The Bradford Reporter.

ALVORD & HITCHCOCK, Publishers. REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER. $2 per Annum in Advance.

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LOCAL NOTICES, FIFTEEN CENTS a line.

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The REPORTER having a larger circulation than any other paper in the county, makes it the best advertising medium in Northern Pennsylvania.

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.

Business Cards.

OVERTON & SANDERSON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
E. OVERTON, JR. JOHN F. SANDERSON

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.

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,'75-tf.

DR. T. B. JOHNSON,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office over Dr. Porter & Son's Drug Store, Towanda. jan1-78tf.

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

FIRST NATIONAL BANK,
TOWANDA, PA.
CAPITAL PAID IN.....$125,000
SURPLUS FUND..... 50,000
This Bank offers unusual facilities for the transaction of a general banking business.
N. N. BETTS, Cashier.
JOS. POWELL, President. Feb. 14, 1878.

Hotels.

EAGLE HOTEL,
(SOUTH SIDE PUBLIC SQUARE.)
This well-known house has been thoroughly renovated and repaired throughout, and the proprietor is now prepared to offer first-class accommodations to the public, on the most reasonable terms.
E. A. JENNINGS.
Towanda, Pa., May 2, 1878.

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 traveling 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 Sq are, east of Mercur's new block.

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.
J. L. Kent.

SUMMER GOODS!

CASH PRICES!

I HAVE NOW ON HAND A FULL LINE OF

Figured Lawns,
Figured Lawns,

White Goods,
White Goods,

Buntings, &c.
Buntings, &c.

Fans and Parasols

IN GREAT VARIETY AT REDUCED PRICES.

J. L. KENT.
Towanda, Pa., June 6, 1878.

Business Cards.

G. W. RYAN,
COUNTY SUPERINTENDENT.
Office day last Saturday of each month, over Turner & Gordon's Drug Store, Towanda, Pa.
Towanda, June 20, 1878.

ELSBREE & SON,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
N. C. ELSBREE. L. ELSBREE.

PAINTINGS.
PORTRAITS AND LANDSCAPES
Painted to order at any price from $5 to $500. Oil Paintings Re-Painted, Re-Touched, or changes made as desired.
All work done in the highest style of the Art.
JOHANN F. BENDER.
Towanda, Pa., April 18, 1878.

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 29-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.

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.21'78.

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

I. McPHERSON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Dist Att'y Brad. Co. [feb.1'78.

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

E. L. HILLIS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA. [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.

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, 1875.

DAVIES & CARNOCHAN,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
SOUTH SIDE OF WARD HOUSE.
Dec 23-75. TOWANDA, PA.

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

MADILL & CALIFF,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Office in Wood's Block, first door south of the First National bank, up-stairs.
S. J. MADILL. [jan5-731y] J. N. CALIFF.

GRIDLEY & PAYNE,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
South side Mercur Block (rooms formerly occupied by Davies & Carnochan),
TOWANDA, PA.
E. C. GRIDLEY. [j4'77) 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.

GEORGE D. STROUD,
ATTORNEY-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,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
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,
TOWANDA, PA.
Office over Dayton's Store.
April 12, 1876.

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

J. ANDREW WILT,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Office over Cross' Book Store, two doors north of Stevens & Longs, Towanda, Pa. May be consulted in German. [April 12, '78.

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 18, '74 O. H. BLACK.

Poetry.

ROCK ME TO SLEEP.

[The subjoined poem—we do not know who wrote it—is one of the most beautiful of its kind we have ever seen. We do not envy the heart that does not thrill to its wild and tender music].

