TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

The BRADFORD REPORTER is published every Thursday morning by GOODRICH & HITCHCOCK, at One Dollar per annum, in advance.

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SPECIAL NOTICES inserted at TEN CENTS per line for first insertion, and FIVE CENTS per line for each subsequent insertion, but no notice inserted for less than fifty cents.

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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.

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mch9-76 TOWANDA, PA.

OVERTON & SANDERSON,

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TOWANDA, PA.
F. OVERTON, JR. JOHN F. SANDERSON.

B. M. PECK,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office over Braund & Hill's meat market.
Towanda, Jan. 15, 1879.

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.

PATRICK & FOYLE,

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

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.

E. H. ANGLE, D. D. S.

OPERATIVE AND MECHANICAL DENTIST.

Office on State Street, second floor of Dr. Pratt's Office. apr 3 79.

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O. D. KINNEY,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Office—Rooms formerly occupied by Y. M. C. A. Reading Room. [Jan.31'78.

I. McPHERSON,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Dis't Att'y Brad. Co. [feb.1'78.

JOHN W. MIX,

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

DAVIES & CARNOCHAN,

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

J. ANDREW WILT,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Office over Turner & Gordon's Drug Store, Towanda, Pa. May be consulted in German.
[April 12, '76.]

W. J. YOUNG,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Office—second door south of the First National Bank Main St., up stairs.

WILLIAMS & ANGLE,

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

WM. MAXWELL,

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

C. L. LAMB,

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WILKES-BARRE, PA
Collections promptly attended to.
July 27, '76.

OVERTON & MERCUR,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA,
Office over Montanyes Store. [may675.
D. A. OVERTON. RODNEY A. MERCUR.

MADILL & CALIFF,

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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,

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Office day last saturday of each month, over Turner & Gordon's Drug Store, Towanda, Pa.
Towanda, June 26, 1878.

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TEACHER OF PIANO MUSIC,
TERMS.—$10 per term.
(Residence Third street, 1st ward.)
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JOHANN F. BENDER.
Towanda, Pa., April 18, 1878.

W. H. JESSUP,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW,
MONTROSE, PA.

Judge Jessup having resumed the practice of the law in Northern Pennsylvania, will attend to any legal business intrusted to him in Bradford county. Persons wishing to consult him, can call on H. Streeter, Esq., Towanda, Pa., when an appointment can be made

HENRY STREETER,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Feb 27 '79

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.

The Bradford Reporter.

GOODRICH & HITCHCOCK, Publishers. REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER. **$1.00 per Annum in Advance.**

VOLUME XXXIX. TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, APRIL 10, 1879. NUMBER 45

Poetry.

FAINT HEART.

She stood before him, tall and fair,
And gracious, on that summer's day,
With June's first roses in her hair,
And on her cheek the bloom of May.
But rosy cheek, and dimpled chin,
And raven lashes drooping low,
Conceal the answer he would win:
It might be Yes; would it be No?

Ah, if 'twere No—his throbbing heart
Stood fairly still with sudden pain:
And if 'twere Yes, the world so wide
His deep content could scarce contain.
So wondrous fair! how could she stoop
To favor such a one as he?
Ah, sweet suspense that still leaves hope!
Ah, pain of sad uncertainty!

He held her hand so white and small,
And moved to press it with his lips,
But changed his mind, and let it fall,
With chillest touch of finger-tips,
And took the seat she offered him
Upon the sofa by her side.
Nor made the space between them less,
Which seemed so narrow, yet so wide.

The gazing on the perfect face,
The dimpled mouth, the serious eyes,
And drinking in with eager ears
The music of her low replies,
He let the bright hours drift away,
Nor told the secret of his heart,
But when the shadows lengthened lay,
Rose, all reluctant, to depart.

And stammered forth, with blusing cheek,
An eager, timorous request
That she, for old acquaintance' sake,
Would grant the rosebud from her breast.
She gave to him, with downcast eyes,
And watched him leave her, with a sigh.
"So good," she said, "so true, so wise:
Ah me, if he were not so shy!"

Selected Tale.

THE BABY.

She was the bonniest, sweetest, most lovable child in the world; quick and lithe and fairy-like. In many small points she differed from other children of her age; she seldom misplaced her words, and held infantine abbreviations or dissyllables in contempt. From her lips, now and then, dropped little rounded pearls of speech that made those wonder who heard; while she had a fine love of getting at the root of all matters that raised within her mingled feelings of admiration and awe.

At times they vaguely doubted whether she were not in reality ninety instead of four years old. But her clinging arms and dewy kisses, and sweet innocence assured them of her youth. They adored her, as was only natural, coming, as she did, thirteen years after they had all decided Nina was to be the last; bringing with her so much grief and trouble; for as she came the mother went, and so it happened that the wee delicate bairn was flung upon a cold world, with only four growing girls to tend her, and sympathize with her joys and woes.

Their father, always a recluse, grew daily more and more taciturn and sedentary, as month by month rolling by only made him miss more hopelessly the companionship of her who had been to him all in all. Only "the baby" could bring a smile to his lips. Only her soft fingers could by their touch coax back the old peaceful look to his face.

