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 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.

DAVIES, CARNOCHAN & HALL,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

SOUTH SIDE OF WARD HOUSE.

Dec 23-75. TOWANDA, PA.

SAM W. BUCK,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Nov.13'79. *TOWANDA, PENN'A.*

Office—At Treasurer's Office, in Court House.

W. H. & E. A. THOMPSON,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, TOWANDA, PA. Office in Mercur Block, over C. T. Kirby's Drug Store. All business intrusted to their care will be attended to promptly. Especial attention given to claims against the United States for PENSIONS, BOUNTIES, PATENTS, etc; to collections and to the settlement of decedent's estates.

W. H. THOMPSON,
Apr.7'81-y1 EDWARD A. THOMPSON.

A. BEVERLY SMITH & CO.,

BOOKBINDERS,

And dealers in Fret Saws and Amateurs' Supplies. Send for price-lists. REPORTER Building.

Box 1512, Towanda, Pa. March 1, 1881.

F. L. HOLLISTER, D. D. S.,

DENTIST.

(successor to Dr. E. H. Angie). OFFICE—Second floor of Dr. Pratt's office.

Towanda, Pa., January 6, 1881.

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. Snell'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

PECK & OVERTON

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.

D'A. OVERTON, BENJ. M. PECK.

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 Montanye's 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

E. L. HILLIS,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA. [nov11-75.

HIRAM E. BULL,

SURVEYOR.

ENGINEERING, SURVEYING AND DRAFTING.

Office with G. F. Mason, over Patch & Tracy, Main street, Towanda, Pa. 4.15.80.

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.

JOHN W. MIX,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW AND U. S. COMMISSIONER,
TOWANDA, PA.

Office—North Side Public Square.

Jan. 1, 1875.

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—Mercur Block, Park street, up stairs.

DR. S. M. WOODBURN, Physician and Surgeon. Office at residence, on Main street, first door north of M. E. Church, Towanda, April 1, 1881.

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. 31-72.

E. D. PAYNE, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Office over Montanye's 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 SUPERINTENDE

Office day 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.

MRS. H. PEET,

TEACHER OF PIANO MUSIC,

TERMS.—$10 per term.
(Residence Third street, 1st ward.)
Towanda, Jan. 13,'79-1y.

EDWARD WILLIAMS,

PRACTICAL PLUMBER & GAS FITTER.

Place of business, a few doors north of Post-Office.

Plumbing, Gas Fitting, Repairing Pumps of all kinds, and all kinds of Gearing promptly attended to. All wanting work in his line should give him a call. Dec. 4, 1879.

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

GOODRICH & HITCHCO

VOLUME XLI.

THE CORN AND THE LILIES.

Said the Corn to the Lilies:
"Press not near my feet.
You are only idlers.
Neither Corn nor Wheat,
Does one earn a living
Just by being sweet?"

Naught answered the Lilies,
Neither yea nor nay,
Only they grew sweeter
All the livelong day.
And at last the Teacher
Chanced to come that way.

While his tired disciples
Rested at his feet,
And the proud corn rustled
Bidding them to eat,
"Children," said the Teacher,
"The life is more than meat.

"Consider the Lilies,
How beautiful they grow!
Never king had such glory,
Yet no toil they know."
O happy were the Lilies,
That he loved them so.

—*Sunday Afternoon.*

SKELETON KEYS.

BY D. CHRISTIE MURRAY.

CHAPTER I.

A sombre landscape and a fading light. One straight road on a level plain running darkly to the east, and with a sombre gleam stretching back to the patch of silver in the west. A doleful place and time and two doleful figures plodding away from the silver gleam to assail the wall of darkness in the east. Splash, splash, side by side, and the bitter wind in their ears with a shriek, and not another sound for an hour.

Tiburce Menseau, native of Paris, six feet high, powerfully built, but attenuated and ragged; John Jones, native of London, short in stature, sturdily made, but attenuated and ragged; these were the doleful two who tramped together. They were human scarecrows both, but the Frenchman was the raggeder of the two and the more downcast. John Jones, bullet-headed, fair haired and of a naturally cheerful countenance, went miserably enough, to be sure; but now and again he rammed the shocking bad hat he wore a little closer to his head, and always when he did so he smiled as though something pleased him. Tiburce Menseau watched this gesture furtively, and never a word he said. Tiburce lived by his wits, and though upon occasion they profited him little, they were sharp. He had found opportunity for the study of Holy Writ in several institutions supported by the British Government, and one text curiously attacked his memory now, recurring to his mind every time John Jones rammed the shocking bad hat a little tighter, "Where the treasure is there will the heart be also."

Uncompromising officials in blue uniforms had on several occasions described Tiburce in public. The phrase they chose was curt, severe and widely inclusive; moreover, it never varied.

"Do you know anything of the prisoner?" So ran the question which drew forth the descriptive criticism. The descriptive critic in blue uniform responded:

"Habitual criminal."

