The Bradford Reporter.

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

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½ column	10.00	20.00	30.00	40.00	55.00	75.00
1 column	20.00	50.00	60.00	80.00	100.	150.

ADMINISTRATOR'S and Executor's Notices, $2.50; Auditor's notices, $2.50; Business Cards, five lines, (per year) $5.00, 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.)

S. W. & WM. LITTLE, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, TOWANDA, PA. Office over Decker's Provision Store, Main Street, 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.'75. TOWANDA, PA.

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

G. F. MASON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, TOWANDA PA. Office in Esq. Read's second door. Nov. 18, '75.

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

J. ANDREW WILT, ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW, Office over Criss' 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.

E. F. GOFF, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Main Street (4 doors north of Ward House), Towanda, Pa. (April 12, 1877.

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, Ov114-75. 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., (apr14-70) 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. [jan5-731y] J. N. CALIFF.

GRIDLEY & PAYNE, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, No. 1, TRACY & NOBLE'S BLOCK, MAIN STREET, TOWANDA, PA. E. C. GRIDLEY. (1477). 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 23-75. 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.

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

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

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.—Oct.19.'76-1f.

DR. T. B. JOHNSON, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office over Dr. Porter & Son's Drug Store, Towanda. jan1-75tf.

M. D. L. DODSON, DENTIST. On and after Sept. 21, may be found in the elegant new rooms on 3d floor of Dr. Pratt's new block on State Street. Business solicited. Sept. 3-74tf.

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 & Bliss' store, is now prepared to do all kinds of dental work. He has also put in a new gas aparatus. may1375.

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. INSURANCE AGENCY. The following RELIABLE AND FIRE TRIED Companies represented: LANCSHIRE, PHŒNIX, HOME, MERCHANTS. March 18-74tf. O. A. BLACK.

Clothing.

IMMENSE STOCK OF SPRING AND SUMMER CLOTHING

Just opened at the old stand of M. E. SOLOMON & SON.

Agreeably with announcement, MR. J. DAVIS Has filled the store lately occupied by Solomon & Son with the most complete assortment of READY-MADE CLOTHING!

Of every description ever offered in this market. My stock comprises everything in the line of Ready-made Clothing for MEN'S, YOUTHS' AND CHILDREN'S WEAR.

FURNISHING GOODS, HATS, CAPS, TRUNKS, VALISES, UMBRELLAS, CANES, &c.

I desire to announce to the people of Bradford County, that I have permanently located in Towanda, and shall endeavor, by close attention to business, small profits and fair dealing, to merit and secure my share of patronage. My stock is NEW, having been purchased during the past two weeks for CASH.

J. DAVIS. Towanda, April 5, 1877.

RENOVATED! RENEWED!! REPLENISHED!!!

During the past winter I have by close application to business, CLEANED OUT My old stock of Ready-Made Clothing, and now offer to my customers AN ENTIRELY NEW ASSORTMENT, Purchased with a special view to the wants of TOWANDA AND VICINITY! By long experience in trade here, I believe I understand what the people desire in the CLOTHING LINE, And feel sure that my stock, now being opened, CANNOT FAIL TO SUIT ALL.

PRICES WERE NEVER SO LOW! And I can offer everything IN THE LINE OF CLOTHING And GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS At prices which defy competition. WE WILL NOT BE UNDERSOLD! Remember this when in want of Clothing

H. JACOBS. Towanda, April 12, 1877.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

H. C. WHITAKER, BOOK BINDER, REPORTER BUILDING, THIRD FLOOR, TOWANDA.

THE CHEAPEST HARDWARE STORE IN TOWANDA IS IN MERCUR BLOCK!

Farmers can buy their SCYTHES, SNATHS, GRINDSTONES, FORKS, FIXTURES, ROPES, &c., &c., &c., Cheaper Than at Any Other Place!

I have always on hand Repairs for the YOUNG WARRIOR and CHAMPION Mowing Machines.

PERRIGOS SIDE HILL PLOWS, Best in Use.

All kinds of TINWARE on hand, and Tin work of all kinds done at lowest prices. H. T. JUNE. Towanda, June 28, 1876.

