The Bradford Reporter.

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

VOLUME XLI. TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 11, 1880. NUMBER 24

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

The BRADFORD REPORTER is published every Thursday morning by GOODRICH & HITCHCOCK, 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, $5 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 limited or individual interest, and notices of marriages or deaths, exceeding five lines are charged FIVE 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 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.

MADILL & KINNEY,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.
Office—Rooms formerly occupied by Y. M. C. A. Reading Room.
H. J. MADILL. 3,18,80 O. D. KINNEY.

MRS. E. J. PERRIGO,
TEACHER OF PIANO AND ORGAN.
Lessons given in Thorough Bass and Harmony. Cultivation of the voice a specialty. Located at A. Searle's, Main St. Reference: Holmes & Passage. Towanda, Pa., March 4, 1880.

JOHN W. CODDING,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, TOWANDA, PA.
Office over Kirby's Drug Store.

THOMAS E. MYER
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Office with Patrick and Foyle. Sep.25,'79

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

RODNEY A. MERCUR,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
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,
ATTORNEYS-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

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.

HIRAM E. BULL,
SURVEYOR.
ENGINEERING, SURVEYING AND DRAFTING.
Office with G. F. Mason, over Patch & Tracy, Main street, Towanda, Pa. 1,15,80.

GEO. W. KIMBERLEY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Office—Second door south of First National Bank. August 12, 1880.

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

I. McPHERSON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Dec'r Atty Brad. Co. [feb.1'78.

FIRE INSURANCE.
Having accepted the agency of the LANCASHIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, (Assets over $13,000,000 00.) I am prepared to write policies at current rates.
M. D. SWARTS, Agent.
Office with Wm. v. Vincent, Towanda, Pa. 1yr.

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

SAM W. BUCK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PENN'A
Office—South side Poplar street, opposite Ward House. [Nov. 13, 1879.

DAVIES & CARNOCHAN,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
SOUTH SIDE OF WARD HOUSE.
Dec 24-78. TOWANDA, PA.

J. ANDREW WILT,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Office—Means' Block, Main-st., over J. L. Kent's store, Towanda. 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.

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

DR. S. M. WOODBURN, Physician and Surgeon. Office at residence, on Pine street, East of Main.
Towanda, May 1, 1872 tf

W. B. KELLY, DENTIST.—Office over M. E. Rosenfield's, Towanda, Pa. Teeth inserted on Gold, Silver, Rubber, and Aluminum base. Teeth extracted without pain. Oct. 24-72.

F. 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
Will be in his office the last Saturday of each month, over Turner & Gordon's Drug Store, Towanda, Pa.
Towanda, June 20, 1878.

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

FIRST NATIONAL BANK,
TOWANDA, PA.
CAPITAL PAID IN.....$125,000
SURPLUS FUND.....65,000
This Bank offers unusual facilities for the transaction of a general banking business.
N. N. BETTS, Cashier.
JOS. POWELL, President. April 1, 1875.

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

GET YOUR
JOB PRINTING
Done at the REPORTER OFFICE, opposite the Court House, Towanda. Colored work a specialty

Legal.

NOTICE IN PARTITION.—State of Pennsylvania, County of Bradford, ss: To Sarah Ann Lawrence, Joseph F. Wheaton, Cyrus G. Wheaton, Emily F. Sibley, Charlotte M. Rogers, Henry W. Wheaton, Melissa Ann M. Rogers—please take notice:

Whereas, at an Orphans' Court, held at Towanda in and for said County of Bradford, on the 17th day of April, A. D. 1880, before the Hon. P. D. Morrow, President Judge of said Court, in the matter of the estate of John Wheaton, deceased, the petition of Melissa Ann M. Rogers, wife of James Rogers and daughter of John Wheaton, late of the township of Warren, in said County, deceased, was presented, setting forth that the said John Wheaton died March 24, 1839, intestate, seized in his demesne as of fee of and in a certain messuage and tract of land situate in said township of Warren, bounded north by lands of George Pendleton and Benedict Arnold, east by lands of Benjamin Burlington, and south and west by lands of Samuel Wheaton; containing about 106 acres,—and leaving to survive him a widow, Sally Wheaton, and eight children, Sarah Ann Lawrence, Joseph F. Wheaton, Cyrus G. Wheaton, Frederick T. Wheaton (since deceased), Emily F. Sibley, Charlotte M. Rogers, Henry W. Wheaton and Melissa Ann M. Rogers; that the widow, Sally Wheaton, died March 12th, 1860; that the said Frederick F. Wheaton died September 17th, 1853, leaving to survive him a widow, Susan Wheaton (since married to Major Darling), and one son, Seymour Wheaton; that no guardians were appointed for any of the minor children of said John Wheaton, deceased; that under and by virtue of the intestate laws of this Commonwealth, it belongs to the said Melissa Ann M. Rogers to have an equal one-eighth part of said real estate. No partition of said real estate having been had, the petitioner prays the Court to award an inquest to make partition of the said real estate to and among the aforesaid parties according to their respective rights, and she will ever pray, etc. Whereupon the said Court grant a rule on the heirs and legal representatives of said decedent to show cause why partition of the above described real estate shall not be made. And now to wit, May 6th, 1880, the Court continue this rule until September Term next.

