The Bradford Reporter.

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

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HENRY HOUSE, CORNER MAIN and Washington streets, First Ward, Towanda, Pa. Meals at all hours. Terms to suit the times. Large stable attached. WM. HENRY, Proprietor.

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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., where an appointment can be made.

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J. OTTARSON,

Manufacturer of all kinds of Upholstered Work, wholesale and retail.

SOUTH SIDE BRIDGE STREET, TOWANDA

Over Myer's Meat Market.—Jan.82.

J. J. ANDERSON,

DEALER IN CHOICE

GROCERIES

Provisions, Tinware, Hardware, Ready-made Clothing, Hats and Caps,

Dry Goods of all kinds, Confectionery, Choice Brands of Cigars & Tobacco always on hand. GARDEN SEEDS of every variety, fresh and new. His experience enables him to select the best goods, which he is selling at the lowest living prices. Country Produce taken, for which the highest market prices will be paid.

Herrickville, Pa., 4may-3m*.

Railroads.

LEHIGH VALLEY

—AND—

PENN. & NEW YORK RAIL ROADS

Arrangement of Passenger Trains to take effect JANUARY 1, 1882.

EASTWARD.					WESTWARD.			
15	9	7	3	STATIONS.	8	30	2	12
P.M.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.		P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	A.M.
2 25	7 20	....	7 15	Niagara Falls	1 03	9 15	1 08	9 40
2 50	7 55	....	9 20	...Buffalo...	11 40	8 10	12 05	8 00
5 15	10 05	....	....	..Rochester..	9 50	6 20	9 40	....
6 30	11 05	....	....	....Lyons....	8 40	....	8 50	....
6 55	11 30	....	....	...Geneva...	7 41	....	8 14	....
8 32	1 05	....	....	....Ithaca...	6 10	....	6 40	....
9 15	11 05	....	....	...Auburn...	5 10	....	9 35	....
5 50	1 35	....	....	...Owego...	4 35	....	6 25	....
10 01	4 45	9 00	2 45	...Elmira...	3 25	12 40	6 15	2 15
9 45	2 10	9 40	4 15	..Waverly..	4 15	11 50	5 50	1 30
10 02	3 00	10 00	4 30	....Sayre....	4 00	11 41	5 20	1 28
10 15	2 24	10 03	4 34	...Athens...	4 00	11 35	5 10	1 15
....	....	10 15	....	...Milan...	....	11 26	....	1 06
....	....	10 28	....	...Ulster...	....	11 17	4 55	12 57
10 45	3 00	10 45	5 05	..TOWANDA..	3 50	10 54	4 43	12 46
....	....	10 54	5 13	Wysauking	....	10 54	....	12 37
....	....	11 03	....	Sta'g Stone	....	10 44	....	12 30
....	....	11 10	5 26	Rummerfield	....	10 37	....	12 24
....	....	11 19	....	Frenchtown	....	10 27	....	12 17
2 35	11 30	5 48	....	Wyalusing	....	10 14	4 03	12 07
11 42	3 52	11 50	6 03	Laceyville	3 02	9 50	2 46	11 50
....	....	11 58	6 07	Skin's Eddy	....	9 43	....	11 43
....	4 12	12 10	6 23	Meshoppen	....	9 27	2 27	11 29
....	....	12 16	6 28	Mehoopany	....	9 20	....	11 22
12 23	4 35	1 00	7 10	Tunkhan'ck	2 15	8 45	2 01	10 52
....	....	1 10	7 20	La Grange	....	8 46	....	10 46
....	....	1 24	7 35	...Falls...	....	8 27	....	10 32
1 05	5 10	1 45	8 05	L&B Junc'n	1 35	8 01	2 25	10 10
1 35	5 30	2 20	8 35	Wilk-Barre	1 00	7 30	2 03	9 45
2 45	7 35	4 50	11 00	M'ch Chunk	11 05	....	11 55	7 25
3 44	8 29	5 53	12 00	Allentown	10 05	....	10 54	6 24
5 00	8 45	6 05	12 15	Bethlehem	9 50	....	10 45	6 15
5 30	9 00	6 40	12 55	...Easton...	9 20	....	10 15	5 50
6 35	10 40	8 40	2 20	Philadelphia	8 00	....	9 00	4 15
8 05	....	9 15	3 25	..New York..	6 30	....	7 40	3 40
A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.		P.M.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.

