The Bradford Reporter.

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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,'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..... 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.

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 equal to any 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.

FELWELL HOUSE, TOWANDA, PA.,
JOHN SULLIVAN,
Having leased this house, is now ready to accommodate the traveling 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.

Legal

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-fo forty-five feet thereon.

TERMS OF SALE.—$50 down, $200 on confirmation, and the balance in three equal annual installments, with all interest, annually.
M. E. CALKINS, Administrator.
Burlington, Pa., Sept. 27, 1878. 17w3

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—W. H. Cramer 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 defendant's 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 interested will present their claims or be forever debarred from claiming any part of said funds. H. C. BAIRD, Auditor.
Sept. 21, 1877. 17w3

COURT PROCLAMATION.—WHEREAS, Hon. Paul D. Morrow, President Judge of the 14th Judicial District, consisting of the county of Bradford, and Hon. C. S. Russell, Associate in and for said county of Bradford, have issued their precept bearing date September 11, 1878, to me directed, for holding a Court of Common Pleas and Orphan's Court, at Troy, commencing Monday, Oct. 28th, and to continue one week.

Notice is therefore hereby given to all persons interested that they be then and there in their proper person, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, with records, inquisitions and other remembrances to do those things which to their office appertains to be done. Jurors are requested to be punctual in their attendance agreeably to their notice.

Dated at Towanda, the 11th day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight and of the Independence of the United States the one hundred and third.
A. J. LAYTON, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, October 8, 1878.

TRIAL LIST for October Term of Court, 1878, at Troy, Pa.

Eleazer Pomeroy vs C C McClelland.....issue
DeWitt C Strait vs George Smith.....asspt
E Pomeroy vs C C McClelland.....sci fa
Mary Barrett vs A L Compton.....issue
E W Colwell vs Elias Rockwell, exr.....debt
W A Nixon vs L G Van Horn et al.....trespass
Levi Sanford vs J C Fellows.....appeal
Wm S Dobbins vs O P Ballard, exr.....asspt
H Miller vs Blake Wales.....appeal
S H and H H Fitch vs C V Dare.....sci fa
Miller and Clark vs Peter Hardie.....asspt
Barnabas Bratt vs John Yonman.....issue
John F Gillette vs Wm B Hawkins.....Rep
F H Person vs Frank Fish.....app
F P Taylor vs L N Fingham.....app
Mary Ann Williams B W Williams.....sci fa
Enterprise Mfg Co vs J G Lockland & Son.....sci fa
Henry Card E J Angle Gardisher.....att cx
Lawrence Riley vs Peter Hardie.....asspt
John L Kiersted vs John F Gillette.....treas
Michael Flynn vs William Reggan.....asspt
Helen Worthington vs Rosea Huntley et al.....eject
C G Bailey vs J M Scruble.....app
H M and C Goff vs Peter Hardie.....app
Wetmer J Roy vs David McWharter.....treas

Subpoenas returnable on Monday: Oct. 28, 1878.
BENJAMIN M. PECK, Prothonotary.
Towanda, Pa., Sept. 27, 1878. 15w3

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—Hazleton & Hartranft to use of Thompson & Taber vs. S. J. Hickok and H. N. Williams, security. In the Court of Common Pleas of Bradford county. No. 803 Dec. Term, 1875.

The undersigned, an auditor, appointed by the Court to distribute money in the Sheriff's hands arising from the sale of defendant's personal property, will attend to the duties of his appointment at his office in the borough of Troy, Pa., FRIDAY, the 15th day of NOVEMBER, 1878, at ten o'clock A. M., when and where all persons having claims upon said fund must present them, or else be forever debarred from coming in upon the same.
A. C. FANNING Auditor.
Troy, Pa., Oct. 7, 1878. 19w3

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—In the matter of the voluntary assignment of Jason N. Smith to Wm. S. Snyder, for the benefit of creditors. No. 1407, May Term, 1877.