But that her nature was too true for spoiling, she would have been utterly ruined before her first year had ended. None of those about her dared oppose her slightest wish, so that she tyrannized over the entire household, from the ancient and cross-grained butler down to the latest stable boy, unrebuked.

But Lilias, pretty, stately Lilias, was her chief joy; gentle Lilias, with her crown of golden hair, her dark, deep eyes, her lissome, graceful figure. None of them came so close to the baby's heart as this her eldest sister; and all of tiny riplets of discontent, and still wider waves of wrath, were ever quelled by the low, sweet voice of Lilias, that rang like silver chimes.

Their name was Heriot, and they lived near a tiny village, insignificant and unknown. Three miles from them was a town rejoicing in a railway station and (what its proprietor was pleased to name) a railread hotel. This latter was usually in a state of stagnation, but one evening in midsummer two young men, apparently fagged, broken-hearted, not to say ill-tempered, took pity on it, and leaving the station just opposite, walked into its best parlor, and sank into its horsehair chairs.

"Any use in ringing the bells?" asked the elder of the two, whose name was Lord Farnie, casting a helpless glance around.

"Try," replied his companion, sulkily, who was evidently further gone in the blues than his friend.

Lord Farnie tried. A cracked bell tinkled in the distance. There was a long pause.

Outside a few geese cackled unpleasantly; inside all was as silent as the palace that held the sleeping beauty. The sun, as yet untired, poured its golden rays through the many-paned window; the door opened slowly, sleepily, and a waiter appeared.

"Waiter," said his lordship, languidly, "what can we have?" while his friend, standing at the window, gazed moodily down upon the court-yard beneath.

"Fowl, sir, cold jint, cutlets," replied the waiter, in a sing-song tone, wisping some imaginary dust off the nearest chair.

"Cutlets," said his lordship, plaintively, his eyes fixed upon a faded cobweb that hung with much dejection from the ceiling, "cutlets in a village inn. Fred, do you think cutlets would be safe?"

"Don't know, I'm sure," said Fred, disgustedly. "It would more than half depend on the state of the fire; perhaps they have no fire; on the whole I should say not."

"Then we have no resource but to fall back on the fowl or the cold jint," said his cousin, "and I don't think I like cold jint. Waiter," as though suddenly inspired, "do you believe the presiding genius in your kitchen could cook a rasher, and fry it with two fresh eggs?"

"Oh, make it four when you are about it," said Fred, impatiently; "I dare say I'm as hungry as you are."

"Very good, then, waiter, we will make it four, and as many rashers as her frying-pan will hold. You think she knows how to serve it properly?"

"I really can't say, sir," said the indignant waiter, throwing as impertinent an intonation into his voice as he dared; "we ain't in the habit of serving rashers in this house except at breakfast But if she can throw her mind into 'em at this hour, I dessay you'll get 'em."

"I like that fellow," said Lord Farnie, when the man had disappeared; "there was an insolent twinkle in his eye that I especially admired. Yet I don't think he likes me. Odd that one possessed of——"

"There, don't moralize," said Fred brusquely, "but tell me what induced you to stop at this beastly hole?"

"An inward craving—"

"Nonsense! when you are within five miles of our destination—"

"My dear fellow, don't lose your temper because you have chosen to come down here," said his cousin, cheerfully, changing his glass from his right eye to his left. "I wish myself safely out of it quite as much as you do, but I never lose my temper. Firstly, because I haven't got one to lose, and secondly, because it is bad form. I own I think Ashburnham far preferable to Linwood, but what will you? Here we are, and here we must remain, at all events for a few days."

"I hate compulsory visiting."

"So do I. But when a man has been civil to one in a hundred little ways, and then makes a point of getting one to promise to spend some time with him, it don't do to refuse. That's about it, I take it. So let us put a good face on the matter and be festive under adversity."

"You're right," said Fred, laughing; "but old Conroy don't catch me accepting any more of his little civilities in a hurry, if this is to be the price of so doing. I have a morbid horror of small towns and eccentric gentlemen. I suppose Linwood is a torn-down place, without the common necessaries of life. I shan't stay there three days."

"Perhaps it is a palace," said Lord Farnie. "At all events, we may as well go see it now, or we shall be late for dinner, and turn your eccentric gentleman into a ravening beast."

They rose and went.

* * * *

The next morning awoke calm and smiling; and, deepening into full-grown day, showed itself one of summer's brightest and gayest efforts.

On her own doorstep stood Lilias Heriot, ready equipped for a walk; she called to the baby to hurry, and presently the little one broke from the nurse's grasp and ran to her with hand outstretched. Together the big and little sister went up the avenue under the limes and out of sight.

Their walk for a short while was peaceful, and full of such intellectual conversation as can be derived from "Mother Hubbard" and "Puss in Boots." But when they entered old Tom Conroy's wood—now glowing and swelling with the pride of its rich and bursting charms—they turned aside and took a higher flight into the land of fantasy, and discussed such topics congenial to the scene as "Goldenlocks" and poor 'Red Ridinghood." Presently the baby, tiring of bloody jaws and fiery, wicked eyes, raised her head on high and became enamored of some white blossoms in the trees above her. They were sufficiently beyond reach to make them madly desirable.

"I want *them*," she said, with a healthy disregard of grammar.

"But they are so far away from us that I fear we must do without them."

"I won't," said the baby; "I want them, Lily—get them for me."

