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### Selected Poetry.

#### THE PATTER OF LITTLE FEET.

Up with the sun at morning, Away to the garden he hies. To see if the sleeping blossoms Have begun to open their eyes; Running a race with the wind, His step as light and fleet, Under my window I hear

The patter of liitle feet. Anon to the brook he wanders. In swift and noiseless flight, Splashing the sparkling ripples Like a fairy water-sprite, No sand under fabled river Has gleams like his golden hair No pearly sea-shell is fairer Than his slender ankles bare That blushes in ocean's bed,

Our darling's airy tread. From a broad window my neighbor Looks down on our little cot, And watches the "poor man's blessing I cannot envy his lot :

Is sweet as the flush that follows

He has pictures, books and music, Bright fountains, and noble trees Flowers that blossom in vases, Birds from beyond the seas But never does childish laughter His homeward footsteps greet

His stately halls ne'er ech To the tread of innocent feet. This child is our "speaking picture, A birdling that chatters and sings Sometimes a sleeping cherub,

(Our other one has wings ; His heart is a charmed casket Full of all that's cunning and sweet. And no harp strings hold such music As follows his twinkling feet

When the glory sunset open The highway by angels trod. And seems to unbar the city Whose builder and maker is God Close to the crystal portal, I see by the gates of pearl The eyes of our other angel-

A sinless little girl. And I ask to be taught and directed To guide his footsteps aright, To walk in the sandals of light And hear, amid songs of welcome, From messengers trusty and fleet,

On the starry floor of Heaven

# Miscellaneous.

## FREAR FARM.

A gray horse and a yellow wheeled chaise stood under the poplars which shaded a buried in the cushions of the old chair. brown farm-house

" Marg'ret !" stairway to the east chamber.

"Aunt Mary has come, and I want you to go and shell the pease for dinner while I

"Yes, 'm," again, as the worthy Mrs. her mother referred. Frear took her basket of mending, walked

behind her sister. Mary and in her weekly visits never thought "All? enough, I should think. You just the district school," she said.

In it they were seated, this June morning, ations.

two white-haired women; their backs were while of the movement of tongues behind

to herself over the basket of pease.

behind her, and two brown hands drew her

Anson! But what will father say?"

throwing his straw-hat upon the floor.

He drew up a low chair, some like." transgression." and sat down beside her.

afraid this isn't right."

"Of course you are, and of course I her visitor. know 'tisn't! But I know of something

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insist upon separating us when he knows out of the keepin'-room." And Mrs. Kithow fond we are of each other, and for no tredge opened the door softly into that me for speakin' out?" she added apologetireason under heaven than that I'm an orph- room.

garet said nothing and he went on : JOB PRINTING of every kind in Plain and Fan- him, or cross your scruples again for the a week we couldn't none of us bear to go

ricty and style, printed at the shortest notice. The of the pods with her thumb, and looked up took off her spectacles and wiped them world."

gone out of his face, and instead was a That face with its large features, could nevlook of fierce determination.

a sound dozen pease rolled across the kitch- a sad and sorrowing soul, it had shone as over matters with him. en floor. California was a long way off to the face of an angel.

and bad as the Hottentots 'most?"

mighty slow work getting a living off these can say."

The old clock ticked in the corner,

steal a horse, and get sent down to Wind- posely to "cheer up" Margaret, and here heard that laugh again.

upon the settle, and the tea-kittle sang up- quers, however, and she says : on the hearth.

Anson?" asked the girl. which to make a home of my own," he said; and then there was another silence.

The pease were shelled and Margaret was et's lip begins to tremble. sitting with her two hands folded upon the little figure in its brown dress, the small it is.' head with its heavy coil of hair at the back, the long-lashed downcast eyes—he took theless, all the more, possibly, it went down always seemed, they always would seem, a shadows come and go before him.

said at length, lying in her hand a small comfort of an honest soul. remember me, I know.

"Don't you think you can wait for me, little girl?" he said. "It'll be a long while. "It'll be a way."

and he drew her closer to him.

