 50 cents to $5 per evening, and a proportional sum by devoting their whole time to the business. Boys and girls earn nearly as much as men. That all who see this notice may send their address, and test the business, we make this unparalleled offer: To such as are not well satisfied we will send one dollar to pay for the trouble of writing. Full particulars, samples worth several dollars to commencers, sent free, and a copy of Home and Fireside, one of the largest and best illustrated Publications, all sent free by mail. Reader, if you want permanent, profitable work, address GEORGE STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. Jan25,'77.

FARM AT PRIVATE SALE.—A Farm of 100 acres within 2½ miles of Towanda Borough, on a good level road leading from Towanda to Monroeton, with plenty of good Fruit—apples, pears, peaches, plums, cherries, grapes, &c.—2 apple and 1 peach orchard. A good frame dwelling house, with 11 rooms and 4 cellars, with water in the house brought from a valuable spring, through pump logs, also running water in the barn yard the year round supplied from the same spring. One good underground stone basement stable, for horses or cattle, also 2 horse barns—one good corn house—poultry yard and underground chickery and other out buildings. 75 acres improved the balance in woods. The land is well watered, and lies to the east, and under a good state of cultivation, and within 20 minutes ride of the village. It is owned by a gentleman residing in Towanda, who on account of advanced years, desires to go out of the farming business. It can be bought any time between this and April next for $80 per acre. Possession given April 1st 1877. Address J. Andrew Wilt, Attorney-at-Law, Towanda, Pa. jan11.

FOR SALE.—A Farm of 34 acres, on Hollon Hill, in Monroe twp., all improved. A good House and Barn, and nice young orchard thereon. Well fenced with stone and stumps. For particulars, enquire of Peter Vangorder, on the premises. jan4tf.

FARM FOR SALE.—The Farm lately owned by Matilda Vangorder, of Asylum twp., is offered at private sale. The farm contains 33 acres, all improved, well watered and fenced; five miles from Towanda, and convenient to school and church. For terms, &c., inquire of PETER VANGORDER, Liberty Corners, E. H. DELONG, near the premises, or G. L. BULL, Monroeton. Oct. 2, '76-tf.

FOR SALE.—A farm of 100 acres, 80 improved, south-west part of Smithfield township, Bradford Co., Pa. Two orchards, mostly grafted fruit, house of 11 rooms, arranged for one or two families, two barns. For particulars, enquire on said premises, or of aug2 FRANCIS FRENCH

FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN.—A good farm, containing 86 acres, in Orwell township. Excellent fruit, a good house, &c. Well adapted to either grain or dairy purposes. Terms to suit purchasers. Enquire of JOHN BLACK. Lodtasville, Oct. 30, 1876. I have also a large farm, on which I now live, which I will sell cheap. JOHN BLACK.

LOW RENTS to CORRESPOND WITH THE HARD TIMES.—A number of desirable dwelling houses for rent, located on Main Street, near the business centre of the Borough. Also, several dwellings suitable for mechanics and laborers. Prices reduced to correspond with the hard times. Apply to J. ANDREW WILT. Office over Cross' Book Store, Patton's Block. (jan18.

$999 CAN'T BE MADE BY every agent every month in the business we furnish, but those willing to work can easily earn a dozen dollars a day right in their own localities. Have no more room to explain here. Business pleasant and honorable. Women, boys and girls do as well as men. We will furnish not a complete Outfit free. The business pays better than anything else. We will bear expense of starting you. Particulars free. Write and see. Farmers and mechanics, their sons and daughters, and all classes in need of paying work at home, should write to us and learn all about the work at once. Now is the time. Don't delay. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine. Jan25,'77.

$55 to $77 a Week to agents! $10 Outfit Free. P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

SEELEY'S OYSTER BAY AND EUROPEAN HOUSE.—A few doors south of the Means House. Board by the day or week on reasonable terms. Warm meals served at all hours. Oysters at wholesale and retail. feb17.

SOMETHING NEW!