Backward, turn backward, oh, time in your flight
Make me a child again, just for to-night;
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore—
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair—
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep—
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Backward, flow backward, oh, tide of the years!
I am so weary of toils and of tears—
Toil without recompense—tears all in vain—
Take me and give me to my childhood again.
I have grown weary of dust and decay,
Weary of flinging my soul's wealth away—
Weary of sowing for others to reap;
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, oh, mother! my heart calls for you!
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed and faded—our faces between—
Yet, with strong yearnings and passionate pain,
Long I to-night for your presence again;
Come from the silence so long and so deep—
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.
Over my heart in the days that are flown,
No love like a mother's love ever has shown—
No other worship abides and endures,
Faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours,
None like a mother can charm away pain
From the sick soul and world-weary brain;
Slumber's soft calm o'er my heavy lids creep—
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Come let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,
Fall on your shoulders again as of old—
Let it fall over my forehead to-night,
Shading my faint eyes away from the light—
For with its sunny-edged shadows once more,
Hap'ly will throng the sweet visions of yore,
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep.

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long
Since I last hushed to your lullaby song—
Sing them, and unto my soul it shall seem
Womanhood's years have been but a dream;
Clasp to your arms in a loving embrace,
With your light lashes just sweeping my face
Never hereafter to wake or to weep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep.

Miscellaneous.

The Banker's Safe.

A dark and stormy night in the gloomy month of November closed over the great city of London, that wondrous microcosm, and wrapped alike palace and hovel, park and square, temple and warehouse, in its heavy folds. The awnings flapped and rattled in the blast, the swinging signs creaked upon their irons, the trees in the open square groaned in the surging breeze, and the flaring street lamps were reflected in waver-lines in the pools of water that collected fast beneath the rain that descended in sheets rather than in drops.

In a wretchedly furnished chamber in a crazy old tenement that stood by the help of abutting buildings, in one of those narrow streets that run at right angles with the Thames sat a wan, wasted old man, in a leathern-backed chair, cowering over the pale and struggling flames of a scanty coal fire. A candle burned dimly on a light-stand by his side, and thereon an empty phial, a spoon and a cup, still savoring of some nauseous mixture, indicated, together with the aspect of the shivering old man, that he was a confirmed invalid.

A counterpane and blanket spread upon the floor, a cot-bed, two or three chairs, some cooking utensils, a rack containing an incomplete set of locksmith's tools, composed the entire furniture of the wretched room. Within the forlorn apartment all was silent and melancholy; but mingling with the dash of the rain on the window, rose the hoarse tones of a rough bacchanalian chorus and the jingling of cans and glasses that proceeded from a party of revelers in the room without.

The clock in the neighboring church tower struck the hour of twelve. As the vibrations were dying on the air, the door of the room opened, and a faint smile lit up the countenance of the invalid, as his eyes rested upon the face of a young man of twenty-five, a handsome, frank face, though traces of care and illness were stamped upon the features.

The new comer wore his left arm in a sling. He tossed aside his dripping felt hat and a rough frieze coat buttoned round his throat, and advanced to the fireplace.

"My dear father," he said, in an anxious tone, how do you feel now?"

"Much as usual, Frank," replied the invalid. "Life within me is like yonder flame—it burns low, with an occasional flicker, and there is little warmth in it."

"You will be better by-and-by, sir. Has the doctor been here?"

"Yes, he came here about an hour since."

"God bless him for his care of you! Did he leave anything?"

"He had no medicine with him, Frank," replied the old man. "But he left this prescription," and the invalid pointed to a scrap of paper lying on the table. "He was very anxious I should take this to-night. But it is too stormy for you to go out again. Frank—I dare say it will be quite as well to-morrow.

"I care not for the storm," answered Frank Bedford, with an expression of pain and trouble, "but—"

He left the sentence incomplete, and rising, paced the room to and fro, with irregular and irresolute steps.

"Hullo!" what's the matter, Frank?" said a rough voice—and a burly, ill-favored personage made his way into the room. He was a young man, but dissipation had done the work of years upon his face. There were lines upon his brow and at the corners of his face which were deathly pale, though the eyes were bloodshot, and the lids red and swollen.

"Hush! don't speak so loud, Masters—my father has just sank into a doze. How came you up so late?"

