The Bradford Reporter.

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TERMS INVARIABLY CASH.

Professional and Business Cards.

CHAS. M. HALL,
Attorney-at-Law and Notary,
Will give careful attention to any business entrusted to him. Office with Patrick & Foyle, (over Journal Office), Towanda, Pa. [dlmy7-77.

JAMES WOOD,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
m-b9-76 TOWANDA, PA.

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

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—Mainst., four doors North of Ward House.
Practices in Supreme Court of Pennsylvania and United States Courts.—Dec7.76. TOWANDA, PA.

H. STREETER,
LAW OFFICE.
Aug20. TOWANDA, PA.

OVERTON & MERCUR,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
TOWANDA PA.
Office over Montanyes Store. (may6'75.
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. Petch, Esq., second floor. 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 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.

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,
O.ct4-75. 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 copartnership, offer their professional services to the public. Special attention given to business in the Orphan's and Register's Courts.
E. OVERTON, Jr. (apr14-76) N. C. ELSBREE.

MADILL & CALIFF,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Office in Wood's Block, first door south of the First National bank, upstairs.
S. J. MADILL. [jan5-71y] 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. (Jan5-76.

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-tf.

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 2nd floor of Dr. Pratt's new office 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.

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

C. S. RUSSELL'S
GENERAL
INSURANCE AGENCY
May25-70tf. 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 19 1869. O. A. BLACK.

Vegetine.

VEGETINE PURIFIES THE Blood, Removes and Invigorates the Whole System. Its medical properties are Alterative, Tonic, Solvent and Diuretic.

VEGETINE RELIABLE EVIDENCE.

VEGETINE MR. H. R. STEVENS:
Dear Sir—I will most cheerfully add my testimony to the great number you have already received in favor of your great and good medicine, VEGETINE, for I do not think enough can be said in its praise, for I was troubled over thirty years with that dreadful disease, Catarrh, and had such bad coughing spells that it would seem as though I never could breathe any more, and VEGETINE has cured me; and I do feel to thank God all the time that there is so good medicine as VEGETINE, and also think it one of the best medicines for coughs, and weak, sinking feelings at the stomach, and advise everybody to take the VEGETINE, for I can assure them it is one of the best medicines that ever was.
MRS. L. GORE,
Cor. Magazine & Walnut sts.,
Cambridge, Mass.

VEGETINE GIVES HEALTH, STRENGTH AND APPETITE.
My daughter has received great benefit from the use of VEGETINE. Her declining health was a source of great anxiety to all her friends. A few bottles of VEGETINE restored her health, strength and appetite.
S. H. TILDEN,
Insurance & Real Estate Agent,
No. 40 Sears Building,
Boston, Mass.

VEGETINE CANNOT BE EXCELLED.
CHARLESTOWN, May, '69.
H. R. STEVENS:
Dear Sir—This is to certify you that I have used your "Roots and Herbs" Preparation" in my family for several years, and think that for Scrofula or Cankerous Humors or Rheumatic affections, it cannot be excelled; and as a blood purifier or spring medicine, it is the best thing I have ever used, and I have used almost everything. I can cheerfully recommend it to any one in need of such a medicine.
Yours respectfully,
MRS. A. A. DUSSMORE,
No. 19 Russell street.

VEGETINE RECOMMEND IT HEARTILY
SOUTH BOSTON, Feb. 7, '70.
MR. STEVENS:
Dear Sir—I have taken several bottles of your VEGETINE, and am convinced it is a valuable remedy for Dyspepsia, Kidney Complaints and general debility of the system.
I can heartily recommend it to all suffering from the above complaints.
Yours respectfully,
MRS. MUNROE PARKER,
86 Athens street.

Prepared by H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.

VEGETINE IS SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Hardware.

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.

Heaters, &c.

HIGHEST AWARDS!
CETENNIAL EXHIBITION.

