The Bradford Reporter.

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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.

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The REPORTER having a larger circulation than any other paper in the county, makes it the best advertising medium in Northern Pennsylvania.

JOB PRINTING of every kind, in plain and fancy colors, done with neatness and dispatch. Handbills, Blanks, Cards, Pamphlets, Billheads, Statements, &c., of every variety and style, printed at the shortest notice. The REPORTER office is well supplied with power presses, a good assortment of new type, and everything in the printing line can be executed in the most artistic manner and at the lowest rates. TERMS INVARIABLY CASH.

Business Cards.

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.25,'79

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

RODNEY A. MERCUR,
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TOWANDA, PA.,
Solicitor of Patents. Particular attention paid to business in the Orphans Court and to the settlement of estates.
Office in Montanyes Block May 1, '79.

OVERTON & SANDERSON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
E. OVERTON, JR. JOHN F. SANDERSON

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

JAMES WOOD,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
mch9-76 TOWANDA, PA.

H. L. TOWNER, M. D.,
HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
☞ Residence and Office just North of Dr. Corbin's, on Main Street, Athens, Pa. jun26-6m.

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

E. F. GOFF,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
WYALUSING, PA.
Agency for the sale and purchase of all kinds of Securities and for making loans on Real Estate. All 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, 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.

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.

I. 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 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.

MADILL & CALIFF,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Office in Wood's Block, first door south of the First National Bank, up-stairs.
H. J. MADILL. [jan8-731y] J. N. CALIFF.

DR. S. M. WOODBURN, Physician and Surgeon. Office over O. A. Black's Crockery store.
Towanda, May 1, 1877.1*.

WM. S. VINCENT,
GENERAL
INSURANCE AGENT,
July 31, 1879. TOWANDA, PA.

W. B. KELLY, DENTIST.—Office over M. E. Rosenfield's, Towanda, Pa. Teeth inserted on Gold, Silver, Rubber, and Aluminium base. Teeth extracted without pain. Oct. 34-72.

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.
N. N. BETTS, Cashier.
JOS. POWELL, President. Aril 1, 187.9

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. feb1'77.

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 3d, 1879. Expenses for board, tuition and furnished room from $172 to $180 per year. For catalogue or further particulars address the Principal,
EDWIN E. QUINLAN, A. M.
Towanda, July 3, 1879. 7y1

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.
M. A. FORREST.
augl6-tf.

EAGLE HOTEL,
(SOUTH SIDE PUBLIC SQUARE.)
This well-known house has been thoroughly renovated and repaired throughout, and the proprietor is now prepared to offer first-class accommodations to the public, on the most reasonable terms.
E. A. JENNINGS.
Towanda, Pa., May 2, 1878.

HENRY HOUSE,
(ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN,)
CORNER MAIN & WASHINGTON STREETS
TOWANDA, PA.
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 buy 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. 7y1

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 LOYAL SOCK COAL,
AND SHALL SELL AT
LOWEST PRICES FOR CASH.
NATHAN TIDD.
Towanda, Pa., Aug. 21, 1878. 12y1

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 23, 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 6 per cent. added.
Town order Book.
School order Book.
Summons.

Poetry.

MOTHER'S WORK.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Dear patient woman, o'er your children bending
To leave a good-night kiss on rosy lips,
Or list the simple prayers to God ascending
Ere slumber veil them in its soft eclipse,
I wonder, do you dream that seraphs love you,
And sometimes smooth the pathway for your feet;
That oft their silvery pinions float above you,
When life is tangled and its cross-roads meet?

So wan and tired, the whole long long day so busy,
To laugh or weep, at times you hardly know,
So many trifles made the poor brain dizzy,
So many errands call you to and fro
Small garments stitching, weaving fairy stories,
And binding wounds, and bearing little cares,
Yours hours pass, unheeded all the glories
Of that great world beyond your nursery stairs.

One schoolmate's pen has written words of beauty,
Her poems sing themselves into the heart;
Another's brush and magic; you have duty;
No time to spare for poetry or art,
But only time for training little fingers,
And teaching youthful spirits to be true;
You know not will what famine woman lingers,
With art alone to fill her, watching you.

And yet, I think you'd rather keep the babies,
Albeit their heads grow heavy on your arm,
Than have the poet's fair, enchanted may-bes,
The artist's visions, rich with dazzling charm;
Sweet are the troubles of the happy hours,
For even in weariness your soul is blest,
And righ contentment all your being dowers
That yours is not a hushed and empty nest.

