The Bradford Reporter.

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

VOLUME XLII. TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 6, 1881. NUMBER 19

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, & HALL,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
SOUTH SIDE OF WARD HOUSE.
Dec 23-75. TOWANDA, PA.

SAM W. BUCK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Nov.1-79. *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-yl 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. Angle. 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.

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

THOMAS E. MYER
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
WYALUSING, PENN'A.
Particular attention paid to business in the Orphans' Court and to the settlement of estates.
September 25, 1879.

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

RODNEY A. MERCUR,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.,
Office of Patent Attorney. 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 P. 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.

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—Mean's Block, Main St., over J. A. 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. WOODBURY, 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. Rosenfeld's, Towanda, Pa. Teeth inserted on Gold, Silver, Rubber, and Aluminum base. Teeth extracted without pain. Oct. 24-72.

E. D. PAYNE, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office over Montanyes' Store. Office hours from 10 to 12 A. M., and from 2 to 4 P. M.
Special attention given to
DISEASES OF THE EYE and DISEASES OF THE EAR

MRS. E. J. PERRIGO,
TEACHER OF PIANO AND ORGAN.
Lessons given in Thorough Bass and Harmony. Cultivation of the Voice a specialty. Located at J. P. Vanfleet's, State Street. References: Holmes & Passage. Towanda, Pa., March 4, 1880.

G. W. RYAN,
COUNTY SUPERINTENDENT
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
May25-70tf. TOWANDA, PA.

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..... 75,000
This Bank offers unusual facilities for the transaction of a general banking business.
N. N. BETTS, Cashier.
JOS. POWELL, President.

HENRY HOUSE,
CORNER MAIN & WASHINGTON STREETS
FIRST WARD, TOWANDA, PA.
Meals at all hours. Terms to suit the times. Large stable attached.
WM. HENRY, PROPRIETOR.
Towanda, June 9, '79-tf.

A FEW COPIES OF THE ROAD LAWS can be had at this Office.

HEART AND HEARTH.

We sat and watched the hearth-fire blaze,
My friend and I together;
The cricket sang of harvest days,
The wood of summer weather.

It told of shade, of storm and sun,
Its native oakland story;
To him it only spake of one
Who turned all gloom to glory.

The cricket carolled still of noon,
Bright with the sun's caresses;
To him it called a form like June,
Afush with golden tresses.

Within the flame a spirit seemed
To soar and sway and falter,
While in his heart a presence beamed
More steadfast on its altar.

The embers, in their ashen bed,
Looked out with transient flashes;
He only saw sweet eyes that shed
Their rays through twilight flashes.

O'er stubbled fields the autumn wailed,
In low and mournful closes;
He only heard a song that sailed
O'er charmed realms of roses.

His eyes, once lit with battle-fire,
Aflame with warrior science,
Forgot their fierce, controlling fire,
Their flashes of defiance.

But with a dreamy love-light blest,
More luminous grew and tender,
As if the image in his breast
Had lit them with its splendor.

The voice that once his ardor proved,
Along the roaring column,
Now to mysterious measures moved
Subdued, serenely solemn.

He named her—and the soft words came
In musical completeness,
As if the breathing of that name,
Had touched his lips with sweetness.

We grow like what we contemplate—
And all his face was laden
With light, as it would emulate
The brightness of the maiden.

The moon, full-blown to lily-white,
Looked in, with love-lorn pallor;
She knew his frame forgot its night,
His will forgot its valor.

She kissed his brow and smoothed his hair,
Like a consoling mother,
And whispered, "I, too, only wear
The brightness of another.

"Like Ruth, I walk in his broad domain,
And wait his lordly gesture;
I glean his light, but reach in vain
To touch his princely vesture."

With many a sympathetic guest,
The air hung, star-beleaguered,
When lo! to her who filled his breast,
Pale Dian stood transfigured.

She smiled on her Endymion,
And charmed his drowsy vision,
And all his soul new glory won
Before the sweet transition.

The vision fled—my friend was gone,
And left me idly gazing;
Burnin the hearth-light I was shown
A future altar blazing.

—*Thomas Buchanan Read.*

TERESINA'S PRIZE.