To do Tiburce justice, he looked the part. Leave a dark-complexioned man unshaven for a week, half-starve him for a month, dress him in rags, and let the rags be dirty, put a bitter devil of resentment in his breast, and though he was a curate to begin with, these things would tell unfavorably upon his aspect. A man who lives by his wits should be observant, and Tiburce watched all things that seemed worth watching "with idless dragon eye." Whenever John Jone's hand went up to his hat—and it did so with unnecessary frequency—the fingers seemed to stay a little after fixing the hat more firmly, and there was a little movement in them as though they felt for something, and then John Jones smiled as if he had felt the something and was satisfied.

Tiburce Menseau made continuous furtive note of this proceeding. What was a tramp likely to have concealed in his shocking bad hat? Half a crown? Half a sovereign? A bank note? A stolen ring of value? Tiburce had known such things.

Suddenly Tiburce Menseau stopped short and cursed in a tautological *patois*, blending damns and *sacres*.

"What's the matter?" said John Jones, stopping also and facing him.

"Is there no end to the road?" asked the other with a curse upon the dreary pathway.

"Five miles yet," said John. "A good five miles."

Tiburce Menseau, taking refuge in his native language, cursed each individual mile in the five, and his companion made another start. Tiburce took one step after him and stopped again to curse the five miles collectively.

"Take it easy," said John Jones; and his hand went up to his hat again. He began to sing to no particular tune:

"Then merrily bent the footpath way,
And merrily over the stile, ha!
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile, ha!"

He went clean through that quaint ditty, and ending with a prolonged note between a howl and a groan, he sent his hand to his hat once more and smiled cheerfully.

"Where the treasure is," thought scowling Tiburce, always watchful of the gesture. It grew so dark that they could hardly keep the road. Suddenly Tiburce Menseau tripped and fell against John Jones in such wise as to accidentally knock off his hat.

"Pardon," said Tiburce, and groping in the darkness picked up the hat, and passing his thin, thievish fingers swiftly around within the lining, felt and held a little package no larger than a penny-piece. It came away with a slight tearing feel as though it was gummed or pasted to the hat. This did not detain the skillful Tiburce half a second, and the thing was done with such delicate rapidity that even in daylight it might have escaped notice.

"I have knocked your hat off," said Tiburce. "This filthy road is

The Bradford

CK, Publishers. REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM AN

TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY

filled with ruts and holes. Oh, I have it. Here you are."

The wind howled so that Tiburce had to repeat his last words. John Jones was groping wildly with both hands in mud and water. He felt greedily for the hat, and meeting the outstretched hands of the apologetic Tiburce, took it and felt within the lining—at first assuredly, and then rapidly and undecidedly. Then, with a wild yell, he was down on his knees in the mud and water groping wrist deep.

"What's the matter?" cried Tiburce, hugging the little parcel in his hands. Surely of value—surely; why such care of it, and why such a cry of enraged despair at losing it?

John Jones made no reply, but went about on hands and knees in the mud, still groping.

"What's the matter?" again cried Tiburce, touching John Jones on the shoulder. "Have you lost anything?"

"Lost!" said John Jones, voicelessly. "Who can tell what I have lost!" And he groped on in the mud while Tiburce waited with signal patience. The search came to nothing; but it went on until the searcher's bones were numbed, and until his hands could no longer feel the ground he groped on. Then with heavy heart he staggered to his feet.

"See," said Tiburce, pointing thro' the heavy darkness, "there are the lights; that is the town. Have you found what you lost?"

With no answer, but with no suspicion, the stiff-set Briton splashed on again through unseen mud. Once or twice he gave a heavy and heart-rending groan—half of grief and half of rage.

"Surely," said Tiburce to himself, tightening the grip of his fingers on the package, "surely valuable."

Splash, splash, for half an hour through mud and darkness, and never a word. John Jones was thinking all the way, and in bitter despair was calling certain things to mind.

CHAPTER II.

"Don't cry, Nell."

This kind of advice is often easy to give and hard to obey. For once it was as hard to give as to follow. The adviser's face twitched suspiciously, as though he sorely wanted to copy the example set him by the advised. But your stiff-built, bullet-headed young Briton would rather die than weep, and he controlled himself.

"I have never cried through it all until now," said the girl between her sobs; "and it's your noble kindness that makes me cry now."

"Rubbish!" said the bullet-headed young Briton.

There were three people in the room—a pretty girl of twenty, with a face disfigured with tears and a slight but graceful form attired in mourning; a young man, with no especial pretensions to good looks, but strong and manly, with very honest gray eyes; a middle-aged woman, gaunt and spare, with a spiteful face and eyes a little reddish at the rim. The room in which they stood was almost bare of furniture, and oblong spaces on the wall, where the paper showed fresher than elsewhere, spoke of the recent removal of pictures and mirrors, and gave the place a dismantled look.

"Rubbish!" said the bullet-headed young man.

"And rubbish I say," said the spiteful-looking female. "Noble kindness! Oh, ah! Noble fiddlesticks! Don't talk to me."

Neither of her companions evincing the slightest desire to talk to her, the spiteful-looking female looked more spiteful still, and sniffling with much emphasis, said, "Oh, ah!" again, and added, "Likely story."

