The Bradford Reporter.

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mch9-78

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Residence and Office just North of Dr. Corbin's, on Main Street, Athens, Pa. jun26-6m.

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Office—Rooms formerly occupied by Y. M. C. A. Reading Room. (Jan.31'78.

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Office over Turner & Gordon's Drug Store, Towanda, Pa. May be consulted in German. (April 12, '76.)

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Office—second door south of the First National Bank Main St., up stairs.

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H. S. WILLIAMS. (oct. 17, '77) E. J. ANGLE.

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TOWANDA, PA.
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April 12, 1876.

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Office in Wood's Block, first door south of the First Nat. Bank, up-stairs.
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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 DISEASES OF THE EAR

G. W. RYAN,
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Office day last Saturday of each month, over Turner & Gordon's Drug Store, Towanda, Pa.
Towanda, June 20, 1878.

MRS. H. PEET,
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May28-76tf. TOWANDA, PA.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK,
TOWANDA, PA.
CAPITAL PAID IN.....$125,000
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This Bank offers unusual facilities for the transaction of a general banking business.
DIRECTORS: A. H. MERCUR, A. OGDEN, A. PATTON, JAS. MACHAN, JAS. CRAWBUCK, N. N. BETTS, Cashier, JAS. POWELL, President.
April 1, 1879.

SEELEY'S OYSTER BAY AND EUROPEAN HOUSE.—A few doors south of the Means House. Board by the day or week on reasonable terms. Warm meals served at all hours. Oysters at wholesale and retail. feb'77.

Poetry.

EARLY WINTER.

The waning year looks gently down,
On these bright days that come and go;
Dead, faded, buried is the crown
That summer wore with the face aglow,
When June went lightly o'er the hills,
And through the vales that sent hastening rills.

Those blissful days come back to chase
The gloom from chill December skies;
Their fragrance lingers yet in grace
Paths where all tender-blooming dies,
Where the brown earth, with tranquil breast,
Prepare to take its long, deep rest.

Through naked boughs the sunlight sifts,
And gives them beauty all their own;
Nor yet the feathery snowflake drifts
Through silent woods on moss and stone;
The hallowed hush, the softened hue,
Weave their own nameless charm anew.

The old year wanes. The birds of spring
Now gladden other skies than ours;
No bud unfolds, no insect wing
Sends tribute to these hastening hours;
But plaintive voices stir below
Their shadowed and uncasing flow.

Thought wanders back and grasps anew
All that earth gave of good and fair;
The loves, the hopes that upward grew
And spread in faith's diviner air,
But perished as the days went by,
E'en as the flowers that round us lie.

We know that spring will come and bring
Again earth's meed of song and bloom;
We know, too, that another spring
Hath somewhere in God's garden room,
Where love shall find its own, nor miss
One drop from its pure draught of bliss.

—Transcript.

Selected Tale.

Her Father's Daughter.

CONCLUDED.

CHAPTER III.

Within a little more than a month after his wife's interview with Sir Charles Stopford, Gerald Rivers was duly installed as station master at Leaswood. Alice arrived a day or two later by the evening train, bringing with her as general servant a girl of eighteen, whom she had hired in London, and who knew nothing whatever of the antecedents either of her or her husband. In days gone by Alice had been well known by sight at Leaswood Station and to nearly every person in the neighborhood for miles around, so that she was obliged to be very careful now in order to avoid recognition. When she went out in the daytime, which was not very often, she wore a veil so thick that even her own sisters would have passed her unknowing who was behind it; while on those occasions when she took an after-dusk ramble with her husband a veil of a thinner texture effectually shielded her from observation.

Gerald had been about a fortnight at his new duties when Mr. Crewdson, his wife's father, one day alighted from the train. He was a stout, white-haired gentleman, who claimed the help of a thick cane when he walked, and whom his last attack of gout had left slightly lame. By the porters at the station, the flymen and others he was known as "Old Peppercorn," or "Old Fire-away." Some of the heat of his temper would seem to have imparted itself to his complexion, which was not unlike a boiled lobster, in tint.

"So you are the new station master, eh?" he said, with a sort of disdainful grunt, as he surveyed Gerald from head to foot.

"I am that person, at your service, sir."

