# The Bradford Reporter.

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VOLUME XXXVIII. TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, APRIL 25, 1878. NUMBER 47.



**Business Cards.**

W. J. YOUNG,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Office—Second door south of the First National Bank Main St., up stairs.

O. D. KINNEY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Office—Rooms formerly occupied by Y. M. C. A. Reading Room. [Jan.31'78.

F. B. SWISHER,
DENTIST.
Office over Mrs. Mingos' store, Tracey & Noble's Block. Treatment of diseased teeth a specialty. Gas and other administered when desired.—mch.28.

WILLIAMS & ANGLE,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.
OFFICE.—Formerly occupied by Wm. Watkins, Esq.
H. N. WILLIAMS. (oct.17, '77) E. J. ANGLE.

I. McPHERSON,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Int'l Att'g Bread. Co. (feb.1'78.

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

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

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,
Oct14-75. TOWANDA, PA.

C. L. LAMB,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
WILKES-BARRE, PA.
Collections promptly attended to.
July 27, '76.

JOHN W. MIX,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
AND
U. S. COMMISSIONER,
TOWANDA, PA.
Office—North Side Public Square. Jan. 1, 1878.

DAVIES & CARNOCHAN,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
SOUTH SIDE OF WARD HOUSE.
Dec 22-75. TOWANDA, PA.

DR. S. M. WOODBURN, Physician and Surgeon. Office over O. A. Black's Crockery store.
Towanda, May 1, 1877 1y*.

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. [jan8-78y] J. N. CALIFF.

GRIDLEY & PAYNE,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
South side Mercur Block (rooms formerly occupied by Davies & Carnochan),
TOWANDA, PA.
K. C. GRIDLEY. (1877) S. R. PAYNE.

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

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.

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

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,
aug20. TOWANDA, PA.

OVERTON & MERCUR,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
TOWANDA PA.
Office over Montanyes Store. (may25,
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. [jly17-78.

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.]

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. (apr14-76) N. C. ELSBREE.

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

C. S. RUSSELL'S
GENERAL
INSURANCE AGENCY
May28-70tf. TOWANDA, PA.

INSURANCE AGENCY.
The following
RELIABLE AND FIRE TRIED
Companies represented;
ANCSHIRE, PHŒNIX, HOME, MERCHANTS.
March 16, '74 O. H. BLACK.

1864. 1876.
TOWANDA INSURANCE AGENCY.
Main Street opposite the Court House.
W. S. VINCENT,
MANAGER.

DR. T. B. JOHNSON,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office over Dr. Porter & Son's Drug Store, Towanda. Jan1-75tf.

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

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.

GERITY & MORREL,
[Established 1847.]
WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS
DRUGGISTS SUNDRIES, PATENT MEDICINES, &c., &c.
126, LAKE STREET,
Feb. 28, '78. ELMIRA, N. Y.

**Hotels.**

HENRY HOUSE,
(ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN.)
CORNER MAIN & WASHINGTON STREETS,
TOWANDA, PA.
This large, commodious and elegantly-furnished house has just been opened to the travelling public. The proprietor has spared neither pains nor expense in making his hotel first-class in all its appointments, and respectfully solicits a share of public patronage. MEALS AT ALL HOURS. Terms to suit the times. Large stable attached.
WM. HENRY, PROPRIETOR.
Towanda, June 7, '77-tf.

ELWELL HOUSE, TOWANDA, PA.,
JOHN SULLIVAN,
Having leased this house, is now ready to accommodate the travelling public. No pains nor expense will be spared to give satisfaction to those who may give him a call.
☞ North side of Public Square, east of Mercur's new block.

EAGLE HOTEL,
TOWANDA, PA.
At the corner of Court and River-sts., directly in the vicinity and south of the Court House.
JOHN BURKE, PROPRIETOR.
The above house has been re-furnished and re fitted, and is now open to the traveling public. The Bar will at all times be supplied with the best of liquors. Good stabling attached to the premises. Boarders by the day or week accommodated.
May 10, 1876.] JOHN BURKE.

THE CENTRAL HOTEL,
ULSTER, PA.
The undersigned having taken possession of the above hotel, respectfully solicits the patronage of his old friends and the public generally.
aug16-tf. M. A. FORREST.

