

THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

WOMEN XIV.

"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

NUMBER 65.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., BY E. O'MEARA GOODRICH.

TOWANDA:

Saturday Morning, March 4, 1854.

Selected Tale.

THE THUNDER STORM.

CHAPTER I.

"Please, mother, let us go!"

It was a childish voice that spoke; and the lit- tle hands clung obstinately to the parent's dress. "How you bother me! Yes, go, for mercy's sake, and don't let me see you back in a hurry!"

She spoke, Mrs. Carr gave the boom she was wearing a toss, and flitted her dress away from little Maggie's hold so irritably that the smile, which had brightened the young child's face, died away in a sorrowful glance.

The quick tempered parent saw the look, and rebuked. She turned away, saying, "Foolishness! You forget, even injustice. Mag- gie's spirits gradually recovered their elasticity and she once more heard calling to her sister Lucy, to accompany her on her walk, and bring the big basket, for they were going to the woods to gather flowers— away the two went, happy in the Saturday af- ternoon's holiday.

What a pleasant time they had, those innocents in those old woods! How they ran hither and thither, attracted by some new flowers; how they played hide and seek among the trees; how they watched the birds that hopped fearlessly about them; how they arranged and rearranged the spoils in the basket; and how Lucy finally, sitting down on a bank and began weaving a chaplet of Maggie which she used again and again, saying each time that it was "beautiful, oh so beau- tiful!" but she'd just put another flower in to see if it would look better still.

Occupied in this way, the children had not observed how far they had wandered into the woods, how dark it was becoming. Suddenly Lucy stopped.

"Why, Maggy, it is almost night," she said in surprise. "Come most hurry home!" And she arose at that instant a low, sullen growl was heard— a growl which Lucy, except close to her sister's ear, could not hear. "Don't you remember, he said when he heard them growl at night?"

Lucy was but nine years old, so that she could be expected to be much braver than Maggie, who was five, so at this reminiscence she looked over her shoulder, as if half expecting to see a passage least leap from some covert near— she saw she had not thought of the bears and panthers. Even older persons, perhaps, would have been dismayed; for it was the most dreaded of all animals; and of vast extent, stretching miles and miles over the mountains. Nevertheless, Lucy tried to keep up her courage.

"It is only thunder, Maggy," she said. "Let us get out of the wood. May be we can't see before it begins to rain."

In these words, taking her little sister by the hand, she began to retrace her steps, walking so that Maggie could scarcely keep up with her.

As fast as she walked, she could not outstrip the darkness and by the winds rising among the trees. Neither of the children had ever been so late at night before, and the moaning breeze to often like the sob of a child, or the cry of distress, or growl of a beast, that they were presently standing in terror. At such moments of Maggie would cling to her sister, and Lucy would hasten her steps anew, her lit- tle feet throbbing almost to bursting.

Finally the wind rose to a gale. The leaves were blown thousands to the ground; the trees rocked and groaned as if in great agony; and the elements were awful; and the sky grew dark that Lucy no longer was able to pick her way, she could only hurry blindly forward, dragging Maggie with her breathlessly.

Nearly an hour passed in this manner—long since the children were almost lost. Lucy knew they might have been out of the woods. But the forest grew wilder at each step; the familiar appearance had vanished; and at the foot of the mountain could not conceal from herself that she were lost.

Night was also at hand—a night of rain and tem- pest. Lucy asked herself, could they survive the night and could they escape the wild beasts which they had heard? O, what would they do at home on finding that they did not return!

As such reflections succeeded each other in her mind she would have stopped hopelessly, but that the night of her younger sister hurried her, and for Maggie she courageously kept on, trying to retrace the lost path.

At last, further progress became impossible, so she took the darkness. They had reached a lit- tle open space, where a huge tree stood on a rocky bank, and to her dismay, Lucy recognized a spot which they had passed long ago— they were walking in a circle, she saw. At this thought her firmness finally gave way.