J. REYNOLDS & SON,
Northwest corner
THIRTEENTH AND FILBERT STS., PHILA.,
Manufacturers of patented
WROUGHT-IRON AIR-TIGHT HEATERS,
With Shaking and Clinker-Grinding Grates for burning Anthracite or Bituminous Coal.
CENTENNIAL
WROUGHT-IRON HEATERS.
For Bituminous Coal.
KEYSTONE
WROUGHT-IRON HEATERS,
Cooking Ranges, Low-Down Grates, Etc.
Descriptive circulars SENT FREE to any address
EXAMINE BEFORE SELECTING.
Philadelphia, April 26, '77-1y.

Planing, &c.

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.

Poetry.

LIVE FOR SOMETHING.

Live for something; be not idle,
Look about thee for employ;
Sit not down to useless dreaming—
Labor is the sweetest joy.

Folded hands are ever weary,
Selfish hearts are never gay,
Life for thee has many duties—
Active be, then, while you may.

Scatter blessings in thy pathway,
Gentle words and cheering smiles
Better are than gold and silver,
With their grief-dispelling wiles.

As the pleasant sunshine falleth
Ever on the grateful earth,
So let sympathy and kindness
Gladden well the darkened earth.

Hearts that are oppressed and weary,
Drop the tear of sympathy;
Whisper words of hope and comfort,
Give and thy reward shall be—

Joy unto thy soul returning
From this perfect fountain-head,
Freely, as thou freely gives!
Shall the grateful light be shed.

GIVE ME REST.

Only one moment, unfettered by care,
Hushed as the temple devoted to prayer,
When Heaven is painting the West,
Flooding the sky thro' its portals ajar,
Looping the curtain of night with a star—
Give me rest.

Spirit of power, forever you'll reign,
Tyrant, enslaving the heart and the brain,
With every endeavor oppressed,
Sick of the lessons that nature has taught,
Weary with burdens of infinite thought—
Give me rest.

Grant me a potion let be an, a draught,
Sparkling with tranquil to peer never quaffed
By mortals at pleasure's behest.
Give me a space the world cannot give—
Respite from action; to act is to live—
Give me rest.

Ceaseless the toll of the spirit distraught;
Boundless the realm of inexhaustible thought.
Where imagery lingers caressed,
Waves of oblivion over me roll
Welcome forgetfulness brim, to my soul—
Give me rest.

—JULIA CLARK, in Inter-Ocean.

A Selected Tale.

That Dead Letter.

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I. FIRE AND THIEF PROOF.

Dinner-hour in the manufacturing town of Middleton-upon-Irk; a hot Summer's day; the sun glaring upon huge warehouses of dull red brick, narrow tortuous streets, the gilded minarets of our new town-hall—of which we Middletonians are justly proud. All of this I can see from my office window, with a glimpse of the cocked hat of the bronze memorial to the late Prince Consort, who, in Field Marshal's uniform, is holding a review of the arts and sciences, on a rearing charger. We are an energetic and thriving community at Middletown, although you might not think it just now, when our streets are all deserted, and everybody is engaged in hard feeding. It is no fault of mine that I am not among the everybody. A peremptory engagement retains me at my post. I expect my Uncle Henry on business of importance, for which he has chosen the dinner-hour, when no one is about.

My obligations to Uncle Henry are so great that his wishes are law to me, even when they involve the sacrifice of my dinner. He has been my guardian and my best friend. By his help I have been enabled to set up on my own account as a solicitor, and, through his influence, I hope eventually to be provided with a respectable practice. He is a thriving merchant of our rising town, and one of the best fellows in the world, enterprising and speculative—perhaps rather too much of the last, but there is a cool confidence about him that generally brings him out right in the end. He has no children of his own, but has another ward, a niece of his wife, one Kate Brown, between whom and myself, I may tell you, exists an attachment of long standing. When my practice brings in a sufficient income, Kate and I are to be married.

