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, MARCH 29, 1877. NUMBER 39.

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.

ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted according to the following table of rates:

Time	1w	4w	2m	3m	6m	1yr.
1 inch	$1.50	3.00	5.00	6.00	10.00	15.00
2 inches	2.00	5.00	8.00	10.00	15.00	20.00
3 inches	2.50	7.00	10.00	12.00	20.00	30.00
4 inches	3.00	8.50	14.00	18.25	25.00	35.00
¼ column	5.00	12.00	18.00	22.00	30.00	45.00
½ column	10.00	20.00	30.00	40.00	55.00	75.00
1 column	20.00	30.00	60.00	80.00	100.	150.

ADMINISTRATOR'S and Executor's Notices, 2.00; Auditor's notices, $2.50; Business Cards, five lines (per year) $8.00, additional lines, $1.00 each.

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. TOWANDA, PA. mch9-76

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

CHAS. M. HALL, NOTARY PUBLIC. Fire and Life Insurance in first-class companies. Office with Patrick & Foyle, Towanda, Pa. (feb22-y

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.—(Dec 7, '76. TOWANDA, PA.

H. STREETER, LAW OFFICE, TOWANDA, PA. a'pr20.

OVERTON & MERCUR, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, TOWANDA PA. Office over Montanyes Store. (may 25. PA. OVERTON. RODNEY A. MERCUR.

WM. MAXWELL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. OFFICE OVER DAYTON'S STORE, TOWANDA, PA. April 12, '76.

PATRICK & FOYLE, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. Towanda, Pa. Office, in Mercur's Block. (may17-73.

E. J. ANGLE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Office with Davies & Carnochan, Towanda, Pa. Jan1.'77.

G. F. MASON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, TOWANDA PA. Office first door south of C. B. Pardee Esq., second floor. Nov. 1, '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 & Nobles 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. TOWANDA, PA. (p14-75.

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' and Register's Courts. E. OVERTON, JR. (jan4-y) N. C. ELSBREE.

MADILL & CALIFF, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, TOWANDA, PA. Office in Wood's Block, first door south of the First Nat'l Bank, upstairs. H. L. MADILL. (jan5-76y) J. N. CALIFF.

GRIDLEY & PAYNE, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, NO. 1, TRACY & NOBLE'S BLOCK, MAIN STREET, TOWANDA, PA. E. C. GRIDLEY. (1877) S. S. 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 28,'75. TOWANDA, PA.

H. PEET, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. He is prepared to practice all branches of his profession. Office, MERCUR BLOCK, (entrance on south side) TOWANDA, PA. [jan6-76.

D. D. SMITH, DENTIST, Towanda, Pa. Office on Park street, north side Public Square. [may 1-y

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

E. D. PAYNE, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office over Montanyes' Store. Office hours from 10 to 12 A. M., and from 2 to 4, P. M. Special attention given to diseases of the Eye and Ear. (oct1-76-tf.

DR. T. B. JOHNSON, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office over Dr. Porter & Son's Drug Store, Towanda [jan7-76.

M. D. L. DODSON, DENTIST. On and after Sept. 21, may be found in the new rooms on 2nd floor of Dr. Pratt's new building, State Street. Business solicited. [jy12-75tf.

W. B. KELLY, DENTIST.—Office over M. E. Rosenfeld's, Towanda, Pa. Is prepared to work on Gold, Silver, Rubber, and Aluminum base. Teeth extracted without pain. [nov1-1872.

DR. C. M. STANLY, DENTIST, Having removed his Dental office into Tracy & Noble's new block, over Kent & Watrous' store, is now prepared to do all kinds of dental work. He has on hand a new gas apparatus. [may 1-y.

HALE & PATTON, Agents for CONNECTICUT MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY. Office No. 2 Griffith & Patton's Block, Bridge Sts. March 2, '75.

C. S. RUSSELL'S GENERAL INSURANCE AGENCY. Mch9-76tf. TOWANDA, PA.

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

INSURANCE AGENCY. The following RELIABLE AND FIRE TRIED Companies represented: LANCASHIRE, PHENIX, HOME, MERCHANTS March 1, '76. O. A. BLAKE.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $1 free. Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine. [mch16-76-1y

$12 a day at home. Agents wanted. Outfit and terms free. True & Co., Augusta, Maine. [mch1 4.76-1y.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

$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 you 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. [jan26,'77.