Pausilipo is a suburb of Naples, stretching along the western side of the beautiful bay, about which so much has been said and written. Along the steep banks that descend abruptly to the sea are many charming villas facing directly on the water, and reached from the main road by zigzag paths, through gardens rich in all the luxuriant growth of Southern Italy. With the deep-blue water washing the rocks upon which these houses stand, and beyond the sea, the mountains behind Sorrento, Castellamare and Vico standing out in bold outline; with Vesuvius rearing his head solemn and threatening to the left—there is here to be found about as fine a view as the heart of man could desire. And when the eye, as it is apt to do, tires of these grander beauties, it is only necessary to turn round to regale one's senses with the soft greens of the fig-tree, olive, chestnut and lemon, the odors of the orange-blossoms and roses, and the varied hues of the many flowers with which nature supplies this land with so liberal a hand.

In one of the prettiest of these villas lived an English family; and at the time of the present story some tender passages were taking place between the eldest daughter of the house and Lord Ardley, whose yacht was in harbor at Santa Lucia, whence it was his frequent custom to sail across in the dingey when the wind was favorable, both as a short cut, and to avoid the dust, jolting and evil odors along the Chiaja. The usual companions of these journeys was a lad of eighteen, an Englishman who, some years previously, had been cast adrift at Naples by one of those strange chances which are liable to befall a young sailor who finds himself with a brutal captain and a drunken crew. After many shifts and much misery, by dint of sheer honesty and industry—virtues at a considerable premium in this city—and aided by a quick intelligence, he had acquired a fair knowledge of the language, and a decent position as guide, courier, or commissionaire, as occasion offered. His name was Frank Lloyd. Lord Ardley had taken a fancy to him, and attached him to his special service during his stay in the neighborhood, finding him both useful and discreet.

Now it happened that adjoining the Villa Santangelo was an untenanted house, placed under the care of a gardener, named Baldelli, who occupied a small house close to the water's edge, which served for bathing apartments when the main building was tenanted. With old Baldelli lived his niece Teresina, an exceptionally beautiful girl of fifteen, who had rather a hard time of it to make things comfortable for her surly and avaricious uncle, to whom the expenditure of every soldo for household necessities was an agony. Teresina was a great favorite at the villa, where she was often required to assist the ladies with her needle; and there some of her happiest days were spent, much indeed to her own advantage; for, taking an interest in her, they had taught her habits and modes of life which raised her considerably above her countrywomen of the same class. Deprived early of her parents, she mixed little in the society of her own class; for Baldelli was strongly averse to anything in the nature of outings or junketings, as involving expense, and his miserly habits made him unpopular amongst his neighbors.

Teresina had been for some time attached to Frank Lloyd, much to the displeasure of old Baldelli, who hated him very cordially for the way in which Lloyd steadily set his face against the monstrous impositions attempted by the old man, though he frequently put little commissions in his way for flowers, fruit, poultry and the rest. Baldelli's son, Luigi, was also a thorn in the sides of the lovers. He was a typical specimen of 'those Neapolitans,' a term of contempt used specifically for a loafing set in Naples by the surrounding towns. Just a shade above the lazzaroni, who are fast disappearing, they are as idle and worthless a set of cubs as are to be found in Europe. Work is hateful to them; they would sooner filch a shilling than earn ten any day; their time is spent round the doors of cafes, in the piazzas, on board the bay steamers, in the gardens of the Chiaja; always in gangs, gambling, idling, smoking, singing, sometimes—but rarely—fighting, never working. Where they find means to dress their unclean bodies in the tawdry pseudo-respectable clothes they wear, and for the lavish display of collars and cuffs—the less said about their under attire the better—is a mystery. Luigi had graduated highly in this set; but, having a notion to settle down into a less precarious mode of life, had thought that Teresina might prove a useful appendage, and, perhaps, by her cleverness and industry, supply him with means for his own pecuniary pleasures.

Affairs thus stood when a stroke of fortune, which befell Teresina, gave rise to the trouble of which this story tells. Like many wiser and better people herself, she occasionally dreamed dreams, and often threw away her small savings in the public lotteries upon some 'lucky number' which was to make her fortune. One day, however, she found herself to be the one in a thousand on whom Fortune smiles. She was the winner of five hundred pounds. It is needless to say with what alacrity she presented herself at the *banco di lotto*, and her disappointment on finding it was impossible to pay the money over to her. She was too young. She must bring her parents or guardian. With a heavy heart she returned to Pausilipo, no longer thinking of the joyful surprise she had in store for her darling Frank, when she should place the money in his hands; and tell him to take her with it; but with a presentiment of some misfortune that must arise from her uncle's greed or her cousin's envy. But she had been taught a courage and independence from her association with the English, which determined her to make a stand for her rights.