"He had always said"—the girl was speaking—"that I was well-provided for, but now this cruel bill of sale has taken everything."

"There is still the freehold of the house," said the young man.

"Pretty freehold!" said the middle-aged female. "Rotten, tumble-down old place, two miles from everywhere, and not even a decent road within a mile of it. It was just like the old idiot to build here."

"Ann," said the girl in a voice of authority, "how dare you?"

"Oh, ah," said the woman again. "How dare I? To be sure! Where's my year's wages with your bills of sales, eh? It's fit and proper for a decent, hard-working woman to be done out of her money by an old hunks like him, ain't it?"

"Haven't you had enough money to pay Ann her wages?" asked the young man.

"Money or no," said the woman, "she hasn't paid 'em. That's all I know."

The girl only shook her head and wept anew. The young fellow drew a lean chamois-leather bag from his pocket.

"How much?" he asked, surveying the woman sternly.

"Five pound," she answered, not to speak of layin' him out and waiting here a fortnight to be paid."

The young man counted out five sovereigns from the lean bag, which forebore to give forth one chink as he put it back into his pocket.

"There is your money. As soon as you can arrange to go I shall be glad for you to leave."

The woman took the money disdainfully and went her way. The young man advanced to the girl and put his arm about her waist and kissed her.

"It's very hard, my darling," he said, "but it will only bring us together the sooner. I shall find employment somewhere soon, and then we must get married and face the whole world together."

The girl made no resistance to this programme, and he went on:

"I'm not altogether sorry that you're poor, you know, for if you had been rich I should never have had the cheek to tell you that I loved you. That isn't altogether selfish, Nell, for I shall make you happier than any amount of money would."

It was oddly said, but it looked likely to be true. Those gray eyes of his and his square, plain, manly face were very honest and provocative of faith. They heard the banging the spiteful female made in packing her belongings; but beyond the fact that the girl said once that Ann had been cruel and ungrateful, they took no notice of it. The young man sat down and drew the girl beside him on a sofa and made love to her and dried her eyes with his handkerchief, and by the time the spiteful female got her trunk down-stairs, with much reiterated bumping from step by step, the poor grief-worn thing was smiling at him, though through eyes which still had a suspicion of tears in them. By-and-by the young man made a dive to his watch-pocket to see what time it was, but his thumb and finger encountering nothing but pawn tickets, he withdrew them with a smile which was somewhat grim. The spiteful female knocked at the door, and without awaiting a response entered.

"There's nothing to eat in the house," she said. "Am I agoin' to be drove out without a crust?"

The girl's face flushed, and then became deadly white, and she returned no answer; but after a struggle, which her quivering features clearly indicated, she burst anew into tears. The young man stooped and whispered in her ear:

"Is that true?"

"Yes," she sobbed in answer. "I have no money—not a penny."

"Right about face; march!" said the young man, rising. The spiteful female, who had come in for the express purpose of firing this spiteful shaft, went out exultant.

"That being the case," said the young man cheerfully when the woman had gone, "you must let me be your banker." He drew forth the lean chamois-leather purse again, and from it extracted one last sovereign, which he laid upon the table. "And now," he added, "there is no more time to lose. I must go back and look for employment at once. I will send more money in a day or two, somehow."

"Oh, Walter," said the girl, clinging to him, "I can't sleep in this house alone. I dare not. There is nothing in it that belongs to me. They will take away everything tomorrow."

"Have you nowhere to go?" he asked gravely.

"Nowhere," he answered. The bullet-headed young Briton's lip quivered, and a tear sprang with a sting into each honest gray eye as he looked down at her.

"I will go into the village," he said after a momentary pause to make sure that his voice was steady and should sound cheerful in her ears, "and get rooms for you."

He kissed her and went away, and in the course of an hour and a half returned, trundling a wheelbarrow before him.

"Pack up," he said cheerfully; "I've got a stopping place for you." He lit his pipe and sat upon the handle of the wheelbarrow. "Tell me when you're ready," he called through the open door, and I'll carry your traps down, Nell." Then he smoked with an aspect of deliberate jollity, belied by occasional suspicious winking of the honest gray eyes and a suspicious quivering in the upper lip. When the girl came down again she saw that he was alone.

"Walter," she said, "you cannot wheel my things into the village."

"Why not?" said he, squaring his wide shoulders and lifting a stalwart arm. "I wheeled three hundred weight a measured mile without resting in my last term. Won a tenner that way. Went into training at it for a fortnight. I'm a great hand at a wheelbarrow"

"I know you're strong enough," she answered with a sad, admiring smile; "but you musn't do it, really."

"Dignity be blowed, my dear," said the young man. "Are the traps ready? Tell me the room."

He went up stairs in obedience to her directions—reluctantly given after further protest—and brought down two boxes, neither of which looked very heavy in his muscular arms.

"Now," he said, "you're not a part of this procession beyond the top of the hill, and you'll go into the village through the fields. Everybody knows me here, and I'm Walter Mackenzie if I wheeled a pyramid of barrows and stood on my head to do it. There, lock the outside door and give me the key. Good-bye, old house. Better luck for us where we're going. Come along, dear, a brave heart!"

