The Bradford Reporter.

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

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JOB PRINTING, of every kind, in plain and fancy colors, done with neatness and dispatch. Handbills, Blanks, Cards, Pamphlets, Billheads, Statements, &c., of every variety and style, printed at the shortest notice. THE REPORTER office is well supplied with power presses, a good assortment of new type, and everything in the Printing line can be executed in the most artistic manner and at the lowest rates.

TERMS INVARIABLY CASH.

Professional and Business Cards.

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. [June7'77.

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

JOHN F. SANDERSON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
OFFICE.—Means Building (over Powell's Store).
mch8-76 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—Main-st., four doors North of Ward House.
Practices in Supreme Court of Pennsylvania and United States Courts.—[Dec7,'76. TOWANDA, PA.

H. STREETER,
LAW OFFICE,
aug29. TOWANDA, PA.

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

WM. MAXWELL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
OFFICE OVER DAYTON'S STORE, TOWANDA, PA.
April 12, 1874.

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

E. J. ANGLE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Office with Davies & Carnochan, Towanda, Pa.
jan1,'77.

MASON & HEAD,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Towanda, Pa. Office over Bartlett & Tracy, Main-st.
G. F. MASON. [ap3'77] ARTHUR HEAD.

L. 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 Keeler's & Long's, 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, '877.

W. H. THOMPSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, WYALUSING, PA. Will attend to all business entrusted to his care in Bradford, Susquehanna and Wyoming Counties. Office with Esq. Porter. [jlor19-74.

L. ELSBREE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
jly11-75. 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. B. OVERTON, JR. [apr1-76] N. C. ELSBREE.

MADILL & CALIFF,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Office in Wood's Block, first door south of the First National bank, upstairs.
H. J. MADILL. [jan5-75ly] J. N. CALIFF.

GRIDLEY & PAYNE,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
NO. 1, TRACY & NOBLE'S BLOCK, MAIN STREET,
TOWANDA, PA.
A. GRIDLEY. [1877] 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
TOWANDA, PA.
Dec 23-75.

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

DR. S. M. WOODBURN, Physician and Surgeon. Office over O. A. Black's Clothing store.
Towanda, May 1, 1873-ly*.

E. D. PAYNE, M.D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office over Montanye's 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.
[jan1-75-tf.

M. D. L. DODSON, DENTIST.
On and after Sept. 21, may be found in the Central new rooms on 2nd floor of Dr. Pratt's new building, State Street. Business solicited.
Sept. 5-'77.

W. B. KELLY, DENTIST.—Office over M. E. Rosenfield's, Towanda, Pa. Is located on Gold, Silver, Rubber, and Aluminum base. Teeth extracted without pain.
[nov1-'75.

DR. C. M. STANLY, DENTIST, Having moved his Dental office into Tracy & Morey'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 apparatus.
[jy19'75.

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

G. S. RUSSELL'S
GENERAL
INSURANCE AGENCY
[Aug22-76tf. TOWANDA, PA.

1864. 1876.
TOWANDA INSURANCE AGENCY.
State Street, opposite the Court House.
NOBLE & VINCENT,
MANAGERS
INSURANCE AGENCY.
The following
RELIABLE AND FIRE TRIED
Companies represented:
LANCASHIRE, PHENIX, HOME, MERCHANTS
[Apr 5-'71-tf. O. A. BLACK.

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.

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.

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.

Vegetine.

