The Bradford Reporter.

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

VOLUME XL. TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 27, 1879. NUMBER 26

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

The BRADFORD REPORTER is published every Thursday morning by GOODRICH & HITCHCOCK, at One Dollar 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, but no notice inserted for less than fifty cents.

YEARLY ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at reasonable rates.

Administrator's and Executor's Notices, $2; Auditor's Notices, $2.50; Business Cards, five lines, (per year) $5, additional lines $1 each.

Yearly advertisers are entitled to quarterly changes. Transient advertisements must be paid for in advance.

All resolutions of associations; communications of united or individual interest, and notices of marriages or deaths, exceeding five lines are charged TEN CENTS per line, but simple notices of marriages and deaths will be published without charge.

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 types, and everything in the printing line can be executed in the most artistic manner and at the lowest rates. TERMS INVARIABLY CASH.

Business Cards.

JOHN W. CODDING,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, TOWANDA, PA.
Office over Mason's old Bank.

THOMAS E. MYER
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Office with Patrick and Foyle. Sep 26, '79

DECK & OVERTON
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
D. A. OVERTON. BENJ. M. DECK.

RODNEY A. MERCUR,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Practices in the Orphans' Court and in the settlement of Estates.
Office in M. Strouse's Block. May 1, '79.

OVERTON & SANDERSON,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
F. O. OVERTON. JOHN F. SANDERSON

W. H. JESSUP,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW,
MONTROSE, PA.
A large business done in the adjoining counties. A competent German will attend to any business entrusted to him in Bradford county. Office in the Court House. Dec 4, '78-tf.

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

JAMES WOOD,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Reopened. TOWANDA, PA.

H. L. TOWNER, M. D.,
HOMŒOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Has located in Towanda. Office and residence on Main street, North of the Corner Store. Feb. 6, 1879.

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

E. F. GOFF,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
WYALUSING, PA.
Attention given to the sale and purchase of all kinds of real estate. Also to making loans on Real Estate. Business will receive careful and prompt attention. [June 4, 1879.

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

E. H. ANGLE, D. D. S.
OPERATIVE AND MECHANICAL DENTIST.
Office on State street, second door of Dr. Pratt's Office. apl 3 '78.

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

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

L. McPHERSON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Dist. 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 24-75. TOWANDA, PA.

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.

MADILL & CALIFF,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Office in Wood's Block, first door south of the First National Bank, up-stairs.
S. S. MADILL. (Jan 23-'79) J. N. CALIFF.

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

WM. S. VINCENT,
GENERAL
INSURANCE AGENT,
July 21, 1879. TOWANDA, PA.

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. 6Oct. 3472.

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 DISEASES OF THE EAR

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

MRS. H. PEET,
TEACHER OF PIANO MUSIC,
TERMS.—$10 per term.
(Residence Third street, 1st ward.)
Towanda, Jan. 13, '79-1y.

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

FIRST NATIONAL BANK,
TOWANDA, PA.
CAPITAL PAID IN.....$125,000
SURPLUS FUND.....66,000
This Bank offers unusual facilities for the transaction of a general banking business.
D. N. BETTS, Cashier.
JOS. 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.

Business Cards.

E. H. DORMAUL,
325 East Water St., Elmira, N. Y.
1st Floor.....DRY GOODS
2d Floor.....MILLINERY
3d Floor.....CARPETS
4th Floor.....CLOAKS & SHAWLS
Upper floors accessible by elevator.
☞ A visit of inspection is respectfully solicited.

SUSQUEHANNA COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE, First Winter Term will begin MONDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1879. Expenses for board, tuition and furnished room from $172 to $180 per year. For catalogue or further particulars address the Principal.
EDWIN F. QUINLAN, A. M.
Towanda, July 3, 1879. 7yl

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.
aug 6-tf. M. A. FORREST.

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.
F. A. JENNINGS.
Towanda, Pa., May 2, 1878.

HENRY HOUSE,
(ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN.)
CORNER MAIN & WASHINGTON STREETS
TOWANDA, PA.
Meals at all hours. Terms to suit the times. Large stable attached.
WM. HENRY, PROPRIETOR.
Towanda, July 3, '79-tf.