No. 32 leaves Wyalusing at 6:00 A. M., Frenchtown 6:14, Rummerfield 6:23, Standing Stone 6:31, Wyauking 6:40, Towanda 6:55, Ulster 7:05, Milan 7:16, Athens 7:25, Sayre 7:40, Waverly 7:55, arriving in Elmira at 8:50 A. M.

No. 31 leaves Elmira at 5:15 P.M., Waverly 5:00, Sayre 5:15, Athens 5:20, Milan 5:30, Ulster 5:40, Towanda 5:55, Wyauking 7:05, Standing-Stone 7:14, Rummerfield 7:22, Frenchtown 7:32, arriving at Wyalusing 7:45 P. M.

Trains 8 and 15 run daily. Sleeping cars on trains 8 and 15 between Niagara Falls and Philadelphia and between Lyons and New York without change. Parlor cars on Trains 2 and 9 between Niagara Falls and Philadelphia without change, and through coach to and from Rochester via Lyons.

WM. STEVENSON, Supt.

Sayre, Pa., Jan. 2, 1882. P. & N. Y. R. R.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration having been granted to the undersigned upon the estate of George W. Quick, late of Wilmot twp., deceased, notice is hereby given that all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and all persons having claims against said estate must present the same duly authenticated for settlement.

G. R. CROSS, Administrator.

Wilmot Twp., Pa., 4may82.

Hardware, Stoves, &c.

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.

Dry Goods, &c.

THE ATHENS

5-CENT STORE,

In EASTABROOK BLOCK, has just received the biggest assortment of

Dry and Fancy Goods

Crockery, Glass

and Tinware.

For the coming season we will REDUCE OUR PRICES in any line of goods. It will be for your benefit to stay and examine prices. Our PRICES ARE THE LOWEST and our GOODS THE BEST.

LOEWUS & FREIMUTH.

Athens, Pa., 12apr82.

THE TOWANDA 5 CENT STORE!

Main Street,

(NEXT DOOR TO DYE & CO.)

Has a complete assortment of

DRY AND FANCY GOODS,

Grockery,

Glassware,

Lamps,

WHITE AND DECORATED CHINA.

Latest designs and patterns of

CUTLERY, PLATED, & MAJOLICA WARE,

BIRD CAGES,

SATCHELS, &c.

For the coming Spring Trade, we adhere as heretofore to our established principle—that a quick sale with a small profit is better than a slow one with a large profit—and therefore our prices in any line of goods will compare favorably with the prices of any other house.

We endeavor to sell the best article for the least possible money.

LOEWUS & FREIMUTH.

Towanda, March 31, 1882.

Clothing.

Decker Brothers

NEW STORE,

128 & 130 Means Block

Is one of the prettiest stores in Towanda, and is filled with an ELEGANT ASSORTMENT of

SPRING GOODS

Which will be sold at PRICES LOW AS THE LOWEST.

FULL LINE OF MENS, BOYS AND YOUTHS

CLOTHING AND Under-Clothing

LATEST STYLES OF

HATS AND CAPS

FULL STOCK OF FURNISHING GOODS, VALISES, TRUNKS, CANES, UMBRELLAS, &c.

Celluloid Collars and Cuffs,

And the best line of NECKWEAR in the County always in stock.

Call at our store and examine Goods and Prices, and you will be sure to buy.

Towanda, Pa., 20apr82.

CLOTHING!