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 pipe and cancerous sores, warts and tumors of all descriptions, diseased eyes, wind puffs, thavius of all kinds, ring bones; lameness cured (bunch not removed); scratches or 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 horsemen—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 (none 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 247 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.

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

$55 to $77 a Week in agents. $5 Outfit Free. P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

BRYANT'S POPULAR HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.

From the discovery to 1876, preceded by a sketch of the pre-historic 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. Ten pages each. Settlers, Armstrong & Co., publishers, 743 & 745, Broadway, New York.

For information address, MATTESON & Jackson, General Agents, 1707 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

OF M. S. CONVERS, Agent for Northern Pennsylvania, 311 William St., Elmira, N. Y. Jan11f.

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 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.

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 losses by fire among the membership. This plan of insuring for FARM PROPERTY, is cheap, equitable and safe.

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. (feb5-6m

FIRST NATIONAL BANK, OF TOWANDA.

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

This Bank offers UNUSUAL FACILITIES to 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 OVER AT REDUCED RATES.

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

JOS. POWELL, President. N. N. BETTS, JR. Cashier.

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 times require 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.

REDUCTION IN PIANO TUNING!

I propose to tune Pianos hereafter for

$2 EACH TIME, OR $4 BY THE YEAR.

When instruments are outside the Borough, an extra charge will be made for traveling fee.

I continue to sell

ORGANS AND PIANOS

Of the best manufactures, as usual.

Apply to or address

PROF. WM. DITTRICH, Towanda, Penn'a.

Towanda, Feb. 22, 1877.

THE HIGHEST HONORS AT THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION!

The Judges unanimously recommend the MENDELSSOHN PIANOS for the DIPLOMA OF HONOR AND MEDAL OF MERIT; placing them in the front rank without a superior.

PRICES BELOW COMPETITION FOR STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS INSTRUMENTS.

$630 for $250. $1000 for $375. $650 for $275.
$700 for $300. $750 for $325.
$800 for $350. $450. $900 for $400.

NO COMMISSION TO AGENTS, NO DISCOUNTS TO TEACHERS, NO DEVIATION IN PRICE.

THE MENDELSSOHN Grand, Square, and Upright Pianos contain valuable patents and improvements never before introduced.

MATHUSHEK'S NEW PATENT DUPLEX OVERSTRUNG SCALE is the greatest advance in the history of Piano making, producing the most astonishing power, richness and depth of tone, and a sustaining singing quality never before attained, being a Grand Piano in a Square Case.

THE MENDELSSOHN UPRIGHTS are the finest in America. They are pronounced the "Pianos of the Future."

MANUFACTORY AND WAREROOMS:

Nos. 490, 492, 494, 496 and 498 West 57th Street.
Nos. 858, 860, 862, 864, 866 and 870 10th Avenue.

PIANOS SENT ON TRIAL.

Illustrated and descriptive Catalogue mailed free.

MENDELSSOHN PIANO CO., BUSINESS OFFICE 86, 88 Broadway, New York. Feb 17.

Selected Poetry.

THE TEETOTAL MILL.

Two jolly tipers once sat in an inn,
Discussing the merits of brandy and gin.
Said one to the other: "I tell you what, Bill,
I've been hearing to-day of the teetotal mill.

"You must know that this comical mill has been built
Of old broken casks when the liquor's been spilt;
You go up some high steps, and when at the mill,
You've a paper to sign at the teetotal mill.

"You promise by signing this paper, I think,
That ale, wine, and spirits you never will drink;
You give up (as they call it) such rascally swill,
And then you go into the teetotal mill.

"There's a wheel in this mill they call self denial,
They turn it a bit just to give you a trial;
Old clothes are made new, and if you've been ill,
You're very soon cured at the teetotal mill."

Bill listened and wondered; at length then he cried;
"Why, Tom, if it's true what you're telling about,
What fools we must be to be here sitting still—
Let us go, and we'll look at the teetotal mill."

They gazed with amazement; then came in with a man,
With excess and disease his visage was wan;
He mounted the steps, signed the pledge with a will,
And went in for a turn in the teetotal mill.

He quickly came out the picture of health,
And walked briisk on the highway to wealth;
And as onward he jogged, he shouted out still:
"Glory ees to the wheel of the teetotal mill."

The next that went in were a man and his wife,
For many long years they'd been living in strife:
He had beat and abused her and swore she would kill,
But his heart took a turn in the teetotal mill.