SEELEY'S OYSTER BAY AND EUROPEAN HOUSE.—A few doors south of the Means House. Board by the day or week on reasonable terms. Warm meals served at all hours. Oysters at wholesale and retail. feb1'77.

**Miscellaneous.**

M. B. & F. H. OWEN,
OF THE
RED, WHITE & BLUE TEA STORE,
BRIDGE STREET,
Are offering special inducements in every department of the Grocery line.
Here are some of the prices:

| | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Standard A Sugar | | | | | | 10 cents |
| Teas | 25 | 40 | 50 | 60 | 75 | 80 " |
| Coffees | 20 | 25 | 30 | 35 | | " |
| Tobaccos | | 40 | 50 | 60 | | " |
| Flour—Red, $1.60 per sack; best White only $2.00 | | | | | | |
| Hams | | | 09 | 10 | | cents |
| Shoulders | | | 07 | 08 | | " |
| Georgia Codfish | | | 06 | 08 | | " |
| Mackerel | | | 08 | 10 | | " |
| Pork | | | | 08 | | " |

You can find anything you want in the Grocery line, and at prices to suit the times. A liberal discount given at wholesale. Our motto is and shall be "Quick Sales, Small Profits, Cash or Ready Pay."
CALL AND SEE FOR YOURSELVES.
Cash paid for Butter and Eggs.
M. B. & F. H. OWENS,
RED, WHITE & BLUE TEA STORE,
Bridge-St., Towanda, Pa.
April 11, 1878.

THE SUBSCRIBER TAKES Pleasure in calling the attention of his numerous patrons and the public generally, to the fact that he still continues a
GENERAL MARKET BUSINESS
At the OLD STAND of MYER & RUNDELL, in Carroll's Block, nearly opposite the Means House, and that he is prepared to furnish
SALT AND FRESH MEATS,
FRESH POULTRY,
VEGETABLES AND BERRIES
Of the very best quality, at as low rates as any other establishment.
C. M. MYER.
June 1, 1876-tf

OUR COMBINED CATALOGUE For 1878,
—OF—
EVERYTHING FOR THE GARDEN
Numbering 175 pages, with Colored Plate,
SENT FREE
To our customers of past years and to all purchasers of our books, either GARDENING FOR PROFIT, PRACTICAL FLORICULTURE, or GARDENING FOR PLEASURE, (price $1.50 each, prepaid, by mail.) To others, on receipt of 25c. Plain Plant or Seed Catalogue, without Plate, free to all.
PETER HENDERSON & CO.
SEEDSMEN, MARKET GARDENERS AND FLORISTS
35 Cortland Street, New York
March 7, 1878.—tf

NEW FIRM! NEW GOODS!!
MISSES SNELL & FARNHAM
Take pleasure in inviting their friends to call at their New Store,
A few doors north of Mercur Block,
And examine their stock of
NEW MILLINERY GOODS.
Dress Making done. Prices to suit the times.
Straw Work and Bleaching a Specialty.
Towanda, Pa., April 11, 1878.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK,
TOWANDA, PA.
CAPITAL PAID IN ..... $125,000
SURPLUS FUND ..... 80,000
This Bank offers unusual facilities for the transaction of a general banking business.
N. N. BETTS, Cashier
JOS. POWELL, President. Feb. 14, 1878.

PASSAGE TICKETS
To and from Europe by
INMAN AND NATIONAL STEAMSHIPS.
Also,
FOREIGN DRAFTS IN ANY AMOUNT
For sale by
WM. S. VINCENT,
Main Street, Towanda, Pa.

SUSQUEHANNA
COLLEGIATE
INSTITUTE.
Spring Term commences MONDAY, APRIL 8. For catalogue, or other particulars address the Principal,
E. E. QUINLAN, A. M.
Towanda, Jan. 17, 1878.

WESTERN TICKETS.—Persons preparing to "Go West" can purchase tickets to all points South and West at as low rates as at any other office, and have baggage checked, by calling on me at the Wyalusing Depot.
W. H. KINTNER.
Wyalusing, March 21, '78.

I. ROGALSKI,
Employed with M. Hendelman for the past four years, begs leave to announce to his friends and the public generally that he has removed to the Boston 99-Cent Store, one door south of the First National Bank, and opened a shop for the repair of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, &c. All work warranted to give entire satisfaction. (Apr4'78.