She paused, therefore, and looked in agony around. Yet still mindful of her younger sister, she turned back, with motherly care, under her arm, in order to shelter her from the wind, and scarcely had she done this, when a clap of thunder,

breaking almost immediately over head, went rat- tling down the sky, earth and heaven shaking un- der the concussion, as if Nature was dissolving. It was accompanied by a flash of lightning so vivid every thing for an instant seemed to swim in light. Lucy was blinded by the glare and stunned by the thunder. The horror of the moment was increased by the gloom which fell on the scene, accompa- nished by a sudden cessation of the wind—that was in- describably awful.

Maggie thought the world was coming to an end, and whispered as much, clinging wildly to her sister. Then bursting into loud sobs, she exclaim- ed, "If mother was only here!" and hid her face in Lucy's bosom.

Lucy was scarce less terrified than her sister— The very ground seemed still reeling beneath her. The rain, too, now began to fall in torrents, as if the fountains of heaven itself were opened. Wasn't it just like what she had read of the day of Judgment! Her limbs refused to support her, and she sank to her knees, dragging Maggie with her. Yet she made a last effort to cheer her sister.

"Don't, don't cry so," was all she could say, clasping Maggie and sobbing as she spoke. Then her little remaining fortitude gave way, and they both wept together, clasping each other convulsively.

CHAPTER II.

Meantime Mrs. Carr, after bustling through her work, like a thrifty housewife as she was, had seated herself in her low, creaking rocking chair, with her basket of mending before her. Occupied thus, she had not observed the gathering storm, till a roll of distant thunder startled her.

"Dear me," she said, starting to her feet, "them children will get wet through!"

She hurried to the door, as she spoke, and began to look down the village street, in the direction Lucy and Maggie had taken. But she could see nothing of them. Over the neighboring mountain, how- ever, hung thick, black clouds, the sure precursors of a violent storm.

Directly she saw a couple of neighbors coming in from the fields that lay between the village and the foot of the mountain. Throwing her apron over her head she ran out to ask if they had seen her children.

The answer was in the negative. As yet, how- ever, her anxiety was only sufficiently to excite irritability.

"Lucy ought to know better," she said sharply, "it's time she was home long ago! I'll make her remember another time, I reckon."

One of the men looked uneasily at the sky a mo- ment, and then passed on, shaking his head. When out of hearing he said to his companion, "I've heard tell of children being lost in that forest— Twenty years ago, when the settlement was newer, they say a boy starved to death there. I wonder if Mrs. Carr would scold her little gal in this way, if she knew it might happen to-night to her own children."

It was only a passing reflection, and had escap- ed his mind altogether, when two hours later, as he was preparing to go to bed, fatigued with a hard day's labor, there came a knock at the door. The visitor was his fellow workman.

"It's true what you said about them children," were the words of the intruder. "They haven't come home yet, and the mother is taking on like one mad. She says they will die before morning even if the panthers don't catch them. And it's likely enough on such a night."

His host had been too much stunned by the intel- ligence to speak. But his wife now pushed for- ward, her eyes wide open with horror.

"What's that you say!" she cried, "whose chil- dren are lost?"

"Mrs. Carr's!"

"Not in the forest?"

The visitor nodded.

The wife gave a quick scream, and glanced in- voluntarily at her own little ones, whom she had been preparing for bed.

"Poor Mrs. Carr! Poor sweet little dears!" she cried, running to a cupboard for show and bonnet. "Here, Peggy," she continued, turning to her eld- er child, a girl of twelve, "you must pit your brothers and sisters to bed the best way you can— John," she added, addressing her husband, "you're going of course." Only to think, little Maggie, born on the same day of our Jane, on the mountains in a night like this!

Her woman's heart was alive with sympathy.— Nor was her husband backward in responding to it. It is indeed a beautiful trait of human nature, that any incident like this appeals right to the heart even with the most unlettered; for every parent imagines what his or her feelings would be, if the lost one were their own.