And when he came out, how altered was he!
Steady, honest, and sober—how happy was she!
They no more contend, "No, you shan't;" "Yes, I will;"
They were blessing together the teetotal mill.

Next came a rough fellow as grim as a Turk,
To curse and to swear seemed his principal work;
He swore that that morning "his skin he would tan;"
And drunk as he was he rode into the mill.

And what he saw there we never could tell;
But when his visit was changed, and his language as well;
And when he had turned round the brow of the hill,
He knelt and thanked God for the teetotal mill.

The poor were made rich, the weak were made strong,
The debt was made short and the purse was made long;
These miracles puzzled both Thomas and Bill,
At length they went in for a turn in the mill.

A little while after I heard a great shout;
I turned round to see what the noise was about;
A flag was conveyed to the top of the hill,
And a crowd, among which were Thomas and Bill,
Were shouting, "Hurrah for the teetotal mill!"

Miscellaneous.

Tim's Partner.

BY AMANDA M. DOUGLASS.

"Ain't got nothin', Miss May, to set up a chap in housekeepin'—have you?"

"Housekeeping!" the young lady cried in surprise. "Why sugely, Tim, you are not thinking of—" and she paused suddenly, eyeing the figure before her from head to foot.

A strange, mishappen creature it was. He was barely eighteen, but he might have been twice that from the looks of his face, which was thin and sharp, and wrinkled about the eyes and forehead, surmounted by a shock of sandy brown hair, and thatched with an old gray felt hat going to tatters. A short lump-backed figure, with a body out of all proportion to the pinched, slender legs. The arms were long, and finished by hands twice too large. A poor, pitiful object, yet there was something wistful and touching in the great brown eyes.

"Og gettin' married? Was you goin' to say that, Miss May? He! he! A gal would want a husband mighty bad, wouldn't she, when she picked up such a crooked stick? The Lord knows why he made me this way, I s'pose," falling for a moment in a reflective mood. "But t'ain't that, Miss May. I've got a room of old Mother Budd and a stove, and a mattress, and now I've taken a partner—Jerry; but you don't know nothin' about him. He's a little chap what's had a drunken father all his life, and has to get about on two crutches—worse'n me, a good sight," looking down with pride on his thin legs and substantial feet. "And now his father's sent up to the Island, and he had no place to go to. So we've set up together. He's smart in some ways, is Jerry—can sew like a gal, and cook, and we'll get along just jolly. Only if we had some dishes and things. You see we have to pay a dollar a week in advance, for old Mother Budd is sharp at a bargain, lookin' out for tricks. Then I bought some coal and wood, and that took about all my spare capital." He gave a sort of humorous grin as he said "capital."

He had shoveled off the snow and cleaned the gutter to perfection. Miss May had paid him thirty cents. After a moment she said:

"Come down in the basement, Tim. I should not wonder if we could find you an outfit. Two boys housekeeping! It's rather funny."

Tim scraped and wiped his feet, stood his shovel in the corner of the area, and followed the young lady within. All winter he had been on hand to clean the sidewalk and put in coal. Besides his wages she had given him a few old garments, and his gratitude had touched her. Now she felt rather amused.

Bridget gave him a somewhat unfriendly stare as he entered the kitchen. She never could understand why a lady like Miss May should take fancies "to beggars and that sort of trash." Dr. May looked rather serious about it, and wished her mother had lived; or that Aunt Helen knew how to interest her in other people. He saw quite enough of the misery and wretchedness in the world without having his pretty young daughter breaking her heart over it.

"Come and warm yourself, Tim. Bridget, where are those cracked and checkered dishes I picked out the other day? And there are some chairs down cellar. O, and those old comfortables I laid away."

"Sure, miss, I was going to ask you if I mightn't give the dishes to my cousin, Aunt Flynn, who is to be married Sunday night. They'd be a god-send to her."

"We'll divide them;" and Miss May smiled.

Bridget very unwillingly opened the closet door. The idea of giving china dishes to a beggar! She grudged everything that could go to a "cousin."

Miss May picked out two cups and saucers, two bowles, and several miscellaneous articles, including a block tin teapot, and two or three dilapidated tin pails.

"O, Miss May! Why, we'll feel as grand as kings!" and the eyes were lustrous with gratitude.

"Here's a basket to pack them in, Bridget, give him a little tea and sugar, and some of the cold meat left yesterday. I'll run up stairs and find some clothes."