MARKET.
ROSECRANSE & BREWER,
Announce to the people of Towanda and vicinity that they are now prepared to furnish
FRESH AND SALT MEATS,
POULTRY, FISH, OYSTERS,
And Vegetables in their season, at the most reasonable rates. Everything purchased of us delivered promptly free of charge.
☞ Our location, ONE DOOR NORTH OF SCOTT'S BAKERY, is convenient for all.
We have the best stock, and take great pains to keep everything in the best order. Give us a call.
ROSECRANSE & BREWER.
Towanda, Dec. 5, 1878.

NEW LIVERY
BOARDING AND EXCHANGE
STABLES.
The undersigned having rented the old Means House Barn, and provided himself with
NEW BUGGIES AND WAGONS,
AND
GOOD HORSES,
is now prepared to accommodate the public at REASONABLE PRICES.
☞ New Buggies for sale cheap.
B. W. LANE.
Towanda, Pa., July 15, 1878. 7yl

INSURANCE!
C. S. RUSSELL, Agent,
TOWANDA, PA.
FIRE, LIFE, AND ACCIDENT POLICIES
Issued on the most reasonable terms.
None but reliable companies represented.
Losses adjusted and paid here.
Towanda, Nov. 13, 1879.

THE OLD MARBLE YARD
STILL IN OPERATION.
The undersigned having purchased the MARBLE YARD of the late GEORGE MCCABE, desires to inform the public that having employed experienced men, he is prepared to do all kinds of work in the line of
MONUMENTS,
HEAD STONES,
MANTLES and
SHELVES,
in the very best manner and at lowest rates.
Persons desiring anything in the Marble line are invited to call and examine work, and save agents' commission.
JAMES MCCABE.
Towanda, Pa., Nov. 18, 1878. 24tf

NEW ARRANGEMENT
IN THE
COAL BUSINESS.
The undersigned having purchased from Mr. McKean the COAL YARD
AT THE FOOT OF PINE STREET, NEAR THE COURT HOUSE,
Invites the patronage of his old friends and the public generally. I shall keep a full assortment of all sizes,
PITTSTON, WILKESBARRE AND LOYALSOCK COAL,
AND SHALL SELL AT
LOWEST PRICES FOR CASH.
NATHAN TIDD.
Towanda, Pa., Aug. 21, 1878. 1y31

MEAT MARKET!
MYER & DEVOE
Located in
BEIDLEMAN'S BLOCK, BRIDGE STREET,
Keep on hand,
FRESH AND SALT MEATS,
DRIED BEEF, FISH, POULTRY,
GARDEN VEGETABLES AND BERRIES IN THEIR SEASON, &c.
☞ All goods delivered free of charge.
MYER & DEVOE.
Towanda, Pa., May 28, 1879.

LIST OF LEGAL BLANKS
Printed and kept on sale at the REPORTER OFFICE at wholesale or retail.
Deed.
Mortgage.
Bond.
Treasurer's Bond.
Collector's Bond.
Lease.
Complaint.
Commitments.
Warrant.
Constable's Return.
Articles of Agreement, 2 forms.
Bond on Attachment.
Constable's Sales.
Collector's Sales.
Execution.
Subpœna.
Petition for License.
Bond for License.
Note Judgement.
Note Judgement Seal.
Note Jugement 5 per cent. added.
Town order Book.
School order Book,
Summons.

Poetry.

THE HINDOO'S SEARCH FOR TRUTH.

All the world over I wander, in lands that I never have trod,
Are the people eternally seeking for the signs and steps of a God;
Westward across the ocean, and northward upon the snow,
Do they all stand gazing, as ever, and what do the wisest know?

Here in this mystical India the deities hover and swoon
Like the wild bees heard in the treetops, or the gusts of a gathering storm;
In the air men hear their voices, their feet on the rocks are seen,
Yet we all say, "What is the message, and what may the wonders mean?"

A million shrines stand open, and every the finest swings
As they bow to mystical symbols or the figures of ancient kings;
And the incense rises ever, and rises the endless cry
Of those who are heavy laden, and of cowards in the fray.

For the destiny drives us together, like deer in a pass of hills,
A voice in the sky, and around us the sound of shod hoofs,
Pushed by a force that we see not, and struck by a hand unknown,
We pass to the tiger for shelter, and press our lips to a stone.