'Chut! What do you do so late?' growled her uncle as she entered the house.

'I have been to the *banco di lotto*, my father.'

'Lotto! what have you to do with lotto? O little devil! it is not enough that you should beggar me by giving macaroni to any blind beggar who passes, but you must play lotto, eh? while Luigi sleeps all day, and drinks anisette like a prince! Curse you both!'

'But I have gained, my father. And it was not with your money, but some that I earned from the English ladies.'

'Gained! Humph! Nine or ten lira for your trenta centesimi, I suppose?'

'I have won twelve thousand five hundred francs.'

Old Baldelli dropped his hands to his side, fell back in his chair, and, with open mouth and staring eyes, seemed to have lost all power of utterance.

'It is true, uncle Baldelli; and you are glad of my fortune, are you not?'

'Twelve thousand! Why, we shall be rich, my little Teresina. But where is the money? Let me look at it, let me feel it;' and his lean fingers trembled with excitement.

'I have not yet received it. They said you must apply for it. But here is the ticket.'

Old Baldelli seemed lost in thought.

'Yes, yes; I will apply for it,' said he; 'and then what gay doings shall we have! And you shall have the brightest silk scarf in Naples, and a silver necklet worth forty francs, if I can't get it cheaper! And when you marry Luigi—'

'But I am not going to marry Luigi.'

Ah, but that will all come in time. And we will buy the little orchard on the hill above, and your old uncle—your loving, kind old uncle—shall do all the work, and Luigi shall play at *morra* and go to the theatre, and the little Teresina shall look after the house and be as extravagant as she pleases.' And the old man chuckled over this pleasant arrangement. But Teresina's spirit rose at this.

'I will never marry Luigi, uncle Baldelli, for I have plighted myself to Frank Lloyd.'

Her uncle looked black at this; but any care about his niece's marriage was, at present, absorbed in thoughts about the money. He saw no connection between the two at the time. He took it for granted that what was hers was his, and if she would not have Luigi—well, it was very desirable, certainly, but Luigi must look to himself.

'And you will take five thousand francs for yourself, uncle; for, altho' my father, I believe, left you sufficient for my support, I would not appear ungrateful. For the rest, I wish to be given to my future husband.'

Baldelli stopped in the middle of some calculations he was making, looked fixedly for a few moments at his niece, and over his face came a look that frightened her.

'Bah, little fool, you know not w' at you say! Will you sacrifice your family to this accursed fair-faced foreigner?'

'The foreigner loves me. My family's kindness is but small.'

At this moment a servant from the Villa Stanangelo appeared to request Teresina's presence at the house.

'Say no word of this to the English people,' was her uncle's injunction as she left.

'I will say no word, but I will do as I have said;' and there was a determination in her voice and look that there was no mistaking.

Baldelli sat for a long time, never moving but to make a gesture of anger, or to utter an oath. Presently he went to a cupboard, took from it a bottle of wine that had lain there many a month, and drank it at a draught. And then, as the unaccustomed fumes mounted to his brain—for he rarely took stimulants—he paced the chamber to and fro, excited and restless.

It was late when Teresina returned, and it was with surprise she found herself accosted by her uncle in amiable tones.

'You have said nothing at the villa of your fortune, child?'

'Nothing, my father.'

'And you will not marry that poor Luigi, and you will give all this money to the Englishman?'

'It is only just, uncle Baldelli.'

'And your poor uncle will remain in Pausilipo, and work, work for his little plate of macaroni, and his dear little Teresina will be quite proud, and ashamed of him!' and there was a sneer in the old man's tones, and a dark look in his eyes, that belied the softness of his speech.

'No, no,' replied his niece, 'never that, I hope. But you will go about this for me to-morrow, will you not, uncle?'

'Yes, I will see to it. And now we will take a cup of wine in honor of my Teresina's good fortune. See here, it is ready;' and he took from a side table two tumblers already poured out.

