The Bradford Reporter.

MARSH & HITCHCOCK, Proprietors. REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER. $1.50 per Annum in Advance.

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The BRADFORD REPORTER is published every Thursday morning by MARSH & HITCHCOCK, at One Dollar and Fifty Cents 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 the following rates:

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All resolutions of associations, communications of 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. Pamphlets, 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.

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ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
SOUTH SIDE OF WARD HOUSE.
Dec 27-75. TOWANDA, PA.

SAM W. BUCK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Nov.1875. TOWANDA, PENN'A
Office—At Treasurer's office, in Court House.

A. BEVERLY SMITH & CO.,
BOOKBINDERS,
And dealers in Fret Saws and Amateurs' Supplies. Send for price-lists. REPORTER Building.
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Office—Rooms formerly occupied by Y. M. C. A. Reading Room.
H. L. 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.
Sept. 1880, 29, 1879.

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

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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,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
TOWANDA, PA.
E. OVERTON, JR. JOHN E. SANDERSON

W. H. JESSUP,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW,
MONTROSE, PA.
The undersigned having resumed the practice of the law in Northern Pennsylvania, will attend to any business entrusted to him in Bradford county. Office formerly occupied by Judge Mercur, Tioga, Pa., when an appointment may 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. 4,13,80.

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

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

ANDREW WILT,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Office—Mercur Block, Main st., over J. L. Kent's store, Towanda. May be consulted in German. [April 12, '76.

W. L. 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. Is prepared to insert Gold, Silver, Rubber, and Aluminum Teeth extracted without pain.

D. D. PAYNE, M.D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
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

C. L. LAMB,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
In North Franklin st., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.,
Will give attention to collections in Luzerne and adjoining counties. References: Hon. P. D. Morrow; First National Bank, Towanda.

MRS. E. J. PERRIGO,
TEACHER OF PIANO AND ORGAN.
Lessons given in Thorough Bass and Harmony to those who desire it. Reference: Rev. J. Coleman, Rector of the Church, Singleton. Address Towanda, Pa., March 4, 1880.

S. S. RUSSELL'S
GENERAL
INSURANCE AGENCY
Main-st. 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
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HENRY HOUSE,
CORNER MAIN & WASHINGTON STREETS
FIRST WARD, TOWANDA, PA.
Horses at all hours. Terms to suit the times. Large stable attached.
WM. HENRY, PROPRIETOR.
Towanda, July 8, 1880.

MEAT MARKET!
C. M. MYER,
Located in
ENGLEMAN'S BLOCK, BRIDGE STREET,
Keep on hand,
FRESH AND SALT MEATS,
DRIED BEEF, FISH, POULTRY,
GARDEN VEGETABLES AND BERRIES IN THEIR SEASON, &c.
All goods delivered free of charge
Towanda, Pa., May 16, 1881. C. M. MYER

New Advertisements.

ST. JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK.

THE GREAT
GERMAN REMEDY.
FOR
RHEUMATISM,
Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains,
Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.
No Preparation on earth equals ST. JACOBS OIL as a safe, sure, simple and cheap External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims.
Directions in Eleven Languages.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.
A. VOGELER & CO.,
Baltimore, Md., U. S.

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.,

Woman can Sympathize with Woman. Health of Woman is the Hope of the Race.
Yours for Health
Lydia E. Pinkham

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND.
Is a Positive Cure
for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our female population.
It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.
It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous tumors there is checked very speedily if taken.
It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach.
It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.
That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.
It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.
For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.
LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. Mention this paper.
No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure Constipation, Biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

ADMINISTRATRIX'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of Milton E. Seymour, late of Springfield township, deceased, have been granted to the undersigned, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are required to make immediate payment, and all persons having claims against said estate must present the same duly authenticated to the undersigned for settlement.
ANN SEYMOUR,
Administratrix, with the will annexed.
Feb. 9, 1882.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—In the estate of Joshua Vaughn, deceased. In the Orphan's Court of Bradford County.
The undersigned, an Auditor appointed by the Court to distribute the fund in the hands of the Administrator as shown by the first and final account, will attend to the duties of his appointment, on FRIDAY, FEBRUARY the 24th, inst., at 10 o'clock A. M., at his office in the Borough of Towanda, when and where all persons having claims on said fund must present them or be for ever barred from coming to or into the same.
JOHN W. CODDING, Auditor.
Towanda, Feb. 2, 1882-w4.