She felt his arm drawn tightly round her,

then she sank down upon the floor, her face know."

cried good old Mrs. Frear. Mrs. Frear's voice went ringing up the twelve o'clock this blessed minute, and the thoughts were too busy just then for her fire all out! What will ver father say?" Mrs. Frear had begun a vigorous attack

It was a cheery voice that replied, and a upon the cooking stove, but stopped short trim little figure which came tripping down as Margaret, rising wearily, stood before from beneath her feet, it seemed to her, and her with blanched bewildered face Why what ails the child! Bless

> indeed, but not exactly of the kind to which asked, Margaret passed her hand across her g'ret?"

briskly down the path, and climbed to a seat eyes heavily, as with an effort. "It's nothehind her sister.

You see she was a cripple, this Aunt faint. That's all."

Indeed I dately had thought yet, Mrs Kittredge. Perhaps I might take a roon somewhere and board myself and togel

of alighting from the chaise in which she come into my room and lie down on my came. Consequently that vehicle had stow- bed, and I'll make you a bowl of sage tea. a room you're welcome to come to our ed away in its old chinks more general information than ever crammed the cranium of any mortal carriage since the flood. It prevailin' in Barnet. Just let me look o' Kittredge went on: was, in fact, a perfect moving encyclopedia | yer tongue ;" and the good woman bustled of birth, marriages, and deaths, past, pres- about, bringing blankets and brewing herbs any girl situated as you are would be think ent, and prospective, for the little town of in her solicitude for her child, quite oblivi in' o' getin' married, and havin' a home ous of dinner and all other minor consider- their own. But that ain't your way."

And Margaret buried her eyes in the Kittredge gave Margaret's face a searching turned to the sun, while Dobbin cropped snowy pillows, while Anson, all his world-look. The face told no tales which sh the lilac twigs, munching them after a sol- ly effects packed in one valise, took his way could read. There was only a little twitch emn, reflective fashion, quite cognizant the on foot to the next stage-town. And the ing about the mouth; so the good woman, next week a tall man stood upon the ship's shuffling a little in her chair, and knitting deck and watched the blue New England with a speed perfectly incredible, proceeded, Within doors a tidy kitchen, great squares hills grow dim, and a little figure, in its as she would have said, to "free her mind: of sunlight lying out on the unpainted brown dress, sat still in the Vermont farm- "Now, Marg'ret, I suppose you'll think house and worked on as before-only her like enough't I'm meddlin' with what don't cheek was a trifle whiter, and instead of concern me; but I must tell you 't we al-

look back, only the brief dream of a sum- up with Squire Varnum's offers," mer night. But time enough to create "Nothing to me, I imagine I left him many new joys, to forget many old ones.—down in the two-acre lot with Parson Sykes. Had Margaret Frear forgotten? Why we "He's a professor, and, so fur's I know, a

the heathen world. They're safe enough for mourning dress. She had sat down in the children, eight of 'm, might be an object- down. the next two hours," said the young man kitchen; she could not stay in the sitting- tion with some folks. But you're good-temroom to-day. They had carried out from pered. You'd get along well enough. An' A broad-shouldered, straight-limbed fel- there yesterday a coffin—her mother's; and then, another thing, whoever goes there'll turned to the stranger. low was Anson Boise, and so tall that, as in that place between the windows, where have enough to do with, for the Squire's

Oh, I knew what would become of her in a dark gingham gown. It was Mrs. better now, Marg'ret?" when I saw Aunt Mary's Dobbin coming up Kittredge. She lived next door, which next "Mrs. Kittredge!" the hill. They're having a rich time out door was a good half mile away; but they Six consecutive stitches were let down there. I heard my name just as I leaped were all called in Heathe near neighbors. upon Mrs. Kittredge's stocking that instant, his hand cordially.

sit down, though you haven't asked me to, down her sun-bonnet—"I told him Marg'ret, her name was spoken. Margaret was sit- Why, what a giant you are! Might a ben or whatever you choose to call it, for my with you a spell. I know 't must be lone- burned upon either cheek, and her eyes had about," said Deacon Hall, looking up at

"I am very glad to see you," said Mar-But, Anson," she still remonstrated, "I'm garet; and she rose, shaking the cushions to me about this again—this, or any thing among uu. That's right, that's right; of her rocking-chair, and setting it out for like it." And she began counting her and they pressed round to shake hands with

that's worse: and that is for your father to You're tired. I'll fetch a chair for myself I only want ye to do what's fer yer own one.