'Ah, this is very kind of you, my father. But how bitter it is.'

'Finish it, finish it,' he said fiercely; 'a bumper to the lucky number!' and she, not caring to irritate him, complied;

She shortly after retired to rest, drowsy and tired.

Half an hour afterward the old man crept toward her room, muttering:

LaSonnambula, La Sonnambula! Luigi said that the opera at San Carlo was like real life. Somnambulists do strange things.

And he passed into her room.

Frank Lloyd was sitting in a boat waiting for his employer at the steps of the Villa Santangelo. He was surprised to see a lamp burning in the gardener's house at so late an hour; but he knew that Teresina often sat up late after her uncle had retired; indeed, he had had many a sweet stolen interview with her at the window, when waiting as he waited now. At this moment he heard the voice of Lord Ardley, joining in a duet with his *fiancee* at the villa. 'He wont come away just yet,' said the sailor to himself; so, taking a clean jump over a strip of water that separated the two basements, he clambered up to the gardener's window. He had placed his hands on the window-sill, and was drawing himself up, and about to give the usual signal, when, to his intense astonishment, he saw old Baldelli staggering from the opposite room, half dragging, half carrying his niece. What could it mean? Was she ill? Was it fresh air she required? He had not much time for thought, for the window, opened suddenly outward by Baldelli, struck his hands from their hold, and he had only time to drop lightly into the water beneath. As he came to the surface—great Heaven! he could neither shout nor prevent it—the slight form of his sweetheart was hurled from the window into the black water below; and the old man, not daring to look upon his handiwork, closed the window abruptly and disappeared. It was the work of a moment for the young sailor to reach the body of his sweetheart, and to place her in his boat under cover of a sail. But what was he now to do with his precious burden, which lay, safe but still unconscious, near him? He might indeed place her under the care of the ladies at the villas; but then he feared the chatter of servants, nor did he know what power her uncle might have to claim her from them, for Italian courts are slow to recognize the interference of foreigners in domestic difficulties. While he was still in doubt he was joined by Lord Ardley, to whom he related his adventure. The nobleman listened to the agitated voice of the poor lad, and, making a shrewd guess at the'r relations, he said:

'Your sweetheart, eh, Lloyd?'

'Yes, sir; not a doubt of it.'

'And you're going to marry her?'

'Now more than ever, sir. Ah, my lord, you don't know what difficulties we've had to fight against, nor yet how dear she is to me;' and then he told the whole story of his attachment as they rowed vigorously, each at an oar, toward Santa Lucia, where Teresina was placed on board the yacht.

On the following day Baldelli, haggard and anxious, at an early hour, presented himself at the *banco di lotto*.

'I have come as the guardian of my niece Teresina, to claim the money she has gained in the lottery.'

'Very good, signore. And first the ticket, if you please.'

He eagerly presented it.

'All right and in order,' said the clerk. 'She presented herself here yesterday?'

'She did.'

The clerk took out a large roll of notes, which he began deliberately and without haste to count.

'What a stroke of fortune for one so young!'

Baldelli nodded his head impatiently.

The clerk tied up the bundle of notes, and began to whistle 'Addio! mia bella Napoli.'

'Well, well,' said the gardener sharply. 'Am I to wait much longer?'

'But, signore, you seem to be in a greater hurry than the signorina.'

'What do you mean?'

'Why, we wait the arrival of Teresina Baldelli, of course' ('Stupid old imbecile!' muttered the clerk to himself).

Baldelli looked aghast, and then blustered out:

'Don't I tell you she has told me to get the money? Have you not got the ticket? What more do you want? Am I not her guardian? Do you doubt that?'

'Not for a moment; but this money will be paid in her presence alone.'

'But how can she come here? She is ill. The excitement has been too much for her.'

'Ah, then we must wait until she has recovered.'

'But this is too much. Am I not a respectable citizen? Am I not—'

'*Basta!* That will do, signore;' and the clerk replaced the notes in his desk.

Old Baldelli fumed and swore, whined and entreated, with no effect.

'Give me back the ticket, then. I will report you to your superiors!'

'The ticket! Certainly. Here it is.'

And then the gardener left the office.