Altogether, in spite of the dusty, sultry air, the sleepy aspect of things, and the sense of something wanting caused by the neglected call to dinner, I felt as happy as a man could well desire to be; the future seemed bright and cheerful, and there was nothing in the present to cause me the slightest disquietude.

But something in my uncle's step upon the stairs gave me a kind of presentiment of coming misfortune. He came in, and threw himself into a chair; flung his hat upon the floor, and wiped his face with his handkerchief, an unaccustomed air of weariness and chagrin upon his face.

"All well at home?" I asked. "Aunt all right, and Kate?"

He nodded in an abstract way, and flung a telegram across the table to me. It was from his London correspondent: "Gillies & Co.'s acceptances returned; regular smash; everybody connected with them will come down."

I remarked calmly that it was a very good thing that he was not connected with them.

"But I am, Jem, worse luck," he said; "we were operating in cotton together for a rise, and they have drawn upon me for a big figure."

I felt this was bad news, and I did not know what to suggest. But presently Uncle Henry brightened up, and went on to say that, although this would no doubt hit him hard, yet he could weather it, as long as his connection with the bankrupt firm was unknown. The bills that were now maturing, drawn upon him by Gillies & Co., were payable in London. He must raise £10,000 to meet them, and this at once, and with the utmost secrecy. He could do this easily enough on the security of the title-deeds of the property he had in the town and neighborhood; his banker would advance the amount at once, but he did not want to go to his banker. He would not have it known for the world that he was raising money on his property. Better pay a heavier percentage for the loan, and deal with a money-lender unknown to the world of commerce. Could I find him some one to advance the money at once on these securities?

It was not without embarrassment that I replied that I thought I could put my hand on such a person at once. Some time before, in my hot and foolish youth I had been led into betting a good deal on races, and losing, one Liverpool meeting, a good deal more than I could pay, was recommended to a money-lender—one Bob Hargreaves, of Howbent—who had relieved my pressing necessities at a sufficiently exorbitant rate of interest. Uncle Henry had subsequently very generously paid off all my debts without asking any questions, only exacting from me a promise to abstain from such courses for the future. Bob, it was well known among the initiated, could find money to any amount if he could see his way to a good profit, and I had no doubt that he would jump at the prospect of getting both a high rate of interest and unexceptionable security.

Hargreaves was an eccentric kind of man, nominally a tailor, living the life of a recluse, and nervously apprehensive of having it known that he had any money at all of his own. There was no fear of any want of secrecy on his part. He did not bear the best character in the world, it is true, and it was said that he had acquired his money in a way that would hardly bear investigation. But, then, you don't ask the character of a man who is going to lend you £10,000. I telegraphed to Hargreaves to come over and see me, and next morning at the appointed hour, I heard a tremendous thumping on the stairs, as if a heavy bedstead or something of the kind were being dragged up. Presently the door was cautiously held ajar, and a wizened face appeared in the opening.

Seeing that I was all alone, Bob—for he it was—whisked dexterously into the room, incumbered as he was by a crutch-handled stick in each hand, and brass-bound wooden clogs on his feet. The amount of timber he carried accounted for the noise on the stairs.

"Well I'm here to oblige you, Master Turner; but if it's brass you want, you'll bear in mind I'm a poor man."

"Then you are no good to me," I replied brusquely, "and you'd better go the way you came."

"Aye, but I can get a bit of money sometimes, thou knows. There's many thinks a deal of Bob Hargreaves. But at this minute, I'd take my Bible oath, I'm worth nothing but what I carry on my back."

According to appearance that was very little, for he was dressed in threadbare clothes of a dirty snuff-brown color; patched and mended, and that would have advantageously borne still more patching and mending. A greasy black cloth cap was on his head, and the only solid thing about him was a heavy cowskin waistcoat, strangely out of keeping with the sultry weather.

