The Bradford Reporter.

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

VOLUME XXXIX. TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 17, 1878. NUMBER 20.

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

The BRADFORD REPORTER is published every Thursday morning by S. W. ALVORD and J. E. HITCHCOCK, at Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

Advertising in all cases exclusive of subscription to the paper.

SPECIAL NOTICES inserted at TEN CENTS per line for first insertion, and FIVE CENTS per line for each subsequent insertion.

LOCAL NOTICES, FIFTEEN CENTS a line.

ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted according to the following table of rates:

	1w	4w	2m	3m	6m	1yr.
1 inch	$1.00	$2.50	$3.00	$7.00	$10.00	$15.00
2 inches	1.50	3.00	5.00	10.00	15.00	20.00
3 inches	2.50	7.00	10.00	13.00	20.00	30.00
4 inches	3.00	8.50	14.00	18.25	25.00	33.00
¼ col'mn	5.00	12.00	16.00	20.00	34.00	45.00
½ col'mn	10.00	20.00	25.00	35.00	50.00	75.00
1 column	20.00	40.00	60.00	80.00	100.00	150.00

Administrator's and Executor's Notices, $2; Auditor's Notices, $2.50; Business Cards, 5 lines, (per year) $5, additional lines $1 each.

Yearly advertisers are entitled to quarterly changes. Transient advertisements must be paid for in advance.

All resolutions of associations; communications of limited or individual interest, and notices of marriages or deaths, exceeding five lines are charged TEN CENTS per line.

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.

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-lined, 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 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.

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.

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.17'78.

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. [nov11-78.

F. 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 24-76. 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, upstairs.
S. J. MADILL. (jan3-731y) J. N. CALIFF.

GRIDLEY & PAYNE,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
South side Mercur Block (rooms formerly occupied by Davies & Carnochan),
TOWANDA, PA.
E. C. GRIDLEY. [11'77] S. B. PAYNE.

JAMES WOOD,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
mch.9-76 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, P.
Office over Montanyes Store. [may8'76.
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. jly17-72.

J. ANDREW WILT,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Office over Cross' Book Store, two doors north of Stevens & Long Towanda, Pa. May be consulted in German. [April 12, '76.

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

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

Business Cards.

OVERTON & SANDERSON,
ATTORNEYS-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 Aluminium 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.

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

1864. 1876.
TOWANDA INSURANCE AGENCY.
Main Street opposite the Court 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 refurnished 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 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 home, 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. feb17.

Legal

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—Hiram Eldred vs James Ellis and E. W. Ellis. In the Court of Common Pleas of Bradford Co. No. 657, September Term, 1877:
The undersigned an Auditor appointed by the Court to distribute the fund arising from the Sheriff's sale of defendants real estate, will attend to the duties of his appointment at the office of OVERTON & MERCUR, in the Borough of Towanda, on MONDAY, the 21st day of OCTOBER A. D., 1878, at 10 o'clock A. M., when and where all persons having claims against said fund must present them, or be forever debarred from coming in on said fund. R. A. MERCUR,
Towanda, Sept. 19, 78-w4. Auditor.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE.—By virtue of an order issued out of the Orphans' Court of Bradford County, the undersigned, executor of the estate of *James Finerty*, late of North Towanda deceased, will expose to public sale on the premises, on WEDNESDAY, the 23d day of OCTOBER, 1878, at 10 o'clock A. M., the following described real estate in said township;
Bounded on the north by lands of Elijah Grangers, east by lands formerly owned by the estate of Dennis McMahon, and now owned by E. T. Fox, south by the lands of Mrs. Catherine A. Brady, west by lands of John Devine and the public highway leading from Towanda to Ulster; contains about 40 acres more or less, with a framed house, framed barn, and an orchard of fruit trees thereon.
TERMS OF SALE.—$200 down, $1,000 on confirmation, balance in two equal annual payments, with interest from confirmation.
E. T. FOX,
Towanda, Sept. 19, 1878-5w. Executor.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE.—By virtue of an order issued out of the Orphans' Court of Bradford County, the undersigned, administrator of the *estate of George Horton*, late of Sheshequin twp, deceased, will expose to public sale on the premises, on SATURDAY, the 26th day of OCTOBER, 1878, at 1 o'clock, P. M., the following described real estate in said township:
Bounded on the north by lands of Thomas Harvey, east by lands of John Horton and H S Vanclise, south by lands of Martin Horton, west by lands of Martin Horton and Isaac Horton; contains 50 acres more or less, about 40 improved, with 1 framed house, 1 framed barn, 1 framed wagon house, and an orchard of fruit trees thereon.
TERM OF SALE.—$50 down, $250 on confirmation of sale, and the balance April 1, 1879, with approved security. REUBEN YOUNG,
Sheshequin, Sept. 19, 1878. Administrator.