He trundled the wheelbarrow along and began to sing to no particular tune:

"Then merrily bent the footpath way,
And merrily over the stile, ha!
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile, ha!

Now and then, the road being lonely, he lightened labor with a kiss. The specified hill-top being reached, he directed his companion, to the house he had chosen for her, and they parted for awhile, and Walter Mackenzie, B. A., of Oriel, and barrister-at-law, toted his wheelbarrow down hill, the lighter, perhaps, that he had not a sixpence in his pocket, or anywhere in the wide, wide world.

"I've got a clear field and no favor," he said as he went. "Except Nell's," he added in revision. "I'll work for her if I turn cabman. I'll knock some golden chips off some odd corner of this thundering old planet before I've done with it. See if I don't."

He met the object of his solicitude at the door of her new home and gave her in charge to a decent, clean-looking old village woman, and then, having wheeled the barrow into a little tool-house at the back of the garden, he returned to say "good-bye." With promises of an early return from London and a whisper that he would send more money soon, he went his way to the railway station.

"Got a return ticket, anyhow," he said to himself. "There's grub in my chambers for a couple of days, and Billy will be home by then. Get some coin of Billy. Good sort, Billy is, and has lots of the needful. Don't know when I shall be able to pay him back. Must get something to do. Bar ain't my line. Gordon Cumming business — mighty lion slayer—that's my form, or might be if there was no Nelly. Poor little girl! Must get something to do and get married. Not provident. Can't afford to be provident. Should feel like a sweep if I tried to be provident. Nelly must be taken care of, and the only way is to marry her; take care of her at once—only way to marry at once. Here's the train?"

Walter Mackenzie reached London in due time, and walked from Euston to his chambers in Gray's Inn. Two letters awaited him. One of these was in a familiar hand, and told him that his friend was away for another six months' yachting in the Mediterranean. No chance of help from that quarter. The next letter looked legal. Probably a dun; but it came from Liverpool, and he had no creditor there. He read it eagerly enough at first, but having got through it, capered around the room and snapped his fingers and roared "Hurrah!" again, and again, and again.

"Sir," the letter ran, "acting on the instructions of the late John Launceston Barclay, of Ashford Warren, we beg to inform you that we have in our hands a safe which is only to be opened in your presence and in our office. We shall be glad to see you here at your earliest convenience."

The letter bore the signature, "Thwaite & Tolby."

"All right, Thwaite & Tolby," said Walter Mackenzie, "I'll be with you like a bird. Old Barclay knew that Nell and I would marry. He had no money after all. Everybody knew he had money, though nobody guessed where it was or how he kept it."

So full of hopes and queer surmises, he began exultantly to plan for the future, when it struck him in a rather chill way that he had to go to Liverpool and had no money. The scanty furniture of his chambers did not belong to him. He had sold his law books and pawned almost everything pawnable to bury his sweetheart's great uncle and to relieve her later necessities. He began to ransack his wardrobe. Half a dozen shirts; one very elderly, shabby suit of clothes; one very battered old portmanteau. Into the portmanteau went the shirts, the shabby suit, the ivory-backed brushes, and away through the dusk went the barrister to the sign of the triune globes of gold. My uncle's myrmidon surveyed the lot with depreciatory air, and offered less by half a crown than the third-class fare to Liverpool.

"Take 'em over the counter," said the bullet-headed Briton. "I'll be back in five minutes."

He dived out of the shop into Holborn and went hurriedly back to his chambers. Finding a felt hat there, he rammed it into an old leather-hat box and returned. Again reaching my uncle's, he opened the hat-box, took off his guinea castor, much worn but decent still, and assumed the felt.

"Half a crown on that lot," he said cheerily.

"Two shillin'," said my uncle's myrmidon.

"Give me the old coat out of the old portmanteau," said the barrister-at law. He emptied the pockets of the new pocket he had on, took off that garment and assumed the old one. "Now, how much?"

"Go yer an extra five bob on this," said the myrmidon, having carefully examined the coat with an especial eye to seams, button-holes, cuffs and linings.

"That will do."

"Name?" said the myrmidon.

"John Jones."

"Address?"

"Seven Dials."

The myrmidon grinned and substituted "Holborn." He slammed the silver and copper on the counter and pushed the ticket across it. A second later, looking a trifle shabby, the hurrying John Jones was in the street again, and five minutes later was seated in his chambers consulting a time-table.

"I fancy I shall do best to go at once," he said aloud. "Rug and overcoat both gone. Don't like it."

There he took a mental stand, and with an air of much scorn and severity addressed himself: "Look here, young man; what you like and what you have to do are very often very different things. You do your duty and shut your trap and cease to grumble. That's your lay, young man. D'ye hear me now? Ha! would you? Very well, then!"