**Medical.**

"VEGETINE,"
Says a Boston physician, "has no equal as a blood purifier. Hearing of its many wonderful cures, after all other remedies have failed, I visited the Laboratory and convinced myself of its genuine merit. It is prepared from barks, roots and herbs, each of which is highly effective, and they are compounded in such a manner as to produce astonishing results."

VEGETINE
Is the great Blood Purifier.
VEGETINE
Will cure the worst case of Scrofula.
VEGETINE
Is recommended by physicians and apothecaries.
VEGETINE
Has effected some marvellous cures in cases of Cancer.
VEGETINE
Cures the worst case of Canker.
VEGETINE
Meets with wonderful success in Mercurial diseases.
VEGETINE
Will eradicate Salt Rheum from the system.
VEGETINE
Cures the most inveterate cases of Erysipelas.
VEGETINE
Removes Pimples and Humors from the face,
VEGETINE
Cures Constipation and regulates the bowels.
VEGETINE
Is a valuable remedy for Headache.
VEGETINE
Will cure Dyspepsia.
VEGETINE
Restores the entire system to a healthy condition.
VEGETINE
Cures pains in the side.
VEGETINE
Removes the cause of dizziness.
VEGETINE
Relieves Faintness at the Stomach.
VEGETINE
Cures pains in the Back.
VEGEAINE
Effectually cures Kidney Complaint.
VEGETINE
Is effective in its cure of Female Weakness.
VEGETINE
Is the great remedy for General Debility.
VEGETINE
Is acknowledged by all classes of people to be the best and most reliable blood purifier in the world.
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 CHILDREN'S BEDTIME.

The clock strikes seven in the hall,
The curfew of the children's day,
That calls each little pattering foot
From dance and song and liveiong play;
Their day that in our wider light
Floats like a silver day-moon white,
Nor in our darkness sinks to rest;
But sets within a golden west.

Ah, tender hour that sends a drift
Of children's kisses through the house,
And cuckoo-notes of sweet "Good night,"
That thoughts of heaven and home arouse;
And a soft stir to sense and heart,
As when the bee and blossom part;
And little feet that patter slower,
Like the last droppings of the shower.

And in the children's rooms aloft
What blossom shapes do gayly slip
Their dainty sheaths, and rosy run
From clasping hand and kissing lip,
A naked sweetness to the eye—
Blossom and babe and butterfly
In witching one, so dear a sight!
An ecstacy of life and light.

And, ah, what lovely witcheries
Bestrew the floor! an empty sock,
By vanished dance and song left loose
As dead birds' throats; a tiny smock
That, sure upon some meadow grew,
And drink the heaven-sweet rains; a shoe
Scarce bigger than an acorn cup;
Frocks that seem flowery meads cut up.

Then lily-direst in angel-white
To mother's knee they trooping come,
The soft chains fold like kissing shells,
And they and we go singing home—
Their bright heads bowed and worshiping,
As though some glory of the Spring,
Some daffodil that mocks the day,
Should fold his golden palms and pray.

The gates of Paradise swing wide
A moment's space in soft accord,
And those dream angels, Life and Death,
Almoment well the flaming sword,
As o'er this weary world forlorn
From Eden's secret heart is borne
That breath of Paradise most fair,
Which mothers call "the children's prayer."

Ah, deep pathetic mystery!
The world's great woe unconscious hung,
A rain drop on a blossom's lip:
White innocence that woos our wrong,
And love divine that looks again,
Unconscious of the cross and pain,
From sweet child-eyes, and in that child
Sad earth and Heaven reconciled.

Then kissed, on beds we lay them down,
As fragrant-white as clovered sod,
And all the upper doors grow hushed
With children's sleep, and dews of God,
And aesour stars their beams do hide,
The stars of twilight opening wide,
Take up the heavenly tale at even,
And light us on to God and heaven.

—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

## Miscellaneous.

### Anastasia's Ghost.

How well I remember that dismal November night. Some vague presentiment of evil weighed on my heart, as I sat alone in the twilight. And yet there was nothing, apparently, to make me gloomy. On the contrary, I ought to have been more than usually cheerful; had I not received a delicious promise from Kate Nelson that very afternoon? It seemed odd, to be sure, that a gray-haired widower like myself was to marry this girl of eighteen. Her mother had been a housekeeper in our family, but died soon after Kate's birth. So it happened that she was adopted by us, as we had no children of our own. My wife treated her kindly, but without much warmth of feeling. Anastasia was of such a peculiar disposition that I actually believed she was jealous of this infant.