—*Christian Union.*

Selected Tale.

A Picture Dealer's Romance.

Chamber's Journal.

I.

I, John Gildern, was confidential clerk to Messrs. Copal & Sons, picture dealers, Oxford street, London, long ago, when these events happened; and the firm of Gildern & Co., that now passes pictures worth thousands through its hands, was not then even a dream of mine.

I thread my way back through the maze and confusion of a busy life to those unforgotten days, and one picture rises before me, real, living—all but substantial in my memory—the one picture that has haunted me through all these years, and that all the gold that ever was coined could not purchase, nor all the power of man give back again to my bodily sight. A young English girl, not tall or queenly; not lofty in looks, but straight and graceful and very fair; a face with clear-cut features, wearing yet the looks of a child; blue eyes, looking upward, with their dark fringes raised; eyes of the softest grayish blue, not bright, unskilled in any artfulness of glance, not fine with any artistic correctness of form, but eyes that were supremely beautiful in that rapt upward look, because they told of a child's unconscious simplicity, of a true heart's open candor, of a pure soul that in every-day life and among every-day things was bright enough to make its presence known. This is the picture in my mind. Marian standing on the door-step of a manor house watching the floating clouds in the autumn sky. It was a picture of ordinary things with an inner depth of beauty. The accessories were commonplace enough. There was a white pavement before this side door, some ivy on the wall, and all within was dark. The fair figure thus framed was dressed in some poor cotton stuff of pale blue and white lines that ran into one soft color. The dusky brown hair, with only a few golden threads where it sprang straight upward from the forehead, was plaited and hung in braids, as was the custom once before in those old days; and the hat, with ivy leaves thrust under its band of pale blue, was pushed back, and cast no shadow on that never-to-be-forgotten face.

I, plain John Gilbert, was in the most unromantic of moods, when, turning out of the path at the side gate by which I had entered, I came upon this sight. I presented the appearance of the most ordinary man of thirty, such as may be seen any day in London banks or offices in scores. I had come to the house merely on business, with no introduction to the family; but I carried a carpetbag—a necessary appurtenance of the traveler in those days—and I was invited to stay in the house until my business was done, for it was expected to be troublesome and lengthy work—the drawing up of an accurate catalogue of the names of a galleryful of pictures, which the master of this place desired to sell to our firm. At my approach the girl stepped out of the doorway into the garden, and I saw no more of her that day.

An old gentleman, careworn and, as it seemed to me, not too amiable in appearance or manner, received me in a room full of books and papers. When the servant, a shabby-looking individual with threadbare livery, ushered me into his presence, he was bending over the table looking at some stones and colored earth through a glass that he held in a thin, palsied hand. He drew a newspaper hurriedly over his treasures, and without asking me to be seated, made his inquiries in a proud, slow voice. Was I from Messrs. Copal & Sons? I was. Had I come to examine the pictures as their agent. Yes, I had come to do that service. Then, he said, holding himself straight all the time, and with a pitiable artifice of display, smoothing back his thin gray hair with the shaking hand, whereon glittered a great diamond—I would find my room made ready; and I was free to stay at Elmsmere as long as my work lasted, for Messrs. Copal had given him to understand that it was sometimes a tedious operation to catalogue and do justice to so many pictures of all degrees of merit. He explained that he was a lover not of art but of study—waving his hand toward the book shelves. He never went near the picture gallery, and desiring retirement, he chose to ask but few to his house; so he was anxious to clear off the whole art collection—"all," he said, "every one of them," and with a sudden betrayal of anxiety despite his proud demeanor: "I am sure, sir, Messrs. Copal have sent a competent agent who will do my property justice. You can have them all, every one, mind; and I know such a house as yours gives a good price. Now, sir, the servants will attend to your wants."

With that he bowed me out; and the shabby serving man went before me along the passage, with slippers down at heel and stooping gait, a living satire upon the last order of the poor broken-down gentleman. Such, indeed, was his master! I knew it as well as if he had shown me his files of bills and his mortgage papers and the blank credit side of the accounts of Elmsmere. His diamond ring, his cold ceremony and his erect port, braving fortune, did not deceive me; but I must say for the credit of me, John Gildern the cierk, that I quitted his presence as I would have quitted that of a millionaire; for respect was commanded by this remnant of a grand family struggling against ill-fortune, and being, as the phrase goes, "out of luck."

