

# BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN.

"Let us see to it, that a Government of the People, for the People, and by the People, shall not Perish from the Earth."—[A. LINCOLN.]

BELLEFONTE, PA., JANUARY 20, 1869.

VOL. 1, NO. 3.

W. W. BROWN,  
A. B. HUTCHISON, } Editors.

## OUR TERMS

### FOR SUBSCRIPTION & ADVERTISING.

The "Bellefonte Republican" is published every Wednesday Morning, in Bellefonte, Pa., by

A. B. HUTCHISON & CO.,

at the following rates:  
One Year (variably in advance) \$2.00  
Six Months.....\$1.00  
Three Months.....\$0.50  
Single Copies.....\$0.05

It is published in politics—devoted to the Agricultural, Manufacturing and Mining Interests of Central Pennsylvania.

Papers discontinued to subscribers at the expiration of their terms of subscription, at the option of the publishers, unless otherwise agreed upon.

Special notices inserted in our local columns at 20 cts. per line for each insertion, unless otherwise agreed upon, by the month, quarter or year.

Editorial Notices in our local columns, 25 cts. per line for each insertion.

Marriages or Death announcements published free, subject to revision and condensation by the Editors.

Professional or Business Cards, not exceeding 10 lines this type, \$8.00 per annum. Advertisements of 10 lines, or less, \$1.00 for one insertion, and 5 cts. per line for each additional insertion.

Advertisements by the quarter, half-year or year received, and liberal deductions made in proportion to length of advertisement and length of time of insertion, as follows:

SPACE OCCUPIED.	Per Line	Per Column	Per Page
One inch (or 10 lines this type).....	\$5	\$5	\$12
Two inches.....	7	10	15
Three inches.....	10	15	20
Four inches.....	11	17	25
Quarter column (or 10 lines).....	12	20	30
Half column (or 11 inches).....	20	35	55
One column (or 22 inches).....	35	55	100

All advertisements, whether displayed or blank lines, measured by lines of this type. All advertisements due after the first insertion.

Job Work of every variety, such as Posters, Bill-heads, Letter-heads, Cards, Checks, Envelopes, Pamphlets, Programmes, Blanks, &c., &c., executed in the best style with promptness, and at the most reasonable rates.

Address all communications relating to business of this office, to  
A. B. HUTCHISON & CO.,  
Bellefonte, Pa.

## LODGES.

Bellefonte Masonic Lodge, No. 265, A. Y. M. meets on Tuesday evening of every month, Full Moon.

Constant Commandery, No. 35, K. T., meets second and fourth Tuesday of every month, Thursday evening at their Hall, Bush's Arcade.

For the conferment of Degrees the 1st Saturday evening of each month.

For Degree of Rebecca, second Saturday of every month.

I. O. O. F.—This Lodge every Monday evening.

Bellefonte Church Directory.

Presbyterian Church, Spring St., services at 11 a. m., and 7 1/2 p. m.; No pastor at present. This congregation are now erecting a new church, in consequence of which the regular religious services will be held in the Court House until further notice.

Methodist Episcopal Church, High St., services 10 1/2 a. m., and 7 1/2 p. m. Prayer meeting on Thursday night. Rev. H. C. Pardoe, pastor.

St. John's Episcopal Church, High St., services at 10 1/2 a. m., and 7 1/2 p. m. Rev. Byron McGann, pastor.

Lutheran Church, Linn St., services 10 1/2 a. m., and 7 1/2 p. m. Rev. J. A. Mackenberger, pastor.

Reformed Church, Linn St., no pastor at present.

Catholic Church, Bishop St., services 10 1/2 a. m., and 3 p. m. Rev. T. McGovern, pastor.

United Brethren Church, High Street, west side of creek; services 10 1/2 a. m., and 7 1/2 p. m. Rev. Isaac Pinwell, pastor.

