# The Bradford Reporter.

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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,
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SOUTH SIDE OF WARD HOUSE.
Dec 23-75. TOWANDA, PA.

SAM W. BUCK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Nov.14'79. TOWANDA, PENN'A
Office—At Treasurer's Office, In Court House.

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BOOKBINDERS,
And dealers in Fret Saws and Amateurs' Supplies. Send for price-lists. REPORTER Building.
Box 1312, 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.

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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.
SOL. OVERTON. BENJ. M. PECK.

RODNEY A. MERCUR,
ATTORNEY AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Collection of Patents. Particular attention paid to business in the Orphans Court and to the settlement of estates.
Office in Montanye Block May 1, '79.

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ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
TOWANDA, PA.
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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. MILLS,
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.
S. 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—Mercur Block, Main-st., over J. L. Kent's store, Towanda. May be consulted in German. [April 12, '78.]

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, 1878.

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 Mercur'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.

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

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

C. S. RUSSELL'S
GENERAL
INSURANCE AGENCY
Mar 25-'68. 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 Jobs of Gearing promptly attended to. All working 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. S. BETTS, Cashier.
DOS. 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, July 2, 1878.

NATHAN TIDD,
Dealer in
PITTSTON, WILKES-BARRE
AND LOYAL SOCK COAL.
Lowest prices for cash. Office and yard foot of Pine-street, Towanda. July 15, 1880.



## New Advertisements.

# A. D. DYE & CO.

**Fall & Winter, 1881.**

ATTENTION IS INVITED to our first-class

# Heating Stoves.

They are too well known to require any commendation—

**New Hecla,**
**Westminster,**
**Crown Jewell.**

We also have a line of CHEAP BASE BURNERS, the best of their class in the market, and well adapted for supplying a demand for an efficient but inexpensive heating stove.

WOOD HEATING STOVES in great variety.

READ THIS:

300

Happy Thought Ranges

Sold in Towanda and vicinity by

A. D. DYE & CO.

A LARGE STOCK OF

**Wood Cook Stoves,**

CARRIAGEMAKERS' AND BLACKSMITHS' SUPPLIES,

And a general stock of

**HARDWARE.**

MAIN STREET, TOWANDA.

Towanda, October, 1881.

# SELLING OUT AT COST!

**HARDWARE,**

IRON,

NAILS—NAILS,

**STOVES,**

**TINWARE,**

WAGONMAKERS'

---AND---

BLACKSMITHS'

**SUPPLIES.**

The Entire Stock of the late firm of McIntyre Brothers must be closed out at Cost within Thirty Days, by the purchaser. Goods recently bought at Sheriff's sale.

JAS. S. KUHN.

Towanda, July 18, 1881-m1


## TRIBUTE OF A TRAMP.

In the Toronto, Canada, jail, a poor tramp was locked up for twenty days for drunkenness, on the 12th of September. On the morning of the 20th, while in his cell, No. 1, he overheard the guards of the jail talking of the death of President Garfield. "Is Jim dead?" he asked. "Why, I knowed Jim. Him and me went to school together and used to fight and learn to spell at the same school. Poor Jim." The tears flowed down the cheeks of the miserable wretch, who started in life with the same chance as he whose death had cast a gloom over the whole planet. He seemed utterly broken down, and asking for pencil and paper he penned the following uncouth tribute:

I'm the same age ez Garfield wuz,
And I went to school with him,
And here I be in No. 1,
While the world is mournin' Jim.
I know him better'n I know you,
He lived next farm to us,
But he was good as the wheat, and I
Waz allus a worthless cuss.

Why, I can remember Jim
When he druv an Erie mule,
And I would stand on the banks and say,
"Wall, you're a thunderin' fool;"
But on he'd go like a meadow lark,
A whistlin' a Methodist hymn:
And here I be in No. 1,
While millions is mournin' Jim.

I went down, and he went up,
It's queer when I come to think,
But he never would go on a whirl,
And he never learned to drink.
I tell you what, there must have been
A lot of sand in Jim,
For here I am in No. 1,
While millions is mournin' him.

Why, blame it, I remember Jim
In rags and such, when I
Was dressed like any dry-goods clerk
And reckoned pretty fly.
I had a chance to climb the hill,
God never gave to him;
Yet here I am in No. 1,
While millions is mournin' him.