Hard Times Scared to Death!

"I cannot tell a lie, I did it with my little hatchet," when I knocked the covers of an immense cases of LOW PRICED SPRING GOODS, and now

I AM ALL READY

TO GIVE YOU A WELCOME THAT MEANS BUSINESS.

I have laid in a new Spring Stock of Mens', Youths', Boys' and Childrens'

CLOTHING CLOTHING

Which is positively a surprise to all.

I astonish the sightseeer with an unrivaled collection of elegant styles and beautiful fabrics.

I delight the purchaser with prices which are never before so low.

I afford all an opportunity to secure the newest and best Spring garments at prices within their means.

THESE PLAIN FACTS demand your attention, and we respectfully advise an early examination, and invite it.

M. E. ROSENFIELD,

TOWANDA, PENNA.

Spring Clothing!

A LARGE STOCK of NEW STYLES just received at

J. K. BUSH'S,

BRIDGE STREET, TOWANDA.

HATS & CAPS

The BEST and FRESHEST stock in town at BUSH'S.

A FULL LINE OF

Gents Furnishing Goods

AT BUSH'S.

TRUNKS

TRAVELING BAGS

A large stock of NEW and DESIRABLE goods at BUSH'S.

If you want a SUIT of CLOTHES or any goods in his line at BOTTOM PRICES, call on J. K. BUSH, Bridge Street, Towanda, Pa. 23mar82.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS' MEETINGS.

For the information of the public the County Commissioners hereby give notice that they will hold a session of the Board every Tuesday at the Commissioners' Office in the Court House at Towanda, and that they will hold a meeting of the Board at the County House, at Burlington, the First and Second Monday of each month. Those having business to bring before the Board will govern themselves accordingly.

DANIEL BRADFORD, MYRON KINGSLEY, M. F. RANSOM, } Co. Coms.

Attest: WM. LEWIS, Clerk.

ADMINISTRATRIX'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration *cum testamento annexo* having been granted to the undersigned upon the estate of Theodore Wilder, late of Springfield township, deceased, notice is hereby given that all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and all persons having claims against said estate must present the same duly authenticated for settlement.

MRS. E. A. WILDER, Administratrix.

Springfield Twp., Pa., 4may82.

FATE.

Out of the leaping furnace flame
A mass of molten silver came;

Then, beaten into pieces three,
Went forth to meet its destiny.

The first a crucifix was made,
Within a soldier's knapsack laid;

The second was a locket fair,
Where a mother kept her dead child's hair;

The third—a bangle, bright and warm,
Around a faithless woman's arm.

—*F. E. Weatherly.*

VOICES OF THE SEA.

Wakeful I lay at night, and heard
The pulsing of the restless sea,
The mourning surges
Sounded like dirges
From some far-back eternity,
Whose spirits from the deep are stirred.

Awaking with the morning light,
Again I listened to the sea;
But with its surges,
We heard no dirges
But only life's activity;
Morning dispelled the gloom of night.

At noon I sauntered forth to view
The throbbing of that living sea;
Still it was surging,
But only urging
All men to be both strong and free—
Strong in the soul, with conscience true.

At closing-day once more I stood,
Gazing across that mighty sea;
Far ships were sailing;
The light was failing;
Time, lost in immortality,
Was the reflection of my mood.

It is the mind, and not the place,
Our moods and not a varying voice,
That fills with sadness,
Or thrills with gladness,
A soul whose one great ruling choice
Reflects in a I things its own force.

—*Littell's Living Age.*

The Exemplary Mr. Dux.

A SKETCH PICKED UP ABROAD.

'So you quit us to-morrow morning?'

'Yes, Marm, I guess they're agoin' to hang me at 10 o'clock sharp.

I opened wide eyes and ears as I heard this fragment of conversation. At the moment I was standing on the threshold of a cell. But such a cell! It looked more like a boarding-house parlor; the windows were barred, it is true; the walls were whitewashed, and the dock of the door was ponderous; but on the floor there was a soft carpet, and against the walls were arranged chairs and ottomans.