Reaching Liverpool while the day was yet scarcely alive, he walked into a second-rate coffee-house and breakfasted, dwadling over the local morning papers and an odd number of *Punch*, old enough for its jokes to have acquired a sort of freshness. Ten o'clock came at last, and he started for the office of Messrs. Thwaite & Tolby. On the road the announcement, "Wash and brush up, two-pence," appeared before him, and a glance at the mirrored window assured him that two-pence so expended would be wisely bestowed. He had not many two-pences, but he had the wash and brush up notwithstanding, and in spite of the crumpled felt and the seedy coat he looked a gentleman.

Neither the great Tolby nor the greater Thwaite had yet arrived when he reached their offices, and he sat down to wait, beginning a new study of the local papers and yesterday's *Times*. After a weary waiting Thwaite and Tolby came—elderly, fresh-colored gentleman, so much alike that they might have seemed John Doe and Richard Roe in person.

"Our business is very simple, Mr. Mackenzie," said Mr. Thwaite; "very simple. Our late client, Mr. Barclay, himself accompanied this safe to the office." Mr. Thwaite waived his hand behind him, and it was not yet certain which was the safe alluded to. The visitor was curious on that point. "In our presence he put a seal upon the lock." Ah, then, that was the safe with the sprawling red seal upon the key-hole. "He left written instructions that the safe was not to be

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Y QUARTER. $1.0

MORNING, MAY 26, 1881.

opened until a fortnight after his death, and then only in your presence and ours. The specified time having expired, and we three being present, we may, I presume, at once open the safe and hand its contents over to your care. That is the limit of our instructions."

With grave interest the young barrister and the junior partner stood by while Mr. Thwaite demolished the seal by two or three taps with a big key, and then with a smaller key turned the lock. The door came heavily back, for it was a safe, and the hinges seemed somewhat dull. No one knew what he expected to see; but there was at least an idea in each mind that there would be something more in so large a safe than a single blue envelope; yet that was all. Mr. Thwaite gravely handed it to the chilled and wondering Mackenzie. There was his own name written, and after it the words, "To be opened at once."

"The mountain in labor," said Walter, nodding at the safe, "has brought forth a mouse."

"Perhaps not, Mr. Mackenzie, perhaps not," said the junior partner.

The envelope, being opened, revealed a single page of note paper and a package no bigger than a penny-piece. The package was tightly folded and carefully gummed. The page of note paper contained these words only: "It is my wish that Walter Mackenzie should carry this package to Ellen Barclay, my great niece, and should open it in her presence."

Well! That was all. There was obviously nothing to do but to say "good-morning" and go about their respective businesses. The partners smiled and looked serious, and said that Mr. Barclay was always a singular man from his youth up. They trusted Mr. Mackenzie would find matters satisfactory yet. They bowed Mr. Mackenzie out civilly, and Mr. Mackenzie, with a package of unknown contents no bigger than a penny-piece, was standing with wondering indecision in the street and asking himself vaguely what was to be done. How far to Ashford Warren? to begin with. Tow-pence for a glass of beer and a look at a local ABC time-table. One hundred and ninety-eight miles; Mr. Mackenzie, with his glass of beer untasted before him, looked dismally at that record. Call his possible rate of travel on foot three-and thirty miles a day. Call it a six days' journey. How to live in the meantime. Total funds—two and three pence-half-penny. Four-pence-half-penny per diem and a half-penny to spare. He drank his glass of beer and walked into the street again.

Bullet-headed, square-set, with honest gray eyes and plain, manly countenance; puzzled, but not downcast, he stood and planned. Not a brilliant man, not a clever fellow, by any means. The problem was very simple—borrow the fare from the lawyers. There was a solution. Not for him, though. He began to walk, set his first stage in his mind, inquired his way, kept solidly on at it. Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp—a set, regular, measured swing. He was in splendid training, and the miles went by—miles of streets, miles of suburbs, miles of country road, country town and scattered village.

The little package rested in a limp chamois-leather purse, otherwise empty. He drew it out as he went and looked at it, and there clearly impressed upon the paper in a blurred outline, like the beginning of a heel-ball copy of an old brass, was the outline of a small key. He could follow the same outline with his fingers. It seemed probable that the key was intended for a lock, somewhere or other, and that the lock protected something. He put the little package carefully back again, and munching fragments of his loaf, marched on, castle-building. Five-and-thirty miles since morning. Exhausted nature said, "Do no more;" sturdy will of the bullet-headed Briton said, "Another mile." Six-and thirty miles since morning. Exhausted natare cried out, "Beware a break-down!" Said the bullet-headed Briton, stumbling sorely, "One more mile." And so the fight went on till forty miles were finished. Feet raw with much galling. Honest gray eyes dim with great fatigue and pain. Boots wrecked, shoulders bent; plain, resolute countenance pale and worn, with streaks of rain-drawn dye, from forehead to chin, distilled from the crumpled felt. He sold his waistcoat for sixpence to an old clothes-man in the next town he came to and bought food, and pegged along munching. As he munched he sighted a miserable figure ahead, and by-and-by overtook it. The miserable figure threw him a salutation in a foreign accent. He returned it and went on, not being in the mood for converse with anybody. But, looking back, he saw that the man looked pale and weak, and so waited for him to come up.