"Humph! I was quite satisfied with the man who was here before, and it was a tom-fool's trick to send him away. I don't suppose I shall be half as well satisfied with you."

"You have not given me a trial yet, sir."

"Oh, we shall soon put you to the proof. I hope you are a good hand at telegraphing?"

"Had I not been so, I should hardly have been here."

"That's no answer. But let me tell you, young man, that your time here will be a very short one, unless you attend properly to my telegrams."

"I shall give them every attention."

"You had better do so. Some of them are in cipher, and with those you cannot be too particular. An error of even a single letter might be of serious consequence to me. At whatever hour a message for me may arrive, you will loose no time in sending it up to my house by special messenger. If you attend to me properly, there will be a turkey for you at Christmas; but if you don't, why then, the sooner you look out for another job the better."

"It's only papa's grumpy way," said Alice to Gerald, when told of the interview. "He's very obstinate, and will have his own way; but at heart he's as good as gold, as you will one day discover for yourself."

Next morning Alice went up to London by the early train, and drove at once to Sir Charles Stopford's. It was just eleven o'clock, and he was still lounging over his breakfast. He welcomed his goddaughter warmly, and ordered up some fresh chocolate.

"Godpa," said Alice at last, when she had told him all the news, "is your broker—your man who buys and sells for you in the city—the same man that is employed by papa?"

"No. Boucher is my man. Your father's man is Simmonds—a fellow that I don't like at all."

"Then, perhaps you won't mind giving me a note to your Mr. Boucher?"

"Why, now! A note, indeed! What kind of a note?"

"A simple note of introduction, stating that the bearer is Mr. Crewdson's daughter, and that any commission I may ask him to do for me must have the same attention as if it were for yourself."

Sir Charles gave a long, low whistle. "Why, now, you don't mean to say that you are going to speculate on the Stock Exchange?"

"Why should I not do a little in that line as well as you or papa?" asked Alice, with a smile. "When I used to act as papa's secretary, I learned to take quite an interest in different kinds of stocks, and in the rise and fall of the money market."

"Ay, ay; that's all very well. But that's very different from buying and selling on your own account. You would be sure to burn your fingers before very long."

"I should hardly do that, I think, godpapa. In any case, I have not much to lose, so shall not venture into very deep water."

"Why, now, it's just the sort of thing one might expect from your father's daughter. My friend Crewdson made every penny of his fortune on the Stock Exchange, and I suppose there is a sort of mania in it that runs in the family. But if you could only have the benefit of your father's advice now?"

"That is quite out of the question. Had it not been so, there would have been no occasion for my errand here this morning."

"Quite true, my pretty logician. Then I suppose I must give you what you ask for?"

"Of course, you must. The idea of your refusing your goddaughter such a trifle!"

When Alice had got what she wanted from Sir Charles she drove at once to Plummer's court, Cornhill. She was fortunate enough to find Mr. Boucher in his office. When he had read the note he said: "I need hardly tell you, Miss Crewdson, that my best services will always be at your disposal. I have had many transactions with your father at one time or another."

"I am married," said Alice, "and my name is Mrs. Gerald. Any communications I may have to make to you will reach you in the form of telegrams from Leaswood Station; but whenever a telegram from me reaches you it must be acted upon with the utmost promptitude; not an hour must be thrown away."

"I will give special instructions that any message from you shall be brought to me, wherever I may be, immediately on its arrival, and you may depend upon its having my most prompt attention."

Day passed after day till several weeks had come and gone, during which time a considerable number of telegrams reached Leaswood Station for Mr. Crewsdon, each one of which was shown to Alice by her husband before being sent on by special messenger to Brookfield. More than one of these telegrams was in cipher, but that fact did not seem to cause Mrs. Rivers much difficulty. Before her marriage, and during her father's frequent attacks of gout, she had often acted as his secretary, and the keys to the two different kinds of cryptogram made use of by certain of his telegraphic correspondents were thoroughly understood by her.