Poor Anastasia! she warned me solemnly on her deathbed never to marry again, and threatened to rise from her grave in case of such an event.

Kate was in her tenth year when my wife died. I sent her away to a boarding school; and, as business called me abroad, did not see her again until my return eight years afterwards. I was somewhat bewildered to find a lovely woman, instead of the little girl I had left in short dresses. Of course, you can imagine the sequel. I fell in love with this charming adopted daughter. There was something in the frank tenderness of her manner that completely won my heart.

It was evident that she was deeply attached to me. I could not but help seeing how much higher she valued my society than that of my nephew, Charles Raymond, who had accompanied her from abroad. She never addressed him except in monosyllables, and would flush all over with embarrassment if he entered the room. But with me she was always self-possessed, and so talkative and sociable that I could not help pitying Charlie. He was really quite good-looking, and I used to wonder sometimes at her antipathy. Poor fellow; how I dreaded to tell him of my approaching marriage. It would be a great blow to his hopes, for he had expected to inherit my fortune.

Katie wasn't a bit like other girls that I had ever known anything about. Instead of blushing at my confession, that afternoon, she turned pale and shivered as if struck by a chill. I noticed, too, that there was a strange quiver in her voice when she finally consented to be my wife. I was apprehensive that Charlie had told her what Anastasia had said on her deathbed. And yet I couldn't believe he would be so inconsiderate. Somehow, I couldn't forget that warning. Anastasia was a remarkable woman, and would surely keep her word, if ghosts are permitted to walk the earth. Thinking thus, I began to grow frightened at the shadows in my room, and hastily rang the bell for lights.

"Why are you so late, Bridget?" I asked, sharply, as the servant entered the door.

"Indade, sir, and it's meself that's been with Miss Katie every blessed minnit, and she's almost kilt with a pain in her head."

Could this be a result of our conversation that afternoon? Considerably startled, I questioned Bridget eagerly. Charlie came in while we were talking.

"Katie ill?" he said, with a shadow on his brow. "Is it anything serious, uncle?"

What business had he to take any special interest in Katie?

"Only a headache," I answered, coldly? "She is subject to such attacks. Bring in the tea, Bridget."

"We shall have a lonesome evening," Charlie sighed.

I half believed that he was in love with the girl himself.

It was cheerless, though, without Kate. I missed her bright face behind the tea tray. Charlie left his untasted. My jealousy was aroused, and I watched him keenly.

As soon as we were alone, I said, half angrily, "What is the matter, Charlie? You look as if you hadn't a friend on earth. I didn't know before that you liked Katie so well."

The crimson leaped up to his very brow.

"I am glad that you do," I continued, hastily, "for you will soon be connected by ties of relationship. She has promised to be my wife."

"You are jesting, uncle!" he said, doubtingly.

"I was never more serious in my life," I answered.

Charlie showed evident signs of agitation.

"You have no right to sacrifice that young girl," he said, bitterly. "You are old enough to be her grandfather. How dare you think of such a thing?"

"No wonder that you rave," I replied, with a mocking smile; "you are disappointed of your inheritance."

At that moment the wind gave a fearful shriek outside, and I thought of Anastasia.

"Are you not afraid to marry again?" Charlie inquired, maliciously. "You remember the warning?"

"Nonsense!" I answered; "it will take something more than a ghost to frighten me out of the marriage."

I had scarcely finished speaking, when there came a gust of wind and a crashing of glass, and the storm actually came into the room. We glanced at each other in dismay. The bough of a large elm tree that stood in front of the house had fallen against the window.

Charles gave me a peculiar look as I cowered over the fire, and then barred the window in such a manner as to keep out the rain. A strange gloom enveloped us both, and we did not return again to the subject we had been discussing. Our conversation was fitful, and it seemed a relief when we parted at bed time.