The undersigned, an auditor appointed by the Court to distribute funds in the hands of said assignee, will attend to the duties of his appointment at his office in Towanda Boro, on SATURDAY, the 9th day of NOVEMBER, A. D. 1878, at 10 A. M., when and where all persons having claims on said funds must present the same or be for ever debarred. E. F. GOFF, Auditor.
Towanda, Pa., Oct. 10, 1878. 19w3

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,
15w6 L. T. ROYSE,
Towanda Sept. 4, 1878. Administrators.

Poetry.

THE GEORGE MURPHY CENTENNIAL.

BY REV. SILAS BARNER.

A hundred years, the grandest of all time
Fullest of great events, and most sublime
Allotted are to few of all the race;
Our friend is here appointed an honored place;
The measure of whose years complete the sum,
To celebrate the day his friends have come.
George Murphy, honored centennarian,
Began his life where liberty began.
Descended from a patriotic sire,
Whose love of liberty our hearts admire.
That patriotic sire ne'er saw his boy;
The son did ne'er a father's love enjoy,
But came an orphan to earth's gloomy strand,
That gloom reigned absolute o'er all the land.
As pearls and diamonds gained with highest price,
So liberty with human sacrifice;
Slain sire, and widowed wife and orphaned son,
The freedom, glory, of our land, have won.
'Twas then Wyoming vale was dyed in blood,
And war spread furious as resistless flood.
Revenge and plunder fired the red man's soul,
While England strove for absolute control.
But we to our majority had come
And claimed our freedom in our distant home.
While reverence to parents is their due,
The rights of children should be honored too;
When they no more receive support, or care,
The parent should authority forbear;
But with parental love, and kindness move
And seek his children's future to improve.
The tory bands joined with our eternal foes,
With fiendish rage our liberties oppose.
Amid such scenes none but the stoutest heart
Where Fortitude will all her aid impart,
And faith and constancy unfailing reign,
Bereavement, agony like this sustain.
Prospective then the mother's faithful soul
Let instinct for her future charge control
And wisely seek a distant safe retreat
Through lonely savage wilds with weary feet.
Could fond imagination e'er conceive?
The glories that these sorrows would arise,
The light and beauty of thy brighter skies?
When a new race and order should prevail,
And bless thy classic soil Wyoming vale.
When this new race and order grown mature
Our future homes and safety should ensure.
From eastern shore to western wave extend,
From north to south in one great empire blend.
Their civil power their Christian light give birth
To hopes of equal good o'er all the earth.
To mingle in these scenes their triumph's share,
Did God our honored friend in favor spare.
'Tis worthy then his friends a record make,
Since they the benefits so full partake
Immortal institutions, powers are born
Within his age, his native land adorn.
No more shall tyranny thy limbs control,
Nor superstition shroud thy noble soul,
Nor heathen ignorance thy manhood blight,
Nor want the famine fiend with pale face light.
As China with her fifteen million dead,
In healthful fertile clime, but lack of bread.
With us it is no more the Indian trail,
But ease and speed upon the iron rail.
The arteries in man from out the heart
The model elements to every part,
Timely and surely such mage convey,
The arteries of trade are sure as they.
See next commissioners to Ghent repair
Where they our right to life my declare,
And England yields unqualified assent;
With us this act immortalizes Ghent.
Now ye her namesake who her honors share
Be worthy in your life the name ye bear.
Here independence, freedom gain a place,
Inalienable rights of all the race,
Where wisely, virtuously, these rights are prized
Their blessings may be fully realized.
More welcome tidings herald never bore
From foreign climes to great Columbia's shore.
To God All-wise, Just Lord of every tribe
They love and gratitude and praise ascribe.
Gladness, overcoming joy, and gratitude,
Tears, sings, and shouts in most vehement mood,
Bursts forth promiscuous in loudest sound,
Let echoes from the hills the joy resound.
Let every voice throughout the glad-me earth
Burst forth in songs at the new era's birth.
Let dumb creation, her rude gestures make;
Let sight and silence of the joy partake,
And peaceful slumbers in the gladness share;
Let earth redeemed a cheerful aspect wear.
Let all the flowers put on their richest hues,
Their sweetest fragrance in the air diffuse,
Ye favoring winds bear on your wings the joy,
A richer freight your powers may never employ.
The Red man to his woodland haunts has fled,
The British lion gone with drooping head;
Though he may yet return with wrathful growl,
To have the wounds probed deeper in his soul,
The tory, sneaking wolf, may yet remain,
Captured and bound secure in iron chain.
The skies will hence more pleasing aspect bear,
Not wrathful brow of vengeance lurking there,
Nor gloomy cloud a melancholy sign,
Nor pallid front from awful fear within.
But as the lovely maid for marriage rite
Where truthful oneness joins the future bright,
Hope sparkles on her brow like dancing streams,
And love with richer tints morning beams.
Expression sweet her inward peace reveals,
Her motions tell the rapture which she feels.
Her piercing eyes her energy declare,
Her tones of love and kindness, goodness rare.
Discreet, and pure, the world will own her power,
These graces to her husband richest dower.
With promises like these our nation starts
And hope immortal to the world imparts.
The poet to curve and brain new fields invite,
The boundless wide of deep—a giant's might.
The ancient monarchs stand in rank arrayed,
As warriors armed with helm, and shield, and blade,
Defiant in their size, in numbers strong,
The contest will be wearisome, and long.
But yet to fell this old inspiring wood
Where poets roam in meditative mood,
And see new beauties in each flower, and leaf,
Is loss of friends, and loneliness, and grief.
All that is pure, and beautiful, and strong,
And durable, and rich, to them belong.
The healing, sweet, and musical air divine,
The variegated hues of art divine.
The lofty forms by artless skill designed,
With arms, and hearts in loving friendship joined,
Thy gorgeous robes, and crown, and regal mien,
With radiance of imperial sheen
Attract the eye, to admiration move,
Inspire the heart with sympathy, and love;
Yet in their strength and beauty they must yield,
For they have been to deadly foes a shield.
They give protection to most fiendish men,
The serpent, panther wolf, find here a den,
Stealthy, rapacious, and with deadly ire,
Within their grasp the innocent expire.
The vast and chilling shade forbids the grain
And fruits to grow, or herds to graze the plain
Refinement is not native to the wood
Nor all the useful arts of modern days.
Hence Providence requires the earth subdued,
An open field for truth, and peaceful ways.
Our friend stood face to face with this vast wood
And with an iron will, and steady aim
Applied the axe; some down the rafting flood
Were sent, and some committed to the flame.
And pleasant cottages, and stacks of grain,
And fruits, and flowers, as marks of a new race
Appear, and herds and flocks now roam the plain
Tired fathers headed youth with cheerful face.
Now cities, colleges, and temples rise,
And social life by friendship's laws controlled,
Religion, science, art, and enterprise
Mysterious and divine, their powers unfold.
O, honored friend! endowed with grand estate,
The bounty of the giver, who can tell!
The wealth of every age to concentrate,
In one man's life, Peace be to thee; farewell.

