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, NOVEMBER 7, 1878. NUMBER 23.

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.

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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.

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 Aluminium base. Teeth extracted without pain. Oct. 24-73.

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.....$123,000
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 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 or 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 southof the Means House. Board by the day or week on reasonable terms. Warm meals served at all hours Oysters at wholesale and retail. feb17.

Clothing.

GREAT BARGAINS!
J. DOUTRICH,
MERCHANT TAYLOR,
Opposite Park, TOWANDA, PA.
IN
FANCY SUITINGS
and
PANTALOONS.
GOODS JUST ARRIVED.
Fine Cheviots,
Worsteds,
Wool Diagonals,
and Plaids,
OVERCOATINGS, OVERCOATINGS.
In great variety, made to order, at the
VERY LOWEST PRICE.
LACIEL MATALASSE CLOAKINGS,
GENTS FURNISHING GOODS,
at reduced prices.
Windsor Scarfs,
Silk Handkerchiefs,
Colored Hose,
Suspenders,
Underclothing,
From 36 to 52 in size.
☞ An inspection of our stock will convince the most fastidious.
J. DOUTRICH,
Main Street, Towanda, Pa.
Dated Oct. 21, 1878. 20tf

FACTS FOR THE PEOPLE.
$20,000
TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS WORTH
OF
READY-MADE CLOTHING,
GENTS FURNISHING GOODS,
Hats, Caps, &c., &c.
TO BE SOLD AT COST,
BETWEEN NOW AND JANUARY 1st, 1879.
AT
M. E. ROSENFIELD'S,
As I intend to make a change in my business, I therefore offer my entire stock AT COST, being the largest and best select stock in northern Pennsylvania.
SPECIAL BARGAINS.
The following great bargains are offered:

Men's Black tip-top Overcoats	@ $3.50 and up
Men's first-class Grey Overcoats	@ $3.00 and up
Men's all wool Suits	@ $8.50 and up
Boy's Suits for 5 yrs old and up	@ $3.00 and up

And everything equally as cheap, including Gents Furnishing Goods, Hats and Caps, &c.
A full line of
UNDERWEAR
both for men and boys. TRUNKS, VALICES, UMBRELLAS, &c., &c.
THIS IS NO HUMBUG.
The above stock must and shall be sold by Jan 1st, 1879. Every one should take advantage of the present low prices quoted, and buy their winter supply.
Yours truly,
M. E. ROSENFIELD,
Main Street, Towanda, Pa.
Dated Oct. 24, 1878.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE—Notice is hereby given that all persons indebted to the estate of Philo F. Mingos, late of Monroe Borough, deceased, are requested to make immediate payment, and all persons having claims against said estate, must present them duly authenticated for settlement.
ALBERT G. CRANMER,
Monroeton, Oct. 17, '78-6w.* Administrator.

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.

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 changed made as desired.
All work done in the highest style of the Art.
JOHANN F. HENDER.
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 V. 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 Bradford Co. [feb.1'78.

MASON & HEAD,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.
Towanda, Pa. Office over Bartlett & Tracy, Main-st.
G. F. MASON. (5Jy77) 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 WAID HOUSE.
Dec 23-75. TOWANDA, PA.

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

MADILL & CALIFF,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Office in Wood's Block, first door south of the First National bank, upstairs.
H. J. MADILL. [Jan8-78ly] J. N. CALIFF.

GRIDLEY & PAYNE,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
South side Mercur Block (rooms formerly occupied by Davies & Carnochan),
TOWANDA, PA.
E. C. GRIDLEY. (1477) 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.

H. STREETER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
aug20. TOWANDA, PA.

OVERTON & MERCUR,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, P.
Office over Montanyes Store. [may678.
D. A. OVERTON. RODNEY A. MERCUR.

WM. MAXWELL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
TOWANDA, PA.
Office over Dayton's Store.
April 12, 1875.

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 & 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.

Poetry.

COMMISSIONED.

"Do their errands; enter into the sacrifice with them; be a link yourself in the divine chain, and feel the joy and life of it."

What can I do for thee, Beloved,
Whose feet so little while ago
Trod the same wayside dust with mine,
And now up paths I do not know
Speed, without sound or sign?

What can I do? The perfect life,
All fresh and fair and beautiful,
Has opened its wide arm to thee;
Thy cup is over-brimmed and full;
Nothing remains for me.