And now to wit, September 22d, 1880, rule made absolute, and the said Court, on due proof and consideration of the premises, awarded an inquest to make partition as prayed for. We therefore command you that, taking with you seven good and lawful men of your Bailiwick, you go to and upon the premises aforesaid, and there, in the presence of all parties aforesaid by you to be warned (if upon being warned they will be present), and having respect to the true valuation thereof, and upon the oaths and affirmations of the said seven good and lawful men, you make partition to and among the heirs and legal representatives of the said intestate in such manner and in such proportions as by the laws of this Commonwealth is directed if the same can be so parted and divided without prejudice to or spoiling the whole; and if such partition cannot be made thereof without prejudice to or spoiling the whole, that then you cause to inquire and ascertain whether the same will conveniently accommodate more than one of the said heirs and legal representatives of the said intestate without prejudice to or spoiling the whole; and if so, how many it will as aforesaid accommodate, describing each part by metes and bounds, and returning a just valuation of the same. But if the said inquest by you to be summoned as aforesaid to make the said partition or valuation shall be of opinion that the premises aforesaid, with the appurtenances, can not be so parted and divided as to accommodate more than one of the said heirs and legal representatives of the said intestate, that then you cause the inquest to value the whole of the said real estate, with the appurtenances, having respect to the true value thereof agreeably to law; and that the partition or valuation so made you distinctly and openly have before our said Judge at Towanda, at an Orphans' Court there to be held on the regular day of sessions thereof, after such inquest shall be made under your hand and seal, and sider the hands and seals of those by whose oaths or affirmations you shall make such partition or valuation, and have you then and there this writ.

Witness: P. D. Morrow, President Judge of our said Court at Towanda aforesaid, the 7th day of April, A. D. 1880. A. C. FRISBIE, Clerk of Orphans' Court.

In conformity with the above order, I hereby give notice to the above named heirs and all other persons interested, that an inquest will be held on the above estate, on the premises, on FRIDAY, the 26TH day of NOVEMBER, A. D. 1880, at 2 o'clock, P. M.

PETER J. DEAN, Sheriff.
Towanda, October 14, 1880.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.—Letters testamentary having been granted to the undersigned, under the last will and testament of Polly Chapman, late of New Albany, deceased all persons indebted to the estate of said decedent are hereby notified to make immediate payment, and all having claims against said estate must present the same duly authenticated to the undersigned for settlement.

S. W. CHAPMAN,
C. W. CHAPMAN,
New Albany, Oct. 7, 1880. Executors.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that all persons indebted to the estate of A. H. Bowman, late of Leroy, deceased, must make immediate payment, and all persons having claims against said estate must present them duly authenticated for settlement.

LECY MARI BOWMAN,
JOSEPH B. BOWMAN,
Sept23-6w.* Executors.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE. Letters of administration having been granted to the undersigned, upon the estate of Chas. B. Deaton, late of Tuscarora township, deceased, notice is hereby given that all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and all persons having claims against said estate must present the same duly authenticated to the undersigned for settlement.

ALVAN C. DEXTER, Administrator.
Tuscarora, Pa., Oct. 21, 1880-w6.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration having been granted to the undersigned, upon the estate of L. M. Rundell, late of Burlington, deceased, notice is hereby given that all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and all persons having legal claims against the same will present them without delay in proper order for settlement to

D. M. RUNDELL, Administrator.
Luther's Mills, Oct. 28, 1880-w6.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Letters testamentary having been granted to the undersigned, under the last will and testament of James C. Ridgway, late of Franklin twp., deceased, all persons indebted to the estate of said decedent are hereby notified to make immediate payment, and all having claims against said estate must present the same duly authenticated to the undersigned for settlement.