Here at the tombs of my kindfolk, the first of an ancient name,
Chiefs who were slain on the war field, and women who died in home;
They are gods, these kings of the Brethren, they are spirits who guide our fates—
Ever I watch and worship; they sit with a marble face.

And the myriad idols around me, and the legion of flickering prayers,
The lovely and terrible Nature, the daily inexplicable feast—
What have they wrung from the silence? Hath even a whisper come
Of the secret—whence and whither? Alas! the gods are dumb.

Shall I not the words of the English, who come from the uppermost sea?
For so I hear, hath it been told you, and what is your message to me?
It is brought not in ——le story, how the ——— gone,
then he gods are glad and angry, and a Deity once was a man.

I had thought: "Perchance in the cities, where the riches of Ind a dwell,
Where palaces then from the fair land, the girdle the earth with a spell,
They have achieved the depth we float on, or measured the sky, we much,
Sadly they turn in the twilight, and say that the quest is vain.

Is life, then, a dream and delusion, and where, shall the dreamer awake?
Is the world seen like shadows in water, and what is the matter for?
Shall it pass as a camp that is struck, as a tent that is gathered and gone
From the sands that were lamp-lit at eve, and at morning are level and lone?

Is there naught in the heavens above, whence the hail and frost are hurled,
But the wind that is swept around us by the rush of the rolling world?
The wind that shall scatter my ashes and bear to the silence as I sweep,
With the dirge, and the sounds of lamenting, and voices of women who weep?

Selected Tale.

A Famous Game of Chess.

Saturday Night.

King Philip II. was playing chess, seated on a throne of carved ebony, in a magnificent saloon of his palace—the Escurial. Ruy Lopez, a priest, who, though as yet obscure in the church, was noted as an expert in this game, served as the partner of his majesty.

By special favor of the king, the great chess-player knelt on a velvet cushion, while the nobles of the court stood upright around their sovereign in grave and respectful attitudes.

The morning was a brilliant one; the air was perfumed with the breath which exhaled from the orange groves of Grenada, and the fiery rays of the Southern sun, shining upon the painted windows of the royal apartment, were softened by heavy curtains of violet velvet.

All this warmth and brightness, however, seemed out of harmony with the occasion; for it was evident that some sombre event weighed heavily upon the minds of all the courtiers, and their gravity seemed a reflection from the visage of the king, whose brow was darkly shadowed and his lips compressed, while from beneath his frowning eyebrows he threw frequent glances toward the entrance of the saloon.

No one paid much attention to the game, unless it was Ruy Lopez, who was hesitating, in serious deliberation, between an unavoidable checkmate and the deference due to his very Catholic Majesty Philip II, lord of Spain and its dependencies.

All at once the door was opened, and a strange, sinister-looking figure appeared. It was Fernando Calavar, the executioner of Spain, who entered and stood respectfully awaiting the King's permission to speak.

A movement, partly of disdain, partly of dread, passed over the noble assemblage, as the king looked at the executioner and commanded him to approach.

"Is he dead?" demanded Philip, imperiously.

"No, sire," answered Calavar, with a low bow.

The king contracted his brows.

"The condemned," continued the executioner, "a grandee of Spain, has claimed the last privileges of his order, and I could not proceed in the case of one so noble without the special command of your majesty."

And again he bowed to his knees.

A murmur of approval passed from lip to lip among the courtiers, who had listened attentively to his speech. The proud blood of Castile boiled in their veins and colored in their faces. The feeling became general, and the young Alonzo of Ossuna gave expression to it by covering his head with his hat of ceremony.

His example was followed by the majority of the nobles, and their haughty white plumes, waving over the stern brows and flashing eyes, announced that they protested in favor of their rights as grandees of Spain; for such was the meaning conveyed, when they assumed the privilege of appearing covered before their sovereign.

The king made a movement of concentrated wrath, and struck the chess-table with his clenched fist, so violently as to completely destroy the arrangement of the game.

"He has been judged by our royal council," said he, "and condemned to death. What, then, does the traitor demand?"

"Sire," responded the executioner, "he demands to die by the hatchet and the block; and, further, to pass with a priest the three last hours of his life."

"Ah! granted," said the king, apparently satisfied. "Is not the good Father Diaz de Silvas at hand, as we have ordered?"