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 travelling fee.

I continue to sell ORGANS AND PIANOS Of the best manufacture, as usual. Apply to or address PROF. WM. DITTRICH, Towanda, Penn'a. Towanda, Feb. 22, 1877.

GREATLY REDUCED PRICES! The undersigned is doing PLANING, MATCHING, AND RE-SAWING, And all kinds of Planing-mill Work, AWAY DOWN! DOWN!! DOWN!!! So far you can't see it.

I have also on hand a large stock of SASH AND DOORS, Which I am selling at prices to suit the times. WINDOW-BLINDS Made promptly to order, at a low price, for CASH. IF YOU WANT TO GET RICH QUICK, Call and see my Goods and Prices. Lumber brought here to be milled, will be kept under cover and perfectly dry until taken away. Good sheds for your horses, and a dry place to load. L. B. RODGERS. Towanda, Jan. 18, 1877.

Leather & Belts.

1877. SPRING. 1877

Best value in SILKS! SILKS! SILKS! And FINE DRESS FABRICS! At KENT & BLISS'.

The largest and best assortment ever brought to this town now selling freely at our telling low prices.

Grand bargains in BLACK GRO-GRAIN SUMMER SILKS AND GRENADINES! CHEAP BLACK GOODS, FINEST STOCK, LOWEST PRICES! BEAUTIFUL DRESS GOODS! NEW TORCHON LACES! ELEGANT DRESS AND SACK FRINGES!

Fine lot of RIBBONS AND TIES!

Splendid stock of HOSIERY, TABLE DAMASK, NAPKINS AND TOWELS! Very low.

One hundred dozen KID GLOVES! (Two-buttoned) REDUCED FROM $1 TO 65 Cts.

Don't fail to call and see the COOLEY CORK CORSET! The best in the market.

A full line of CLOTHS FOR MEN AND BOY'S WEAR! Please call and examine our stock. KENT & BLISS. Towanda, April 5, 1877.

Merchant Tailor.

THIS WAY FOR SPRING SUITS Made to order, AND WARRANTED TO FIT!

J. L. McMAHON, MERCHANT TAILOR, OPPOSITE COURT HOUSE SQUARE, Has just received a NEW AND COMPLETE STOCK OF CLOTHS, GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS, HATS, CAPS, &c, &c., &c. He is prepared to furnish to order, made to measure, SPRING AND SUMMER SUITS, OF BEST QUALITY & LATEST STYLES, At prices the most reasonable of any establishment in Towanda. Call and examine my stock. J. L. McMAHON. Towanda, Pa., April 5, 1877.

Groceries.

NEW STOCK OF GROCERIES! Choice selections of FINE TEAS AND COFFEES! For sale cheap. Cash paid for all kinds of COUNTRY PRODUCE! At the old stand of C. B. Patch. W. H. DECKER, JR. Towanda, April 5, 1877.

Poetry.

THE 80th.

(Air.—"The British Grenadiers.")

When first I saw young Molly
Blushing beneath the holly,
First asleep, forgetting her sheep, and dreamy was the lady day,
While daisies laughing round her,
Hung dewy and fair on her bloomin' cheek, and to steal them away.

But ah, wild blushes burnin',
Soon I was turnin',
From simple starts and on me darts a dreadful lightnin' ray.
My foolish flowery fetters
Scornfully she scatters,
And like a winter sunbeam she coldly sweeps away.

But Love, young Love, comes stoopin'
O'er my daisies drooping,
And oh! each flower, wid fairy power, the rosy Boy renews;
Then twines each charmin' cluster
In links of starry lustre,
And wid the chain enchanting, my colleen proud pursues.

And soon I met young Molly,
Musin' melancholy,
Wid downcast eyes and sighin' sighs, along the meadow bank;
And oh! her swelling bosom
Was wreathed wid daisy blossom,
Like stars in summer heaven, as in my arms she sank. —*London Spectator.*

PSALM XXXIX.

Lord, let me keep my ways
And sin not with my tongue,
And if I do not speak Thy praise,
At least, may I be dumb,
Lest, while the wicked hear my cries,
My God and Saviour they despise.