In the middle of the room, some of them seated, some standing, a dozen ladies, in visiting costume, formed a circle round a gentleman. The latter was in correct evening dress—white cambric tie, swallow-tailed coat, white kid gloves, and boots that reflected one like a polished shield.

'That's the assassin!' whispered the detective, who was showing me round, (ten dollars a day, meals not included).

I could not restrain a movement of surprise.

'It's James Dux,' he continued, taking no notice; 'he's under sentence of death.'

In the monotonous voice of a professional guide he went on to tell me the story of the man who was the focus of so much attention.

'A criminal of the highest class, this Dux. He began in an intelligent way by only attacking respectable people, worth ten thousand dollars or so. Four times he has cheated the gallows. The first time he bought off the witnesses, the second time he bought off the jury; the third time he did business direct with the Judge. But a fatal accident was his ruin. The paper he found on a banker he assassinated turned out to be counterfeit. James had killed a confrere by mistake. Not being able to get together money enough to make his innocence clear, he was found guilty. He was going to be sent aloft, when a comrade starting in trade offered to buy the fraudulent bank-notes at a sacrifice. He said he calculated he could pass them on his customers out West. With the sum thus realized James was able to persuade the Governor of the State to take a disinterested view of his case, and he was let off.

'But Dux never got over the turn it gave him. He became kinder stupid—lost his head. He took to robbing the first that came in his road. One evening, in an out-of-the-way suburb, he knocked out the brains of an old man with a sledge hammer for the sake of a miserable watch of no value.

'Caught in the act by a young policeman, who thought he had a chance of distinguishing himself, James was brought up at the Assizes for the fifth time. The evidence was overwhelming, the defense weak, the jury indifferent. While the dozen in the box were trying whisky cocktails, Judge Blackstone rose in the middle of a cloud of cigar-smoke and pronounced sentence of death, giving the poor fellow only three months' leisure to read the Bible in. His time is up this afternoon."

'And that is the prisoner," I exclaimed; 'the man in the dress-clothes?'

'Yes, that's Dux,' he answered. 'He's converted, you know. At present he is a great object of interest. Our richest ladies pay all his expenses. The best families come round regular to comfort him. He is going to die beautifully, we expect. It is a great victory for the Hardshell Baptist Church. You'll see that James will make a truly sanctified end.'

Meanwhile the assassin, reconducting one of his lady visitors to the door, passed quite close to me, and I had the opportunity of taking his likeness in my mental camera.

He was a low-sized, thick-set, ill-built man, with a face blotched with whisky pimples, a low forehead, a cold eye, and the limbs of a long-armed ape. What a sinister and grotesque caricature this bestial wretch was, tricked out in the garb of good society, his big bony toes making bumps on the patent leather of his dandy pumps, and his close-cropped hair glistening with some perfume, which could not kill the fetid odor that exuded from his vulgar body.

A lady advanced toward the assassin and presented him with an immense white bouquet—the symbol of purity of soul. But as she tried to murmur a few appropriate words, emotion overcame her and she swooned.

The condemed felon had taken the flowers with a careless air, sniffed them, and jerked them over his shoulder to a corner of the room where I perceived a mass of fragrance and bloom thrown in huddled heaps like so much refuse.

'The poor creatures are nervous, do you mind,' said James compassionately. 'They should take a horn of gin before risking themselves here.'

'Allow me to introduce you to my only daughter, Miss Blackstone,' said a gentleman of a judicial bearing, bustling forward to make way for a lovely young girl who leaned on his arm.

The murderer bowed.

The young lady courtesied.

The Judge did his best to imitate one and the other; that is to say, as far as his corpulence would permit him.

'Papa has spoken often about you,' said the pretty girl, with a simper. 'I am really sorry you cannot dine with us to-morrow.'