At length, one day there came a message addressed to her father, which, when translated by Alice, caused her cheeks to flame and her eyes to light up with sudden fire, and set her whole frame aglow with intense excitement. Gerald, who had been out to attend to one of his trains while his wife interpreted the message, looked and wondered, but said nothing, waiting quietly for the explanation which he knew a few minutes must bring. The message was headed: "From Edgar Crewdson, New York, to Edward B. Crewdson, Brookfield, near Leaswood Station, Midlandshire, England." It had been sent by submarine cable to London in the first instance, and thence forwarded to Leaswood. "It is from my Uncle Edgar, in America," said Alice; a fact which Gerald had already guessed. Then she rose suddenly from her seat and flung her arms around her husband's neck, and burst into tears. "At last, my love, at last!" she murmured. "Surely the sunshine is come at last."

"May I read it?" asked Gerald. The answer, with her head still on his shoulder, was a pressure of her arms; so Gerald took up the paper, on which his wife's writing was still wet, read as follows: "Buy up all the Deep Lips you can lay hands on. Struck oil once more. This may be relied on. Private information. Wall street in the dark yet." Gerald was puzzled, and his face betrayed it.

"You darling old ignoramus!" said his wife, between laughing and crying.

"I confess that I can make neither head nor tail of it," he said.

"And yet it is very, very simple."

"To clever little wives like you, perhaps; but not to stupid husbands like me. Pray, what may be the meaning of Deep Lips?"

"Deep Lips is the name of a silver mine in Colorado, the shares in which can be bought or sold on the London Stock Exchange like any other scrip. These shares have been quoted at a very low figure for the last two years, as it was believed that the mine was all but worked out. The phrase 'struck oil once more' can have but one meaning: that the miners have unexpectedly come across a fresh lode or vein of silver—doubtless a very rich one, judging from my uncle's emphatic request to papa to buy up all the shares he can lay hands on. The words 'Wall street in the dark yet,' mean that the news embodied in the telegram is not yet known to the buyers and sellers in New York. The moment it is known to them a score of telegrams will flash over the Atlantic to the same purport as this one. In a case like this an hour will often make all the difference in the world, and if we were only fortunate enough to be first in the field, why then, I think—. But never mind just now what I think. Every moment is precious, and I must telegraph Boucher "slick away."'

Seizing pen, ink and paper, Alice dashed off the following message: "From Mrs. Gerald, Leaswood, to Mr. Boucher, No. 11 Plummer's court, Cornhill. Buy up in my name all the Deep Lip stock now in the market. Not a moment must be lost. I will be with you at 10 to-morrow morning."

"Not another word till you have dispatched my message," said Alice, as she gave the paper into her husband's hands. Like the sensible man he was, Gerald simply nodded, and left the room. Five minutes later he was back again.

"Sent it?" asked Alice, anxiously.

"Every word. And now, perhaps, you will explain still further?"

"Willingly."

"But first I had better send the message to your father at Brookfield."

Alice looked at her watch. "It is now one-thirty," she said. "It will take the man an hour to get to Brookfield, and another hour to return, by which time it will be three-thirty. Allowing another half-hour for a telegram from papa to reach Mr Simmonds, his broker, that will bring the time to four o-clock—too late in the day for business on the Stock Exchange. Yes, you may send the message; Boucher will have had a fair start. If he does his duty there will not be a Deep Lip share to be had for love or money by to-morrow morning."

"Which means," said Gerald, "that you are taking advantage of your knowledge of the information conveyed in your uncle's telegram to forestall your father's action in the matter, and make the information worthless so far as he is concerned."

"That is precisely what I am doing," said Alice, with emphasis. "I was not my father's secretary for so long a time without learning something. He has refused to forgive me or to condone my marriage unless I can go to him with six thousand pounds. He does not ask me whether I am happy. He has no curiosity as to the kind of man I have made my husband. He simply says: 'Bring me six thousand pounds, and all shall be forgiven.' To meet his mercenary views, I must become mercenary myself. All is fair in love, war and on the Stock Exchange. The moment the information conveyed in this message reaches my father, he will take advantage of it by telegraphing to his broker to buy up every Deep Lip share in the market. I happen to see the message first, and I take the first advantage of it; that is all."

"I am afraid that you are making me a confederate in a very nefarious scheme," said Gerald, looking as if he hardly knew whether to laugh or be serious.

"In this case the end must justify the means. It is just the sort of ruse that papa himself would delight in—just the sort of advantage that he would be the first to take."