"Twas for John I come," said their visitor, as they left the house. "The whole place has turned out, that is the men, and are going to search the forest. But they'll want all the women that can be spared up at Mrs. Carr's, for she has got the 'strik- ticks powerful bad'; she says she was out of humor because Maggie plagued her to go, and told 'em she never wanted to see 'em again, and now she says it's a judgment on her."

When they reached the house, they found most of the neighbors already collected, the men talking about the door-way and planning their mode of search, while the women crowded the sitting-room inside, from which came the shrieks of the con- sciously stricken mother.

Mrs. Brown paused long enough to learn that, almost an hour before, in the height of the storm Carr had come home. Up to that time the mother had flung herself that the children had stopped at his shop, for he was a wheelwright, and worked at the end of the village. But from that moment she had been almost frantic. The neighbors, on hearing the children were lost, had volunteered to go out in search of them, but it took some time to collect them, and the Browns had been the last to move, for they lived in the opposite end of the town.

Entering into the house, Mrs. Brown saw two

female acquaintances trying to hold Mrs. Carr who was struggling in their arms, her hair disheveled about her.

"Let me go," she cried, "I will go. I'll walk on my hands and knees all over the mountain, if the Lord will only give me back my children. But he never will, he never will!" she said, rocking her- self, and speaking in a tone of helpless agony, "I told 'em I didn't want to see 'em again in a hurry, and he has took me at my word."

The neighbors gazed at the poor, frantic creature with tears in their eyes, saying what they could, in voices choked by emotion, to soothe her. One sug- gested that the children had found shelter in a log hut standing at the foot of the mountain. Another said they might have been waiting under some cap- acious tree, till the rain ceased, in which case they were now on their way home, as there was only a slight drizzle at present. But the mother would not be comforted.

"Don't say that," she cried, sharply, "for you know it ain't so. It's been drizzling for an hour, and they would have been here if it was so." The neighbors felt the truth of this. "Oh! will nobody go for them," she shrieked; "and with a will sudden effort she freed herself from the two women who held her and rushed towards the door, and gain- ed the porch, when the sturdy arm of John Brown caught and restrained her.

"Let me go, let me go," she cried, passionately writing to release herself. "The're my children, and no one goes for them." Then finding she was powerless in the grasp of her Herculean neighbor, she added, "oh, let me go," in beseeching tones, so different from her usual manner, that it brought tears to many a manly eye.

"We're all going," said John Brown, soothingly. "You could do no good. It's not a night for a woman to be out."

"Not a night to be out," she shrieked, "yet my children are out in it. Let me go. Let me go, I say." And in her insanity she bit the hand that held her, till the blood came.

"Molly, Molly," said a strong voice, at this in- stant, and her husband rushed through the group of men. "Go in for their sake, and have blankets and hot water ready, for when we bring them back they'll die mayhap for want of proper care-taking. He spoke in a cheerful voice. She listened and grew calm, as when a maniac hears the voice of his keeper.

Taking her up, as he ceased, in his strong arms he carried her back into the house, where first affectionately smoothing the rain drops from her hair, he kissed her with rough kindness, telling to keep up a good heart, and have everything ready when they returned, hurried away lest she should see the tears that began to gather, and roll down on his cheek big and slow.

"Now, neighbors," he said speaking huskily and drawing the back of his hand across his eyes as he stood once more in the doorway, "we will be off, if you say so, for all ready. I thank you," he added, with the natural dignity of deep suffering, as a dozen faces mutually expressed their sym- pathy, "I know you would do as it was your own children; and if it don't succeed," here his voice fal- tered for a moment, but struggling manfully he went on, "God's will be done!"

CHAPTER III.

The plan for search was soon arranged. It was known that the children had entered the wood by the highway that ran through it. In order, there- fore, to have a fair prospect of success, it was ne- cessary to extend the line of men as far as possible on each side of this road, and so advance up the mountain. In this failed there was no hope.

The rain had changed, as we have said, from a succession of heavy showers, to a light but contin- ued drizzle. Torches of pine knots were provided, in addition to lanterns. At the head of one detach- ment, Mr. Carr placed himself. To the other John Brown was assigned.