ORPHAN'S COURT SALE.—By virtue of an order issued out of the Orphan's Court of Bradford county, the undersigned, executor of the estate of Daniel White, late of Ridgebury twp., deceased, will expose to public sale on the premises, on SATURDAY, the 26th day of OCTOBER, 1878, at 1 o'clock, P. M., the following described real estate in said township:
Bounded on the north by lands of John Carroll, east by lands of John Chambers, on the south by lands of Timothy Desmond, and E. N. Wilcox, and on the west by lands of Daniel Hayes, and supposed to contain about one hundred and five acres, to be the same more or less; about 75 acres improved, with a framed house and framed barn, and sheds and apple trees thereon.
TERMS OF SALE.—$100 down, $200 on confirmation, and balance in one year thereafter with interest after confirmation.
JAMES H. WEBB, Executor
East Smithfield, Sept. 25, 1878. 12w5

ORPHAN'S COURT SALE.—By virtue of an order issued out of the Orphan's Court of Bradford county, the undersigned administrator of the estate of Julia A. Calkins, late of Burlington borough, deceased, will expose to public sale on the premises, on THURSDAY, the 24th day of OCTOBER, 1878, at 2 o'clock P. M., the following described real estate in Burlington boro.
Bounded east by the Berwick turnpike, south and west by Long Brothers, north by Reuben Morley; being twenty-four by eighty feet, with a two story wood building twenty by forty-five feet thereon.
TERMS OF SALE.—$50 down, $300 on confirmation, and the balance in three equal annual installments, with all interest annually.
M. B. CALKINS, Administrator.
Burlington, Pa., Sept. 25, 1878. 17w3

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—W. H. Carmer vs. J. LeRoy Corbin in the Court of Common Pleas of Bradford county. No. 456, May Term, 1878.
The undersigned, Auditor appointed by the Court of Common Pleas of Bradford county, to distribute the money in the hands of the Sheriff, raised by the sale of defendants real estate in the above entitled cause, will attend to the duties of his appointment, at his office, in Athens borough, on THURSDAY, OCTOBER 24th, 1878, at 1 o'clock P. M., at which time and place all persons interested will present their claims or be forever debarred from claiming any part of said funds.
Sept. 21, 1878. 17w3 H. C. BAIRD, Auditor.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—Estate of Allen R. Dorsey, deceased.
The undersigned, Auditor appointed by the Orphan's Court of Bradford county to distribute the money in the hands of the administrator of Allen R. Dorsey, late of Athens borough, deceased, received by the sale of the real estate of said decedent will attend to the duties of his appointment at his office, in Athens borough, on FRIDAY, OCTOBER 25th, 1878, at 1 o'clock P. M., at which time and place all persons not vested will present their claims or be forever debarred from claiming any part of said funds. H. C. BAIRD, Auditor.
Sept. 21, 1877. 17w3

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE—Notice is hereby given, that all persons indebted to the estate of G. H. Eaton, late of Towanda boro, deceased, must make immediate payment, and all persons having claims against such estate must present them duly authenticated for settlement. SUSAN EATON,
13w6 L. T. ROYSE,
Towanda, Sept. 4, 1878. Administrators.