FIRST DOSE
ON A BOSTON POLICE OFFICER.
BOSTON, Nov. 15, 1871.
H. R. STEVENS—*Dear Sir:* In the spring of 1869 I was stricken down with fever, which had a long and almost hopeless run. The best medical advice being in attendance, I was taken through the fever; but it left me terribly reduced and weak, with excruciating pains in my side, back and hips. I was completely prostrated with Kidney Complaint, and no medicine seemed to reach my case.
In this condition I was persuaded to try VEGETINE by a friend whom it cured of the same disease, and it seemed as though I could feel the effect of the first dose through my whole system; and from that moment I began to mend, gradually growing better from day to day; and I followed on with the VEGETINE until it completely restored me to health, since which time I have been able to perform my duties as a police officer, enjoying good health; and there is no doubt about the great value of VEGETINE in Kidney Complaint and similar diseases.
I am, sir respectfully,
LAFAYETTE FORD, 561 Broadway.
ALL DISEASES OF THE BLOOD.
If VEGETINE will relieve pain, cleanse, purify and cure such diseases, restoring the patient to perfect health after trying different physicians, many remedies, suffering for years, is it not conclusive proof, if you are a sufferer, you can be cured? Why is the medicine performing such great cures? It works in the blood, in the circulating fluid. It can truly be called the GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER. The great source of disease originates in the blood; and no medicine that does not act directly upon it, to purify and renovate, has any just claim upon public attention.
SEVENTY-ONE YEARS OF AGE.
EAST MARSHFIELD, Aug. 22, 1870.
MR. STEVENS—*Dear Sir:* I am seventy-one years of age; have suffered many years with Kidney Complaint, weakness in my back and stomach. I was induced to try your VEGETINE, and I think it is the best medicine for weakness of the kidneys I ever used. I have tried many remedies for this complaint, and never found as much relief as from the VEGETINE. It strengthens and invigorates the whole system. Many of my acquaintances have taken it, and I believe it to be good for all the complaints for which it is recommended.
Yours truly, JOSIAH H. SHERMAN.
WOULD GIVE A DOLLAR FOR A DOSE.
BOSTON, May 20, 1871.
H. R. STEVENS, Esq.—*Dear Sir:* I have been badly affected, with Kidney Complaint for ten years; have suffered great pain in my back, hips and side, with great difficulty in passing urine, which was often and in very small quantities, frequently accompanied with blood and excruciating pain. I have faithfully tried most of the popular remedies recommended for my complaint; I have been under the treatment of some of the most skillful physicians in Boston, all of whom pronounced my case incurable. This was my condition when I was advised by a friend to try the VEGETINE, and I could see the good effects from the first dose I took, and from that moment I kept on improving until I was entirely cured, taking in all, I should think, about six bottles.
It is indeed a valuable medicine, and I feel should be afflicted again in the same way I would give a dollar for a dose, if I could not get it without.
Respectfully, J. M. GILE,
361 Third, South Boston.
LIFE A BURDEN.
BOSTON, Nov. 2, 1873.
H. R. STEVENS, ESQ.—*Dear Sir:* From a poor, emaciated sufferer, the VEGETINE has restored me to perfect health.
I have for years been a terrible sufferer from Canker and Dyspepsia, at times rendering life almost a burden to me. I am now fifteen (15) pounds heavier than when I commenced the use of VEGETINE.
I will make mention that I was also a great sufferer from Kidney Complaint, causing excruciating pain through the small of the back nearly all of the time. This, too, VEGETINE has cured, and I am now a perfect picture of health, and I will add, happiness—all caused from the use of a few bottles of VEGETINE.
Respectfully, H. G. HUGHES,
1 Union place, Boston, Mass.
VEGETINE is composed of Roots, Barks and Herbs. It is very pleasant to take; every child likes it.
Prepared by H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.
VEGETINE IS SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Wagons and Carriages.