SEMANTHA S. RIDGWAY,
Monroeton, Oct. 28, 1880. Executor.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—In re the estate of Charles S. Fox, deceased.

The undersigned, an Auditor appointed by the Orphans' Court of Bradford County to distribute the balance of funds of said estate in the hands of the administrator of said estate, will attend to the duties of his appointment at his office in the Borough of Towanda, on SATURDAY, the 13TH day of NOVEMBER, 1880, at 10 o'clock, A. M., when and where all persons having claims on said fund must present them or be forever debarred from coming in upon the same.

J. P. KEENEY, Auditor.
Towanda, October 21, 1880-w4.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.—In the matter of the assignment of M. F. Ransom for the benefit of his creditors. In the Court of Common Pleas of Bradford County, No. 764, May Term, 1877.

The final account of G. H. Vanblyck, Assignee in the above case, filed September 22, 1880; and said account will be presented to said Court for final confirmation and allowance on Thursday, December 2, 1880, unless cause be shown why said account should not be finally confirmed and allowed by the Court.

GEORGE W. BLACKMAN,
Towanda, Oct. 21, 1880-w4. Prothonotary.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—S. B. Tarpen's use vs. E. G. and D. Taylor. In the Court of Common Pleas of Bradford County. No. 1169, May Term, 1879.

The undersigned, an Auditor appointed by the Court to distribute the fund arising from the Sheriff's sale of defendants personal property, will attend to the duties of his appointment at his office in Towanda, on MONDAY, NOVEMBER 22d, 1880, at 10 o'clock, A. M., when all persons having claims upon said fund must present them or be forever debarred from coming in upon the same.

THOS. E. MYER, Auditor.
Towanda, Oct. 21, 1880-w4.

APPLICATION IN DIVORCE.—To Julia E. Munch, in the Court of Common Pleas of Bradford county. No. 563, May T., 1880. You are hereby notified that George, your husband, has applied to the Court of Common Pleas of Bradford County for a divorce from the bonds of matrimony, and the said Court has appointed Monday, December 6, 1880, in the Court House in Towanda, for hearing the said George, in the premises, at which time and place you may attend if you think proper.

PETER J. DEAN, Sheriff.
4-tw.

APPLICATION IN DIVORCE.—To Hezekiah Chamberlain, in the Court of Common Pleas of Bradford county. No. 114, May Term, 1880. You are hereby notified that Estelle J., your wife, has applied to the Court of Common Pleas of Bradford County for a divorce from the bonds of matrimony, and the said Court has appointed Monday, the 6th day of December, in the Court House in Towanda, for hearing the said Estelle, in the premises, at which time and place you may attend if you think proper.

PETER J. DEAN, Sheriff.
4-tw.

APPLICATION IN DIVORCE.—To Albert Curkendall, in the Court of Common Pleas of Bradford county. No. 93, December Term, 1880. You are hereby notified that Eliza, your wife, has applied to the Court of Common Pleas of Bradford County for a divorce from the bonds of matrimony, and the said Court has appointed Monday, December 6th, 1880, in the Court House in Towanda, for hearing the said Eliza, in the premises, at which time and place you may attend if you think proper.

PETER J. DEAN, Sheriff.
4-tw.

WANTED—BUSINESS MEN.—A first-class regular Life Insurance Company desires to employ a few men to devote their entire time to their interests in Pennsylvania, to whom liberal compensation will be paid. Must be of good character and possess tact, energy and perseverance; past experience in the business not necessary. Address, stating age, past occupation, and salary received and expected, with references, (Oct. 14-2.) "MANAGER."
23 Astor House Office, New York City.

NOVEMBER.

What are the wild winds saying
As they sweep through the stormy sky
Or moan 'mid the leafless branches,
With a sound like a human sigh?
They are telling in mournful whispers
Of the beautiful summer dead,
Of May and her faded garlands,
Of June and her roses fled;

Of the shining days of August,
And the sweet September glow,
Of the regally-crowned October,
With footsteps silent and slow.
They are telling of harvests garnered,
Of ripened and gathered sheaves,
Of empty nests in the forests
And under the homestead eaves.