"Why, I lay abed till twelve, you see," answered the new comer. "And then I've been having a jolly time with the old set below. Why didn't you join us?"

"You know very well, Jack," replied Bedford, "that I have no taste for such society.

Even if your comrades were more reputable, do you think I could enjoy myself, out of employment as I am, with this unfortunate lame arm, and my father needing so much care?"

"What have you been about to-day?" pursued Masters.

"I've been seeking for work. I can afford to be idle no longer."

"The doctor said you must not use your hand."

"I cannot help it; necessity says otherwise."

"It was your own fault your arm was injured. It was a mighty Quixotic deed to fling yourself before a pair of fiery horses that were running away, merely because a painted aristocratic doll in the carriage was in danger of having its pretty neck broke."

"I merely obeyed the impulse of my nature," replied Bedford, calmly. "I did my duty and no more. You would have done the same."

"Not I," replied Masters, with a sneering laugh. "I should have stood back and let the horses run. It would have been but one aristocrat less in the world. But you were always a sort of gentleman in your feelings. Quite above your fellows. It was like you, too, never to answer that advertisement in the *Times*, which stated that if the person who saved the life of a young lady in a certain street, on such a day, would address X. Y. Z., he would hear of something to his advantage!"

"I scorn to accept a reward for a service I could not help rendering. Besides, I was amply paid by the smiles and the thanks of that beautiful girl I bore in my arms from the carriage. I could not appear before her as a mercenary claimant for reward."

"Aye—and, so rather than ask for what the parties would have been glad to give, you have exhausted your little savings, sold your watch and books, and are now, I suppose, reduced to your last ha'penny!"

"By heavens! you are right, Jack," said Bedford. "I haven't a penny—and here is a prescription the physician has left, but I know not how to procure the means of buying it."

"See what a thing friendship is," said Masters, taking a coin from his waistcoat pocket. "Here's a half crown. I reckoned on converting it to-morrow into Hollands. Take it! Never say I deserted a friend in distress. There it is."

"You're a good fellow at heart, Jack; I always said it," said Bedford, taking the coin. "And I accept this money with the less reluctance because I am going to put it to a better use than you designed it for. Oh, Jack, why don't you leave off that one evil habit?"

"Don't preach, boy," said Masters—"but go and get your doctor stuff. The old man will want it when he wakes up."

"Fool!" muttered Masters, when the door closed on the young locksmith. He isn't quite starved to my purpose yet. But misery will bring down his proud scruples. One evil habit, did he say? He forgot I have five senses, all craving for enjoyment. Work! who would work in a city like London, with wealth hoarded up in millions round him, only waiting for the bold heart to snatch it? This key!" he muttered, drawing out a small brass key as he spoke, must be the passport to golden treasures. The old hunks would keep a pretty round sum in his safe. How strange it should have fallen into the hands of the only man besides himself and Bedford, who knew it and its value. I suppose I must try the adventure alone. Well—well—the next enterprise I project, he shall aid me. The loan of half a crown shall be paid with interest."

As Masters finished this soliloquy, Bedford returned with the medicine, and, thanking him for his kindness, bade him good-night. The invalid aroused from his slumber, and Frank administered the medicine. In a few moments the effect was perceptible. His eyes brightened, his breathing became more regular, he looked more like himself than he had for many a day.

"Frank," he said, "I am afraid I shall never be able to repay your care."

"My dear father," said the young man, "do not speak thus. Do I not owe everything to you—not only my life—not only the skill to which I owe my daily bread, but the knowledge and the taste that solace my sorrows and lift me above my humble sphere?"

The old man shook his head.

"Life, my boy," said he, "to us as we are, is a weary burden; the skill you speak of barely suffices to keep starvation at arm's length; and literature to the Helot is but a questionable gift."

"I have not found it so," replied Frank.

"Has it never given you aspirations inconsistent with your lot?"

"It has given me aspirations, father—and hope. Nothing is impossible to the strong heart and hand and cultivated mind. I look on the privations we endure as temporary—I promise myself to bend circumstances to my will."