TRIAL LIST FOR FEBRUARY
Term of Court, 1882, to be held at Towanda.
SECOND WEEK.
Miami S. Pike vs. A. Hale Burr.....defme
Amasa Millard's use vs. Wm. F. Coburn.....appeal
First N. Bank of Athens vs. G. W. Moore.....def
E. A. Packer's use vs. Schuyler S. & M. Codrey.....def
Wm. Hartigan vs. A. L. Brant.....trespass
Wyman S. Pike's use vs. Elias Barr.....rep
Benjamin Smith vs. Pomeroy Horsfall.....assump
Samuel Overshire vs. A. Spalding et al.....eject
S. Kirby vs. H. C. Carpenter.....eject
S. H. Rogers vs. A. J. Lacey.....appeal
Pa. & N. Y. C. & R.R. Co. vs. J. D. Montanye.....ejt
Mary Libby vs. Wells Kilcullen.....trespass
Lewis Zerner vs. J. H. Wright.....ejectment
Peterson & Co. vs. Levi Pelton.....assumpsit
Peterson & Co. vs. Alva J. Tracy.....appeal
R. B. Dunlap's use vs. Isaac Inscoe et al.....eject
H. B. Vanglider vs. W. H. Sherwood.....trespass
Delphine Snowman's use vs. L. B. Faulkner.....eject
M. W. Wheelock vs. John Bell.....ejectment
Gide n L. Soisber vs. Chas. Howland.....appeal
C. W. Chapin vs. John W. Holenbeck.....debt
Hiram Libby's use vs. N. Rockafellow.....replevin
H. B. Stern & Co. vs. H. J. Ely.....assumpsit
W. Harlington vs. S. G. Towne et al.....replevin

THIRD WEEK.
Emily McFarlish vs. E. L. Kimball.....ejectment
May & Stern vs. M. Heidelman.....debt
David Watts vs. Jos. Towner et al.....replevin
Batt Golden vs. I. S. Gates.....appeal
Geo. W. Elliott's use vs. Emma E. Nelson.....scire facias
Wright Dunlap vs. Elizabeth Street et al.....trespass
Michael Coleman vs. John J. Thomson.....replevin
Citizens N. Bank of Towanda vs. A. Conklin.....assumpsit
First N. Bank of Towanda vs. A. Conklin.....assumpsit
Patrick & Coyle vs. Sally Davidson et al.....ejectment
R. W. Lane vs. John J. Griffith et al.....scire facias
H. H. Hickok vs. James F. Fox et al.....ejectment
Geo. F. Grant vs. John Elliott.....debt
W. Irving, sr., vs. Pa. & N. Y. & R.R. Co.....trespass
Orwell Kellogg vs. H. W. Miller.....appeal
Richard Austin vs. Warren F. Spencer.....scire facias
First N. B. Tioga vs. H. W. Patrick et al. Garnishee.....scire facias
C. P. Lawrence vs. Trona V. Hawk.....appeal
James Leonard vs. H. Wilson.....ejectment
Francis M. Drexel vs. John Carroll.....ejectment
C. E. Frost vs. Thomas R. Jordan.....appeal
S. H. Farnsworth vs. J. Cobb.....issue
Lewis & Brown vs. David Whipple.....appeal
Clark Delaney vs. Asylum Township.....appeal
J. P. Kirby vs. D. R. Blackman.....issue
Subpoenas for second week returnable Monday, February 13, 1882, at 2 o'clock P. M.; for third week, Monday, February 20, 1882, at 2 o'clock P. M.
GEO. W. BLACKMAN,
Towanda, Jan. 19, 1882. Prothonotary.

LIST OF LEGAL BLANKS
Printed and kept on sale at the REPORTER OFFICE at wholesale or retail.