Had there been any trace by which to follow the children, the search would have appeared less dif- ficult. But the darkness would have precluded the exercise of the ordinary wood craft, even if the torrents of water which had not obliterated the usual signs. It was with but faint expectations of success, consequently, that the expedition set forth.

For more than two hours the search went on— Steadily advancing up the mountain side, they scruti- nized every foot of the ground they passed; but without success. The waving of their torches thro' the woods starting the birds continually, and now and then a frightened owl blindly stumbling by, more than once, by the noise thus occasioned raised false hopes in those portions of the expedition furthest from the scene of commotion. But all such delusive expectations soon faded.

Long since, the parts of the wood more familiar known had been passed, and now it was the original forest that had been traversed. The way grew wilder, and hope, which had been but faint at the best, abandoned almost all. It was felt the search might be protracted for weeks in this vast and nearly unexplored region, without discovering the chil- dren; for on such broken ground, it was impos- sible thoroughly to examine every nook, and the lost ones might be passed a little to the right or left, yet no one perceive them.

"Keep a stout heart neighbors," said John Brown, "and have sharp eyes. The children may be worn out with cold, and be unable to make them- selves heard, though seeing and hearing us. Mark! what was that?"

He stopped suddenly, for a low peculiar cry rose on the night air, seemingly to come from the depths of the forest ahead.

All listened in silence for a moment, when the cry was repeated.

"It's a panther," said one of the men. "I thought I knew what it was, the first time."

A common shudder went through the hearers— All had simultaneously recognized the sound, and all had simultaneously thought, what if the lost children had fallen in its way? Each father in- voluntarily glanced his eyes, in order to reach as

soon as possible the spot from which the terrible cry came.

More than once that cry was heard again. But it seemed retreating further into the depths of the forest. Several times it sounded so much like the voice of a child, that the listeners started, thinking they heard at last the lost ones in the distance. But the repetition of the sound convinced them of their mistake. Perhaps nothing could be conceived, more calculated to sharpen the pangs of the father's heart, than the alternations of hope and despair.— He was a strong minded man, and sustained also by religious principle, yet he could not help giving way to emotion.

"Oh! if they have already fallen a prey to this terrible wild beast," he cried. "God almighty have mercy! My poor Maggie! My dear, motherly little Lucy!"

Occasionally they would reach a huge tree, which, in falling, had crushed a dozen smaller ones, or saplings, in its descent. The frequency of these wrecks suggested new fears. What if the lost children, having sought shelter under it, had been involved in the ruin of such a one! Once, indeed, the miserable father fancied he saw, peeping out from beneath a gigantic fallen trunk, the fragment of a child's dress. He sprang forward, as he be- held it, with a sharp cry of agony. But when he flashed his torch directly upon it, certain that it would reveal the distorted limbs of one of his little ones, he found that a piece of white bark, assisted by the deep shadows, had deceived him.

Midnight arrived at last, and even the stoutest began to be fatigued. The air at that hour on the exposed mountain, was keen and penetrated to the marrow.

"Poor thing!" said John Brown, as he called a halt to his detachment, in order to consult whether to carry the search further in that direction, or to spread more to the left and retrace their steps par- tially. "In their thin garments, and wet through as they are, they're died, most likely, long ago— Yet," he added, after a moment, as his eyes fell on Mr. Carr approaching with haggard, dejected mein, "how can we tell this to the father? Let us work on, neighbors, while he clings to hope. To mor- row his lot may be ours."

The result of the consultation was a determina- tion to extend their line still further to the right and left, and return part of the way down the moun- tain, in this manner they would sweep ground hither- to unexplored.

"It's most unlikely," said John Brown, who had particularly urged this change, "that they could have strayed even as far as this, in a direct course, when night set in; and, after that they'd be apt to sit down somewhere, afraid to go on, or too tired to do so. Besides, even if they do keep afoot, it's most likely they went round and around, as peo- ple lost in the woods mostly do. It's my opinion that we'll find them further down the mountain, off somewhere to the right or left."