Poetry.

THE PRODIGAL TO THE EARTH.

BY CHARLES QUIRY.

O, mother, wait until my work is done!
Loose thy strong arms that draw me to thy breast
Till I am ready to lie down and rest;
Grudge not to me the kisses of the sun.
Fear not, fond earth, thy strong love holds me fast;
Thou art mine heir—I shall be thine at last.

O, cousin roses! thirst not for my blood
To dye your pallid cheeks. O, rank, wild grass,
Clutch not with greedy fingers as I pass,
And you, great hungry giants of the wood,
Let not your roots for my rich juices yearn.
Mine shall be yours, but you must wait your turn.

O, roses, grasses, trees! I am your kin—
Your prodigal blood-cousin, now grown strange
With many wanderings through the lands of change.
You lent me of your substance, and I've been
A wasteful steward; yet I shall bring back
My whole inheritance—you shall not lack.

Divide my all amongst you! 'twas but lent
To me a while to use. Part heart and brain,
Matter and force, until there shall remain
Of me no shadow; I am well content.
Order and chaos wage eternal strife;
The end of living is to bring forth life.

Guardian of thoughts, immortal memory!
Keep thou immortal some good thought of mine,
Which, in oblivion's dark, may softly shine
Like the pale fox-fire of a rotting tree,
If thou do keep but one song-child alive,
In its sweet body shall my soul survive.

EQUINOCTIAL.

The sun of life has crossed the line:
The summer shade of lengthened light
Faded and failed, till where I stand
'Tis equal day and equal night.

One after one, like dwindling hours,
Youth's glowing hopes have passed away,
And soon may barely leave the gleam
That coldly lights a winter's day.

I am not young—I am not old;
The flush of morn, the sunset calm;
Paling and deepening, each to each,
Meet midway with a solemn charm.

One side I see the summer fields
Not yet disrobed of all their green;
While westerly along the hills
Flame the first tints of frosty sheen.

Ah, middle point, where cloud and storm
Make battle-ground of this my life;
Where, even matched, the night and day
Wage round me their September strife.

I bow me to the threatening gale;
And know that when its fury's past,
Among the peaceful autumn days
An Indian summer comes at last.

—*From the Alliance.*

Miscellaneous.

THE SECRET CIPHER.

A Detective's Story.

"*Orib:—Nevg ni hzgfiwrb mrtsg zg 127 Uriv hgivrg. Mew.*"

There it was, in italics, half way down the "personal" column of the *Herald*, conspicuous only for its singular and most aggravating combination of letters and figures, the sole clue to the whereabouts of the game I had been after for over a week, scarcely resting, eating or sleeping in my anxiety to secure the reward offered in a heavy burglary case—and something else.

That "something else." Ah! my heart sank within me as I flung aside the enigmatical puzzle before me, and leaning back in my chair gave myself up to the gloomy reveries of the past. Edna Dayton—how I loved her! How fair and beautiful as a summer's idyl had been the week in which I had met her, had loved her, and had been told that my affection was returned! How well I remember the bitter parting—a hopeless one, it seemed to me—when I learned my fate from her father's lips, and passed down the brown-stone steps of the Dayton mansion, wondering if the inclination of moneyed men toward stone residences was not caused by the existence of a similar hard material in that part of the human anatomy known as a heart.

I was a poor man, he said, and the profession of a detective was a precarious one. His daughter loved me—he could not deny that—but she was his only child, and her wealth and position demanded a match with some social equal. He would not break her heart by absolutely refusing to sanction our engagement; but if within a year I should secure a fortune of twenty-five thousand dollars and a lucrative business, and Edna was still of the same mind—well, he would consider it!

Twenty-five thousand dollars! I grew sick at heart at the thought of the conditions imposed upon which I was to purchase my future happiness. Friendless, the recipient of a meagre salary, and utterly unknown, where was I to raise this amount, and what business capacity had I, the son of parents who had given me every luxury, and neglected a practical education, until a crash came that left us homeless and in penury?