"Then you are buying for what is called a 'rise?'" said Gerald.

"Precisely so. If the information conveyed by my uncle's telegram be correct—and he is too old a soldier in the field of speculation not to know what he is about—then will Deep Lips go up, up, up, as soon as the intelligence becomes generally known, and your wife will have made a very lucky hit. Of course, my object will be to sell out and realize as soon as the shares have reached what, in Boucher's opinion, seems something like their maximum value."

"But suppose the information conveyed in your uncle's telegram proves to be incorrect, and the shares don't go up at all—what then?"

"Why, even in that case, they cannot sink much lower than they are at present, and, as a consequence, my loss will be proportionally trifling. But I won't even think that loss is possible."

"Can it be possible that it is my wife who is doing all this?"

"Your wife? Why not, dear? The whole affair is as simple as A B C."

"But to think of your originating such a scheme!"

"Now you know the reason why I interceded with Sir Charles to have you appointed as station master at Leaswood."

"Then the scheme that you are carrying out to-day has been hatching in your brain from the first?"

"Certainly. It came to me like a flash of inspiration on the very day that we received papa's letter."

"You are a strange girl, and I sometimes think that it will take my lifetime to read you thoroughly."

Then Gerald left the room, taking the telegram with him, which he sent off at once by one of his porters to Brookfield. After the departure of the next train he came in for an early cup of tea.

"With regard to this telegram," said Gerald, as he sat down at the table, "it is written in a cipher different from any that I have seen before; it is nothing but a mass of figures."

"The cipher is a private one, agreed upon between my father and my uncle, and used by them alone. It is of a kind that defies the scrutiny of an outsider, and yet can be read by a child who possesses the key. The key to this kind of cryptogram is a book—a book previously agreed upon by the parties communicating with each other. The book agreed upon in this case, as I happen to know through having been papa's secretary, is a certain edition of Walker's Dictionary, of which I took care to provide myself with a copy before coming to Leaswood. When once the book is known, the rest is as simple as may be. Let us take the first sentence of the telegram, for instance, which, when interpreted, runs as follows: 'Buy up all the Deep Lips you can lay hands on.' As originally telegraphed, it ran thus: 'Seven aught dot eleven stroke five nine nine dot one three stroke one seven dot two seven'—and so on, which when put down in actual figures would look thus: 70.11 | 599.13 | 17.27 | 552.7 | 140.14 | &c. I now take my dictionary, and turning to page seventy, count till I come to the eleventh word from the top, which I find to be the word Buy. Then turning to page 599, I count down to the thirteenth word from the top, and find it to be the word up. Proceeding by the same method, I work gradually through the telegram, with what result you know. Of course, everything depended on my knowledge of the book used between my father and uncle. Had I not known that the telegram would have remained a dead letter to me forever."

CHAPTER IV.

At five minutes past ten next morning Mrs. Gerald, as she called herself, walked into the office of Mr. Boucher. "Did you receive my telegram yesterday afternoon?" were her first anxious words.

"I did, and acted on it immediately." Then, as he handed her a chair: "I hope you will pardon me for remarking that your choice of investment is hardly one that would reccommend itself to my experience."

"I suppose not," said Alice quietly. "But I had my reasons."

"Oh, of course," rejoined Boucher. "Your father is known as one of our boldest and most successful speculators; and you, as his daughter, would hardly be likely to make any very serious mistake. But still—"

"But still, had you been going to lay out money of your own, you would not have done as I have done."

"Certainly not, unless I had more spare capital than I know what to do with; and hardly then."

"There's one comfort—they cannot sink much lower than they are now."

"But you, I presume, are buying for a raise?"

"Precisely so."

A significant shrug was the broker's only reply.

"To what extent have you bought for me?"

Boucher named the figure—a large one.

"I should not have thought there was so much in the market."

"People look on them as a bad lot, and are only too glad to find a customer."

"So much the better for those who have the courage to buy," said Alice as she arose to go. "I will call in again between three and four. Meantime, if there be any more to be had, buy them."

At three-forty-five Mrs. Rivers was again at Mr. Boucher's office.