Those views met general approval. But the ut- most hope which they inspired was that the dead bodies of the innocent sufferers might be recovered. Even the father appeared now to look for nothing more favorable than this.

"You've done all that can be done," he said in reply to a question whether he was satisfied that the search had been carried sufficiently high up the mountain; "God bless you for it," he added in a trembling voice, "I shall never be able to repay you for your kindness. But if ever you lose two darlings, you'll know how a father's heart longs to find even their bodies, if it's only"—and here his voice broke into sobs, "if it's only to be sure that the wild beasts haven't devoured them."

He covered his face, for a moment, with one of his branny hands, as he spoke. Then without looking back, strode away in the direction which had been agreed upon. The rest mutely follow- ed him.

The rain had now ceased entirely. But the woods were as wet as ever, the darkness was almost as great, the cold was keen and penetrating. Each man, as he moved along in a line, kept a watch on his neighbor's torch to see that he did not wander from the true direction, all the while scrutinizing every bit of bush, each shadow under the trees, and any inequality in the ground that might escape a hasty observation. Now and then one or another halted a while where the forest was particularly thick, in order to be sure of not overlooking some hidden covert. Occasionally also there would be a shout raised, and waiting afterwards in silence to hear if there was any reply.

But every effort continued abortive. Many hours had now passed in the search. Even the hopes of discovering the bodies, at least till daylight should enable the search to be conducted anew, had dis- appeared. Besides, the most vigorous were now becoming exhausted. All were wet through. The majority had passed the preceding day in labor. The further prosecution of the search was becom- ing, therefore, physically impossible. Even the father was impressed with these convictions. Calling a halt, he proposed, with sad resignation, that the party should return home, at least until morning.— But how meet the mother, and break to her the sad certainty!

"I will help you. God will help us both," was the reply.

"Thank you. You're right," he said. And he added, "I own, neighbors, I am weak as a child; but I can't help it," and making a convulsive effort to master himself, during which they could see him, by the red torch light, choking down the grief till every muscle in his throat swelled to burst- ing, he continued, "this blow has unmanned me I shall want some one to give me courage when I get back, or I shall not dare to meet the mother's face. I told her so certainly we would bring them back."

His beseeching expression was heart rending to see; and it was the more touching, because Robert Carr was known as a man of unusually strong mind, and one whom all looked up to for support and consolation in trouble.

He had just lifted his head again, after these

words, and was preparing, with sad resignation, to lead the way toward the road, when suddenly from the outskirts of the exploring party, came a quick glad shout.

Instantaneously every face was turned eagerly in the direction of the sound. It had been supposed that all the members of the party had been present at the exploration, but now, on more narrow- ly scrutinizing the group, one was found missing.

"Ho! here! ho!"

The voice was clear and joyous, and was recog- nized immediately.

"It is Jim Strong," cried John Brown. "What can it mean? Does any one see his torch?"

All ran eagerly in the direction of the voice, and soon a light was seen glimmering, like a faint halo through the wet woods.

"Ho! Ho! Ho!"

Exultant, and still exultant, that voice rose on the night air. Every pulse bounded high with hope. "My children," cried the father thrillingly, lead- ing the excited race.

It seemed but a minute till they reached their companion. Standing on an old fallen trunk, he waved his torch to guide them, crying as they ap- proached,

"They're here, alive and well, ho! ho!"

As he spoke, the father had parted the under- growth, and leaving the fallen tree, found himself in a small glade. Before him were his children, lovingly entwined in each other's arms, and just aroused from sleep.

Their heads only were raised. Their little eyes were distended with wonder, mixed with fright.

"Thank God," cried the father, falling on his knees, and clasping them in his arms, then burst- ing into convulsive weeping.

The little ones recognizing their father, had sim- ultaneously sprung to his heart, where they lay sobbing for joy, and clasping him tighter and tighter. The neighbors stood at a respectful distance awed by the scene; and there was not a dry eye in the whole company.