Deed.
Mortgage.
Bond.
Treasurer's Bond.
Collector's Bond.
Lease.
Complaint.
Commitments.
Warrant.
Constable's Return.
Articles of Agreement, 2f rms.
Bond on Attachment.
Constable's Sales.
Collector's Sales.
Execution.
Subpoena.
Petition for License.
Bond for License.
Note Judgement.
Mech Judgement Bond

OTHER FELLOWS THINK SO TOO.

There's just one thing a man can have
In all this world of woe and strife,
That makes the business not too bad,
And that one thing's an easy wife.
Dost fancy that I love my girl
For rosy cheeks or raven hair?
She holds my heart because she laughs—
Because she laughs and doesn't care.

I put my boots just where it suits,
And find them where I put them, too,
That is a thing you must allow
A chap can very seldom do.
I leave my papers on my desk;
She never dusts them in a heap,
Or takes to light the kitchen fire
The very one I want to keep.

On winter nights my cozy dame
Will warm her toes before the fire;
She never scolds about the lamp,
Or wants the wick a trifle higher.
On Sunday she is not so fine
But what her ruffles I can bug;
I light my pipe just where I please,
And spill the ashes on the rug.

The bed is never filled with "shams"—
A thing some women vilely plan
To worry servants half to death,
And spoil the temper of a man.
She lets me sleep to any hour,
Nor raises any horrid din
If it just happens now and then,
To be quite late when I come in.

I tell you, Jack, if you would wed
Just such a girl who lets things run,
She'll keep her temper like a lamb,
And help you on to lots of fun.
Don't look for money, style or show,
Or blushing beauty, ripe and rare
Just take the one who laughs at fate—
Who laughs and shows she doesn't care.

You think, perhaps, our household ways
Are just perchance a little mixed;
Oh, when they get too horrid bad,
We stir about and get things fixed.
What compensation has a man
Who earns his bread by sweat of brow,
If home is made a battle ground,
And life one long, eternal row?

—*Harper's Magazine.*

A QUEER VALENTINE.

"Pilsbkin, plusbkin, pelican gee,
We think no bird so fledgy as we;
Pilsbkin, plusbkin, pelican gill,
We thought so then—we think so still."

Gertrude Winthrop looked rather bewildered as these sounds issued from the door which the servant opened for her.

'They're rum ones,' whispered the girl.

Two children were hopping about the room as they sang the strange gibberish as given above. One was a keen, sallow faced boy of nine; the other a pretty fair haired girl of seven. The boy had a hat on with a bunch of dilapidated cock's feathers in it. The girl wore a long ostrich plume, and various scraps of red flannel pinned here and there on her dress.

'Oh, hallo! we're pelicans,' cried the boy, in no way abashed; 'that's the pelican chorus'

'You're precious pickles, that's wot you are,' said Jane. 'If ever I see sich limbs of the—'

She hesitated out of respect for the stranger

Gertrude surveyed her charges, and they in turn bestowed upon her an unflinching stare.

'What are your names?' she asked softly; 'I am going to be with you and teach you, you know'

'Golly!' said the boy, 'wouldn't it be larks if she never found out! then you couldn't call us, you know. And if you didn't call us we wouldn't have to come'

'But I can easily find out,' said Gertrude, with a laugh; 'so you had better be gentlemanly and answer my question.'

'My name's Roderick, but they call me Rod. Her name's Nina, but they call her Ninny, 'cos she's a numbskull—all girls are numbskulls.'

'This is your room, ma'am,' exclaimed Jane, opening a door and going in. When Gertrude stood at her side she turned the key.

'See! you kin do this when you want to be alone; and you'll bless the minutes you git from that pair. I'm goin' to leave to-morrer—as I've give warnen regular—an' my life wore out with them two young imps—savin' your presence—which you'll find 'em out, soon enough; and I wouldn't prejudice you agin' 'em beforehand; and that cantankerous old cat, either, down below—oh, they're a sweet lot—'

'Rush!' said Gertrude. 'I cannot listen to such—'

'Well, I'll say a good word for Master Eric,' said Jane, turning to go; 'he knows how to treat a poor girl. He's a gentleman—mor's the pity he's to be thrown away on that flibberty gibbert, Miss Francia, as is no better nor a—'

'There, there!' cried Gertrude, as the children were pummeling at the door, 'you may go now—thank you.'