Day and night for over a month I brooded over my sorrows, and then one day I was aroused into renewed life by the reception of a formal but courteous note from Mr. Dayton requesting my immediate attendance at the mansion.

My feet seemed winged as I hastened to the house of my beloved Edna. What did it mean? Had he relented? Was Edna sick, or did business await me at the pleasure of my hard-hearted censor? I was ushered into the library, where I found the old gentleman in an intense state of excitement pacing the floor, the window broken in, papers and boxes scattered about the apartment and a safe in the corner broken open.

I stared at him in amazement.

"You seem agitated, Mr. Dayton," I ventured to suggest.

"Agitated! agitated, sir! I am wild. Late last night, or early this morning, burglars entered this apartment by means of yonder window and broke open the safe. When I came down this morning I found affairs as they are now, and nearly one hundred thousand dollars in money, bonds, and jewels gone!"

I stared mutely. The immensity of the robbery petrified me.

"You have informed the police?" I asked, when I could find my voice.

"No!" he thundered, coming to a full stop. "I have no confidence in a police force which fails to protect a house from such an audacious burglary and expects one half of the booty for its return. Here is the room and yonder is a list of the stolen property. I believe you are honest, and I leave the entire affair in your hands. Call upon me for what money you require in an attempt to recover the property or to detect the thieves. If you succeed within a month I will give you thirty thousand dollars. If you fail I will pay your expenses for the month, and place the case in other hands. Are you satisfied?"

"I gasped spasmodically. Thirty thousand dollars! A fortune—more than the price of my happiness! And then the pride of my profession came to my aid, and I told him that I should succeed!

I examined the apartment. The burglary had been effected very simply, apparently. Edward, the footman—a tall, lank specimen of humanity—had heard a noise in the night in the library, but had paid no attention to it, as Mr. Dayton was in the habit of writing very late, and he thought it was his employer.

What puzzled me most was the means of entrance and egress adopted by the burglar or burglars. The library was fully fifteen feet from the ground, had a bay window, and, except the broken glass, there was not the slightest sign to show how the window had been gained. A ladder would have done it, but no marks of a ladder, no signs of footsteps exhibited themselves in the damp ground, wet from recent rains.

I was sorely puzzled. I examined the servants one by one, but could find no clue to justify the remotest suspicion of complicity in the affair on their part. The work had evidently been done by scientific burglars, and they had worked at their leisure.

I inquired into the antecedents of Edward, the footman; but Mr. Dayton averred that he would allow no suspicion to rest on so faithful a servant to the family. I resolved to inquire more in regard to him, however; but I found nothing against the man, and temporarily dismissed him from my mind as having any connection with the case.

"You heard no noise on the night of the robbery?" I inquired of Mr. Dayton.

"None; I slept unusually heavy last night."

I went away thoughtfully, for I had found in the library an empty bottle, which from the scent I knew to have contained chloroform, and I had noticed the marks of muddy boots leading from the apartment, while around the window none were to be seen. The glass, too, had been broken by a quick blow, not cut out. Altogether it was a most mysterious piece of business.

I watched all dives frequented by the cracksmen of the city, and worked like a beaver. I could not obtain a clue to the perpetrators of the daring burglary, and after three days of unremitting toil, I was considering if it would not be as well to call in professional assistance, when the advertisement in the *Herald*, at the head of this story, attracted my attention. Instinctively I divined some connection with "crooked" business, and, whether it referred to my case or not, I resolved to ascertain its meaning.

I went down to the *Herald* office that morning, and, introducing myself, attempted to obtain some description of the person who had handed in the advertisement. The clerk stated that it had been received by mail, in a letter inclosing the amount requisite for its insertion in the paper. Could I see the original copy? He would see; and a message was sent to the composing-room. Luckily, the copy had been preserved. It was written in a disguised hand on a little scrap of paper. I asked leave to retain it, and, the permission being granted me, I returned to my room at once.