THE
OLD ESTABLISHMENT
STILL TAKES THE LEAD!
Carriages CHEAPER THAN EVER, and Platform Wagons at a GREAT REDUCTION.
JAMES BRYANT,
Proprietor of the Old Carriage Manufactory, cor. Main and Elizabeth streets, would call the special attention of FARMERS and others to his large and complete assortment of
OPEN AND TOP BUGGIES
AND PLATFORM WAGONS,
All of his own manufacture, and warranted in every particular to be equal to the most expensive city work.
NOW IS YOUR TIME TO BUY!
Look at the figures, and remember that every vehicle is warranted:

PLATFORM WAGONS.....	$100 to $110
OPEN BUGGIES.....	80 " 100
TOP BUGGIES.....	125 " 150

The prices are far below the cost of manufacture and will not be maintained after the present stock is disposed of, so you must make selections NOW.
Don't be imposed upon by inferior work and poor materials, but purchase at the establishment which has been in operation for nearly half a century and is permanently located.
REPAIRING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
Office and Factory cor. Main and Elizabeth streets.
JAMES BRYANT.
Towanda, June 21, 1877.
NEW CARRIAGE FACTORY
East of the Reporter Office.
McIntyre & Spencer
Respectfully announce to the public that they are prepared to build all kinds of
FAMILY CARRIAGES,
TOP AND OPEN BUGGIES,
PHAETON & PLATFORM SPRING WAGONS,
TROTTING SULKIES & SKELETONS,
Made of the best material and in the best style. All work warranted to give perfect satisfaction.
PAINTING A SPECIALTY.
We have one of the best Carriage Painters in the country, and do all work in this line at the lowest rates.
All kinds of
REPAIRING
Neatly and promptly done at reduced prices.
Making new springs and repairing old ones a specialty. All work guaranteed. Please give us a call.
McINTYRE & SPENCER.
Towanda, April 26, 1877.

Poetry.

THE UNCHANGING.

Friends I love may die or leave me,
Friends I trust may treacherous prove;
But Thou never wilt deceive me,
Oh my Saviour! in thy love.
Change can no'er this union sever,
Death its links may never part,
Yesterday, to-day, for ever,
Thou the same Redeemer art.

On the cross love made Thee bearer,
Of transgressions not Thine own,
And that love still makes Thee sharer
In our sorrows on the throne.
From Thy glory thou art bending
Still on earth a pitying eye;
And 'mid angel songs ascending,
Hearest every mourner's cry.

In the days of worldly gladness
Cold and proud our hearts may be,
But to whom in fear or sadness
Can we go but unto Thee?
From that depth of gloom and sorrow
Where Thy love to man was shown,
Every bleeding heart may borrow
Hope and strength to bear its own.

Though the cup I drink be bitter,
Yet since Thou hast made it mine,
This Thy love will make it sweeter
Than the world's best mingled wine.
Darker days may yet betide me,
Sharper sorrows I may prove;
But the worst will ne'er divide me,
Oh my Saviour! from thy love!

—*Sunday at Home.*

EYES.

Sweet baby eyes,
That look around with such a grave surprise,
What do you see?
A strange new world, where simplest things
Engender wild imaginings
And fancies free?
A resting place that is not home,
A paradise wherein to roam
For years maybe?
O placid, wondering baby eyes,
The mystery that in you lies
Oft puzzles me.

Clear, boyish eyes,
Whose fearless glance unconsciously defies
Trouble and care.
When babyhood is past and gone
What is it that you gaze upon?
A land most fair.
A sunny shore with pleasure rife,
And that great, glorious gift of life
'Tis bliss to share.
O happy, trustful, boyish eyes,
Let sages envy, fools despise,
The faith you wear.

The anxious eyes
Of manhood, slowly piercing earth's disguise,
Discover—what?
That life at best is quickly done,
That hopes fulfilled and wishes won
Are dearly got;
The shadows chased in headlong haste,
And golden fruit he strives to taste,
Delight him not.
O restless, doubting, troubled eyes,
To learn in sorrow to be wise,
Is manhood's lot.

Dim, aged eyes,
Gazing across the wreck of broken ties,
What do they see?
Behind—dead leaves that withered fall,
A fading wilderness where all
Is vanity:
Before—to gladden weary sight,
A glimpse; a promise of the bright
Eternity.
O dim and tearful aged eyes,
If waiting till that dawn shall rise,
Blessed are ye!