There were two or three scratched up desks and some torn books, also a globe over which strange maps had been smeared with ink and red paint.

'Well, Roderick,' she said, turning to her little subjects, who had most mutinous faces, 'what do you study?'

'Oh! when I feel like study, I like Roman history best. I'm goin' to be a heathen and worship Jupiter. I built an altar to him the other day; got one of Francia Dormer's white boxes, and printed 'Jupiter Ave Imperatore' on it, and made a pile of sticks and matches, and poured cologne over it for incense, and golly! how it burned! That was a sacrifice, you see; and Francia says she'll sacrifice me the next time I meddle with her things. I said to her: 'Francia, you have no feeling for Roman history.'

'I am a heathen too,' cried Nina.

'You ain't; you're a Christian,' cried Rod, as though he were hurling at her a most opprobrious epithet.

'I—I won't be a Christian all alone!' cried Nina, with a roar.

'Hullo! What's the rumpus? What's the row?' cried a good-natured voice, and a very handsome young man entered rather hurriedly, and stopped short at the sight of Gertrude.

'They want to be heathens,' said Gertrude with an embarrassed smile.

'Well, I venture to say it would be hard to find two greater young heathen in our enlightened country. Excuse me for bursting in so unceremoniously. I wanted to quench the youngsters' noise. My mother—'

'Oh, I forgot,' answered Gertrude nervously; 'she especially spoke of her dislike to noise. In a little time I shall learn—'

Eric was forgetting everything—even the two young savages who were swarming upon him—in looking at the wonderful beauty of this young girl's face. Surely, if Mrs. Chumleigh had seen that face in anything but the half darkness in which she delighted, she would never have brough Gertrude Winthrop into the house.

'Well, Eric, what are you about?' cried a merry voice. 'Going to wollop Rod? I'll go in for that, as he used up a bottle of my Franpipani in his late incantation.'

And a little dark, brilliant-looking creature, in black gauze and amber, fluttered in, and stared rather superciliously at Gertrude. She reminded our heroine somehow, of some brilliant South American insect, there was so much flash and color about her.

Her only real beauty was in her eyes, which were large, intently black and shining, but also, at present, a little malicious; for Francia Dorman took in at a glance, Gertrude's beauty, and she was not yet sure of Eric Chumleigh's heart.

She nodded carelessly.

'The governess, I suppose? Come Eric, the count is down stairs, and wants to consult you about something—whether tomatoes will grow in Saxony I believe. He has learned to dote on them, and wishes a garden of them around his castle.

Eric took leave with a polite bow, and Rod who had been silent for the space of five minutes, said:

'I hate Francia Dormer. She's a snake!' Gertrude kept the irrepressible ones quiet till their tea time with her inventions. She had some talent in that line, and felt glad and relieved to find that she held a most potent weapon to be used in her new kingdom.

Rod had really an active mind, and she won him by her praise; Nina followed his example; and when he found that he could gain the pleasure of hearing a story by diligence, he began to apply himself.

Eric said the children were growing so tolerable he quite enjoyed looking in on them once in a while; to which Rod replied: 'What makes you look at Miss Gertrude all the time, then?'

Gertrude blushed, and began to feel uncomfortable about the visits.

Sometimes Gertrude was requested to come down in the evening to play, and then she saw Bertha and her betrothed. The elder sister was too busy just now to look in the school room. Her intended, Von Arnheim who was an officer in the Prussian army, was a rather stolid looking German, with scant blonde hair, good natured blue eyes and a beaming smile. Bertha was sallow, but had fine dark eyes and dazzling white teeth.

Sometimes Francia bestowed her company and confidence on Gertrude; at others she assumed haughty and distant airs. She delighted in outre toilets, wore the most wonderful combinations, glowed and glittered like some rare tropical bird. So the months went on of that winter, and the wedding day drew near.

'How do I look?' exclaimed Francia one night, as she opened the school room door. 'Good? I hoped them little imps were in bed. Heavens and earth how I hate children! I pity you, Miss Winthrop! I suppose you dream of an escape some day! some fairy prince will open your prison gates with a golden key!'