"But, darling," expostulated Lily, who would always follow out an argument with children, instead of telling them, as wiser people do, to be silent, or that "little folks should be seen and not heard,"—"but, darling, it is impossible; and remember what happened to Goldenlocks when she went wishing for what was not meant for her. See, these yellow flowers here are far prettier."

"I don't care for them, and I don't care for Goldenlocks either," pouted the baby; "those up there are better; I want those. If Jerry was here," reproachfully, "she would get them for me." Geraldine was her second sister.

"But Geraldine is so much taller than me, and even she could not reach them without climbing."

"Then climb," said the household tyrant promptly.

As, when she uttered this terrible command, the big tears stood in her azure eyes, Lilias gave in. Placing one foot upon a projecting branch she essayed to climb, and just as she did so, a young man, forcing his way through some laures shrubl hard by, came—himself unseen—upon this charming picture.

A little maiden standing with frock out-held to catch the hoped-for blossoms, a bigger maiden, with intent look, showing amid the green leaves.

When Lilias had raised herself two yards from mother earth, she stopped short and glanced down ruefully at her own miniature beneath.

"Now, Daisy, what is to be done?" she said, "I have caught my foot in some awkward way, and am as far from your flowers as ever. How shall I get down?"

Here the young man came a few steps nearer, and stood, hat in hand, hesitating, hardly knowing how to proffer aid. Daisy saw him first.

"Oh, he will get them for me!" she cried, gleefully—with all the selfishness of childhood, forgetful of the wounded foot. "He is taller than Jerry."

"I shall be very happy to do anything," said the young man, taking courage, and speaking to Daisy while his eyes were fixed upon a crimson face a little way above him. "Are these the flowers you want?"

He made a spring, brought them branch and all, to the ground, and laid them in the tiny maiden's arms. Then he turned to Lilias.

"Now, may I assist you?" he said, with a half smile.

"Thank you," said Lilias, smiling, too, but gravely, as became her position. "That child induced me to place myself in this predicament, and my foot," trying to stir it and making a faint grimace, "my foot has forced itself into this hollow—and—ah!"

"You are hurt—I am sure you are hurt!" said the young man, anxiously. "Place your hand on my shoulder and try to turn it. There! Now it is released. Is it painful? Do not use it for a moment, and then let me help you down." Then very softly: "Will you permit me?"

He attempted to put his arm round her, and as Lilias just then was making a trial of the wounded member, she uttered no protest. He took her in his arms and placed her lightly on the ground.

"Does it pain you?" he asked.

"No—not much—it will be nothing," said Lilias, coloring again. To her, if not to him, the situation was altogether new and strange. "I hardly feel it now; thank you so much." She bowed somewhat distantly, and would have gone away, but the child, Daisy, ran to him and caught his hand. "Good-by," she said, and, while still having a tight hold of him, went on with what had been puzzling her for some minutes.

"Why did you put your arm round my Lily?" she asked.

"To help me out of the tree," interposed Lilias, troubled, but outwardly calm. She felt what was coming.

"Oh!" said this terrible infant, pausing. Then, questioningly: "When Bob puts his arm around you he always kisses you—but he didn't kiss you," with a reproachful glance at the stranger; "why?" (Bob was a distant cousin.) It was too much. Sir Frederic Ashurst burst out laughing; not only laughed, but roared, and in a minute or two, when she had had time to recover from the shock, Lilias laughed too.

"I beg your pardon," he said, presently, with much contrition; "I know I should not feel amused, but I cannot help it. You must forgive me. Good-by, little Daisy; I am glad I was able to get you your flowers. Good-by."

Just then his cousin appeared, sauntering leisurely toward them.

"There you are, Fred!" he said; "I have been looking for you everywhere." Then he stopped and glanced curiously at Lilias, and put his hand in a puzzled way to his hat.

"I have had an adventure, Farnie; I have been happy enough to do good service to a little wood nymph," said Sir Frederic, smiling at Daisy, then he turned to Lilias and said frankly: "I have no cards about me, but I should like to introduce myself; I am Frederick Ashurst, and this is my cousin, Lord Farnie, and we are staying at old Tom Conroy's; and you are Miss Heriot, I fancy?"

"Yes—I am one of the Misses Heriot," said Lilias, smiling as frankly.

"And we live in the big, gray house down there," broke in the hospitable baby in her high, sweet treble. "Won't you come to see us, and bring me more of those pretty white flowers? And I shall show you my squirrel, and my bow-wow, and my dolly."

"If I may," returned Ashurst, directing appealing eyes at Lilias, "I should like to call this afternoon to inquire about"—with a desperate guess at the relationship—"your aunt's foot."

"It is quite well," said Lilias, coldly. Then, seeing his face fall, her conscience smote her, and she added: "But if you do call, I am sure—papa will be glad to see you."

She bowed first to Lord Farnie and then to him, bestowing a gracious smile upon the former, while not deigning to raise her eyes to the latter, and drew the child away.

"Good by," called the baby, nodding at them over her shoulder. "Come soon. And she is not my aunt at all—she is my mammy." So it ever pleased her to designate her sister Lilias.

That afternoon they called, and then the next day, and then the day after that again; and I think it was the day after that again that it first dawned upon the Heriots that Sir Frederick Ashurst was in love with their Lilias.