Yet, Lord, to Thee I come,
To Thee I tell my grief;
Remember, Lord, my life is short,
And bring me quick relief,
And teach me to know my end,
That calm in Thee my days I'll spend.

How small are earthly things
For which men toil and sla
The pride and pomp of kings,
The wealth which mortals w
They all do swiftly pass away,
Like flowers in moonlight's [illegible]

From these I turn to Thee,
Thou ever-living Good;
From all Thought, or me free,
And bee [illegible] Wo
W[illegible] more to give
I am sure of peace and rest in heave

So we [illegible]
Talk on my [illegible] shed her
I'll make the word [illegible]
A hallowed [illegible] of sun
And Thou, O my [illegible]
And rest in, as [illegible] I lie. —*N. Y. Ob.*

Miscellaneous.

[illegible] 33.

Young man, what is your highest aspiration? Is it not to be a gentleman? Every young man carries with him a desire to be well spoken of; no matter what may his position in life, the desire to secure the good will of his fellow men, to a greater or less degree, influences all his acts. Go to the pulpit; go to the counsel room; go to our great marts of mercantile trade; go where you will and you will observe that gentility is one of the most prominent characteristics of the real great and good. Politeness is due from men, irrespective of their past or present condition or acts. The true gentleman never stoops to treat any one with disrespect, he never is rudeness-loving. Let this be in every walk of life; if you would raise yourself in the estimation of your friends, if you would secure the respect and esteem of all with whom you associate, you must be gentlemanly. You may possess brilliant talents; you may reach great attainments in the pursuit of knowledge; you may have great personal attractions, wealth, or accomplishments; indeed, you may have at your command every needed advantage; but if you conduct your life regardless of this common duty, you have overlooked one of the greatest treasures placed within your reach. The world requires it at our hands; the associations of mankind termed society, have placed the rules of gentility first on their code of laws, and none who dares to disregard them goes unpunished. True politeness is based on the fundamental principles of Christianity, and its successful practice depends so imperatively upon the exercise of those principles, that they are inseparable. True politeness admits of no evil practices. A true gentleman does not indulge in useless or disposable habits, merely for his own gratification, when the discontinuance of such practices would enable him to benefit himself or his fellows. A true gentleman does not speak or practice anything that conflicts with the principles of Christianity or the teachings of Scripture. A tobacco smoker or chewer is not and cannot be a gentleman, because he not only practices a habit that is injurious to himself and disgusting to his friends, but a habit that deprives him of the means of accomplishing noble purposes. The man who takes occasionally a social glass with a friend, is not a true gentleman, for by so doing he licenses a useless and ruinous business; he leads his influence to a cause that produces suffering and disgrace. The man who goes to excess in the manner of his dress, is not a true gentleman; to gentility modesty is indispensable; modesty in dress as well as modesty in acts and speech. The man who spends his time in idleness, or in any other way that does not tend toward his own or his fellows good, is not an exemplary gentleman. To be a gentleman in every sense of the word, implies more than volumes can contain. To be truly polite is an ambition worthy the consideration of the occupant of the most exalted, as well as the humblest sphere of life. Young man, would you gain for yourself a place in the memory of your friends that will live when your earthly mission is ended, and your form has returned to its native dust; would you gain an influence that will continue to exert itself in the cause of right, long years after yonder church bell shall cease to toll your departure from this life; would you feel as life's sun-set hour draws near a sweet peace, and hear the angel chorus, "welcome to eternal rest," then go forth with the spirit of Christ in the dignity of true gentility, and discharge your duty to yourself, your neighbor, and your God.

Yours truly, JUNO.

The Lord of Harpington.

BY JAMES PAYN.