"Hungry, mate?" said the barrister-at-law.

"Half-dead," said the man with the foreign accent.

Walter shared his loaf, and the other fell ravenously at it without a thank-you.

"How far are you going?" asked the Englishman.

"Ten miles to-day," said the foreigner with a groan and a French anathema.

"Good-day and good luck to you." The barrister-at-law was ahead again, meaning to do much more than ten miles that day; but before ten miles were done, or, for that matter, five the rain came down in such drenching torrents that he took refuge in an open barn, and thither came the Frenchman also, dripping wet and looking scarcely alive. They sat upon straw and watched the rain as it pelted down. Walter shared his last pipe of tobacco with the miserable stranger, and the two fell to talking together, and shared confidences so far as to tell each other nothing that was true. The barrister trotted out his simple *alias* of John Jones and announced his destination as Seven Dials. The Frenchman gave his name as Tiburce Menseau and frankly avowed himself without a destination. The rain subsiding a little, they made another start, but before they had gone a mile it came down worse than ever, and they took shelter in another outhouse.

"Where shall you sleep to-night?" asked John Jones.

"At the next workhouse," said Tiburce Menseau. "They will give me bed and supper, and although they will make me work before I go, they will give me bread for breakfast. That is something, let me tell you, when a man is starving."

"Something—yes," said John Jones and fell a thinking.

John Jones was faint; John Jones was weary and foredone. For a dweller in the Seven Dials he entertained a singular objection to sleeping in a workhouse. Yet where else could he rest? Who would give him shelter?

"Nell shan't suffer for any fine-mouthed freak of mine," said the bullet headed. "I'm not going to break down to oblige anybody's notions of pride. You'll lie in the workhouse to-night, John Jones, as befits your Seven Dials' breeding.

When the rain ceased again they plodded on once more, and turning matters over in his bullet-head, John Jones determined to *cacher* his little packet. So, finding a crumb or two of bread he moistened them into paste between his lips, and retiring behind a hay-stack, he smeared the glutinous softened bread upon one side of the paper packet, and fastened it within the leather lining of his felt hat. Who knew what treasure he carried there? Not he; though he had all sorts of visions. The visions were all for Nell, but Nell belonged to a hungry tramp whose boots were broken, and who carried El Dorado in his hat.

The two travelers slept in a country workhouse, and Tiburce Menseau before entering, had his own little treasure to *cacher*. He hid it high above the door-jamb in the broken wall of the very workhouse he slept in. The wall looked on bare fields at the edge of the country town, and the little treasure was nothing but a small bunch of skeleton keys, necessary, perhaps, for some future operation Tiburce may have had in mind.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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Judge Ingham's Lecture.

The last lecture of the Institute Course was delivered on Monday evening, 16th inst, by the Hon. Judge Ingham. The inclemency of the weather prevented many from hearing this most interesting lecture; still, quite a large number were in attendance and were well repaid for coming.

The subject of the lecture was "Success in Life." Many men think to be successful in life is to get rich or become famous. In this sense Astor, Vanderbilt, Stewart, Webster, Clay and Calhoun were successful. This kind of success is only for the few, not for the many. Success for the many is the attainment of that degree of happiness which the Creator has placed in reach of human beings. This degree of happiness does not come naturally nor by fate, nor entirely by our own exertions. We are surrounded by uncontrollable circumstances, yet we have a wide field wherein we may choose our own paths for good or evil. It is not our place to complain of our lot in life. We must accept the situation in which we find ourselves, whether it be in the abodes of wealth or poverty; whether vigorous and healthy or weak and delicate; whether with great intellectual powers or small. Our condition may be made better or worse, and the resolute determination of every one should be to make it better. Every one may have such a determination, but it needs more than a wish and a hope to grapple with the great realities of this life. We are not in the happy Valley of Rosselas, where all that is beautiful and delightful is gathered around us, and all that is troublesome and dreadful excluded. It is not by over-confidence that the skillful pilot guides his vessel through rocky channels, but by carefully-constructed charts and unceasing vigilance. The traveler in the wilderness does not take the first path that presents itself, but the one that has been proven to be safe. No two lives can be alike—each one must mark out for himself the course he intends to follow. Some seek fame, some wealth; but the road to happiness does not necessarily lead to such ends. Wealth which comes as the result of honest labor and reasonable frugality is desirable; but the wealth that results from grinding the poor, pinching the conscience and dwarfing the mind, renders its possessor an object of contempt and sends a poor, shrivelled soul into eternity. The fame which comes to him who unselfishly labors for his country and humanity is more desirable than the brightest jewels that sparkle in the crown of kings. The ancients sought only the immortality of a great name; men now prize the happy immortality of the soul, and no plan of a successful life can be formed which does not include that.