I used to do so many things:
Love thee and chide thee and caress,
Brush little straws from off thy way,
Tempering with my poor tenderess
The heat of thy short day.

Not much, but very sweet to give;
And it is grief of griefs to bear
That all these ministries are o'er,
And thou so happy. Love, elsewhere,
Dost need me nevermore;

And I can do for thee but this:
(Working on blindly, knowing not
If I may give thee pleasure so:)
Out of my own dull, shadowed lot
I can arise, and go

To sadder lives and darker homes.
A messenger, dear heart from thee
Who wast on earth a comforter;
And say to those who welcome me,
I am sent forth by her:

Feeling the while how good it is
To do thy errands thus, and think
It may be, in the blue, far space,
Thou watchest from the heaven's brink—
A smile upon thy face.

And when the day's work ends with day,
And star-eyed evening, stealing in,
Waves her cool hand to flying noon,
And restless, surging thoughts begin,
Like sad bells out of tune,

I'll pray: "Dear Lord, to whose great love
Nor bound, nor limit-line is set,
Give to my darling, I implore,
Some new sweet joy not tasted yet,
For I can give no more.

And with the words my thoughts shall climb
With following feet the heavenly stair
Up which thy steps so lately sped,
And seeing thee so happy there,
Come back half comforted.

—Susan Coolidge, in Sunday Afternoon.

Miscellaneous.

THAT OTHER FELLOW.

I.

I never knew her age; but she was the daughter of my tutor, and a dainty, winsome little lady. I was about twenty; ardent in the pursuit of field sports, tolerant of most things save advice; generous perhaps, impulsive undoubtedly, and over head an ears in love with Constance Silverthorne.

My education was at that period anything but complete. I was destined for the diplomatic service, a calling for which time and opportunities have since discovered me to be singularly unfit. In those days, however, I was vaguely ambitious, and sustained by hope, a perfect digestion, and the conviction that, as an Englishman, I was superior to the less fortunate mortals born on the other side of the British Channel.

Now-a-days my hopes are few and by no means invigorating; my digestion is a thing of the past; and as I have been taken in and outwitted by every foreign diplomat with whom I have had dealings, my national egotism is somewhat less obtrusive than in the days of my giddy youth.

Not the least memorable event in that gay and reckless period was my sojourn at Greybridge with Rev. Dr. Silverthorne, a wise and learned minister of the Gospel, whose knowledge of the classics and theology was renowned. He was Rector, with a large house, a small living, and an only daughter. At one time fellow of his college, Christopher Silverthorne had established his fame as a tutor, and to him I was attracted in my despair at the prospect of a civil service examination, and a general idea as to my own incompetence to pass it.

The Doctor received me affably and with an air of cheerful dignity, made me acquainted with the details of the household, and left me to my own devices until dinner. Naturally enough I strolled out among the trees, watched the frisking squirrels with some interest, and in a few minutes found myself on the river bank. A canoe and a pair-oared skiff were floating temptingly beneath me. Evidently they belonged to the house, so I settled myself in the canoe, and paddled on a voyage of discovery up stream.

The sun was hot; I was disinclined for active exercise, and the little craft was urged but slowly forward. Perhaps a mile of river was leisurely traversed, and then the Berkshire side rose into high and thickly-wooded ground. Foliage lightly kissed the wavelets, and the bank was broken here and there with shady recesses fit for meditation and flirtation, if fortune and a lady favored. I paddled toward an inviting willow, anxious to avoid for a few moments the glare of the sun, but was suddenly interrupted by a girl's voice on the left.

"At the risk of being thought inquisitive, may I ask what you are doing in that canoe?"

With a sweep of the paddle I turned my craft and faced the speaker. She was young and pretty, and was seated in a canoe similar in size and shape to mine. A book lay upon the water-proof which covered her dress, and the look with which she greeted me seemed to convey surprise, indignation and defiance.

"I beg your pardon, I'm sure," I replied, not quite knowing what to say.

"That's very kind of you. Do you happen to know that the canoe is private property—is mine, as a matter of detail?"

I told her I had no idea of that interesting fact. "I thought it belonged to Dr. Silverthorne," I humbly protested.

"Not a bit of it," said she impatiently; "it belongs to me. Papa gave both these canoes to me early in the spring."

"Oh! then I have the pleasure of addressing Miss Silverthorne?"

"Yes!" said she, "you have that pleasure."

"Allow me, then, to introduce myself—my name is Stow, Godfrey Stow."