F. H. LEWIS, V. S.,

Has opened a Hospital for Sick and Diseased Horses at Towanda, Pa. Horses received for treatment for the following diseases: Poll evil fistula, all spine and cancerous sores, warts and tumors of all descriptions, diseased eyes, wind puffs, spavins of all kinds, ring bones; lameness cured (bunch not removed); scratches, grease heel; shoulder strains or founder; contracted feet, and all diseases except contagious; cutting at bishoping old horses teeth—an operation that deserves the attention and approbation of all lovers of horses—an operation which improves the age and condition, adding years to their lives; docking, pricking and straightening of tails; castration of all horses and colts (castration excepted). For a stable of this kind he has all the conveniences. There will be an exhibition at his office the only complete anatomy of the horse in America containing all of the 277 bones, and many rare specimens of surgery performed by him. Having secured the services of J. S. Lewis, V. S., and by gentlemanly deportment and strict attention to business, I hope to merit the esteem and approbation of the public, and solicit a liberal share of their patronage.

Special attention given to diseases of Horn Cattle.

Dr. Lewis will visit patients at any distance for reasonable pay. Examinations and consultations free.

Office at KINGSBURY'S LIVERY STABLE.

F. H. LEWIS, V. S. Towanda, Dec. 21, 1876.

THE FARMERS' MUTUAL INSURANCE CO., OF TUSCARORA, Is now issuing perpetual policies on FARM PROPERTY ONLY.

Each member pays a fee, at the time of insuring, to cover charter and incidental expenses of the Co. after which no further payment is required, except to meet actual loss by fire among the membership. This plan of insurance for FARM PROPERTY, is coming rapidly into favor.

Place of Business, SPRING HILL, PA.

The Agent will canvass the Townships of Tuscarora, Pike, Herrick, Wyalusing, Asylum, Terry and Standing Stone, and farmers in these Townships wishing insurance or information, may address,

A. B. SUMNER, Sec. and Agt., Spring Hill, Bradford Co., Pa.

W. M. SHUMWAY, Pres. (ctoj74m

BRYANT'S POPULAR HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.

From the discovery to 1875, preceded by a sketch of the prehistoric period and age of the mound builders, by

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT AND SIDNEY HOWARD GAY.

Fully illustrated with original designs, to be complete in four volumes, large octavo, 750 pages each. Graver, Armstrong & Co., publishers, 743 & 745, Broadway, New York.

☞ For information address,

MATTESON & Judson, General Agents, 1707 Chestnut St., Philadelphia. Or M. S. CONVERS, Agent for Northern Pennsylvania, 311 William St., Elmira, N. Y. Jun6'76.

BOOK BINDERY.—The public is Respectfully informed that the Book Bindery has been removed to the REPORTER Building third story, where will be done

BOOK-BINDING

in all its various branches, on terms as reasonable as the "hard times" will allow. The Bindery will be under the charge of

H. C. WHITAKER,

An experienced Binder, and all work will be promptly done in a style and manner which cannot be excelled. Music, Magazines, Newspapers, Old Books, &c., bound in every style. Particular attention will be paid to the Ruling and Binding of

BLANK BOOKS,

to any desired pattern, which in quality and durability will be warranted.

☞ All work will be ready for delivery when promised.

The patronage of the public is solicited, and perfect satisfaction guaranteed.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF TOWANDA.

CAPITAL.....$125,000.
SURPLUS FUND..... 80,000

This Bank offers UNUSUAL FACILITIES fo the transaction of a

GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS

INTEREST PAID ON DEPOSITS ACCORDING TO AGREEMENT.

SPECIAL CARE GIVEN TO THE COLLECTION OF NOTES AND CHECKS.

Parties wishing to SEND MONEY to any part of the United States, England, Ireland, Scotland, or the principal cities and towns of Europe, can here procure drafts for that purpose.

PASSAGE TICKETS

To or from the Old Country, by the best steam or sailing lines, always on hand.

FAMILIES BROUGHT Oover AT REDUCED RATES;

highest price paid for U. S., Bonds, Gold and Silver.

JOS. POWELL, President. N. N. BETT, Jr. Cashier.

Selected Poetry.

TO A WAVE.

Thou dost seek a star with thy swelling crest,
O wave, that leavest thy mother's breast?
Dost thou leap from the prisoned depths below
In scorn of their calm and constant flow?
Or art thou seeking some distant land,
To die in murmurs upon the strand?

Hast thou tales to tell of the pearl-lit deep,
Where the wave-whelmed mariner rocks in sleep?
Canst thou speak of navies that sank in pride
Ere the roll of their thunder in echo died?
What trophies, what banners, are floating free
In the shadowy depths of that silent sea?

If we were vain to ask, as thou rollest afar,
Of banner or mariner, ship or star;
It were vain to seek in thy stormy face
Some tale of the sorrowful past to trace.
Thou are swelling high, thou are flashing free—
How vain are the questions we ask of thee.