"A few more were offered to-day and I bought them," were the broker's first words. "Singular to say, Simmonds, your father's broker, has been inquiring after Deep Lips all day. Hearing that I had bought heavily yesterday, he sent on one of his people to know whether I had any to dispose of, even going to the extent of offering three and an eighth more than this morning's quotation; but in the absence of any instructions from you, I declined all overtures."

"You did quite right, Mr. Boucher. Don't part with a single share till you have my instructions to do so. Meanwhile, as it is nearly midday before the newspaper reaches us down at Leaswood, I should be glad if you will telegraph me the closing price each afternoon."

"Sharp girl that, very—regular chip of the old block," was Boucher's comment to himself as he ran through the telegraphic news in the next morning's *Times*, where the following paragraph at once caught his attention: "Reliable advices from San Francisco state that the Deep Lip Silver Mining Company have just struck a vein of unusual thickness. Shares going up rapidly."

A few days later, as Gerould was seated behind the open pigeonhole of his little office waiting to book any passengers who might be going by the next train, his attention was attracted by the loud tones of two people in the waiting room outside.

"I tell you, Stopford, I was never more astonished in my life," said one, and Gerald knew at once who was the speaker. "My brother, who, as he thought, had got the information before it was known to anyone else in New York, was actually at the trouble to send me a message by cable telling me to buy up all the Deep Lips I could lay hands on. Of course, I acted on the message without an hour's unnecessary delay; but, would you believe it, when Simmonds went on 'Change next morning there was not a single Deep Lip to be had! Some vagabond had been there before me, and had bought up every mother's son of 'em, and now they're going up like wildfire. Thousands out of my pocket. Never was so sold in my life before."

"Why now, Crewdson, that only goes to prove that there are other speculators in the world as clever as you."

"They were bought through Boucher, too. But he's as close as wax. No getting a word out of him. Some confounded Yank's at the bottom of it all, never fear."

Mr. Crewdson had stated no more than the truth when he said that the Deep Lip shares were going up like wildfire. Alice had a telegram from Mr. Boucher every afternoon. It was an anxious time for her. For three weeks the shares went up day by day. At the end of that time they remained stationary for two days. The following morning they droped one-eighth. Alice at once took alarm and telegraphed Boucher to sell everything. Three days later a post-letter reached her. "Read the news, dear, and resign your railway situation at once," she said to her husband as she handed him the letter.

"Seven thousand five-hundred and fifty pounds!" read Gerald, in amazement.

"Yes; and all out of one lucky speculation in Deep Lip shares. Now, I am ready to go to papa."

And to her father she went, but not till after Gerald had sought and found relief from his duties at Leaswood. Mr. Crewdson made Old Furnival's Hotel his home when in London, and there it was that Alice sought and found him. As fortune would have it, Sir Charles Stopford happened to be lunching with his friend that morning. Mrs. Rivers hardly gave the waiter time to announce her before she followed him into the room. Mr. Crewdson started up from his chair.

"Why—Alice! You here? Why have you come? What is the meaning of this intrusion?" Before he could say another word his daughter's arms were round his neck, and her warm kisses were being rained over his face. "Did I not forbid you?" he said. "Did I not say that I would not see you?"

"You did, papa, and very hard I thought it of you. You did forbid me to come near you unless I could fulfill the one condition named in your letter."

"Condition, indeed! I remember nothing about any condition. What on earth do you mean?"

"Did you not say, in the only letter you have ever written me since my marriage, that on the day I could bring you six thousand pounds—being an equivalent to the dowery you at one time intended to give me—you would forgive and forget everything, and take your little Alice back again to your heart? Surely, surely, you cannot have forgotten."

"And did I really say all that?"

"Certainly you did. I have your letter in my pocket. You shall read your own words if you like?"

"No need, girl—no need. My memory is treacherous at times; but I've not quite forgotten that letter. So you've come to tell me that my condition was too hard a one, that you and your poverty-stricken husband—"

"One moment, papa. I come to tell you that your condition is fulfilled—is more than fulfilled. Here is my bank book. Look inside it, and there you will find standing in the name of Gerald Rivers—my husband's name—a deposit of seven thousand five hundred pounds."

"Why, now; really, this is most extraordinary!" exclaimed Sir Charles.