After chaffering awhile—for Bob's impecuniosity was only assumed to justify a higher percentage—he consented to find the money—at 6 per cent. for three months—down upon the nail. While he was away to get the money, I sent for Uncle Henry to come and ratify the bargain. A simple memorandum of deposit of title-deeds was all that was necessary, and this I was not long in preparing; so that the affair was concluded at once, and the parchments handed over to Robert in exchange for £10,000 in Bank of England notes, all soiled and limp, as if they had been a long while in circulation. It gave me a great deal of trouble to make a list of them, for they were of all denominations, and none of the same dates, or consecutive numbers. I finished the task after a while, and slipped the list into my portfolio. The notes I placed carefully within my safe, and locked them up. Bob wrapped up his parchments in an old blue cotton handkerchief and hobbled off, casting many a regretful look behind at my safe, as if it had been a sarcophagus where his heart was enshrined. That safe, by the way, was a present from Uncle Henry, a capital one by a first-rate maker, and I was really pleased to have something valuable to put in it. Hitherto a simple cupboard would have answered my purpose just as well.

As soon as Bob was gone, Uncle Henry gave me instructions as to the disposal of the money. On no account was it to go through the bank. It must remain in my safe till the next morning, when I was to take it up to London myself, and retire certain acceptances then coming due, and get back the bills. My uncle was much pleased that I had managed the business so promptly, and gave me a check for £50 for my services. He was in excellent spirits now. Cotton had seemed a trifle harder at that day's market, and should it rise a little more, he would be able, he told me, to put back the £10,000 he had just borrowed, and clear as much more besides. In that case, he would settle a good part of the money on Kate, and we might be married as soon as we liked.

I went to bed that night in a happy frame of mind, proud of the confidence placed in me, with vague but pleasant dreams of future happiness, when I and Kate should be man and wife. But just at dawn I awoke in a horrible fright, perspiration breaking out all over me. I had dreamed that somebody had robbed the office, and in the moment of waking it flashed upon me that I had left the duplicate key of my safe hanging on its accustomed nail over the fire-place in my office. For there I had got into the habit of hanging it, as I had a trick of leaving my keys at home, and found that the duplicate obviated the inconvenience of not being able to get at my things. In the excitement of the day I had forgotten about its existence.

I rose at once, although it was barely four o'clock, and walked down to my office at top speed. There everything seemed quiet and tranquil; the windows, grim and dusty looking, blinked down upon me in a reassuring way. After all, my scare was uncalled for. There was hardly the remotest chance in the world of thieves getting into the place, and if they did, would they be likely to find the duplicate key? There was no use in alarming the neighborhood by trying to wake up the housekeeper. Everything was firm and tight, the street tranquilly sleeping in the early sunlight. I would wait till six o'clock, and the world was astir again, and then go and secure the duplicate key. I walked about the deserted town, refreshed myself at an early breakfast stall, and then, as the factory bells were all jangling out, and the streets were filling with operatives hurrying to work, I presented myself at the door of the building that held my office. The housekeeper nodded at me amicably. No catastrophe had happened in the night evidently. I ran up stairs three steps at a time, darted into my office, and—casting a glance around to assure myself that everything was in statu quo—toward the fireplace for the key. It was hanging in its accustomed place. With a feeling of joyous self-gratulation, that no ill effects had followed my carelessness, I proceeded in a leisurely way to open my safe, to assure myself of the safety of the deposit. Judge of my horror and dismay when I found that the notes were gone—clean gone.

CHAPTER II. THE DEAD LETTER.

To the first stupefaction of despair at the loss of my uncle's money followed an eager desire to be doing something. I must go to the Police office at once; the notes must be stopped; I had taken the numbers—where was the list? In my portfolio; that too I had placed in the safe; that also was gone. Nothing else was touched, the loose silver I kept there was intact.

Here was a blow that almost overpowered me. In addition to the loss of money, loss of reputation would follow. What a pretty sort of tale I should have to tell, of a robbery in which the thieves had not left the slightest trace of their operations, where the objects stolen were notes of which I had retained none of the particulars. Those who knew me best might believe me, but certainly no one else would. Ten thousand dollars abstracted from an unlocked safe, the numbers not known; and no signs whatever of any unauthorized person having entered the premises! Should I believe such a story myself told of any third person?