'It's out of the question, Miss, and I deeply regret it,' said Dux, with a coarse laugh.

The young lady blushed and lowered her eyes.

'Unless, you know, your father would consent to revise his judgment,' continued the felon.

'Ah, James,' said the Judge, with a blending of formality and the cold amiability of the bench; 'it is, as you say, out of the question. Business is business, you know;' and bending toward Dux, he whispered, 'it would be as much as my appointment is worth to do anything at present.'

'It must be a terrible thing, Mr. Dux, to be hanged!' interrupted the young girl.

'moment's pain, more or less, Miss Blackstone; a short moment—no you dear?' said the Judge. 'It is the heath I would prefer for myself.'

'Well, that's as how it is,' insinuated Mr. Dux. 'I dare say it's sweet enough, if the trap works proper and the Sheriff is experienced. By the bye, Judge, you would kindly take care that the rope is comfortably soaped?'

'Willingly, my friend. Any favor I can grant you under the circumstances you are at liberty to ask.'

Mr. Blackstone left with his daughter. The latter turned back several times in the hope to catch a partial glance of the assassin.

I afterward learned that on the dawn of the following morning she forwarded a basket of magnificent flowers to the condemned cell.

'More posies!' cried Dux, when he saw them. 'These women folks are fools There's only one in the lot—my gal Jane—who knows the right stuff to give a citizen of the great United States to help him to die. She sent me a gallon of old Bourbon!'

By this time a crowd of new arrivals had invaded the cell, which had been transformed into an audience chamber. It was a deputation of prominent citizens, who requested to be received by the lion of the day.

The orator of the crowd made three paces toward the condemed man, and exhibiting a handsome case in morocco and gold, he delivered the following discourse, with much dignity and feeling:

'Dear Mr. Dux, permit the inhabitants of Humanityville at large, and, conjoined with them, that the members of the jury, the Sheriff, and different persons who assisted at your trial, as well as the prison officials, also the members of the Police force, who took part in your capture, to offer you, through me as medium, this feeble testimony of the esteem with which you have inspired us all; not only by your calm resignation and the attitude, in every respect worthy of a gentleman, which you have known how to preserve during the many days of your detention and throughout the ordeal of the proceedings in court, but likewise by the truly Christian sentiments which have led you to pardon those whose action may have contributed to bring about your condemnation. Accept, I beg of you, in the names of all my fellow-citizens and in my own, this modest gift. We heartily wish that it may prove useful and agreeable to you during the last hours of your terrestrial sojourn.'

Mr. Dux extended both his hands, and received from the use of the orator a superbly enameled massive gold watch.

He weighed it in his right palm for a few seconds, turned it over, and then applied it to his right ear.

'Is it going?'

'Oh, yes,' answered the donors in chorus.

'Keep good time?'

'Oh, yes.'

'Jeweled?'

'Rather.'

'Horizontal escapement?'

'Oh, yes'

'American built?'

'You bet.'

'Well, I'm sure I'm very much obliged, but while you were about it you might have given me a handmade ticker.'

Here the members of the deputation saw that the services of explanations were exhausted. After having shaken hands with the courageous Mr. Dux—whom they passed by in Indian file—they discreetly withdrew.

A second deputation was ushered into the room.

After the customary salute the leader of the procession spoke his speech in these terms:

'Respected Sir, I am the twin brother, and these ladies and gentlemen are the nearest relatives and most intimate friends, of the late George Brown, whom you slew on the night of the 31st of August last, by sundry blows of a sledge-hammer, in order to possess yourself of a nickel watch which he had bought for five dollars.

'Desiring to make known to the public sentiments of admiration and respect with which your conversion has filled us, we pray you to accept our humble homage in the shape of a complete suit of dittoes for your own use. We will take it as an inestimable favor if you will wear them at to-morrow morning's ceremony.'