## DIRECTORY.

### UNITED STATES.

President—Andrew Johnson.  
Vice President, pro—M. Schuchard, F. Wade.  
Secretary of State—William H. Seward.  
Secretary of Treasury—Hugh McCulloch.  
Secretary of War—J. M. Schofield.  
Secretary of Navy—G. B. Frisbie.  
Secretary of Interior—O. H. Browning.  
Postmaster General—A. L. Randall.  
Attorney General—Wm. M. Evarts.

STATE.  
Governor—Jno. W. Geary.  
Secy of Commonwealth—Frank Jordan.  
Deputy Secretary of Commonwealth—Isaac B. Galt.

Auditor General—John F. Hartman.  
Surgeon General—Jacob M. Campbell.  
Treasurer—Wm. W. Irwin.  
Attorney General—Benj. H. Brewster.  
Dep'ty Atty General—J. W. M. Nowlin.  
Sup't of Com. Schools—J. P. Wickham.  
Dep'ty Sup't of Com. Schools—G. R. Coburn.  
Registrar of Soldiers' Orphan Schools—Geo. F. McFarland.

COUNTY.  
President Judge—Charles A. Mayer.  
Associates—John Hosterman,  
William Allison,  
Prothonotary—James H. Lipton.  
Recorder & Exchequer—F. Gephart.  
Sheriff—D. Z. Kline.  
Dep'ty Sheriff—D. Woodring.  
Dist. Atty.—H. Y. Sittler.  
Treasurer—A. C. Geary.

Commissioners—Wm. Keller,  
Wm. Pury,  
John Bing.  
Clerk—John Moran.

BELLEFONTE BOROUGH.  
Chief Burgess—E. M. Blumhard.  
Atty.—Capt. C. T. Fryberger.  
Chief of Police—Wm. Shortridge.  
Wm. Pelly.  
Anson Melton.  
Charles Cook.

Town Council—Wm. P. Wilson, Pres't.  
S. M. Bowers, Clerk.  
Robert Valentine,  
A. S. Valentine,  
Jas. H. McClure,  
E. P. Green,  
John Irwin, Jr.,  
Elias W. Hale,  
Jacob W. Thomas,  
Geo. A. Beyer.

High Constable—James Green.  
Borough Constable—James Pury.  
School Directors—John Hosterman, Pres't.  
Geo. B. Weaver, Sec'y.  
Wm. McClelland, Treas'r.  
S. T. Shagart,  
D. M. Bates,  
Dan'l McGinley.

BELLEFONTE MEAT MARKET  
BISHOP STREET, BELLEFONTE PA.  
The oldest meat Market in Bellefonte—Choice meat of all kinds on hand. L. V. BLACK, Prop'r.

## PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

J. G. LOVE, Attorney-at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa. Office on High St. ja6'69.

JAMES H. RANKIN, Attorney-at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa. Office in Army building, 2nd floor. ja6'69.

SAUEL LINN, A. O. FURST, Attorneys-at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa. ja6'69.

EDMUND BLANCHARD, RYAN M. BLANCHARD, E. & R. M. BLANCHARD, Attorneys-at-Law, Allegheny St., Bellefonte, Pa. ja6'69.

H. N. M'ALLISTER, JAMES A. BEAVER, M'ALLISTER & BEAVER, Attorneys-at-Law, Bellefonte Penn'a. ja6'69.

W. W. BROWN, Attorney-at-Law, Bellefonte, Penn'a. will attend promptly to all business entrusted to his care.

J. P. HARRIS, Cash'r, First National Bank of Bellefonte, Allegheny St., Bellefonte, Pa.

JOHN M. OWEN, CYRUS T. ALEXANDER, OWEN & ALEXANDER, Attorneys-at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa. Office in Court House, Allegheny St. ja6'69.

URIAH STOVER, Licensed Auctioneer, will attend to all sales entrusted to his care. Charges reasonable. Address, Uriah Stover, Housserville, Centre Co., Pa. ja6'69.

J. D. WINGATE, D. D. S., Dentist. Office on the corner of Spring and Bishop streets, Bellefonte, Pa. At home, except the first two weeks of each month. Teeth extracted without pain. ja6'69.