One opening for hope occurred to me. It was possible that Bob Hargreaves had kept the numbers of the notes he had handed over to me. Howbent was only six miles away; I might be there and back before the hours of business commenced, in ample time, too, to telegraph the numbers to the leading banks. After some difficulty I found a cab, and started to drive there. A miserable, anxious drive it was.

Bob lived in a rough little stone cottage, on a waste, untidy piece of land in the outskirts of the village of Howbent. Early as it was, he was already astir; I could see him through the window cross-legged on his board, busily at work, stitching away at a cowskin waistcoat; even in the overpowering anxiety of the moment, I could not help a feeling of wonder at his employment, the rest of his apparel stood so much more in need of his labor. The ground was too soft to give warning of my approach, but my shadow falling across the window made him look up suddenly. Catching my eye, a deadly pallor came over his face, the corners of his mouth began to twitch, he jumped off his boar and came to the door. Bob stood in the doorway regarding me with an air of covert mistrust, then his eyes glanced eagerly around as if he doubted whether I were not accompanied. Seeing only the empty cab and its driver, waiting in the road, a hundred yards off, he recovered his self-possession and inquired my business. I asked him, eagerly, if he had kept the numbers of the notes he had paid me on the previous day. "Why, what's amiss; haven't you?" parried Robert with instinctive caution. Something at this moment prompted me with equal caution. It struck me that Hargreaves would be more ready to give information if he thought that I was already possessed of it. "Oh, I have the numbers," but I thought I should like to compare my list with yours." "What, you've gotten a list then," cried Robert, "then what do you want more?" "The notes have been stolen," I said, and then I went on to describe the circumstance of the robbery. Robert listened with a sarcastic, incredulous smile that was very provoking, especially as I felt that his mental attitude toward the story was that which the whole world would speedily assume. "Take my advice," he said, "go home and frame a likelier tale than that. Same time, if your uncle's in with ye, I'm not one to spoil sport. There's one lee to begin with; if they took thy case with the numbers in it, how do you come to know 'em now?" "I took a copy, of course," I replied, scarcely noticing the insinuation or broad assertion rather, contained in Robert's speech; I was too broken-spirited. "But I must compare it with yours. Oh, do give me the numbers, Mr. Hargreaves." "Nay, I've gotten no numbers," he replied, sullenly; "what'd be the use of numbers to me? I'd work enow to gather 'em together, bit by bit and, one by one, without bothering about numbers. I'm no scholar either, for that matter."

With that he slammed the door in my face, and went back to his board, but I saw no sign of the cowskin waistcoat as I passed his window, dejected and crestfallen. Bob was sitting with his needle in his hand, gazing at its point in a kind of sullen reverie. In him was the last gleam of hope I possessed, and I could not give it up without another trial. "I'm sure you could tell me something about them, Mr. Hargreaves," I cried to him through the window, "where you got them from, some of them."

"I tell thee what," said Bob from his board, "I swear my Bible oath I know naught more about thy notes, so go thy ways."

There was nothing to be gained by wasting more time over Robert, and I drove away homeward, still more wretched than before. By the time we reached Middleton business had commenced at my uncle's warehouse, and, always early at his work, he was there himself busily occupied. The telling him was the worst part of the business, but he uttered not a word of reproach, and evidently fully believed my account of the matter. Still, as he paced up and down his room with a gloomy ashen face, I saw that the disaster was one that affected him bitterly. "Have you told the Police?" he asked sharply, at last. "No," I replied. "I am now on the way; I have only seen Robert Hargreaves since." "Thank Heaven you have not. The thing is bad enough, let us make the best of it. Not a word to anybody of the loss, except Kate; you may trust her; but not another living soul."