They are telling of stranded vessels,
And wrecks upon stormy waves,
Of signal-guns on a midnight sea,
Of cruel and watery graves;
And of leaves that drift in the valleys,
And mounds where no grass has grown.
Of beautiful idyls vanished,
And beautiful visions flown.
Of a year with its joys and sorrow
That Time like a sheaf hath bound,
Leaving no fruit for the gleaner
On all the desolate ground.

Oh, wind of wild November,
A sorrowful voice is thine—
A requiem of the dying year,
Of the snowy shroud a sign;
And harvest days that are over,
When we gathered golden grain,
And links that are broken forever
And lost from Love's magical chain.

—Mrs. D. M. Jordan, Rosemary Leaves.

RUTH DEAN'S VISIT.

"In this world it is best not to think too much of pleasant possibilities, that we may not be out of humor with present insipids; yet despite this lamb-like maxim, if ever one planned, economized, making old gowns last twice their usual span, that she might have one long, cool holiday in new gowns and free from care, it was Ruth Dean, the cheeriest of beings, with the whitest teeth and brownest hair that ever adorned a mortal woman near her fortieth birthday—an age when many of her sisters have lost youth, health and comeliness, and begin to have a dim consciousness that they ought to have died when they were young and tolerable.

When Ruth first planned this visit to her relatives away among Maine hills, she was living in a large Western city with a ne'er-do-well husband, and a graceless young nephew, upon whom she lavished all the pent-up motherhood that she had never been called to expend upon children of her own.

Why Ruth, the fairest and most lovable of the five Worthing girls, should have bound herself fortuitously, or otherwise, to such a bundle of obstinacy and incapacity as John Dean, while all of her plain, ordinary-minded sisters married capable, enterprising men, is a question for philosophers and biologists.

Keturah Ann Bowers, an angular down-east woman, living with Mrs. Lane, Ruth's near neighbor, in the capacity of unpaid philosopher and paid nurse, guiltless of Darwinian theories in regard to natural selection, and having positive ideas of her own about matters in general, "knowed," to use her expressive language, "as well as she wanted to, just why Ruth Worthin' throwed herself away merryin' thut shiftless John Dean."

"Ef anybody knows Ruth an' all her fam'ly an' all their ways, it's me," Keturah was trotting, quite gently for her, a two-weeks-old baby on lier lap, and said this in answer to some question of Mrs. Lane in regard to Mrs. Dean. "You see, I lived with Deacon Worthin's folks, off an' on, most of the time after I was fourteen. When I went there Ruth an' Robert—they were both twins—was jest little tots in pinafores. Miss Worthin's other children was a sight older, an' Ruth an' Robert growed up all to theirselves like; for the older ones merried an' went away afore the twins was ten years old. Sich happy critters as them two twins! A playin' or a plannin', a studyin' or a workin', they was alwus together. Robert was master smart about larnin', and Ruth w'an't a bit ahind him, ef she was a womankind. The Deacon kalkerlated to send him to college, an' Robert took to studyin' Greek an' Latun an' sich, an' Ruth kep right along with him, an', I guess, she helped him more' he did her.

"But this college notion didn't last long afore he got in a desperit to go to sea. The Deacon thought he might go jest once, to sicken him of sich a life. It didn't, though, an' he kep' on goin', as boys mostly do down there on the coast of Maine—it's born in 'em.

"When Ruth was nigh twenty year old, Miss Worthin' took a stroke an' went off suddenly. The Deacon never got over this blow, an' next year, when the laylocks was a-blowin', we laid him side of 'mother,' as he always called her. They was all the father an' mother I ever knowed."

To hide a touch of feeling in her voice, Keturah Ann gave the baby's clothes a vigorous pull downwards, observing in her usual stridulous tone:

"The masterfullest baby to be alwus a hunchin' up its clothes I ever see."

"Where was Robert when his parents died?" asked Mrs. Lane.

"I was going to say he was off on a long trip, an' came home a few months afterwards. What should he bring with him though but a queer kind of a furrin' wife, a German, that he took off a wrack with other half-starved critters. How on airth they contrived to get acquainted an' fall in love with one 'nother, it beats me; for when she comes to us she couldn't speak scurse a word except 'nine' that I could make out, an' that she put in sich onspected places that I used to laugh when I oughtn't—she a poor furriner an' all her fam'ly drownded.