JAS. H. DOBBINS, Physician and Surgeon. Office up-stairs in J. H. McClure's new building, Bishop St., Bellefonte, Pa. Will attend to all business in his profession, faithfully at all times, and all hours. ja6'69.

A. B. HUTCHISON & CO'S, Job Printing Office, "Republican" Building, Bishop St., Bellefonte, Pa. Every Description of Plain and Fancy printing done in the best manner, and at prices below the city rates. ja6'69.

B. G. BUSH, GEO. M. YOCUM, Attorneys-at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa. will attend to all business entrusted to them, with promptness. Office on Northeast Corner of the Diamond, in Mrs. Irwin's stone building. ja6'69.

WILSON & HUTCHISON, Attorneys-at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa. Collectors, and all other legal business in Centre and the adjoining Counties, promptly attended to. Office in Blanchard's Law building, Allegheny street. ja6'69.

CENTRE CO. BANKING COMPANY, Its and all Interest; Discount Notes; Buy and Sell Government Securities, Gold and Silvers. HENRY BOENIGER, President. J. D. STURGER, Cashier. ja6'69.

M. S. GRAHAM, Fashionable Barber, in Basement of the Conrad House Bellefonte, Pa. The best of Razors, sharp and clean, always on hand. He guarantees a shave without either pulling or pinching. Perfumery, Hair Oils, Hair Restoratives, Paper Collars, &c., constantly on hand. ja6'69.

J. W. RHONE, DENTIST, Bellefonte, Pa., most respectfully informs the public that he is prepared to execute any description of work in his profession. Satisfaction rendered, and rates as moderate as may be expected. Will be found in his office during the week, commencing on the first Monday of each month, and at such other times as may be agreed upon. ja6'69.

INSURANCE—LIFE & FIRE. This Borough, insures property for the following Stock and Mutual companies, viz: Lycoming Mutual, York Company, Pa., Insurance of North America, Baltimore, and Girard of Phila., Pa., Home of New Haven, and any other reliable company desired. Also, Provident Life Company of Phila., and other good Life Companies. ja6'69.

## RAILROADS.

B. & E. V. R. R.—Geo. C. WILKINS, Sup't. Westward from Bellefonte. Mail,.....4:27 P. M. Through Freight,.....4:42 A. M. at Millsburg. Eastward from Bellefonte. Mail,.....10:28 A. M. Accommodation,.....5:55 P. M. Freight and Accom.,.....5:55 P. M.

B. & S. R. R.—DAN'L RHODES, Sup't. Pass'r, leave 7:45 a. m. Pass'r, arr. 9:50 a. m. Pass'r, 2:30 p. m. Pass'r, arr. 5:05 p. m.

P. R. R. CONNECTIONS AT TYRONE. Phila. Ex., 7:51 a. m. Day Ex., 7:54 a. m. Emigrant, 2:15 p. m. Mail Train, 3:40 p. m. Mail Train, 8:44 p. m. Chas. Exp., 11:11 p. m. H. & A. Ex., 3:35 a. m. Phila. Ex., 10:27 p. m.

MIFFLIN & CENTRE CO. Branch R. R. SOUTHWARD. No. 1, leaves Lewistown at 7:20 a. m., and arrives at Mifflin 8:15 a. m. No. 2, leaves Penn'a. R. R. 11:15 a. m., arrives at Mifflin 12:15 p. m. No. 3, leaves Penn'a. R. R. 4:05 p. m., arrives at Mifflin 5:00.

NO. 1, leaves Mifflin 8:40 a. m., and arrives at Penn'a. R. R. 9:40 a. m. No. 2, leaves Mifflin 1:15 p. m., and arrives at Penn'a. R. R. 2:10 p. m. No. 3, leaves Mifflin 5:07 p. m., and arrives at Penn'a. R. R. 6:00 p. m.

Stage leaves Bellefonte every day (except Sunday) at 11 a. m., and arrives at Mifflin 4:30 p. m.