My work began, and was not easily ended. There were but few paintings of value, though there were many having traditions of great names attached to them, which a close examination proved to be groundless; for there were generally but copies, or works "in the manner of" of Van Eyck or De Wint, as the case might be. There were, however, some really good pictures, a beautiful but ill-preserved Madonna of the Tuscan school, and a Rubens that sorely puzzled me, but which, as the event proved, turned out to be genuine. The main bulk of the collection was family portraits, worth little more than their frames. It was clear from the names of these that the family was related to a knightly one; but this branch bore no title. There was a veritable Stuart court lady by Lely among the rubbish; and there were two pretty children with unkempt hair, great brown eyes and pointed chins, purporting to be from the pencil of Sir Joshua Reynolds. There is no need to describe, nor can I, at this day remember, all the pictures of that miscellaneous collection. But among these hundreds of bright or old and discolored canvasses there was one that attracted my attention, and it was only a little thing, no more than eighteen or twenty inches in size. This was the portrait of a fair young woman among vine leaves at a window. She was dressed in white silk, adorned with jewels, and with strings of large pearls round her neck. Her hands were raised and clasped as if in some enraptured gesture, her blue eyes cast upward. And though the dress was so different, and the attitude of the hands was tragic and what we commonly call "stagey," I had no difficulty in detecting a striking likeness between those fair, refined, spiritual features and the girl I had seen standing at the door. In the corner of the picture there was an awkward smear of paint. "That conceals the artist's name," I thought, and I soon carefully removed it. But beneath there was only scratched in small white letters, "My Juliet"—two words which cast no light upon my business but awakened my curiosity to a painful degree. On the back was a date twenty years before.

My work soon put the discovery out of my head. I saw no one all day except the slipshod serving man; and, after a lonely evening, he came with a flattering candle to light me up stairs to a large bare room, filled with the smoke of an unwonted fire. It was a room with faded hangings, seedy pictures, a tiled hearth-place and shadowy half-lit walls. Any one nervously inclined would have imagined not one but half a dozen ghosts there. I was haunted by nothing but the memory of the girl at the door, and the mystery of the portrait with its obliterated name, "My Juliet."

II.

All next day I worked alone, the rain pattering against the high narrow windows of the gallery. Many of the family portraits I omitted from my list as not salable, and various other pictures I set down as "doubtful," not being able, without consultation, to settle the question of their authenticity; but the little painting of the girl in white silk at the window was so exquisite in feeling, in color, and in minute finish, that I had no hesitation about placing it in my list. It was about sunset when the light in the gallery was strong and clear in a dry hour after the rain, that as I knelt deciphering some artist's marks on a little Dutch sea piece hung badly near the floor, I heard a light footfall, and looking up I beheld a slight girlish figure treading with little slippered feet on the dark oak floor. I rose and bowed. It was the girl of whom I had wished vainly all day and all last evening to catch another glimpse. I rightly guessed that she was my host's granddaughter, and I was not free from an embarrassing flutter of heart when she came to speak to me; but I supposed it would be some message from the old man, nothing more.

The girl drew near and began to speak, with eyes not downcast, but like a child's eyes, raised steadily to mine, with a look that was at once the soul of innocence and maidenly gentleness. "I want to ask you," she said, "is that picture to be sold among the rest?" The picture she pointed to was that which had roused my curiosity the evening before.

Yes; I said; it was on my list. The instructions received were to the effect that all were to be sold; and though there were some of the larger portraits that I could not take, this picture was of value.

Never shall I forget the effect of these words—the nervous trembling of the girl's lip, and the liquid look in the blue eyes. "Sir," she said, addressing me in that way because she knew nothing of latter day customs, and was making an earnest appeal; "Sir, it is my mother's portrait. Grandfather does not care for it; but oh! I do. It is no use for me to ask it of him, he thought so little of her. But will you ask him, and have it kept for me?"

"Most assuredly I will," said I, looking down at the earnest face, which it would have taken a harder and more unchivalrous heart than John Gildern's to refuse. "I am certain there will be no difficulty about having it left out of the list."

"I am not so sure of that," she said, smiling and shaking her head. "Grandfather has such strange ideas sometimes, and he keeps so to whatever he once says."