Mr. Crewdson said nothing; but his hands trembled so much as he took the bank book that he could hardly hold it. He turned redder than ever, and then he cleared his voice loudly and put on his most portentous frown. Then he opened the book and looked vacantly at the writing for a moment or two, and then with a muttered exclamation he shut the book and threw it across the table to Sir Charles. "Those bank fellows write such a villainous scrawl that there's no making head or tail of their pot books," he said.

"Here it is, sure enough," said Sir Charles, peering at the figures thro' his double eye glasses. "An amount of £7,500 deposited three days ago in the Westminster Bank to the credit of Gerald Rivers."

But Alice was on her father's knee by this time and had her arms round his neck, and was kissing him with tears in her eyes and a smile on her lips.

"You'll have to give way, old friend, there's not a doubt of it," continued Sir Charles, "if you made such a promise as my goddaughter says you made."

"You were not only to forgive me, papa, but you were to give me another six thousand pounds to put to my husband's."

"But—but—I don't understand," stammered Mr. Crewdson. "I thought you had married a man who was not worth a penny?"

"My husband on our wedding day was worth just twenty pounds in hard cash."

"Then this is a legacy, I suppose!"

"No; not a legacy. We have been taking a leaf out of your book, papa, and speculating on 'Change."

"Speculating! And is this the result?"

"That is the result?"

"Her father's daughter; I always said she was," soliloquized Sir Charles. "What a pity she wasn't born a boy!"

"Then you must have been deucedly lucky—far more lucky than I've been for a very long time. May I ask the name of the particular stock which you favored with your confidence?"

"Gerald and I made all our money by speculating in Deep Lip mining shares."

Mr. Crewdson sat aghast—and well he might.

"Where is this husband of yours?" he gasped out at length.

"Gerald is waiting outside."

"Bring him in, and let us have a look at him."

But it was not till more than a year afterward, when Gerald had grown to be like a son of his own to the old man, that Alice told her father by what means she had become possessed of the information which enabled her to achieve such a happy result by her bold speculation in Deep Lip shares. It is needless to add that she was forgiven.

MRS. GRANT'S MEETING WITH HER SON.

The meeting of Mrs. Grant and her son Ulysses in the harbor of San Francisco is thus pleasantly described in the San Francisco *Chronicle*:

The party on board the tug-boat stood under the awning aft, and when the steps were finally adjusted there was a moment of respectful waiting as Ulysses Grant, Jr., came forward and mounted them. From the time when the Tokio was descried he stood in the wheel-house with a field-glass in hand, with which he eagerly watched the steamer, ostensibly for the General, but in reality, as every one on board knew who watched his face, to see the mother whom he parted with two and a half years ago and had conversed with since only by letter. Long before the Tokio came alongside he descried her on the bridge and waved his handkerchief as greeting. She stood also with glass in hand, scanning the tug, but at first did not see him. When she did she waved the handkerchief for a moment, but could not wave it long, for it went up to her eyes and stayed there, despite the efforts the mother's hand made to wave it against the mother's tear of joy, that made the meeting of her son the central and sole picture in all the grand scene. The Millen Griffith slowly drifted toward the iron hulk, beside which it seemed so insignificant. Before the steps could be adjusted young Grant mounted—the first man up—and hastily ran to the gangway, where Colonel Fred waited to meet him. Arm in arm they passed along the deck, reached the stairs, and hastily traversed the bridge. The General was passed with a hasty and affectionate salutation of "father," but the mother who stood behind, received a kiss that somehow is the same from palace to hut, and an embrace that told that while she might be Mrs. General Grant to all the waiting world of America, she was only "mother" to the son who met her after the absence of years.

THE man who dreampt he dwelt in marble halls woke up to find that the bedclothes had tumbled off.

THE man who was tossed over the back of an iron bull was reported as not dead, but only goes beef o'er.

CALLING THE ANGELS IN.

We mean to do it. Some day, some day,
We mean to slacken this levered rush
That is wearing our very souls away,
And grant to our goaded hearts a hush,
That is holy enough to let them hear
The footsteps of angels drawing near.

We mean to do it. Oh, never doubt,
When the burden of daytime droll is o'er,
We'll sit and muse, while the stars come out,
As the patriarch sat at the open door
Of his tent, with a heavenward gazing eye,
To watch for the angels passing by.