At last the passion of the father's joy moderated. He remembered the Almighty hand which had re- stored his children. Hushing the sobs of his little ones, and looking up, he said reverently—

"Let us pray!"

All uncovered, and there, in the dim forest, the father, holding each little one by the hand, poured forth his soul in a thanksgiving which none present forgot to their dying day. It was eloquent with a gratitude such as only those who have been delivered from deep tribulation can realize.

When the prayer was over, strong arms pressed the wet little ones to warm sheltering bosoms.— Maggie would not leave her father, nor would be content to part with her; indeed he looked regret- fully on Lucy, as John Brown lifted her away, evi- dently longing to carry her also. At first Lucy in- stisted on walking, but she found, almost the first step, that it was impossible, so stiff was she with cold. So she consented to be carried, laying her head on John's broad shoulder with a thankful smile, and putting her little arm around his neck lovingly as if she had been his own child.

Before they set out, however, Lucy had to tell how they became lost. She described how they had knelt down in the affright during the height of the storm; and how they fell asleep in each other's arms, after they had said their prayers to each other. "Maggie," she said, touchingly, "of ten asked for mother. I watched for a long time after she was asleep, and tried to keep awake, but I couldn't, don't suppose, for the first I knew I was being awakened by the noise and light, and seeing father."

Jim Strong had to tell his story.

"I had a sort of feeling," he said, "that I'd just go a little further this way—I suppose it was the Lord that sent me—for even the roughest acknowl- edged the hand of Providence in that hour and bless me, as I got into this ere opening the first thing I saw was children lying asleep in each other's arms, just like the Babies in the Wood."

Fatigue was now forgotten. The road back to the village was soon traversed, for each man seemed to tread upon the air. Long before the joyful procession had reached the door of the Carr's, a crowd of women around it was discerned, for one had been on the watch for two hours at the sight of the torches she had summoned the rest. The cheer- ing shouts of the men announcing, while they were yet distant, that they returned with the children, the mother now frantic with joy came rushing down the street to meet them, and catching first one child and then another from the arms that bore them, almost smothered them with kisses and embraces.

But what words can paint all that followed!

The delirious joy of the mother, the crowding of the females around the recovered dear ones, the tears of all, the almost hysterical congratulations.— It required the interposition of some of the more thoughtful, to have the innocent sufferers relieved of their wet garments, placed in warm beds, and al- lowed to seek the sleep so necessary for their health, and demanded so imperatively by their fa- tigue.

From that day Mrs. Carr's character, has greatly changed. Nor has she been heard, even in her most irritable moments to vent her feelings on her children. She looks on them as Providentially re- stored, after they had been taken from her as a judgment.

But it is not written, even of the birds of the air, "your heavenly Father feedeth them—are ye not better than they?"

A NOVELT FOR THE LADIES.—Among the new ideas just brought out at Paris is a "self-expanding petticoat." It is filled with air, and is just becom- ing all the rage. According to the inventor's ad- vertisement, one of these petticoats will stand out and occupy the room of half a dozen and upon the old-fashioned principle. It is said that when a lady desires to get into a carriage, the hoop will be like- ly to stick to the door. To obviate this, she must at the moment of embarking turn a little screw hid- den in some fold of her dress and let out air. The

swollen folds at once collapse and shrink into an extremely small compass. As she alights from the vehicle she applies her lips to the mouthpiece, in- flates the tube, and distends her skirts. This con- tinual letting in and out of air one would think would become monotonous, not to say tedious, in time. It is possible that a flageolet might in some way be adapted to the tube, so that the wind in escaping might produce a melody like that of a barrel organ or an Eolian harp. No lady could allege, as an objection, her inability to play upon the flute—Hamlet having settled that ques- tion long ago.

Dad's Experience with Billy.

Less than a hundred miles from Syracuse lives an old farmer, whose given name is Zury, a hard working, honest old Englishman, owning a good farm of over a hundred acres, and two good boys, who had been brought up to wield the agricultural implements. From one of these I have my story.