"But as soon as Ruth set eyes on this Bertha Rubinstein, she took to her an' all her outlandish ways as ef she'd been a born sister."

"But," suggested Mrs. Lane, "I thought you were to tell me how Ruth happened to marry John Dean. She had no beau, no lover up to this time?"

"Sakes alive! plenty of them, sich as they was. There was the schoolmaster that Ruth never got sight on but she'd e'n a'most laugh in his face, he was that queer and stiff in his ways; an' there was a neighbor's son with a soft spot in his head somewhere, for he writ poems and things for the papers—believe he came to be editor afterwards—Ruth couldn't bear him. Then there was the sea-capting, a sight older'n her, forever a askin' of her to go a ridin' or a walkin' with him, an' she a makin' excuses an' never a goin'. Ruth nick named him, in her funny way, Laird Dumbiedikes, an' said he'd think bimeby she ought to marry him she'd known him so long. Then there was Robert's friend Dick; real likely he was, too, an' he was at the Deacon's a sight; but I didn't call him a beau then, for he an' Ruth was alwaus a sparrin' an' a argyfyin', an' never seemed to agree about nothin'. They was the oppositest bein's I ever see—Ruth so quick an' techy, an' Dick as cool as a cucumber.

"Ruth was kind of independunt an' womanrightsly, and was minded to say that women didn't never have more'n half a chance, men was so selfish an' treated 'em as ef they was doll-babies. An' Dick believed, or purtended to, that the hull kit of female kind needed masters an' pertectors as much as the nigger slaves down South. This would set Ruth right up, for she didn't b'lieve in slavery, no how.

"It was soon after the Deacon died that there was a picnic off to one of the islands, an' Ruth an' Dick both went. When Ruth came back she looked awful cut up about somethin' or 'nother, an' went right to her room. I heerd her trampin' up an' down half the night. I never knowed what was up for three years, an' then she was married to John Dean an' moved out West, an' it was only an aggravation."

At this juncture the baby, like Pip brought up by hand, made an outcry. Keturah Ann satisfied its demands and put it in its crib, saying with a little chuckle:

"There, you're a blessed good specimin of the male sect in gineral, as peaceful as a lamb when you're a stuffin' somethin' into you that suits you and for jest a little while afterwards."

As Keturah took her sewing Mrs. Lane remarked, smilingly: "You have not made it clear yet why your friend married John Dean."

"Why it's plain as day that she took him because he choosed lier an' seemed to wusshup the ground she stood on; same's many a woman has merried when she did not git the one she'd sot her heart on, an' didn't keer about flying in the face of Providence an' not marry at all. It's clear as can be that she'd a drawin' towards Dick all the time, for all her independence; an' his goin' right off to California after that picnic, an' never seein' of her, made her kind of reckless like. One day when I was at Ruth's old home, takin' keer of Bertha's baby, while she an' Robert was off to sea, Dick walked right in where I was. They said he'd got rich a minin', but didn't look no ways cheery of he had. He kep talkin' of Ruth, an' asked ef I thought John Dean would make her happy, an' all sich questions. He said little Rubinstein looked more like Ruth than Robert, and then he kissed him an' looked so down-hearted, I jest up an' asked him what had happened to that picnic. It all come out then that he'd been lovin' Ruth right along; an' that day, when they were alone among the cliffs, he'd told her he was goin' off to be gone a long spell, an' he wanted to have a seris talk 'long of her; an' Ruth never stopped to hear what he was goin' to say, but turned an' walked off, sayin' kind o' scornful, she hoped he'd have more sense about women folks when he came back. An' he went off, thinkin' she didn't care for him; but seein' that she was still Ruth Worthin' the last time his folks writ him. An' here was Ruth another man's wife out in Illinoy!

"I declare it was awful provokin' to see how them two bein's, both on 'em a speakin' the same tongue, an' knowin' one 'nother all their days, went on to blind their eyes an' make sich a mess, a upsettin' all their happurness for life like two nateral born ijets; when there was Robert and Bertha only knowed one 'nother six weeks, or better, an' one's talk all gibberish to t'other, an' they found out they were meant for one 'nother. I read a novel once all through, an' I'm blessed ef Ruth's an' Dick's onsensible doin's want jest of a piece with the two fovers in that story, for they went on actin' contrary through two vollems, an' at last come together by accerdent. But that's a sight better'n Ruth an' Dick come out. It's all for the best though, an' I'm not a findin' fault with Proverdence."