Some of the requisites of a successful life are health, education, habits, marriage, politics and religion. Here are the subjects for seven lectures condensed into one. Health is the basis of happiness, and the usual basis of all solid achievements. There are many examples of those who did great deeds with broken health; but these are the exception, not the rule. Health, then, should be preserved. Our bodies are fearfully and wonderfully made; we should use them carefully, not abuse them. Every law of health that is broken brings a sure reward. It may be discomfort; it may be the overthrow of life's cherished plans; it may be settled disease; it may be early death. Disease is one of the most widespread of human evils; it is one of the parents of poverty, often the companion of crime. It often starts from cesspools and abodes of filth, and wanders into the houses of purity and refinement. We must, therefore, avoid all that will give growth to disease.

Success in life depends largely o

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good and steady habits. A habit of steady, systematic labor accomplishes the world's great work. The workman who has every tool sharp and in place can finish a job while a careless workman is getting ready to do it. A skilled habit enables us to do, without thought or effort, that which cost time and thought to learn. The number of things we learn to do by this automaton habit is astonishing, and a moment's reflection shows what a power it is. We must form habits according to our circumstances. A program cannot be made to fit every person, any more than a dress can be made to fit every lady. Habits that tend to dwarf our physical or mental being should never be formed. Do not form bad habits; they are fatal to true success. Cowper has said:

> " Habits are soon assumed, but when we strive
> To stop them, 'tis being flayed alive."

Here is the first great battle of young manhood. Defend yourselves at this point as the Greeks defended themselves at Thermopylae, for if vicious habits overrun your whole nature all is lost. Above all, then, be masters of yourselves, for he that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city.

The education which conduces to success in life is that culture of mind and body which enlarges and strengthens the mental powers. It may be obtained in almost all the conditions of life. The opportunities for acquiring knowledge are now so widely diffused that the young have only to reach out determined hands and grasp what they need. It is not enough to repeat the words and thoughts of others; we should learn to think and act for ourselves. Such education contributes in many ways to success in life—in fact there is little to be done without it in these days, except to swing the pick and shovel. Besides the practical advantages of education, it contributes largely to our happiness. The knowledge of the great and wonderful things that surround us on every side is a perennial fountain of pleasure to the mind through our pilgrimage on earth, and sends stronger and better souls into eternity.

A suitable business or employment is essential to success in life. Even those who inherit great wealth should have some steady employment to give life an object. So fully is this principle adhered to in Russia that princes of the royal family are compelled to learn trades, and young ladies of the nobility are taught to cook and keep house. Burns in his advice to a young friend exclaims:

> "To catch Dame Fortune's golden smile,
> Assiduous wait upon her
> And gather yearly every wile,
> That's justified by honor.
> Not for to hide it in a hedge,
> Not for a train attendant,
> But for the glorious privilege
> Of being independent."

Have a business of your own; a business which is productive Do not get among the driftwood that floats on every sand bar. Let no will o' the wisp that hovers over the swamp of rapid gains lead you into uncertain speculations, or set you wandering for the pot of gold that lies buried at the Rainbow's end. A Mackay may find a gold mine; a Colonel Drake may strike oil; but these are lightning strokes that do not enter into ordinary business places. The road to success is surest and safest through self-denials; through plodding and long-continued labor. There is an old poem which says:

> "O'er all there hung a shadow and a fear,
> A sort of nameless dread the spirit daunted,
> Which said as plain as whisper in the ear,
> 'The house is haunted.'"

Worse than a house haunted by the most dreadful ghosts conjured up by Bulwer's imagination, is a house haunted by debt. Business men cannot always avoid debt; but beware of it. It is as deceitful as the desert mirage, promising cool groves and refreshing fountains; where there is nothing but burning heat and dry sands. Resist in the beginning, and it will flee from you and one great enemy to your success in life will be vanquished.

In whatever business you engage in, let it bear the impress of your integrity. Truth, honor, and honesty, are the primary rocks of a business character, the firm foundations of manhood. Satan may suggest that the kingdoms of this world are within reach by fraud and deceit; such suggestions are pits and snares Hold fast to integrity, and success will surely follow. One means to success in life is a suitable marriage: suitable, for such a marriage develops the purest, the noblest, the most beautiful traits of human character. An unhappy or uncongenial marriage is the swift road to wretchedness and ruin. Be careful then young men and women whom you marry. If youth ever has wisdom let it be shown in the selection of husbands and wives. When this selection is rightly made, then marriage becomes the most sacred of earthly ties. Byron, after enumerating many of the delightful things in life, says:

> "But dearer, sweeter for than this, than these, than all,
> Is first and passionate young love."

Burns says:

> "I have paced much this weary mortal round,
> And sage experience bids me this declaim;
> If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare
> One cordial in this melancholy vale,
> 'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair
> In others arms breathe out the tender tale,
> Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale."

In the land of the free and the home of the brave, where every poor boy expects to become President, politics demands somewhat of our attention. Those who enter the field of politics for the sake of gain generally reap a harvest of anxieties and disappointments. They pick up a crumb occasionally which costs more than it is worth and which leaves them hungrier than before. We lay down this maxim: "It is unwise to pursue politics as a business or for gain." This does not mean that we shall not be posted upon the events of the day nor have anything to do with the affairs of State; far from it. All should be informed, and no one should refuse an office for which he is fitted and that comes honestly. Our homes, our institutions, our country must be preserved. It often happens that

> "All things good await
> Him who cares not to be great
> But as he saves or serves the State;
> Not once or twice, in our rough island story,
> The path of duty was the way to glory."