My uncle was right, I could see, hard as it was to keep quiet. The tale of such a loss, under these suspicious circumstances, at this especial juncture would be fatal to his credit. As it was, he might be able to tide over his difficulties. He would go to London at once and try to get the bills held over. And if cotton would only spring a little!

Already Uncle Henry was over the worst of his misfortune and going about his business alert and composed. But for me, how could I bear the thought of the probable ruin—disgrace, even—I should have brought upon my friend and benefactor! I kept up till I had seen him off by the London train. Then I hurried off to Kate to tell of the irretrievable misfortune and to get a little comfort, where only comfort was possible, from a woman's sympathy.

Kate, when I first told her my news, was overcome with grief and dismay. But she soon recovered presence of mind and courage, and tried to re-establish mine. It was possible to do something in the matter. If we could take no open measures to find out the thieves, we might try secret negotiations. Those who had stolen the notes would likely enough be afraid to cash them at once; perhaps they would be open to an offer, and appreciate the advantages of a good round sum, and safety therewith. Without loss of time, I inserted an advertisement in all the local papers and the London dailies, offering a reward of £1,000 for the recovery of the missing notes. But no result followed; whoever was in possession of the treasure made no sign.

Next day came back Uncle Henry from London, having succeeded in renewing his bills for another fourteen days. It was now the middle of June—on the 3d of July the delay would expire. There could be no further credit given, for things were gettings worse and worse in town. Gillies & Co.'s failure had caused universal distrust and want of confidence. But if cotton only sprang an eighth per pound all would be well.

Cotton did not spring, however, but fell a trifle instead. Failures were rife at Middleton as well as in London. The strongest firms were being talked of; uncle's did not escape. Still, he carried on matters bravely; but when the fourteen days had passed, if there should happen no favorable change in the markets, things would be bad with him. I now bitterly regretted that the loss of the notes had not been made public. It would be a pretty story for my uncle's creditors, if he had to call them together—all the more improbable, too, as this would be the first that had been heard of it. But it was too late now to say anything about it, would only precipitate matters, indeed, and destroy Uncle Henry's last chance.

Day after day passed away, bringing no improvement in the state of affairs. It was now the last day of the month; on the third of next month, if no help came, uncle would have to stop payment. I was sitting at my desk, the pen idle in my hand, brooding over coming misfortunes, when I heard a letter drop into my box and the quick rap of the postman. It was only a dead letter after all—some letter I had misdirected, another piece of carelessness or stupidity to go to my account, swelling by ever so little the great balance against me. Ten thousand pounds! Why, a whole life's slavery would not be an equivalent. I flung the dead letter from me in disgust, and returned to my dismal reverie. There it lay, however, looking at me reproachfully, and I took it up at last to be rid of it. But on tearing open the Post office envelope, I found that the letter within was not in my handwriting, but apparently in that of some illiterate person, and that the address was that of a person I knew nothing about. It was an unopened letter, addressed to "Captain Sam White, Nowland's-row, Middleton." Why had they sent it back to me, who certainly had not written it? The secret was that the envelope was one of mine—its seal embossed with my name and address—and thus it had been sent to me at once, failing its delivery to the addressed. It was very cool of somebody to make use of my envelope. Still, as the letter had nothing to do with me, I had no right to open it, and I was about to inclose it to the Postmaster-General, asking him to have the letter opened and returned to the original sender, when Kate came in as usual, to see if I had heard anything. "No news again to-day, James?" she asked stoutly; "No news, Kate," and we both sighed; then she looked over my shoulder to see what I was doing.

"Oh, Jem," she said reproachfully, taking the letter from my hands, "you are corresponding with those betting men again; you are trying to get back uncle's money that way, and you will only make it worse."

Then I remembered that Sam White was a betting man who had been advertising a good deal lately. I explained to Kate how the thing had happened, and she quietly disposed of my scruples, and satisfied her own curiosity, by seizing the letter, tearing it open, and taking it to the window to read. As she read, her pretty face was puckered up into all kinds of puzzled wrinkles.