Old Zury had an old goat on the farm, who is no one of the most peaceful disposed creatures in the world; on this account the boys take delight in putting his lordship on his taps once in a while. For a long time the old man had no idea that when Billy came home at night he was completely cov- ered with mud and water, and Zury could not im- agine how he should find out the cause of poor Bil- ly's daily misfortune.

One day he left the boys to pick up the rakes, &c., after a hard day's work of haying, and walked around to the ridge where Billy generally kept him- self. It was about time for the goat to go to the house, but there he lay quiet & dry; so old Zury seat- ed himself behind a stump determined to watch his movements for that night at any rate. He had not been there more than fifteen minutes, when who should he see coming along the ridge but two boys, his first impulse was to tell them to keep back, but upon the second thought he said nothing.

"Take my load, Hank," said Dick; "it's my turn to take the feller to-night."

Hank took Dick's load from his back, and Dick going down the hill a little ways, soon showed him- self within a few yards of where the goat was ly- ing.

Billy had already caught a glimpse of the boys, and was soon on his feet. Hank laid flat on the ground, and Dick on the edge of the ridge, now presenting a full front, which did not seem exactly to please his goatship, for he pointed for him, and down went Dick to aggravate Billy to a still more desperate lunge again the signal rose, and Billy jumped, but just as he got within a few feet Dick lowered himself about fifteen feet into a ditch of marsh and mud and water.

Hank had caught a sight of a corner of the old man's hat above the stump, and sloped for the bears, while Dick was not a little surprised at the sudden transformation of the old stump into a human being, and that too the old man's fifteen paces, who by the way was not one of the most forbearing persons in the world, and as he looked around upon the ground, Dick thinking that a stone or club might pos- sibly be the object of his search, started on a keen jump for the barn. The old man made up his mind that the mystery was solved. That night Dick and Hank didn't come home to supper.

I thought I should not be able to hold myself to- gether as Hank related the surprise of old Zury and his son, as they stood face to face.

"But hold on," said he, "I haven't told you the best of it yet. About two weeks from that time, one day Dick and Hank had been working all day, and we made up our minds that we should seek old dad backed, for he hadn't been in the afternoon, and he always kept a good barrel of ale in the cellar; but when we started who should we see but the old man, edging around the ridge; so Dick and me went over that way.

There was old dad and there was the goat. We laid flat on the ground anxious to know what the old man was going to do, when what was our surprise to see him take the same position Dick had taken a couple of weeks before.

"Here,"

We said nothing, for we hadn't seen any of that kind of sport for a long time. The old man pre- sented rather a formidable appearance. But Billy, nothing daunted, pointed for the mark, and the old man lowered, but a little to late, for the goat, took him plump. We heard something strike in the mud, but it wasn't Billy, for he stood looking down over the ridge. Me and Dick pulled for the barn, and in a few minutes we saw the old man paddling for the house, covered with mire from head to foot.

That night the old man was dressed up in his best clothes. I ventured to ask him if he was going over to see the Deacon.

"See the Deacon? No. Can't a man put on good clothes without going to see the Deacon?"

"Yes," said Dick, sneaking out of the door, "can't a man go and see the goat, without tumbling in the mud?"

Dick was gone, and old dad looking at me, said then very significantly at a heavy bootjack; I was ped- dled out of the back door.

PROTECTOR OF SHEEP.—By the reported proceed- ings of our Legislature, I observe that a bill has been introduced providing for the protection of sheep in Lancaster county. I would suggest to our farm- ers, whether the present would not be suitable time to call the attention of that honorable body to a sub- ject of almost as much importance, and nearly as much entitled to their consideration as that of dogs. Let us to the necessity there is for a law for the protection of sheep. If, when we are almost over- run with the canine tribe, so that it is impossible in many parts of our country to keep sheep without the constant liability of having them torn to pieces by the prowling worthless curs, that instead of every neighborhood, they are to become the subject of special legislation, it does seem to quite time that some protection should be guaranteed to the farmer in favor of sheep, or of securing compensation for the raiser or feeder of that valuable domestic.