Why didn't they go to work and shoot
A worthless cuss like me?
But he, poor chap, was fit to die,
Which isn't my case, d'ye see?
I wish that I was dead and gone,
Once more along of Jim,
But here I am in No. 1,
While millions is mournin' him.

MORAL.

Because you're ragged don't be afraid,
But allus remember Jim.
Stick to the right and go ahead,
And you'll come to something like him.
Keep a stiff upper lip—never get drunk,
Allus be strong and true,
And you'll never be locked in No. 1,
And millions may mourn for you.

## ONLY TRUTH!

**From the German of Ernst Wichert, Author of "The Green Gate."**

BY M. J. SAFFORD.

From the *Home Journal*, New York.

II.

'Why should it be so incredible? You will congratulate me when you know Hermia. Every one envies me. And you must see what I shall *now* accomplish for the stage.'

'As the husband of an admired actress?'

Felix tossed his head. 'You seem to be somewhat dissatisfied with my marriage,' he said in a piqued tone.

Another shrug of the shoulders. 'Dissatisfied? The deuce, what is it to me if my friend puts his head in a noose?'

Felix involuntarily grasped his cravat. 'I will not——'

'Besides, this sort of suicide has the advantage,' the other quietly continued, 'that one undoubtedly wakes from it to another life. I believe to be a very merry life. You need not wholly renounce authorship. The notices of your wife——'

'Hugo!' He looked at him with an expression that imposed silence. 'I know your friendship for me,' he began, struggling to repress his indignation. 'You toiled hard to set me as it were on my own feet in literature, when, after my first failing, I distrusted my own powers. You have always had the right to bestow friendly criticism. But there are certain personal matters with which no one must interfere. And a wife——'

'Is one of these personal matters,' replied the other. 'I think so too. An actress—— But no matter! I see you are happy and am heartily glad of it. *Your wife*, I believe, appears to-morrow for the first time—'

'In "Caprice."'

'How a man must feel to see his wife play "Caprice." Well, of course, I shall be at the theatre to-morrow. Give my regards to your wife, and assure her that I shall take pleasure in accepting an invitation some other time. I only wanted to see with my own eyes. Basta!' he took Felix's head between his hands and kissed him on both cheeks. 'Strange, strange!' he murmured, 'that this should happen.' Brushing a tear from his eyes with the back of his hand he turned away, seized his hat and disappeared with a curt 'adieu.'

Felix looked after him with a very dissatisfied expression. 'He's provoked with my wife. Why did she leave the room so hastily?' He took a few steps forward and paused by the grate. A few embers still gleamed with a dark, red light; a heap of white ashes lay scattered about. The letters tied with ribbon again returned to his memory. 'If *they* were here too.' He knew not why he wished it, but he felt the desire.

After vainly waiting fifteen minutes for his wife's return, he went to the chamber where he expected to find her. She was lying on the sofa with her face turned to the wall. She had fallen asleep he thought, and retired to his study.

He tried to arrange his papers, to write letters, to read the last newspaper which still lay in a wrapper on his table. But no occupation lasted long. At last, lighting a cigar, he strode heavily up and down the room till the maid knocked at the door and said his wife could not get to sleep if he made so much noise. So she had been awake!

The next morning at breakfast Felix turned the conversation upon the visitor they had had yesterday. He thought his wife very inhospitable to withdraw without waiting for an introduction. Hermia, who looked very pale, pleaded a sudden illness, and then inquired about his friend in a tone of sincere interest.