There can be no plan of successful life which does not recognize our dependence upon the over-ruling power of the Divine Creator. No one can tell what to-morrow will bring forth. We are surrounded by uncertainties of all kinds, and it is impossible for us to carry out unerringly our plans. Amid all the trials, troubles and perplexities of life we need the helping hand of the Almighty, and must call upon Him in prayer.

> "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of."

> "For what are we better than sheep or goats
> That nourish a blind life within the brain,
> If knowing God they lift not hands of prayer
> Both for themselves and those who call them friend?"

It is one of the proofs of the infinite love of God that He is willing to hear the feebly murmured prayers of myriads of his creatures and often answering them. Realizing as all intelligent persons must do, the loving kindness of the Creator, does it need a command to make us love him with all our hearts, all our souls, and with all our strength? Cast out the love of God from life and what have you left? Clouds of passion and discontent; dismal hate and bitter revenge; grief that knows no comforter and forebodings of death that knows no hope. Judge not hastily when you seek successful men. There may be gilded failures and the leaden casket may contain pure gold. In the palace may be found miserable lives while peace and content dwells in a humble cottage. A great king once said that he had only fourteen happy days in a reign of fifty years. The love of God is the greatest civilizing agent in the world. It sent aid to burning Chicago; it sent provisions to starving Ireland; it sent nurses and doctors to the fever-stricken Vicksburg. Love such as this dissolves the mists that hang over the earth until the full brightness of heaven beams upon the whole world.

J. D. B.

Changes of a Century.

The nineteenth century has witnessed many great discoveries.

In 1809 Fulton took out the first patent for the invention of the steamboat.

The first steamships which made regular passages across the Atlantic ocean were the Sirius and the Great Western, 1830.

The first application to practice of the use of gas for illumination was in 1802.

In 1813 the streets of London for the first time were lighted by gas.

In 1813 there were built at Waltham, Massachusetts, a mill, believed to have been the first in the world, which combined all the requirements for making finished cotton cloth from raw cotton.

In 1790 there were only twenty-five post offices in the whole country, and up to 1837 the rates of postage were twenty-five cents for a letter sent over four hundred miles.

In 1807 wood clocks commenced to be made by machinery. This ushered in the era of cheap clocks.

About the year 1833 the first railroad of any considerable length in the United States was constructed!

In 1840 the first experiments in photography were made by Daguerre.

About 1840 the first express business was established.

The anthracite coal business may be said to have begun in 1820.

In 1836 the first patent for the manufacture of matches was granted.

In 1845 the first telegram was sent.

Steel pens were introduced for use in 1860.

The first successful reaper was constructed in 1833.

In 1846 Elias Howe obtained a patent for his first sewing machine.

The first successful method of vulcanizing India rubber was patented in 1839.

A Wife Worth Having.—She was a plucky woman, the wife of a Bradford oil speculator, who saw her husband's fortune pass away almost in the twinkle of an eye by a sudden and heavy fall in the price of illuminating fluid Walking into a store she took off her sealskin sacque and sold it. From that place she went to the jeweler's and disposed of all her diamonds and all her silver. When her husband returned home, disconsolate and downcast, she met him in the door dressed in a neat calico wrapper. He had been a clerk before fortune smiled upon him, and she a modest school teacher. She informed him that she had discharged all the servants, and they would live as formerly, she doing the work. She handed him $5,000 as the result of selling her jewelry, and told him to use it. Joy and hope beamed in his eyes, and found a place in his heart again. He went again to his business. In one month he had regained his former position.

Blinded by the Wind of a Cannon Ball.—General Henry Boyton, of Augusta, United States claim agent, has recently secured a pension for Ward A. Knox, formerly of Company D, First Maine heavy artillery, for almost total blindness, caused by a cannon ball, in the battle in front of Petersburg, passing close to his face. The shot did not touch the soldier, but the wind of the shell effected his eyes disastrously. On full investigation the facts were fully proved, not only by the testimony of comrades who were there with him, but also by corroborative statements made by the assistant surgeon of his regiment, Dr. A R Lincoln, who was on the field and gave his professional attention to the case at the time of its occurrence. So severe was the injury caused to the soldier's eyes by the wind of the shot that the government has awarded him $12 a month pension.—*Augusta (Me.) Journal.*

M. Leon Manet has succeeded in bleaching by means of the electric light. The concentrated rays completely decolorize blood albumen in twenty-four hours, under ordinary conditions.

There is not so poor a book in the world that would not be a prodigious effort were it wrought out entirely by a single mind, without the aid of prior investigators.—*Johnson.*

It may serve as a comfort to us in all our calamities and afflictions, that he that loses anything and gets wisdom by it is a gainer by the loss.

True glory take root even spreads; all all false pretence, like flowers, fall to the ground; nor can any counterfeit last long. —*Cicero.*