"However, it's the last time I shall trouble so to our house after gran'f ther died. For sent." into his room. Seemed as ef 'twas chilly should be an ingrate to lay up any thing somehow, like a vault." The good woman against the best friend I have in the whole then the light before her eyes was darken-"California!" The pod was opened, and tate; but over many a sick bed, over many

her, little girl, sitting in that Vermont farm | "It seems as though I must see your mother round somewheres," she said, and "But, Anson isn't it a dreadful wicked the spectaeles grew dim again. "It's go-'long side of each other, and a sight o' com- that the old homestead should be sold. "Don't know I'm sure, Maggie. I only fort we've had together; a sight o' comfort, know that there's gold, and that it's a great Marg'ret," she repeated, "an' we never took

"I know—but, Anson, seems to me 'twould be better to stay in a Christain country," said she, hesitatingly.

"I know—but, Anson, seems to me 'the two sat silent for a little. Mrs. Kittre-ering dusk of the summer night, she closed the door, locking it behind her, and sat old look in his eyes.

"I've waited for you," she said, and she Then there was a pause. The cat dozed having a sore battle of it. The former con-

"I know it, Mrs. Kittredge, but it is very

top of the basket. Anson sat gazing at her with a hungry look in his eyes. That thark the Lord that it's as well with us as and plump, she remembered. But what-

them all in with a look. How many nights into the orphaned, solitary girl. A dry soil, little better to her, remembering that. in the years that came after did he see in which all day long had scorched under a the darkness that little figure parting the burning sun, receiving at night the cooling rain and the dews of heaven, it was like "Here's something I found for you," he this, Margaret thought, the low spoken he never come back to claim her promise?

like ice as he touched them, and her face Margaret to begin to think of those things. 'Twould take up her mind'

Anson stood looking down into them—those clear, brown eyes—and holding her two value might be more available in some other form. So she replied, quietly enough:

"Yes; I was tellin' him"--(for good Mrs. We shall be old man and woman by that time perhaps," trying to smil. "Will you wait for me until I come back?"

"Yes; I was tellin'him"—(for good Mrs. Kittredge there seemed to be but one substantive possible to this personal pronoun) stantive possible to this personal pronoun) "I will wait for you forever!" The words | -"I was tellin' him this mernin' that there'd speak that word. But between her and Franconia. Mount Washington, the king dark night through, he clung to her neck, were low and her lips were very white.

"Blees you, child! But, please Heaven, you sha'n't have to wait as long as that;"

"Blees you wait as long as that;"

"And she remembered too well Anson's towering, bald, blue and unapproachable.

"Transcona. Journ Washington, the king dark light through, he ching to her need among princes, is there seen in his proper place—the centre of the rock-ribbed range, and the buildn's all in good repair. There's light through, he ching to her need among princes, is there seen in his proper place—the centre of the rock-ribbed range, and the buildn's all in good repair. There's long to her need among princes, is there seen in his proper place—the centre of the rock-ribbed range, and the buildn's all in good repair. There's long to her need among princes, is there seen in his proper sleeplessly crying to go home to papa.

And she remembered too well Anson's towering, bald, blue and unapproachable. Squire Varnum now, he'd be glad to take "Good-bye, and God bless you Margathe tenser lot 'long side o' his mowin'; and for the rest on't, there's my brother Hall she would trust God. Wait and hope still, lookin' round for a farm for Zimri. knew that his lips touched her cheek, and layin' out to be married this fall, you

"Oh, I'm sure there would be no difficul-"Why, Marg'ret, what air ye doin'?" ty in disposing of it," said Margaret, for lost in the gloom of the porch. "Here 'tis the sake of making some reply.

to talk. It was sudden this plan of selling the she hardly knew what would become of her afterward. Mrs. Kittredge's thought must she looks as ef she'd had a stroke!" A stroke, have been nearly in the same place, for she

"And what are you intendin' to do, Mar

"Indeed I hardly had thought yet, Mrs

"Now that sounds sensible; and as for

"Thank you," said Margaret, and Mrs "I can't help thinkin', Marg'ret, how'm was said in a deprecatory tone, and Mrs

"Guess who!" rang out a merry voice her old song there was silence.