Felix described Doctor Friedleben as a man who was by no means attractive at first sight. There was a harshness in his manner which wounded sensitive natures. But the rough shell concealed an excellent kernel, and his friends willingly pardoned all the incivilities which were only exaggerations of his ideas of duty. He had known him when a schoolboy, studied with him and shared the same room for years. Afterward, when obliged to choose a profession, their paths had divided, and they had not even had time and inclination to keep up a regular correspondence. 'I am sure,' he continued, 'that Hungo would risk his life for me if I were in danger, and that to day he would make any just cause of mine his own; but he might quarrel with me for hours and days about a bad verse, an ill-turned sentence, a mistaken opinion, until he had accomplished a change. If, in the first enthusiasm of creation, I told him of some new idea for a tragedy, he answered duly: "Write it out on paper." This was not so easy a matter and usually showed that he was right in his distrust. For a long time he tried by all sorts of raillery to disgust me with even my more successful pieces, because he feared I might publish something immature. Afterward he cordially rejoiced in my success, only I was not permitted to speak of it myself. "If you begin to judge of yourself by public opinion," said he, "you are lost. That you please the multitude is the surest evidence how little you are superior to the crowd." Yet he believed in me. Most men are inclined to satisfy themselves as easily as possible, and I was not free from this weakness. The sting that urged me onward often caused me pain, but I could not help being grateful to my friend for pitilessly using it. I should have been nothing more than dozens of poets, and who knows if *he* had remained with me longer—— But you are not listening, Hermia.'

'I hear, I hear,' she replied; 'I am very much interested in your friend—only go on.'

'I have finished,' he replied. He did not seem to think it advisable to take her words seriously.

Various persons who came to attend to theatrical business were announced; the constant employment of an actress who is to appear in the evening began. The costumes were to be inspected, the part must be memorized; then came the rehearsal, and the hours relapsed into stillness. Felix sat down to his writing-table and read over the last pages of his novel, but soon erased the few lines he had added. The door bell rang continually: now some question was asked, then something must be found which had been forgotten. 'This was only the first day,' he said to console himself, closing his portfolio with a sigh. He went to the hotel where his friend was staying, but did not find him at home. People were standing at various places studying the posters put out by the theatre; he remained aloof that he might not hear what they said of his wife. He returned to the house long before the dinner hour and was obliged to wait some time after before Hermia appeared. Half the dishes were spoiled; Hermia scolded the cook, and thereby drove away the last remnant of good-humor.

In the afternoon Hermia shut herself up in her chamber to rest for the evening. When she reappeared the costumes were to be sent off, and she was obliged to go to the theatre an hour before the play began. No quiet conversation between the husband and wife was possible, and it was equally impossible for Felix to be undisturbed. Then it was a matter of course that he should be present at the theatre. He had a box which afforded a fine view of the stage.

He again went to the hotel. Friedleben was just going out, also to the theatre, so it happened very well. There was no opportunity for serious conversation in the street, and they parted in the lobby. 'My wife depends upon seeing you the first evening you are at leisure,' Felix said as he bade him farewell. He felt justified in telling this little falsehood; his wife had undoubtedly merely forgotten to give the invitation.' His friend gazed at him with such a piercing look that he was obliged to cast down his eyes as if he had been detected in a lie. 'I will certainly come,' said Friedleben smiling, and went to the ticket office.

The play proceeded as a performance usually does when an audience is eager to show a favorite, whose life has undergone a marked change, that its sympathy may be relied upon. Hermia's first appearance was greeted with a storm of applause. Why did the bright face suddenly turn so deadly pale? Felix, who shared her triumph as if it were his own, did not fail to notice the incident. At the close of the first act he rushed upon the stage and tenderly inquired how she felt. 'It was nothing,' she answered; 'the friendly reception—the momentary excitement.' He was forced to be satisfied with these few words; countless admirers, whose entrance could not be prevented between the acts, pressed forward to utter compliments, express their admiration. There was no room for the husband. He hastily returned to his box.

The audience continued to be in a very amiable mood. Every scene was followed by loud applause. Hermia was called before the curtain at the close of every act. And yet she played—Felix noticed it anxiously—with less ease and animation than usual. She did not once glance towards his box, as she had so often done during their engagement, and this annoyed him. She looked wearied, and when she retired tottered perceptibly as she reached the side scenes. The manager sprang forward and offered her his arm.

Felix was obliged to wait some time before she came out of the dressing-room. Leaning on his arm, she walked wearily and silently down the steps to the carriage, and during the ride rested against him. On reaching home she said that she had not the least appetite for supper, and went immediately to her own room, where she threw herself on the sofa and ordered the lamp to be placed behind a screen. 'But what has happened?' asked Felix anxiously. 'You are seriously ill——'

'I acted horribly,' she exclaimed, bursting into tears; 'horribly!'

'The audience did not notice it,' he answered soothingly; 'could you have greater proofs?'