Miscellaneous.

LOANING A LOVER.

My sister Patricia was an heiress. Strange enough, for we had always been terribly poor down at Lowbridge, my widowed mother bringing up her four daughters with the greatest difficulty; but when brought up we were worth looking at, I believe. Healthy habits and frugal living are apt to make good conditions, and Bess and Amy and Patricia and I were as bright and handsome girls as are often seen.

Bess and Amy were twins, with eyes as blue as the sea near which they were born, rosy cheeks and long, bright brown curls; Patricia was a sparkling brunette, while I was a perfect blonde, with crinkled hair like molten gold. Great had been our excitement when Aunt Betty wrote from Fairhaven:

"Dear Sister-in-Law:—I am going to do myself the pleasure of visiting you this summer. I hear that brother Abel left four girls, and I want to see them. I am getting on in years, and will make one of them my heiress."

Aunt Betty was worth a hundred thousand, if she was worth a cent.

Well, in due time she came. She put up at the hotel, for our cottage at Lowbridge wasn't big enough to hold her, with her maid, coachman and carriage, but fortunately, that was close by, and she spent the larger half of the days with us.

We all thought Bess would be her choice, for father had named her Elizabeth for Aunt Betty, though she had always been "Bess" with us. But it was neither of the twins, and it was not I. It was Patricia.