"I am glad that you are no pessimist," laughed Mrs. Lane. "I hope Ruth lived happily with John Dean."

"Why, yes, leastwise as fur as folks knowed; for a woman like Ruth, with a head full of ideas an' common sense, don't go a tellin' all the world she's made a mistake an' got the wrong man—she'd be pulled in tatters before she'd own it. It's mostly them couples as is both alike, one as weak as t'other, that brings their little mean troubles afore the world an' law courts, an' git divorces as ef them was a panaky for all their miserableness. John Dean wasn't a bad man, but kind of hard for womankind to deal with, for he was monster conterary, an' hadn't much gumption about business, an' lost his property as keerless as a child. Ruth couldn't do 'nothin, to better things, for them kind o' men, an' the weaker they be the wuss they be, is everlastin' afeared they'll be ruled by women folks. Little Stein, as Ruth calls him, was with me at home when Robert an' Bertha was lost at sea, an' Ruth sent for me to fetch him to her. It nigh upon broke her heart to lose 'em both all of a sudden; but 'twas a comfort, she said, to have Robert's boy.

"I've had a room with Ruth ever sence, ef a body ever is at home in this shiftless out West."

Being a native of Keturah's scorted "out West," Mrs. Lane bid a smile in her question:

"Has Mrs. Dean never been East to see her relatives in all this time?"

Keturah beeswaxed her thread and gave her peculiar chuckling laugh before she spoke.

"It's funny ef disappintments ever is, but she hasn't ever been. When Stein was ten year old, or upwards, Ruth planned in her heart some way to take us all on a good long pleasurin' tower East; an' John Dean seemed to need a change more'n any of us, for he'd been a failin' all that spring. Ruth, she teached in a friend's school an' colored photograps that it mightn't come hard on John for the outlay; and we was all ready, trunks packed, and the airly roses a-blowin', an' the black dust a-chokin' us, when poor John was took down helpless with a shock of p'ralysis. Instead of a hollerday amongst them blessed Maine hills, we staid in that hot city all that live-long summer attendin' on that poor sick mortal. Ruth wasn't a angel; but she was better'n one of 'em, a floppin' their wings around in a sick room, for she was a human with human hands an' cheer words, an' he was a childish, onrestful inverlid.

"'Twas along in the winter he died; an' when the sound of them frozen clods a fallin' on his coffin struck Ruth's ears, she fainted away in my arms. P'raps you don't believe it; 'tisn't them we've loved most an' been happiest with that we weep bitterest tears for when they're gone; it's sorrow for happerness we never had cut deepest.

"After awhile we moved down here to this village, the decentest place I ever see out West, for it has a few little rocks in the road, an' a little risin' ground. An' Ruth with her school for little children, an' her studyin' an' her eddicatin' of Stein, has been kind of peaceful and content. She's minded all along though to make that visit East, and twice sence John died we've been e'n a' most started, an' something has turned up to hinder; but I guess we shall go for sure this time, seein' Stein's off to Colorady an' there's only me an' Ruth to go. An' too, I'm impressed, as them Spiritualists say, that we'll be disappinted."

"Oh, I hope not; but it is unfortunate that Stein is not here to accompany his 'aunt," remarked Mrs. Lane, sympathizingly.

"You see, Stein wasn't any wuss, as I knows on, than other boys—a fam'ly is alwus in hot water that has no one 'em round. He took to book learnin' as his father afore him; an' he was a master hand to pick things to pieces to see what was in 'em, an' was forever a bringin' home weeds and insects, an' all sorts of crawlin' things, a clutterin' up the house with 'em. An' many's the time he's nigh blowed us all up with the chemical 'speriments."

"Ruth seemed to think him all right as long as he kept on studyin' for college; but when her cousin, Mr. Leonard, from Massachusetts, came along last year, Stein, a great boy of seventeen, took a notion to go an' help him on his sheep ranch in Colorady. Ef you'll mind this baby a minit, I'll run over an' see ef Ruth has heerd from him."

Keturah found Ruth in her sitting-room, strewed with various signs of speedy departure, seated on the corner of a half packed open trunk with a crushed letter in her hand, and with a dazed, tearful look in her eyes.