"May the future prove as bright to you as the past has been dark to me!" replied the invalid. "Hear me, Frank. I was not always the toiling slave that you have known me. My father was a man of wealth. But all that wealth was destined for my elder brother, and he fondly fancied that he would grace it with the tastes and accomplishments of a gentleman. He was mistaken in his character—all that Rupert Harland lived for was gold—as the event has proved."

"Harland, then, was the family name?"

"It was. For my part, though I was fond of letters, I did not disdain the mechanical arts. I amused myself with learning the locksmith's trade, and that confirmed my father in his notion that I would never do credit to the family. Still the portion of a younger son was reserved for me. But even that I lost by my own fault. I became enamored of a beautiful girl, the daughter of one of my father's cotters. Despairing of ever gaining his consent, and too impatient to await the slow course of events, I married her. My father's indignation drove me from his doors; I never saw his face again. He died, unforgiving, and left the whole of his property to my brother. I dropped the family name, assumed that we now bear, and came up to London to try my fortune. In this overcrowded mart of intellect and handwork, success is the result of chance. I was of the many unlucky. My poor wife died in giving you birth; since then your life and mine have been a series of continuous struggles for mere existence. I have reached the term of mine, and I could die content, but that I know I leave only a legacy of trouble to you."

"My dear father, be of good cheer," said the young man. "Trust my augury of better days." But have you never made an effort to discover your brother?"

"Never—too well I know the obduracy of his nature. Besides, my pride is equal to his, and I would rather starve than owe existence to his disdainful charity."

Frank Bedford was not the only listener to this tale, at the close of which father and son retired for the night. Eaves-dropping was one of the amusements of Mr. Jack Masters, and feeling a peculiar interest in the young locksmith, he had, during this revelation, remained with his ear glued to a crack in the old door, retiring discreetly at its close, lest, peradventure, Mr. Frank Bedford had discovered him, and chastised him for his impertinent curiosity.

"So, then," he muttered, as he betook himself to his dormitory, not "Mr. Frank Bedford, after all, but Mr. Frank Harland. Harland! now I think of it, that's the name of the banker on whom I propose to operate to-morrow. Well—well—this is a queer world. Harland! and the silly fool never worked that mine. Aston-ishing!"

* * * * * * *

Midday. The dim sunlight found its way through gorgeous curtains into a small apartment, richly and thickly carpeted, on the walls of which hung several old family portraits. On one side was a book-case and writing-desk, on the other stood, in a small recess, an iron safe. There were two doors in this room—the first opening into the entry, the second into another room.

Pale as a ghost, trembling in spite of the copious libations he had taken to inspire courage, there stood in the center of the floor, no other person than—Jack Masters.

"If this isn't the most daring exploit man ever attempted! to enter a house at noonday! I'm astonished at myself. But desperation works wonders. Here's the safe, and here's the key. Aid me, Satan, for one minute, and I'm yours truly, forever and a day."

He applied the key to the lock and lifted the lid. It contained, apparently, a mass of papers. Opening these carefully, Master's eyes sparkled with lurid light as they rested on a well filled pocket book, which he instantly secured. He was proceeding to search further when he heard a footstep in the next room. Hastily closing and locking the safe, he vanished with his prize through the door which led into the entry.

A moment afterwards an elderly, hard featured man entered. He drew a repeater from his pocket, consulted it, and then walked the room with hasty strides.

"Time flies," said he; I am waited for on 'change, and the fellow is not yet come. How confounded unlucky was the loss of that key. Old Trivet dead, his shop burned down! his journeyman nowhere to be traced—and the lock a secret. I wonder if James will be more successful to-day than he was yesterday."

The door opened; two men entered. One was the steward, the other our friend, Frank Harland.

"I have found him, sir," said the former, and he retired, leaving Frank and the banker alone.

"A locksmith?" said the banker, haughtily. "You worked for Trivet, I believe?"