'That amounts to nothing,' she cried. 'The people don't know themselves why they applaud. There is *one* who cannot be blinded.'

'If you mean *me*, Hermia——'

'You?'

'Forgive me; I now have eyes only for *my wife*.'

She took this as a compliment and gratefully pressed his hand. 'It was folly, Felix, she said after a pause, nestling closer to him, 'to call up old memories yesterday. I dreamed all last night of the disagreeable man who called me a destroyer of art; and this evening, at the theatre—don't laugh—when I looked over the footlights at the audience, I saw him leaning with folded arms against the wall, motionless, statue-like as ever.'

'What fancies, child!' he answered reprovingly, stroking her hair and kissing her closed eyelids. 'I really wish I had some of your vivid imagination. I could make it useful. Go to bed and get a good night's rest, that I may have a bright, cheerful wife to-morrow. That's the way it always is when people take vacations; they are obliged to begin all over again.'

She seemed to be considering whether to say more. But he walked so carelessly over the airy bridge she had built, that she could not bring herself to destroy it by an alarming word. 'I felt it a weary duty to play in comedy to-night,' she assented. 'Well, my pleasure in it will return. Good-night, dear Felix.'

The last favorable opportunity for frank explanation was neglected.

One morning, shortly after this conversation, Doctor Friedleben paid his formal call. He did not ask for Felix, but his wife, and was instantly admitted. Clad in a suit of black, his appearance on this occasion was even more gloomy and threatening. Hermia felt as if a cloud, which would soon discharge itself in thunder and lightning, was rising in the blue sky of her happiness; but she was woman of the world enough to appear quiet and composed. Perhaps he too wished to forget the past. 'I am very glad,' she said offering him a chair, 'to meet my husband's best friend.'

She was mistaken. He did not seem to understand her intention of having all future relations between them depend upon a third person, but instantly defined them himself. 'It will be best, madame,' he began, 'to regulate the terms on which we stand by a few short words, even if society in future imposes its levelling forms. You remember that I once offered you my hand?'

'Of course. But why——'

'I should think such an event could never be wholly indifferent to the two persons it concerned. True, it has a different meaning to you and me. It was neither the first nor the last time you received a proposal. Neither before nor since have I made any woman the confession of my love.'

Hermia, who felt that her composure was deserting her, clasped her hands convulsively. 'Sir!' she exclaimed and then paused, although her visitor gave her plenty of time to finish the sentence.

'You gave me at that time,' he began again, 'an answer which convinced me that you understood my nature as little as your own. What soothed me was that you generously added a promise not to marry.'

'A promise——?'

'Certainly. I had the weakness to keep your letter—it closes with the words:—"Much as you despise my performances, my life belongs to art. I give you, and it may soften your disappointment, a sacred promise never to marry."'

The beautiful woman flushed to her temples. 'I felt so then,' she said indignantly; 'I did not mean to enter into a binding obligation.'

'Of course, of course,' he interrupted without any change in his quiet tone. 'I only wish to prove that you have been faithless to yourself.'

'And what follows?' she asked after a pause.

'You have married, Hermia. So your life ought no longer to belong to what you called art and—as I daily convince myself at the theatre—still term by that name.'

'Oh!—'

'You are still deceived, greatly deceived, or—you do not love the man who was more fortunate than I.'

'I love him, be sure of that,' she eagerly replied. 'With my whole heart.'

He compressed his lips a moment and his eyes flashed with sudden fire, but he did not avert his gaze. 'Then I am right,' he said in a tone so gentle that she scarcely distinguished the words.

Hermia took a book from the table and turned the leaves. 'I will not argue with you on subjects about which our opinions are totally different,' she said. 'But I may ask what authorized you to make these reproaches?'

'You may,' he answered very gravely, watching her as he played with the book.

She threw it angrily on the table. 'Then I *ask*,' she exclaimed.

He bent forward and brushed the carpet with the glove he held in his hand. 'It happens that your husband is my friend,' he said uttering each word very slowly.

'Then treat your friend in a friendly way,' Hermia cried in an agitated tone, and above all don't let him know that we are old acquaintances.'

'Ought he *not* to know it?'