And angel eyes,
Who have their dwelling place beyond the skies,
Vainly do we
Imagine the glories they must know,
Picture the pearly gates aglow
The crystal sea.
For brightest visions mortals paint
Of that celestial country, faint
Must ever be.
No! pure and holy angel eyes,
We can but pray that what you prize
Our own may see.

—*Leisure Hour.*

Miscellaneous.

Over-Reaching.

It was a grand and stately-looking mansion, surrounded by extensive grounds. So much could be seen in the moonlight. But the entire front of the house was dark. At the back, only two windows in the upper part, beside the basement showed a light.

The room was large and luxurious. An ample grate at one side held a bed of glowing coals, and upon a low couch near it an old man lay. By the gray palor of his still handsome face, his sunken eyes, his stillness, he was very ill, perhaps dying.

A woman was the only occupant of the room, and she was young and very beautiful.

She was in full evening dress, a violet velvet, made low and richly trimmed, and on her white neck and arms were jewels.

The eyes of the sick man watched her as she slowly paced the room, her velvet dress trailing the carpet, a look in her face that he could not read.

It was a strange sight—the woman in her gala attire, brilliant with beauty, glittering with gems; the man with his pinched and sunken face, on which death's gray shadow seemed already set, watching her.

She never looked at him, and, in spite of her youth and loveliness, there was something harsh and forbidding in her countenance.

The sick man moved uneasily on his couch.

"It is very strange Virginia, that James does not return," he said, "I am sure he has been long enough to go to town and back twice."

"I should think so," the woman said still without looking at him; "but perhaps he did not find either of the lawyers at his office, and he may be waiting to see Mr. Judd."

In a moment more some one knocked softly upon the door of the sick room.

"If it's James I want to see him," said the man on the couch.

James came in, a low browed, sullen-looking fellow, and stood crumpling his hat in his hand.

"Did you find Mr. Judd?" his master asked.

"No, sir; but I left word."

"Why didn't you go for Mr. Leeds?

"I did; but he wasn't at home neither. Mr. Judd 'll be back to-night. They was expecting him every minute. I told 'em to send him as soon as he came, 'cause you didn't know as you'd live t'll morning."

Virginia Aubery glided forward.

"You didn't send any such word as that, did you, Robert?" she said to her husband. "I think you are better to-night. I am sure you will live weeks yet. I begin to hope you may get well again, you are so much better."

The sick man shook his head.

"I shall never see the morning again, dear, I am only keeping up on stimulants now. I can't hold out much longer."

"Do let me send for the doctor to come back, Robert."

"Doctors can do me no good, you know that. It is not a doctor that I want, but a lawyer. It is very strange they should be away. Have you told me the truth, James?" he asked the man suddenly.

"The truth, sir?" questioned the man in a stammering voice, while he stole a furtive glance at his mistress.

Virginia Aubery put her hand behind her and showed him a roll of notes.

"Why don't you answer, James?" she said, impatiently. "Have you told your master the truth or not?"

"The truth, of course. Why would I tell him anything else, and him a-dying?"

"You can go," said Mr. Aubrey. "Send Rufus here."

As James departed the sick man turned to his wife.

"I don't know why he should; but James looked as if he was lying. It can't be that any one here wants to keep me from seeing a lawyer?"

A strange whiteness crossed Virginia Aubrey's beautiful face.

"I should hope not, dear. What object could they have?"

The sick man was silent.

Fifteen minutes passed.

Suddenly Mr. Aubrey spoke again—

"Virginia, why doesn't Rufus come?"

"I will see," said his wife, calmly, and rang the bell.

It was James who answered it.

"Where is Rufus?" she asked him.

"I dunno. It's like he forgot. I told him."

"Go at once and tell him again."

James departed, and returned in about ten minutes.

"Rufus," he said, "has been drinking—says he'll come when he gets ready, not afore."

The sick man groaned.

"Go and send Martha here, James," said Mrs. Aubrey.

