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, DECEMBER 5, 1878. NUMBER 27.

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:

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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.

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

CHAS. M. HALL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW AND JUSTICE OF PEACE
TOWANDA, PA.
FIRE INSURANCE IN RELIABLE COMPANIES.
Office over Dayton's harness store. Nov. 21, '78.

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

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 1st Saturday of each month, over Turner & Gordon's Drug Store, Towanda, Pa.
Towanda, June 20, 1878.

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

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

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. [jan31'78.

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

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

MASON & HEAD,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.
Towanda, Pa. Office over Bartlett & Tracy, Main-st.
G. E. MASON. [jy27] ARTHUR HEAD.

E. L. HILLIS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA. [nov11-75.

E. F. GOFF,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Main Street (4 doors north of Ward House), Towanda, Pa. [April 12, 1877.

W. H. THOMPSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, WYALUSING, PA. Will attend to all business entrusted to his care in Bradford, Sullivan and Wyoming Counties. Office with Esq. Porter. [nov19-74.

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

JOHN W. MIX,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW AND U. S. COMMISSIONER,
TOWANDA, PA.
Office—North Side Public Square. Jan. 1, 1875.

DAVIES & CARNOCHAN,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
SOUTH SIDE OF WARD HOUSE.
Dec 24-75. TOWANDA, PA.

DR. S. M. WOODBURN, Physician and Surgeon. Office over O. A. Black's Crockery store.
Towanda, May 1, 1877 19*.

MADILL & CALIFF,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Office in Wood's Block, first door south of the First National bank, up-stairs.
J. 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. [1y77] S. R. PAYNE.

JAMES WOOD,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
mch3-76 TOWANDA, PA.

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

OVERTON & MERCUR,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, P.
Office over Montanyes Store. [may675.
DA. 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.]

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.

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 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.

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 25 to 52 in size.
☞An inspection of our stock will convince the most fastidious.
J. DOUTRICH,
Main Street, Towanda, Pa.
Dated Oct. 24, 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-d 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.

MEAT MARKET.
MULLOCK & RUNDELL
Beg leave to thank the people of TOWANDA, for their very generous patronage extended to them heretofore, and respectfully solicit a continuance of the same. We shall at all times keep a full supply of
FRESH AND SALT MEATS,
FISH AND OYSTERS IN THE SEASON.
We also keep a good assortment of
GARDEN VEGETABLES, FRUIT, &c.
☞All goods delivered free of charge.
MULLOCK & RUNDELL.
Towanda, Pa., Sept. 18, 1878. 16tf

Prospectuses.

THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.
COMBINED PAPERS—FORTY-NINTH YEAR!
A Premium Annual to Every Reader.
☞*All New Subscribers for* 1879, *paying in advance* NOW, WILL RECEIVE THE PAPER WEEKLY, *from receipt of remittance to January,* 1st, 1879, WITHOUT CHARGE.
THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN is published Weekly on the following terms, when paid strictly in advance: One copy, one year, $2 50; Four copies, $10, and an additional copy for the year free to the sender of the Club; Ten copies, $20, and additional copy for the year free to the sender of the Club.
For the year 1879, these prices include a copy of the Annual Register of Rural Affairs, a book of 144 pages and about 120 engravings—a gift by the Publisher.
The Country Gentleman possesses an unequaled Corps of Correspondents, regular and occasional, among the best Farmers of all parts of the Country, and constantly reflects the practical condition and progress of the husbandry of every section of the United States and civilized world.
The Country Gentleman gives in its Horticultural Department a continuous variety of information and suggestions, equal or superior in the aggregate to what is obtained in the monthly numbers of most magazines devoted to Horticulture.
The Country Gentleman has probably done as much as all other Journals combined, to introduced and disseminate Improved Stock of every kind through the country; and commands, to a greater degree than any contemporary, the confidence and support of breeders and purchasers.
The Country Gentleman contains unusually full and trustworthy Market Reports, and devotes special attention to them and to the Prospects of the Crops, as throwing light upon one of the most important of all questions—*When to Buy and When to Sell.*
The Country Gentleman embraces numerous minor departments of a practical character, such as the Dairy, the Poultry Yard, the Apiary, and so on, and weekly presents a column or two for the Housewife and an interesting variety of Fireside Reading. It contains a well edited Review of Current Events, and its advertising pages furnishing a directory of all the principal agricultural and horticultural establishments of the country.
☞Specimen Copies of the Paper Free. Address
LUTHER TUCKER & SON, Publishers, ALBANY, N. Y. Snow3t