Ten years! Long to look forward—to you couldn't a seen yer way clear to take ways wondered, my husband and I, that

Margaret's white face reddened.

They'd just begun with original sin, and they've got to get through the decrees

The same tidy kitchen; the same old consistent man. Be sure he's a good deal older 'n you, but after a woman's twentyconsistent man. Be sure he's a good deal they've got to get through the decrees yet, to say nothing of the probable fate of the probab he stood there in the low kitchen, his curls just missed brushing the cross-beam over
the stood there in the low kitchen, his curls the table was standing now, it had stood.—
She seemed to see the black pall there yet.

worth property, an' there ain't a mean streak about the man. 'Tain't too late to with a merry twinkle in his eyes. There was a knocking at the inner door, think on't now. The Square, he said as

> "I told my husband," she said, laying so startled was she by the tone in which a little flashing light in them.

> "Mrs Kittredge, you must never speak r visitor.
> "No, no; you just keep your sittin'.— stitches in a quick, nervous way.
> "Well, well, child, I won't then, I'm sure.

ing rejoinder.

cally.
"Hard of you! Indeed I won't," rereason under heaven than that I'm an orphan an and poor. I say it's a burning shame, begging your pardon, Margaret." And the vonne man's face flushed indignantly. Margaret.

"Hard of you! Indeed I won't," replied Margaret, sitting alone in the dusk, neared a step coming down the walk. "The auctioneer," she said Well, she was ready suddenly that she might have wounded her schooling herself all pit," was a good situation. "No, I know just how its. Twas just good old friend by her quick manner, the for him. She had been schooling herself all girl left her chair and crossed over her, and day. She would be brave and not falter smoothing the woman's gray hair, said, "I when he told her that the old homestead

REPORTER OFFICE has just been re-fitted with Power Presses, and every thing in the Printing line can be executed in the most artistic manner and at the away—going to California." The flush had left their record in wrinkles upon her face:

with the corner of her black silk apron.—
She had gray hair, and years of labor had another word. But here, 'tis four o'clock, left their record in wrinkles upon her face' and I must go. And, Marg'ret, supposing you just walk along with me, and sit down er have been beautiful even in its best es- an' have a cup o' tea with my husband an' me. Mebbe twould do you good to talk over matters with him. You know your floor. Then you know what happened; mother was in the habit o' consultin' him

about her affairs." And the two walked out under a gray sky and over the short brown grass; and place? Ain't they heathens, and cannibals, ing on thirty year now that we've lived when Margaret came back it was settled thrown in a state of confusion.

It was the night before the sale. It had been with Margaret a busy day. Her room country out there. Oh, you ought to hear nothing but comfort together, the Lord be Jim Bartlette talk. You'd think 'twas thanked, and that's more'n most neighbors furnished with articles from the old house, many of which she had carried carefully with her own hands. And now, in the gath-

"I declare, Margaret, you're well-nigh as bad as Uncle John. He says I'd better about her neck. She had come over pur-How quiet the night was! Only the shrill notes of the whip-poor-will, weird and sor to making scythe swaths." Anson she was crying herself. She has never far off, borne by the night wind across the her spectacles and wipe them. Anson fabric tottered, the soft earth gave way, laughed his old merry laugh. Margaret remembered it. It was years before she one has said: "Be not consistent, but simfrom the little flower bodger at her feet.—

before his eves just then.

Anson der of mignonnette came up turned his head aside. There was a mist there was a breath of awful suspense, and then the bridge went down with a dull ply true;" and so consistency and truth are That border-who would tend it now? And the oder mignonnette-how, it carried her ing that the minister walked over to Frear back to that morning, ten years before, Farm, and there was a quiet little wedding Well, Marg'ret, she was a good mother when Anson went away! She remember in the old parlor. And now, while I am

hard to be grateful always;" and Margar- in the gloaming, half wondered if she were the same girl that she was then. She look-Bless your dear soul! I know it's hard; ed at her hands folded on her knee. How ever else they had lost they had kept the Very homely consolation this, but never- firm pressure of Anson's good-by. They had shall be back in three days, at the farthest."