She burst out laughing. "I see it all now; you are the new boy. I didn't expect you till next week."

"Hang it!" I thought; "new boy, indeed! This pert little miss must be taken down a bit." I hated to be called a boy, perhaps because I bore such unmistakable evidence of being one. I had in those days a horrid habit of blushing, and I was conscious of feeling red from my hair down to my collar.

She laughed again, not in a feeble, insane giggle, which so often accompanies girls in their teens, but a clear ringing, enjoyable laugh, which seemed to be set to most melodious music. When Constance Silverthorne laughed, her dark brown eyes glittered, her cheeks broke into dimples. She was a most enjoyable sight.

"I can't help laughing," she cried, taking two strokes with her paddle, which brought her within a yard of me, "you blush so delightfully."

However attractive her presence might be Miss Silverthorne's conversation did not add to my composure. I blurdered on:

"I am happy to be able to amuse you," I returned pettishly. "Do you never indulge in a blush?"

"No, it doesn't suit my complexion. Beside, I never say or do anything which should cause me to blush." And she dipped her paddle in the water and glided out into mid-stream.

"I am going home," cried she, looking back at me over her shoulder; "*qui m'aime, me suive.*"

"I'd rather accompany than follow you," I replied, coming up alongside.

"And you have not known me long enough to—er—to do the other thing?"

"Not quite; but you may live in hope, Miss Silverthorne.

"That is better," quoth she; "you are capable of improvement, I see. There, don't blush; *allons.*"

The stream carried us swiftly down to the boat-house in the rectory garden. I disembarked first, and stooped in order to steady her canoe as she rose. She sprang on to the wooden step, and with her finger tips lightly touched my cheek. "Good boy," she said demurely, and without another word fled toward the house.

I hardly know whether I was more surprised at the caress than at her sudden disappearance. I lighted a pipe, in my doubt, and lay down on the bank and thought about her. Truly she was a most unusual young lady. Not that my knowledge of womankind was extensive or deep, but with the confidence born of my twenty years of life I flattered myself I knew a thing or two, and woman was one of the things, of course.

"Her presence certainly adds a flavor to the place," I thought to myself; "she will help me to spend my leisure pleasantly enough, I have no doubt." And then the dinner bell sounded, and I strolled off to dress.

When I descended, the Rector was standing with his back to the fireplace, chatting to Stuart Smart. I was introduced to that gentleman, and agreed with him that the weather was all that could be desired. Then the Doctor was of opinion that if rain did not fall within the next six weeks a drouth might possibly ensue; and so in the interchange of other original and appropriate remarks, in the unimpeachability of which we were generally agreed, five minutes slipped by.

"Ha! at last," said the Rector, as Miss Silverthorne glided into the room. "Constance, let me introduce Mr. Stow, my new pupil."

She bowed rather frigidly, I thought, and busied herself with some roses at a side table.

"Will you take my daughter into dinner, Mr. Stow?" asked the Rector presently. I bowed, approached her and offered my arm—rather awkwardly, I must admit. She placed the tips of her fingers on my elbow, and walked into the adjoining apartment.

She sat on my left at table, and I had an occasional opportunity of observing the beauty of her figure and the easy grace of her movements. She wore a dress of some light material, which fitted her perfectly. Her bosom and arms were covered with black diaphanous muslin, which showed up, rather than concealed, the dazzling whiteness of the skin. Her hair was light, with an inclination towards auburn, and had here and there a golden glint; her eyes were very dark and produced a decided effect on me when, dashing out from under yellow eyebrows, they met mine. On this occasion Miss Silverthorne was chary of her glances and though I was lost in admiration she gave me no encouragement.

When the claret was put upon the table, she rose without speaking and left the room. The Doctor was chatty, and compared notes with Smart as to the difference between Oxford of to-day and Oxford of years ago. I was not interested in their discourse; I longed to be away, to talk with Constance, whom I could see playing at fancy work on the lawn, for although the restrictions of society closed her christian name to my lips, in my thoughts she was Constance already.

I took the first opportunity of escaping from the dining-room, but as I found my way to the lawn, she escaped into the house through the French window.

"Vitas hinnuleo me similis, Chloe," I quoted in my despair. Could she be angry with me? Had I offended her?