"Other people do that, too," I replied, assuringly. "I shall keep to what I have said, and see that the picture remains here."

With her sweet voice she thanked me and went away, leaving poor John Gildern standing still, note-book in hand, calling to mind every word that had passed, like any romantic swain of twenty, wondering if he would see her again, and, thro' sheer anxiety, fancying every word of his own had been awkwardly and stupidly uttered.

When the servant summoned me to my solitary dinner, and took his place behind my chair in the deserted dining room, full of faded grandeur, I could no longer resist the temptation to find out something about the family, or rather—need I conceal it?—about my charming little maid.

"It is rather tedious work for me here," I said as a beginning, my preoccupation causing me to make such spluttering failures in dismembering a duck that I know the shabby-coated old man was grinning behind my shoulder. "Family portraits are such useless things unless they are by a man of note, and there are some of the pictures that I know nothing about. For instance, there is a little thing of a lady in white silk at a window, and there is something interesting about it, but it has not even an artist's name." I knew I was not wasting my words. This servant had evidently grown gray in the family; most likely there was not an inch of the house unknown to him.

"Ah! yes—ah, yes, yes!" he said, speaking in low, husky tones, and clearly making a bad copy of his master's air of importance. "There's a secret about that pictur; 'taint no common affair, not it."

"Well," I said, "if you can assist me in any way that is valuable in my business, I shall, of course, consider your services." All is fair in love and war, they say, and I could not resist the desire to satisfy my curiosity.

"Much obleeged to you, sir," said the husky old man, with a bow of great dignity, as he forthwith proceeded to relate the history of the mysterious picture.

The facts I afterward put together were these: There had long ago been a coldness, almost a feud, between the owner of Elmsmere and his only son. The cause of this was the attachment existing between the son and a beautiful and virtuous girl who was then on the boards of a provincial theatre. The delay to this marriage was caused by the father's threats of disinheriting the offender. But at last that difficulty was surmounted; a consent was wrested from the old man; the marriage took place, and the bride, bidding farewell to the stage, was brought home to Elmsmere. Her husband, the heir of the mansion, had dabbled a good deal in art. He painted his wife as Juliet, the part in which he had first seen her; and he insisted on hanging the portrait with the rest in the gallery. He met with a fatal accident not long after the marriage; and the father, for love of his wilful son, let the small portrait hang where he had placed it, but with his own hands had blotted out the words in the corner—"My Juliet." The young wife did not long outlive her sudden loss; and the old man was never reconciled to her, although, as the servant said, "she was the gentlest, most heavenliest bein', sir, that ever drew breath." But when, in dying, she left an infant daughter, the father's heart warmed to the child, and for his son's sake she became to him the one dear thing on earth. This was the whole story—a sad one enough. My interest in it only made the servant more communicative.

"Master will want to see you to-night, sir, as the business is done," he said; "and don't you mind, sir, if you find him nervous a bit—or hot as I may say. It's his way, sir. The world's gone askew with him this long time back: and there's always a mine or some such nonsense just agoin' for to be found on the estate, and not bein' found after all, and edging his temper, poor gentleman?"

The old man was evidently glad of some one to talk to; but when he verged on his master's present affairs, I stopped him, and dinner being finished, sent him with a message to my host to ask if he was at leisure to see me. He sent back word that he was engaged on most important business, but he would see me in half an hour. When the summons to the library came in at last, it was easy enough to see that the "most important business" had something to do with the plans on the table, which were stained by late contact with clay or dusty stones. This much I could not help observing, as they lay on the table, and the old man held something in his hand, which dropped reddish earth on the floor when he stretched it toward me with an impatient gesture. I gave him a rough estimate of the value of his pictures, subject to changes, for better or worse, which might be made in it by my employers. I offered him his option of doing business in this way of having the whole collection disposed of on his own account for what it would bring at our salesrooms. He said he preferred ready money transactions, with the firm for the purchaser, but the figure I named was much too low. He went over the list with me, and waxed, as the servant had predicted, rather hot on seeing some of the prices, and hotter still at my inability even to take in consideration the purchase of many of the portraits. He was only pacified, when he was absolutely losing his self-command, by my assurance that this catalogue was only a first estimate; that in order to avoid disappointment I had set down what I myself thought the lowest figure, and that I had to leave out some works which examination might prove to be of great value, in which case our house would deal with him liberally. He had risen to his feet; but he sank again into his arm chair on hearing this explanation, saying: "Certainly, certainly; we cannot yet decide on the exact figure; and after all"—with a trembling voice and his loftest air—"a few pounds one way or the other matter but little to me; but a man does not like to part with any of his property below what he himself believes to be its actual worth."