'Good heavens—later! At a fitting time! He knows all you could tell thim except your name—an accident prevented him from learning that. If he now hears that *you*—I doubt whether the revelation would be agreeable. He will think I intentionally concealed your name, that I had some reason for withholding it. He will scarcely attribute your presence here to the motives you assign. What more shall I say? Well, this too. You will no longer be the friend in whom he places the implicit confidence.'

Friedleben reflected. 'His confidence—yes, his confidence——'

'And if you desire to be a true friend to him,' Hermia eagerly continued, 'the sooner you bid him farewell and leave this place the better. It will be best for *all* parties.'

His lips curled in a sarcastic smile. 'Do you think so? And why did I come? I confess that a very bitter feeling stirred in my heart when I heard of his marriage with you. Why *with you*? Something like envy—every one has the base impulse of grudging others what he cannot have himself, perhaps no longer desires to have. When such attacks of selfishness are conquered I know not what remains. Perhaps in a stronger capacity for self-sacrifice the friend has unconsciously become indebted to me, and therefore I love him the more. I love in him what I have lost for myself.'

Hermia shook her head incredulously. 'That is improbable. I can but repeat: your prompt departure is the only real kindness you can show your friend.'

He reflected for a short time. 'I should not like to go away empty-handed,' he said, rising from his chair. 'You have married—well. Do you intend to be really a good wife to Felix?'

Hermia also rose. 'Sir—Do you think a happy marriage between an actress and author impossible?'

He did not allow himself to be conquered. 'No,' he said quietly, 'two people, who live in sacred earnest for their ideal in art—pshaw, madame, idealists are very rare now, and those who pretend to be, usually do not stand the test. Will *you* hazard it? I think, after each performance you know very well how many times you are applauded and called before the curtain—applause is your reward, of course after the question of salary is settled.'

'Doctor!' she indignantly exclaimed, 'You take the liberty of using expressions—for which I can find no name.'

'You would find it,' he answered gently, 'if you did not feel that the shaft had struck. Pray don't try to deceive yourself, Hermia, the actress can only want a husband who dances around the idols she adores, who is nothing in himself, only the bell that rings for her, at any rate the cymbal she strikes Hermia, the wife—'

She turned indignantly away. 'Spare me any farther discussion, sir.'

'Hermia, the wife,' he continued in a warmer tone, 'would have time and patience to love her husband. She would make him a home, and render this home a paradise of quiet happiness. She would understand and aid his work, his victories would be her triumphs.'

Both were silent a moment, he waiting, she reflecting. Then Hermia angrily shook her beautiful head, exclaiming:—'Impossible! Your efforts are vain—it is impossible. I ask once more, don't put yourself in our way. You can only—lose your friend.'

Doctor Friedleben rose sighing. 'As you choose,' said, he, 'I have warned you. Remember me to Felix. I should not know what to say to him at this moment.'

He bowed and left the room. Hermia was in a most angry mood. 'This is his vengeance,' she said to herself, 'but I will not, for the very reason that he wishes it.'

Several weeks passed as the first few days had done. The busy actress claimed by the theatre from morning till night. New pieces followed the old ones. Long parts were given out, which must be studied, then learned, then played. Rehearsals of all kinds followed each other in quick succession. New costumes were to be procured, conferences with the dressmaker, the theatrical hair dresses were unavoidable. Moreover all who had entrance behind the scenes, pressed upon her more closely. The door of the drawing room was never still. And the invitations to the luxurious suppers given by enthusiastic admirers—it was a life of constant excitement.

Hermia was accustomed to the bustle, she had employment and scarcely paused to think. And yet there were minutes and hours when she looked back with regret to the first happy weeks after her marriage and found her present life shallow and disgusting. Her profession no longer filled her heart entirely, and yet what remained unfilled was only a minor space, which she herself felt was unworthy of what it was to receive. There were moments when she fain would have exclaimed:—"This must stop—things can't go on so. We will close the doors, admit no one—no one! It is time for us to be alone together.' Then she would imagine how the messenger from the theatre would rap, and the physicians drive up, and at last the manager come—all in vain. But she did not yet feel courage to disclose such ideas to Felix; she feared he might wish her to carry them into execution, and that would never do. It was better that he should know nothing about such fancies and believe her perfectly happy and satisfied. After all, there was nothing to be done, except accommodate herself to circumstances.