* * *

It also dawned upon Lord Farnie; so that, when a full week had gone by since their arrival at Tom Conroy's, and still his cousin showed no desire for departure, in spite of vehement protestations on the subject before coming, he made his way one night to Fred Ashurst's room and spoke as follows:

"I can stand it no longer; I am off to-morrow; it is insufferable. Nothing shall induce me to come here again. To-night he told me all over again that story about Sympkin's oxen; I wish Sympkin was dead, and his oxen, too; I shall go. Will you come with me, Fred?"

"It might look rude, our both going together, don't you think?" said Ashurst, evasively. "Better for me to stay a day or two longer."

"Ah, just so!" said Farnie, with a smile. "What a considerate fellow you are, Fred, and what uncommonly pretty girls, those Heriots are."

"Very; though I don't quite see what that has to do with it."

"No more do I; but I think I like the eldest one best. She is in very truth a lily. I wonder (provokingly) how you can prefer Miss Geraldine—though I own that she, too, might rout many a London belle. If I staid here much longer I should lose my head; as it is—did you ever see anything so fresh and sweet as her smile when she gave me that rosebud yesterday? It has haunted me ever since."

"Of whom are you speaking—of Miss Heriot?"

"Yes, of Lilias. She gave it—the rosebud, I mean—with such perfect grace."

"I dare say you asked her for it."

"I did, certainly; nay, I begged for it, and got it. She has got the prettiest eyes I ever saw—somewhat like a cow's when chewing the cud."

"I would not be coarse if I were you," said Fred, coldly.

"Coarse! my dear fellow. Far be it from me. Can there be anything more peacefully pensive than the expression of a cow when chewing the cud of sweet and bitter meadows? The study of nature, I doubt, has had no charms for you, else you would understand and appreciate my simile. I beg pardon if I have offended her or you. I had no idea it had gone so far. What will the mother say? How shall you explain to Diana?"

"I don't follow you"—stiffly—"I know of nothing that requires explanation. And, even if I did, I know no reason why I should choose Diana as my mother confessor."

"I thought you were engaged to her," said Farnie, flicking a small fragment of cigar ash with great care from his coat sleeve.

"Engaged! nonsense! Of course I am not engaged to her. I believe my mother and hers have often spoken of a marriage between us as a thing that ought to be, considering how the estates lie; but I have never uttered a word of love to her in my life, and never shall, for various reasons—one of the chiefest being that, were I to do so, she would not listen to me."

"Ah! that being so, I wish you luck with Miss Lilias," said his lordship, rising. "Good night, dear boy; it is just as well I am leaving to-morrow, as I was fast losing my heart to the *beaux yeux* of your love."

He left the room without waiting for a rejoinder, but in the corrider outside he paused, and his whole expression changed and softened.

"So!" he said, "I am glad to know that of Diana. I shall chance it with her on my return from the north. She is handsome, *distingue*, and can hold her own. She likes me, I fancy, and—and—really, I believe I like her, too—uncommonly!"

So he left; but Sir Frederic lingered on at Linwood until the time had grown into a month.

* * *

It was night, but night as light as day—so pale and brilliant were the moonbeams, so faint and shadowy was the veil that lay upon the land.

Lilias stood in her rose-scented garden alone, her hands clasped loosely behind her, her eyes fixed upon the tiny stream that gurgled at her feet.

She had plucked her rose and now watched it floating away from her leaf by leaf, upon the water's bosom, leaving behind it an assurance sweet as the touch of lips forbidden.

"He loves me!" she whispered, dreamily, her fingers still pressing the last kind petal. "He loves me!" she repeated, with a long-drawn, happy sigh."

"He does! he does!" murmured a voice close beside her, in trembling accents. "Oh, Lilias! but do you love him?"

For an answer she turned and laid her soft, pink-flushed cheek to his.

* * *

It was a wonderful thing to the Heriots to hear that Lilias was going to be married—and to Sir Frederic Ashurst. She would have a title—she would be my Lady Ashurst—it was as good as Cinderella.

Their father was pleased, but puzzled. For the first time, as he saw one of them preparing to leave the home nest, it dawned upon him that they were no longer children. He approved the engagement, but shrank from naming any immediate day for the wedding.

"Time, time," he said to Frederic, "give me time. You rob me of a dear possession, and expect me to rejoice over it. You are going to Scotland for the grouse shooting—well, when you return we will talk it over."

"Then I will return immediately," said Fred, laughingly; but so it was arranged, and after a few more days of lovers' raptures Lilias and he bade each other a sad farewell, and "kissed, and kissed," and parted.

* * * * * * * *

Four weeks alone were to separate them; but when he had been gone barely a fortnight it so happened that one day a carriage drove up to the Heriots' door, and from it alighted an elderly lady, short but resplendent, whose features—as Lily gazed upon them from an upper casement—did not seem to her altogether unfamiliar.

She begged a private audience of Mr. Heriot, and being shown into the library, where he sat reading, made him a present—according to his daughter's calculations—of one hour of her society.

By the time the schoolroom clock chimed two all four girls were nearly mad with a suppressed desire to know; and when the stranger had departed, and Lilias, of them all, was summoned to the mysterious apartment she had so lately occupied, their excitement knew no bounds.