There is no use in denying that I was troubled a little with superstitious fears. What if Anastasia should rise from her grave as she had promised? I peered around into every corner of the room before retiring, but found no sign of any mysterious visitant. I had such a fear of the darkness, however, that I left the candle burning.

The fury of the storm had now abated, and I lay some time listening to the wind. At last, however, I fell into an uneasy slumber. How long I had slept I know not, when I was awakened by an icy touch upon my forehead.

I started up with a thrill of apprehension. The light emitted a faint, sepulchral gleam. Oh, horror! what was it that I saw? A figure robed in white, came gliding towards me from the foot of the bed. The face was hidden from my view, but I knew from the form that it was the ghost of Anastasia.

"William Raymond," came in a hoarse voice from the figure; "I am here to avenge your infidelity, and to drag you down to the grave in my embrace."

I shrieked with terror as I felt her clutch upon my throat, and cried, faintly, "Mercy! mercy!"

"You would marry Kate Nelson, would you?" whispered the ghost, mockingly. "If you do not wish to die"—and here the icy fingers pressed so tight that I gasped for breath—"promise me that you will not take a second wife."

"Oh, I promise, I promise!" said I, half dead with terror.

"Woe be unto you, if you deceive me!" answered the ghost, solemnly. And I heard no more.

It was some time, however, before I ventured to cast a timid glance around the room. The ghost had disappeared. The storm, too, was beginning to subside; but I could not go to sleep again, for I found it impossible to forget the phantom and its deadly clutch upon my throat. I resolved to say nothing about it. Of course, people would ridicule the idea of a ghost. Nevertheless, I did not dare to wed Kate Nelson; yet, how could I explain this sudden change of purpose? I fervently hoped that she would not die of a broken heart, the poor child! What should I say to her?

After considerable reflection, I resolved to trust this delicate affair to the tact of Charlie. The proposed marriage was so odious in his eyes, that I knew he would justify my apparent treachery to her, if possible.

Morning came, and I arose in a feverish state of mind. How I dreaded to meet Kate at the breakfast table, but fortunately she did not make her appearance. Charlie looked so troubled that I fancied he, too, had seen the ghost.

After breakfast I said to him, with an embarrassment that I strove to hide, "My dear boy, do you remember what we were talking about last evening? I have been thinking over the matter seriously, and am afraid that a marriage between Kate and myself will not result in happiness; but I have not the courage to brave her reproaches. Now, Charlie, will you act as mediator, and make known to her the change in my views?"

"Why, uncle," he answered, and I was almost sure that I saw a gleam of mischief in his eyes, "something extraordinary must have happened. You are not usually so fickle."

"We won't discuss the matter," said I, in an irritated tone. "Will you, or will you not, grant my request?"

"Of course, I will," he replied; "but it is a difficult task. The poor child will be so disappointed!"

I detected a joyous ring in his voice, and looked at him rather suspiciously.

His diplomatic mission was successful, however. Late in the afternoon Katie came down into the library where I was sitting. I had never seen her look prettier.

"Oh, Mr. Raymond!" she said, eagerly, "I am so glad that you changed your mind! It was all so unexpected yesterday. I never dreamed before that you loved me in any other way than as a daughter."

Was this acting? Was she trying to deceive me in her sweet unselfishness?

"Then you never loved me?" I asked.

"Dear Mr. Raymond, you know better," she answered; "only it was not exactly the kind of love one ought to feel towards a husband. You are as dear to me as if you were my own father; but you are so much older than I, that—that—"

She hesitated and did not finish her sentence. I remembered my gray hairs with a pang of mortified vanity. Was not the ghostly visit enough? Must I be tortured in this manner afterwards?

The veil was torn away from the delusion I had cherished. Alas! I had misinterpreted her childish affection. It might be that she loved another. I looked down into the face where a vivid scarlet glowed, and read her secret.

"My dear child," I exclaimed, attempting to control my agitation, "tell me everything."

"Oh, Mr. Raymond," she answered in confusion, "Charlie has asked me to be his wife."

The rascal. No wonder that he remained with her such a long time that morning; no wonder that he boasted of the satisfactory manner in which everything had been explained.

"The impudent fellow!" I muttered, impatiently. "What did you answer, child? Do you love him?"

Low and soft the answer came: "Yes."