"Where did that girl get her black hair?" Aunt Betty asked, as soon as she saw her.

"I think she looks like my brother Luke, don't you?" asked my mother with a wistful look.

"The very image of him," answered Aunt Betty, turning pale.

I divined then, as I learned afterward, that Uncle Luke had been a lover of Aunt Betty's when both were young, before their marriage, and the fact seemed to have power over her.

She looked at Patricia until the girl blushed rosy red, when she called to her and drawing her down upon her knees on a footstool before her, she put a withered hand each side of the young cheeks and kissed her.

So it was Patricia she chose to leave her money to; but we were not out in the cold, for she sent the twins, who were only sixteen, to school for two years, and invited me with Patricia, to the Hermitage.

It was her home—a stately old mansion of gray stone, gloomy looking on the outside, but luxuriously comfortable within, without being in the least modern. We had each a maid and the free use of the horses and carriage. After making this provision for our comfort, Aunt Betty excused herself from making company with us, and we were as free as air to enjoy ourselves as we chose, provided we did not interfere with her nap. We chose to make a great many pleasant acquaintances, guided conciously by Aunt Betty's wisdom, and the result was that I returned to Lowbridge in the summer engaged to Mr. Clyde Sherrington. He was wealthy, handsome, agreeable, well connected. Everybody said, "Gertrude has done well for herself."

That autumn Aunt Betty died. Patricia was to come in possession of her fortune in a year, when she was twenty-one—full and undisputed possession of £100,000.

It was arranged that we were all to come to the Hermitage to live. We did so, and lived there quietly as was becoming to her, for nearly a year, when Patricia made the acquaintance of Mr. Gage Redmond.

She met him first at a funeral—of all places!—the occasion caused by the death of our next neighbor, Gen. DeLacey. Gage Redmond being a nephew of his. He was well connected, but poor as a church mouse, people said, "so of course he was after Patricia's money," mamma declared.

"Patricia is rich and beautiful. pray don't let her marry a fortune-hunter, mamma," said I, looking up from a letter I was writing to Mr. Sherrington.

"I would not if I could help it, but what authority have I, Gertrude?" said my mother. "In a few months Patricia will be in undivided possession of her fortune. We are here only by courtesy. The Hermitage is her home. I have no right to control her whatever."

"But your influence, mamma?"

"Will have very little effect if she sets her heart on this Gage Redmond. Pray stop staring vacantly out of that window, Gertrude, and attend to what I say. I want assistance in this matter."

"Please excuse me; I am thinking of my own affairs, just now, mamma. They may be of no consequence to you, but, my letter is of some importance to me."

I did not mean to be saucy, only pettish; but mamma, having had long experience with four headstrong girls, bore with me patiently.

"Well, finish your letter, Gertrude, and then advise me."

But my train of thought was broken, and after a few moments I put my sheet in the writing desk.

"What can't be accomplished openly, must be done by strategem, mamma. It is probable that this Gage Redmond is after Patricia's money. She is a great prize matrimonially. Well, you say I am prettier than Patty. Suppose I play decoy?"

"What?" cried mamma.

"Mr. Redmond is dark and reserved. I am fair and volatile. Don't you think he will appreciate my style of beauty if I take a little pains to make him do so?"

"But Mr. Sherrington?"

"I will tell him. He will not object."

"I think he will."

"Oh, no; he will be interested in the good of the family. He comes next week. Fortunately, Patty is sick with a cold, and Mr. Redmond can see but little of her till then."

Quite pleased with my scheme, I ran up stairs to give Patricia her cough drops, sitting down at the window of her room, and bowing cordially to Mr. Redmond, whom I could see writing in his uncle's study in the great mansion across the way.

The larches hid all the house but that one window. He was there a good deal, and I reflected that Patty's blue silk curtains were more becoming to my style of beauty than the others.

"I'll bring my embroidery up and sit with you, Patty," I said.

"Do," she said, "I am tired of watching the evergreens swaying about the gay spring sky."