"O Keturah," she exclaimed as that worthy spinster appeared before her, "Stein's letter came half an hour ago and I have sat like one stunned ever since. He has been thrown from a horse, broken one arm, sprained an ankle and bruised himself terribly. He hopes we have not started on our journey, for he wishes to come home as soon as his condition will permit him to do so. He will take up his studies again and behave himself, he writes. The dear boy—I am so glad its no worse, and that I shall have him at home again. How fate must enjoy upsetting our plans," and Ruth laughed hysterically until the tears rolled down over the half-folded garment on her lap.

"But you can go Keturah, and we will come on later," she added, when she had composed herself.

"Not a step will I budge until you go, ef I have to wait till I'm old as Methus'leh. I've felt it all along that somethin' would happen to that boy—so pernickety an' venturesome no good comes of mixing up races."

"You need not say that; for see how Stein's Yankee proclivities send him roaming after adventure and to see the world, while the German part of him brings him home to quiet study and duty. But help me put this torturing trunk out of sight," and Ruth rose from her cramped position with regained cheerfulness.

As she shut the trunk out of sight in a dark closet she broke out afresh: "To think how many pictures of cliff, mountain and sea I've bundled into that trunk with every package; and now—?"

"P'raps you packed in a picter of a great broad-shouldered feller standin' agin a rock, an' of a little woman a streakin' through the bushes a lookin' back kind of scornful."

Having delivered herself of this unexpected speech, which for a moment quite suspended her (Ruth's) breath, Keturah's face disappeared in the pasteboard tunnel of her calico sunbonnet, and, in spite of her "disappointment," she went smiling back to her duties.

The marlplot nephew's letter was answered with due speed, and two weeks later Ruth sat one afternoon in her cosy parlor. The light from a nearly-shaded window played over her wavy brown hair and little gray-clad figure, the somberness of the dress only relieved by a little knot of tiny ferns and scarlet geranium blossoms at her throat, and lit up the pages of the book she was vainly endeavoring to read. "It is useless," she murmured, "I can neither read nor work. It is that foolish dream of last night which brings so vividly to my mind all those by-gone scenes—father, mother, Robert and Dick—dead and living, all mingled together after the fashion of dreams. Keturah is so sure that he went away heart-broken! I imagine, though, that away in that wild Vancouver with his coal mines, his wealth, and with that doctor's widow that he married, he has quite forgotten 'Little Ruth.' I was all to blame. What idiots women are; saying and doing in pure caprice what they would give worlds in a moment to unsay and undo. But oh, it's the afterthought, the hintergedanke, that makes our bitterness!" Covering her face with both hands Ruth lost all thought of the present in a reverie of the past. The sound of an arriving train at the near depot aroused her, and brushing away an impertinent tear, she exclaimed aloud: "What a sentimental old thing you are Ruth Dean; why, you ought to be wrinkled and gray-headed and sensible—you are only one of thousands—only one

"Whose overhasty impulse drove him
Past earthly joys he might secure."

She arose and opened a blind that had tempered the hot June sun. Pulling towards her an overhanging vine, she gathered a handful of roses, and as she turned away from the window felt herself half lifted from the floor in the clasp of some intruder's arm.

"Stein, dear little Stein, you great frightful darling!" she exclaimed, as her blonde-haired, Teutonic nephew released her from his close embrace.

"I crept in by the back way to surpise you—see these confounded splints, how they bother me, and my ankle gives me a twinge at every step. But, Aunt Ruth, I have not come alone—here's sombody that knows father—Mr. Saywood—Aunt Ruth—why—what is the matter?" For as Stein uttered his companion's name, Ruth gave a slight shriek, and stood pale and trembling as a tall, bronzed, heavily-bearded man came forward to greet her.

"May I come in, Ruth!" asked her guest, with mock humility in his tone.

"Dick—Richard Saywood! Is it possible?"

"It is possible—it is the same Dick who used to have so little sense about women—one woman particularly," he said, taking her hands in his and leading her to a seat.

"I came from Victoria to place my stepson in school at San Francisco; while there I learned that my friend Leonard was in Colorado. I dropped in to see him for old acquaintance sake, and there I met Roberts son, and the poor, bruised rascal needing an escort I have guided him safe to your arms. Could I do less for his father's son?"

"I am grateful—but Di—Mr. Saywood," blundered Ruth, half bewildered by his steady gaze and the close clasp of her unreleased hands, "your family—your wife—why have you not brought her with you?"