She came back laden. Tim's face glowed to its utmost capacity, which was large, as he had been out in the cold all the morning.

"There, I havn't any table, but all these will help. You are sure your partner, as you call him, is a trusty fellow?"

"He's good as gold, though he hain't no legs worth speakin' of. He used to sell papers on the cars, but he stumbled one day and had one cut off and the other hurt. His father used to keep him 'round beggin', but he's bound to have a nice time now along o' me. If you could hear him sing, Miss May—it's like a bird hangin' out a winder. When the weather comes warm he can sell apples and sich. I'll have a little spare capital bimeby to start him with. And it'll be havin' folks of one's very own. I never had any, you see. Not that I'd wan't a father like Jerry's. Poor little chap, he's had rough times, what with the death and the starvin'."

Miss May winked a tear out of her blue eyes. How ready these street Arabs were to stand by one another! Would anybody in her "set" take in a poor brother unhesitatingly?

Tim was grateful from the very depths of his soul, and it was no mean one. He bundled the articles in a great pack, and shouldered them, chairs and all, and drew his sleeve across his eyes, while his good-bye had a ver7 husky sound.

If Miss May could have heard the rejoicing!

And yet it was a miserable little room, up three flights of stairs, with only one window looking into a rear house. Their bedstead had been made of dry goods boxes, and when they covered it with her clean chintz and comfortable, and arranged their closet shelves with the dishes, leaving the door open so they could feast their eyes on their new possessions, they could not resist giving three cheers; and Tim was actually coaxed into dancing a break-down, while Jerry clapped "Finnegan's Wake" with his thin hands on the one good knee he had left. It was a blustering March day, but they two had a delightfully warm room and a feast. What amused them most of all was beautiful Miss May's idea that Tim was going to be married.

"Tim," said Jerry, solemnly, when their laugh had ended, "I don't know how girls feel about such poor cripples as you and me, but my opinion is that my mammy would have been glad enough to have had a husband with the great, tender heart you've got. Poor mammy! I'm glad she's in heaven, along of the angels, and I'm glad she don't know about my legs. God wouldn't tell her when she's so happy—would He, Tim?"

"No. He wouldn't," said Tim, over a great lump in his throat.

There never were such happy days in the life of either of those, that followed. Jerry cooked, kept accounts, washed, ironed, and mended, and as the weather grew warmer began to do quite a thriving business in buttonhole boquets, standing on the corner as the men went down town. Now and then he sold popular photographs on commission, or a lot of choice bananas.

Tim was brisk and active, and caught up all manner of odd jobs. Now and then he saw Miss May. Once he sent Jerry with a bouquet of flowers.

"I wanted you to see him, Miss May," he said afterwards, hanging around until he caught sight of her. "He don't look pale and peaked, as he did when we first set up. It's good livin', you see, and no scatin'. And we have just the jolliest times you ever heard of. He don't want me to call him anything but partner. I do believe that little chap would give his life for me."

"O, Tim; how good you are!" she cried. "You shame richer and wiser people. It is very noble to take that little boy by the hand and love and protect him."

"Noble!" exchoed Tim, pulling his forelock and coloring through the tan and grim. "Why, Miss May, he's a sight of help and comfort to me; better'n any wife would be, because, you see, no woman who'd take me ever'd be half so good."

"Tim," she said, opening her dainty Russia leather pocketbook, "I want to add a mite to your happiness. I am going to the country soon, for the whole summer. I want you to take this, and spend it just as I tell you. You and Jerry must go on some nice excursion; there'll be plenty of them presently. Get a good dinner, and take all the delight you can, and remember to tell me all about it afterward."

"O, Miss May, you are too good for anybody's folks. Indeed, I'll tell you every word. And can I come again next winter to shovel snow and do chores?"

"Yes, indeed, I shall be glad to have you. God bless you and your partner, poor, brave little soul. I shall think of you often."

"I never saw an angel 'cept the pictures with wings, but I know Miss May is one," said Tim to himself.

Tim and his partner counted their money that night. Business had been flourishing of late.

"There's twenty-one dollars that we've saved up free and clear, and the lady's five. Tim, you had better put it in the bank," and Jerry's eyes sparkled feverishly.

"I'd have to hide the bank book then," and Tim chuckled. "Think of havin' a bank account! Why, we'd feel a'most like Astor, or the old Commodore."