The clerk had seen a good number of strange things in his time, and was given to the observation of the countenances and emotions of his fellow-men; so he wrote a note to the chief office, where in due time Baldelli presented himself. And the official at this place was altogether polite and amiable, and much regretted that it was against the rules to comply with Baldelli's request; but if the signorina was unable to attend, but still anxious for the settlement of her claim, why, he would accompany the gardener himself to the house for the purpose. To which the gardener objected strongly, and retired with a face so worn and anxious and frightened, that this amiable official thought it as well to send a detective officer to look after the old man, and, if possible, to get to the bottom of the mystery—for queer things often happen with these lotteries.

The result was that nobody had seen or heard anything of Teresina, and old Baldella was unable to account for her disappearance, and maintained a dogged silence on the subject, for the disappointment to his hopes and the consciousness of guilt had completely unnerved him. All the circumstances were so suspicious that the police felt justified in connecting him with her disappearance and accordingly he was brought before the head of the police to answer for himself.

In the meantime Teresina, having recovered consciousness, was gradually brought to by the assistance of the stewardess. On being questioned by Lord Ardley, she gave a truthful account of the events of the previous night, but said that, from the time she retired to her room, her mind was a complete blank. She related with some blushing and hesitation her conversation with her uncle about the lottery-ticket, not forgetting his unaccustomed liberality in giving her wine to drink to her good luck.

'Pretty clear, my lord, I think—drugged,' said Lloyd.

'Very likely. Horrid old villain! But what's to be done now?'

'With your permission, sir, I will go into Naples and see what is going on.'

'By all means, Lloyd. And look here, I am going to be married in a few days, and if Teresina doesn't wish to return to this pleasant home of hers, I've no doubt she will make an excellent attendant on Lady Ardley in our coming cruise about the Greek islands.'

'Many, many thanks, my lord.'

On going ashore, Lloyd learned that old Baldelli had been interrogated, with the result that he now suggested the possibility of her having drowned herself; that she occasionally walked in her sleep; that he had found her door and the window opened on the morrow of her disappearance. This was contrary to his statement at the office, nor could the body be found in the tideless water. He refused to say anything farther, and was sent to jail to await his trial on suspicion.

Lloyd readily obtained permission to see him.

The old man, filled with rage and remorse, cried to him to 'Begone!' but dared not look him in his face.

'Assassin, I know all!'

Baldelli cowered in a corner and said nothing.

'I know all, and I almost hesitate to relieve your villainous mind from the terror that agitates it. Under God's hand, but through no fault of yours, she lives.'

'Lives!' and his whole aspect changed. 'Then why am I here? Curse their meddling! Who says I murdered her? And you, fair-faced fool, what do you bluster here for?'

'Gently, gently, old man. There is such a thing as attempt to murder, for which a considerable term at the galleys is not infrequently given. Teresina lives, and, so far as the crime of murder is concerned, you are not guilty, by an accident. Now I mean to make terms with you. Listen: I witnessed your dastardly attempt, and I saved her life. She will not return to you; she will become my wife; she will bid you farewell, and will not be told of your wickedness; and she will carry out her intention for your benefit, and give you the five thousand francs she promised you, though you more richly deserve five years at the galleys. If you consent to this, good. If you refuse, I at once proclaim you to be the attempted murderer of your niece.'

'*Maladetto!* May every evil—'

'Enough. You are no fool, though a great rascal.'

The programme was carried out in its entirety. Baldelli was released on the appearance of Teresina, who, alive to some rascality on the part of her uncle, was satisfied to receive from him a scowling assent to her marriage with Frank Lloyd.

After some months in the Mediterranean with Lady Ardley, she went to England, her future home, as Mrs. Lloyd; and it was not till after the old man's death that she learned the true story of the tragical event that might have followed on her lucky hit at *lotto*.—*London Society.*

FIDELITY is seven-tenths of business success.

THERE is nowhere an apology for despondency.

Locking the Trunk.

MR. SPOOPENDYKE'S PAINFUL SURPRISE AFTER A DEADLY WRESTLE WITH A SARATOGA.

"My dear," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, as she arose from her knees, hot and tired with packing, and rubbing the small of her back as she straightened up. "I'm all through now, and I wish you would lock this trunk."