I paced up and down, smoking a cigarette. Presently the Rector and Smart came out into the soft summer air, still discussing the virtues of a proposed University Reform bill. I threw away the tobacco and approached the window through which she had disappeared. It led into the drawing-room, and Constance was sitting in the far corner running her hands idly over the keys of the piano.

"Can't you be tempted into the garden, Miss Silverthorne?" I asked in my most insinuating tone.

"Oh, yes!" said she listlessly; "when the tempter asks me, I'll go."

This was encouraging, so I entered the room and faced her. "Very well, here he is."

She laughed lightly. "Dear, dear! How the boy flatters himself."

This was hardly encouraging; still I would not be rebuffed.

"Your father and Mr. Smart are engaged in a most interesting conversation; come out and listen to it."

"Thanks; I leave inquisitiveness to the men."

"You needn't trouble to do that," I answered glibly; "they have plenty of their own."

She played a bar of music.

"You don't understand me, Mr. Stowe; I'm not at all curious."

"Then I certainly don't understand you; for to my lights you are the most curious little lady in the world."

She smiled, rose from the music stool, and took my arm. The contact thrilled me strangely; she gave me one serious look with her eloquent brown eyes and led me out half dazed into the happy twilight.

II.

About half-past ten on the same night I entered the apartment known as "the study," which looked out on trees and faced the river. This room the pupils were allowed to regard as their own. They might read, write, or smoke in it, and these privileges were indulged in according to the taste or laziness of each. On the night I refer to I found Stuart Smart stretched at full length on the couch by the open window, a cigarette between his lips, and a silver mug containing claret within reach of his hand.

"Have a weed?" he asked lazily as I entered.

I lighted the proffered cigar and looked dreamily out of the window. I didn't wish to talk. My heart was full, and my brain occupied with thoughts which were continually grouping themselves into possible realities round and about *her.*

"Rather nice girl, Miss Silverthorne," said Smart, after a pause.

"Ye—es."

"Isn't quite my style, but doosid nice all the same. You seemed rather fetched."

"Ye—es; oh yes. I beg your pardon, I'm sure. I mean that Miss Silverthorne seems a very charming girl."

"Uhm! yes; in fits and starts. She's sometimes a most provoking little minx. Try some of this cup. I brewed it myself."

I felt like committing an assault on Stuart Smart, but he was lying supine, and the odds were too many in favor of myself. I quenched my rising wrath in a draught of claret.

"Very picturesque and idylic you both looked to-night. The old boy though, didn't think it half so pleasing a sight as I did. Ah! ah! It will be fun to watch that other fellow!"

"What other fellow, Mr. Smart?" I asked, trying not to appear anxious.

"The other fellow—I can't pronounce his name. He calls himself a Magyar, whatever that may be. Of course, he's doosid clever, and all that sort of thing, don't you know, but beastly objectionable; and he is undoubtedly sweet on Constance."

"Confound the fellow!" I thought to myself, "how dared he take her name in vain!" I felt that delicious right belonged to me alone, already.

"He is some distant relative, I believe. Not that he is very far off, don't you know; he will be here to-morrow, and then I fancy there will be fun."

"Oh! indeed! Is he particularly humerous, or witty, or what?"

"Oh, Lor,' no," answered Smart with a chuckle; "only you and he will most likely come to loggerheads."

And we did. I bade a hasty good night to Smart, and eagerly sought the solitude of my bedroom, but not to sleep. I was not insufferably romantic in those days, nor was my imagination unnaturally developed for my twenty years. I had a fancy for mooning, however, a habit which has grown upon me since; and gazing out on a heavenly July night, with her sweet voice ringing in my ears, and with the gentle pressure of her fingers fresh upon my hand, I felt happy, but anxious.

Sleep did not visit me until daybreak, and nine o'clock had sounded before I splashed out of my tub and had finished my ten minutes dumb-bell exercise. Through the window I could see Stuart Smart bowling at a single stump in the paddock, and a small boy endeavoring to stop the cricket-ball as it bounded by the wicket. The sun was shining mildly but gave every indication of treating us to a scorching day. I descended to the garden, and was presently conscious of a female figure flitting among the standard rose-trees. With my hands in my pockets I sauntered toward her and asked her for a flower.

"Most emphatically no," said she with a little start. "Why should I?"

How fresh and sweet she looked in her morning dress! Still, I was put out by her answer.

"Why shouldn't you?"

She shrugged her shoulders ever so slightly. "A man shouldn't ask; he ought to take."