This was at first his consolation too, but it soon failed. Felix felt as if he were imprisoned in a net, which allowed him no freedom of movement. It was useless to tear first one thread and then another, the meshes immediately closed again. He would have been obliged to pull off the whole net and throw it away—but what then? It was partly owing to nervousness that he could not accommodate himself to the new condition of things in which he had placed himself. But when his brain was so confused and his heart so sore, that the pen fell from his hand on the blank paper—no! his indignation was justified. It increased day by day, he could not shake it off. At last he could bear it no longer. What Hermia only thought, he openly expressed: 'This must stop—things can't go on so.'

She was startled when he spoke so abruptly. It no longer occurred to her that she had felt the same; she only heard that he was dissatisfied with her and himself—perhaps *more* with her than with himself. '*What* must stop?' she asked; '*what* can't go on?' He explained. Nothing could be changed in her mode of life, he admitted, she was an actress and bound by the condition of her profession—but he had an equal right to existence and could not allow it to be crippled by them. Her eyes were already full of tears. Did he mean that she was in his way? 'Think seriously, dearest,' he pleaded, 'of what I ask. It is only to be alone when I cannot enjoy your society. A sort of voluntary separation——' The word struck her like a thunderbolt. 'But understand me clearly,' he said soothingly, 'I mean let us separate during the part of the day each is engrossed by professional duties, so completely that no interruption is possible.'

'You have never disturbed me,' she cried, 'but if you want to imply that you have no interest in my art——' Violent sobs choked her utterance.

He had not been prepared for such opposition and was completely bewildered. 'But you must see me,' he pleaded, 'that I can accomplish nothing if my train of thought is continually interrupted. My novel has become the most pitiable botch-work, my tragedy has not advanced——'

'Why do you write tragedies?' she sobbed. 'Nobody wants them. Everybody expects that you are creating a new part for *me*. For that purpose you *must* surely study me. And now it is too much trouble for you to go with me to rehearsal or see me act. This is unkind, Felix. But shut yourself up in your room, don't trouble yourself at all about your wife, show people that I am in your way——'

So she continued to pour forth more and more unreasonable reproaches. He no longer spoke of the justice of his cause, but merely strove to soothe her. And when she threw herself into his arms, said she could not live without him, and asked if he really loved her still—his calm resolves melted like ice beneath the rays of the spring sun. Everything remained the same as before.

Dr. Friedleben limited his visits to minutes or a quarter of an hour at the utmost. He said, in a mingled tone of jest and earnest, that he considered himself a family physician, whose duty it was to look after his patients occasionally. Hermia declined to see him whenever she could; Felix behaved like a person who has a bad conscience and wants to appear in the best of spirits—especially when his wife was present. Some impulse often led him to his old friend, and often imprudent remarks were frequently made in the quiet little room. Friedleben pretended not to hear them.

One day he brought the married couple the news that he had taken charge of the department of theatrical criticism in the paper. 'It was formerly conducted by a very insipid man,' he continued, 'who distributed praise and blame hap-hazard. I am conscious of the grave duties of my office, and shall be biased by no considerations. Every true friend of art, even among the actors, can, I think, only be benefitted by such a course.' An icy chill ran through Hermia's veins. She saw him in imagination in his usual place at the theatre, leaning with folded arms against the wall, gazing fixedly at the stage. And the man who did not even applaud or utter a bravo when the whole audience was in an uproar, this man was to criticise her acting.

It soon appeared that her fears were well founded. The first notice was in relation to a new piece, in which the leading character, though not at all suited to her, had been assigned to Hermia, because the manager relied upon her popularity. She did not refuse, in order to keep out a rival who was trying to obtain the part. She imagined that she played it satisfactorily, and the applause of the audience confirmed her opinion. One of her admirers, who edited a minor paper, came out the next day with a flaming article, in which he stigmatized the piece as pitiable, and said it must have failed if Hermia had not sustained it by her personal charms and finished acting. And now a long article signed 'Hugo Friedleben' appeared in the principal paper, in which, with Olympic calmness, he showed that the piece was an excellent one, but evidently misunderstood by the management, as was evident by the error in distributing the parts. Then, speaking of Hermia, he said:—'This actress, who is certainly very charming in her limited sphere, unfortunately does not possess the power of creating character She has, within the limits imposed by her individuality, a very clever faculty of reproduction, but will never succeed in creating new parts with the means at her disposal. She lacks the first attribute of an artist, the capacity to enter into the character to be represented. She really plays but one part, in which the public, with good reason, is never weary of admiring her. Her mode of laughing, weeping, pouting, threatening, nodding and raising her eyes imploringly is extremely charming, but does not suit every role. Our stage fortunately possesses a young lady——' and now her rival was named and the reason the part had not been assigned to her frankly told.