Stage leaves Mifflin every day (except Sunday) at 5:30 p. m., and arrives at Bellefonte 10:30 a. m.

Stage leaves Bellefonte for Pine Grove Mills every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings at 6 a. m.

Western mail closes at 4:00 p. m. Lock Haven mail closes at 10:00 a. m.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

SCREWS and Hinges of every variety and kind at IRWIN & WILSON'S.

DOOR LOCKS of all kinds, to suit every body, at IRWIN & WILSON'S.

WAGON HUBBS, spokes and felloes, large and small, at IRWIN & WILSON'S.

## Select Poetry.

### A SONG OF LABOR.

Whom shall we call our heroes?  
To whom our praises sing?  
The pampered child of fortune,  
The titled lord or king?  
They live by others labor,  
Take all and nothing give;  
The noblest types of manhood  
Are they who work to live.

CHORUS.—Then, honor to our workmen,  
Our hardy sons of toil;  
The heroes of the workshop,  
And monarchs of the soil!

For many barren ages  
Earth hid her treasure deep;  
And all her giant forces  
Seemed bound as in a sleep.

Then Labor's "Anvil Chorus,"  
Broke on the startled air,  
And lo! the earth in rapture  
Laid all her riches bare.

'Tis toil that over nature  
Gives man his proud control,  
And purifies and hallows  
The temples of his soul.

It starbles foul disease,  
With all their gusty train;  
Puts iron in the muscle,  
And crystal in the brain!

The Grand Almighty Builder,  
Who fashioned out the Earth,  
Hath stamped his seal of honor  
On Labor from her birth.

In every angel flower  
That blossoms from the sod,  
Behold the master touches—  
The handwork of God!

## Select Miscellany.

### A HIDDEN WITNESS.

"She is positively starving, and this money will be the saving of her."

These words were spoken in the course of a conversation between my old friend, Mr. John Irwin, retired civil servant and myself, both sitting on a fine September morning in a little summer-house in the garden of our mutual friend, Rev. Henry Tyson, rector of Northwick-Balham, in the county of Berkshire.

The subject of our conversation had been a piece of very flagrant behavior on the part of a wealthy retired tradesman, Harding by name, who lived in the neighborhood. A sum of money amounting to £100 was owing by this man to a widow, living also close at hand, for work done by her husband just before he died. The validity of the claim had been denied by Mr. Harding, and payment obstinately refused.

"I have made it all right, however," said my friend, with something approaching to a chuckle. "It happens that this Harding is to a certain extent in my power. The particulars of a transaction in which he was engaged some years ago, not of the most creditable nature, and all the facts relating to which came before me in the course of my official career, are not only perfectly well known to me, but he knows that I know of them, and is aware that I could even at this day, use them against him if I choose—Consequently he is always exceedingly civil to me, and when, in the course of a conversation with us yesterday, I explained to him—assuming as I did so dangerous a look which I could see used its effect—that I should take it exceedingly ill if he did not at once consider this poor woman's claim, and forthwith pay her what he had owed to her husband, he turned very pale, and informed me that since a person on whose judgment he could so entirely rely as he could on mine, was of the opinion, after duly considering the claim, that it was a just one, he would at once give up his own view of the case, which had certainly hitherto been opposed to mine, and would without delay discharge the liability. He only begged that he might be spared the annoyance of a personal interview with his creditor, and that I would undertake in my own person to see the widow and transact the business part of the arrangement myself."

"You know," continued Mr. Irwin, "how interested I have always been in this poor soul's case, and you will believe how readily I undertook the charge. This very afternoon the business is to be brought to a conclusion. I have arranged to call on Harding, (who, as you know, lives close by) at three o'clock to get the money, and I will then convey it with my own hands to the poor woman as a surmise."

"You have never done a better day's work," I said. "How do you mean to go?"

"I shall walk. It is not above a couple of miles. The path across the fields by Garfield Copse is the nearest way—isn't it?"

"Yes, by a good deal," I answered.—"Would you like a companion?"