Half an hour more dragged slowly by, and then Lilias came slowly, with uncertain step, into the hall, where they stood awaiting her. Her face was as death, her very figure had lost some of its pretty roundness.

"Lilias," they cried, catching hold of her, "Lilias! what is it?"

"Nothing," she said, in a low voice twisting her slender fingers in and out, with a fierce effort at composure. "Nothing—only he is engaged—he was engaged all the time to his cousin, Diana Fairfax."

She went from them up stairs, with swift steps, while they, stupid with rage and grief, stood below and mutely watched her.

Presently they knew it all. The lady who had been closeted with their father was Lady Ashurst, Frederic's mother, and she had come to tell him of her son's engagement to his cousin, Diana Fairfax. They had been betrothed for years, she said, with the consent of both families. She had heard accidentally of his imprudent conduct with Miss Heriot, and had hastened to inform Mr. Heriot, for the good of all parties, how matters really stood.

Her son's honor was in his hands; would he not restore it to him unbroken? Was this sudden fancy for Lilias to lower him forever in the eyes of the world?

She was an adroit old lady. Of course, as she put it, she showed if possible more consideration for Lilias than for her son. Mr. Heriot, cold and calm, gave her an assurance that, as far as he and his were concerned, her son should be regarded as though he had never been among them.

"But as for his honor,"—he paused, and then went on—"it is not in my keeping; and—I know not where it is."

It was the only unkind insinuation he allowed himself.

Her ladyship, well content, withdrew.

"And now," said Mr. Heriot, severely, that same evening, "let me never again hear that young man's name mentioned in this house. He is dead to us. Let us all remember that."

He did not look at Lilias, who sat quiet within the embrasure of the window, her knitting in her hands, her fingers moving swiftly, her eyes bent down.

"Should any one," went on her father, sternly, "receive a letter from him, I desire it shall be returned to its false sender without an answer and unopened."

He paused. They all sat around, silent, frightened. Lilias alone was calm. She looked up bravely.

"You shall be obeyed, papa," she said, without a tremor in her voice, and left the room.

A shadow fell upon them. Nina and Gertrude were crying silently. A heavy sigh broke from their father. These were the only sounds that came to them through the gloom. Was the father thinking of her who should have been there to soothe and comfort her stricken child?

"Papa," murmured a little troubled voice out of the semi-darkness, "papa!"

Five small fingers tightened upon his; he lifted the child in his arms, and as he pressed her almost pastionately to his breast, two large tears fell upon her upturned face.

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After this a good deal of the laughter of their lives went from them. Not that they were altogether unhappy, but they had an uneasy feeling that at any time something further might crop up as a sequel to poor Lily's story. Still, they took whatever amusement chance threw in their way, and to the outer world were as they had ever been.

Lilias herself appeared utterly callous and unconcerned. At times so perfect was her indifference that a vague feeling of disappointment oppressed the others as they asked themselves whether, indeed, the love that had seemed so real could be put aside and forgotten as entirely as though it had never existed.

But in this they wronged her.

About a fortnight after the preceding events, and just about the time when, if everything had gone well, Fred might have been expected home, some one in their neighborhood gave a ball. The Heriots went to it, and Lilias was most severishly gay throughout the evening. With pained astonishment her sisters watched her. All through the drive home she chattered and laughed and jested with their chaperion. But at length the journey's end was reached and the friendly bed-room door was closed against intruders. She flung herself upon the floor with a low, agonized groan.

"I cannot bear it any longer," she said to Geraldine (they occupied the same room); "it is killing me; will it ever end? Oh! to sleep, only to awake to it again—that is horror of it."

Lilias!" cried Jerry, bending in dismay over the slight white heap on the ground. "Darling, this is dreadful. Surely you are not still thinking of——"

"Yes, I am," she said, doggedly; "I am always thinking of him—I never cease thinking of him—I wish I was dead. Oh! if I could see him again, only once, perhaps I might bear it better. But to have no good-by, no last word—and the pain in my heart forever burning—burning——"

"Lily—Lily," called a plaintive voice from the dressing room, in frightened sleepy tones, "Lilly!"

It was the baby awakening from a dream of bogies and calling to her favorite mother to come to her aid. How could she refuse the entreating accents? She rose wearily but hastily, and, going to the small crib, took the child to her breast, and holding it so and crooning over it and soothing it, soothed, too, at the same time her own poor wounded heart.

The next morning Mr. Heriot received a letter, the writing on the envelope of which turned pale Lilias paler still. It was from Fred, and declared his intention of coming forthwith to her home to learn in person the cause of the strange silence to which he had been subjected.

A thrill of excitement ran through the household Lilias' lips refused to speak—she sat silently awaiting her doom. And when her father came in and said she was to go to her grandmother's for a month or two, she acquiesced outwardly and made no protest.

To go to her grandmother's was like going to execution, because she was a dreadful old women, and was vehemently detested by every one of the girls. She had a hateful habit of calling a spade spada, and would not hesitate about playing upon one's weak point.

However, Lilias gave in without a murmur, and packed her things in a methodical, miserable sort of way that nearly broke Geraldine's heart; and when Daisy had squeezed a beloved but dilapidated doll, and half a gingerbread cake dump with tears, into her pocket, she stepped into the carriage and drove away to the railway station.