'No I expect nothing,' answered Gertrude. 'I am trying to cultivate the spirit which Tennyson eulogizes:

'Not to desire or admire is better by far
Than to walk all day like the sultans of Ind in a garden of spice.'

'Go away Francia Dormer,' cried Rod, from the next room. 'You keep me awake with your chatter. 'You're worse than a nightmare.'

'Oh, you angel!' cried the girl. 'Then good-bye, Miss Winthrop. Comfort is at an end. You'll have the house to yourselves, to-morrow; we're off on an excursion, all of us. The snow is just right, so hard and white—bah! what a poor fire you have.' And she disappeared.

'She has everything,' thought Gertrude, 'beauty and fortune' (she had heard fabulous accounts of Francia's estates in Cuba), 'and she will win Eric at last—who can doubt it?'

Still Gertrude, remembering certain words and looks, did doubt it in her heart. The next morning when the party whirled away, and she saw Eric tuck in the sables about Francia, and heard the cheery sound of their voices, the old schoolroom looked very cold and bare; and she took up the dog eared history very absently.

Enter Betsy with a note and a bouquet—cream white camellias, blue heliotrope and crimson bouvardia.

'Sure they was both left thegither as the post-by brought the letther.'

Gertrude dropped the history and gloated over the flowers in delight. She had never owned a bouquet of hot house flowers before' and then she knew whose kind heart had remembered her when all the others were absorbed in their own pleasure. It seemed as though they would make the whole day fragrant. She had almost forgotten the note. There was only one person in the world to write to her, so she opened the note leisurely, as those do who have little to hope or fear. But as she read she started anxiously. Betsy had not left the room.

'Oh, I must go,' she said decidedly. 'I shall have to give the children a holiday; I shall have to leave them in your care. My aunt is very sick and alone. I will return this evening if I can arrange things. You will explain to Mrs. Chumleigh if I am not here.'

'Sure and I wull that,' said the girl, good-naturedly, 'and a holiday will do the young wons good.'

'Golly, a holiday!' cried Rod, in great ecstasy. 'Oh, I've got a famous plan!'

'No mischief!' said Gertrude, anxiously; 'I shall think of you.'

'Oh, we'll be quiet; you'll be so pleased!' exclaimed the boy, with a docility that would have alarmed Gertrude if she could have stopped to think about it.

As it was, she hurried her preparations, only remembering to take the flowers with her, as she thought they might cheer the sick room, to say nothing of her own reluctance to lose sight of them.

Her ride in the cars lasted only half an hour, and she found herself before the little brown cottage, which was the only home she remembered, as she had been left an orphan to this aunt's care in her earliest childhood. Poor and plain as everything looked, a thrill came over her at sight of it, and she hurried with great anxiety into the house, whose door stood open.

Aunt Rachel was in bed, and a neighbor's girl had come in to wait on her. The old woman had a sweet patient face and her eyes lighted up as she saw the young girl in whom all her love and earthly hopes were centered.

'I feared I had done wrong to send for you,' said she, 'but there was a little business to settle. Do you know, my love, the age of miracles is not over?'

Gertrude smiled and held her aunt's wasted hand fondly

'I've told you that the house—all I have—might be taken from me any time. What do you think of my having a couple thousand sent me yesterday—enough to pay off the mortgage and leave me five hundred dollars?,

'I should say you dreamed it, aunty.'

'Look in the top bureau drawer, and you will see the check. I think the surprise and joy of it has been too much for me. To think Jamie had remembered me now that his fortune is made in India! My godson, you know.'

Gertrude had the check in her hands, and viewed it with delight.

'You see, my love, the action to foreclose the mortgage had just commenced, and I could not rest a moment until this business was arranged. you can do it for me, and Bess here will keep me company.'

Gertrude was quite relieved to find that it was anxiety more than illness which had prostrated her aunt; and she at once set about performing her task, which she did by calling on an old friend—a lawyer—to aid her. She had the satisfaction of leaving the old lady calm and comfortable in the evening.

She found it quite dark when she reached the house, and felt a symptom of relief that the family were not yet returned. The children, to her surprise, were in bed, a state of affairs which she did not doubt had been accomplished by bribery.