This I judged a favorable moment for the commission I had received from my fair suppliant in the morning. I hastened to explain that a young lady, whom I judged to be his daughter—miserable me, driven to use such flattery!—"No," he said; his granddaughter." I bowed, and went on. The young lady had requested me not to include in my list a small family portrait of some value.

"I know the thing," he said impatiently. "She has been talking to me about it. Let it go. It is only a fancy of hers to keep it—a fancy, sir, which does not concern your business here. I want the gallery cleared, and I am only sorry so many of those vapid daubs of our ancestors have to remain there."

His severe tone and cold looks were almost too much for me; but I was not outmastered yet. I replied in a firm but respectful manner, sorry for the artifice I was resorting to against his gray-haired ruined pride: "You say, sir, it does matter to you whether the pictures bring a few pounds more or less. The price of the one is no value to you; and the portrait itself is of so much value to the young lady for whom I speak that she herself made it my business and my concern to mention it." This was the homethrust.

"Of course I don't care about the paltry price," he said. "If she really wants the thing so much strike it out of your list." After that hurried speech he bowed my dismissal as he had done at the last interview, only remarking that he supposed I would carry the result of my work to London in the morning, and there would be no further delay. When I had gone to the foot of the staircase, in the dusk of the spacious flagged hall, I saw his granddaughter coming hastily from a doorway, where no doubt she had waited anxiously for my step on the stairs.

"Have you asked grandfather?" she whispered.

"I have. He will do as you wish about the portrait. I have struck it off my list."

"I am so glad!" she said, still in a low voice. "I would not part with it for the world!" And she seemed surprised at her good fortune, while I knew but too well that the secret of it lay in my allusion to money affairs, a subject on which the poor man would have done anything rather than have a stranger's suspicion aroused.

"You have been very kind," she said—"very good to me." And with some sudden impulse of gratitude she stretched out her hand, which I was but too proud to press for a moment in token of friendship.

"It was but a slight service," I said, scarcely knowing what words I stammered out; "I have to thank you for the pleasure of allowing me to do it for you."

In another moment she was gone, with a kindly "Good night," and I tried in vain to persuade myself that it was possible for her to take my answer as anything but a piece of ordinary politeness. Yet I had meant it with all my heart. What else could I have said? I thought. What else could I have done? Of course, my words had only the sound of a courteous answer, and as such she took them, thinking not of poor John Gildern but of her rescued treasure.

In the morning I wished in vain for one sight of that fair, simple-hearted girl, that had so unconsciously robbed me of my own heart's peace, and of my ordinary, unromantic, business-like frame of mind. More—I confess I loitered unnecessarily long over breakfast and departure, and I took many a side glance as the shabby servant led me to the door, and then it was not by the shortest route that I made my way to the high road. But there was no help for it; I left Elmsmere without seeing my little enchantress again.

III.

Four years passed to be added to John Gildern's thirty. I was fortunate enough to have a rich relative, and I gave up the service of Messrs. Copal and spent the best part of those four years traveling with him in Italy; and it must be admitted that I thought but seldom of Elmsmere after the first few months, though there were certain memories connected with the place which might any day or hour have filled my time-tried heart as full of romance as was ever a boy of half my years. These memories I put out of my mind permanently as useless and disturbing; but I had no other romance, though there were ample opportunities for such indulgence both at home and when we were on our travels. At the end of those four years we returned to London, and I took up my former employment, but at a diffrent house, which I may call here the house of Messrs. Easelby & Sons. One morning I was laughing over the pages of *Punch* in an idle hour—there were many idle hours at Messrs. Easelby's—when a fellow-clerk said in his usual off-hand way of throwing work on me: "You might open that parcel and attend to those letters which the late post has just brought in, Gildern!"