"Yes, sire," said Fernando; "the holy man is ready to hear his confession, but the duke does not want Father Diaz. He will receive the absolution from no one lower than a bishop. Such is the privilege of a noble condemned to die for the crime of high treason."

"These are our rights," boldly spoke Ossuna, "and we claim from the king his compliance with the last demands of our cousin."

This demand had the appearance of a signal, and in response to it arose the combined voices of a score of nobles, so high in rank that they were gathered nearest to the king.

"Our rights and privileges!" they cried, imperiously.

"Our rights and the justice of the king are inseparable!" significantly remarked Don Diego de Tarraxas, a stately old man, clad in armor, who held in his hand the baton of Grand Constable of Spain.

"Our rights and privileges!" loudly repeated the jealous hidalgos.

King Philip knew well the spirit of these haughty and turbulent nobles, and the demand they made was one which he dared not refuse.

"By Saint George!" he exclaimed, "I have sworn that I will neither eat nor drink until the head of the traitor, Calatrava, has been brought to me! It must be as I have said. However, Don Diego has spoken well—the justice of the king confirms the rights of his subjects! Louis Con table, where is the residence of the nearest bishop?"

"Sire, I have had more to do with the camp than with the church," coldly replied the constable. "Your majesty's almoner, Don Diaz de Silvas, here present, can tell you better than I."

The good priest, Don Diaz, trembled as he drew near the throne, looking as if he would very willingly avoid the announcement he had to make.

"Sire," said he, humbly, "the Bishop of Segovia is attached to the household of the king, but he who held that office died last week, and the nomination of his successor has not yet been offered for the decision of the Pope."

"Some one else, then: the Bishop of Madrid," said the king, impatiently.

"Sire," faltered the royal almoner, "there is a convention of prelates at Valladolid; all the bishops are there. The Bishop of Madrid departed yesterday."

At these words, an expression of joy came into the face of Alonzo d'Ossuna. The young noble was a kinsman of the condemned Cavalar, and had ever been one of his most devoted friends.

The king perceived D'Ossuna's smile, and his face took on a new expression. He suspected some plot to outwit him, and, with a calmness like that which precedes a storm, he said:

"We are king, and we do not choose that our royal mandate should be the subject of derision. Don Silvas, for this occasion we will not wait for the decision of the Pope; our holy father is a little in our debt, and we think we may venture to take his approval for granted. Nay, since the King of Spain can create a prince, he may, in an emergency, make a bishop. Rize, then, Don Ruy Lopez; I create you Bishop of Segovia!"

The surprise was complete. The nobles exchanged looks of discomfiture among themselves; and Ruy Lopez remained still kneeling, stricken dumb with amazement.

"Rise, priest—I command it!" the king repeated, with authority. "Take your rank in the church!"

Lopez rose mechanically, and began to murmur, in a bewildered manner:

"If it please your majesty—"

"Silence, lord bishop!" exclaimed the king "Obey the word of your sovereign. The formalities of your installation shall be postponed to another day. We have already made known our will in this matter. Hon. Gusman, Prince of Calatrava and Duke of Medina, dies to-day!"

A profound silence followed these determined words, until the king spoke again:

"Bishop of Segovia, go to the cell of the condemned and bestow upon him the last rites of religion. Remain with him for the space of three hours, and then deliver him to the headman."

Then, turning to the executioner, he added:

"Calavar, we will await you here, until you bring to us the head of the traitor Calatrava!"

The monarch took his seal-ring from his finger, and gave it to Ruy Lopez, saying:

"Take this, lord bishop, that the condemned man may have no reason to doubt you when you state your office to him."

He cast a majestic glance over the quelled and silent assemblage, and said:

"Well, my lords, dare you still to doubt the justice of your king?"

No one responded.

Don Ruy Lopez, the newly-created bishop, followed the executioner, and, as he left the royal presence, he was heard to mutter:

"It is a fine thing for a simple priest to become Bishop of Segovia in a moment; but ah, heavens! at what a price! The death of Calatrava! Alas, alas! the very best chess-player in the kingdom!"

* * * * *

In the cell of the condemned, gloom and silence reigned, instead of the summer brightness which filled the outer world. The stately and noble figure of Don Gusman de Calatrava seemed an image of heroic resolution, as he paced back and forth across his narrow cell, each time he turned glancing toward the door, as if with impatience for the coming of the executioner.