I, too, am a wave on the stormy sea;
I, too, am a wanderer, driven like thee;
I, too, am seeking a distant land,
To be lost and gone ere I reach the strand—
For the land I seek is a waveless shore,
And those who once reach it shall wander no more.

—*E. D. Baker.*

TWO MEN I KNOW.

I know a duke; well—let him pass—
I may not call his grace an ass;
Though if I did I'd do no wrong,
Save to the asses and my song.

The duke is neither wise nor good;
He gambles, drinks, scorns womanhood,
And at the age of twenty-four
Was worn and battered as three-score.

I know a waiter in Pall Mall,
Who works and waits and reasons well;
Is gentle, courteous and refined,
And has a magnet in his mind.

What it is makes his graceless grace
So like a jockey out of place?
What makes the waiter—tell who can—
So very like a gentleman?

Perhaps their mothers! God is great!
Perhaps 'tis accident—or fate!
Perhaps because—hold not my pen!—
We can break horses, but not men!

—*English Newspaper.*

Miscellaneous.

One Farthing Damages.

CHAPTER I.

In a dark chamber, dark with the awful shadow still more than with the lack of material light, four persons were gathered around a bed, on which lay a man bearing in his face the unmistakable signs of the summons which none can refuse to answer. A weeping girl knelt by the bedside, her head bent over the nerveless hand which lay upon the coverlet, and which she held as though by that convulsive clasp she could hold her father still to life. The doctor and nurse stood quietly aside, as having done their part, and waiting for the inevitable end. A shaded lamp cast a ring of bright white light amid the surrounding gloom, and with its gleaming circle, at a table covered with papers and writing materials, sat the dying man's solicitor, engaged in the preparation of his will. The instructions were short and simple. Bernard Hope had but one near relative, his daughter Mary, now kneeling by his bedside, and to her, as was natural, he desired to leave his few possessions.

After an interval of silence, broken only by suppressed sobs of the weeping girl, and the monotonous scratching of the attorney's pen upon the paper, he paused and inquired in a harsh, unpleasant voice:

"What name shall I insert as trustee? You should have two at least."

The dying man paused ere he replied with an effort:

"Geoffrey Howard, Major One Hundred and Eleventh, now in India. I have no other friend."

"In that case I may venture to offer my humble services, subject to the usual proviso. I should be delighted to be useful to Miss Hope, and if your friend is abroad there may be difficulties."

"True, Slythrope, I thank you. Make yourself trustee, then, with Major Howard. Legacy, £200 for your trouble."

"Nay, my dear sir, quite unnecessary. I really——"

But again the ready pen traveled over the paper; and a quarter of an hour later Mr. Slythrope announced that the document was ready for execution, and in a low mechanical monotone read over its provisions. The sick man seemed more than once to lose consciousness during the reading, but at the close he appeared to nerve himself for a supreme effort.

"Yes, that will do. Give me a pen," he said; and with a shaking hand affixed his signature, and with eager eyes watched the doctor and nurse as they added their own as witnesses, after which he sank back exhausted on his pillow. "Thank God, that's safe!" he gasped. "Mary, my child, you and Geoffrey—you and Geoffrey! What was I saying? God bless you, my darling! God bless—"

These were the last words Bernard Hope ever spoke. For a little while he lay with half-closed eyes, still breathing, but past all consciousness of earthly things. The doctor stepped noiselessly to the bedside and laid a finger on the fluttering pulse, now beating with unnatural quickness, now failing altogether. Another quarter of an hour passed—a quarter of an hour which seemed an age to the anxious watchers—and then the doctor laid down the thin white hand and tenderly touching the head of the orphaned girl, said:

"My dear, the Lord gave, and the Lord has taken away. Your father has passed to a better world."

CHAPTER II.