We see them afar at high noontide,
When fiercely the world's hot flashings beat;
Yet never have bidden them turn aside,
And tarry awhile in converse sweet;
Nor prayed them to hallow the cheer we spread,
To drink of our wine and break our bread.

We promised our hearts that when the stress
Of the life-work reaches the longed-for close,
When the weights that we groan with hinder less,
We'll loosen our thoughts to such repose
As banishes care's disturbing din,
And then—we'll call the angels in.

The day that we dreamed of comes at length,
When tired of every mocking quest,
And broken in spirit and shorn of strength,
We drop, indeed, at the door of rest,
And wait and watch as the day wanes on;
But the angels we meant to call are gone!

—Margaret J. Preston, in Baldwin's Monthly.

JEEMS—HIS GAME.

AND HOW HIS BETTER-HALF SAW THROUGH IT.

There was an awful time in a farm house near Pontiac last night. We haven't received any particulars, but solemnly believe that a certain husband whose front name is "Jeems" was made to wish he'd never been born into this deceitful world.

There arrived on the Western express yesterday morning, a nervous, black-eyed woman of forty, who kept closing and opening her fingers all the time, as if she was clawing noses or pulling hair. She had a straight business look in her eyes as she got off the train, and one of the hackmen at the depot door ventured the opinion that she had come into the city to foreclose a mortgage or make up a "shortage" on wheat.

"Sir," began the woman, as she walked up to the depot policeman, "I want your answers to a few questions."

"Yes, mum—just so," was the humble reply, as he followed her into the waiting-room.

"Now, then," she continued, as she took a seat, "I live near Pontiac. My Jeems was here the Fourth of July, and didn't get home till midnight. He came in here on my money, and I want to know how he spent it. Here is the bill of expenses as he made it out. He has put down $2 for riding up town in a hack."

"That's twelve shillings too much," replied the officer.

"Just as I thought—just exactly!" she whispered, as she put down the figures. "Here he has got down $1 for seeing the balloon go up."

"Not a balloon went up that day, madame."

"Just as I thought—just exactly! He looked as innocent as a lamb when he wrote that down, but he didn't know me! Here is eighty cents for riding across to Canada and back."

"That should be ten."

"Just exactly what I thought last night when he kissed me and said it was an awful price, but lots of comfort," she observed, as she put down "70" opposite his figures. "He has down here that his supper and dinner cost him $1.50 per meal at the Central market. It strikes me that $3 would buy two pretty festive meals."

"You can knock off about $2.50 from that," said the officer, after he had figured a bit.

"Just exactly as I thought. He smiled as softly as an angel when he wrote that down, but he was smiling at the wrong woman! While I was at home milking the cows and having an awful headache, he was eating his high-toned meals like a second John Jacob Astor! And now he has put down fifty cents for seing the bears."

"The what?"

"He says it cost him fifty cents to go into the menagerie to see the bears," she exclaimed.

"If there was a menagerie in town on that day then I didn't hear of it," solmenly remarked the officer.

"Just as I thought—just as I thought! Went in to see the bears, did he? Well, he'll see several menageries when I reach home! Here is one more item. He says he paid $2 to see the rope walk."

"It was free," replied the officer.

"Yes, I thought so—thought so when he sat there and looked so loving and fatherly, and said it made his hair stand up. There'll be a 'walk' when I get back home, and somebody's hair will stand straight up! That's all, and I'm much obliged."

"You won't kill him at once, will you?" pleaded the officer.

She looked over his head at the wall, breathed hard, clutched her hands and answered:

"I've spected it a long time, and now I'll claw him if I die for it."

She walked up and down the depot with her teeth hard shut and her eyes growing brighter all the time, and, when she finally took the train for home, the bill of expenses tightly clutched in her hand, the officer looked after the receding train and mused:

"Now, why did he give himself away in that manner? Why didn't he tell her right out that some one picked his pocket?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

CARE OF THE FINGER NAILS.