"Then I'll take a liberty and a rose as well," and I chose a flower from the basket which hung on her arm. I stuck it in my button hole. She said nothing but turned aside.

"Now a pin, and my bliss is complete," said I, arranging the stalk so that the rose should not escape. With a swift movement she was at my side pinning the flower into my shooting jacket. Her linen collar hung awry. She had robbed herself to satisfy my whim.

"No matter," said she, guessing my thoughts; "the brooch will fasten it."

She raised her hands to her throat but failed to secure the obstinate linen. "My turn now," I said firmly but quietly, and clasping her hands in mine, I succeeded in fastening the ends of the collar. I held her so for a few seconds, gazing wistfully down into her big brown eyes. A most tempting, delicious, ever-to-be-remembered moment—but the breakfast bell interrupted us; she broke away and ran into the house.

The first object which met me in the dining-room was a stranger. He was actively engaged upon a cold pie, and scarcely ventured upon a slight nod of his head as I entered the apartment. With a nonchalant air I walked to the window and looked out, wondering why the family didn't make its appearance. The stranger went on with his meal. With my hands in my pockets I regarded him from the window with some attention. He seemed a tall, well-built fellow, with muscular hands and a countenance swarthy and somewhat unfathomable. The eyes were dark, the hair was crisp and curly, the nose somewhat thick, and the lips, shaded by a black mustache, were evidently full and sensuous. Instinctively I felt that I disliked this stranger, and my budding aversion did not add to the ease of my manner. When a lad of twenty feels himself awkward, he assumes an air of easy indifference; my hands plunged deeper into my pockets, and a faint apology for a whistle escaped me.

"You are not hungry, sir? You have made your breakfast—yes?"

Thus did the stranger break the monotonous silence. He spoke with a foreign accent, laying more than ordinary stress upon the consonants. His tone did not betray any intense interest regarding the state of my appetite; his observation or question seemed rather to proceed from a person who had glutted his animal cravings and was indulging in subsequent and casual commonplaces.

"No," I replied haughtily, "I have not yet breakfasted; I am waiting for the Doctor and Miss Silverthorne."

"Ach! Then sit down at once and feed," replied the stranger as he rose. "The Doctor and his daughter make their breakfast up stairs. I shall see you in the library afterward, isn't it?"

"I—er—er—I suppose so," I answered vaguely, and immediately fell to. A second or so after the stranger departed Stuart Smart came in.

"Mornin', Stow," was his epigrammatic salutation. "So you've met the other fellow, eh?"

"I suppose so," I replied grumpily. "If you mean the fellow who looks like a nigger and talks like a Frenchman, I have."

"Ah! He isn't so bad as he looks, and as to his looks, there are women who think him doosid handsome. He isn't my style, don't you know; he is to doosid clever and all that sort of thing." And Mr. Stuart Smart leisurely cracked a second egg, and proceeded to discuss its liquid contents.

"What's his name?" I asked rather indifferently. "I suppose he is here to learn English."

"Not he," returned Smart. "He knows more English than most fellows I know. He's not reading here, he's a sort of tutor."

"Tutor!" I cried in astonishment and despair.

"Rather!" replied my friend laconically; "and he has come up from town on purpose for you. *I'm* reading classics with the Governor, don't you know."

The information was correct. This other fellow with his swarthy skin, his thirty years of age, his stress on the consonants, and his admiration for Constance, was to be my tutor for the next six weeks. With him—the man I was sure I loathed—I was to read German and lower mathematics; from him, the probable adorer of Constance, I was to imbibe the art of *precis* writing and correctness in French composition; from him, the accomplished and erudite, I was to win my peerless love, on him rested my sole chance of satisfying the Commissioners of Her Majesty's Civil Service.

With such convictions, which were scarcely mollified even by a favorite cigarette, I entered the library and discovered the other fellow in conversation with Dr. Silverthorne.

"Stow," said the divine, "let me present you to Count Teleki-Glieska, who is good enough to assist me with my pupils, and whom you will find much better informed than I am in the studies necessary for your examination."

The other fellow bowed, I inclined my head, and after a few words the Doctor left us together.

"Now, Mr. Stow, let us see in what I can be of service to you." He spoke cordially and sympathetically, and I began to melt from my reserve at once. "You wish to pass your exam., and it will do me much honor if I can help you to succeed, isn't it?"

I thought it possibly might, and sat down, not half so sulkily as my feeling not five minutes before gave me ground for anticipating.