A year had passed away since Bernard Hope's death, and Mary still remained an inmate of the house of Mrs. Murgatroyd, the good woman whom we have seen in attendance at her father's last illness and who, to her occasional occupation as nurse, added the more permanent one of letting lodgings. Mary's sweet face and gentle manner had quite won the heart of her good-natured landlady, who was unceasing in her endeavors to soothe her grief and minister to her comforts. Mary still showed in face and figure the firey trials thro' which she had passed. Her slight form looked slighter still in her soft black drapery, and the shadow of an unforgotten sorrow rested on her delicate features. Mary Hope had been her father's constant companion; and she sorely missed the happy hours in which his powerful intellect and varied experience had been unfolded for her benefit. But she had, too, another trouble—none the less hard to bear that it was in which she could have but few confidants. Major Howard, of whom mention has already been made, was not only her father's most valued friend, but had insensibly grown very dear to herself; and when, six months before Bernard Hope's death, he was summoned with his regiment to India, he left her his promised bride. Twice he had written within the first few weeks of his departure, since which time there had been a terrible silence; and in the same week which left Mary fatherless, a second blow fell upon her. The One Hundred and Eleventh had been engaged in a smart skirmish, the number of dead and wounded being considerable. Major Geoffrey Howard was reported among the fallen; and Mary had to mourn at once her lover and her father.

The death of Major Howard left Mr. Slythrope sole trustee of Mr. Hope's will. This to Mary was a matter of the most perfect indifference. Suspecting evil of no one, she was as willing that her little fortune, amounting to some five or six thousand pounds, should rest in Mr. Slythrope's hands as in those of any other person. But of late the attorney had begun to persecute her with attentions which under existing circumstances would have been distasteful from anyone, but were doubly so from a person whom she could not help regarding with an instinctive dislike. And in truth Mr. Slythrope was not precisely the person to win a fair lady's fancy. Under-sized, high-shouldered, with blinking, lashless eyes, and a general angularity, not to say knobbiness of feature, he might have been expected to rise superior to weakness as to personal appearance; but such was by no means the case. In Mr. Samuel Slythrope's own opinion, Mr. Samuel Slythrope was a gentleman of considerable personal advantages. His constant endeavor was to make the best of them. He was obtrusively, we might almost say offensively, clean. His shirt-front, collar, and wristbands were all of the most liberal dimensions, and of intense whiteness and starchiness, giving the appearance of being, so to speak, "all shirt;" while his hands, which were naturally coarse and red, were still made coarser and redder by perpetual washing. He was always scented, and his short scrubby hair was tortured by the combined use of the brush and the pomatum-pot into the semblance of the split almonds wherewith tipsy cakes are wont to be decorated. His hats and coats were always intensely new, and he perpetually creaked as he moved his patent leather boots, maintaining a friendly rivalry in this particular with his well starched shirt front. In his habitual gorgeous array—indeed, if possible, looking even cleaner and newer than usual—Mr. Slythrope this morning knocked at Mrs. Murgatroyd's door. That good lady was at the moment engaged in dusting Miss Hope's room, and catching sight of his approach, exclaimed: "There's that nasty worrying lawyer again, I do declare. Slythrope, indeed! I'd Slythrope him!"

It wou'd be hopeless to endeavor to express on paper the intensity of meaning Mrs. Murgatroyd threw into her newly coined verb; but it was evident that "Slythroping," in her mind, included all the tortures of the Middle Ages, with a supplement of horsepond and other modern inventions. Mary smiled at the good lady's vehemence.

"My dear Mrs. Murgatroyd, you shouldn't be so severe. Mr. Slythrope is a little peculiar, but I have no doubt he means kindly, and you know he is the trustee of poor papa's will."

"I know he is, my dear, and I wish he wasn't. I know he shouldn't be trusted to a tom cat of mine, drat him!"

"Now, really, Mrs. Murgatroyd, you are too bad," smiling in spite of herself. "I am sure poor Mr. Slythrope isn't so dreadful as you make out."

At this point the conversation was interrupted by the entrance of the gentleman in question, and Mrs. Murgatroyd, passing him with a final sniff of abhorrence quitted the apartment.

Mr. Slythrope, for once in his life, appeared ill at ease. He was got up with his accustomed care, and the suggestion of scented soap which accompanied him was even stronger than usual; but his usual self-satisfied air was wanting. He evidently had something on his mind—some piece of rascality, a physiognomist would have conjectured, which he either had recently perpetrated, or was about to perpetrate. Let us hope that the physiognomist would have been wrong.

"My dear Miss Hope," he began, after the first greetings had been exchanged, "I grieve to be the bearer of very unpleasant intelligence."

Mary looked up with quiet indifference, scarcely believing that, after all that she had gone through, any news, good or bad, could have for her more than the passing interest. Slythrope continued:

"I am sure you will believe I did it for the best; but misfortunes will happen, you know, even with the utmost care and caution. I am sure I thought the investment was as safe as the bank; but there's no trusting anything nowadays."