ST. NICHOLAS,
SCRIBNER'S ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.
For Girls and Boys.
An Ideal Children's Magazine.
Messrs Scribner & Co., in 1873, began the publication of St. Nicholas, an Illustrated Magazine for Girls and Boys, with Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge as editor. Five years have passed since the first number became issued, and the magazine has won the highest position. It has a monthly circulation of
OVER 50,000 COPIES.
It is published simultaneously in London and New York, and the transatlantic recognition is almost as general and hearty as the American. Although the progress of the magazine has been a steady advance, it has not reached its editor's ideas of perfection, because her ideal continually outruns it, and the magazine swiftly follows after. To-day St Nicholas stands
ALONE IN THE WORLD OF BOOKS:
The New York *Tribune* has said of it: "St. Nicholas has reached a higher platform, and commands for its service wider resources in art and letters than any of its predecessors or contemporaries. The London *Literary World* says: "There is no magazine for the *young that can be said to equal this choice production* of scribner's press."
GOOD THINGS FOR 1878-9.
The arrangements for literary and art contributions *for the new volumes—the sixth—are complete, drawing* from already favorite sources, as well as from promising new ones. Mr. Frank R. Stockton's new serial story for boys,
"A JOLLY FELLOWSHIP,"
Will run through the twelve monthly parts,—beginning with the number for November, 1878, the first to the volume,—and will be illustrated by James H. Kelley. The story is one of travel and adventure in *Florida and the Bahamas.* For the girls, a continued tale,
"HALF A DOZEN HOUSEKEEPERS."
By Katharine D Smith, with illustrations by Frederick *Dielman,* begins in the same number; and a fresh serial by Susan Coolidge, entitled "Eyebright," with plenty of pictures, will be commenced early in the volume. There will also be a continued fairy-tale called,
"RUMPTY DUDGET'S TOWER."
Written by Julian Hawthorne, and illustrated by Alfred Fredericks. About the other familiar features of St. Nicholas, the editor preserves a good-humored silence, content, perhaps, to let her five volumes already issued, prophesy concerning the sixth in respect to short stories, pictures, poems, humor, instructive sketches, and the lure and love of "Jack-in-the-Pulpit," the "Very Little Folks" department, and the "Letter-box," and "Riddle-box."
Terms, $3 00 a year; 25 cents a Number.
Subscriptions received by the Publisher of this Paper, and by all Booksellers and Postmasters. Persons wishing to subscribe direct to the publishers should write name, Post-office, County and state, in full, and send with remittance in check, P. O money order, or registered letter to
SCRIBNER & CO., 743 Broadway, New York.
20nov

FOR 1878.
THE PRESS.
"THE BEST PAPER."
The Proprietors of THE PRESS announce that they have strengthened its force in every department in order to meet the demands of business, politics and the general interests of the coming year, adding largely to its editorial corps and staff of correspondents, and extending the range and efficiency of its business search bureau. As they have done in the past they will steadily continue to do, and they promise for 1878 the same regular progress which has marked the work of 1877. Resting on the solid basis of substantial return they are in position to *systematically add* to and strengthen in every direction the various departments which go to make up a great Daily Paper, and shall do so.
FIRST IN THE FIELD.
EARLY MORNING EDITION.
EARLY MORNING EDITION.
EARLY MORNING EDITION.
EARLY MORNING EDITION.
EARLY MORNING EDITION.
EARLY MORNING EDITION.
We have successfully achieved the issuing of an Early Morning Edition, which leaves the city in advance of any other Philadelphia and all the New York Morning Dailies, and gives THE PRESS command of Pennsylvania and the entire South. The exclusive control for several hours (sometimes a whole day) of this wide range of territory is an achievement which the advertisers of Philadelphia and the general community have been prompt to recognize, and make use of in their own interests. This edition leaves Philadelphia before any New York paper can possibly get here, and the commanding position attained by THE PRESS through this strategic move in the field of journalism is thus secured to it permanently.
LEADING
REPUBLICAN JOURNAL
OF PENNSYLVANIA.
Now, as in the past, THE PRESS stands in the front of the Republican *column. Independent in* conduct, but Republican in faith, it represents the whole party, and is the organ or instrument of no one faction, section or element in it. It contends to-day for honest money and good administration, and will ever defend the right, as in the future, new issues of party are developed with the historical and political development of the country.
Daily Press.....$8.75 per year, postage included.
Tri-Weekly.....$4.40 per year, postage included.
Weekly.....$2.00 per year, postage included.
THE PRESS COMPANY (Limited).
SEVENTH & CHESTNUT St's,
PHILADELPHIA.