I pored over the cipher for a long time, and discouraged at my inability to make out one word of it, was finally about to abandon it, when I chanced to look at the reverse side of the paper. There were figures and words on it, and I read "U. S. Bonds $10,000," and other memoranda, indicating that it had been a loose wrapper for valuable papers.

Then I knew that the advertisement bore an important relation to the robbery.

And so until the day upon which the story opens I was unable to make head or tail of the secret enigma.

So wearied was I that I fell asleep with my head upon my desk, and I did not awake until noontime. It is wonderful how a brief repose will clear the mind. I took up the paper with renewed energy, and a bright idea flashed over me.

Simple as it was I had not thought of it before. *The entire message was written on the system of a substitution of letters, based on the reversal of the alphabet.* Thus instead of writing *a*, the first letter of the alphabet, *z*, the last one, was substituted; instead of *o*, *y* was used—the alphabet reversed was the key to the solution of the puzzle.

I gave utterance to a shout of joy, for, following out the theory, it read:

"Larry: Meet me Saturday night at 127 Fire street. Ned."

And "Ned," or Edward was the name of Mr. Dayton's footman. I began to see a very large mice. But Fire street—there was no such thoroughfare in the city and I was "floored" again.

Gradually, however, the thought occurred to me, on the basis of reversal and opposites adopted by the sender of the message, why should not "fire" mean "water," its direct reverse?

I dashed down the stairs, and hailing a cab (for I did not forget that it was Saturday, and that that evening was the appointed time for the meeting of the two burglars, if such they were), I soon had reached Water street.

Vacant! Number 127 was an empty lot!

I paused, disappointed, and dismissed the vehicle, again having recourse to the puzzling enigma! So near the solution, and yet doomed to be baulked at the last, and—

A sudden inspiration of renewed energy, and I had forged the last link in the chain of evidence! There had been a reversal in the order of numbers, from 1 to 10, as in the letters of the alphabet, and 127 meant 1094.

I looked at my watch; three o'clock. I went to the nearest local telegraph office, and sent the following dispatch to the chief of police:

"Send to this office three efficient men in citizen's clothes."

I signed my name, lit a cigar, and awaited the arrival of evening and my companion officers.

It was dark when we reached the place for the meeting appointed by the two men. It was a vile groggery kept by a woman, and a resort for the very lowest class of ruffians. I had put on a felt hat and a pair of false whiskers, and I entered the bar room, having first placed my men in advantageous positions on the outside.

Within half an hour there entered an old woman, veiled, bearing some bulky object under her cloak. She made a sign to the woman behind the bar, and went into the next room. I caught sight of her feet as she passed through the door; they were encased not in shoes, but in a man's boots. I went quietly to the bar, and made a sign to the woman.

"Is Larry in there?" I inquired in a loud voice, pointing to the other apartment.

She looked at me sharply, and then replied in the affirmative.

"Keep anybody that comes out," I said, significantly. "We are going to divide the swag."

And I opened the door.

There was no one in the first room, but in the second, by a table, on which lay a large tin box, was my game—Larry, the burglar, and a tall spare form in female attire, with veil thrown back, and terrified face, the footman, Edward.

"You can drop on my little dodge, gentlemen," I said, quietly whipping out a brace of revolvers. "The house is surrounded, and any resistance will only make it worse for you. Larry, open that door."

He unbolted the rear door under the silent, persuasive eloquence of my revolver, and the three officers then entered.

Need I tell the rest? Edward, the footman, had admitted his accomplice into the house, and had chloroformed his employer. He had kept the booty hidden in his room, not daring to go out to communicate with his pal, except as has been seen, for fear he was watched.

The property had not been disturbed; but justice was cheated, for both the men escaped before conviction, and were never heard of again. As for me, I quietly handed five thousand dollars to the department, resigned, engaged in business, and married Edna.