"I give strict orders," said Mr. Heriot, to the three who remained behind—taking no heed of Daisy, who sat shrivelled up in a corner, "like Niobe, all tears"—"I give strict orders that if that young man—Sir Frederic Ashurst—calls none of you give him any information about Lilias' present abode."

* * *

She had only been gone two days, when as Geraldine sat moodly working in the drawing room, she chanced to raise her head, and there outside the lower window stood Fredric Ashurst.

He lifted the sash, and vaulted lightly in. "Well here I am again," he said defiantly, before she could speak. "And what is all this that has happened during my absence? An engagement spoken of that was never an engagement—the whole world dead against me—and Lilias hidden away? What is the meaning of it?"

"You have behaved shamefully," cried she, with rage, "hatefully, and I wonder you dare show your face here again. No engagement, indeed? when your own mother came to this house and spoke to papa about it, and was as rude as ever she could be and—"

"It was not an engagement," he persisted, angrily. "There was Diana, and there was I, and because our estates joined, two or three old women put their heads together and decided that we should marry each other, whether we liked it or not. She is four years older than I am; we grew up together; I would as soon dream of marrying my sister, and she would not have me if I asked her."

"Your mother said you was engaged to her," replied she, obstinately running the point of needle across the linen she was working, so as to make a creakling aggravating noise, "and I for my part, believe her."

"She—made herself misunderstood." Then, hotly, "Am I a blackguard to come here, and try to win your sister's affection, when promised to another woman? My mother has wished so earnestly and so long to see me married to my cousin, that she brought herself to imagine her wish fulfilled. It was all a mistake—a fatal one. And then my letters," he cried with agitation, "rejected unanswered; and I left in the dark as to the real cause. It was unjust. And now, when I have come down here without an instant's delay to explain to her, I find—you will tell me where she is, Geraldine?"

"No; indeed I will not. Even if I would, I could not, as I have promised papa faithfally not to do so."

"It is madness. Such promises are better broken than kept."

"Oh! We all know how lightly you regard your promise," muttered she, viciously.

"What has come to you Jerry?" asked Fred, his tone changing. "You used to be the best little girl in the world, and now you treat me as though I were the veriest scoundrel the world contains. What have I done to you?"

"What have you done!" she cried tears in her eyes and voice. "What have you not done? You have upset our whole lives. You have made Lilias—the dearest, sweetest darling on earth—miserable; you have driven her from her home; you have destroyed our peace, and now you ask what you have done. I wish," exclaimed the girl, waxing wroth, "I had never heard your voice—I wish I had never seen you. I hate and detest you with all my heart—so there!"

"Thank you," said Fred, stiffly. "I have not taken away your breath, at all events. Do you refuse to tell me where she is?"

"I do, distinctly."

"Very good. Then I shall find out for myself; it is only a question of time"

A patter of tiny footsteps—a ringing, joyous laugh. The door was flung widely open, and the baby came in.

"Ah, Freddy, Freddy!" cried she, rapturously; and, spreading out her arms, she came flying up to him, her exquisite golden fleece floating behind. "You have come back; I knew you would, and now my Lily will come, to. How glad she will be. I know she hates staying with grandmamma."

"Daisy," Jerry broke in vehemently, "do not speak of Lilias. I forbid you to mention her."

But he had her in his arms and was gazing at her, compelling her by the very fixedness of his look to answer him.

"Go on," he said, with authority. "She is staying with grandmamma—where?"

"Yes, at Marley in Surrey," said the child, in a troubled tone, glancing first at him and then at Jerry. "Marley hall—did you not know? Have you not been to see her? She always said you would come to see her the first thing when you came back. But that was before she left."

"So I will," cried Fred ecstatically, straining the child to his breast. "The very first thing, indeed. Oh, Daisy! Daisy! what a debt I owe you! My poor Lilias, she at least believes no evil of me."

"Daisy, what have you done?" exclaimed Jerry, desperately; and then to him; "if you take advantage of what that child said, you will be—"

"Take advantage of it!" exclaimed Fred. with his old gay laugh. "That I will, and before the sun goes down. Good-bye, Jerry; try to think more kindly of me. It is unpleasant to be on bad terms with one's brother-in-law. What shall I bring you from London, Daisy—a doll?—a very big doll?"

"Oh, will you?" cried the baby, clapping her hands. "And will it open and shut its eyes? Cecelia," in a half-whisper, "has one that nods, and says 'mamma.'"

"You shall have one that says 'mamma,' and 'papa' too,' said Fred. decidedly. Good-bye, my best friend," kissing her. "You shall have your doll."

"And Lily, too?" called the child.

"And Lily, too," returned he gayly.

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In the drawing room at Marley there was consternation. An ominous yellow envelope lying upon the ground had brought them news that raised within them feelings of indignation and fear. In one poor heart it had raised hope. George Heriot had sent his mother warning of the approach of his daughter's false lover.

Lilias sat apart; Lilias with flushed cheeks and bent brows and small feverish hands tightly interlaced, lying upon her lap. No one heeded her—except, perhaps, Uncle Charles.

Old Mrs. Heriot sat in judgment. Her mittened fingers had to them a world of determination. She was in her mood, and chose the centre ottoman as her throne. With the first finger of her right hand she proceeded to lay down the law.