"Till he died, sir," replied Frank.

"Then you recognize that safe?"

"I do, sir—I put on the lock myself."

"Can you pick that lock?"

"I can. I constructed it myself."

"Very well. I have unfortunately lost the key. I have urgent need of papers it contains to-day. You will open it. I will leave it unlocked to-day, securing the room it stands in. To-morrow you will return and be prepared to make another key."

The locksmith went to work. In a moment the safe was unlocked, and Frank stood back, giving the banker the pleasure of lifting the lid himself.

"You are a good workman," said he. "What is the matter with your arm?"

"I met with an accident three weeks ago."

"Very well. Here are two guineas. Are you sufficiently paid?"

"Too well. If I had change I would return you a portion of this money."

"Don't talk to me of change. Put up your money—and leave me—I am busy. Come back at the same hour to-morrow."

"One moment, sir, if you please," said Frank, whose eyes had been attracted by a portrait on the wall. "But pray whose likeness is that?"

"That, sir," said the banker, reddening—"is a portrait of—of a member of the family."

"It is very strange!" said Frank, musingly.

"Strange that I should have portraits of members of my family hanging up in my house?"

"No, sir; not that; but the resemblance," stammered Frank.

"The resemblance to whom—to whom, sir?" asked the banker uneasily.

"To my father, sir," replied Frank.

"Your father! upon my word that's good. I am much honored, I assure you. Have you any more questions to ask about my picture, sir? You seem to be a connoisseur."

Frank uttered a sudden exclamation.—Directly opposite hung the life-like image of the beautiful young girl whom he had so lately saved from destruction at the risk of his own life.

"One word more," he stammered, pointing to the picture. "Pray, who is that?"

"My daughter, sir," said the banker, shortly.

"And your name is——?"

"Harland, Rupert Harland. I thought every one in London knew me. Go now, and attend to your business—leave me the same privilege."

"Harland! Harland" cried Frank. "Oh, uncle, don't you recognize a family likeness in my face? don't your heart tell you that your nephew stands before you?

"Is the fellow mad? You my nephew! I have no nephew! I had a brother—it is true—but he is dead—dead!

"He is not dead!" cried Frank, "though this very day may end his sufferings. Yonder is his portrait, beside yours. I knew it at a glance, though years of privation and toil, have wrought a fearful change. Yet there are his mild eyes, his look of proud humility—the bearing of the gentleman that nothing can extinguish. Oh, sir, listen to your better nature. Extend your hand, and solace the declining and forlorn old age, or at least close the dying eyes of that poor old man. I ask nothing for myself, I am young and hopeful, and shall soon be strong again; but I am unable to provide the comforts of life for my poor, dying father."

The banker stood silent for a moment. Emotions were evidently struggling at his heart to which he had long been a stranger, but evil habits mastered them, and after a moment he appeared once more stern, calm, impassive.

"Let me hear no more of this," he said, "if you value your liberty. A man of my position is accustomed to tricks of impostors and knows how to deal with them. I am a magistrate, young man, and if I said the word, I could prevent you of being any aid to your father—if indeed you have one. Take this word of friendly caution, and be gone.—There is no occasion for your returning tomorrow. I will find a substitute for this lock you opened with such suspicious dexterity."

Frank essayed a reply, but his organ of speech failed him. And th s was his uncle—the father of that girl whose face had haunted him like a spell for the past month! His heart swelled within him as he left, hopeless, indignant and despairing, the princely mansion of the banker. He made up his mind to say nothing of the adventure to his father, as he feared the effect of the agitation he was sure it would produce on his enfeebled frame.

As he was entering, with a sad heart, his own miserable lodging-house, he encountered Masters, who was on the watch for him. A glance showed that he had been drinking deeply, and he tried to pass him with a brief word of salutation, but he found he was not to be shaken off so easily.

"I've been waiting for you," said Masters. "I've important business with you."

"I must see my father," said Frank, peremptorily.