The heart of a woman is a mystery that I cannot fathom. I was certainly outwitted by my nephew. He might have been afraid, however, that my conscience would reproach me if Katie showed her disappointment. I have little doubt that she loved me far better than she would confesss.

Ah, well! they were married in due time, and we are all living together. The dear children do everything they can to add to my happiness.

Katie is still a beautiful woman, and Charlie is the staff of my old age.

I never saw the ghost again. In fact, I have good reason to think that the mysterious visitant was a certain graceless nephew of mine, who had fallen in love with Katie. Of course I forgave the deception long ago, as it saved me from a terrible mistake.

I am much happier, probably, than if I had married the young girl whose heart belonged to another. I am not certain, however, that she did not accept Charlie from pique at my rejection. Any way, he has made her a good husband.

### "BY AND BY"

Somewhere down the stream of Time on which we are floating, is a beautiful island called the "By and By." It may be just before us, beyond the next turn of the river, or we may not find it until the stream disembogues into the stream of eternity. But we all look for it, from infancy to old age, and dream that all evil will be banished when we arrive at that beautiful island—By and By.

All day we float down the turbulent stream; the blue color of heaven burns above us; the mysteries of God and immortality stream in upon us with awful splendors, and truths that have confounded the loftiest intellects—truths that in all ages have roused up the soul from its foundations, baptised it with reverence kindled it with love—environ us with their intensity, and all the thoughts of the island are banished from the mind. But when the solemn gray of twilight falls around our bark, in fancy we see its magical shores, green with the trees of beauty, flitting before us like stars over the broad shadows of years, and our longings all return to wander on its fairy banks, and listen to the silver voices of its inhabitants. And as the rosy flush of the day fades in the west, and the watching stars open one after another, their holy eyes, we go to rest in the happy belief that the morning sunrise will gild this immortal island, full in our vision—this clime we have sought so long and vainly, and whither have fled all the Summer of our youth, that we besought with tears to stay.

A land of promise is that By and By. In it we all have possession, the anticipated enjoyment of which alone renders life tolerable. The past has proven a weary way; the present full of thorns and beset with danger; but in the golden By and By there is a recompense for all. There the broken heart shall be healed and the weary spirit find a rest.

Who would sell his birthright in this land? Though poverty, gloom, and desolation eviron us here, we have wealth and loving friends in that fair clime.

How eagerly we look for that island! If it were laid down on any chart, no matter how distant, so that we knew that it would surely come, we should be satisfied in the prospect. But no Ariande comes to reveal its labyrinthine secrets, and we must be content in its anticipation, and posess it only in our dreams.

### WHAT IS THE BIBLE LIKE?

It is a large beautiful tree, which bears sweet fruit for those that are hungry, and affords shelter and shade for pilgrims on their way to the kingdom of heaven.

It is like a cabinet of jewels and precious stones, which are not only to be looked at and admired, but used and worn.

It is like a telescope, which brings distant objects and far-off things of the world very near so that we can see something of their beauty and importance.

It is like a treasure-house, a storehouse, for all sorts of valuable and useful things, and which are to be had without money and without price.

It is like a deep, broad, calm-flowing river, the banks of which are green and flowery, where birds sing and lambs play, and dear little children are loving and happy.

"In choosing a wife, be governed by her chin." The worst of that is, that after having chosen a wife one is apt to keep on being governed in the same way.

### LOVED AT LAST.

And so he loves me, though they said
No lover e'er would come to me,
That I should ne'er be wooed or wed,
Or nurse a child upon my knee;
They were so sure that I should miss
The woman's heritage of bliss.

And I too, in the sad gray hours
When through low clouds no sunlight shone,
And when the slow September showers
Seemed nature's tears for Summer gone,
I murmured, with a long, sad sigh,
"My Summer also has gone by."

But now I know that what to me
Seemed Autumn rains were showers of Spring;
Love's sunlight brighten everything;
He says he loves me, and to-day
My year rolls back to early May.

How did it come? I ask of him;
He says my face is sweet and fair;
And yet to me these eyes seem dim,
And on his brow are lines of care;
But now these eyes shall yet be bright,
And once again this brow grow light.

He loves me! loves me! I repeat
The blest assurance every hour;
And now the wine of life is sweet
That yesterday was sharp and sour;
Now I can drink, with spirit bold,
Love's nectar from a cup of gold.