"She won't come either," moaned her husband, in a failing voice. "Nobody comes. They have all deserted me—even my daughter Blanche. I knew she never liked my marriage, but I didn't think she would refuse to come and see me when I am dying. Virginia, why are you dressed so? To see me die?"

Virginia Aubrey turned aside her head a moment. Her eyes gleamed evilly. Then she came and knelt by his couch, twining her lovely arms about him.

"You asked me to put on this dress. Don't you remember, dear?" she said. "You told me to dress just the same as if you were well. You did not want to be reminded of your sickness by my attire, you said, and you told me to put on this very dress."

"Yes, yes. I remember now. You're a dear, good girl, Virgie, always humoring my whims. You've been a good wife to the old man—unselfish and devoted. You never married me for my money, as Blanche said. I am satisfied of that now."

"How could you ever doubt me?" murmered, the lovely kneeler.

"I don't know but I did. And—and, Virginia, darling, I've something to confess. You know that I made my will soon after we were married, and gave you most of my property?"

"Yes, dear; you told me. I thought it was not right then. I had much rather you had given it all to Blanche. Then she could not think such dreadful things of me."

"You are an angel; but listen to me, my sweet. I was dreadful jealous of you afterward. I was jealous of you and Harry Gaines."

Virginia started slightly.

"You never had any reason," she said.

"You loved him once,—

"Never!" cried Virginia.

"My darling, do you believe Mr. Judd will come to-night? Some one must go for him or Leeds again; my strength is failing. I am sure I shall not last till morning."

The face of the young wife whitened again.

"Robert," she said, "what do you want with a lawyer? Do you want to leave your property to your daughter Blanche instead of me?"

"Oh, no, no," he groaned.

"What then?" Is it anything you want altered in it? I will obey your wishes, dear, as implicitly as if you had a lawyer write them out for you."

"Angel! angel!"

"Blanche never liked me but I will do her justice, all the same," Virginia said.

"Send for Mr. Leeds. I know Judd is not coming," said the husband.

Virginia shuddered.

"You do want to make a new will then?" she said bitterly.

"I did make one—I was jealous of you and Gaines. I thought you had made it up between you to wait until I was dead, and then marry and enjoy my money; so I made a new will secretly, and gave everything to Blanche. I wish I hadn't. I want to alter it now. Send for the lawyers again. Virginia, do send"—

But Virginia had already flown to the bell at the first intimation of this terrible truth which she had never guessed.

The ready James, her own tool, made his appearance once more.

Mrs. Aubrey stepped out and put her hands upon him.

"Take the fastest horse in the stables, and ride for your life after the first lawyer you can find. If you get him here in time you shall have a hundred pounds yourself."

James stared at her.

"Do you mean it this time?"

"I mean it. I have made an awful mistak. I shall be a beggar if the lawyer doesn't get here in time to make a will. Fly!"

"I will. I'll have him here in forty minutes by the clock. The old man won't die that soon," James said, as he dashed away.

Virginia Aubrey masked her deceitful face in sweetness again, and went back to her dying husband.

He seemed sleeping.

She glided into the next room and swiftly removing her velvet dress, put on a soft, unrustling wrapper of merino.

"It would never do to be seen in a dress like that at such a time," she muttered.

Then she went and sat down where she could watch the sick man's livid face and the clock alternately.

An hour went by, and no lawyer.

Why did not James come back?

James was lying by the roadside, about a mile away with a broken leg.

He had taken the fiercest horse in the stable, and not being much of a rider, had been thrown.

Virginia Aubrey stole out of the room at last—she could endure suspense no longer—and sent another man after Lawyer Judd.

It was nearly morning then, and day was breaking as the lawyer at last rode up to the door of Aubrey House.

But he was too late.

Virginia, going back to her husband after she had dispatched a second messenger for Mr. Judd, was struck by the singular stillness of the room—that awful stillness which we who have ever been in a room with the dead know is like no other.