To give the other fellow his due, there could be no doubt as to his energy and intelligence as a tutor. In half an hour he seemed to have gauged my capacities and fathomed the shallowness of my knowledge. He made no demonstration either of surprise or of delight; he treated me with easy courtesy, and in his deep-set voice pointed out the way and the methods by which I should attain my goal. I was consistently grateful, but I could not shake off the conviction that he was my Doctor Fell, and I suspected him accordingly.

"You like Glieska?" asked Constance after luncheon.

"I don't know," I returned evasively; "but what is more to my purpose, do you?"

"Do I? Of course I do."

"Exactly, that is—er—er—I—of course."

"There, you are blushing again."

"I don't care if I do. I—I—"

"Mr. Stow!"

"I beg your pardon, Miss Silverthorne. I ask your pardon for blushing. It was thoughtless of me to suggest that you had given me cause for so doing."

"Oh, nonsense! and don't try to be satirical; it's not your *forte.* Are you going on the river this afternoon?"

"I have half promised Smart to practice cricket. Does—does that other fellow play?"

"No. Who ever heard of an Hungarian playing cricket? Well, good-bye, I'me going out in my canoe."

A month rapidly passed, and then she avoided me. She shunned her canoe, and in order to keep me at a more appropriate distance, attached to her side a couple of girls—senseless, soulless beings I thought them—the daughters of the local doctor. Constance allowed these young persons to adore her, and they by their continual presence threw such obstacles in the way of my adoration that her victory was, if possible, more complete. She grew paler, too, and the only exercise she allowed herself was an afternoon airing on the river, when the soulless ones would punt her mildly up stream and then drift back. I accompanied her once on one of these lazy outings, and enjoyed it after a disconsolate fashion. She read a book, I remember, all the time, and I employed myself in watching the action of her dark lashes against her white skin, and the varying expression which broke from the corners of her mouth. I was hardly less egotistical than most boys of my age, but I began to realize what a worthless person I was in comparison with her bewitching and semi-divine self. Constance—why—Constance was worthy of the greatest and noblest man in the land, while—I? And in the meantime Godfrey Stow, *ætat* twenty, was morally convinced, however much he reveiled in doubt, that Constance Silverthorne and he were spiritually one, as he was determined they should presently be morally and practically.

Some Frenchman has remarked that a man of sense may love like a madman, but never like a fool; and if this moral reflection be just, it is evident enough that after the fashion of a fool I must have worshipped my divinity. I never saw a maniac making love, and now-a-days I don't believe a man of sense ever loves at all.

Yes I loved her; possibly like a fool, at all events like a boy. I have seen and known many women since whose beauty was indescribable whose fascination was enthralling, whose wit was inspiring. I have been enticed through the fancy. I have been flattered through the intellect; but never have I thought so unselfishly or lived so free from worldly cravings as during those summer days at Greybridge with Constance as the goal of my ambition and my life.

One happy consolation was afforded me. After the soulless ones had received their dismissal, when the house was still, the Doctor dreaming of his work on the digamma, Smart of his next cricket match, and the other fellow of his oppressed Magyars, I used to leap out of the study window and watch the flickering light which shown through the curtains of her bed-chamber. Frequently she would lean out on the sill and watch the stars for half an hour at a time. I took care to let her be aware of my presence, and then she would bid me a soft "good night" and retire to rest. One evening—how well I remember it!—the light was flickering as usual, but no divinity was forthcoming. I waited for an hour at least, and then her light was put out.

Oh! the anguish of that sudden eclipse. She could not have known that I was there, leaning anxiously expectant, under the copper beech. I rushed to the study, snatch a pile of newspapers, and set light to blameless sheets a dozen yards distant from the window. The flames rose and lit up the solemn grandeur of the trees; still no movement in the room. I threw patriarchal *Times* on blazing *Telegraph*, heaped blushing *Globe* upon incandescent *World*, with such effect that never have these irreproachable journals thrown so much light on a "situation" since. Yet there was no responsive glimmer from Constance's chamber. Presently the flames died out. The fiery columns of even "world-wide circulations" are less than ephemeral and in a minute and a half they were dust. Then a voice reached me from *her* windows.

"Sh-sh! how *could* you? Do go to bed."

And I did.

The next day she avoided me. I had a notion she would, but felt piqued nevertheless. At night I mastered my desire, and did *not* watch beneath her window; of course I passed a sleepless night. In the morning I met her among the standard roses. She gave me a budding flower.