If he were alive. But what if he was dead? the wilderness "I suppose you'll sell the place, most likely?" said Mrs. Kittredge, presently. "It was. Every one she loved had died. Why was well enough," she said to herself, "for not this one? And if he were dead was "I don't know that there will be any other would place her under the cheery lamplight with the works of His fingers.

The finest and most satisfactory view of had so often soothed him. would place her under the cheery lamplight of that library, with all those old books the White Mountains, is that which prelooking down, and Squire Varnum's genial sents itself from what is now the town of "Please Heaven, you shall never have to

He's though it should be hoping against hope. And then the shadows deepened, and the west, and the figure of the lonely girl was

> had forgotten her until that moment. "Come pussy," she said. "You shall go trials that lay before. She would walk in with a thundering roar, I too; and taking the old creature in her arms no paths of roses for years to come; much imprisoned earthquake. she went down the walk, the creaking gate swung behind her, as she passed out into

"The Frear Farm to be sold to-day,"they said. An auction was an event to the red-mouthed wolf afar in the wilderness. dwellers in this quiet land of farms. Early in the afternoon the old vendue-master was in a way which would have done justice to by her lonely fireside, with the conscious may be for weeks. a more hotly contested sale. There were, ness that there was no human being nearer in fact, but two competitors for the farm, ter had just risen twenty-five dollars above

the price set by his opponent. The Deacon's got it now," said a voice in the crowd, but just then there appeared a new figure upon the scene.

They were mostly disposed to be friendly, tion. But something held her back—God's powder. In some the balls have been found at the bottom of the bore, with the charge a new figure upon the scene.

under the poplars, a wagon had stopped, and a tall man, bronzed and brown-bearded, stood erect in it, looking down upon the crowd with a keen, steady eye.

hundred dollars for Frear Farm! bids again? Going, gentlemen!

Every ear awaited the final "Gone," when voice sung out, deep and clear as a bell, Twenty-six hundred dollars!

an, and scanned the new-comer. ociferated Deacon Hall, beholding his sup- the one meagre root she had brought from osed possession suddenly taking to itself her old home.

stranger, leaping from his wagon with a spent with kind friends and cheered

Gone for twenty-seven hundred to-, had chosen. What name, Sir?" and the vendue-master "My fellow-townsman ought to do me the

By all the powers! I believe it's Anson But mother?" again suggested the girl. followed by the entrance of a tall woman much to him the other day. Hadn't you Boise!" exclaimed the old man, taking the plied. stranger by the arm, and turning him towards the light.

"The same, Sir;" and Anson extended thither for his pet kitten; but no, the kit-"Well done, boy, and well grown too! and shell pease as propitiation, or penance, that I'd just come over and sit down 'long ting forward in her chair, a bright red spot one o' the sons of Anak the Scriptur tells clearing, but without success. Her next less to the earth. him. "And so you've come back to settle down

> ing out, "Charlie! Charlie!" "Where's your wife, Anson?" asked

But he did find her.

ed, and then rang out again the merry chal-Guess who comes now !"

Poor Margaret, she had been ready for the auctioneer-ready for almost any thing, she thought, but not for this. So she gave Kittredge ran for water and the "camfire bottle;" and the household generally was the spot.

"Poor little creetur, 'twas all so sudden !" said Mrs. Kittredge. soothingly, as she bathed Margaret's white face. "But she'll live coals through mirk and gloom, his hot,

come out ont in a minute." And Anson held the light form so easily, as though it had been a child; and when Margaret came to herself again, there he

smiled a little, bright, happy smile.
"She's had a hard time of it, poor thing!"

And so it came to pass on Sunday even-"And when will you ever come back, nsargiret, she was a good mother when Anson with to you; and now 't she's gone, you'd ought to be grateful that she was spared so 'When I can bring something with the first that she was spared so hich to make a home of my own," he said; "I know it, Mrs. Kittredge, but it is very the name of the first that she was spared so long."

"I know it, Margiret, she was a good mother to day. She remember, and now, while I am the old parior. And now, while I am the old

# THE PERIL OF MARTHA WARREN.

A STORY OF THE AMONOOSUCK RIVER.