She went straight to the bedside and touched the quiet face on the pillow with her hand.

He was dead.

The woman shut her teeth hard to keep back a scream, and went to searching the house for that second will of which he had told her.

But she could not find it.

She was still searching when the lawyer arrived.

The day of the funeral came.

Robert Aubrey was buried with due pomp and ceremony.

His young and lovely widow—lovelier than ever in her deep mourning—sat in the library after all was over.

The first will, which gave her everything, was in her possession.

She sat prepared to produce it if no later will appeared.

Blanche Aubrey came in weeping, and recoiled at sight of her.

"She never sent me word when poor papa lay dying, and she knew it days before; and papa died thinking me a cruel, wicked girl," Blanche said to Mr. Judd, who was beside her.

The lawyer conducted Blanche to a seat, and bowed to the others in the room.

Then he proceeded to open a paper he held in his hand.

Virginia turned cold.

It was the second will.

It gave everything to Blanche.

In thwarting her husband at first in his wish to make a will Virginia Aubrey had overreached herself.

THE MYSTERIOUS BENEFACTOR.

The Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle* says:—Lewis Brooks was one of the most remarkable men this city ever contained, a man who had amassed an immense property and had given secretly nearly $200,000 to worthy and needy objects. Not long ago it was announced that a liberal gentleman of Rochester had bestowed $120,000 upon the University of Virginia, at Monticello, and had erected new buildings, endowed the University with a large fund, and provided it with a museum selected by Prof. Ward in a European tour. That liberal gentleman was Lewis Brooks. It will also be remembered that $10,000 was given last year to the Rochester City Hospital. The donor was Lewis Brooks. St. Mary's Hospital also received $10,000 from a friend, whose name was not made public. The donor was Lewis Brooks. The Industrial School and the Rochester Female Charitable Society were each presented with $5,000 in a similar manner. The donor was Lewis Brooks, who died last evening at the age of 84 years.

Lewis Brooks was a peculiar man, and one of his peculiarities was his unwillingness to say anything about himself. He was exceedingly modest and retiring in his disposition, and rarely confided anything to any one. He had no family and no relatives in this city, and hence very little regarding his life can be given. He came to Rochester in 1822, when he was, it is though, about twenty-nine years of age. He was first engaged here in the manufacture of woolen cloth, and afterwards entered the mercantile business in a store. About forty years ago, however, he retired from business, and from that time was engaged merely in investing his money and caring for the real estate he owned. Wise, prudent and economical, he amassed a very large property, and having no children with whom to leave it, he very naturally sought to do good with it, giving a part of it to charitable and educational purposes. He never married, but lived all his life alone, and during the past sixteen years boarded in the Osborn House.

The total amounts given by Mr. Brooks to the University of Virginia aggregate about $120,000. He was impelled to this enterprise by a desire to commemorate the home of Jefferson, who was a firm family friend, and the new building which was erected was so placed as to command a fine view of Monticello.

Large as have been his gifts to public instructions, they are by no means all. In private gifts those belonging to his own blood and to those in whom he had no personal interest save the interest of sympathy, he was munificient. To the needy and suffering his liberality was open-handed and almost unstinted, and no worthy object of assistance was ever allowed to leave his presence unaided.

A WELL-DRESSED Negro applied to the judge of probate of Mobile for a marriage license. He was asked how old his intended was, and answered, with great animation: "Just sixteen, Judge—sweet sixteen and de handsomest girl in town." The judge said he could not do it, as the law forbade him to issue license to any one under eighteen. "Well, hold on, Judge," exclaimed the man. I know dat dem girls am deceitful and lie about deir age. She is nineteen if a day." "Will you swear to it?" asked the judge. "Yes sah," he replied, and did. "And how old am you?" said the judge. The chap looked suspicious, and replied, cautiously, "Thirty-five," and added: "If dat won't do, Jedge, I've got more back."