"But I wish you would, Tim. I'm afraid to have so much in the house. I tell you how it was, but the way was It will be something against winter when business is dull. Now we're making plenty to live on. Won't you, Tim?"

"To be sure I will—to-morrow. And we'll hide the book in that same chink in the floor. No one would think of looking there. And we'll have a rousing time on some excursion. We'll choose one with a brass band, and have a little dance in one corner by ourselves. There isn't the beat of Miss May in the whole world."

"She's good, but then she's rich, you know. Five dollars doesn't look so large to her as it does to you and me. But, Tim, I love you better than a hundred Miss Mays."

Tim chuckled and winked hard, but said never a word.

He was off early in the morning, as he had an important job on hand. Jerry would have dinner ready at noon, and he would put on his "store clothes" and go down to the bank like any other swell. My eyes! Weren't they in clover?

Tim could not get home until three, but he had earned two dollars since morning. They had each a key to the door, and finding it locked, Tim drew out his. Jerry had gone to business; afternoons were his times. There was no dinner set out on the table and covered with a napkin. A curious chill of something like neglect went to Tim's warm heart; but he whistled it away, and found a bit of cold meat and some oatmeal. Then he decided he would run over on Broadway and tell Jerry of his good luck. It was too late to think of going to the bank.

No little chap sat on the well-known corner. Tim walked up a block, down again, and studied the cross streets sharply. Had he sold out and gone home? Or maybe he had taken the money to the bank. Tim ran home again. Yes, that was it—the money was gone.

He waited and waited. Somehow he did not feel a bit jolly; but he boiled the kettle and laid the supper. No Jerry yet. What had become of him? Had he put on his best suit?

They had made a clothes-press out of a dry goods box, and Tim went to inspect it. Why! Jerry's shelf was entirely empty—shirts, stockings; yes, everything, even to his old, every-day suit, gone. Tim dropped on the floor, and hid his face in his hands. Had Jerry—

It was funny, but Tim squared off and gave the box a thump that bruised his knuckles. It seemed to him that the box had breathed a suspicion that Jerry had stolen the money and run away. Then he kicked it, and sat down and cried as if his heart would break. His partner, little Jerry, a thief! No, he would never, never believe it.

He sat up till midnight, and it seemed to him there had never been such loneliness since the world began. Then the next morning he made some inquiries. Their two nearest neighbors were washerwomen. Both had been out all day. No one had seen Jerry.

"If Jerry's father were not in prison—but he had been sent up in February for a year, and here it was only the last of June. Or if there had been any evil companions hanging around; but Jerry and every scrap of his belongings, as well as the money, had surely disappeared.

There was no gay excursion for Tim. He brooded over his desertion, and grew morose, began to save his money again, and shut himself up like a hermit. The poor, crippled boy he had taken to his heart, that he had warmed and fed! Ah, it was very bitter. Perhaps not even his beautiful Miss May would care to remember him.

So he did not go near her. Autumn came on apace. One dreary November day, when he found nothing to do, he turned homeward weary and heart sick. Ah, if there was only a cheery voice to welcome him.

Some one stood by his door, a lady in dainty attire. Some one caught his arm, and cried:

"O, Tim! I'm so glad you have come! I have been waiting almost an hour. Tim, I've found little Jerry, and he's dying; but he asks for you constantly. Come right away—don't lose a moment."

"Jerry!" in a sort of dazed way, as if he but half understood. "Little Jerry—partner? O, Miss May—no, you can't mean it—dying?"

"Yes. Hurry, Tim, I've waited so long already!"

They walked down the stairs, scuddled through the streets to a horse-car. It seemed to him as if they rode an hour; then they alighted, and a short walk brought them to a decent looking tenement house. Up one flight of stairs, and the door opened.

"Is it Tim?" asked a weak voice.

Tim threw himself on his knees by the bedside, and kissed the sweet, wan face with the tenderness of a mother. For some time only sobs were heard.

"You told him, Miss May?"

"No, Jerry. We hurried so there was no chance. But I will tell him every word."

"O, Tim, you didn't think I was a thief? It broke my heart to go. It was father. He got out some way, and had been watching us. He came that night when we were so happy counting our money, but he didn't dare offer to take me away then. The next morning he walked in with a paper, which he said was a warrant for me, and that if I dared to say a word he'd send me to the Refuge. I picked up my things—I was so afraid of him—and then he wanted the money, and swore if I didn't get it he'd murder me. I told him I would not; so he tied my hands and bound my mouth, lest I should scream, and then he hunted everywhere; and O, Tim, he found it! He took me right out of the city with him to a vile den where they wanted to make a thief of me."