"Certainly," replied Mr. Spoopendyke, dropping his paper and slamming down the lid. "All you've got to do is just fit the hasp in the lock and turn the key. So!"

But the key didn't quite turn, and Mr. Spoopendyke hit the hasp with the side of his fist and tried it again.

"Don't it work?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, watching the proceedings with considerable interest.

"It'll work if you'll let it alone," said Mr. Spoopendyke severely, and he raised the lid, dropped it again, pounded the hasp and wrenched at the key with all his strength. "Stand back and give me room, can't you?" he growled, as he pressed down on the cover and gave the key quick twists in a vain effort to catch the lock unawares.

"Why don't you rest your weight on it and let me lock it?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, fluttering around her husband and wondering if he was thoroughly aware that his plug hat was immediately under the lid.

"Have you got the time to keep away from this thing and let me work it?" demanded Mr. Spoopendyke, contemplating his wife with a Spartan expression of visage. "'Spose I can do anything with you sitting on my elbow? If you'll go down cellar for a minute I'll lock this trunk," and Mr. Spoopendyke banged away at the hasp and breathed hard. But his best efforts could only turn the key half way.

"Oh! ain't I glad you couldn't lock it!" exclaimed Mrs. Spoopendyke, anxious to stay her husband's growing wrath, "I forgot to put in your walking cane."

"Dod gast the cane!" sputtered Mr. Spoopendyke. "'Spose it's going to lock any easier with a dod gasted walking cane sticking out at one end? Who says I can't lock it? What's the reason I can't lock it?" and he stood off and fetched the hasp a tremendous kick. "Anything else you've forgotten to put in?" and he sprang on the lid and tugged at the key with his head thrown back and his teeth set. "Got a couple of mirrors you want in here? Any china in the house that wants a ride in this trunk? Want to put in that dod gasted ass on the top floor who tries to play the fiddle?" and he flopped off on the floor and banged at the hasp again.

"Let me sit on it," suggested Mrs. Spoopendyke, climbing up without waiting for a response. "Now try it."

Mr. Spoopendyke fumbled around and worked at the hasp and key, but fruitlessly.

"Can't ye sit any harder than that?" he yelled, as the key stuck and wouldn't turn either way. "'Fraid of breaking the measly thing? Press down, can't ye?"

Mrs. Spoopendyke squirmed around and said, "now dear," and then looked over to see how he was getting on, but still the lock was obdurate.

"Dod gast the measly trunk!" howled Mr. Spoopendyke, firing the key out the window and giving the trunk a farewell kick. "If you want it locked you get a blacksmith and a steam derrick," and Mr. Spoopendyke threw himself into a chair and pretended to bury himself in his paper.

"I don't know how we're ever going to get it open," said Mrs. Spoopendyke after a long silence.

"Get what open?" growled her husband.

"The trunk. Now I remember, its got a spring lock, and when you took the key out it locked itself. I don't suppose we can ever find the key."

"That's it!" yelled Mr. Spoopendyke. "You know all about it now! Why didn't you tell me it was a spring lock? Why d'ye keep it to yourself for?"

"I forgot," whimpered Mrs. Spoopendyke, "but it will be all right. I can open it."

"Oh, you can open it!" snorted Mr. Spoopendyke. "You're an opener. All you want is to be sharpened on both sides to be an oyster knife! With a dark lantern and a skull cap you'd make a full set of burglars' tools! Oh, yes, you'll open it! If you had a loose handle and one corner kicked off, you'd get rich as a screw driver!" and Mr. Spoopendyke tore out of the house to see if he could borrow something to pick open the unfortunate trunk.

"That gives me time to pack the valise," murmured Mrs. Spoopendyke "and as I've got another key to the trunk, we'll do pretty well after all," and the worthy lady began to jam night shirts and hair oil into the bags, together with sandwitches and tooth brushes, wondering betimes whether Mr. Spoopendyke's silk hat had been so badly smashed that it wouldn't do to go fishing in on rainy days, even if it didn't look well enough for church.—*Brooklyn Eagle*

His Idea of Exercise.