"Good bye, Martha. God help you! The hardy White Mountain pioneer, Mark Ten years! She had promised to wait for him forever. It seemed likely now that then shouldering the sack of corn which with almost inconceivable rapidity, forty or

Martha Warren stood at the door of the log cabin, gazing out after the retreating form of her husband. An angle of the of herself seemed to suggest this. She still she did not return to the solitary kitch-"I must go now," he said, rising.

Margaret stood up leaning against the deal table. She raised her eyes now, and why not? She could not manage the farm ples on the hill. It came from the bow-grand sublimity of the view spread out be-mist of the river, C of her own little room at Mrs. Kittredge's, we all feel when standing thus face to face fold around him, and held him to her breast

> face looking across at her. Should she Bethlehem, on the road to Littleton and little heart with terror, and all the long to the heart of Martha Warren, as the home and forth the narrow limits of the rock.flames of sunset burned to ashes down the where she had spent the happy days of her Noon came—the faint sun declined—it was from many a patrician saitor, in the fair old the mountain, followed by a drizzling rain, nition is wasted in battle, and how many She started suddenly. Something brushed against her foot. Only the cat; she wite those of the young settler, it was with deluge. The river rose fearfully, foaming the full and perfect understanding of the milk-white down the gorge, filling the air trials that lay before. She would walk in no paths of roses for years to come; much of life must be spent in the eternal solitudes,
>
> The day that followed was no better—
>
> the small arms picked up on the field of Gettysburg strikingly illustrates. The statement has been published before, but where silence was broken only by the winds only gray rain, and ashen white mist-not we give if again as one of the strongest

of the forest, the shriek of the river over a ray of sunshine. the sharp rocks, or the distant howl of the The necessary absence of her husband she dreaded most. It was so very gloomy which her husband would cross on his re- at a glance whether his piece was dis-

On the street, in front of the house, just prompted her to many acts of friendship to

wards them, and an Indian never forgets a benefit. the auctioneer, "I'm offered twenty-five wall, and Martha turned away to the per- of a wounded sparrow. Who formance of her simple domestic duties. places. The sunlight faded out of the unglazed windows, though it would illumine and Martha went out in the scanty garden Twenty-six hundred and twenty-five!" to inhale the odor of the sweet pinks on

The spicy perfume carried her back in Twenty-seven hundred!" shouted the memory to those days away in the past, not for a moment did she regret the fate she

> boy; now she saw with vague uneasiness that he had been playing, and was not to which she could make no resistance, Marbe seen. She called his name, but only echo and the roar of the swollen river re-She flew back to the house, the faint hope around her. remaining that he might have returned

Absorbed in thought, she had not ob-

sign of Charlie thought was the river! black as night, save where it flickered with spots of snow-white lying on her own bed in the cottage, supfoam—it flowed on but a few rods below ported by her husband's arm.
her She hurried down to the brink, callIt was no dream. She and her darling her She hurried down to the brink, call-

The child's small voice at some little distance replied. She followed the sound, and again, but Mark tended her as a mother to her horror saw her boy-his golden hair would an infant, and by the time the au bus never idles.

Warren and her child.

4 Haven't found her yet," was the laugh- and rosy cheeks cleary defined against the purple twilight sky-standing on the very edge of the huge, drenched rock, some ten Margaret, sitting alone in the dusk, heard feet from the shore, but in the sweeping

> This rock, called by the settlers "pulpit," was a good situation for casting fishng lines, and Mark Warren had bridged the narrow chasm between it and the shore with a couple of hewn logs. Allured by some flaming clusters of fire-

> weed growing on the side of the Pulpit, Charley had crossed over, and now stood there regardless of danger, laughingly holding out the floral treasures to his mother. Marthy flew over the frail bridge, and the

next minute held her child in her arms .-Joyful because she had found him uninjured and mentally resolving that the logs should how Anson took her up in his strong arms and carried her to the air, and how Mrs. turned to retrace her steps, but the sight turned to retrace her steps, but the sight that met her eyes froze her with horror to

Confronting her on the bridge, not six feet distant stood an enermous wolf, gaunt fetid breath scorching the very air she breathed.

more of his kind, belonging to the pack; in another moment they would be upon her! Without an instant's thought of the consequences. Martha obeyed her first impulse.

and struck the log with her foot, exerting said Mrs. Kittredge, stooping to take off all her mad strength in the blow. The frail plunge into the waters beneath! The sharp claws of the wolf had aheady fixed on the scant vegetation of the rock, and he held there a moment, struggling with a fe-

fervent prayer of thanksgiving for herescape; but simultaneously with the heartfelt "amen" there came a dread recollecting link between the Pulpit and the main land, and that was severed! True, she land, and that was severed! True, she and sometimes the northeast wind. The tion. The bridge formed the only connecthe shore of the river, but she might as Warren, kissed his young wife, held his two well have been thousands of miles out in fifty feet below her, over rocks so sharp and jagged that it made her shiver to look over the brink.