"O, Jerry, dear, don't talk; it takes away all your strength. God knows I never could have a hard thought of you now;" and Tim broke down.

"Just a little. I couldn't get back to you. They watched me and beat me until I was sore and stiff; and there I staid until only a fortnight ago, when one night I gave them the slip. I wanted to come back and

Miner, office there are fifty lodes that will, when further developed, prove as rich as the Ajax.—*La Plata (Cal.) Miner.*

THE QUEEN OPENING PARLIAMENT.

I know what these, far-off sounds mean—that the Queen of the realm is now close at hand, and that the crowning ceremony of the day will not be delayed many minutes. Presently the door on the right of the throne, recently shut for a few minutes, is flung open, and the Prince and Princess of Wales—the former wearing a peer's robe—enter. But here, be it noticed, his Royal Highness has an exceedingly difficult task to perform. Between the wool-sack and the throne—the latter usually protected by a railing—there is, in the normal condition of the House of Lords, an interval of some twenty feet. To-day the wool-sack has been drawn back to within almost an arm's length of the royal seat and quite close to its steps. Notice, therefore, especially the skill with which the Prince guides his consort through this narrow channel, depositing her finally on the woolsack, with her back to the Chancellor, and himself in a chair on the right of the throne. Meanwhile lords, ladies, and commoners have all stood up to greet the future King and Queen of England. Now behold the six pursuivants, brave in gold and purple; the four heralds, in gold and crimson; the equerries and grooms in waiting, in number six more—these head the royal procession. Those two gentlemen who follow, clad in the ordinary uniform, black and gold, of the royal household, are the Controller, and Treasurer, Lord Henry Somerset and Lord Henry Thynne. The middle-aged erect gentleman, in the attire of the Queen's aide-de-camp, is the Duke of Richmond and Gordon. Next to him are Col. Clifford, usher of the Black Rod, in a suit of mourning, and Garter King-at-Arms, in a gorgeous panoply of gold. The Earl-Marshal and the Lord Great Chamberlain follow; and last, immediately before the Queen, comes in his peer's robes, the Minister, Lord Beaconsfield himself. Aloft he carries that which is miscalled the sword, and should rather be described as the scabbard, of State. His face is perfectly expressionless; his step deliberate; not a single muscle in his arm, considerable as the tension must be, appears to move. But before the Prime Minister has assumed his place on the left of the throne, an effect of indescribable brilliance has been witnessed. Her Majesty is now inside the House of Lords. Immediately on her first entrance the whole company stand up. The ladies had previously been observed to be submitting their opera-cloaks to some mysterious operation, and simultaneously, at the instant that they rose from their seats, their mantles descended from their shoulders, and displayed a glorious "gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls" and flashing of diamonds. Her Majesty has now traversed the strait already described past the wool-sack, has shaken hands with the Prince of Wales, and has taken her seat on the throne with the ermine robe thrown over it. On her left are the Princesses Louise and Beatrice. The Lord Chancellor stands on the right of the Queen, and next to him is the Marquis of Winchester—whose personal appearance is remarkable as being very strongly suggestive of the type of Englishman seen on the French stage—bearing the Cap of Maintenance on a cushion of crimson velvet. The whole space about the throne is densely thronged with peers, holding various offices. Very slightly does Her Majesty, after taking her seat, incline her head. The signal is, however, quite intelligible, and is interpreted aright. The company once more seat themselves, but the ladies do not resume their opera-cloaks. Amid a breathless silence Black Rod approaches the royal presence, and at once retires. His mission is to summon the House of Commons to the bar of the Peers. Nothing could be more impressive than the absolute stillness which now prevails. Her Majesty now sits motionless as a statute. The Prince of Wales is equally still and silent. Lord Beaconsfield does not relax a line of his countenance. This singular suspense lasts for five minutes. Black Rod returns, and, in the twinkling of an eye, there comes the sound as of a mighty, rushing wind. Nearer it gets, and nearer. It is Her Majesty's faithful Commons. The officers of the House have found it just possible to keep back, by a rather complicated machinery of ropes and barriers, the concourse, till the Speaker and the Leader of the House have taken their place in the reserved box behind the bar, at the side immediately opposite the throne. But after that comes the deluge; and the expedient of the "ballot," instituted ostensibly for the purpose of preventing a crush on these occasions, breaks down lamentably. The whole thing is a wild stampede, and members of the House of Commons, as they flock into the presence of their sovereign, remind one of nothing more than a herd of undergraduates wildly rushing into the Sheldonian Theatre on Commemoration Day. But order is restored, and there is once again a deep silence. The Lord Chancellor makes an obeisance to his royal mistress, and presents to her a paper—the Queen's speech. But Her Majesty very slightly shakes her head, on which, Lord Crains, drawing himself up to his full height, retains the document, spreads it open, and begins to read it in a tone audible throughout the entire chamber. This occupies as nearly as possible ten minutes. Her Majesty then leaves the throne, and passes from the House with the same ceremony that accompanied her entrance. The pent-up torrent of general talk again bursts forth, the company begin to disperse, the kaleidoscopic splendors melt away, and the pageant is over. A second, and, in many respects, a more interesting function is yet to be performed to-day. The first debate of the session takes place this evening; and before that time a new peer has to be formally installed in their Lordship's house. I reach the House of Lord's just in time to witness the Earl of Beaconsfield—who, by the bye, does not enter the Robing-room, but retires for robing purposes to an apartment specially set apart for him—introduced to their lordships by the Earls of Derby and Bradford. It is a simple yet not unimpressive ceremonial. The Prime Minister and his two friends are preceded by a little procession. The circuit of the chamber is twice solemnly made by the group; Lord Beaconsfield is presented to the Chancellor whom he himself created; and finally retires from the chamber by the door on the left of the throne, to doff his robes, and to reappear, after a few minutes, in the plain dress of an English gentleman as leader of the House of Lords. In the debate that followed, Lord Beaconsfield delivered his maiden speech in the Peers, and that speech was a success, secured by the self-same arts as those which years ago won for Mr. Disraeli his ascendency over the House of Commons.—*All the Year Round.*