METHODISM AND REPUBLICANISM.

I am a Republican in principle, and I wish to see this party succeed in our State this Fall. I desire this, among many other reasons, because I honestly believe that It saved the Union in the dark hour of the Rebellion, and because the welfare of our Country, for years to come, can alone be committed with safety into its hands.

Is there any danger of its defeat? Suppose that I believe there is, what would patriotism call upon me to do? Ought I not sound the alarm as far as my voice will reach? No one certainly will deny me this right, and I look upon it as a duty. Personally, I have nothing to gain or lose by the success of either Party. Voluntary, therefore, unbought by any price, or unswayed by any selfish motive, I write this paper.

I glory in my Church, in regard to the Rebellion. Certainly there is no brighter page in our country's history than that furnished by Methodism. No Church did more to sustain the cause of the Union than she, pouring out her treasure abundantly, and sending hosts of her sons to bear the brunt of the battle, and to shed their blood to defend our Flag.

And I know that in my own immediate region, throughout the great State of Pennsylvania, and all over the Land, there are hosts of Methodists, especially in the Ministry, who believe, without doubting, in the sound principles of the Republican Party, and there is no price large enough to buy them from their allegiance.

Is there any attempt to swerve the Methodists, and especially the Methodist preachers from their devotion to a great cause? It is said that there is, and that the attempts will be continued more earnestly up to the very eve of Election.

Upon the belief that this report is true, I write, and urge my brethren not to be false to their principles, and allow no unsound reason to influence them to vote for any man whose association, if not his record, proves that he holds views utterly antagonistic to those of the great Republican Party.

The reason has been urged, it is reported, and will be urged, it is supposed again, especially upon the Methodist preachers,—"Vote for the Hon. A. H. Dill for Governor, because he is the son of a Methodist preacher." So is another man the son of a methodist preacher, and yet that same man was a Rebel in the South during the War. Suppose he was here now running for office, and that this reason was urged why Methodists of every class should vote for him, because he is the son of a Methodist preacher. Is there a Methodist layman or preacher who would not scorn such a plea, who would not regard such a man urging it as insulting him and, who would not say to him,—"No sir, I can never cast my vote for a rebel." Is Hon. A. H. Dill a rebel. I do not say so. If he had been in the south during the war would he have acted as his brother did. I cannot tell. I can tell that at the North the Democratic Candidate for Governor did act with a party who sympathized with the South, opposed the war, and denied that the soldiers had a right to vote. How can any Methodist preacher, who is a Republican, though he has profound respect and the kindliest feeling for his honored father, vote for his Democratic son?

But Senator Dill is a member of the M. E. Church, therefore vote for him. Simply because a man is a Methodist is that a sufficient reason why some great public interest should be entrusted to him? Is it not possible for a Methodist to be right in heart but wrong in head? to have principles so false and pernicious that following them no interest would be safe, and with them fully in the ascendant the Ship of State would be forced on some Scylla or steamed into some Charybdis. Vote for A. H. Dill because he is a Methodist! That reason is slyly hinted at in one of our Methodist papers which says: "The State of Pennsylvania has never had a Methodist Governor." And I suppose if the writer of this sentence had presented his reasons plainly he would have said "Pennsylvania ought to have once a Meteodist Governor—here is now a chance—vote for Mr. Dill." Why vote for Mr. Dill because he is a Methodist? The foolish notion may possibly enter the minds of some that a Methodist Governor would bring great honor upon the Church and in some way build up her interests. The Church when true to herself, seeks not her honor from men but from God, and her interests depend not on any political party but the presence of Christ in the midst of her. But even could a Methodist Governor of our State bring honor and aid to our Church, is the Methodism of Mr Dill of that type to assure us of such results? If it be, it certainly has improved greatly of late years, for there were times when he paid no attention to the Church of which he was a member in name; not even attending her worship nor treating her pastor with the common civilities of life. Now, he is a great Methodist and Methodist people, and especially Methodist preachers are called upon to ignore their sacred political principles and vote for him. Pshaw! "Something is rotten in the State of Denmark." And it looks very much like the Methodism of the Democratic Candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania is all put on for the sake of winning in the Gubernatorial race. How can Republican Methodists vote for Mr. Dill? Simply for the reason that he is a Methodist, and a Methodist of such a doubtful kind, hoping if he be elected that He will bring honor and help to the Church? Can any loyal Methodist preacher vote for him? Can that one do it who plead so eloquently his Country's cause at the opening of the Rebellion, asking, with an emotion the most intense, the question—a question that thrilled the audience in the Church of God and stirred patriotic hearts to their profoundest depths—"Who will go?" and was answered by the universal shout of the men: "In the name of the Lord God we will go." Can that preacher do it, who, when his Country called, obeyed the call, rushed to the front, bared his breast to the bullets of the enemy, and now carries a wound received in the glorious battle for the right? Can any patriotic Methodist vote for him when he believes that our Republic without the great Republican Party, would have gone down, broken, shattered and ruined, and without that party controlling the vessel it cannot be said confidently:—

"Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity, with all its fears,
With all its hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate."

It may be said that this is a personal attack on Mr. Dill. Not at all. I have nothing against him personally, and really wish him well in his legitimate calling. I cannot be regarded as an enemy of his family. I am friendly to his brother, who is a useful Methodist preacher. I revere and love his father, whose life has been a useful one in the gospel ministry, and therefore a grand one, and who now, on this account, wears his gray hairs as a crown of honor. But because I wish the candidate for Governor well, am a friend of his brother, and have a profound reverence and a sincere love for his father, is that any reason why I should cast my vote for Hon. A. H. Dill? Should I place my good whishes, my friendship, my love for another, above my love for any Country? Who will dare to urge such a reason why I should lay aside my conscientious political principles and vote for a man who is diametrically opposite to me in politics? Who will dare approach me with such a plea? With my views, I could not vote for my own brother if he stood in the place of Mr. Dill.

It may be said that in my opposition to Senator Dill, I am drugging up a dead and buried issue—the spirit that gave birth to the costly and bloody War of the Rebellion. Is that spirit dead and buried? No. Visit the South and see every where proofs of this fact. An intelligent Northern lady, on a recent visit to the South, said: "No one surrendered but General Lee." And that is true. Look at the Democratic Party in Congress when the power was again in its hands. We heard again of the fatal doctrine of State Rights. The impudent Southern claims upon the Treasury of the United States for indemnity for losses in the rebellious War of the South, and other political views—the very bane of our prosperity, if not of our existence as a nation. We have the most fraternal feeling for our brethren of the South. We are ready to do all we can for their welfare, to pour out our treasure, for instance, to aid those who are suffering from that terrible scourge, the Yellow Fever; but we do think that the time has not yet arrived when men who, if they had received their just deserts, would have died as Traitors, ought to be trusted with power. Nor should we be willing to trust with power the men of the North who gave "aid and comfort" to those who fired on the Flag of the Union, and did all they could to destry the best Government on the face of the earth. It is impudent in Southern Traitors and in their Northern sympathisers to ask so soon for the trust of political power. Let them wait for long years till the Country is fully satisfied that their repentance for the loss of vast treasures and seas of blood in their dreadful attempt to destroy the Union, is sincere, and then ask humbly to be restored to places of honor and trust in the Government of the Country. And the Country may then hear and heed their request, but it ought not to do it now.