Society is not very exacting in the matter of personal respectability; but there are important occasions, such as the night of the Botanical Fete in the Regent Park—which is to her what some nocturnal festival of the Church is to the religious world—on which she demands the production of vouchers. I don't know that anything comes of this precaution except polite lying; but she has, as she flatters herself, discharged her conscience (though as a matter of fact it left her, without warning, many generations ago) and washed her dainty hands of the matter. Now, if ever society should require a permanent personal guarantee of this kind—say, a season ticket to be renewed every year when Rotten Row begins to fill—in my own case, I should know where to go for it. My dear friend—ill-natured people call her my patroness—Lady Paragon, of Eccleston-square, would give it me. Sir Charles, her husband, some folks may think, should be the more proper person to be applied to, since I am of the male sex, but then those people don't know Sir Charles. Nobody does know him except the croupiers at Monaco, the touts of Epsom, and the members of the *corps de ballet* of her Majesty's theatres. To ask him for a voucher for respectability would be like requesting a reserved seat at the Evangelical Conference from the Pope of Rome, or a medical certificate from an elder of the Peculiar People. He has not known what decency means since he was a public school-boy—perhaps we might date back his ignorance even further still—but that does not prevent his wife and family from being the very pink of social perfection.

Most fortunately for Lady Paragon, she has money in her own right, secured to her under the most stringent conditions. I know a lady who took the same precautions, and had her very pony-carriage settled upon her. One day she was driving with her husband, miles from home, yet managed to fall out with him, as though they were beneath their own roof-tree.

"Your companionship is hateful to me," said the gentleman, frankly.

"Very good," returned the lady; "this carriage is mine, be so good as to get out of it."

"True," said he, obeying her. "The ponies, however, are mine," and he unharnessed and walked off with them, leaving her seated on her property.

In Lady Paragon's case carriage and horses were her own property. Sir Charles had come to her, not, indeed, with a "trousseau," (if a gentleman's equipment can be so termed) for he possessed a most elegant wardrobe, but without a penny. His personalities consisted of a magnificent dressing-case, a hunting-watch, and a little betting-book bound in morocco, which had cost him more than any firm of publishers ever paid for an Encyclopædia. Why she married him is one of those questions which, like the existence of wasps, the disappearance of inanimate objects when we want them, and what is to be done with the Irish, will continue to puzzle the world till there's an end of it. He cost her about £30,000 during the first year, and then she got rid of him for an annuity of £2,000 paid monthly. In his application for this stipend he exhibits a punctuality which was the only thing for which he had hitherto failed to obtain credit.

At forty-five, when I last saw him, (in the ring at Epsom,) he had a youthful figure, the face of an angel on a gurgoyle, and a voice (it was offering a shade under the proper odds) that for sweetness and harmony was not to be found out of a cathedral choir.

That a wife like Lady Paragon should have only taken a year to find him out was a proof of his utter worthlessness, indeed; and the discovery was quite complete. His name never passes her lips, nor those of her only daughter. Miss Helen, of course, knows of her father's existence; she has access to the daily papers, in which the heading, "Sir Charles Paragon Again," in connection with various disreputable occurrences, is by no means unfrequent, but she ignores the fact with that innocent calmness with which all unpleasant matters are laid aside by those who have acquired the manners of the best circles.

Perhaps it was this terrible domestic experience that rendered Lady Paragon so extraordinarily sensitive to what was right and proper; but, at all events, her recommendation in society went further than that of most leaders of fashion, to which, however, she made small pretense. Only—what seemed to a mere outsider like myself as very strange—she set almost the same value upon birth and rank as upon talents and virtue, and treated myself, for instance, with no greater respect than any titled wordling that came in her way. With so striking an example of scoundrelism as her Baronet husband, with his long line of ancestry, with a brute at the end of it, always in her memory, one would have thought that the guinea stamp would have no great influence with her; that she would have looked only to the ring of the metal. But this, as I have shown, was far from being the case.

Indeed, she paid what I venture to think a ludicrous attention to little accidents of birth and position, and looked on the possessors of them, not only as fortunate, but meritorious. She made a point of knowing nobody who could not boast of at least a grandfather—and, thereby made me, for the first time, thank my stars that I happened to have one, though I don't say to boast of, for he was an attorney. She believed in the saying, "It takes more than one generation to make a gentleman;" concerning which I can only say for certain that it sometimes takes a great many more. We used to have many arguments together on this matter in an amicable way; in which I am bound to say she always acknowledged my great abilities. "You are a dear, clever creature; but, if you talked from now till Doomsday, you will never alter my opinions, nor catch me opening my doors to any one connected with trade."