"This waiting grows wearisome," he said, with a faint smile, addressing Ruy Lopez, who had been locked in with him to pass the prescribed three hours—the last hours of his life.

Ruy Lopez had accomplished his mission. He had yet to remain for another hour with the prisoner of state; but all exhortation was finished. The last rites of the church had been administered—the soul was purified for heaven, and the priest was once more a man.

At the words of Don Gusman, a compassionate expression crossed the countenance of the worthy prelate, and he sought in his mind some topic of conversation which might interest the prisoner and fill up the interval of waiting for his doom.

Suddenly a bright idea occurred to him, and, looking at the prince, he said, hesitatingly:

"If a game of chess would not be too sacrilegious?"

"Excellent!" cried Calatrava, smiling at the singularity of the proposition from a priest, at such a time. "Good bishop, the idea is a brilliant one. A farewell game of chess, by all means!"

"You are willing?"

"But the chess, my friend?"

"Have I not always my weapons of war?" said Ruy Lopez, smiling.

And he produced a miniature game of chess, and proceeded to arrange upon the stone bench beside him.

"May Our Lady forgive me! but I carry them with me even to the confessional," said he.

Don Gusman laughed, and in a few moments, these two enthusiastic chess-players were deeply engaged in the combination of a most interesting game.

The prisoner attacked his reverend adversary with the eagerness of one who is sure of victory; and Ruy Lopez, forgetting, in spite of himself, the solemnity of the time and place, threw his entire energy into the defense.

The game became more and more complicated, and, while it progressed, the last minutes of the hour were passing away.

One by one they passed, and the last—the fatal moment—came. The silence was broken by the turning of the key which unlocked the door of the cell, and the executioner entered, followed by four assistants, bearing the fatal block, draped in black cloth, and the headsman's axe, dread instrument of doom, at sight of which a shudder shook the frame of Lopez, and his cheek turned ashen pale

He rose, trembling, from his seat; but the duke did not move. He sat with his eyes fixed upon his chessmen, paying not the slightest attention to headsman, the axe or the block.

It was his turn to play!

Cavalar, after waiting a moment, touched the duke's arm, and pronounced one word—only one, but it was a word of doom. He said:

"Come!"

The prisoner started like one who has trodden on a serpent.

"Leave me to finish my game!" he said, imperiously.

"Impossible! The time is up, my lord," returned the executioner.

"But, you idiot, I have won! I am about to checkmate the bishop, do you see? Let me alone!"

"Impossible!" repeated the amazed executioner.

"Are the three-hours past, then?"

"My lord, the last stroke of the last hour has sounded. We come to do the bidding of the king."

The executioner's assistants came forward at these words.

Don Gusman started up with a threatening aspect, shielding his chessmen with his hand, that they might not be disarranged.

"I must finish this game!" he thundered. "It will take but half an hour, and then you can have my head. You must wait!"

The executioner and his assistants regarded each other with astonishment, and Calavar cried out:

"My lord, it would cost me my life. My orders are imperative. Pardon, noble duke, but if you do not yield, we shall be compelled to employ force. Speak to the duke, lord bishop, I entreat you. Persuade him to submit to his destiny."

The response of Ruy Lopez was prompt and decisive. He snatched up the headsman's axe, and, whirling it around his head, shouted:

"By heavens, the duke shall finish his game!"

Frightened by the movement which accompanied these words—as indeed an executioner might well be startled to see the terrible instrument of his profession thus turned as a weapon against him—Calavar recoiled, and fell back among his acolytes. They all drew their swords, and a combat in the cell of the condemned seemed impending.

Ruy Lopez, who seemed to have suddenly become a veritable Hercules, dragged forward the heavy oak table, which was the only article of furniture the cell contained, and established himself in a position of defense behind it.

"The first man who dares to come within reach of this axe is dead!" he exclaimed, in a determined accent. "Courage, noble duke! To work, and finish the game! There are only five of these fellows! The last command of your lordship shall be obeyed, if it costs them all their lives."

After a moment of irresolution, the executioner exclaimed, indignantly:

"I will go to the king!"

"Go where you please," said the bishop.

Calavar knew not what to do. He dared not present himself again to the angry monarch without the head of Calatrava, for which he waited; but on the other hand it was a perilous thing to attack this vigorous priest and the prisoner, who was equally ready for a combat.