"What is the misfortune, Mr. Slythrope, for you havn't told me? Nothing very serious, I hope."

"Only too serious, my dear Ma—" he tried to say "Mary," but couldn't get it out, and substituted "Miss Hope"—"nothing less than the loss, I fear, of the whole of your little fortune."

Mary turned very pale, but gave no other sign of emotion. "How did it happen?" she said with an effort.

"Your money was, as you know, in three per cents., where it produced a miserable £160 a year. In the hope of doing better for you, I sold out and invested it in a new mining company, the Wheal Marina, which promised to pay a minimum dividend of ten per cent., and so would have just trebled your income. And this morning I am grieved to find from the *Times* that the company is an utter smash. The directors have bolted, and the shareholders will lose every penny of their investments."

"Is all gone? Nothing left?"

"Not a sixpence, and you remain liable for calls to the amount of about as much more."

Poor Mary's fortitude quite gave away. "Oh, dear; what shall I do? I havn't a friend in the world."

"No, no, don't say that, Miss Mary," said Slythrope, in a gently patronizing manner; "it isn't as bad as that comes too. I havn't disguised my own feelings toward you; and though you've lost your money, that needn't make any difference between you and me. My affection ain't of the mercenary sort; in fact, as I got you into the mess (though with the best intentions, mind you), it's only fair I should get you out of it."

Mary had hidden her face in her hands, but she became aware from the increased intensity of the all-pervaded scented soap aroma that Slythrope was drawing nearer to her, and in another moment his arm was round her waist. She drew herself up proudly.

"Sir, I am willing to believe you mean kindly, but your offer under such circumstances is an insult. Be good enough to leave me."

Slythrope would have parleyed, but with the air of an outraged queen Mary Hope rang the bell, and obedient to the summons, Mrs. Murgatroyed appeared.

"Open the door for Mr. Slythrope, if you please."

"You'll be sorry for this, you'll find, Miss Hope," said Slythrope; but Mary vouchsafed no answer, and the attorney retired discomfitted, Mrs. Murgatroyd holding the door with an expression of thorough enjoyment. As soon as it closed upon him, she bounced back to Mary's room and flung open the windows.

"Let's have a breath of fresh air, for goodness' sake, after that nasty, slimy, scented serpent. I always feel as if the house wanted disin—what d'ye call it?—with Cond's Sea Salt, or Tidman's Restorer, or some of them detodolizers, whenever he's been in it. Why, my dear lamb, whatever is the matter?"

Poor Mary's overwrought nerves had at last given away, and she fell upon the sofa in a fit of violent hysterics. Mrs. Murgatroyd, with motherly instinct, let her emotion have its way, and Mary was soon so far recovered as to be able with many tears to tell the story of this new misfortune, finally crying herself to sleep on the good old woman's sympathizing bosom.

CHAPTER III.

It was two days after the scene recorded in our last chapter, and Mary Hope, with the *Times* before her, was answering advertisements for a governess. Mary was not one to sit still under the pressure of calamity, however heavy, and having got over the first shock of misfortune, at once set about bravely to earn her own livelihood. With this view she was seeking to procure a situation, either as governess or companion, entering upon her task with a brave heart, though she well knew the trials which such a position would probably expose her. She had answered three advertisements, and had folded and sealed her letters, and now, with her open desk before her, was counting her little store of ready money, calculating how long she could at any rate subsist before she found employment. In replacing her purse her hand fell upon a portrait, which she took out and gazed at fondly. "Dear old Geoffrey, if you had lived, how different my future would have been! I suppose I ought to say God's will be done, but oh, it's very, very hard!" A few moments she continued gazing through her tears at the portrait, when a sharp knock at the outer door startled her, and she replaced it in the desk. She heard Mrs. Murgatroyd in conversation with some one, and then a quick, well-remembered voice said, "Where! This room?" And in another moment the door was flung open and Mary Hope was sobbing in her lost lover's arms.

After the blissful excitement of the first meeting had subsided, a season of mutual explanations followed. Geoffrey Howard had been dangerously wounded, and had been a prisoner the greater part of a year in an Indian dungeon, where for many weeks his life had hung on a thread by reason of an attack of malignant fever. His worn and sallow features, his skin bronzed to Oriental swarthiness, and the scar of a deep sabre cut across his cheek, scarce hidden by a rather ragged beard, bore eloquent witness to the perils he had passed through. He had landed in England but two hours previously, and had lost not a moment in seeking the presence of his darling and her father, for he was, of course, ignorant of Bernard Hope's death. Mary, too, had much to tell, and nestling by Geoffrey's side, her little white fingers hidden in the rugged brown hands of her lover, which held them as though they would never again let them go, she told him all she had gone through—the loss of her father, the history of the will, and lastly, the loss of her little fortune.