"No hurry. The doctor has just gone out, and says he is getting on well. I give you my word of honor, I speak the truth. Come into my room."

Frank followed Masters into his room. He was somewhat alarmed and annoyed when he saw him lock the door and put the key in his pocket. They seated themselves at a table, on which stood pipes and tobacco, two tin cups and a quart of gin.

"Here's to you, my boy!" said the burglar, filling the cups. "What, you won't drink? Then there's more for me. Your health."

"You shan't drink any more, Jack," cried Frank. "You've drank too much already.—You're killing yourself."

"Well—what of it?" replied the other. "I'm on the high road to fortune, and can do as I like."

"Say rather, on the high road to the gallows," replied Frank.

"Come, Frank—now really that's quite ungentlemanly—quite unworthy of you," hiccoughed Jack. "For I know you are a gentleman—a real gentleman, by George! and the heir to an immense fortune."

"What do you mean? cried Frank

"I know what I say," said Jack. "I'm all right, Frank Harland."

"Harland! Then you know——"

"Everything, my boy. Mum's the word! I love you, Frank—I've loved you upward af six years. Ah, we used to have good times at old Trivet's. Well, well! there's no help for it, Max and I have struck hands for life, and I must be a lucky cove till I die in the gutter."

"Not so Jack," cried Frank earnestly.—"The most inveterate inebriate may reform. Give up the bottle!"

"The bottle is the first round of the ladder to the gallows. I stand on the second," said the burglar, gloomily.

"What do you mean? cried Frank in alarm.

"Do you know this key? said Jack, holding up a small brass key.

"Know it! I forged it myself. It is the key to the banker's safe."

"Ay, my boy, the same."

"You stole it."

"I did not steal it. I saw it drop from the banker's pocket, and picked it up in the street."

"I am glad of it—I breathe freer. Then you mean to restore it, and claim the reward."

"Not such a fool as that. It has secured me one treasure—it shall unlock more."

"The banker has missed the key and sent for me to pick the lock. He will watch over the safe night and day till he has secured another lock."

"Then that lay is done with," said the burglar, "Frank, you're my friend, I know."

"Your true friend, Jack, so help me God!"

"Then I'll trust everything to you," said Masters, speaking each moment with more difficulty, as the liquor he had drank had operated on his brain. "I'm going to make your fortune, and you must take care of mine." He produced a pocket-book and placed it in Frank's hands. "Take care of that it's yours. Wake me up when you've read the papers in it—I'm sleepy—wake—me—up pretty soon," and dropping his head upon the table, he was soon buried in a deep, drunken sleep.

Frank opened the pocket-book and took from it a folded document. It was the last will and testament of James Harland of Harland Manor, Leicestershire, revoked a former will by which all his property was left to his elder son Rubert Harland, and dividing his estate equally between Rupert and Frances Harland his younger son, or, in the event of the latters's decease, his son's heir.

The perusal of this paper threw Frank into a strange agitation. The banker had fraudulently suppressed this will, but then it had fraudulently fallen into Frank's hands. After a moment's hesitation he resolved to carry it to his uncle. Taking the key of the door from the pocket of the slumbering thief, he made out of the house, and in a few moments stood, unannounced, in the presence of the banker. The latter was not alone—beside him stood his beautiful daughter.

Before her father had time to utter the exclamation of angry surprise which rose to his lips, she sprang toward Frank and grasped him by the hand.

"My preserver!" she exclaimed. "Dear father," she added, leading the reluctant young man forward, "here is the brave young man who saved my life at the risk of his own, the person we have so long and fruitlessly sought."

"Is it possible?" cried the banker. "I am deeply your debtor, sir, and will endeavor to repay you by more than words. It is not in the nature of Rupert Harland to permit any man to remain his creditor. I pray you to forgive the hasty words I uttered this morning."

"It is enough that you acknowledge that you were mistaken in my character sir," replied Frank. "The gratitude exhibited by Miss Harland more than repays me for my slight suffering."