THEY ALL WANT IT,
Because it is a family newspaper of pure, sound reading for old and young and it contains a reliable and comprehensive summary of all the important News.
THE
New York Observer
THE BEST FAMILY NEWSPAPER,
Publishes both the religious and secular news that is deemed to any family, while all that is likely to do harm is shut out. It devotes four pages to religious news, and four to secular.
The New York Observer was first published in 1823 and is believed to be the only instance of a Religious Newspaper continuing its even course for fifty-six years, without a change of name, doctrine intent, purpose, or pledge from the date of its birth
THE 55th VOLUME
will contain all the important news that can interest or instruct; so that anyone who reads it will be thoroughly posted.
We do not run a benevolent institution, and we do not ask for the support of charity. We propose to make the best Newspaper that is published, and we propose to sell it as cheaply as it can be afforded. Let those who want pure, sound, sensible, truthful reading, subscribe for it, and let them induce others to do the same. We are now publishing in the Observer the story of
JOAN THE MAID,
by Mrs. Charles, author of "Chronicles of the Schonberg-Cotta Family."
We send no Premiums. We will send you the
NEW YORK OBSERVER
one year, post-paid, for $3 15 *Any one sending with* his own subscription the name of NEW subscribers, shall have commission allowed in proportion to the number sent. For particulars see terms in the Observer.
Sample copies free. Address,
NEW YORK OBSERVER,
37 Park Row, New York. 18nov4w

Poetry.

ALL ROUND THE YEAR.

BY ELAINE GOODALE, THE BERKSHIRE POET, AT THIRTEEN YEARS OLD.

All round the year the sun shines bright,
The pale moon sheds her softer light;
The day a brilliant beauty shows,
The night in drowsy stillness goes;
The massive links of mountain chains,
The dimpled swells of fertile plains,
The boughs of trees, the roots of flowers,
At least are always here,
And Nature keeps her sacred powers
All round the year.

All round the year the brave hearts beat,
The ruddy limbs are strong and fleet;
With youth and health the tokens lie
Of glowing cheek and flashing eye;
No chilling influence need we know
In Summer's shine or Winter's snow;
Warm hands to clasp, warm lips to press,
Warm friends forever dear;
Warm life and love and happiness
All round the year.

All round the year the trusting soul
May find the word of promise whole;
The eye of Faith once firmly stayed
No doubt can move, no sorrow shade;
The flight of time, unknown above,
Breaks not our Father's boundless love;
Unbroken be the tranquil light
That folds our lesser sphere—
As ever pure, and calm, and bright,
All round the year.

Then mourn not, friend, the cutting air,
The fields so white, the trees so bare;
Let no false grief employ your tongue,
Nor wish the year forever young;
The flower must fade, the leaf must fall;
But one great power is over all:
If, thro' the ceaseless round of change,
One changeless Will appear,
Unmoved, undaunted may we range
All round the year.

—*Sunday Afternoon.*

NIGHT.

Night came down o'er all the earth,
And took the tired day,
And clasped her tightly in her arms,
And bore her far away.
The moon like some vast light-house seemed,
Far up in the Milky Way;
The glistening stars, like tiny barks,
At anchor round her lay.

And like a single silver thread
That twines in some dark curl,
The river wound through trees and brakes,
A gleaming band of pearl.
I heard the *soft, low dip of oars,*
Like a weary slow heart-throb;
And the wavelets lapped the bow of the boat
A low half-broken sob.