So I filled my lap with gay colored worsted add framed myself in the blue window drapery for Mr. Redmond's benefit. Just the colors to set off the pink and snow of my complexion. I had the satisfaction of meeting his eyes more than once when I glanced over the way.

"Seems to me you've wonderfully good spirits, Gert," remarked Patricia, languidly.

The DeLacey dinner bell rang and Mr. Redmond disappeared.

"Well, I must take them in another direction now," I said, rising. I can't give any more time to you, sis, for I want to finish my blue silk before Mr. Sherrington comes. You'd better take a nap."

Patricia settled herself obediently among her cushions. Suddenly she lifted her beautiful head.

"Has Mr. Redmond called to enquire for me to-day?"

"No, I believe not," I replied indifferently.

She showed a moment's surprise, then settled herself on her couch again, and in five minutes was sleeping sweetly.

The blue silk suit was finished, and having laid aside my half mourning for aunt Betty and donned it, the family pronounced the effect charming.

"Is Mr. Sherrington coming today, Gertrude?" asked mamma.

"Yes."

"I want to say to you, my dear, that on Mr. Sherrington's account, I don't think you had better——" she whispered, but I interrupted her by my exit from the apartment.

The next train brought Mr. Clyde Sherrington.

"How delightful that the spring is at hand," said he; "the sunshine growing warm, and the grass springing. I passed a bit of wood coming up from the station that is full of arbutus. We will have some delightful walks Gerty. I am very tired of city life."

"Yes, Clyde, dear; but you see I have been obliged to make a little plan which will interfere somewhat with that arrangement," I replied quickly. "I want to lend you to Patricia."

"Lend me to Patricia?"

"Yes, while I lure away a most ineligible suitor she has. Mamma and I conclude that it is the only way," I added. "Patricia has a fortune of about one hundred thousand pounds you know."

"Yes."

"Well, we think Mr. Gage Redmond is after her money. He is only a bridless lawyer. We can't afford to let Patty make such a match as that, and so, as I don't think I'm totally an uninteresting person—do you, Clyde?—I am going to try and flirt a little with Mr. Redmond. Now, you won't be a bear, and say no, will you, dear? And you'll try and help us by devoting yourself to Patricia, won't you?"

At first my companion did not believe I was in earnest, but when convinced of my sincerity his astonishment was inexpressible. I remember that he stammered out some faint objections, but I would not listen, and before retiring that night I whispered to mamma that I had made it all right with Mr. Sherrington, and she had only to observe how nicely I would manage the whole affair.

I sent Patricia off in the morning to find arbutus with Mr. Sherrington while I waited to receive Mr. Redmond.

When he came I was in the garden, and had ordered lunch an hour earlier than usual. My pale blue silk looked beautiful on the lawn grass.

"Pray come and see my tulips, Mr. Redmond," I called as he walked up the avenue.

He came, pleased enough, and as he was especially fond of flowers, I had no difficulty in detaining him more than half an hour.

Then seeing him looking at his watch, I observed:

"We won't wait lunch for Patricia, for Mr. Sherrington is with her. They have gone running off after spring flowers, and may not be back this three hours. Come in and have a bit of salad, with a cup of chocolate, Mr. Redmond. I made the chocolate myself, and can recomend it."

So I kept him for another half an hour and he left, pleased with his visit.

Patricia and Sherrington came back only fifteen minutes after the usual lunch hour, the former so delighted with a profusion of pink arbutus as hardly to heed when a servant informed her that "Mr. Redmond had called to see her, and stayed with Miss Gertrude for lunch."

She had put the rosy clusters in her dark hair and on the bosom of her graceful gray dress, and, flushed with her long ramble, I think I never saw her look so perfectly lovely.

"He has been here. Very nice of you to keep her away so long," I whispered to Clyde.

He looked at me queerly, but said nothing. I did not want him to expostulate with me, as I believed he wished to do, and so kept apart from him during the evening, leaving him to sing and play with Patricia.

He was interesting, with his very natural manner of reserved modesty. I was glad Patricia found him so. He had pale, silken hair that fell in shadowy curls over a beautiful forehead, and softly modulated tones. He contrasted nicely with her dark, spirited beauty.