She even one day (when I had really shaken her upon this point) went the length of stating that she was too old to change her views.

"What, too old at thirty-five?"

"Thirty-five! How dare you, with Helen there just of age?"

I had inadvertently pushed compliment to the verge of impropriety; but she was far too good a woman not to forgive me.

Though forty, or even a year or two more, Lady Paragon was still beautiful, some paradoxical folks averred, more beautiful than her daughter, though she was the belle of that very season. For my part, I was content, in my quiet way, and without making any comparison, to be in love with them both.

In consequence of the large slice of her income thrown to that insatiable dog, Sir Charles, Lady Paragon was unable to occupy her own ancestral mansion in the country, which was let for a term of years; but every Summer she was accustomed to hire a residence for herself and daughter, for three or four months—a plan which I never ventured to tell her was infinitely more pleasant than if she had occupied the family seat. For in this manner she got the pick and choice of the prettiest districts in England; and, though she pitched her tent at various times in the four quarters of it, her good taste never led her into a mistake. Her mode of proceedure was this: After conference with some London house agent, Miss Helen would run down, under convoy, to look at the "Hall," "House," "Park," or whatever ambitious title the place had, and, if her report was favorable, her ladyship in person would pay it a visit, which was generally final, for, to say truth, if what satisfied the young lady failed to meet with the approbation of other people, they must have been rather difficult to please. Not only did the mansion need to be upon a considerable scale, with a mellow flavor of antiquity about it, but it had to be furnished with all the modern improvements, and the agent's phrase of a "thorough gentleman's residence" went a very little way with her, unless it was in the occupation of a bona fide "county family." This charming phrase has no counterpart in the metropolitan vocabulary, (that of "carriage people" being but a very faint approach to it,) and was to Lady Paragon one of intense significance.

When she took up her temporary quarters anywhere, she expected "the neighborhood" to acknowledge her presence in a befitting manner, which was generally by making calls in a stately fashion, and entertaining her at very heavy dinner parties, which she returned with much better ones, including ices from Gunter's. In this way, I suppose, she became acquainted with about three-fifths of the landed gentry, and, as her London circle was a very large one, she might be said to know a good many people; and not one of them connected with trade.

At the close of the season before last, Lady Paragon entered into arrangements for renting a house in the lake country. As it was so far from London, one visit was deemed sufficient, which she and Miss Helen took together. The latter spoke of "Harpington Hall" with an enthusiasm I have rarely heard her exhibit on the subject of houses, (which at the best she generally described as "really very tolerable,") and the topic had a personal attraction for me, since her mother was always so good as to ask me to stay with them a week or two during their rustication. Harpington Hall was old and intensely ancestral; its internal arrangements as to comfort were, on the other hand, in the latest Parisian style. Mr. Mammaduke Howard, the proprietor, was everything he should be, and took a pride in his residence that some persons would have considered exaggerated. He was so particular about the gravel sweep in front of his house, that a cord was stretched where the drive through the park abrutted on it, and visitors had to walk for fifty yards or so to prevent the impress of wheel or hoof upon this sacred spot. In wet weather this must have been inconvenient; but his visitors happened to call on the one fine day that the Lake district had known for the last nine weeks, and they rather applauded this delicate solicitude than otherwise. No mere owner of a "villa residence," or ordinary country house of any kind, would have ventured upon putting up that cord.

Mr. Howard, who was a bachelor of the old school, with quite the air of a Sir Charles Grandison, entertained the ladies very hospitably, and they resented with some warmth my cynical suggestion that this was done perhaps for the same reason that wine is handed round at auctions, to give a freedom to the bidding. Nevertheless they agreed to take Harpington Hall, on his own terms, before they left it. Nay, so favorably impressed were they with their host, that, when he mentioned that business unavoidably called him up to town, they asked him to look in at Eccleston-square, and I had the honor to meet him on that occasion.