James Dux ejected a quid toward the pile of bouquets heaped behind him, and, having rumefied his cheeks with a fresh plug of tobacco, he took the bundle, tore off the paper covering, and successively unfolded the coat, waistcoat, and trousers, examining the texture of the stuff with the touch of a connoisseur.

'Are these English articles warranted, you know?'

'Oh, yes,' chorused the group of relatives and friends.

'Latest fashion?'

'Oh, yes.'

'Buttons solidly sewn in—no slop-shop work?'

'Oh, yes.'

'But, as he pursued his examination, sudden creases puckered his forehead, and in a voice trembling with anger he exclaimed:

'Where are the braces? There ain't no braces to the trousers, nor buttons to the coat sleeves!'

The members of the deputation regarded each other with an embarrassed air. A whispered colloquy took place among them. At last two of the youngest of the party hurried out, and the orator, regaining his his presence of mind' gave Mr. Dux his assurance that the forgotten articles would be supplied without delay.

'All right,' said the assassin; 'let's say no more about it.'

At that moment a smothered sob was heard.

It came from one of the two orphan daughters left by poor George Brown.

'Oh, Mr. Dux,' she murmured amid her tears, 'how did you find in your heart to kill our good old father?'

'It was his own fault,' answered James. 'He provoked me by making an exhibition of that durned watch. I could not resist the temptation. Only for that all fired timepiece I should have died of hunger, like a man, before I would have dreamed of robbery. It was more than imprudent—it was downright immoral on his part.'

'The Browns were always too fond of ostentation,' loudly declared a fat lady with a red face, who was no other than the Presidentess of the Society for the Protection of Penitent Assassins. 'Poor man,' she resumed, turning toward Dux, 'you are dying a victim of the deplorable vanity of our relative. For my part I am of the emphatic opinion that it is high time to pass a law interdicting the parade of articles of value.'

'That's a fact,' assented Mr. Hiram K. Anthropologus, Secretary of the Society. 'A saint himself could not resist. Brown was entirely to blame. He only got what he deserved. But you, Mr. Dux, tell me, please, when the temptation assailed you to kill George, in order to get his watch, did you suffer much?'

'Terrible, Sir, terrible. When I saw him pull it out to look at the hour, I thought he wanted to rile me. That's a thing, you know, no citizen of this free country can stand without getting his dander up. It sort of affected me in the stomach first, then in the legs, and then in the head. I tried to resist, and even made an attempt to run away. But I can't tell how it came to pass, I wasn't equal to it; and when calmness returned, I was stooping over the man, a sledge-hammer in my hand, and his skull was smashed! * * * No matter, it can't be helped now that it is over. I forgive him from the bottom of my heart.'

'Poor man!' cried all the ladies present in a tone of profound commiseration, and then began a rivalry between them as to who should give a farewell token the condemned.

'Do take this porte-monnaie,' said one.

'And this flask of smelling-salts,' said another.

'Here is my box of pulmonic wafers,' added a third. 'They are a sovereign remedy against asthma and difficult breathing.'

Dux took everything that was offered him, out all went the way of the bouquets before long.

A tumult in a corner put an end to these effusions of friendliness. An unfortunate wretch, all rags and patches, his cheeks hollow from long fasting, was struggling in the clutches of some half-dozen persons.

'I have caught him!' screeched a female voice. 'He was attempting to steal the venison pasty sent for James Dux.'

'Gentlemen, if you please, ladies,' gasped the poor beggar, 'I have not tasted food for two days, and—and I never murdered anybody.'

He was flung neck and crop out of the room

A negro domestic here entered and announced to Mr. Dux that dinner was served in an adjoining apartment.

The company filed out into the dining-room of the Governor of the jail, which had been amiably placed, together with the Governor's plate and French cook, at the disposal of the prisoner and his friends for the occasion.