"Clyde has an elder brother—Raymond—just the one for Patricia. I wonder if it can be brought about?"

But I soon had my hands full, for at all hours of the day and night Mr. Redmond came to the Hermitage. And it was not long before my success as a decoy was patent to the most careless observer. He asked only for "Miss Gertrude."

In three weeks the crisis burst upon me. He proposed.

"I used to think Mr. Sherrington your lover," he said, standing before me with his frank, handsome face lit up, "but late observations have shown me that his visits here are for your sister. Since you are free then, will you not marry me? I can support you well, Gertrude, or I would not ask you to bind your future with mine. The death of my grandfather two years ago left me £50,000, besides some real estate. I have a pleasant home in the country—retired, but elegant—where I would like to take you. What do you think, Gertrude? Could you be contented to leave your friends and live at Rose Cottage with me?"

My amazement allowed me to stammer nothing intelligible In some distant way I temporized the matter, and begged Mr. Redmond to give me some time for reflection.

He went away, making an appointment for the next evening.

So thunderstruck was I by the revelation of Mr. Redmond's wealth that I wandered about the house in a dazed way, not heeding how mamma was fretting about Patricia, who had gone to ride with Mr. Sherrington.

"What is the matter, mamma! Is it going to storm?" I said at last.

"To storm! Nonsense! Where are your eyes, Gertrude? It is nearly nine o'clock. Patricia has been gone seven hours with Mr. Sherrington, and I know something is wrong."

"What?" I demanded, rousing myself.

"I don't know."

Nine, ten, eleven and twelve o'clock passed. No carriage—no news.

At noon the next day the carriage drove into the yard. Patricia coolly presented her husband. They had been married the evening before by our pastor at Lowbridge.

"So nice and quiet," said Patricia. "No fuss, no notoriety."

She took her place coolly at the table.

"You needn't hesitate to take Gage now, Gertrude; he's dead in love with you, and as I like Clyde best, I thought I'd decide the matter without any complications."

I think I was dumfounded. But I found my tongue when Mr. Redmond came that evening, and said "Yes."

I give my experience for the benefit of others. It is dangerous, loaning one's lover.

WHICH ARE MOST FOOLISH.

It was alleged that some of the Freedmen of the South were led to vote against their judgment or their feelings, by telling them that, if they voted thus and so every one should have a farm and a mule! It is needless to say, none of them got these very handy things by voting for them—but a returned carpet bagger, from Kansas says their best company of immigrants there were freedmen from Kentucky, who came with money and with teams. They had to *earn* them however, by *work*, and by *saving* their money, just like white folks!

Nearly half the voters of Luzerne county are mines, most of whom seem utterly ignorant of the powers of our National Government. When a demagogue like H. B. Wright proposes to offer any man with a family going west, the use of $500 from the public funds, he knows that it cannot and should not be done; and yet he estimates that the voters suppose it may, and to get their votes he proposes it, when perhaps not another Congressman (unless with like constituents) would vote with him for such an unjust and extra-constitutional proposition. Why has not a man in the mines, or on a farm, as good a right to $500 or $500, from the National Treasury, as a man on the prairie?

The Freedmen probably have "got it through their wool," ere this, that the farm-and-mule cry is a humbug; but have our miners found out that the farm-and-$500 also is a base catering to their assumed ignorance? I judge not, from the fact that they have re-nominated the old demagogue (who has been with every party to suit the times) for re-election. Is it, indeed, true that miners—white men—can be easier humbugged than the late slaves—black men?

A MORE EXCELLENT WAY.

Instead of fraudulent and deceptive *promises*, the Republicans point to the *fact* that they have emancipated five millions of slaves—thus giving those laboring people their natural right to their earnings. They have told the former Slaveocrates to work for their own support, or starve. The old Democracy helped one class to live, without work, upon the uncompensated earnings of others. H. B. Wright was of that party. The Republicans give both whites and blacks their right to their own—they have practically enforced the principle of equal and exact justice to all men," as regards both their rights and their labors.