"I don't understand it," said Geoffrey. "The man has been playing some very deep game."

"Perhaps he really wished to get me more—what do you call it?—interest for my money. I dare say it was meant kindly enough, though it has happened so unfortunately."

"I don't believe it, darling. If he had really had your interest at heart, he would have regarded safety before all things. I strongly suspect if all had gone well you would simply have received your three per cent., and Mr. Slythrope would have pocketed the difference."

"O, Geoffrey, Geoffrey! I'm afraid you have come home very uncharitable. Besides, what does it matter about a lot of stupid money, now I have got you back again? Unless, indeed, you would have liked me better for having the money."

There was only one possible answer to such an accusation, and Major Howard made it—that is to say, he called Mary a little goose, he kissed her, and dropped the subject, having taken care, however, to ascertain the address of Mr. Slythrope and the name of the company in which Mary's money had been lost. On leaving her he took a handsome cab and drove to the office of the liquidator of the company, when, on his stating that he desired to make some inquiries on behalf of one of their shareholders, Mr. Slythrope, he was informed, to his astonishment, that there was not, and never had been, any shareholder of that name on the books of the company. He next inquired whether, perchance, the shares were standing in Miss Hope's own name, and again was answered in the negative. Utterly bewildered, he drove to Mr. Slythrope's office. Mr. Slythrope was at home, and he speedily found himself in the attorney's presence. Mr. Slythrope was a little nervous. He was always a little nervous with strangers till he knew their business; and Major Howard's announcement that he had called on behalf of Miss Hope did not tend to increase his confidence. He was, however, far from suspecting Major Howard's identity, but jumped to the conclusion that he was a hostile solicitor employed by Miss Hope to call him to account. Major Howard's next remark tended to confirm that impression.

"You stated to Miss Hope, I think, a few days ago, that the property bequeathed to her by her father's will had been invested in the Wheal Marina Company, which has just come to grief. You are of course aware that an investment upon such a rotten security was a gross breach of trust, for which you are liable."

"Not at all; the power of investment is unlimited. Indeed, shares of companies are specially included."

"You are certain of that?"

"Quite so. I drew the will myself."

"Very good. The shares stood, I suppose, in your own name?"

"Ye—es; in my name, of course, as sole trustee."

"Then pray how is it, Mr. Slythrope, that I don't find your name among the list of shareholders of the company?"

Mr. Slythrope's countenance fell.

"Because—because—I may as well make a clean breath of it—to tell you the truth, the money was never in that company. It was a false alarm, sir, a false alarm."

"Then, where on earth is the money, sir? And what do you mean by a false alarm?"

"I'll tell you, if you'll have a little patience. As a brother solicitor, I'm sure you won't press harder on me than you're obliged. Miss Hope's money is in the Wheal Mary Ann, one of the most flourishing companies going, and her shares are worth just double what I gave for them."

"Then what on earth induced you——"

"I'll tell you. Between ourselves, I've taken an uncommon fancy to Miss Hope, and I had made up my mind to make her Mrs. S.; but somehow she didn't take to me quite as kindly as I could have wished. Now the other morning when I took up the *Times*, almost the first thing I caught sight of was the smash of the Wheal Marina, and the similarity of name gave me quite a turn, for just at that moment I thought it was the Wheal Mary Ann. And then the thought struck me, "If it had only been, my lady, you'd have been glad enough to say 'Yes' to Samuel Slythrope." And then I thought I'd try it. It was merely a little innocent practical joke—a *roose d'amour*, sir; a mere *roose d'amour*." And Mr. Slythrope smiled.

"You atrocious scoundrel!"

There was a sudden blow, a heavy crash, and Mr. Samuel Slythrope measured his length on the floor. The clerk outside hearing the downfall popped his head into the room, but seeing the state of things discreetly retired again, remarking:

"Beg pardon; thought you rang, sir."