I made some remark more forcible than courteous about the parcel and letters, adding: "I shall attend to them this time, but it is none of my business." It was in this mood that I opened the first letter. Had my fellow-clerk been a student of physiognomy he would have seen my annoyance suddenly change to a feeling very different. But my comrade had no such gift of insight; and, even if he had, there were deeper feelings awakened by that letter which my face did not betray. It was addressed to Messrs. Easelby, and the writing was light and unfinished in character, much like a school girl's, with *u* and *n* alike. It was in after readings—days and months after that—I noted all this, and then it was in no spirit of criticism. At the time I only saw that it was from a young lady, asking if water-color drawings of hers, done at her former country home, would be acceptable for sale, adding that any price would be taken, as she was anxious to part with them, and the name signed was Marian——. Even here I cannot break the sacred secrecy of that second name, but it was the same as that of the owner of Elmsmere, and I no longer doubted who the writer was, even before I opened the thin flat parcel and took out sketches of parts of the well-remembered garden, the avenue of elms and the shallow, reedy widening of the little river that bounded one part of the grounds and gave the name to the house. The letter was dated from a shop that I happened to know, a stationer's in City Road. I knew also that this was merely an address for correspondence, and not the residence of the writer. Unfortunately, there would not be the smallest hope in offering the drawings to my employers. But it was impossible for one who knew the would-be artist, and guessed the history of their coming, to return them to her as a failure. At least it was impossible for me, with pictures of the past rising in my mind, and sympathy roused until it was pain. I inclosed a trifling sum, letting it appear to come from Messrs. Easelby, and signing my name in my accustomed illegible manner; and that night I took the parcel of drawings to my own home.

Day after day I spent in plans for coming into actual communication with her. I built castles in the air then, indeed, imagining how I would come to know her again; how her grandfather, who doubtless had by this time fallen lower in the world, would accept me as her suitor; and how life would run for the rest of our days like a fairy tale. At the same time, every week that went by in hesitation added to my anxieties, and at last I was positively suffering from suspense, all my old ardor roused and my sympathies quickened by the thought of this young girl, so unfit for the world's trials, obliged to do stern battle with them and perhaps alone. My surmises were true. When about a month had passed, the clerk who had attended to the correspondence came to me one day, laughing at a poor attempt at water-color drawing. I took the cardboard out of his hand, touched to the quick, and gave some awkward explanation, ending with: "I shall attend to it." So I did attend to it by sending to the girl's address a poor price, but the best I could afford, and taking home with me the worthless drawing. This happened twice again; and being now on the watch, I myself managed to receive the parcels and letters, and each time I did what any man on earth would have done had he been placed as John Gildern was—sent my own money with my useful illegible signature and appropriated the poor child's work. Then, fearing the repetition of my pardonable ruse might lead to some awkward discovery, I desired the sender of the water-color drawings to leave them in the future at an address which I gave in the city, and merely to mark them "Messrs. Easelby & Co.—to be called for."

The result of this step proved that I was right in relying on her small knowledge of the business world. But what was my dismay to find, when I first called at this city address, a package, which when opening it at my rooms, I found to contain—ah, how well remembered!—the picture of Marian's mother. A voice came to me out of the past: "I am so glad; I would not part with it for the world." But some overruling power had doubtless compelled it otherwise. And what a tale the parting told! I glanced at the accompanying letter. It stated with the most unbusiness-like simplicity, that the writer greatly valued the picture, but needed money at the moment. If Messrs. Easelby would send part of its price and leave her the chance of buying it back again at some future time, she would be most grateful. But if they never did business on those terms, she would sell the picture for whatever they thought it worth.

"Poor child! Poor Marian!" I exclaimed with Heaven knows how sad and burning a heart, "she is sorely tried somewhere in this great, hard world of London—sorely tried, and perhaps without a friend."

I paced up and down for a few moments with the open letter in my hand, thinking what could be done, and haunted by every soul-stirring memory that the sweet young face and trustful blue eyes had left me. I wrote a hurried note and sent it on its way, delaying only to inclose a check for the picture, and to explain that it would be safely kept, and might at any time be repurchased by the sender. Then I wrote another letter, taking care that it would arrive a post later than the business communication, purporting to be from Messrs. Easelby's clerk of the unknown signature. The second letter ran:

DEAR MISS N——: I have hitherto corresponded with you only in your business affairs in relation to Messrs. Easelby; but strangely enough I once had the honor—far from forgotton—of meeting you at Elmsmere, when I was acting as agent for Messrs. Copal & Co. I have not forgotten your kindness and confidence in allowing me then to do you a slight service in connection with a picture which has to-day passed through my hands. If you send a word in answer to this note to John Gildern at the above address, I shall take it as a sign that you will do me the great favor of permitting me to renew that chance acquaintance. If I receive no answer, I shall do my best to be resigned to the greatest disappointment of my life; and in either case your business relations with Messrs. Easelby will continue exactly as if I had never ventured to send you this letter.