"Then you were hurt?" cried Miss Harland. "You wear your arm in a sling. How dreadful?"

"It is nothing madam," said the locksmith "I am fast recovering the use of my arm.—Mr. Harland, I wish to say a few words in private with you."

"Certainly, sir, Maria, my love, leave us alone, if you please."

"Don't leave the house, sir, without seeing me again," said the young lady.

Frank bowed, and she retired.

"Excuse me, sir," said Frank, "I shall detain you but a moment. Mr. Harland, your house, this room, was entered to day at noon by a burglar."

"Impossible!"

"It is too true, sir. A person found the key of your safe which you dropped in the street. I restore it to you, sir—there it is. By means of that key, however your safe had been opened before by services were called in."

"I tell you sir," said the banker, "that is quite impossible. With my servant about—at noonday—it could not be!"

"It was, sir," said Frank, "and the proof is here," and he handed him the pocket-book.

"You seem the soul of honesty, and will reply truthfully to my question. Are you acquainted with the contents of this pocket-book?"

"I am, sir."

"You know, then," said the banker "that it contains the last will and testament of my father, though I have suppressed it, and hold my property under the will which he revokes."

"I do. And that it gives half of a vast estate to my father, who is now sick and suffering the rigors of extreme poverty. I know moreover, that nothing prevents the proving of his identity, and that, with that will in our possession, we could blast your reputation and bring you under the strong arm of the law."

"Then why did you restore it?"

"Because the will was stolen—and I preferred to place it in your hand, and to rely for restitution on your sense of justice, blunted, but not, I hope, destroyed. I came to say to you, Rupert Harland, you would have been childless but for me—but for me you would be a branded felon—now use me as you will."

The breast of the banker heaved with mighty emotions—he gasped for breath—he shaded his eyes with his hands, and then the teardrops burst forth in a shower, and he wept like a child.

"God bless you, Frank Harland," he said—"God bless you—you are worthier of wealth and happiness than I am. You have conquered me; restored my earlier and better self. I cannot—I cannot, for my daughter's sake, acknowledge to the world that I have been a villain—but I can divide with 'my poor, wronged brother all that I possess—all the vast wealth which Mammon-worship has amassed. Tell me where my poor brother is living—or rather dying."

Frank gave him the address.

"Let me go to him alone," said the banker. "For no one must witness the interview. Fear not. I will break it to him gently—tenderly. In the meantime go to my daughter. She expects you in the next room. Tell her she has a cousin."

"And a lover," thought the locksmith.

The sunshine of prosperity soon restored the health of Francis Harland, and when it was completely re-established, the nuptials of Frank and Maria Harland were solemnized with the greatest splendor. If the old proverb be true that "love laughs at locksmiths," it is now proved that locksmiths do not always laugh at love.

Jack Masters, having expressed his repentance and signified a desire to "leave the country for his country's good," was furnished with a round sum of money, with which he took his departure for Canada, where, it is hoped and believed, he became a useful member of society.

An exquisite went into the country in search of a farm, and finding one for sale, began to bargain for it. The seller mentioned, as one of the farm's recommendations, that it had a very cold spring on it. "Ah—aw!" said the fop; "I won't take it then, for I've heard that a cold spring ruined the crops last year, and I don't want a place with such a drawback upon it."

THE GOLDEN MILESTONE.