Meanwhile Maj. Howard, having knocked Slythrope down, proceeded to knock him up again; and with his own dandy cane, which stood by the side of the fireplace, gave him one of the most tremendous thrashings ever recorded in the pages of history. And the clerk in the outer office, who owed Slythrope many a grudge for acts of petty tyranny, listened at the door, smiling pleasantly at each "swish" of the descending cane, and finally indulging in a war dance, expressive of his triumph and exultation, round the office stool.

A fortnight later Major Howard, looking wonderfully better in health and strength, stood before the altar of a quiet city church with a graceful little figure by his side. And with no pomp or ceremony, no breakfast, no speeches, no wedding guests, with only good Mrs. Murgatroyd for bridesmaid, the two true lovers were made one. And six months afterwards, in the Court of Queen's Beach, the great assault case Slythrope vs. Howard was tried. And when the lawyers on both sides had had their say, the presiding judge said: "Gentlemen of the jury, it is not disputed that a very violent assault was committed on the plaintiff, and he is therefore entitled to your verdict. But, in assessing the damages, gentlemen, you will consider the general merits of the case and give the plaintiff only such compensation as you think he fairly deserves." And the jury, in awarding one farthing by way of damages, expressed their unanimous regret that there wasn't a smaller coin.—*London Society.*

IN the churchyard of Sedlescombe, near Hastings, two epitaphs are found. One, half-obliterated by age, is worth noticing, as an example of what an epitaph should be. The other is of modern date, and equally illustrates what an epitaph should not be:

1. "How strangely fond of life poor mortals be!
Who that shall see this bed would change with me?
But, gentle reader, tell me which is best,
The tollsome journey, or the traveler's rest?"

2. "The pale consumption gave the fatal blow,
The stroke was sudden, but the effects was slow."

PETER OPIE, of Madison, Wisconsin, recently ate fifteen mince pies on a wager, and would have died under the Opie ration but for the administration of an Opiate.

PUBLIC CURIOSITY.

Actions which have no public character should be sacred from public curiosity. It is not that a man should not be responsible even for his private actions, but that he should be responsible to the right tribunal. My own family have an interest in some of my actions; my friends in others, and my colleagues or subordinates in a third class. In each case it is most desirable that I should be in contact with the opinions of those who are both concerned in my behavior and have the means of judging. In each case, interference by the unqualified and unconcerned is generally mischievous. No wise friend ever meddles between man and wife, or between father and children. The reason is not only that the meddling will be resented, but that in such delicate questions none but the immediate parties to the dispute are really qualified to have any opinion. When that incoherent mass of hasty and half-informed judgment called public opinion is brought to bear upon such matters, the effect is far more demoralizing. The man's actions are determined not by his instincts and affections, but, by reference to the question, "What will people say?" He aims at respectability instead of virtue. He loses that fine sense of self-respect, which is the most essential safeguard of all lofty motive. He conforms to the vulgar standard set up by impertinent intruders, and acquires, in place of a conscience, a little store of popular platitudes. If he is a public official, he will thrive in proportion as he can flatter the public taste. A gentleman (as we are told in the papers) has lately been winning popularity in America because he dressed himself in coarse clothes and chewed tobacco. Mere vulgarity passes itself off for honesty; for people forget that the easiest kind of hypocrisy is a superficial brutality of manners. The person in question was christened "Blue Jeans," as Hosea Biglow's hero hoped to be called "Old Timbertoes." That, in the words of the best American humorist, is what the people likes—

Suthin' combinin' morril truths with phrases such as strikes.

When such a practice is common, the charlatan has a start in the race for honor. The public learns to resent as an insult to itself the honorable reserve which refuses to invite the ignorant and uncultivated to sit in judgment upon matters beyond their ken. Public life under such conditions becomes offensive to men of delicate, sensitive natures; and the independence of spirit which is the greatest of political virtues becomes a disadvantage or is supplanted by a course affectation of brutality. True greatness of public character is rooted in the purity and tenderness of domestic life. But the direct tendency of impertinent intrusion is to give an advantage to the charlatans and hypocrites—always too abundant in the world—who are ready to lay bare for public inspection their most private affairs, and to advertise their domestic virtues. The spurious article in such a case is a more paying commodity than the genuine, and a willingness to submit to degradation becomes a direct qualification for success. The evil—great in its bearing upon public men—is certainly not less in its influence upon those teachers of mankind who are most sensitive, most easily spoiled by self-consciousness, and often the subjects of the most impertinent intrusion. For one writer who is now hurt by abuse, a dozen are ruined by injudicious flattery; if the flattery begins to affect their private life,