His appearance, while typical of the country gentleman, struck me as even something more. There was a certain generous air about him which reminded me of those baronial times (as represented on canvas) when hospitality was dispensed with open hands to grateful vassals. I could picture him standing on his own hall steps, and giving away deer and other kind of superior game, surrounded by his henchmen. Nay, the idea haunted me that I *had* actually seen him doing it, which was absurd; unless, indeed, (which was just possible,) his portrait had ever been taken by a Royal Academician (he looked too grand for a mere Associate to have done it) to adorn some such mediæval scene. With all this engaging benevolence of expression, there was a quietude of manner about him which in a common man might have been set down to apathy, or even dullness, but which in Mr. Mammaduke Howard, of Harpington Hall, was obviously Blood.

Toward the end of Autumn I took advantage of Lady Paragon's invitation to visit the lakes. I arrived somewhat late, and, of course, in the rain; but there was sufficient light to note the features of the scenery in which the hall was placed. It was situated half-way up what in London one would have called precipice, at the foot of which lay a dark, far-stretching mere. The carriage-drive which led up to it from the high road was of great length, and wound through a forest of pines, above which the mansion itself towered in solitary grandeur.

It was the most imposing edifice that had yet sheltered even the Paragon household—except, perhaps their family seat, which I had never seen—and possessed, doubtless, immense advantages, but it struck a mere practical mind as dreary. It was a sort of place that ought to have had a banshee on the premises, and at least one haunted chamber. To my surprise and relief, I found that I was allowed to drive up to the front door, where I was as usual welcomed by Dunscombe (the ancestral butler) with a solemnity I have never seen equaled in any other human being, but which may possibly be the manners of a Prince of the Church. My reception by the ladies was as hospitable as ever, but I saw at once that something was amiss. "There are ghosts in the house, no doubt," thought I, and began to wish myself at the Lake Hotel (down below) among the tourists. However, I put a good face upon the matter, and, by way of saying something pleasant, congratulated Miss Helen upon the rope having been removed from the carriage-sweep.

"Oh, as to that," said she indifferently, "the rope might just as well be at the lodge gates as at the house itself, for no one ever calls."

"Good heavens!" thought I, "it must be a horrible ghost, indeed, if it keeps people away even in the daytime!"

We dined in a Gothic apartment of vast size, the gloom of which a very plentiful supply of candles failed to pierce; if it had not been an irreverence to hint at such a thing in connection with ancestral pictures larger than life, and a mantelpiece of carved oak that projected to an extent suggestive of hydrocephalus, I should have suggested that a few gas-burners would have been a great improvement. Miss Helen, it will be remembered when she fell in love with it, had only seen the Hall by day. Since she had become better acquainted with it, it was plain it had failed to please her. For my part, I thought the dinner as good as it could be in so wild a part of the country, where shops were unknown, and "first catch your sheep" was probably a proviso to be made before you cooked your mutton; but I noticed that Miss Helen had little appetite, and that the manner in which she said "no *fish*, thank you," to the butler, would in a less angelic being have had the appearance of "temper." In the hope of making matters pleasant, I inquired after Mr. Howard, entitling him, in my humorous way, the Lord of Harpington; but she not only replied that she didn't know, but said so in a tone that implied unmistakably she didn't care.

I had now become positively certain that there were ghosts, and would have gladly compounded for a simple family spectre, which could be warranted only to sigh, or point to buried bones or money. But to my surprise and relief there was no nocturnal disturbance of any kind. My bed and bedroom were all that the most luxurious sleeper could desire; and, indeed, the neatness and finish of the whole mansion were such that (if I may venture to say so of so historic a pile) it looked as if it had been just turned out of a bandbox. The weather being wet the next morning, I was shown over the picture-gallery by Lady Paragon in person, Miss Helen unaccountably declining to act as cicerone—a part she had always been graciously pleased to play on similar occasions; I even overheard her remark to her mother that "she hadn't the patience for it," which I thought a little rude. It was true the pictures had little attraction, except for the proprietor and his belongings, for they were almost all ancestral portraits: Howards in ruffs, Howards in doublets, Howards in thick hose, Howards as ministers of state with finger on forehead, Howards as soldiers significantly tapping their sword-hilts, Howards as shepherdesses with crooks and eyes; in fact, to an irreverent mind they might have almost suggested the lines,

Or rabbits young and rabbits old,
Or rabbits hot and rabbits cold,
Or rabbits tender and rabbits tough,
Thank you, my lady, I've had enough—

with the substitution for "rabbits" of the word "Howards."