A Saratoga correspondent writes: "I was talking recently with a New York millionaire. He was telling me he had come for the season. He had been here one single week and was already talking of going back to New York. I was endeavoring to point out to him the benefit his health would derive from a long sojourn here from the pure air of Saratoga, from his morning walks through the woods, his afternoon drive to the lake, and so on. "Nonsense," he replied; 'to walk or ride or drive is no exercise. To follow an idea amid a thousand, to unravel an intrigue, to surprise a secret, to discover a plot, to frustrate the efforts of a rival tradesman, to outwit his shrewdness, to prepare scheme after scheme, to study a problem, to experiment upon it, to leave the house on time and return against time, to go on a score of errands during the day—that is what I call exercise. In New York, everything I do has an object, even my recreations have one; but to walk for the sake of walking, to stroll all day long in a park, on a piazza or a lawn, without any business to attend to, without any distraction, that is no life. An idea that makes the blood flow rapidly through the veins is a more wholesome exercise than a long walk without an object and concern. The man who, having anxiously expected a message, walks ten steps in his office to go and meet the messenger, takes more exercise than the other who has listlessly walked ten miles on a country road for the simple purpose of gaining appetite.'"

How It Happened.

There was a railroad excursion from Jackson County yesterday, and among the crowd was a man who called at the office of the Chief of Police to make a statement When the chief was ready to hear the details the man began:

"I was just coming out of the depot when I met a fellow with a squint to his eye. Got that down?"

"Yes."

"Well, he held out his hand, and said how do you do, Judge Perkins? I kinder held out my hand and said I was purty well, thank you. I'm no more Judge Perkins than you are, but I thought I'd draw the fellow out a little. Got that down?"

"Yes."

"Well, we shook hands and walked for the corner and he asked me if I ever absorbed. I said I did, and we went over to a saloon and surrounded some beer. Are you following?"

"Yes."

'My friend said his name was Collins, and that he was in the mule business. Then we absorbed some more."

"Yes."

"He asked me if I didn't remember of loaning him $2 in Toledo, in 1866, and hang my buttons if I wasn't fool enough to remember! I wasn't in Toledo in '66 or anywhere near it, but I saw a purty good chance to make $2. Hang me, if I didnt think I'd found one Detroiter good enough to fly right to Heaven! Then we absorbed some more."

"Yes."

"Well, the chap wanted to pay me back the $2 and I also wanted to get hold of it. He hands out this $20 bill for me to change and I gave him back $14 and was to hand him $4 more at the depot to-night. Then we absorbed some more."

"It's a counterfeit bill."

"You bet! and I'm a gone-up man! Farewell, old Jackson County!"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that $7 of that $14 was to buy school books, and the other $7 was to buy porus plasters and a new dress for a school teacher there. I have been done for and laid low. Do I return to face music? I do not. Do I jump into the river and sleep in the arms of death? I do and don't you forget it. I wan't a chew of tobacco, a few instructions as to the best place to jump and I'll trouble earth no more."

But he didn't jump. He had twenty-two cents and this sum was enough to get drunk on. He was picked off the walk in the night and taken to the station, and when asked his name he replied:

"No use, ole f'ller—no use. If I fent you two dozzers in Chicago in 1877, you can't pay it back, nohow—wan't have it—won't take it."

The Faust Bible.

This magnificent work was executed with cut-metal types on 537 leaves, some of the copies on fine paper and others on vellum, and is sometimes known as the "Mazarin Bible," a copy having been unexpectedly found in Cardinal Mazarin's library at Paris. It is also called the "Forty-two-line Bible," because each full column contains that number of lines, and, lastly, as Gutenberg's Bible, because John Gutenberg was associated with Faust and Schoeffer in its issue. It was printed in Latin, and the letters were such an exact imitation of the work of an amanuensis that the copies were passed off by Faust, when he visited Paris, as manuscript, the discovery of the art of printing being kept a profound secret. Faust sold a copy to the King of France for 700 crowns, and another to the Archbishop of Paris for 400; although he appears to have charged less noble customers as low as 60 crowns The low price and a uniformity of the lettering of these Bibles caused universal astonishment. The capital letters in red ink were said to be printed with his blood; and as he could immediately produce new copies *ad libitum*, he was adjudged in league with Satan. Faust was apprehended, and was forced to reveal the newly discovered art of printing to save himself from the flames. This is supposed to be the origin of the tradition of the 'Devil and Dr. Faustus,' dramatized by Christopher Marlowe and others. One of the highest prices—if not the highest—realized by any book was for a copy of this splendid Bible at the sale of the "Perkins Library," at Hamworth Park, on 6th of June, 1873. A copy on vellum was sold for £3,400; another on paper for £2,690. This large price is rather surprising; for there are about twenty copies in different libraries, half of them belonging to private persons in Great Britain. Before this sale the most expensive book was Boccaccio's "Decameron," printed at Venice in 1471, which was bought at the Duke of Roxburghe's sale in 1811 by the Marquis of Blandford (Duke of Marlborough) for £2,260; although its value fell afterward to £918 in 1819, when Lord Spencer became its purchaser.—*Chambers' Journal.*