Hermia was furious. A friend of her husband had written this about her, and the whole city was reading it. In great agitation she took the paper, wet with tears, to Felix. She did not even give him time to read it. 'It is infamous!' she exclaimed, fairly beside herself. 'This man has determined to destroy my professional reputation. His praise is as insulting as his blame; every word is barbed with malice. And this is only the commencement. No! he must not write another such article! What do you mean to do?'

This direct question showed him his critical position. 'First of all, calm yourself,' he entreated. 'It is impossible to form any sensible conclusion while you are so agitated.'

'He who can stop a moment to consider——' she exclaimed.

He led her to the sofa. 'The criticism is very sharply worded.'

'Do you call that criticism?' she cried angrily. 'I call it a piece of rascality. I have all possible respect for public opinion, but this is not its expression. It is the cry for vengeance for a personal offence!'

He could not help smiling. 'The cry for vengeance for a personal offence, Hermia? How could Friedleben, my best friend——'

She bit her lips. 'I hope you will now forget that fact. A man capable of abusing you wife in this way—ought—can be your friend no longer.'

'Permit me to inquire——'

'In short, what do you mean to do? That something must be done is evident.'

'Dear Hermia——'

'No, no. Not in that tone. I ask satisfaction, which shall be in proportion to the public affront.'

'But in what shall it consist? When I am attacked by unjust criticism, what effectual means have I to refute it? I am defending my own cause, and everybody knows it.

'Write an answer, Felix.'

'I—your husband? It can only make us ridiculous.'

'Doctor Friedleben must take back his words.'

'He has expressed his real convictions, and will retract nothing he has said and signed with his name.'

'He must never print another word about me—never.'

'How are we to prevent it child? But I will talk seriously with him about the matter, beg him——'

'Beg! You say this to your wife! Beg this man to spare me! I suppose I am only tolerated on the stage from compassion.'

'The public is on your side, Hermia; leave your defence to your audiences.'

"Oh! *they* will not fail me,' she eagerly replied. 'I must have an extraordinary ovation on my next appearance. I still have friends.'

All his remonstrances were useless, they only made her more obstinate. At last he resolutely declared that he would not allow himself to be urged by her passionate entreaties to a course he could not approve as an author. This opened a gulf. Hermia now knew that 'he had never loved her,' and left the room with the threat of obtaining satisfaction for herself.

Felix took the course he had instantly resolved to pursue: he sought Doctor Friedleben to offer energetic expostulation. This unkind attack had wounded him more deeply than he cared to show his wife. If Hermia had expressed her opinion in gentler terms, it would not have been very unlike his own; but when she angrily tried to force her views upon him, it aroused a spirit of opposition. Here, face to face with the critic, he thought it his duty to speak all the more sharply in defence of his offended wife.

Friedleben saw from his face what he had come to say. 'You can, imagine, my dear friend' he began, anticipating him, 'that it was very painful to me to be compelled to condemn your wife's acting. But what else could I do as an honest man? The point in question was not a mere trifling defect in the performance, but a total misconception of Hermia's talent. This must be told the manager, and of course could not be concealed from her. The article is making the uproar it was intended to excite—the best proof of its necessity.'

"And do you intend to continue to write in the same way?' asked Felix coldly.

'Certainly.'

'To write about my wife?'

'If necessary, about your wife. She is an actress.'

Felix with difficulty maintained the necessary degree of indifference. 'I must call your attention to the fact that such a course would appear to me the most shameful want of consideration.'

Friedleben shrugged his shoulders. 'You know that Hermia has hitherto been accustomed to receive only the approval of the press.'

'Unfortunately.'