In this note of warning am I only putting up a man of straw? No, I am not. This boast has already been made; "There are thousands of Methodists, formerly Republicans, who will vote for Hon. A. H. Dill, and their votes will elect him." Several prominent Methodist preachers of Republican proclivities have publicly declared their purpose to vote for him. Others, it is believed, intend quitely to do the same. Recently a presiding elder was approached on the subject of his vote, and he was told if by a certain time he indicated his purpose to support Mr. Dill; such an indication would be greatly to his advantage." When the time came he wrote this reply: "For years I have supported the Republican Party; more recently I have voted the Prohibition Ticket; I cannot now support a party which has favored Rum, Slavery and Rebellion." That preacher is a beave, true man. His brethren can safely commit their appointments into his hands, and trust him in any place of responsibility, for he never will betray their interest. And it is said that a number of Methodists preachers, in view of securing their votes for the Democrat Candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania, are now riding on the railroads on free passes. Surely this must be false. No Methodist preacher certainly can be bought like a sheep in the shambles. His desire for the good opinion of his brethern would prevent this. So bought, his brethren could never trust him again in any place of responsibility. But Methodist preachers are controlled by higher motives than the good opinion of their brethern, and this report must be a slander; it must be only an instance of the fact that strange things are sometimes said about the best and purest of men.

A METHODIST PREACHER.

DESERTED VILLAGES.

A young man who used to be engaged in business in the old country, during the palmy days, after a recent visit writes the following: While roaming through the oil country, our interest was excited by having certain localities pointed out to us as the place where once stood a small city. Perhaps no part of the oil region shows this as much as that situated between Oil City and Titusville, and no place as much as Petroleum Center. We stand amazed and almost doubt the truth of our informant when we are told that this is the Petroleum Center which we saw ten years ago. All that time, as the name implies, it was the center of the land of grease. Surrounded as it was by the best oil producing country, it could not be otherwise. Vast numbers of houses, stores, machine shops, etc., were erected in a short time, and in 1868 it was a city of 3,008 or 4,000 inhabitants. Everybody in oildom knew of Petroleum Center. The city had banks, immense hotels, large business houses, and could boast of three or four churches. The whole country around the place was a city. At night it was almost impossible to get through the great crowds of people collected for pleasure. What a change! Nothing can be compared to it except the destruction of war. Instead of fine residences, the ground is now used for potato patches; a road marks the place where the principal street was; the churches yet stand, but nobody remains to attend them. Perhaps there are 100 inhabitants in the town now. North of Petroleum Center we were shown the place where in '66 and '67 was the famous Benninghoff Run. There remains not a sign of anything ever having been there. As many will remember this was one of the best oil territories in the country at that time. On the northern part of this farm was a small town by the name of Doublin. It had 200 inhabitants and was the terminus of the Benninghoff Run railroad. Not a single house remains. In fact, one would think not knowing any better, that it had never been cleared. Many towns like this have gone the same way. But perhaps the next in importance is Pithole Like Petroleum Center it is nearly gone. When C. B. Duncan, who died in Glasgow some years ago made his will he left to a church of Pithole, $25,000. During the Legislation which followed a committee was sent to find the church. They returned and stated that no such building existed, nor could they find any one who ever knew of it. The facts are, when Mr. Duncan was in Pithole the church existed in a flourishing condition. But it had disappeared long before the committee went there. On account of this, more than anything else, Mr. D. was thought to have been crazy when he made his will.

THE ART OF EATING.

The Cincinnati *Commercial* discourses on "the fine art of eating;" The true epicurean's dinner will always be made up of only a few dishes but those unsurpassed in material, cookery and furnishings. Variety he has in plenty; but he obtains it by having fewer dishes at once, and so stretching out the good things of the appetite further through time, rather than by taxing French cookbooks and his is own brains to discover for him some new mixture. He always thus has something good to look ahead to for the next time, so to speak. Much of the worry and work fashionable Americans make over their cookery might be avoided and much both of time and food-material now wasted might be saved, if we understood better the fine art of eating. It is a serious mistake for a cook to spend her time and worry her brains preparing half a-dozen different dishes, which after all, are apt to be badly cooked, when three excellent dishes will answer better in every way. The half-dozen dishes may be snobbish, but they are not really appetizing.

To broil a steak, to make a cup of coffee, to bake a loaf of bread, white or