"Well, I should like one certainly," was my friend's answer, "but I feel a little delicacy about introducing a stranger into the business—either that with Mr. Harding himself, or with my friend the widow, who is the proudest and most sensitive woman in the world."

I assented to the justice of this objection, and having some letters to write, got up to go, leaving my friend sitting in the summer-house. As I lighted it, turning sharply around to go into the house, I came suddenly upon a map who was emerging from among the shrubs which formed the back of the little arbor.

"He was an occasional helper about the place, and I had noticed him more than once, and not with favor. He was a very peculiar, and, as I thought, a very ill-looking man. He was a sly, slouching

sort of a creature, who always started and got out of the way when you met him. A man with hollow, sunken eyes, a small, mean, pinched sort of nose, and a prominent, savage looking underjaw, with teeth like tusks, which his beard did not always conceal. This beard, by the way, was one of the most marked characteristics of the man's appearance, it being, as was his hair also, of that flaming red color which is not very often seen, really red, with no pretensions to those Auburn or chestnut or golden tints which have become fashionable of late years. The blazing effect of this man's coloring was increased very much by the dress he wore, an old cricking cap of brightest scarlet. He was otherwise dressed in one of those short white canvas shirts, or frocks, which are much worn by engineers, stockers, and plasterers over their ordinary clothes. There was a great brown patch of new material let into the front of this garment which showed very conspicuously, even at a distance. His lower extremities were clad in common velvet trousers, old and worn.

Such was the man who appeared suddenly in my path as I left the summer-house, and who disappeared as suddenly out of it a moment after our encounter, gliding stealthily off in the direction of the kitchen garden.

I saw my good friend Mr. Irwin some more before he started on his beneficent errand. He was in high spirits and had got himself up in great style for the occasion, with a light-colored summer overcoat, to keep off the dust, and a white hat. I think he had a flower in his button hole.

There was one part of Mr. Irwin's equipment a little out of the common way, and this was a butterfly net, fixed to the end of a stick. My friend was a most enthusiastic entomologist, and when in the country never stirred without carrying with him this means of securing his favorite specimens. I joked him a little on the introduction of his unusual element into a business transaction, suggesting that a Mr. Harding would think that he had brought it as a receptacle for the widow's money. "I must have it with me," said the old gentleman, "for if ever I venture to go out without it I invariably meet with some invaluable specimen which escapes me in a heart-rending manner. But," he added, "I'm not going to let Harding discover my weakness, you may be sure, I'll leave it outside among the bushes and recover it when the interview is over."

"Well, good luck attend you any way!" I called after him; "a successful end to your negotiations, and plenty of butterflies."

The good-hearted old fellow gave me a nod and a smile, and flourishing his net, was presently off on his mission.

I had what we familiarly call "the fidgets" that afternoon. I could not settle down to anything. Having retired wandering about the garden, I now took, in turn, to wandering about the house, going first into one room and then into another, looking at the pictures, taking up different objects which lay about, and examining them in an entire purposeless way.

At the top of my friend's house there was a little room in a tower, which was used as a smoking room, and also as a kind of observatory; my host being in the habit of observing the heavenly bodies through his telescope when favorable occasion offered. I remembered the existence of this apartment now, and feeling that a small dose of tobacco would suit my present condition very well, determined to climb the turret staircase, and enjoy a quiet smoke in the observatory.

The room was charming. There were large windows in it, and the view was most extensive, taking in scenery of a very varied kind—hill and dale, wood, river, and plain. The signs of habitation were not numerous, the country being but thinly populated; still, there were cottages and farm houses scattered here and there, and even one or two villages in the distance. I lighted my cigar and gave up to tranquil enjoyment of the scene before me.

As I sat thus the clock of my host's church struck three. Remembering that to be the hour of Mr. Irwin's interview with Harding, my thoughts reverted to the subject of the widow's debt, and the good-nature which my friend had displayed in giving himself so much trouble and undertaking such a thankless office.