"I have no family save my young stepson, Maynard. His mother was the wife of my dearest friend in that rude land. He died, leaving his wife and son in my care. She was an invalid when I married her; and two years ago she died, and now Maynard is my sole comforter. Are you still pitiless, Ruth—my Ruth?" he asked in a voice husky with emotion, as Ruth's tearful, joyful eyes looked up into his questioning face, giving him the full assurance of that love he had once doubted.

Keturah Ann was somewhat scandalized at the brevity of the preparations for the wedding which followed this meeting of those two "onsensible bein's;" and she was heard to declare: "Ef the ways of Providence isn't the onsentirblist; here,s that visit down East that's been upset so many times come to be a weddin' tower after all."

Three years after Ruth's second marriage Mrs. Lane visiting friends in Maine met Keturah Ann and made some inquiries in regard to her former neighbor.

"It's equal to a novel how things have come round," answered Keturah. "Here's Dick and Ruth livin' on the old place, all fixed up beautiful, right in sight of mountains an' the sea; an' there's little Robert a toddlin' round, just the picter of Dick. An' Stein's away at college—as fond of weeds and crawlin' things as ever—he'll come to be one of them nateralists bimeby. An' that sober Maynard, as stiddy as a deacon a learnin' to be a farmer, an' all of 'em is as busy an' happy as mortals can be in this oncertin world."

—Sophia Emery, in Boston Traveler.

A Living Express Package.

All sorts of queer things are carried by the railroad companies nowadays, but the oddest piece of freight that has been seen in Pittsburg for a long time passed through on Saturday. A chubby, round-faced, bright looking boy eleven years old, named Casey Pemmel, arrived in this city on Saturday evening in the care of the Baltimore & Ohio Express Company. He had traveled as a piece of express matter from some place in far-away Texas. He had a paper tag tied to him just as though he was a bag of potatoes, and on the tag was written the address of the consignee. He was entered on the waybills and manifests just like any other freight, and as he passed from the hand of one express messenger to another he was duly receipted for. This living express bundle left Texas on Tuesday and has been well taken care of. With Casey was a package containing money, a baggage check and a ticket over the Pennsylvania Railroad from Pittsburg to Philadelphia. When the boy wanted anything to eat or desired some other reasonable object the messenger took sufficient money from the package to pay for it and charged it on a bill which was with it. Casey was placed on board a passenger train on the Pennsylvania Railroad on Sunday and is now probably safe in the hands of his friends.—*Pittsburg Post.*

"ARE you lost, my little fellow?" asked a gentleman of a four-year-old. "No," he sobbed, "b-but my mother is."

A TWELVE-year-old West Chester boy can show 4,700 marbles of all kinds, character and description, as the sum total of his winnings during the present season.

HOW CAN A WOMAN TELL?

He told me his love this morning,
With his dear hand clasped in mine,
And he said, "God speed the dawning
When, darling, I'll call thee mine."
But my fond heart questioned softly,
Though loving him true and well,
Will his love outlast all changes?
Alas! how can a woman tell?

When the years shall bring their trials,
And the cares and the pains outweigh
The joys in the little household,
As clouds might obscure the day—
Will the hand that has held mine fondly,
When maidenly ills befell,
As earnestly shield from sorrow?
Alas! how can a woman tell?

When the silvery threads are creeping
Through my tresses one by one;
When I lose my youth and beauty,
As many a wife has done;
Will his heart be mine as truly
As when in the flowery dell
He gave me his trusted promise?
Ah! how can a woman tell?

I glance at my sweetheart waiting,
His eyes they are clear and true:
"I will love him," my heart says gladly,
"I will trust him the wide world through.
I will be to him joy and comfort,
I will other wives excell;
I will keep with love's sweet magic—"
This much may a woman tell!

Rising Hair.

It was one of the by-laws of Heartache's Heavenly Raiser that it be used liberally before retiring, rubbing it well into the scalp. Just before he went to bed that night the man bolted the back door, put the cat in the wood-shed, came in whistling the "Fatinitza" waltz, danced up to the clock shelf, and pouring out what he supposed to be his hair fertilizer he mopped it all over his scalp and stirred it well in around the root of the little hedge of hair at the back of his neck.

The glue bottle, by an unearthly coincidence, was nearly the same shape and size as the hair-sap bottle. He went to bed.

"George," said his wife, turning her face to the wall, "that stuff you're putting on your hair smells like a pan of soap-grease."