And on that night, so long ago,
A vision wondrous sweet
Came to me in its fullest joy,
So perfect and complete.
O golden dream! why did I wake
To find it past and gone?
The dream was like a glorious day;
The waking, cold gray dawn.

'Twere better far that I had died
Believing it were true,
'Twere better far to sleep for aye
Beneath the sky so blue,
Than live, when each long weary day
Seems longer than before;
When life is but a constant pain—
A wound unhealed and sore.

The river still flows murmuring on;
The stars are just as bright
As when the vision came to me
That restful summer night.
The same? Yes. I alone am changed,
Oh God! each weary day
I wish that I had died the night
The vision passed away.

—*Harper's Magazine.*

Miscellaneous.

THE LOST DIAMONDS.

One of the jolliest fellows on the tolerably long list of my acquaintances is Charles Filby; and though the wrong side of sixty as to age, he yet is as genial and as lively as many young men I wot of—livelier, in point of fact. I was seated with him after dinner a few evenings since, enjoying the fragrant weed in perhaps as lovely a little retreat as the eye could possibly wish to behold—namely, a Devonshire garden; and noting my friend's brows, during a lull in our pleasant chat, become suddenly clouded, I offered him the meager sum of a penny for his thoughts.

"You shall have them free gratis, for nothing, my boy," was the rejoinder. "Well, then, I was thinking of my lost diamonds, and, moreover, what a capital present the like would make for your 'Darling Flossy' on her wedding morn. Wouldn't her bright eyes sparkle, eh? * * Between you and me, Percy (and this is in strict confidence) she may, I say she may have such a present, in spite of my long-ago misfortune. I think that thing by no means impossible. But I won't say who the donor will be. O, dear, no! Not by any means!"

"You're a good fellow, Filby. Age hasn't robbed you of warmth of heart and generous feelings. But what about those lost diamonds you were thinking of? I'm all impatience to learn the details, especially as seeing our acquaintance has been of long standing, and this is the first time I've heard you ever mention the matter."

"For the best of all reasons, Percy,—a man doesent care to be laughed at for a greenhorn. The fact is, no Englishman likes to be outdone; and when he is, prefers keeping his grievance to himself rather than be laughed at for a 'flat,' or get that kind of milk-and-water sympathy which is as disgusting as it is insincere. However, I'll unbosam myself for once; and if you do elect to call me a block, I can't help it.

"You remember the time of the Crimea war? Of course you do, though. Well, at that time I held a tolerably long lease of my old shop in Barbican. And Barbican, as you know, used to be, whatever it is now, not the least important street in London town. I did not, it is true, keep much of a show in the window; but my customers knew that I had a rare and valuable stock in drawers inside, and that was enough alike for me and them.

"Well, my lad, as I have before said, it was the time of the Crimea war. It was about, as near as I can remember, eleven o'clock in the morning of a bitterly cold day in December—a Tuesday—when either the slush of the piercing, biting cold, or the leaden, ominous sky that loomed overhead and threatened a snow storm, kept people who had money by their fireside or in bed; indeed, few people of any kind were abroad, and all things outside were as gruesome and dispiriting as they well could be. I had drawn near my counting-house fire, and was looking into the glowing coals, my thoughts very far away from Barbican, E. C. My imagination wandered to the seat of war, where such terrible privation and blood-freezing cold and acute suffering—rendered all the more so by shocking mismanagement—encompassed our poor brave fellows round about; and just as a deep sigh came from my lips, my shop door opened and there entered a fine, tall, handsome looking gentleman, who, by his dress and bearing, was evidently a clergyman. At least I thought so at the time, as would anybody else for that matter. His attire was of the best material and make, and scrupulously neat; and his neckband was as white as driven snow. Moreover, gold-rimmed spectacles and heavy seals depending from his watch-fob gave him not only a highly respectable appearance, but stamped him as wealthy withal. That's to say, I thought so.

"Well, up he marched to my counter with tolerably long strides, removed his hat (of the first quality), and placed it on my counter (his well arranged and silver hair became him immensely), and gave a good morning, and a smile which was incalculably pleasant and good to see. This man is a christian; goodness and gentleness beam on every feature, I put on my very best manner, and politely asked him his pleasure.