The condemned man took his station in the seat of honor, Judge Blackstone on his right, and the District Attorney on his left. A popular preacher of the Talmage type said grace before meat, and made an impromptu prayer, in the course of which he introduced some eloquent illusions to the ceremony of the following day.

Mr. Dux ate heartily and drank copiously, and burst into frequent explosions of good humor, which were vastly admired by the guests. The repast was a veritable banquet in its plenteousness, a fete in its joyous spirit. Several effective selections of music were performed during the courses on a harmonium by the leader of the popular preacher's choir. After the coffee came liquors stronger than wine, and with them came the toasts. The shortest and most delicate of those was given by the twin brother of George Brown in the following neat speech:

'Ladies and Gentlemen: Our urbane and much-to-be-regretted friend James is on the eve of his departure. May the dejection of his leave-taking be softened and its pains be abridged.'

Dux got on his legs, and, in a robust voice, responded as follows:

'Ladies and Gentlemen: This I shall ever look upon as the happiest and proudest moment in my career. Its remembrance shall not quit me till my dying hour. In many a former period of my existence I was cast down by disappointment, and often almost gave way to despair Little did I then imagine that I should one day have the privilege of enjoying this honor. It was furthest from my hopes that I should have the pleasure of being entertained by such a distinguished circle until I gave that rooster, Brown, his passout checks for the other side of Jordan. The death of that miserable sinner has made a new man of me, has regenerated me, and filled me, so to speak, with a second life. From the moment my sentence was pronounced by my friend, the Judge here, I felt myself another being—indeed, I may safely say, without boasting, that I should have lived in complete ignorance of the joys one feels in the consciousness of being good unless I had undertaken that job which procures me the novelty of being strangled to morrow. Oh, my friends, wou'd that you were all in the ranks of the just like your humble servant! It is a blessed and profitable thing, I guess, to be awakened to the truth, to read pious tracts, and eat spring chickens and canvas-back ducks! Personally, I can affirm that I forgive sincerely all who have had a part in my murder. I haven't an ounce of animosity in my composition against any of you. If I were let go free to-morrow, I would not hurt a hair of the head of an unborn babe. No, indeed I would not! But to morrow I shall be at home, and my business prospects will be brighter than those of any citizen in these States. Yes, to-morrow I shall be walking arm in arm with prophets to-morrow I would not exchange my log cabin in Zion for the White House at Washington! From the golden side of the clouds I shall cast an eye of pity on you, poor sinners, down here below, in the depths of this vale of tears. It is not for you to attain to the glory I shall have reached, for you have done nothing to entitle you to the recompense. Nevertheless, I pardon you all. I pardon the Judge, I pardon the jury, I pardon the witnesses, who, by their depositions, have been the cause of my premature dissolution. I even pardon that contemptible old rooster, George Brown, himself There isn't an atom of resentment in my soul!'

Everybody was melted to tears.

'Here is a saint,' said the popular preacher. As for the Judge, his emotion was so great that he had to hide it in a napkin behind a barricade of four empty bottles of Californian wine.

As I left the room after this valedictory banquet I could hear the clergyman recommending those who had obtained reserved tickets for the execution to come early, and not to fail to bring their children with them, as the sight was sure to be edifying

—*Tinsley's Magazine.*

The "Old Craigie House."

The 'Old Craigie House,' Mr. Longfellow's home in Cambridge, was rich in associations. Washington made it his head-quarters, and Martha Washington's bed-room became an object of curiosity to sight-seers. A writer in the Boston *Herald* thus speaks of the house and one of its former inamates:

"It was built midway in the last century by a gentleman of family and distinction, Col. John Vassal. After the Revolutionary War the house was sold to one Thomas Tracy. With the passing of his wealth clouds gathered about the old house. We hear of it no more until it came into the last owner—Andrew Craigie.

"The expenses it entailed ruined him; necessity obliged him to part with all save eight of the two hundred acres originally included in the estate, and after his death Mrs. Craigie was forced to let lodgings to the youth of Harvard, pigmies all to her, though to us such intellectual giants as Everett Worcester, Sparks and Longfellow were among them.