I took care to write my name with clearness in the body of the letter, but to sign it as usual at the close. After a day or two of the utmost anxiety, a few words came in answer. Poor Marian explained that her grandfather was ill, but that he would be glad to receive me, and that she hoped I would not be surprised at finding that they had suffered great loses and misfortunes, for I would visit a very different home from Elmsmere. At the head of this letter was an address in a street in Finsbury, a quiet, dull corner, not far from the City Road. Thither I made my way the very first evening after receiving the letter; and I still recollect how dull that street looked in the twilight, all the houses alike, as if each row had been cast in a mould. As I looked up and down for the house, I wondered if the people who lived there had to make sure of the number every time they went home. The number I sought led me to a house where in the lower room there was but dim firelight, and bright light only in the top windows. After a long delay I was admitted to the room distinguished in those houses as the "front parlor." The stout landlady, who seemed particularly untidy and in a hurry, poked up the fire before she left me, and I could see distinctly the worn furniture, the glass shades of wax fruit and the old lace curtains that I still recollect in one vague dream when I think of that room. The fire was bright, flashing white on the walls, when there came in a fair girl, pale and altered, but blue-eyed Marian still. But how strange she looked—tearful, and without a smile! She stretched out her hand, with the sorrowful words on her lips, "Poor grandpapa!" She could utter no more; but I understood the rest. The poor, broken-down man was dead in that bright room upstairs.

I would have gone away at once, feeling my presence to be an intrusion just then; but she asked me to stay, adding most simply, with her face hidden in her thin, white hands: "You won't mind my crying a little? But don't go just awhile. It is kind of you to come, and I shall be able to talk to you soon. But I'm so—so nervous and shaken."

We did not meet as strangers. Sorrow and sympathy became friends at once, and there is no barrier of ceremony between them. Somehow she trusted me; why I cannot tell, except, perhaps, because she knew nothing of the world, and I had once shown some little kindness to her about that picture at Elmsmere.

There is but little more to tell. I accompanied her a few days after to the old man's funeral; we were the only mourners.

I let but little time pass until I won Marian and made her my own; for loneliness and grief were telling upon her, and I could afford to despise the tattlers who talked of my unbefiting haste. Ah! it was well to make haste; for little did I suspect then that my new-found treasure was already hastening away from me. She busied herself gaily in our new home; she laid plans of all she would do to make it "a little paradise, John," when she would be well and strong; but there was a dark look under my little wife's blue eyes, a hollowness of the cheek once so fair and smooth, a husky cough that drove me wild with increasing fears. There was for me a deepening beauty in her looks; but more and more I felt the hand of fate upon us as I watched her face and delicate form from day to day, seeing but too plainly

Something faint and fragile in the whole
As though 'twere but a lamp that held a soul.

At last the day came—dreaded, oh! how long!—when raising her fair head from her pillow, my poor Marian whispered to the watcher in his constant place beside it, "Dear heart, tell me, am I dying?"

Oh! how the words cut into my very soul—"Am I dying?" from the sweet flower of Elmsmere, and the same question from troubled blue eyes that had so charmed me long ago. "Not dying, darling," I could only say; "don't call it dying; it is only going home."

Then she laid her head upon my arm, looking up at me with those pure, childlike eyes. "Don't grieve and fret, dear heart. Ah! I'm afraid you will. He will bring you home too, you know, into His bosom."

When I sat beside my lonely hearth, I took courage from those words to bide my time and work out my life bravely. My grief has not driven me into selfish seclusion, and I have found interest in covering the walls of my home with art treasures of my choice. Among these is the picture of Juliet, which, with a pardonable artifice of love, I pretended to buy for my poor girl before her marriage. As to her own drawings, I kept them hidden, and she never knew my secret. The revelation would only have taken from her the pleasure of thinking that her work had supported her ruined grandfather. But when she was with me no more I filled my own room with those worthless sketches—priceless to me, and it is among them now that I have gone back through those old years, and raised again the memories of Elmsmere and of Marian as I saw her first, before her frail life was broken on the hard world's wheel.

A NEW YORK divine said, in regard to the doctrine of immers