The executioner considered and finally decided upon a course which seemed to him the wisest. Glancing at the duke, he demanded:

"Will you promise to finish in half an hour, my lord?"

"I promise," replied the duke.

"Go on, then."

And, the truce being thus concluded, the players resumed their places and the game. Calavar, who also had something of a passion for chess, looked on with involuntary interest, while the four assistants formed a groupe which seemed to say to the condemned man:

"Play on, my lord, but you must end with the game!"

Don Gusman cast a glance over this sinister company, and coolly remarked, as he made a brilliant move:

"It is a satisfaction to reflect that there will be witnesses to attest that for once in my life, at least, I have beaten Don Ruy Lopez."

"I am not beaten yet, my lord," said the priest.

But he said to himself:

"It is plain that I shall be; and then I shall have to break the heads of these villains, for Don Gusman is not going to die without giving me a chance for my revenge."

The game of chess was finished, and Don Gusman rose triumphant, for he had beaten Ruy Lopez.

"Now, then, worthy executioner," he said, smiling, "I am the obedient servant of my king."

At this moment was heard a thundering knock upon the door of the cell, and a loud voice cried:

"Open, in the king's name!"

Calavar hastened to throw open the door at this summons; and Alonzo Ossuna rushed in, followed by Don Diego, the constable, and several other nobles, who all came crowding joyfully around the prisoner.

"God be thanked, he still lives!" cried Ossuna, grasping the hand of his cousin.

Don Gussman was bewildered.

"What does this mean?" he asked, turning his wondering eyes from Alonzo's face to that of the constable.

"It means that you are free, noble duke!" said Don Diego, "and we are sent to conduct you to the king, that his majesty may ask your pardon for the injustice he has done you."

"My innocence is then established?" cried the duke.

"Completely," said the constable. "A courier has just arrived from Seville, bringing news which goes to prove you had no complicity in the treason of which you have been accused. Come, Don Gusman, let us hasten to relieve the king's anxiety, for fear that we should be too late."

"But, God be thanked!" devoutly exclaimed Alonzo Ossuna. "He has not permitted the innocent to suffer for the guilty."

"It is through the intervention of His minister that I am saved," said Don Gusman, gravely. "But for that game of chess, lord bishop, I should have been beheaded half an hour ago."

"A game of chess?" exclaimed the constable.

"Ay, and a famous one, upon my faith," muttered Calavar, the executioner.

Don Gusman added, with a look of triumph:

"Gentlemen, I have checkmated the great master of chess—I have beaten Don Ruy Lopez!"

"But I shall have my revenge," cried the bishop, joyfully.

FASHIONABLE FANCIES.

All sorts of crawling things, lizards, spiders, beetles, frogs and caterpillars, as well as serpents, are reproduced in jewelry.

The richest toilets are of black satin and silk profusely decorated with jet embroideries, fringes and passementeries.

A novelty in fur is the "clipped silvery hair," something like chinchilla, although not so fine a fur and less perishable.

The zouave jacket reappears in velvet, heavily braided or embroidered with gold, and in satin richly ornamented with irridescent beads.

Engagement bracelets are sometimes substituted for rings. They fasten with a golden padlock and the lover wears the key at his watch-chain.

Broad bead laces and bead embroideries, are used for side trimmings upon dresses, separating the back from the front, or for the back of mantles or the front of bodices.

Pretty little black silk chantelaine pockets are painted on the upper side with a single flower or a bouquet of roses, lillies of the valley, forgot-me-nots, or any other favorite flower.

Indian cashmere shawl-patterned fabrics are used for opera cloaks. They are trimmed with fringes of raveled silk, in all the colors of the fabric, lined with satin and finished off with garnet velvet collar.

Embroidered cashmere scarfs come for light evening wraps. Among those seen are pale, blue embroidered, with all roses in the natural colors. Arab with embroidery shading from drab to white and black upon black.

A very simple kind of broche, which is now coming to be much employed, has large diamond-shaped designs. Generally these diamonds are very close together. Red satins are covered with black diamonds, and flesh-colored with white ones.

The finest novelty of the season in millinery is what is known as the "feather" bonnet. This is composed almost wholly of mounted feathers taken from the necks of pheasants, at least half a dozen of which are required for one bonnet.