"Of this reduced gentlewoman some curious stories are told. On one occasion her young poet-lodger, entering her parlor in the morning, found her sitting by the open window through which numerous canker worms had crawled from the trees they were devouring outside.

"They had fastened themselves in her dress, and hung in little writhing festoons from the white turban on her head. Her visitor surprised and shocked, asked if she could do nothing to destroy the worms.

"Raising her eyes from the book she sat calmly reading like indifference on a monument, she said, in tones of solemn rebuke, 'young man' have not our fellow-worms as good a right to live as we?'—an answer which throws Uncle Toby's 'Go, little fly,' quite into the shade.

"In 1843 the house was bought by Mr. Longfellow, and from that time, with tender love and reverent care, he has adorned and perfected it. The house is set back from the road, behind a lilac hedge blossoming in spring with purple and white. On either side are broad verandas, from which one can look across to the Charles River and the Blue Hills of Milton.

Fear Not.

All kidney and urinary complaints, especially Bright's Disease, Diabetes and liver troubles, Hop Bitters will surely and lastingly cure. Cases exactly like your own have been cured in your own neighborhood, and you can find reliable proof at home of what Hop Bitters has done and can do.

FROM THE CONVENTION.

General Beaver's Manly Speech—Independent Comments on the Ticket.

The following is General Beaver's speech to the convention after his nomination:

Representatives of the Republicans of Pennsylvania: I am here in obedience to your summons, in answer to your request. The committee of your body who have conveyed that request have also informed me of your action in naming me as the candidate of the Republican party of Pennsylvania for the suffrages of the people in the approaching election of a Chief Magistrate of our great Commonwealth. I am not insensible to the distinguished honor which you have conferred upon me by the voice of this great convention. The man would be strangely lacking in the feelings which are common to our humanity whose heart could fail to be stirred by a pleasurable emotion in view of this action. And yet you will allow me to say, and will no doubt assent to the saying, that this nomination is an empty honor unless you fairly represent in its bestowal the free will and the untrammeled choice of your great constituency. Did I not believe this was the fact you could not prevail upon me to stand as the representative of the grand political party whose past history is the best guarantee of its future policy. If you do not believe this is the fact I pray you cancel this nomination here and now, and select some gentleman whom you and I can join in supporting as the true exponent of the pure Republicanism and the unbiased choice of a majority of the party.

I am not much of a politician. I have but little political experience, and consequently lay no claim to the sagacity which large experience brings, but I have faithfully and earnestly endeavored to learn in the preliminary canvass which has resulted in this nomination what the wishes of the masses of the Republican party were in regard to it. I have not sought individual support nor bargained for political influence, but I have been solicitous to know the popular will. Believing that you have registered that will and given utterance to the voice of the people, I accept this nomination—not boastfully, not unthinkingly, but under a keen sense of the responsibility which popular confidence implies and begets. I have carefully noted the instructions under which some of you have cast your votes to-day, and whilst I am painfully aware that I fall very far short of the picture of the man whom you were instructed to support for this nomination I am nevertheless impressed with the fact that the people in many parts of the Common wealth have set up a high ideal to which they expect the nominee of this convention for the office of Chief Magistrate to attain. I cannot expect to reach the full measure of their high standard, but I will come only so far short of it as the ability which God has given me, backed by an honest purpose and an earnest effort, will enable me to reach.

I have made no pledges to living man as to what my future course shall be. I can make none, now or hereafter, except this: In the approaching political campaign the harmony and success of the Republican party shall be the one great object of desire and effort on my part, and if your action should be ratified at the polls the welfare of the whole people shall be the prime object of my solicitude, their will my inspiration and my highest aspiration to obey their commands as legally expressed. You will pardon these personal remarks, ordinarily out of place, but the circumstances under which we meet, and the evident misunder