"It is indecent," she said, "neither more nor less to persecute us in this way. In my young days no gentleman with any claims to distinction would have so forgotten himself. But the youth of the present days are sadly wanting. What does he mean by this intrusion?"

"Well, perhaps it is only natural his wishing to come here, under the circumstances," said Uncle Charles from the background; with a glance at Lilias, he and his elder brother both being present.

"Natural!" frowned Uuncle John. "When a man is openly engaged to one woman, what right has he to go to philandering after another? Answer me that. If he has the impertinence to show himself here in this house, after this dishonorable conduct, I shall——"

"I don't believe it was much of an engagement," said Charles. "There was something about another man——"

"Charles!" interrupted his mother, severely. "Cease any excuses. The young man has behaved abominably. No more need be said on that subject."

"I certainly did hear she was going to marry that lord," said Charles, unrebuked.

There was an awkward pause, but Lilias neither raised her head nor seemed to hear.

"Just let him come here," said Uncle John, viciously, "and I shall give him my opinion of him in pretty strong language."

"You shall do nothing of the kind," said Mrs. Heriot, with decision. "No son of mine shall address him one word. Does he imagine we—the Heriots of Marley—sought an alliance with him? He shall never enter my doors. I shall give strict orders to Tapes that if he comes he may not be admitted.

Just at this auspicious moment the door was flung violently open, and a young man, dusty, travel-stained, handsome, stood upon the threshold. It was her hero, her Prince Charming, and Lilias rose to her feet with a little wild, half-suppressed scream, and held out her hands.

"Lilias!" he cried, his whole heart in his voice.

For a moment she tottered, then rushed forward, past them all—past grandmama's frown, past Uncle John's detaining grasp—right into her lover's arms.

There he held her, close against his heart. They did not speak, they scarcely breathed; but they kissed each other passionately, lingeringly, forgetful of all, of every one, but he of her and she of him.

Then she lifted her head, and smiled, and sighed—a long, long, happy sigh—and knew that she might dare the world.

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Of course there was a terrible fuss made about it just at first, and a general chorus of indignant "noes." But when Diana's marriage with Lord Farnie appeared in public print, and when old Lady Ashurst not only wrote but came in person to entreat the grandmother to use her influence with her son to induce him to give his consent to Lilias marriage with Frederic, dissent became weak, and finally died out altogether.

So they were married three months afterward, and it was a very grand wedding, and Lilias looked lovely, and there never was such a beautiful doll in all the world as the baby got from London.—*Begravia.*

A STORY OF RAILROADING DOWN IN NEW JERSEY.

We are frequently indebted to our friend Colonel Yard, of the Monmouth *Democrat*, for anecdotes illustrative of the character of the peculiar people who live in New Jersey. He sends us this:

The Hon. G. T—— tells a good story of a slow railroad in the northern part of the State. He says he went there gunning, and came to a short line of road on which was run a single car, the forward end of which was partitioned off for baggage. He took his dog in the car with him and put him under the seat. Presently the conductor came along, and insisted that the dog should go into the baggage room, which, after some altercation, was done; but here the baggage-master demanded a fee of fifty cents, which was denounced as a "swindle," and a "put-up-job," between the conductor and baggage-master, and that sooner than pay it he would tie the dog to the train and let him "work his passage." The conductor assented, and the dog was hitched to the rear of the train. The dog, so T—— says, kept along easily with the train, but the conductor began to get uneasy, making frequent trips to the engineer, urging him to increase the speed of the train, and back again to watch the effect upon the dog. The latter began to show signs of fatigue, but after awhile caught his "second wind," and was keeping along as before. The conductor now ordered the engineer to heave all the coal into the furnace and stir up the fire, which being done, the speed was perceptibly increased. The conductor then went to the rear of the car to observe the effect, but the dog had disappeared, whereupon he triumphantly called T——'s attention to the fact. The latter, after taking a glance at the situation, quietly pointed to a crack in the floor of the car, "and there," says he, "was the dog, comfortably trotting along under the car, and licking the grease from one of the axle boxes!"

Body snatchers, before embarking in the business, spend a night in a cellar with a barrel of saur-kraut, in order that their olfactory organs may not be taken by surprise when they lug off a "stiff."

Lady customer—"My little boy wishes for a Noah's ark. Have you one?" Toyman—"No, m'um, no. We've given up keeping Noah's harks since the schoolboards come in. They was considered too denominational, m'um!"

A lady at a fancy ball is dressed in green gauze, greatly *decolletté.* A gentleman asks his neighbor the name of the character she is assuming. The reply is, "The Sea." "Oh," says gentleman number one, "just so, the sea at low tide."

THE FLOWERS WILL BLOOM AGAIN.

The winds like funeral dirges sigh,
  The forest trees their leaves have shed,
And like a pall the snow doth lie
  O'er Nature's lovely form, now dead.
But wait; the sun will smile once more.
  Nor smile upon the earth in vain;
For, bright as e'er they were of yore,
  The beauteous flowers will bloom again.

So when the storms of life strip bare
  The sheltering roof-tree o'er the head,
And 'neath the chill snow-wreath of care
  Thy fondest hopes, like flowers, lie dead;
Wait, wait; the sun will smile once more;
  Nor smile upon the home in vain;
For, bright as e'er they were of yore,
  Life's beauteous flowers will bloom again.