Her only hope was in her husband .--Should he return at the expected time, they night still be alive; but if by accident he her promise binding? Something outside dense shrubbery hid him from view, but should be detained beyond that time! She closed her eyes, and besought God for pro-Cold and hungry, and drenched by the mist of the river, Charlie began to cry for

> But the fierce howls of the wolves, and the sullen thunders of the river, filled his lanta, than at Montreal.

Day dawned at last, the pale sun swimming through a sickly sky, the pallid fore-Far up in the wild clearing, close by the cast of a storm. Weak and faint from hunenough for the nest of an eagle, but dear that inhospitable clime-Martha paced back young wifehood. When she had turned night again. A cold fog sank down over

upon the stand, shouting and gesticulating to close up her doors at night and sit down turn, and he would be detained—for days, charged or not:

by the storm, stopped to rest a moment on many as six paper regulation calibre 58 the rock; Martha seized upon him and rent cartridges have The purple mist cleared away from the him in twain, with almost savage glee, for having been put in the guns without being scarred forehead of the dominant old moun- her child to devour raw-she, who three torn or broken. Twenty-three loads were

Too The day was a long one, but it was toward only more intensely agonizing. Martha ding quantity of powder, all mixed up to evening, and the gloaming comes much Warren was sullenly indifferent now; suffsooner in these solituteds than in any other ering had passed every nobler feeling. bore musket. In many of the smooth-bore Charlie had moaned for supper-too weak guns, model of 1842, rebel make, we have and spent to sit up, he was lying on the found a wad of loose paper between the The astonished farmers faced adout to a the distant mountains for some time yet, rock his head in her lap, his great eyes fixed powder and ball, and another wad of the

on her face wild, wistful yearning of his eyes.

through the darkness. felt him touch me ?" She wept at the mockery, and drew the rifle musket.

child frantically to her bosom.

The night was fair-lit up by a new served the absence of Charlie, her little moon. Overcome by deadly exhaustion, against tha fell into an uneasy slumber, which, toward midnight, was broken by a startling cry. She sprang to her feet and gazed

ten was mewing at the window, but no husband, and he was calling her name with the energy of despair. She could only cry With frantic haste she searched the out, "Oh, Mark! Mark!" and fell sense-When she woke to consciousness, she was

on the shore stood the stalwart form of her

boy were safe, and he had come back. Many weeks passed before she grew stout

tumn frosts fell, she was the blithe Martha

Warren of old. At the time of the freshet, the bridge over the Amonoosuck had indeed been swept away, but Mark, impelled by an uncontrol-lable fear—almost presentiment—had cros-sed the river at the risk of his life, on a log raft, and reached home only to find it

vacant.
The descendants of Mark Warren and his wife still dwell among the fertile val-leys of Amonosuck, and the old men still tell their grandchildren the story of Martha

### HOW STORMS ARE MADE, AND HOW WE MAY ALL BE WEATHERWISE

The constant succession of storm and sunshine existing between the Rocky mountains and the Atlantic seaboard, is a sub ject of much interest to all persons engaged in agricultural pursuits. A few hints, and the statement of a few facts, may afford some light, and remove many existing errors in reference to the atmospheric changes, commonly called the weather. All the changes which take place in the animal and vegetable kingdoms result, in connection with the atmosphere, under the direct or indirect agency of the sunlight. Rain is one of these results. The action of the sunlight produces the great atmospheric currents which exist in different sections of the globe. The trade winds pass from the tropical regions over the Carribean sea and the Gulf of Mexico into higher latitudes, moving within the tropics from southeast to northwest, and after passing the tropics from southwest to northeast, and in higher intitudes from west to east; so that there exists a constant current over the eastern portion of the North American continent sweeping around over the western portion of the eastern continent, and thence back