The birds that find most favor are of the parrot species, with long bills and very gay plumage, in which there is yellow, green and red, as these colors are much seen in the cashmere combination. Dragon flies of brilliant colors are for the same reason popular ornaments.

Pretty little coats of camel's hair, shown for children, are trimmed with pockets, collar, cuffs and pipings of velvets. A plastron of camel's hair set down the front is doubled into a hanging loop, which serves as a muff, and is ornamented with a ribbon bow.

FULTON *Times:* Nothing can reach out further than a cough at church. It may come from the remotest corner in the rear, but its echo tickles the throat of those in front, and then creeps down the aisle, and touches the ushers, and floats from the choir to the minister, and never releases its hold until it has wrung a sympathetic explosion from every victim. Perhaps you've noticed it.

THE circus man should be happy. With him it is always spring. [If any pestilential punster prints this with "snummerset" addendum he dies at sunrise].—*Boston Transcript.*

A FRENCH STORY, OF COURSE.

I.—A gentleman irreproachably dressed goes into a confectioner's store and says to the gentlemanly confectioner, "I want a hundred and fifty of the nicest cream tarts you can make."

"A hundred and fifty! That is a pretty large order; do you want them at once?"

"Within three hours at the latest."

"I can have them ready at that time. Ahem! It is customary to ask a deposit on such orders—say 1 francs."

"Certainly, my friend. Here are your francs."

II.—About two hours afterward a gentleman irreproachably dressed goes into a tailor shop across the way from the pastry's, and asks to be shown some overcoats. He selects one of the nicest and asks the price.

"One hundred and twenty francs, sir."

"Very well; I will take it. I have some money to collect at the confectioner's across the way. I presume you have no objection to letting one of your young men come over with me to get it?"

"Certainly not. A worthy man is my friend, Mr. Puff."

III.—To confectionery enter irreproachably dressed, gentleman, now wearing an overcoat, and tailor's young man. The confectioner greets the former with a respectful frigidiness due to a good customer.

"Ah, Puff, I've called round for that 15. You promised to have them ready for me at 3 o'."

"You shall have them in five minutes, sir."

"Very well. I have to go around the corner to see a man. You will give this young man 125 of the 150. I will return and get the remaining 25 in a few moments."

"With pleasure."

IV.—Five minutes later the confectioner gives the tailor's young man 125 cream tarts—and a bill for balance thereon 21 francs 25 centimes

One minute thereafter a confectioner and a tailor's young man are searching the neighborhood in search of an irreproachably dressed gentleman within a new overcoat, whom the great city, with its ceaseless bustle and confusion, has swallowed up as a yellow dog swallows an oyster cracker.

DRY SEASONS.

The following record will be read with interest, as this season will be placed in the list of dry ones, especially along the branches of the Susquehanna. It is a selfish consolation to know that our fathers, grandfathers and great grandfathers, with their wives and little ones, as well as their neighbors, experienced the same inconveniences:

In the summer of 1611, 24 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1630, 41 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1657, 75 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1662, 30 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1674, 45 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1680, 81 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1694, 62 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1705, 40 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1715, 45 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1728, 61 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1739, 32 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1741, 72 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1749, 108 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1755, 42 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1792, 123 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1773, 80 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1791, 82 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1802, 23 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1812, 28 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1856, 24 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1871, 42 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1874, 27 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1875, 27 days in succession without rain.

It will be seen that the longest drought that ever occurred in America was in the summer of 1792. No rain fell from the first of May to the first of September, making 133 days without rain. Many of the inhabitants sent to England for hay and grain.

These statistics are gathered from a city point, giving a general estimate throughout the country, making the former droughts more serious in their results in proportion to the people effected and extent of country suffering the want of rain.

A TEXAS man brought out a forlorn spavined-looking steed, and addressed the spectators thus: "Fellow citizens, this is the famous horse, Dandy Jace. Look at him. He's perfect. If he were sent to the horse-maker nothing could be done for him. What shall I have for the matchless steed?" "What will you take for him?" yelled the crowd. "Two hundred dollars." "Give you $5." "Take him. I never let $195 stand between me and a horse trade. That's business."