"I can make nothing of it," she said, at last, handing me the dead letter.

It was dated the 16th of June, the day after the robbery, but bore no address and no signature.

"Respected friend—Have a lifel job lot of calfeer prints, ten thousand yards or so, saleable for furren market. I'll come over and see the on the first and mind ye have the shiners reddy. Owdd place, at leven i'th' morning."

"Jem!" cried Kate, when I had finished reading, no light coming to me in the process, "were there any envelopes in the portfolio that was stolen with the notes?"

"Yes, there certainly were a few, and stamped with my name and address on the seal.

"Then that letter is from the thief and the ten thousand yards of calico are the notes, and he is going to meet somebody on the first, that is to-morrow, to get rid of them."

There was no doubt that Kate was right, and I rose and hugged her on the spot at the joy of her discovery. But, after all, when the first burst of delight was over, how were we the better for this letter? The postmark was Middleton; there was nothing in the letter itself to give any clue to the writer. But if we could find out the person to whom it was addressed and keep a watch on him, The Post Office people had not been able to find him; but, although Sam Wright might have no definite address, there was no doubt that he was still in existance. His advertisements appeared in the papers constantly, although the crusade of the Police against betting men compelled him to keep out of the way. My former experiences stood me in good stead. I found out a man, an occasional tout, who knew all about him.

"Sam White!" said the man, "why, he's going to be wedded this blessed morning." He went on to inform me that White was about marrying a young woman with a lot of money, that he was going to retire from vulgar turf business altogether, and for the future bet only with the aristocracy and at Tattersall's. He was going away to Paris for his wedding trip, and a few of his friends were going to the station presently to see him off, and give him a parting cheer.

Making myself out to be in the category of Sam White's friends, I got permission to join the party, and soon after noon the bride and bridegroom made their appearance at the station and were chased into a first-class carriage by the waiting crowd of admirers, who howled and cheered in the most rowdy fashion. The Captain did not seem over pleased with the attentions of his friends, and the bride was decidedly frightened. She was a very pleasant-looking, pretty young woman, by the way, and in form and features reminded me a good deal of Kate. The opportunity was not to be lost, and jumping upon the carriage step, I thrust the dead letter before him, and telling him it was a matter of life and death, begged him to say what he knew about the writer. He snatched the letter from my hands, crumbled it up, and flung it out of the window, bidding me begone for an impudent rascal. The train moved off amid a salvo of cheers from White's admirers, and I picked up the letter somewhat crestfallen and disconcerted. My friend, the tout, sided up to me again. "Cut up rather rough with you, did Sam, Sir? Set a beggar on horseback, you know. Was it money you wanted of him?"

As a forlorn hope, I showed the man the letter, and asked him if he could make any guess as to the writer, adding that it might be £5 or £10 in his pocket if he could find out.

The man's face brightened, and his whole aspect changed. "I don't know the hand-writing myself, but give me three hours and I'll find out all about it."

We made an appointment to meet at my office, and punctual to his time the man appeared. He had found out that Sam White was in the habit of meeting some old fellow, not connected with the turf, on secret business at the Three Pigeons, a public-house in one of the lowest quarters of the town, frequented by thieves and other disagreeable characters. The landlord of the inn, one Grinrod, a retired prize-fighter was a fierce and dangerous fellow, and my friendly tout confessed that a misunderstanding about a disputed debt had made him afraid to venture near the place, and he could gather no further information.

The whole day passed away, and nothing more could be done. Kate looked despairingly at me as I told her what had passed. Captain White had gone out of our ken, and out of English jurisdiction altogether; his correspondence was still a mysterious nothing. The clue that had been so marvelously revealed to us, all come to naught. It was enough to make us despair.

CHAPTER III. THE THREE PIGEONS.