But the silence and rest was nevertheless sweet and she sat down to the hemming of some interminable ruffles with which Mrs. Chumleigh kindly kept her employed. After a time, shutting of doors, laughter and gleaming lights woke up the quiet house, but no one disturbed her. The next morning Francia swooped in just as lessons began.

'Well, you look serene,' said she. 'Do you know there's an earthquake down stairs?'

'Oh, what a fibber you are, Francia Dormer!' cried Rod, indignantly 'If there was an earthquake it would have swallowed us all up.'

'Well, look out! Bad boys get swallowed the first thing,' said Francia.

'This, however is a financial one. They've lost five thousand dollars in coupons.'

'Lost?' questioned Gertrude.

'Yes; just fancy—Bertha's dowry! It's been stolen, and what's worse, Von Arnheim won't be married without it. He is desolated but firm; it's the law of Veterland'

Francia was just as careless and smiling, as she talked of this loss, as if it had been a pleasant bit of gossip.

Gertrude, with her ready sympathy, was on the point of asking several questions, when she noticed the open-eyed children.

'Oh, I forgot. I was to ask you to step down into the library,' exclaimed Francia; and then after popping a sugar plum into the children's faces, she danced away.

Gertrude went down with a feeling that she was to be called to account for her absence the day before, but quite convinced that her reasons would satisfy any right minded person. She met Mrs. Chumleigh with a face so serene that the aforesaid lady was somewhat staggered in the belief to which she had rapidly come within the last hour.

'I hear—and must say that I am exceedingly annoyed to hear—Miss Winthrop,' the lady began, with extreme acidity, 'that you absented yourself the whole of yesterday from your duties without leave. Was this a premediated thing?'

'Certainly not,' Gertrude began impulsively; and then as rapidly as possible explained the affair.

'Do you know what has happened here?' ask the lady.

'About the coupons?' asked Gertrude.

'Yes; it's a robbery you know.'

'I scarce'y understood. I am sorry—it is a great loss,' said the girl.

'It was taken by some one in the house,' Mrs. Chumleigh went on excitedly. 'My desk was opened, the coupons taken, the desk relocked, and the key put in the usual place,' and she fixed a penetrating glance on Gertrude's face as she spoke, and added after a seconds silence: 'It was taken yesterday after we left the house.'

Even then Gertrude listened with a polite sympathy, without feeling any direct reference to herself in the case.

'My servants I know thoroughly,' Mrs. Chumleigh went on. 'Even Betsey, the last comer, has lived with me before, and I cannot suspect them, only of course they must all be searched. You must feel Miss Winthrop, that circumstances are somewhat against you—you leave the house in such an unaccountable manner'

Gertrude's face flushed.

'Shame on you, Mrs. Chumleigh. You insult me—because I am poor, because I have no one—'

Eric opened the door with a mad burst at this moment, and caught the sounds of these last words.

'No one?' he cried. 'You have me! I heard these insane suspicions. Mother, are you mad! I stake my life on this young lady's honor. Why do you not suspect me?'

Mrs. Chumleigh faltered and turned pale.

'My son, what have you to do with this young person—'

'I have this to do with her,' he cried impetously. 'I wish to make her my wife, if she care enough for me.'

'My God!' exclaimed Mrs. Chumleigh, falling back in a half faint.

'Nice time for your declaration,' cried Francia Dormer, who had heard these words, and now hurried in with restoratives, her own face ashen pale, but still a malicious gleam in her eyes; 'at all events you won't be able to get a recomendation for your wife at her last place!'

By this time Von Arnheim had come in, and Bertha. To Gertrude the room seemed full of staring, talking people. She stood among them like a queen, tall, erect, with undaunted eye, but a fierce pain at her heart.

Mrs. Chumleigh opened her eyes to say, tragically:

'Search her things!' and then sank away again.

Von Arnheim, with true politeness said:

'It vill not be vell to suspicioned someones mit not no grounds to stand on,' which was very lucid, but not much calculated to console Gertrude on the whole. Bertha sat crying in one corner—husband and fortune and coronet to disappear like the baseless fabric of a vision. Oh, it was too much!

Von Arnheim, who was really not mercenary, strove to comfort her.