A YOUNG man woke up the other night and saw a ghost in his room. Seizing his six-shooter, he approached it, and found it was his collar, which happened to be standing on the floor.

ADAM AS A BACHELOR.

Imagine Adam in his loneliness—the only human being in this wide, wide world—a full grown man at his birth, with no one to grant him a certificate thereof, nor to furnish him with evidence that he was ever born at all! He never experienced any of the perils of infancy and childhood—such as the cutting of teeth, measels and chicken-pox—without which no young man's education is complete. Adam was the only young man who never had a grandmother to mend his pants, to knit his mittens, and to stand between him and all harm. He never played the great and exhilarating game of base ball, and he never submitted to the indignity of having a chip knocked off his shoulder by another boy. No! he had none of the essentials that go toward making up the average boy of the present day. He found himself born somehow—a full-grown man, a bachelor—with no chum in the whole universe with whom to converse upon the interminable topic, the weather; no one to love; none to caress; no one to sew buttons on his shirt; no one to lend him a helping hand. There he was—the keeper of a large zoological garden, with no doorkeeper to take the tickets, and no one to come to the show. Like all bachelors, he seemed to be a mistake; and this quality of mistake has been so severely transmitted through the long ages that have intervened, without let or hindrance, that it has become a fixed fact, as unalterable as Persian law. He becomes fidgety, queer, notional, and out of order generally. Adam had, in all probability, begun to manifest some of those peculiar characteristics, and was himself convinced that there was something more necessary to his happiness; but he had not the brains to invent, nor the ingenuity to devise anything himself. Adam evidently was not happy in his estate of single blessedness; and the Divine Being, ever anxious for the welfare of his creatures, saw that it was not good for him to be alone, and gave him what every full-grown man needs, viz: some one to talk to, to argue with, to love and cherish, and if everything don't go right generally, "go for," to lay part of the blame upon.

Did you ever contemplate the poverty of Adam when he took Eve for better or for worse? Only think of it! He hadn't a hat to his head, a coat to his back, a pair of shoes to his feet, nor "nary red cent" in his trousers pocket. Eve brought no dowry. She had nothing to bestow save love and affection; and as he was the only young man around, it was him or nobody. Equally as poor as her husband, she came to him without a bonnet or a shawl, a calico gown, or even a pair of slippers. Moses forgot, in his reminiscences, to give an account of their wedding trip; but from what we can gather in regard to the wardrobes of that day, their baggage would have proved no incumbrance—a very limited amount sufficed, and dressing to please everybody was of no account, for there was none but themselves to please. Doubtless their whole outfit of traveling dresses, water proofs, dusters, lunch baskets, and all, he he could have carried in the pockets of his trousers. They must have started housekeeping, also, upon as small a capital as could well be imagined. They hadn't as far as can be gleaned from history, a hairbrush, a fine tooth comb, a towel, nor soap, no bitters, soothing syrups, clothes wringers, nor smoothing irons—no nothing. Adam wasn't afraid to invite his wife to go on an excursion with him for fear of having to go down deep into his trousers pocket for the wherewith to buy a suitable outfit—for the reason that he had no trousers; nor did he swear at baggage-smashers, nor brook the insolence of railroad officials. There was no good and sufficient reason why they shouldn't have been an amiable couple, and have had a good time generally. They washed their clothes—doubtless, by a dive into the Euphrates; and, there being no clothes-lines, their clothes were allowed to dry upon their backs. And Adam didn't care a rush whether his shirt bosom was smooth or not; and why should Eve bother her head about it so long as he was suited?

BLOODTHIRSTINESS OF THE CRAB.—By observation made at the New York Aquarium, it has been discovered that the hermit crab possesses more intelligence than it has generally been given credit for. The following incident not only illustrates this, but shows that the crab is an animal of prey:

One day a good-sized Lafayette fish was seen with one of these crabs clinging to its gills. The fish gasped, struggled violently, and shook itself of its tenacious enemy. The crab would not let go. The fish grew gradually weaker until its struggles ceased, and it sank to the bottom of the tank. The crab then began to feed upon its victim. Upon examination it was found that the crab had actually pinned the gills of the fish to its sides, preventing its breathing.

