

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

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Original Poetry.

For the Bradford Reporter. THE HONORED BLADE.

It hangs within the homestead hall, That honored sword, on the wainscot wall, Brightest and best of memories...

THE OMBEN.

A white cloud sailing o'er the sky, A meadow's cooling shade, Whose softest pillow heaped and high...

Miscellaneous.

UNDER SUSPICION. CHAPTER I.—THE ARREST. "Uncle Joseph, will you see to the luggage?"

The Bradford Reporter.

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"Why, it was one of the conditions, Mrs. Webster, that he should not write," I exclaimed.

Clara said nothing, but looked her thanks at her uncle.

"How ever, Uncle Joseph, he ought to have come back and taken his dismissal quietly. I have no patience with these poor men."

"And one, mamma, whom nothing on earth but my solemn promise to my poor father would make me call husband."

"Well, my dear, it's fortunate for your future interests that you made that promise. I'm sure that Mr. Tredgar is a man after my own heart."

"I'm sure, madam, Mr. Tredgar would feel only too much honored if he knew your sentiments; the candid avowal of them, I think, highly calculated to add to Clara's happiness under existing circumstances."

"Well, you know, Uncle Joseph, I am candid to a fault."

"Decidedly, madam, most decidedly," I replied, a remark which caused Mrs. Webster to read a yellow-covered novel for some time in silence, though shortly afterwards she dropped asleep.

She took it off, and gave it to me, and I read 'From Herbert' on the inside.

"What has he to do with this?" said Mrs. Webster. "Perhaps he—"

"Perhaps it did not belong to him, I was going to say."

"I saw it was not used to struggle; when the officer came down he would explain the mistake."

"Where can we wait?" I said.

"Wait, Uncle Joseph, what for?"

"Madam, this telegram orders the arrest of your daughter, and her detention here till the arrival of an officer from London."

"But what for?"

"No, sir, I am not; my name is—"

"Herbert! Herbert! my dear Herbert! it is you!"

"Clara had gone to him, and he had clasped her in his strong arms, while her face was hidden in his great beard."

"My own! my darling! my own darling!—she loves me still!"

"But why describe their meeting! Mr. Blake said to me at once."

"My dear sir, I am not wanted here, and I doubt if you are, and we left them."

"In half an hour we thought it probable we might be less in the way, and we went in. They sat on the sofa at a most suspiciously great distance from each other, and looked as happy and foolish as possible."

"And now, my dear Herbert, please to explain to us what has taken you at least half an hour to make clock to my niece."

THE ASIATIC CHOLERA.

What it is, and how to manage it.

I.—THE DIAGNOSIS.

The first two stages of cholera consist of first, diarrhoea; secondly, of a species of vomiting, wherein the patient does not generally experience nausea, but simply throws off fluid from the stomach, as in the emetic operations which accompany dyspepsia or indigestion; then commence the cramps, which, in some cases are not very severe, in others frightful and most agonizing; this stage almost immediately succeeds the evacuations of what has been aptly termed "rice-water," from its similitude to that substance; and indicates conclusively that the patient is in the third stage of delirium, cramps, blue skin, loss of pulse, cold sweats, clenched fingers, cold tongue, and an indescribable coldness of the whole body.

"Oh, yes; a month sooner is not much consequence."

"Don't, uncle," said Clara.

"You know how I went away, with just enough to pay for tools, and outfit and passage. I went to California, to the diggings, and was lucky, got a good claim, worked it, made a little money, took shares in a machine, worked the claim, improved the machinery, became manager director, and got rich; started six months ago to come home for Clara, took the fever at Panama, was down for two months there, not able to move hand or foot, and arrived only last night in Liverpool. There I met an old friend, and heard all the news; poor Webster's death, the promise, and the rest, and above all, that to-morrow was the day. I started by the first train to get to London, thinking the marriage would take place, and that I should be in time. Looking out of the window of the coach as the trains were passing each other at Peterborough, I saw Clara with her mother; I did not see you. I was mad; the train had started; I could not get on. There was Clara going to me, and I from her, as fast as express trains could go. What could I do? I knew nothing of where she was going and yet my information was positive that she was going to be married to-morrow, solely because she would keep her promise."

"Can you wonder at my doing as I did? The train did not stop till it reached London, and I found that by the time I had hunted up the address to which you had gone from the servants at home; I should have lost the last train, and not been able to get here till long past midnight. What to do I could not think."

"In the carriage in which I sat somebody had been talking about the murderer, Tawell, and the telegraph, the police on the doorstep, and so on. It all flashed on my mind in an instant."

"I went to the telegraph-office, and looking in, there was only a young lad there.— I went in and called him."

spoonfuls of warm water, a dose of laudanum being a teaspoonful to a tablespoon—according to the force of the diarrhoea. If, with this treatment, the diarrhoea is checked, although the debility of the stomach continues, or, so to speak, the inclination to vomit, it is of no consequence; the same thing occurs in taking blood from a patient in the ordinary way. His nausea is of no importance, neither his faintness and prostration, provided the bleeding is stopped, because, so soon as this is effected, all these cease spontaneously. So, in this disease, suppressing the discharge from the blood-vessels of the intestinal canal by opiate and astringent injections, the patient is saved. At the same time, he might take ten or twelve drops of saturated tincture of camphor, as a restorative and anti-spasmodic cordial, every hour, until it produces a copious perspiration. At the same time, he should be kept well covered in bed, with hot bricks or bottles of hot water at his feet.