My mind did not dwell long on these things, however. I happened to catch sight of the telescope, which was put away in a corner of the room; and being restless, and not in a mood in which total inaction was agreeable to me, I determined to have it out, and examine the details of the landscape which I had just been studying on a large scale.

The day was very favorable for my purpose. The sun was shining, and there was an east wind, a combination which often produces a remarkable clearness in the atmosphere. Circumstances could not possibly be more suitable for telescopic operations, so, placing the instrument on its stand before one of the open windows, I sat down and commenced my survey.

It was a superb telescope, and although I knew it well, and had often used it before, I found myself still astonished at its power and range. I set myself to trying experiments as to the extent of its capacity, taking the time by the church clock of a village two miles off, trying to make out what people were doing in the extreme distance, and in other ways

putting the capabilities of the instrument to the test. That done, with results of the most satisfactory kind, I went to work in a more leisurely fashion, shifting the glass from point to point of the landscape, as the fancy took me, and enjoying the delicious little circular pictures which in endless variety seemed to fit themselves, one after another, into the end of the instrument. The little round pictures were, some of them, very pretty. Here was one—the first the telescope showed me—in the front of which was a small patch of purple earth just brought under the plow. A little copse bounded one side of this arable land; there was a very bright green field in the distance; and in the foreground the plow itself was crawling slowly down, drawn by a couple of ponderous and sturdy horses, a bay and a white, whose course was directed by an old man with a blue neckerchief, the ends hanging loose, a boy being in attendance to turn the horses at the end of each furrow and generally to keep them up to their work.

A turn of the glass, and another picture takes its place. A roadside alehouse now. One of the upper windows has a muslin half-blind betwixt the guest-chamber, another on the ground-floor is ornamented with a red curtain; the tap-room, where convivial spirits congregate on Saturday nights. The inn has a painted sign; somebody in a scarlet coat, and with something on his head which I can't quite make out; perhaps it is a three-cornered hat, and perhaps the inn is dedicated to the inevitable Marquis of Granby! I recollect now seeing such an inn in one of my walks in the neighborhood. It is the Marquis of Granby, as I well remember. An empty cart is standing in front of the house, the driver watering his horses and bearing himself just before the house door, where I can see him plainly.

Another and a more extensive turn, and the little railway station comes within the limits of the magic circle. Not much to interest here; a small white-washed, slate-roofed, formal building, hard and angular and hideous. A lot of sacks piled up against the wall, waiting to be sent off by the luggage train, a great signal post rising into the air, a row of telegraphic poles stretching away in perspective.

Now a prosperous farmstead, with a big thatched house, where the farmer and his family reside, with well-kept sheds and outbuildings; there is a straw-yard too, with cattle standing knee deep, and eating out of racks well found in hay; and there are pigs wallowing in the mire; and there are cocks and hens jerking themselves hither and thither, and pecking, and generally fussing, as their manner is. This picture in its circular frame pleases me well, and so does the next. A gentleman's seat of the entirely comfortable sort. The grounds are large enough to be called a park, and the house lying rather low, as it was the fashion to build a century or two ago, stands in the midst of them, with a trim and pleasantly formal flower garden round about it. It is a red brick house of the Honovarian time, with a rather high slate (green slate) roof, with dormer windows in it. The other windows have white washes, which are flush with the wall and not, as in these days, sunk in a recess.

I look long on this scene, and then, without reluctance, shift my glass, and, turning away from human habitations, begin to examine the more retired and unfrequented parts of the landscape.—The magic circle now incloses nothing but trees and meadows, and little quiet nooks and corners, where the lazy cow stands out in shady places to idle over to feed, or where the crows blacken the very ground by their numbers, unmolested by shouting boys, unscared by even the old traditional hat and coat upon a stick. I come presently to a little bright green paddock, with a pony feeding in it, a refreshing little round picture pleasant to dwell on. There is a pond in one corner of the paddock, surrounded with pollard willows, the water reflecting them upon its surface, as also a little patch of sky, which it gets sight of somehow between the branches.