"The family, I suppose," said I, suppressing a yawn, "is of great antiquity."

Lady Paragon murmured something about "of all ages," which I took to be her exaggerated style of speaking on such subjects.

"How strange it is," I pursued "that the Lord of Harpington has never married. He must have been angled for by many a stately dame, no doubt."

"*Angled?*" said her ladyship sharply: "you may well say that."

"And yet he has not been hooked?"

"*Hooked!*" echoed she again. "No, *he* has not been hooked."

"O, I see; he is not the last of the Howards; there are other members of this ancient family."

"Mr Howard has a married brother and plenty of nephews and nieces, I believe."

I now felt positively certain that there was something wrong: she would never have spoken of the cadets of this noble line as "plenty of nephews and nieces" unless that brother had committed himself in some atrocious way. He could not have been hanged, however, or that rope would hardly have been stretched across the gravel-sweep, since it would naturally remind visitors of the family misfortune.

The contents of this library, which I had plenty of opportunities of looking into during my stay at the Hall, for it rained incessantly, were very varied. "The Lord of Harpington," I observed to Miss Helen, "has a Catholic taste. By the bye, I suppose from his name and lineage, that he is a Catholic?"

"I don't know. I'm sure; I should think *not*," answered she, in a tone of unmistakable contempt.

"He possesses many works of Catholic theology; but also it is true of other ologies. In the way of books all seems fish that comes to his net.'"

The remark was received in silence; it needed, indeed, no reply; but I notice that Lady Paragon bit her lips, and that a frown puckered Miss Helen's brow. It was evident that the Lord of Harpington had ceased to be the popular topic of conversation he had been of old, and for the rest of my stay I took care not to mention his name; though what he had done to wreck his reputation with my friends I could not discover. On my return to London I happened one evening to be walking home up Regent-street and had to pass through a throng of poor people in front of a fishmonger's shop. I had often seen them there before, for it was the hour—half-past seven or so—when, the dinner orders being over, the fashionable purveyor is wont to dispense his perishable commodities at a reduced rate to a class very different from his usual customers. By the flaring gas I noticed the chief figure, a fine stalwart individual, dispensing, with a noble air of benevolence, the tail ends of cod, and some rather anatomical specimens of skate. In an instant my mind reverted with a flash to the mediæval Baron surrounded by his retainers, indulging his lavish generosity among the tenantry of his vast estate. I did not require to read the name upon the shop front—"Howard and Brothers, fishmongers"—to reveal to me the mystery that clung to the Lord of Harpington. I recognized the very man—though a green baize apron now concealed his extremities—whom I had met at luncheon in Eccleston-square. Of course, it was creditable to him, rather, (from the "self-made man" point of view,) to act in this way; but I felt that his tenants at Harpington Hall would take a different view of the matter.

Of course, they had soon found out the reason why the county families did not call on them. How I must have wounded their sensibilities by those unhappy references of mine "angling," and "hooking," and "net," which now recurred to me with terrible force, as always happens under similar circumstances! What in order! must poor Lady Paragon have made gone in the picture-gallery while exhibiting the ancestors which she knew were all from Wardour-street! It was doubtless, because Mr. Howard had invested so much money in ancestors that Miss Helen had had "no patience with him," and the reason was equally plain why beneath that roof she could never bring herself to eat fish for dinner. The mansion, as I afterwards learned, and I have no doubt she knew it, was allied in the neighborhood Fishmonger's Hall.

Of course, I never told the Paragons that I had discovered this fatal secret. It is bad enough for them to be conscious that they entertained a fishmonger to luncheon unawares, without feeling that I am also cognizant of the fact.

The Lord of Harpington is as much a sealed subject with me in Eccleston-square as it should be here, Sir Charles himself.—*Belgravia.*

JAPANESE GARDENS.