I look through long, slow-coming years,
Made by his love all bright and fair;
I look around through happy tears,
And see his image everywhere;
In his great love I breathe and live;
If it be sin, dear God, forgive.

It cannot be. Since I have known
His love, God's love seems dearer too;
He has come near to me, and shown
What for the humblest he can do.
Life's fateful fingers intertwine
The human love with the divine.

Oh love, love, love! Oh blessed word,
That never did I understand
Till in my ear his voice I heard,
And felt the pressure of his hand;
No more I walk with eyes cast down;
I am his queen, love is my crown.

### JOHN BROWN

A STORY OF THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD.

General James G. Blunt relates the following story in a communication to the Kansas Historical Society:

"My last intimate associations with John Brown were in the winter of 1858-59, and their brief narration at this time may not prove entirely uninteresting. It was on a cold winter night in the latter part of December, 1858, about the hour of two o'clock, A. M., that I was awakened by a rap at the door of my house, in Andrus county. Upon answering it and looking out, I recognized by the light of the full moon the familiar form and features of "Old John Brown," whom I had not seen for a year prior to that time. In front of the house was a covered wagon, with two yoke of oxen attached. Brown wasted no time in perliminaries, but proceeded at once to business by remarking that he had some of his people, there who must be cared for without delay, as the slave hunters were close on their trail. I directed him to disembark the passengers, consisting of five men and four women, while I proceeded to buid a rousing wood fire in a large fireplace of the sitting room, around which the fugitives were soon gathered, and soon undergoing a process of thawing out.

"While my wife was preparing for them a 'square meal', Brown and myself were considering as to the disposition he would make of these human chattels. The weather was extremely cold, and snow about one foot in depth on the ground, which made traveling tedious and dangerous, while still another difficulty was interposed by the fact that one of the women was in such a delicate condition as required the party to halt for a few weeks: therefore prompt action was required to get the party into permanent and safe quarters. In this dilemma I recollected of two log cabins, joined together in such am anner as to form two sides of a square located across and north of the Potowotamic river, and about two miles distant from my residence, and at this place I determined to establish the headquarters of the 'colored troops.' These houses were situated in a recess or niche of the bluff that separated the river bottom from the table land or high prairie, and being about one mile from any traveled road they afforded a suitable hiding place for our purpose. Before daylight we had our guests comfortably quartered in their temporary home, and supplied with fuel, bedding and provisions. The men were all well armed, and we instructed them if attacked, or any attempet made at their capture, to defend themselves to the death. Thus provided for, we left them with a promise to return agsin at night. I then proceeded to notify some of my reliable neighbors of the situation, and that their assistance was required.

"Upon sending out 'scouts' we ascertained that the pursuers of these fugitive slaves had lost the trail of their game and had passed in a northerly direction about twelve miles east of us by way of Osawotomie, and were entirely off the scent. The oxen they drove to the wagon—all of which they took from their master were immediately slaughtered, and quite a sum realized from the sale of the beef to replenish the treasury of the 'emigrants.' The hides of the cattle were buried in the ground and the wagons broken up and burned. Each night some of the faithful would visit them to ascertain their wants and supply them with such necessaries as they needed.

"Living near the rendezvous of those fugitives were four bachelor brothers, who had formerly lived in Missouri, and, although having never owned slaves themselves they believed in the righteousness of the institution of slavery, and thought it a great crime to aid fugitive slaves in their effort to gain their freedom; hence I feared they might discover the parties in my charge and betray them. As they were my personal friends I determined to intrust them with my confidence, and accordingly explained to them the situation; urging upon them that as they were blessed with plenty it was their duty to contribute from their abundance for the sustenace of these distressed people, which request they readily complied with. I then informed them that their own interest and salvation depended on their keeping the whole matter a profound secret, inasmuch as they had violated the Fugitive Slave law, and it detected in aiding these slaves to escape they would be responsible to their owners to an amount equal to their proved value and also liable to all the pains and penalties of that odious law. With this light let in upon their understanding they concluded they might as well be "hung for an old sheep as a lamb," and continued to render us their efficient aid, thus unwittingly becoming stockholders in the Underground Railroad.