It is a comfortable and innocent little place this, with a small wood close by, with a haystack near the gate, stay—what is this? There are figures here—two men—how plainly I see them! But what are they doing? They are in violent movement. Are they fighting, wrestling, struggling? It is so. A struggle is going on between them, and one of the two—he wears a bright red cap—has the best of it. He has his antagonist, who seems to be weak and makes but faint resistance, by the throat; he strikes fiercely at the wretched man's head with a sick stick or club he holds, and pressing on him sorely, beats him fiercely to the ground. The man who has the best of it—there is something more of red about him besides his cap; it is his beard? does not spare the fallen man, but beats him still about the head—a gray head surely—with his club. Horrible sight to look on! I would give anything to turn myself away from the telescope, or at least to close my eyes and shut out the sickening spectacle. But the butcher is nearly over. The gray-headed man continues yet to struggle and resist, but only for a little while. In a very short time the contest, as I plainly see, will be over. The conquered man, making one more supreme effort, rises nearly to his feet, receives another crushing blow, falls suddenly to the ground, and is still. Merciful Heaven! what is this? Who are these two men? Do I, know them? It cannot be that it is my dear

old friend lying helpless on the ground, and that the other is the inn man who I took note of just now in the rectory garden. It cannot be that this deed of which I have been a witness—inactive, powerless to help or save—is a murder!

I felt for a moment as if all presence of mind and power of action had deserted me. What was I to do? That was all that I could say, over and over again, as I sat still gazing through the telescope with an instinctive feeling that I must not lose one single ingredient of the scene before me. All that happened I must see. I recalled my senses by a mighty effort, and reasoned as men do in a crisis. What was to be done? The place where this horrible deed was being committed was so far off—about three quarters of a mile as the crow flies; more than a mile by any road I knew of—that there could be no possibility of my getting there in time to be of the slightest service. And if it had not come already—and I felt certain that it had—must surely have come before I could traverse that distance. There was but one way now in which I could be of the slightest service, and that was in securing the detection of the murderer. I must remain at my post and watch his every movement, besides endeavoring to render myself certain, so far as the glass would enable me to be so; concerning his appearance and dress. So there I sat, helpless and spellbound, but watching with devouring eyes. There was a sudden stillness where there had been before so much of struggling and movement. The blows had ceased to fall now. The deed was accomplished, and there was no more need for them.

The man himself, the murderer, was still, and I made sure of his identity.—There was the red hair, there was the red beard, there was the scarlet cap lying on the ground, there was the canvas frock with the patch in front. There was no doubt! Alas! was there any doubt either about that other figure lying on the grass beside him? The light colored summer coat which he had worn when I last saw him; the white hair.—It was nearly too much to bear, but a savage craving for vengeance came to my aid and braced up my energies. I dissembled, by an effort of the will, a dimness which came before my eyes, and, straining them more intensely than ever, saw the man with the red cap start up, as if suddenly conscious that he was losing time, and set himself to work to rifle the body of his victim. As far as I could see he was engaged in emptying the poor old man's pockets, and once I thought I saw the gleam of something golden; but this might have been fancy. At all events he continued for some time to turn the body over and over, and then, having, I suppose, satisfied himself with what he had secured, he got up, and dragging the corpse after him, made his way to the little wood close by, and entering it, disappeared from sight. And now, indeed, a crisis had arrived when it was difficult in the extreme to know how to act. What if that disappearance were the wood at the further extremity and I should see him no more?

## Odds and Ends.

—One has only to die to be praised.

—It is not enough to arm, you must hit.

—Handsome apples are sometimes sour.

—Little and often, make a heap in time.

—It is easier to blame than to do better.

—Would you be strong, conquer yourself.

—God's will goes slowly, but grinds well.

—The sun-dial only counts the bright hours.

—The fewer the words the better the prayer.

—Forgive thyself nothing and others much.

—Better go supperless to bed than run in debt.

—Our neighbor's children are always the worst.

—Truth may be suppressed, but not strangled.

—What comes from the heart goes to the heart.

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