Gertrude walked up to the nursery unchallenged and sat down in the empty room. The children had been spirited away somewhere—the whole house was in commotion.

Eric's words, so strangely sweet, seemed somehow to span this sudden storm like a rainbow—but never never would she listen to him while there was a shadow on her good name. It was not hard to search the meagre contents of Gertrude's trunk; but everything was tumbled out in a summary way, pockets examined even linings ripped, and she heard someone say, 'Wot's the use, she went out yesterday,' with a feeling of desperate exasperation.

She laid back her clothes, all of them, sadly, for there was nothing more to do but to go, she strapped her trunk herself, and did not wait for leave taking. Only she had a kindly feeling for the imps, after all, and looked about for them as she went down stairs.

She left also a note for Mrs. Chumleigh, merely giving her address. Then with such a feeling of desolation as had never yet wrung her young heart, she started out.

The children were not about; but when she reached the corner Rod darted out at her. His face was smeared and tear stained. 'They say you're goin' away,' he cried out, 'and I want to see you again; but I've cheated 'em bully. I want to give you this valentine. To-day's the fourteenth, you know I fixed it yesterday—there's two hearts on a meat skewer and an altar and a bride—all right, you'll see.'

'Thank you Rod,' said Gertrude with a sob in her throat, and she stooped to give the boy a kiss 'I do not expect any other valentine.'

And she smiled through her tears that dimmed her eyes as she looked at the huge envelope with its official looking seals, to which Rod had confided his treasure.

A moment after a quick step came behind her. Then some one took the little traveling bag out of her hand, and, looking up she saw a friendly, handsome face looking down at her reproachfully.

'Going without one word for me?' cried Eric.

And from that moment half her burden seemed lifted. She found herself actually smiling as she reached her aunt's door.

'What is that *billet-doux* you are carrying so carefully!' exclaimed Eric, as he caught sight of the huge envelope.

'My valentine,' answered Gertrude. Then a moment after she added, 'Rod's work.'

They stood in the little parlor, then, by the window, as the young girl turned over the epistle, and finally opened it with a hysterical laugh. Such a villainous looking couple as Rod had executed, but he had gilded a ring on the bride's finger, which obliterated her hand, and had also a cable of the same burnished metal on her neck. 'By-Jove?' exclaimed Eric, seizing the paper; "do you see what the rascal has tied on with blue ribbon for a fancy cover—my mother's coupons, by all that's jolly?'

Gertrude stared in speechless surprise.

The child had nicked a whole sheet of coupons and used them as a cover for his *chef d' œuvre*

The neat little squares and numbers had evidently taken his fancy. These were only a part to be sure, but he could probably give an account for the rest. Of course he had no idea that the beautiful paper he had found in his mother's desk was so valuable.

Gertrude gazed at it a moment and then joined in the laugh.

She looked up to see Aunt Rachel in the doorway regarding them with a mild wonder.

'My first valentine!' she exclaimed, in some embarrisment.

But Eric told the story for her, and added his own conclusion. He was his own master, free to choose who he would; and in the happiness that followed, Gertrude forgot the misery of the day when she had received her queer valentine.

AN English Professor says that the scalps which cover the most active brains have the most dandruff.

Brother Gardner Disciplines An Erring Brother.

'Am Judge Cadaver in the hall tonight?' softly queried Brother Gardner, as he looked down the aisle, toward the stool on which the fat and juicy Judge was unanimously reposing.

'If de Judge am in de hall he will please step dis way,' continued the President, after a moment of deep silence.

The Judge slowly arose and meandered forward, energetically chewing a piece of slippery elm to hide his agitation.

'Brudder Cadaver, I have a few words to say to you to-night,' said the President, as he looked down on his shiny baldness. 'De odder day I happened to pass a policy shop, an' I saw you gwine in. Dat same evenin' as I was goin' past a saloon, I saw you standin' at de bar wid a glass ob whisky in your han.' I kin also recall de fack dat I hev not seen you at work for de las' month.'

'I hasn't bin feelin' strictly well,' pleaded the judge.

'You were well 'nuff to play policy.'

'I—I—didn' put but ten cents.'