Among the conifers will be noted young plants of that Japanese species which may be seen under the wing of the Japanese building—quaint pigmies of trees, not three feet high, yet over seventy years old. They are gnarled and twisted as if they had fought the winds and caught their picturesqueness of form—as old oaks catch theirs—by battling with tempest and windy storms upon the hills. And yet these dwarfed trees are thoroughly creatures of art. By examining closely the Japanese ground, you will see traces of the dwarfing process. The leading shoots have been clipped, or bent downward; the lateral branches turned in and tied back; lusty limbs twisted and wrenched into quaint postures; mark of the torturing pins, and bands and cords are still observable; it is a crippled dwarf of a tree, made quaint and picturesque by its years of struggle against the toils of the gardener.

Is there a compensating beauty in them? Not surely, as we reckon the beauty of plant-growth. But consider—that the Japanese, in their horticultural system, have offices for such dwarfed monarchs of trees to fill. With them, no homestead is complete without its garden; a few square rods may be all at command; but this area must have its garden treatment; and the gardens are modeled after nature. "*San-sui*" (mountain and water) is the term which in Japanese describes the gardeners' work. The aim is—within however limited an area—to present a complete landscape, with rock, valley, plain, water and mountain. Under such miniature presentment, trees and plants must be dwarfed to bear proper relations to the dwarfed valleys and rocks. To such an extent is this copying of nature in little carried by enthusiastic gardener that a rocky landscape, with its heights and level spaces and trees, is wrought out, with nice attention to proportions, within the limits of a great bronze basin. We doubt if gardeners of the West will emulate them in their mimicry of nature; but they may well emulate the pains-taking skill which make such small successes possible, and the assiduous care, and the close study of plant-life, which are enforced by such arts.—"*In and About the Fair.*" *Donald G Mitchel, Scribner for Nov.*

An Irish lover remarks, "It's a very great pleasure to be alone, especially when yer sweetheart is wid ye!"

"Capital weather, Mr. Jones, capital weather! My wife's got such a cold that she can't speak. I like such weather."

TRANSLATIONS FROM HEINE

BY THEODORE MARTIN.

"*Ich stand in dunkeln Träumen.*"

I stood on her picture gazing,
And backward my dark dreams ran,
And the dear, dear face before me
To live somehow began.

Her lips, around them gathered
A smile in some wondrous wise,
And tears of yearning sadness
Stood glistening in her eyes.

And down my cheeks the tears, too,
Flowed on in unbidden stream;
And oh, that I've lost time, darling,
Seems only a sidered dream.

"*Warum sind die Rosen so blass?*"

Why are the roses so wan of hue,
Oh, say to me, darling, why?
And why, love, why is the violet blue,
In the green, green grass so shy?

The lark, why sings he so sad a chime,
As he soars in the sky o'er head?
Why, why exhales from the fragrant thyme
An odor as of the dead?

Why wears the sun all the livelong day
A look of such chill and gloom?
Oh, why is the earth so ashen gray,
And desolate as a tomb?

And why so near-sick and sad am I?
Oh say, love, why this should be?
Oh say, my heart's every darling, why
Hast thou forsaken me?

"*Liebe, willst mir beide sagen,*"

Sweet love, if thou wilt but speak,
Speak, for I to know were fain—
Such as sun per Elysian
Dwell within the poet's brain?

Nay, a mouth of such comptiveness,
Eyes of such bewitching grace,
Of so garnered round with sweetness,
Never did a poet frame.

Vampires, basilisks, centaurs,
Dragons, monsters, all the dire
Creatures of the fable era,
Quicken in the poet's fire.

But thyself, so artless, sinless,
Thy sweet face, thy tender eyes
With [illegible] looks so fond and [illegible]
Never poet could devise.

A WORD TO BOYS.

What do you think, young friends, of the hundreds of thousands who are trying to cheat themselves and others into the belief that alcoholic drinks are good for them? Are they not to be pitied and blamed? Do you want to be one of those wretched men? If we are to have drunkards in the future, some of them are to come from the boys to whom I am writing; and I ask you again if you want to be one of them? No? Of course you don't!

Well, I have a plan for you that is just as sure to save you from such a fate as the sun is to rise to-morrow morning. It never failed; it never will fail; it cannot fail; and I think it is worth knowing. *Never touch liquor in any form.* That's the plan, and it is not only worth knowing, but it is worth