THE present style of ladies' evening dress is the low and behold style.—*Vanity Fair relic.*

WAYDOWN BEEBE'S FALL SONG.

See de leaves a fallin' down,
Hear de breezes blowin';
See de skies a-looking like
De clouds wull soon be snowin'.
Chorus—Wake up de cull'd folks,
Hustle in dat wood;
Git in your meat and 'taters,
For Summer's gone for good!

See de frost on top de grass,
An' h'ar de chil'en cryin';
De ivy-green has got a chill,
An' base-ball 'm a dyin'.
Chorus—Wake up in de mawnin'—
Make dem black heels fly!
Summer's gone an' Winter cold
Won't pass de darkey by!

De 'possum wanders all alone,
De woodchuck sadly calls;
De hickory-nut it can't hold on,
An' to de groun' it falls.
Chorus—Lift up dem feet, brudder,
Make de cabin tight!
De Winter will be long and cold,
Kase Summer was so bright.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

VALUE OF TRUTH.

WHEN APPLIED BEFORE A BROOKLYN POLICE COURT.

He thought himself a notorious criminal.

And yet there was nothing in his appearance to justify the supposition that he had ever graced Sing Sing, or been under the loving care of the keeper of the Pen. He was a fine looking old man of weighty proportions, with blue eyes that twinkled with merriment and shot out sunny glances in all directions. His manner was cordial and cheerful.

"Oh, yes; I'm guilty, Judge," he said, even before he had heard the charge. "It certainly was very disgraceful on my part. I ought to be severely punished."

"Not quite so fast, if you please," said Judge Walsh, in a conciliatory tone. "The charge—let me see—is—"

"Do your duty, Judge, do your duty! There was not the slightest excuse," and the prisoner shook his head in a way that indicated that he would not have his own views antagonized.

"The complaint alleges intoxication," said the court, closely scanning the accused to discover, if possible, evidence of the spree. And then it asked politely:

"Your name, sir?"

"Oliver Cheeseborough," was the reply, "and he admits that he was abominably drunk. At such an early hour, too, and on a public thoroughfare. Why," continued Mr. Cheeseborough, looking shamefully at the floor, "suppose some of the folks down at Babylon should have seen me?"

The court contemplated the awful results of such a possibility and queried:

"Then you feel yourself guilty, my friend?"

"Guilty, did you say? I should think I did. The idea of a man in my position of life making a beastly exhibition of himself! A member of a church too! Contemplate for a moment, Judge, the demoralizing effects of my example!" and Mr. Cheeseborough tenderly caressed the bare spot at the back of his head.

The court snuffed the odor of a modest bouquet of violets, as the prisoner continued:

"I do not ask for mercy, Judge. When I think of the figure I must have cut trying to imitate Lawrence Barrett, on the sidewalk, my indignation at myself is simply intolerable. I feel so ashamed that I know I won't have courage enough to face the old lady on my return."

"Mr. Cheeseborough," said the court, gravely, "there are magistrates in this city other than myself. I will venture to say that, in the course of their experience on the bench they have seen many men charged with intoxication. In fact, I will go even further, and say that they have seen the same men charged with the same offence over and over again! Without troubling you with statistics, my friend, permit me to inform you that my experience leads me to believe that at least twenty men out of every hundred get drunk occasionally."

"Does that remark apply to Brooklyn alone?" quickly asked the prisoner.

"To Brooklyn in particular," was the emphatic reply.

"Then," said the prisoner, as he looked gloomily out of the window, "I am glad I do not live in Brooklyn, although it boasts so many churches. The offence is so grevious! I presume the law provides for the punishment