The Republican party has also enacted the Homestead policy, giving every householder on paying expenses of survey and other trifling costs, land which may be made into valuable homes. That is the richest boon—save liberty—ever given to the laboring classes. This is not taxing one man or sett of men to help another—it gives to one without taking from others. It does not rob Peter to pay Paul, but it gives Paul a chance to help himself without burdening or wronging or taking from any one else.

And this is the extent of the power of Government—not to find men work to gain a living, but to protect each man in the equal chance to earn his own living. It lays upon every man his own duty to sustain himself and his own family, providing him with security in so doing. It recognizes every man as an independent freeman, not as a dependent beggar sinking into nothingness and asking for favors. It does not emasculate and take all manhood away from equals in the struggle for comfort and honor.

So long as there is public land, there is a chance for every man and his family; and, with ordinary blessing, none need be tramps or gypsies. Incidentally, tariff laws may favor home laborers, but can not and should not make them, like horses or machines, mere dependents upon any administration. With good money as we now have, and the slow but sure revival of business—farming being always safest and surest of all—the Republican system affords the best Government the sun ever shone upon.

The real poor and needy are provived for in our country, as well as any can be, while guarded against imposture and wilful laziness.

Wright's $500 bid for votes tends directly to idleness, heedlessness, improvidence, and vice; for how many will work and save, if they can get money without so doing? It would convert the whole land into a vast poorhouse. And if men and women are taxed to sustain the reckless and vicious who (with some exceptions) thereby mainly keep themselves in want, how long will the laborious, the industrious, and the provident toil to acquire and keep full the Treasury? "The hope of reward," and of enjoying one's earnings, "sweetens labor," but "he that will not work, neither shall he eat." The world owes no one a living unless he *earns* it. NO HUMBUG

—*Montrose Republican.*

VIVID MENTAL REPRESENTATIONS.

Sir Isaac Newton could call up a spectrum of the sun when he was in the dark, by intense direction of his mind to the idea of it, "as when a man looks earnestly to see a thing which is difficult to be seen." Dickens used to allege that he sometimes heard the characters of his novels actually speak to him; and a great French novelist declared that when he wrote the description of the poisoning of one of his characters, he had the taste of arsenic so distinctly in his mouth that he was himself poisoned, had a severe attack of indigestion, and vomited all his dinner—a most pregnant proof of the power of imagination over sense, because arsenic has scarcely an appreciable taste beyond being sweetish! Artists sometimes have, in an intense form, the faculty of such vivid mental presentation. It was very notable in that extraordinary genius, William Blake, poet and painter, who used constantly to see his conceptions as actual images or visions. "You have only," he said, "to work up imagination to the state of vision, and the thing is done." The power is, without doubt, consistent with perfect sanity of mind, although it may be doubtful whether a person who thought it right for himself and his wife to imitate the naked innocence of Paradise in the back garden of a Lambeth house, as Blake did, was quite sane; but too frequent exercise of the power is full of peril to the mind's stability. A person may call up images in this way, and they will come, but he may not be able to dismiss them, and they may haunt him when he would gladly be rid of them. He is like the sorcerer who has called spirits from the vasty deep, and has forgotten the spell by which to allay them again. Dr. Wigna tells of a skillful painter whom he knew, who assured him that he had once painted 300 portraits in one year. The secret of his rapidity and success was that he required but one sitting, and painted with wonderful facility. "When a sitter came," he said, "I looked at him attentively for half an hour, sketching from time to time on the canvas. I wanted no more; I put away my canvas and took another sitter. When I wished to resume my first portrait, I took the man and set him in the chair, where I saw him as distinctly as if he had been before me in his own proper person—I may almost say more vividly. I looked from time to time at the imaginary figure, then worked with my pencil, then referred to the countenance, and so on, just as I should have done had the sitter been there. When I looked at the chair, I saw the man. * * * Gradually I began to lose the distinction between the imaginary figure and the real person, and sometimes disputed with sitters that they had been with me the day before. At last I was sure of it, and then—and then—all is confusion. I suppose they took the alarm. I recollect nothing more. I lost my senses—was 30 years in an asylum. The whole period, except the last six months of my confinement, is a dead blank in my memory." Or, if the person does not go out of his mind, he may be so distressed by the persistence of the apparition which he has created as to fall into melancholy and despair, and even to commit suicide. "I knew," says the same author, "a very intelligent and amiable man, who had the power of thus placing before his own eyes himself, and often laughing heartily at his double, who always seem to laugh in turn. This was long a subject of amusement and joke; but the ultimate result was lamentable. He became gradually convinced that he was haunted by himself This other self would argue with him pertinaciously, and to his great mortification sometimes refute him, which, as he was very proud of his logical powers humiliated him exceedingly. He was eccentric, but was never placed in confinement or subjected to the slightest restraint. At length, worn out by the annoyance, he deliberately resolved not to enter on another year of existence—paid all his debts, wrapped up in seperate papers the amount of the weekly demands, waited, pistol in hand, the night of 31st of December, and as the clock struck 12 fired into his mouth."—*The Fortnight Review.*