'It is a fact, and as such deserves due notice. Your dissenting opinion, on the other hand, has another meaning besides disapproving criticism. It is an attack upon the position she has gained in the esteem of the public, a position that has been considered impregnable. Still more, our friendly relations are known, hence special favor is expected from you. The blow from a friend's hand is not only more psinful but inflicts a deeper wound.'

Friedleben tossed his head proudly. 'And what is my criticism worth,' he asked carelessly, 'if it proves venal at the first trial?'

'No one would have reproached you for it,' Felix eagerly replied.

'Things are bad enough if the scoundrel who falsifies public opinion is not punished by public scorn.'

A pause ensued. There seemed nothing to be done except close the conversation with some careless or passionate word. 'You place your position as critic so high,' said Felix, uttering the words as if his breathing were difficult, 'that I must extend my hand to the friend in vain. So I will word the question differently. You have often seen Hermia act, you had already formed an opinion of her performances, you knew that you would be compelled to struggle with a mistaken conception of art—I speak from your point of view—and yet you undertook an office that imposed this duty upon you. You undertook it voluntarily. A friend I think would have declined the position.

BEGIN with modesty, if you would end with honor.

HE that lacks time to mourn, lacks time to mend.

## The Midnight Sun in August.

The correspondent of the N. Y. *Herald* who is with the Arctic Exploring Steamer Alliance, says: On our way through the ice, which was made with slowness and caution, we had our first clear view of the midnight sun, whose altitude observed by the sextant was 4 deg. 33 min. 40 sec. In the clear water astern several white whales sported about. The statements that whale fishing is no longer successful seems strange in view of the fact that since we have been in the Arctic seas we have never been a day without seeing them. We have encountered whales of all kinds and in abundance. Subsequent to this we had, if possible, a better view of the midnight sun, without the distracting accompaniments of whales. We had forced our way north, after slow sailing in the ice pack, to within sight of Spitzbergen, and when again viewing the midnight sun we were quite near Horn Sound, the most southern fiord on the southwestern coast of Spitzbergen. The first success of our expedition had been scored. It was a clear, bright night this (don't mind the seeming confusion of terms), with not a fleck of cloud as big as a mustard seed in the amber sky.

The sun looked like a great disk of molten gold, which seemed through the smoked snow glasses to throb and pulsate, sending rays of light from its centre to its rim. These soft rolling ripples of light seemed to depart from the periphery with irregularity, although they started from the centre as if a pebble had been dropped there. Sometimes they would depart from the rim with the same regularity as they started, and then again they seemed to hurry off on one side and delay on the other, giving the sun for an instant an oblong appearance. This midnight sun was not alone sensible to the eye; one could feel its rays, which burned the skin with the copper warmth of Indian summer days.

## A Philanthropist.

It's a great thing to be a philanthropist. So Mr. Goodheart thought, and at the suggestion of his neighbor, Mr. Snyder, he resolved to have a grand picnic for the poor bootblacks of the city, at his elegant country house. So he sent a man to hunt up a lot of the boys and bring them out there one fine afternoon. They came, a good hundred of them, and the old gentleman received them with smiling face and kind words. "Make yourselves right at home, boys, and have just as good a time as you know how to," he said to them. Then he left them to go it and went in the house. In about fifteen minutes his head gardener came in and asked him if he had given three of the boys permission to ride upon his $1200 Alderney cow and to throw rocks and hard names at whoever objected. Mr. G. "No," and went out to see about it. He finally induced the boys to quit that amusement, and then his coachman came and said if he wanted to have any fish left in his trout pond he'd better go and stop the boys from fishing in it. He did so and began to feel rather annoyed at their proceedings. But he stood it and didn't scold. He also stopped nine of them from bathing in the fountain, and then when he found that six of them had his two pet cats hung by their tails over a clothes line, he scolded some. Supper was served, and only thirty-seven pieces of crockery broken so he began to think that he should get off pretty easy. But presently he his dog flew by, with a kettle attached to its tail, and the whole gang set off in pursuit and ran over his flower beds and into the conservatory and upset valuable plants, and did a heap of damage. Then he ordered the gang to start for the city, and in hunting them up four were found to have just got the barn afire by smoking in the hay. Vigorous efforts, however, saved the building, and the boys were shipped away. And then Mr. G. sadly told his men to try and repair the wreck while he went over to see the neighbor who suggested the affair.