WHY SHE WEPT.

Old Nancy had been telling Bijah that she'll give the court as good "sass" as he sent, and that he might give her six months and be hanged to him. She walked out with an ugly look in her eyes and her teeth shut, and was impatient for the affray to begin.

"Years and years ago," began his Honor, talking to himself, "I used to pass a white house on Second street. It was so white and clean, and its green blinds contrasted so prettily, that I used to stand on the walk and wonder if the inmates were not the happiest people in Detroit. They were happy. They had plenty. They had children who played games on the green grass, and the birds sang all day long in the arbors."

Old Nancy looked around uneasily as he waited a moment.

"As the years went by the white house turned brown with neglect. The birds went away. The children died or grew up ragged and uncivil. I well remember the day the husband and father put a pistol to his head and ended his shame and life together. The wife was drunk when the body was brought home by the crowd."

A low moan of pain escaped the old woman's lips.

"It was her love for drink that killed that man—that buried the children—that sent the birds away—that passed the place into strangers' hands," whispered the court. "Is the woman dead?"

Old Nancy groaned as her tears fell.

"No, she lives. She has no home, no friends, no one to love her. There must be times when she looks back to plenty, peace and happiness, and has such a heartache as few women know of. There must be times when she remembers the graves she once wept over, and children's voices must some time remind her of the tones of those laid to rest long years ago! I would not be in her place for all the wealth in the world."

"Oh! sir! don't talk to me—don't call it up!" she moaned as she wrung her hands.

"You may go," he said quietly, "you have not long to live. There are those here who can remember when you had silks instead of rags—when you rode in your carriage instead of wandering through alleys and lying in the gutter. Some morning you will be found dead. That will be the last act in the drama so full of woe and misery and wretchedness that it will be a relief to know that you are dead."

White as a ghost, trembling in every limb, and weeping like a child, she passed out.—*Detroit Free Press.*

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FUN, FACT AND FACETIÆ.

CORN is king! Yes, corn is aching most of the time.

HOW to acquire short-hand—fool around a buzz saw.

THE mosquito employs no collector to present his bill.

WHEN is a newspaper the sharpest? When it is filed.

A BOUQUET is a good scenter piece for the dining table.

LOCKING a boy up to correct his faults is faults imprisonment.

"BABY Mine" should be "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep."

IMPULSE never stops long enough to put on the spectacles of discretion.

CAUGHT in the act—An actor arrested during the progress of the play.

IT makes a vast difference whether the father Orson buys the Valentine.

HAS whisky wings? Certainly; else how could it fly to a man's head?

ADAM was the first man to enter the garden, although he went forth from it.

THE tailor who alters the shape of your trousers is your only true re-former.

WHY should a lady's home dress last forever? Because she never wears it out.

A HEAVY loss—When the chain parts and the anchor goes to the bottom of the river.

THE reason, probably, that a sailor is called a "salt" is because he is one of the sea sons.

THE harder the times are the more men you will see on the street corners selling pocket-books.

BURBANK considers the wild bull a very unpleasant animal on account of his proverbial hate-red.

A STOMACH-ACHE doesn't make a man of a little boy, but it certainly makes a groan person of him.

MR. PARTRIDGE was hung at Corpus, Texas, the other day. Reports say that he didn't quail, but died game.

THESE trapeze performers are desperate persons. They are bound to make a living if they have to swing for it.

A BUNION on your big toe isn't a favorite, but you favor it just the same. That's so, and nine men out of ten acknowledge the corn.

HOOD, in describing the meeting of a man and a lion, said: "The man ran off with all his might, and the lion with all his mane."

THE Cleveland *Voice* thinks that the clergyman's text, "Shall we stop praying?" will scarcely apply to those who have never begun.

MEENIN' goes but a little way i' most things, for you may mean to stick things together and your glue may be bad, and then where are you?

PROFESSOR (looking at his watch). "As we have a few minutes I should like to have any one ask questions, if so disposed." Student. "What time is it, please?"

ADOLPHUS. "Angelina, why ith a man cutting wood like melting thnow?" Angelina. "I can't tell Dolly. Tell me dear." Adolphus. "Becauth he'th thawing."

IT was an apt reply of Simpkins who, when his wife asked him if he wouldn't like to hold the yarn while she wound it, replied, "Thank you, I don't hanker after it."

WE have long known what is meant by the centre of gravity, but we confess to having just discovered that a handsome and fragrant boquet is the scenter of attraction.

WHEN a young man has learned to consume cigarettes in an artistic manner by ejecting smoke through his nostrils, life is no longer a barren ideality, but as real as a bar of soap.

"WE'VE been told," says the Norristown *Herald*, "that if a man goes to bed with too many swallows he will not feel like getting up with the lark. We shall not be goose enough to try it."

A SCOTCH lady had invited a gentleman to dinner on a particular day, and he had accepted, with the reservation, "If I'm spared." "Weel, weel," said the lady, "if ye're dead, I'll not expect ye."

A PIOUS priest recently made an announcement as follows: "If it rains in the morning the procession will take place in the afternoon, and if it rains in the afternoon the procession will take place in the morning."