There was a dinner party at my uncle's that night—a very grand one. I never saw Uncle Henry more gay or, to all appearances, in better spirits, yet three days at the outside would see him a ruined man. Among the guests was Major Smith, the Chief Constable of the town, a bachelor and bon vivant, who was still rather a ladies' man, and not averse to making himself agreeable to Kate. He took her down to dinner, and I kept a watchful eye upon them. A great epergne of flowers was between us, but in the lulls and pauses in the general clatter I could hear what they were saying. He was very fond of talking about the great people he knew, and had been indulging in a long flourish about his dear old friend and comrade, Lord——, when Kate brought him down to the common level by the question, "Pray, Major Smith, do you know a Captain Sam White?"

"White!" cried the Major, rather nettled at being cut short, "White! of what regiment?"

"Oh, I don't know that, but he lately lived at Nowland's-row."

The Major's eyes at once assumed the keen twinkle of the Chief of Police.

"Have you been plunging into the betting-ring, Miss Brown? Sam White is a dangerous fellow. He has the character, too, of being a secret "fence."

That was all I could hear, for the tide of conversation rose once more, and drowned all individual voices.

I did not enjoy my dinner that evening. I felt that we were on the edge of a precipice. It seemed, indeed, likely enough that Major Smith might soon have the task of hauling us off to prison, on a charge of fraudulent concealment of property. What would become of my aunt—most good-natured and helpless of women—and of Kate? The thought was unendurable.

After the guests were gone, Kate and I had a long and serious consultation together. If the next day passed over our heads without bringing something to light, farewell to hope altogether. It was hardly likely, indeed, that the unknown criminal would keep the appointment he had made, as he had received no reply to his letter. Still, there was chance that he would.

Would it be impossible to get somebody to represent Sam White, and keep the appointment on his behalf? That was out of the question. White was too well known. Then, although we assumed that the Three Pigeons was the "old place" mentioned in the dead letter, yet we were just as likely to be wrong altogether.

Then Kate's face lighted up, and I saw that she had an idea. "You say that the bride of Captain White was a good deal like me. Well, why should I not make believe to be Mrs. Sam White, and go to keep the appointment on his behalf?" I had a great many objections to urge to such a plan, but one by one Kate overruled them. But I persuaded her to make this addition to her scheme, that I should accompany her in the guise of her husband's clerk, or secretary. Finally, we made an appointment to meet at 10 o'clock the following morning, and go to the Three Pigeons.

As we pushed open the swing doors of the Three Pigeons, a strong waft of mingled odors—beer and spirits, flavored with tobacco, and a slight suspicion of wet sawdust—drove against us; a babel of voices, too, surged out, jocose, maudlin, quarrelsome. Kate shrank back and got behind me; for a moment she was not prepared for such an ordeal as this. A crowd of people, chiefly women, whose characters it would be a compliment to call doubtful, were clustered about a sloppy, pewter-covered counter, wrangling, laughing, snarling, swearing. The most alarming thing was that, at the sight of us, the noise suddenly ceased, and all eyes were directed toward us. The landlord, a huge, brutal looking man, was bailing out supplies of liquor, rigorously exacting the price before delivery, helped by two slatternly-looking women. He glared at us with hot, bloodshot eyes, and seeing that we hesitated at approaching the drinking counter, fiercely demanded our business. Kate marched up to him with well simulated boldness. "I am Mrs. Captain White," she whispered.

"At once the man's countenance changed and assumed a more friendly aspect, and he led the way to an up-stairs room.

"But what do you want?" he said to me, laying his hand on my breast in a threatening way as I was about to follow Kate. "You've naught to do with the Captain?"

Kate at once explained that I was the captain's new secretary or agent. Her husband was obliged to keep out of the way, owing to police persecution; but he had an important appointment here, and had sent her and his new secretary to transact the business. In confirmation of this, she handed him the dead letter.

Grinrod spelt it over with a cautious but comprehending face.

"Aye, it's all right, no doubt," he said. "I charge a sovereign for