"'I have been recommended to you, sir,' mentioning a firm with which I had dealt largely in the way of bar silver. 'I am given to understand that you have a varied and very valuable selection of ladies' diamond ornaments,' he continued.

"I assured him that such was really the case.

"'Well,' he proceeded, 'I am somewhat anxious, sir, to see and examine some of your possessions. The fact is, my daughter—my only daughter, sir—a pure, sweet-tempered child, is on the eve of marriage, and I, naturally, you will say, am desirous of giving her a substantial wedding present. Very good. Mind! I want nothing gaudy, nor—pardon me, Mr. Filby—nor do I desire any artfully contrived specimen of the jeweller's art of deception. I want something solid and substantial—articles that look what they literally are; and I do not mind how high I go as to price.'

"All this was fair and square and above board. Undoubtedly my prospective customer, though a clergyman, was moreover an excellent man of business, and one that wouldn't brook trifling. I made up my mind to acquiesce to his every wish, and charge him as long a price as I reasonably could.

"I placed before him several trays of gems of exquisite workmanship, upon which I looked with pride. I expected, I must own, that my customer would appear surprised, to say the least, at the dazzling array. Not so, however. And that's to put it mildly; for when I uncovered my goods and looked up at him with a self satisfied look on my face, there was a look on his which bore a semblance of indifference, not to say disdain. This nettled me somewhat, but on second thoughts I told myself that it was possible that he personally did not care for the pomps and vanities of this world, though anxious to procure such commodities for his daughter.

"After careful examination he selected a pair of diamond ear-rings (£80), a diamond bracelet (£250), a butterfly brooch—one mass of glitter and dazzle, and a half-hoop diamond ring, the two £152 10s. A tolerably good morning's work, you will say. We shall see.

"Well, after I had fitted the trinkets to superior cases, and when I had packed them in as small a compass as I well could, the reverend gentleman felt in his pockets for the money wherewith to pay me. He drew forth from his breast pocket a goodly sized Russia leather case, and tenderly singling out some bank notes and a check proceeded to settle for his purchase.

"'The check is good; you will perceive—he began.

"'My dear sir!" I interrupted. The check was perfectly genuine, I was convinced, seeing that it bore the signature of the firm that had mentioned my name.

"'I knew what you would say, sir,' he said, holding up his hand, while a look of extreme shrewdness covered his face; 'you would say that you have implicit faith in me. That is wrong—utterly wrong. As a business man you should be ever careful. It behooves us all to be so at times.' Clearly, you know me not; and deception abounds. For instance, I may not be a clergyman at all. I may, in fine, be none other than a knave—a wolf in sheep's clothing.' Saying which he laughed a laugh, which somehow or other seemed to grate upon my ear.

"However he proceeded to pay me the amount due, as I have said.

"'Let me see,' he continued musingly; 'it will be in all, four—four—three—two—ten. Good. If you will kindly look over these, Mr. Filby, you will find there is three-pence short of the required sum; which I will pay you in copper coin immediately. He removed his spectacles, and pushed over to me three one hundred pound bank of England notes and the check spoken of, which was for eighty-three pounds and ninepence. Satisfied that the notes were genuine, I looked up at my wealthy customer and found him fumbling in pocket after pocket for the copper money.

"'My dear sir!' I exclaimed 'pray don't bother about the trifling pence. If you are satisfied, I am thoroughly so.'

"'Nay,' he rejoined; 'that will not do. Business is business. You are entitled to your demand—aye, and to the uttermost farthing I buy goods of you for a certain amount I must therefore pay you every iota of that certain amount or I shall not be easy in my mind.'

"A really upright man this; lucky the congregation that had so just and evenly balanced a man for their pastor. So ran my thoughts as he counted out the remaining threepence and placed them in my hand with a kind of dig, as though he were glad to get rid of them, and set his mind at ease.

"Then there ensued an awkward pause, awkward because, for the life of me, I could not think of anything to say; and as for my reverend customer, he seemed to be in a brown study. At any rate he seemed by no means in a hurry to take his purchase and begone—appeared, indeed, to wish to linger awhile, seemingly for no earthly purpose, seeing that our transaction was at an end, and that he seemed not to care to talk. Presently he again took out his pocket-book, counted over six or seven £5 notes, and became absorbed in casting up some figures; that done, he began fiddling with some leaves, turning them over and over and then back again.