"After Brown had placed his people in my charge he proceeded to Lawrence and other points, and in about four weeks returned with a span of mules and wagon whereupon I surrendered to him the charge he had left me, with the addition of one more passenger to the list, in the person of a wooly-headed 'picaninny' about three weeks old, and that was the last time I ever saw 'Old John Brown.' After crossing the Kaw river, and while making his way through Northern Kansas, he was pursued and overtaken by the slave-hunters, who had at last got on his track, and aided by the United States marshal's posse, attempted their capture, but in this attempt the minions of the Fugitive Slave law were badly defeated, for the reason that the 'colored troops fought nobly.' After this little episode Brown and his party of fugitives proceeded through Northern Kansas and Iowa and finally crossed into Canada at Windsor, from which point they (the fugitives) wrote informing me of their safe journey, and that they were then enjoying under the protection of the British flag, the freedom that had been denied them under the 'Stars and Stripes.'"

WHEN WE REALIZE OURSELVES.—As the trials of life thicken and the dreams of other days fade one by one in the deep vista of dissappointed hope, the heart grows weary of the struggles, and we begin to realize our insignificance.—Those who have climed to the pinnacle of fame or reveled in luxury and wealth, go to the grave at last with the poor mendicant who begs pennies by the wayside, and like him are soon forgotten. Generation after generation, says an eloquent modern writer, has felt as we feel, and their fellows were as active in life as ours are now. They passed away as vapor, while Nature wore the same aspect of beauty as her Creator commanded her to. And so, likewise, shall it be when we are gone. The heavens will be as bright over our graves as they are around our path; the world will have the same attractions for offsprings yet unborn that she had once for our children. Yet a little while and all this will have happened. Days will continue to move on; and laughter and song will be heard in the very chamber in which we died, and the eyes that mourned for us will be dried, and will glisten with joy, and even our children will cease to think of us, and will not remember to lisp our names.

LOST TIME.—Many odd bits of time are allowed to go to wasts which, if improved, would produce great results. History is full of examples of those who have risen to eminence by simply using in a proper manner leisure moments. A person can become proficient in a science or a language by snatching fifteen minutes a day and applying himself to it. How often is heard the remark, "I would like to read that book, or become acquainted with that language or science, but I have not the time!" And yet those very persons spend three hours a day at their meals! There are few, if there are any persons who have not half an hour a day which they may call their own. That half hour, rightly used throughout the year, will store the mind with a large amount of useful knowledge. Let no one then falsely assert, "I have not the time," but speak the truth, and say "I am too lazy."

WHEN Philip Henry, the father of the great commentator, was preaching, toward the end of his long ministry at Broad Oak, on the words, "My yoke is easy, and my burden is light," he appealed, in a manner that affected many that heard it, to the experiences of all that had "drawn in that yoke," in the following words: "Call now if there be any that will answer you, and to which of the saints will you turn? Turn to whom you will, and they will agree that they have found wisdom's ways pleasantness and Christ's commands not grievous; and (he added) I will witness for one who, through grace, has in some poor measure been drawing this yoke now about thirty years, and I have found it an easy yoke, and like my choice too well to change."—*N. Y. Observer.*

LOVING FRIENDS.—Never cast aside your friends if by any possibility you can retain them. We are the weakest of spendthrifts if we let one drop off through inattention, or let one push away another, or if we hold aloof from one through petty jealousy or heedless slight or roughness. Would you throw away a diamond because it pricked you? One good friend is not to weighed against jewels on the earth. If there is coolness or unkindness betwen us, let us come face to face and have it out. Quick before the love grows cold! Life is too short to quarrel in, to carry black thoughts of friends. It is easy to lose a friend but a new one will not come for the calling, nor make up for the old one.

A LADY who had two children sick with the measles wrote to a friend for the best remedy. The friend had just received a note from another lady inquiring her method of making pickles. In reply, the lady unfortunately placed the notes in the wrong envelopes, so that the person who inquired about the pickles received the remedy for the measles, and the anxious mother of the sick children read with horror the following: "Scald them three or four times in very hot vinegar and sprinkle them with salt, and in a few days they will be cured."

### FUN, FACT AND FACETIÆ.

When a moth flies into a lamp flame and is consumed, may not the fire be attributed to a defective flew?

An old salt, sitting on a wharf the other day, very soberly remarked: "I began the world with nothing, and I have held my