Leafless are the trees; their purple branches
Spread themselves abroad, like reefs of coral,
Rising silent
In the red sea of the winter sunset.
From the hundred chimneys of the village,
Like the Afreet in the Arabian story,
Smoky columns
Tower aloft into the air of amber.
At the window winks the flickering firelight,
Here and there the lamps of evening glimmer,
Social watch fires
Answering one another through the darkness.
On the hearth lighted logs are glowing,
And like Ariel in the cloven pine tree
For its freedom
Groans and sighs the air imprisoned in them.
By the fireside the old man seated,
Seeing ruined cities in ashes,
Asking sadly
Of the past what it can ne'er restore them.
By the fireside there are youthful dreamers,
Building castles fair, with stately stairways,
Asking blindly
Of the future what it cannot give them.
By the fireside tragedies are acted,
In whose scenes appear two actors only—
Wife and husband,
And above them God, the spectator.
By the fireside there is peace and comfort;
Wives and children, with fair, thoughtful faces,
Waiting, watching
For a well-known footstep in the passage.
Each man's chimney is his Golden Milestone;
Is the central point from which he measures
Every distance
Through the gateways of the world around him.
In his fartherest wanderings still he sees it,
Hears the talking flame, the answering night-wind,
As he heard them
When he sat with those who were, but are not.
Happy, he whom neither wealth nor fashion,
Nor the march of the encroaching city,
Drives an exile
From the hearth of his ancestral homestead.
We may build more splendid habitations,
Fill our rooms with paintings and with sculptures,
But we cannot
Buy with gold the old associations!
—*Longfellow.*

FUN, FACT AND FACETIÆ.

DEEDS are fruit; words are but leaves.

KINDNESS is the high tide of the soul's nobility.

MOWER's poetry—"The Song of the Scythe."

HOWEVER little we have to do, let us do that little well.

WHY is a shin of beef like a tradition? Because it is a leg-end.

WE are all poor just as we want more, and rich as we want less.

No disguise can conceal love where it is, nor feign it where it is not.

THE weakest spot in every man is where he thinks himself the wisest.

HE that cannot bear with other people's passions, cannot govern his own.

LIGHTNING might do more sometimes if it wasn't in such an awful hurry.

THE Greeks kept no cats, and wore no boots; hence they had no use for boot-jacks.

A CARRIAGE that never wears out and never goes out of fashion: The whirligig of time.

THE road to ruin is always kept in good order, and those who travel it pay the expenses.

MAN believes himself always greater than he is, and is esteemed less than he is worth.

I WILL listen to any one's convictions, but pray keep your doubts to yourself. I have plenty of my own.

WHO is powerful? He who can control his passions. Who is rich? He who is contented with what he has.

IT is a most mortifying reflection of any man to consider what he has done compared with what he might have done.

MAN barren of principle and yet loud in his profession of friendship, is to be shunned as you would the devil himself.

AS they passed a gentleman whose optics were terribly on the bias, little Dot murmured: "Ma, he's got one eye that don't go."

THE New York *Times* calls attention to "the scientific fact that the species of woman popularly known as the female reformer is unusually thin and bony."

DEATH is the liberator of him whom freedom cannot release, the physician of him whom medicine cannot cure, and the comforter of him whom time cannot console.

A BOY at Sunday-school, when asked who made the beautiful surrounding hills, replied that he did not know, as his parents had only moved into the town the day before.

WHERE mortal eyes, looking at the outward appearance, contemplate only the frail child of earth, the divine vision may distinguish an heir of eternal glory, a son of God yet unrevealed.

CHIEF JOSEPH declines the proposition to send twelve of his young braves to college. He fears that at college they will learn to fight and shoot at sophomores, and thus become blood-thirsty.

A POLITICAL speaker accused a rival of "unfathomable meanness," and then, rising to the occasion, said: "I warn him not to persist in his disgraceful course, or he'll find that two of us can play at that game."

THE Rome *Sentinel* says: "It was cold enough last night, for we found ice a foot thick at our door this morning. That's because the ice-man mistook the house for that of the man who had paid up the day before.

THE Fourth of July is about the only day in the year on which a man may blow his head off without becoming an object of unfavorable criticism. This alone ought to make it a popular day with people who regard suicide as a road to peace.

DID the prophet Isaiah ever eat at a railway station? It certainly looks so, for how could he have described it so literally if he had not? "He shall snatch on the right hand and be hungry; and he shall eat on the left hand, and shall not be satisfied."

Two young men were out fishing the other day, and on returning were going past a farm house and felt hungry. They yelled to the farmer's daughters: "Girls, have you any butt