Scarcely any personal peculiarity is more indicative of character than the finger nails. There are some that believe that palmistry or the reading of character from the hand can be reduced to a science, just as much as phrenology. Also, it would necessarily be an obscure science to the majority of people; but the signs of character indicated by the finger nails may be read by all with a very little study. In the first place, the shape of the nail is very significant. slender, tapering nail of a rosy-pink hue, with a shell-like, transparent edge, is always the accompaniment of a refined nature. Broad, stubby nails, of a yellowish-white color, and with opaque, muddy-looking edges, indicate natural coarseness, though they often accompany great good nature, while the other variety as frequently goes with a sharp, shrewish temper. The care of the nails is one of the most important of the minor operations of the toilet. Nails may be greatly improved, both in shape and color, by proper attention. The best appliance is a nail brush used in water softened by the addition of a little borax and really fine toilet soap. In well-brushed and well-cared-for nails the little curtain-like rim which surrounds them is well pushed or rolled back, displaying generally a delicate little crescent at the root. The skin of the finger should never be allowed to grow up on the nail. In paring and trimming the shape should always be as long an oval as possible. To cut a nail squarely off gives the finger end a stubby look. The corners should be carefully and closely cut, and the centre left rather long, so as to give the long oval shape. In cleaning the nails the knife should never scrape off the inner substance of the nail, as this renders the edge opaque and muddy in appearance, whereas it should be transparent. The nail is susceptible of a high degree of polish by rubbing with the towel when drying with the hands. The habit of biting the nails is one against which children should be carefully guarded. It is ruinous to the very structure of the nail, and, once acquired, is one of the most difficult habits to break. This is evidenced by the fact that some men and women, but more especially men, have a habit of biting their nails when reading or studying, of which they are perfectly unconscious. Not a few lawyers and clergymen occur to mind whose nails are almost a deformity as a result of this habit.

A DOG'S IMPLACABLE HATRED.

Among some reminiscences of dogs given by a writer in *Forest and Stream* the following appears: In my early youth I recall a dog owned by my grandfather who afforded an instance of a temper resentful and implacable. Marquis was half hound, half mastiff, as we believed, but we only know his mother, and she was a fair type of the well-bred Southern hound. He grew larger, heavier and handsomer than the average hound is with us, and was so fierce that he had to be chained during the day. Once a cousin and I were amusing ourselves with our bows and arrows about the yard, both of us about six or seven years old. In fun I proposed to have a shot at Marquis, who was chained about twenty yards off. Cousin John was wiser than I, and would not shoot, but I let fly an arrow, which only grazed and surely did not hurt him. He flew at me, and breaking loose, would doubtless have handled me roughly had I not darted up the piazza steps, and thus escaped his rage. Months elapsed ere I saw this dog again, and then it was at our summer house, a seaside village twenty miles away from where I had shot at him. I tried in vain to overcome his animosity to me by feeding him twice a day. It was agreed, in fact, that no one else should feed him while I remained. He would not attempt to molest me till he had done his breakfast or dinner, and then only the length of his chain limited his angry spring at me. He seemed to love and respect my grandfather, father, sister and cousin, and the butler and coachman; the other members of the household, white and black, he tolerated, but me, he hated to the bitter end. Six years after my childish insult to him he would gladly have torn me to pieces, if opportunity offered. When the tidings of Marquis' death were brought, believe me, I rejoiced that he had been gathered to his fathers.

OBEYING ORDERS.—He was weeping softly as he came out to join his companions; peculiar twitchings of his muscles and the careful manner of his gait were painfully apparent to the boys; knew that he had been there and understood the whole business.

"Been gettin' a lickin', Ben?" asked several sympathetically.

"Yes," murmured he; "I got licked for obeying orders."

"Disobeying, you mean?" cried they.

"No, fur obeyin', I tell ye," persisted he; then, seeing their looks of incredulity, he made this explanation: "When I was coming into the house my boots were muddy as blazes, and mother had just been scrubbin' the floor; says she, 'Now, Ben, you'd better walk right over that clean floor with yer muddy boots.' Anything to oblige you, says I. So I boldly walked across the room and she lit on me with a bound like a cat on a mouse, and the way she toted me around that room was a caution. I won't obey orders any more."

HOW TO CURE A COLD.—On the first day of taking a cold there is a very unpleasant sensation of chilliness. The moment you observe this go to your room and stay there; keep it at such a temperature as will entirely prevent this chilly