"By way of turning my attention to other matters I took up the *Times*; but before scanning its pages I chanced to look toward my shop door, and saw a tall, heavily-built man peering through the glass. He was somewhat curious to look upon, I must confess; for the snow that had been threatening, was fiercely and rapidly descending outside, and this man was covered with the white feathery flakes from head to foot. On seeing my gaze steadly fixed at him, he pushed upon the door and entered with a firm tread. He had a kind of eagle eye, this man—eager, sidelong piercing; thoughtful brows too; and there was huge determination about the lower part of his face Shaking the snow from off his coat, stamping his feet upon my shop carpet (which I thought a rather cool proceeding), and unfastening the lappels of his sealskin travelling cap, he gave a deep-drawn grunt of relief, and exclaimed in a bluff, boisterous manners; 'In time after all! My bird's not flown, by all that's palpable! Congratulate thyself, thou man of gold and silver and precious stones; and, furthermore, congratulate me on my aptitude for scenting Slippery Dick!' Then, letting fall his voice, he added more seriously: 'You've had a narrow escape, sir. I've no doubt now that our reverend friend here has contrived to lessen your stock of goods pretty considerably—has been a pretended (mark that!) purchaser to a very tidy tune!'

"'If you mean, sir, whoever you may be, that this gentleman has paid a good deal of money to me,' I returned, somewhat indignantly, 'you are right in your conjecture. But may I ask, pray, who are you, that you enter my shop in this manner and insult myself and customer by asking such—well, such impertinent questions? * * * Who are you?' I again asked, feeling that I should be compelled to call my shopman to turn him neck and crop into the street.

"'You'll very soon know who I am,' he returned coolly. "Suffice it at present that I am fully justified in what I ask and do * * * Bear—kindly bear with me a little. I have a stern duty to perform. The man is not what he pretends to be. He is a blackleg, a canting humbug, a swindler; in a word, as dangerous and troublesome a customer as we have had to deal with?'

"I looked at my customer. His face was terrible to look upon; I could scarcely believe my eyes—the passion concentrated in his features was absolutely demoniac in its intensity; the ebullition of rage which held possession of him shook him from head to foot.

"The boisterous stranger laid his hand heavily on the clergyman's shoulder, grasped it roughly and whispered something in his ear, at which his passion left him as quickly as a flash of lightening. He became in fact, as pale as death, and finally culminated in trembling violently, while his face assumed a kind of brick-dust hue.

"I did not put this down to guilt; no, I laid it rather to the just indignation that would be naturally felt by a high-souled minister of the gospel accused of such enormities.

"The rough-and-ready intruder regarded the reverend gentleman with unfeigned admiration—at least so it appeared to me. He folded his arms across his broad chest, and stood regarding him for a few moments. Then he looked at me and winked knowingly.

"'Our Christian friend is clever, oho! He is doing the work of a certain evil personage who shall be nameless, very admirably, sha!' he ejaculated, reverting again to his boisterous manner. 'But we old birds are not to be caught; we are accustomed to this kind of thing. O dear, yes, I—your very obedient servant, Mr. Filby, belong to the fancy iron trade and I do my utmost to get as much of my stock on other people's hands as I possibly can.' Saying which he unbuttoned and threw open his shaggy overcoat, and laid bare to my gaze the uniform of an inspector of police. Then, as quick as thought, he drew forth and fastened on the clergyman's wrists a pair of handcuffs!

"'This is shocking—really horrible,' I couldn't help saying.

"'No sentiment, please,' returned the inspector angrily. 'Leave me to do my work, and take care you do yours.'

"But, my good friend,' the man of the white neckcloth exclaimed in whining tones, 'you are utterly mistaken. I like—I in fine have naught but admiration for your zeal; but I am not the man you suppose me to be. * * * If you will remove these things—they hurt my wrists—I will go—'

"'No, you won't.'

"'I mean I will go into details of our transaction. * * * The notes are good, genuine, sir.'

"'Perfectly so,' I responded; 'I would stake my life on their soundness.'