FACTS ABOUT WORDS.

The following quotations are taken from Trench's work, entitled "A Select Glossary of English Words, used formerly in senses different from their present," in which are traced the changes of meaning which many current words have undergone:

Climate—At present the temperature of a region, but once the region itself.

Corpse—Now only used for the body abandoned by the spirit of life, but once for the body of the living man equally as of the dead.

Desire—"To desire" is only to look forward with longing now; the word has lost the sense of regret or looking back upon the lost but still loved.

Ensure—None of our Dictionaries, as far as I can observe, have taken notice of an old use of this word, namely, to betroth, and thus to make sure the future husband and wife to each other.

Hag—One of the many words which, applied formerly to both sexes, are now restrained only to one.

Mountebank—Now *gay* antic fool; but once restrained to the quack doctors who at fairs and such places of resort having mounted on a bank bench, from thence proclaimed the virtue of their drugs.

Ostler—Not formerly, as now, the servant of the inn, having the care of the horses, but the inn keeper or host the "hostler" himself.

Shrew—There are at present no "shrews" save female ones; but the word, like so many others we have met with, now restrained to one sex, was formerly applied to both.

Sonnet—A "sonnet" now must consist of exactly fourteen lines, neither more or less; and these with a fixed arrangement, though admitting a certain relaxation, of the rhymes; but "sonnet" used often to be applied to any shorter poem, especially of an amatory kind.

Stove—This word has much narrowed its meaning. Bath, hot-house, any room where air or water were artificially heated, was a "stove," once.

Tobacconist—Now the seller, once the smoker of tobacco.

Uncouth—Now unformed in manner, ungraceful in behavior; but once simply unknown.

Wince—Now to shrink or start away as in pain from a stroke or touch, but as far as I know, used always by our earlier authors in the sense of to kick.

"NO PLACE LIKE HOME."

The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims the happiest spot his own,
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long night of revelry and ease.
The naked savage panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
No, let the patriot's boast where'er we roam,
His first, best country, ever is at home.

—*Goldsmith.*

I hold it, indeed, to be a sure sign of a mind not poised as it ought to be, if it be insensible to the pleasures of home, to the little joys and endearments of a family, to the affection of relations, to the fidelity of domestics. Next to being well with his own conscience, the friendship and attachment of a man's family and dependents seems to me one of the most comfortable circumstances of his lot. His situation with regard to either forms that sort of bosom comfort or disquiet that sticks close to him at all times and seasons, and which, though he may now and then forget it amidst the bustle of public or hurry of active life, will resume its place in