DANDRUFF.—What is dandruff? Is it a disease? Is it curable? No, no, no! It is an evidence of a healthy scalp, and as to its cure, you might as well attempt to stop your toe nails from growing. It is simply nature's mode of renewing the scarf skin all over the body, and the reason why it is not shown on other parts of the body is that the friction of clothing removes it as fast as it is loosened, while the hair of the head, if not often brushed and combed, or washed, prevents its escape.

Now if you have any doubts as to the truth of what I have asserted, rub the inside of your lower limbs smartly with a black cloth, and you will find you have rubbed off a white powder which is of the same material as the dandruff on your scalp, only more finely pulverized.

I will offset my advice against the barbers. Mine is: Brush the hair every day, and comb thoroughly with a fine-tooth comb at least once a week, and wash the whole head in soft water as often as convenient. You may put a little soap or soda in the water, but I wouldn't. Do not invest in any of the so-called dandruff cures, but save your dollar to pay for a newspaper and read it.

THE narrow-minded ask Is this one of our tribe, or is he a stranger? But to those who are of a noble disposition the whole world is but one family.

DILL AND THE $9,000,000 STEAL.

The organs of the railroad candidate for Governor, Andrew H. Dill, having denied his guilty participation in the attempted Nine Million Steal, it becomes our duty to place his record before our readers. It will be seen that "the child of the circuit" in this, as upon all other legislation entailing a surrender of rights upon the part of the Commonwealth at the bidding of corporations, was faithful to the greedy powers which placed him in the Legislature. It was only after the gubernatorial maggot had entered his head, that he awakened to the necessity of an occasional recognition of the wishes, interests and rights of the people.

Senate bill 1870, better known as the "Nine Million Steal," was railroaded through both Houses within forty-eight hours after its introduction. It was entitled "An Act to facilitate and secure the construction of an additional railway connection between the waters of the Susquehanna and the great lakes, Canada, and the northwestern States, by extending the aid and credit of certain corporations to the Jersey Shore, Pine Creek and Buffalo Railway Company, and in like manner to aid the construction of the Pittsburgh, Virginia and Charleston Railway, the Clearfield and Buffalo Railway." The preamble sets forth the importance to the State of an additional connection of the anthracite and bituminious coal fields through the building of the above mentioned roads, "thereby adding greatly to the taxable values for State, county and municipal purposes," etc. Section one authorized the Jersy Shore, Pine Creek and Buffalo Railroad Company to execute a first mortgage to the amount of *six million* dollars, which should cover their entire line of road, to secure the payment of six millions of the bonds of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, then in the sinking fund of the State, and which were to be delivered to said Jersey Shore, Pine Creek and Buffalo Railroad Company; the proceeds of said bonds to be applied to the building of the Jersey Shore road. Section two provided that the $3,000,000 of Allegheny Valley Railroad bonds then in the hands of the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund, together with all the guarantees connected therewith, be "appropriated for aiding in the development of certain districts of the commonwealth," as follows: To the Pittsburgh, Virginia and Charleston Railroad, $1,000,000; to the Clearfield and Buffalo Railway Company, $1,400,000; to the Erie and Allegheny Railway Company, $500,000—for