'An' what 'bout de whisky drinkin'?'

'I was feelin' powerful weak, sah.'

'Too thin—too thin,' replied the President, as he shook his head. 'Now, den I want to spoke to you. In some respects you am a good man. I doan believe you would steal. I hab neb'r cotched you lyin,' an I reckon you am a good man at home. Now, if somebody told you dar was a gold ring in de bottom ob de ribber somewhar' would you pay ten cents to fish for it?'

'No, sah.'

'Sartin you wouldn't. Policy am a long, wide, deep ribber. The gold ring at de bottom am a five dollar prize which some poo' critter fishes out after payin' ten or fifteen dollars for de chance. You would'n frow money into Lake Erie an' spect to get it back, but you'll frow monmoney into the pond of policy an' spect to get out ten times as much as you tossed in. Drap it—drap it Brudder Cadaver, befo' you lose de title of Judge an' get dat ob Fool.'

'Yes, sah; I'll drap it at once.'

'An' you drank whisky. De man who goes in de saloon am no better dan de man who keeps it. If I Should ax you to put your foot agin a hot stove you would thin me crazy. An' yit when you burn your stomach befuddle your brain an' make a brute of yourself, an hab to pay for the privilege besides, what shall I think ob you? God made de idiot, but it was left to whisky to make de fool.'

'I'll nebber tech de stuff agin, sah—nebber.'

'An' you hev bin loafin' aroun, Brudder Cadaver; all wickedness begins wid laziness. A loafer am as much despised as a drunkard. When laziness comes home pride goes away to visit de naybors. Whisky may break a woman's heart, but lazyness will freeze her to death. When you go home to nigh', spit on yer hands an' ax de boys to grease yer butes. When you turn outer bed in de mawnin', freeze hold ob de ax or de spade or brush an' hunt tur a job. Dissolve partnership wid laziness, cut the acquaintance of whisky, an de next time you are tempted to play policy come ober to my cabin an' ax me to kick you all aroun' de doah yard. You kin now sot down.'

Something Worth Trying.

Try popcorn for nausea.

Try cranberries for malaria.

Try a sun bath for rheumatism.

Try ginger ale for stomach cramps.

Try clam broth for a weak stomach.

Try cranberry poultice for erysipelas.

Try gargling lager beer for cure of sore throat

Try a wet towel to the back of the neck when sleepless.

Try eating fresh radishes and yellow turnips for gravel.

Try eating onions and horseradish to relieve dropsical swellings.

Try buttermilk for removal of freckles, tan and butternut stains

Try the croup tippet when a child is likely to be troubled that way.

Try a hot dry flann l over the seat of neuralgic pain and renew frequently.

Try taking your codliver oil in tomato catsup, if you want to make it palatable.

Try hard cider—a wineglassful three times a day—for ague and rheumatism.

Try taking a nap in the afternoon if you are going to be out late in the evening.

Try a cloth wrung out from cold water put about the neck at night for sore throat.

Try breathing the fumes of turpentine or carbolic acid to relieve whooping cough.

You'll be Healthy if You

Don't sleep in a draught.

Don't go to bed with cold feet.

Don't stand over hot air registers

Don't eat what you do not need just to save it.

Don't try to get cool too quickly after exercising.

Don't sleep with insecure false teeth in your mouth.

Don't start the day's work without a good breakfast.

Don't sleep in a room without ventilation of some kind.

Don't try to get along without flannel under-clothing in winter.

Don't try to get along with less than eight or nine hours' sleep.

Don't use your voice for loud speaking or singing when hoarse.

Don't sleep in the same undergarments you wear during the day.

Don't toast your feet by the fire, but try sunlight and friction instead.

Don't try to lengthen your days by cutting short your night's rest; it is poor economy.

Don't wear close, heavy, fur or rubber caps or hats if your hair is thin or falls out easily.

Don't eat anything between meals excepting fruits, or a glass of hot milk if you are faint.

LOVING, BUT UNLOVED.

Out from his palace home
He came to my cottage door;
Few were his looks and words,
But they linger forever more.
The smile of his sad blue eyes
Was tender as smile could be
Yet I was nothing to him,
Though he was the world to me