HIS FINANCIAL THEORY.—While a long line of laborers were yesterday packing the earth back in the excavation at the upper end of Woodward avenue one of them suddenly inquired:

"Mike, what is all this fuss the newspapers are making about the dollar of our fathers?"

"That bates me," replied Mike, "I knew my father like a book, and if he ever had a dollar at all I'm willing to be hung."

"Hist! now, will ye!" called a third, "Don't let the dollar of your fathers worry ye a bit. What's needed in this crowd is the dollars of the Water Board, and the more we have of them the sooner we can create a sinking fund and call in the landlord for his rent. Kape right on working wid them pounders and don't lose twenty shillings worth of breath in talking about the eight shilling pieces lugged around by them as didn't know a hydrant from the boot of St. Patrick."

landscape, sat an old white-haired man reading. He looked up from his book as they entered the yard leading to the house, and came to the yard to meet them. Mr. Webster abruptly accosted him:

"Are you John Colby?"

"I am," was the reply.

"Then," said his interlocutor, with a trembling voice, "I am Daniel Webster."

The greeting that followed was one of the most hearty description; both wept as they embraced again and again.

"And are you," said Colby, holding the statesman at arm's length, "the Daniel Webster whose name has been so long and so conspicuously before the public—of whose fame I have been so proud? Oh, that your sister had lived to see this day! Brother Daniel," continued the old man, "are you a Christian?"

"I trust I am," was the emphatic reply.

"Then let us pray."

They all three kneeled in the open air, the Bible open between them, and Webster prayed. "And such a prayer," said Mr. Harvey, with tears in his eyes, as he recalled the scene, so long afterward, "I never listened to, as came from his lips. Such power, such fervency, such reverence, such tenderness seemed never before blended with such intellectual grace and beauty. All were melted by the effort, as with clasped hands and bowed heads the brothers poured out their souls in praise and supplications."

Then they arose, and in that sweet communion of spirit talked of the past and the future, the light of heaven resting upon them as they walked arm in arm across the veranda, and oftener by expressive silence saying more than words could convey. Their parting was very tender. They knew it was a final parting, and a deep solemnity rested upon the ceremony. But the farewell was at last said, and as they looked back the hands of the old man were raised in benediction.

TOO TRUE.—DeWitt Talmage says: "One of the greatest trials of the newspaper profession is that its members are compelled to see more of the shams of the world than any other profession. Through every newspaper office, day after day go all the weakness is of the world; all the vanities that want to be puffed, all the revenges that want to be reaped; all the mistakes that want to be corrected; all the dull speakers who want to be thought eloquent; all the meaness that wants to get its wares noticed gratis in the editorial columns, in order to save the tax of the advertising columns, all the men who want to be set right who were never right; all the cracked brained philosophers with stories as long as their hair, and as gloomy as their finger-nails in mourning, because bereft of soap, all the bores who come in to stay five minutes but talk five hours. Through the editorial and repotorial rooms, all the follies and the shams of world are seen day after day."

THOUGHTS FOR SATURDAY NIGHT

ALL philosophy lies in two words—"sustain" and "abstain."

HE who finds pleasure in vice, and pain in viture, is a novice in both.

MEN give nothing away so liberally as their advice.

ONE ungrateful man does an injury to all who are wretched.

ROCHEFOUCALD say we have more indolence in the mind than in the body.

SENACA says that malignity generally drinks the greater part of its own poison.

A GOOD word is an easy obligation, but not to speak ill requires only our silence, which costs nothing.

JUDGE thyself with a judgement of sincerity and thou wilt judge others with a judgement of charity.

FRIENDSHIP is like those ancient altars where the unhappy, and