SHE was five years old, looking out of a window of a car that was being whirled through the kitchen garden region of New Jersey, anxious to be informed of the character of the growing crops. Said her father: "That field contains sweet potatoes; that one beans; the other, cabbage." "Cabbage," quoth the five-year-old. "Yes, cabbage!" "Well, where is the corn beef?" The informing father smiled audibly, and so did all within earshot.

WE wrote that twelve carriages would be the limit at funerals hereafter, and the printer made it twelve cartridges. This will admit of a surplus in most cases of funerals, excepting where it is a policeman who uses the cartridges.—*Jersey City Journal.*

WHAT is the meaning between the best new railroad track and the worst old yarn? One is steel rail and the other is reel stale. (Don't fail to note the exquisite double-entendre on the word "reel" and related to "yarn.")—*Chicago Commercial Advertiser.*

NAMING THE BABY.

[illegible]

THE VASTNESS OF TIME.

Professor Proctor, the celebrated astronomer recently delivered a lecture in New York in which he discussed the "vastness of time." We publish a portion of the lecture that our readers may see the great number of years which, in the opinion of scientists, have been necessary before this planet was inhabitable. It is consoling to know, too, that it will not be one as cold and uninhabitable as the moon for 2,500,000,000 years.

Now to come to the subject of tonight's lecture. On the last occasion I spoke to you of the immensity of space, taking the steps out from the earth to the other planets, thence to the sun, and finally to the solar system, of which it is a part. At last we found ourselves lost in the infinitude of space. Tonight we will take a parallel course with time. First we will consider the probable duration of the earth in both past and future; then that of the planets, and the solar system; thence we may consider the higher orders of time, until we are lost in the infinities of duration. The task is not as simple as the estimation of space by the earth and the system to which it belongs. No one knows the age of the earth. On this point nearly all the earnest students of science are at issue. But some facts are clear. We may study the strata of the earth and note the processes which have gone on, and are still continuing. We see deposits formed at the bottom of the sea; then we see them on the surface as hardened formations, subject to the washing of rain and the trituration of glaciers, until worn down, they again are deposited as strata under water. We thus may estimate the quantity of matter by the amount of the denudation, and thuse come at a close determination of the earth's age

It may be stated on the authority of Charles Lyell and others that during 100,000,000 yeas the sun has been acting upon the earth by its light and heat, by which all meterological changes are produced. There may be found serious difficulty with this as to where the sun's energy came from for so long a period; but the evidence shows that the earth has been in its present state, with vegetation flourishing, and the wind blowing, for a very long period; though man has not been here so long.

HOW LONG IT TOOK THE EARTH TO COOL.

Then if we pass back into the preceeding ages we must compute the time for the earth to cool down from a molten state. Bischoff, the German, determines by experiments with molten rock, and is supported by Helmholtz, that the period required for the earth to cool from 2,000 degrees is 350,000,000 years. Bischoff probably erred in underestimating rather than in overestimating the period; but if we take this period as probable and add to it the succeeding time, we have 450,000,000 years since the earth was a nebular mass, and in round numbers may declare 500,000,000 years the age of our planet.

Much longer periods are required for the larger planets. In estimating time in planetary life we must apply Newton's principle that the larger the planet the larger the stage of its existence. We find that if we heat two iron balls, one an inch in diameter and the other two inches in diameter, it will take twice as long for the latter to cool as the former, for although it has four times as much mass it has eight times as much surface from which all heat must depart. The planet Jupiter in mass is nearly 343 times as large as the earth; 343 is equal to the cube of seven; for Jupiter, then, to reach the same density as the earth. It would take seven times as many years, or seven times 350,000,000, equal to 2,450,000,000, and allowing the same proportion for subsequent changes, for Jupiter to reach the point the earth has would require 3,500,000,000 more years than the earth. But Jupiter is still far younger in development than is our planet. When we turn to the sun we reach far higher figures. Following the same rule, as the mass of the sun is 310,000 times than that of the earth, its age will be seventy times as great, and we find that it would take 35,000,000,000 years for the sun to reach the earth's present state.

Considering the smaller orbs, as the moon, we find that the past period is comparatively brief, but that the earth will reach the same condition far in the remote future. The moon in mass is 81 less than the earth, and its surface is as 1 to 13. By dividing 81 by 13 we find how many times the comparative age of the moon is less than the earth's. This gives 83,000,000 years as the time it took for the moon to reach a condition simular to the present stage of the ear