An excellent preparation to stop the diarrhoea is the chalk mixture, and is prepared of—

1 oz. of Prepared Chalk; 1 oz. of Tincture of Chino; 2 dr. of Elix. of Peppermint; 2 dr. of Powder Gum Arabic; 2 dr. of Powder Sugar; 3 oz. of Peppermint Water.

In cases of violent diarrhoea, a wineglassful may be taken at once, when not so violent, a tablespoonful every two hours, or oftener, if the evacuations continue.

Mustard-plasters on the bowels, when there is much pain, are of excellent effect.

As soon as the patient feels himself relieved, he believes himself cured and able to go about his usual occupations, and is generally anxious to go out; this, however, is extremely hazardous; and that the cure may be thorough and complete, he should be kept in bed and wholly quiet for, at least, two or three days; a relapse is fatal.

I should caution against the use of laudanum by the mouth, in place of injection, first, because its action is less prompt upon the intestines, the seat of the disease; and, secondly, if taken into the stomach it obstructs and oppresses its functions, confuses the brain, and renders respiration difficult, by injection, none of these evils are perceptible.

The chalk mixture, in many cases, is all that is necessary, if administered early; but the opiate injections are invaluable, and the camphor ought to be taken at the same time.

come partly filled with hardened gum, which with the silica is foreign matter, interfering with the use of the fibre for paper.

The case is first soaked in salt water made lukewarm by the warm water condensed from the steam which is used in a subsequent process. It is then taken out and thrown in small pieces before the great "grains." These, in this factory, are five in number. They consist of cylindrical pipes bent double, the lower arm forming the gun. These lie horizontal, and are twenty-four feet in length, four of them being twelve inches in diameter and one of them fifteen. Before their muzzles is a large high room, bare of contents, with its windows covered with wire screening. The bamboo is crammed into the guns; steam is let on to a pressure of one hundred and eighty pounds to the square inch, so that it is really a gas, and where it jets from the crevices of the faucets shows a brilliant light.

After the bamboo has been in the guns for about twenty minutes the engineer carefully opens a valve in each gun and allows the water which has condensed from the steam to flow back into the vat where the wood is first soaked. He then sounds a shrill, fierce whistle of a couple of seconds' duration to warn the laborers fifty feet distant at the other end of the room, gives a quick, sharp pull to the mammoth trigger, and instantaneously a deafening explosion starts the unaccounted ear, and the air beyond the muzzle of the gun is filled with a dark brown cloud, through which fragments of greater or less size fly in bewildering confusion. One after another the five guns are discharged, each with the same prolonged, thunderous burst of sound, and each adding to the mass of dusty matter in the air. Following our courteous guide around the building on the outside (for no one is allowed to cross the path of the discharge, even when the guns are not loaded), we find at the other end of the room a pile of torn fibrous stuff, looking very much like very coarse and dark brown tow, but mingled with a gummy substance.

The fibre in this form, cut up by a machine resembling a "straw-cutter," is then carried to the next floor by means of a simple elevator, and then put through the process of "breaking down." It is thrown into a tank capable of containing some 10,000 gallons, and there is turned in upon it a "spent liquor" or weak alkaline solution used in the next process. When removed from this tank it is passed into two immense boilers, the alkaline solution referred to is let in either side to the paper mills or put through the milling process in the factory. Beyond this point we do not see that the process differs from that employed on other pulp. It stands now a firm, soft, strong material, ready, by the varied manipulations of the manufacture, to be converted into hardware paper, blotting paper, wrapping paper, boards for binding or box making, or any of the other numerous forms which paper pulp assumes.

The surface of good "news" paper made from it is of a satin-like softness and delicacy, takes an impression of a drawing, faintly, and with great accuracy, is extremely pleasant to handle, and is far more durable than that made of rags.

The Red Hook or Brooklyn Factory is doing a large business, and preparing to do a larger one. A new engine is in process of erection, and when completed the establishment will turn out twelve tons daily. Some idea of the extent of its work now may be gathered from the fact that its reservoir for salt water, drawn from the bay, is of a capacity of thirty tons, and that there is an impression of an average of 500,000 gallons every twenty-four hours.

The patent for this "blowing" process was, we believe, granted to Mr. A. S. Lyman, of Massachusetts, several years since, but the "Disintegrating Company" own the patent for the United States. They propose to erect a large factory at Carondelet, opposite St. Louis, Mo., and already have nearly completed the arrangements for it. They have had in operation at Elizabethport for some time a large factory, now in temporary suspension, to be re-located and started with twenty great guns. The last-named factory takes an impression of a complete commercial correspondence and equilibrium is first realized in a former slave State.

Perfect as this process seems, it is of course met with obstacles. These, with patience, intelligence, and skill, have been and are being steadily overcome, and a still higher development is sure to be speedily attained, though we are not now at liberty to indicate the means by which the attainment will be accomplished.—Brooklyn Union.

A doctor advertises in a country paper, that "whoever uses the Vegetable Universal Anti-Purging Aromatic Pills once, will not have cause to use them again." We rather think they won't.

A COTEMPORARY, noticing a postmaster says: "If he attends to the mails as he does to the females, he will make a very attentive and efficient officer."

PARADOXICAL though it may seem we have known persons to become very limber from the effects of taking a stiff glass of brandy.

Some husbands are driven to take a smile at a tavern because they get no smiles at home.

No one ought to enjoy what is too good for him; he ought to make himself worthy of it, and raise to its level.

It is a dangerous thing to tempt with temptation, that which ought at first to be rejected with disdain and abhorrence.

When a wealthy friend promises to leave you a house and lot, it is not always best to take the will for the deed.

We may do a very good action and not be a good man, but we cannot do a very ill one and not be an ill man.

Why is necessity like a great many laws great? Because it knows no law.