within the tropics. At some point within this vast ærial whirlpool there is always existing a storm. A low growl of intense satisfaction stir-red the air, answered by the growl of fifty condense and forms clouds and storms. In the progress of these currents the action of the sunlight produces a vacum, which is the actual cause of the storm. tence of this vacum is indicated by the fall of the mercury in the barometer but more certainly by the wind. So soon as the vacum begins to exist, the air from all sides tresses in to restore the equilibrium. The combining of these currents condense the vapor, clouds exist, and the ordinary phenomena of the storm. When the equilibrium is restored the storm ceases. The wind is invariably blowing towards the approach ing, or following the receding storm. The direct motion of the storm is usually from southwest to northeast, but it has also a laterial movement from the northwest, and to the southeasi, and this results from the greater pressure of the northwest current tacting on the outer margin of the are of southwest wind, west, north west, and north wind indicate a receding storm. It ordinarly requires from 24 to 33 hours for a storm to pass from Cairo to New York. So soon as the equilibrum of the atmosphere is restored, the storm ceases; so that a storm at Cario might cease before it would

reach-New York. The intensity of the cold after any given storm depends upon two facts. If another storm is approaching from the southwest so as to counterbalance the receding storm. the cold will not be intense. If the lateral motion of the storm should be greater than the direct motion, the cold will be very inber 31, 1863; in its laterial movement, it and sang him the sweet cradle songs which reached Atlanta, Georgia, before the direct movement reached Philadelphia; hence it was colder at Memphis, Nashville, and At

I have stated these facts from very many observations, some of which I may give you, if these remarks are thought worthy of your notice. If the daily press would West, the farmer, with the aid of the barwould not have to look for the weather in the almanac or the moon.

Waste of Amunition .- How much ammulowing official report of the condition of arguments in favor of a change to breech-A new fear rose in the heart of Martha loading guns. With breech-loaders it Warren. The turbulence of the stream would be impossible to get in more than must have swept away the bridge over one charge at a time, and a man could tell

Of the whole number received (27,574 She gave up all for lost. Strongly and we found at least 24,000 of these loaded to her than the settlement at Lord's Hill, fearfully was she tempted to fold her child about one-half of these contained two loads Squire Varnum and Deacon Hall. The lat- ten miles away through the pathless woods. in her arms and plunge into the cauldron each, one-fourth from three to fen loads There was little to fear from Indians, al- beneath, and thus end all her fear and doubt. each, and the balance one load each. In though a number of scattered tribes yet It would be better, she thought, than to many of these guns from two to six balls roamed over these primeval hunting grounds. suffer that slow, painful death of starva have been found, with only one charge of Towards night a lost robin, beaten about of powder on top of the ball. In some as Twenty-five hundred dollars!" shouted tain, the yellow sun, peered over the rocky days before would have wept at the sight found in one Springfield rifle-musket, each load in regular order. Twenty-two balls Another night and day--like the other, and sixty-two buckshot, with a corresponsame kind on top of the ball, the ball hav-She tore open a vein in her arm with her ing been put into the gun naked. About scissors, and made him drink the blood! six thousand of the arms were found load-Anything, she said to herself, to calm the ed with Johnson & Dow's cartridges; many of these cartridges were about half-way The boy raised-he sat up, and peered down in the barrels of the guns, and in many cases the ball end of the cartridge "Mamma," he said, "papa is coming! I had been put into the gun first. These cartridges were found mostly in the Enfield

> An eminent divine preached one Sunday morning from the text, "Ye are the chil dren of the devil," and in the afternoon, by funny coincidence, from the words, "Chil dren, obey your parents."

"It's all stuff," as the lady said to her husband, who was complaining of dyspep-No! her eyes did not deceive her-there sia after a public dinner.

"Will you have it rare, or well done? said an Englishman to an Irishmah, as he was cutting a slice of roast beef. "I love it well done iver since I am in

this country," replied Pat, "for it was rare enough we used to ate in Ireland." Were a second deluge to occur the best place to retreat to would, of course, be

VERBUM SAP .- Time is never in a hurry,