"This, without asking," she said.

I knew I ought to say something, if only to declare my passion, but I couldn't. I blushed pinker than the rose itself.

"You are a very silly boy," she said, oh! so demurely; "and why on earth do you wander about the garden at night?"

"I didn't wander last night," I returned with an effort at indifference.

"No," said she fixing the rose in my coat quite as a matter of course, as it seemed. "No, you didn't wander *last* night. And, pray, why didn't you?"

III.

One evening after dinner she went into the drawing-room, contrary to her usual custom, and seated herself before the piano. The other fellow was there reading his favorite Rochefoucauld, but rose as she entered and placed some music on the instrument. Then as a matter of course, he began to sing. To do him justice, the wretch had a magnificent voice, and the two presently started the duet, "La ci darem." Somehow I felt *de trop*, and retired to a dark corner and watched them. The melody was anything but music in my ears, and a dull aching pain crept into my heart. Jealousy is nourished by doubt, and I was determined to put an end to both as soon as possible. In the meantime their singing was unbearable; I rose and abruptly left the room, threw myself upon the lawn, and smoked.

Perhaps ten minutes pased, and then she, unconscious of my supine presence, stepped out upon the grass alone. She was singing lightly to herself the *refrain* of her favorite song:

"Sometimes forward, sometimes coy,
Yet she never fails to please."

"Oh here you are, *beau sire.* So you don't like my singing?"

"Yes, I do, Constance; I like it more than words can express when you sing to *me*;" and I sprang to her side, all on fire with the sweet intonation of her voice.

"And may I not sing for any one else?"

"Constance, dear, this doubt is killing me. You know I love you, do you not?"

"Yes," she returned softly, "I suppose so. I always expected you would."

"You darling!" Doubt forever vanished, and I pressed her to my heart.

"No, no, *no*, Godfrey! *Indeed*, no." But I held her close, and would listen to no maidenly protest now that she was mine.

"I shall speak to the doctor to-night," I said emphatically; "to-night, Constance."

"Gracious! what are you thinking about?" she cried in alarm. "Papa would immediately pack me off to Yorkshire. Oh! I am sure he would. He did it only last spring."

"Last spring?"

"Yes; you don't suppose that you are the *first* man who has—has fallen in love with me?"

Of course! how could I expect anything so ridiculously unlikely? I felt a pang, nevertheless.

"No, Godfrey, you must be calm and undemonstrative. Leave it all to me. And you really want me to—to be your wife?"

"Darling, my only ambition is to devote myself to you."

"That's very pretty said. No, Godfrey, not again. Tiresome boy, well—*There!*"

The next few days fled away like a dream. Occasionally I saw the other fellow addressing her, and then I forgave him and began to find some good points about him which hitherto I had failed to appreciate. After all he couldn't help loving her! At the same time I was convinced that the one duty I owned myself and Constance was a speedy wedding. My mother would love her at first sight, and my good natured guardian was I knew, an advocate for early marriages. I should be of age in a few months, and my means would be sufficient to provide for our modest wants. Again I urged Constance to let me ask the Doctor for her hand.

"And lose me forever, Godfrey?" she would ask with tears in her eyes.

Her answer was of course conclusive. There was nothing to be done but an elopement. I did not like the idea, but anything was preferable to the loss of my Constance. So she and I began to plot, and without any intense trouble we arranged our plan.

The last up-train left Greybridge Station at 9:30, we should reach London about 10:15, and I should immediately take her to the house of my old nurse, who was now married and lived in Camberwell. The good old creature was true as steel, and I could trust her. In Camberwell, therefore, Constance should remain until the wedding took place, the next day if possible, and then we would together ask forgiveness from Papa Silverthorne.

At nine o'clock on the appointed night—it was a Friday, I remember—Constance left the rectory alone. I remained behind, according to our plan, to see that no inquisitive eyes had watched her departure. Everything was quiet. The Doctor was up stairs in his sanctum, the servants were going to bed, Smart was asleep in the study, and the other fellow was reading unconcernedly by the window.

"What a terrible sell for Glieska!" I chuckled to myself, and then I scudded across the fields and reached the station just in time, Constance was waiting for me, and I rushed to the office to take the tickets.

"I have got the tickets Godfrey," said she; "I thought you might be late, and I saved the time you see."

We walked on to the platform. As the train entered the station