"'Then, sir, permit a public servant to tell you that you will lose your life. Kindly let me look at those sound and genuine Bank of England notes."

"What could I do but hand them to him?

"'Aha! as I thought!' he then exclaimed. "Very skilful, very clever; decidedly so. Pity your pious friend here doesn't contrive to turn his thoughts in another direction; sad that he disdains to use his talents more honorably. Given such consummate cleverness, he might have surmounted almost anything by honest means. These, sir, are rascally forgeries; splendidly worked out, I'll admit, but forgeries for all that!' he declared emphatically, laying the notes on my counter and placing his elbow on them. 'Now I shouldn't wonder,' he resumed, 'if our reverend specimen of humanity here did not persuade you that he desired to make his daughter a wedding present?'

"I said that such was really the fact.

"Ah, just so? The old, old game; the old story. I wonder, Dick, (Slippery Dick is the name by which he is known among us and his companions)—I wonder, Dick, you don't alter your *modus operandi*—it's so stupidly stale you know.'

"'Dick' looked daggers; looked as though he would have very much liked to annihilate the inspector on the spot, and retorted in language not at all befitting a clergyman: 'You're very clever, ain't you now? Pah! I could 'do' fifty like you. It doesn't matter much, though. You've got me. You've trapped me nicely. What more d'ye want? Look sharp, and let us go!'

"From this kind of talk, I began to think him none other than what the inspector affirmed him to be—especially so when the man in office whipped off the silvern locks from his prisoner's head and disclosed to my wondering gaze a closely-cropped head of iron-grey hair beneath.

"'I should hope you don't want further proof?' the inspector interrogated triumphantly.

"I replied that I was satisfied. That I had been singled out for a victim I now felt certain. In short my dear boy, I was completely taken aback, and fell into the whole scheme."

"The whole scheme!" I exclaimed, "how? I scarcely understand."

"Don't interrupt. You shall hear directly; my melancholy story is fast drawing to a close. Well, I looked from one to the other with a perplexity on my face.

"What are you thinking of doing, Mr. Inspector, I asked.

"'Why, take this predatory individual—this pike among gudgeons—to the station (they'll have no mercy on him this time); and you must accompany us thither. I'll take care of these bits of paper; as in like manner I'll be the safe custodian of the artfully contrived wedding present,' Saying which, he deposited the notes, the check, and the diamonds in the breast pocket of his overcoat.

"There was no help for it; of course I must go to the station. So calling my assistant from the back room, I instructed him to get a cab and look after business during my absence. Of course I did not tell him the errand I was bound on; and as luck would have it, he appeared not to notice that anything was wrong. It would, I must confess, have been difficult for Thomas, my then shopman, to have seen the handcuffed wrists of the pious-looking gentleman; for, to his credit be it said, the trapped fox had contrived to fasten the bottom buttons of his unusually long-tailed frock-coat, and placing his hands beneath, had thus managed to keep the iron bracelets out of sight. Still, there was a decidedly awkward appearance about him, and the heavily limbed inspector certainly did not by his attitude and manner at all resemble a man bent on buying my wares or selling me his; however, Thomas seemed oblivious to what was taking place under his very nose, and hied him for a cab.

"The cab brought, the two entered first, while I remained behind for a few moments to give instructions to my shopman. Then I got inside the cab and we started for Moor Lane police station, Fore street. I hadn't been seated long before I found that the prisoner's hands were free.

"'That's all right,' the inspector said, noting my look of surprise. 'He's promised me to behave himself; and between ourselves, I don't like to iron a man if I can get him to give in quietly. Besides our designing friend, with all his cunning, knows who he's got to deal with—I am more than a match for him. Don't you fear, sir; he won't easily slip through my fingers!'

"Well, at length we arrived at the station house. I was the first to alight from the cab, and was about to enter the station. The inspector, still seated with his prisoner, called to me with evident annoyance: 'There's no light in the superintendent's room; we'll have to wait a little. However, there's no help for it. You go into the room there, the first door on the right; you'll find newspapers and records there. Amuse yourself. I'll cage my bird—put him under lock and key (safe bind, safe find, you know), and then I'll come to you. I'll be there in a few minutes. If I remain away any length of time ask for Inspector John Tricklet. Pray, do not m