

The Bradford Reporter.

E. O. GOODRICH, Publisher. TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., FEBRUARY 14, 1867. \$2 per Annum, in Advance. VOLUME XXVII. NUMBER 37.

TERMS OF PUBLICATION. The Reporter is published every Thursday Morning, by E. O. Goodrich, at \$2 per annum, in advance.

ADVERTISEMENTS, exceeding fifteen lines are inserted at ten cents per line for first insertion, and five cents per line for subsequent insertions. Special notices inserted before Marriages and Deaths, will be charged fifteen cents per line for each insertion. All resolutions of Associations; communications of limited or individual interest; and notices of Marriages or Deaths exceeding five lines, are charged ten cents per line.

One Column, 1 Year, 6 mo. \$3 00
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Extraordinary, Foot of Found, and other advertisements, not exceeding 10 lines, three weeks, or less, \$1 50
Advertiser's Office, at the Reporter's Office, 2 00
Auditory Notices, exceeding 5 00
Business Cards, five lines, (per year) 2 50
Merchants and others, advertising their business, will be charged \$20. They will be entitled to 1 column, confined exclusively to their business, with privilege of change.

PRINTING of every kind in Plain and Fancy Colours, done with neatness and dispatch. Handbills, Blankets, Cards, Pamphlets, &c., of every variety and style, printed at the shortest notice. The Reporter Office has just been refitted with Power Presses, and every thing in the Printing line can be executed in the most artistic manner and at the lowest rates. TERMS INVARIABLY CASH.

THOMAS J. INGHAM, ATTORNEY AT LAW, LAFAYETTE, Sullivan County, Pa.

GEORGE D. MONTAGNE, AT TOWNY AT LAW, Office in Union Block, TOWANDA, Pa.

W. T. DAVIES, Attorney at Law, TOWANDA, Pa. Office with Wm. Watkins, Esq. Particular attention paid to the preparation of legal business and settlement of decedent estates.

MERCUR & MORROW, Attorneys at Law, TOWANDA, Pa. The undersigned having associated themselves together in the practice of law, offer their professional services to the public. CLAYSON MERCUR, F. D. MORROW, March 3, 1866.

PATRICK & PECK, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office in Union Block, TOWANDA, Pa. Formerly occupied by Hon. Wm. Ellwood in Patrick's block, Adams. They may be consulted at either place. W. A. PECK, H. W. PATRICK, April 3, 1866.

Selected Tale.

THE TWO SISTERS OF COLOGNE.

MORE than forty years ago I was a poor art-student, journeying over Europe with a knapsack on my back, having resolved to visit, if possible, every gallery worth a painter's study. I started with but a few shillings in my pocket; but I had colors and brushes, strength of limb, and determination of heart. It was my practice, on entering a town, to offer to paint a portrait, in exchange for so many days' bed and board; or, when I found no man's vanity to be thus played upon, I applied at all the like shops, and I seldom failed of work. Thus I knapsack on my back, having resolved to visit, if possible, every gallery worth a painter's study. I started with but a few shillings in my pocket; but I had colors and brushes, strength of limb, and determination of heart. It was my practice, on entering a town, to offer to paint a portrait, in exchange for so many days' bed and board; or, when I found no man's vanity to be thus played upon, I applied at all the like shops, and I seldom failed of work.

It is to be so, we will give you a supper and a night's lodging. We need no payment. We are bound by a vow to help any poor wayfarer so far. You may come with us, young man."

"Something within me said, 'Do not go.' But why? What young fellow of twenty would refuse the hospitality of two handsome women, especially when he has but a few shillings in his pockets, is tired and hungry? Yet I hesitated.

"I will paint your pictures in the morning, then, in return for your hospitality," I replied, smiling. I was a vain boy, I am afraid, in those days. I had good teeth, and liked to show them. The younger sister, I saw, never took her eyes off me. There was no harm in appearing to the best advantage. I bowed rather directly to her as she spoke, and once more the sisters exchanged glances.

A hired carriage was waiting. Without a word they stepped into it and I followed them. The driver clearly knew where to drive. Without any order being given we set off rapidly, but in what direction I did not think of observing. Like most German carriages, the glasses rattled over the stones, so that I could not read myself speak. I made a futile effort, but neither sister attempted to respond. Both at that opposite me, motionless, leaning back in the two corners. I had nothing for it but to watch their faces in silence and speculate about their history, as the lamps, swung across the narrow streets, threw lurid jets of light ever and anon upon those two white masks under the black point of white.

It was not until we had been driving for upwards of twenty minutes, and had come out into what I supposed to be a suburb of the city, that I suddenly flashed upon the fact that I had left my knapsack behind me in the confessional. An exclamation of annoyance escaped me. "What is it?" said the younger sister, leaning forward; her voice was far more musical than her sister's.

"There were but few persons present, and those were huddled together in one of the side-chapels, dimly lighted by the flare of half a dozen candles upon the altar where a priest was officiating. The only other light throughout the great shadowy pile was given forth by a feeble oil of votive candle here and there, burning its little life away before the Mother of Seven Sorrows, or the presiding saint of some smaller betiselled shrine, and struggling out in the great sea of darkness fast gathering over all. The chairs were piled away in blocks, except a few, left for the use of the devout, near the altar. I preferred sinking into a confessional against the wall, where no ray of light penetrated. I laid my head upon my knapsack. I heard the priest's monotonous drone, the tinkle of the little bell, the low, heavenly murmur of the organ, and then—I fell asleep.

Did I dream what follows? As I am telling you as simply and truthfully as I can all that I know of the matter, I begin by saying that I have never been able to satisfy myself entirely upon this point. Assuredly, the strangeness is no less lessened, but rather increased twofold, as the sequel will show; if one can believe that the strong and painful impression left upon my brain produced while I was asleep.

glittering spiral threads hanging partly down the back, and surmounted by some sort of black coil or conical head-gear. Their aspect, altogether, was very singular; I found that, so soon as my eye had fallen on them, I could not take it off; and to say the truth, if I stared, the young women returned my stare with interest. As I moved wearily away, the elder one spoke,—

"Have you no money to buy yourself a night's lodging, young man?" "I have enough for that, Fraulein," I replied, coloring; "but I am almost too tired to go about and look for one. . . . I have been ill, and have walked some miles to-day."

The sisters exchanged glances. "If it be so, we will give you a supper and a night's lodging. We need no payment. We are bound by a vow to help any poor wayfarer so far. You may come with us, young man."

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the worse for you if you do. I would save you, young man."

I understood her to refer to my poverty and her own wealth, as I replied, with a little flourish of gallantry,—

"If my love for another makes me proof against your charms, Fraulein, I am not likely to yield to the temptation of riches, poverty and I am well acquainted already. Its dangers and hardships cannot scare me, for I have experienced them all."

"There are some dangers you have not experienced. A comely young fellow may run risks sometimes that he knows not of."

There was a wild look in her eyes as she spoke, and her words left a vague, uncomfortable impression on me. But Lori entered the room at this moment, carrying my bedding in her arms, and our conversation with Gretchen was impossible. She helped her sister to spread the bed, but not nailed down—might be removed no doubt, with some little trouble. I dug my nails into the chinks and tried to lift one. In vain. I only tore my finger with a splinter. Then I brought me the old knife I had seen in the cupboard. With its help, I presently raised the end of one of the boards, and so drew it out. A square deal box lay concealed beneath. It had no lock or fastening of any kind.

Although my excitement was so strong that I remember my two hands trembling as they laid hold of the lid, yet I paused for a moment before raising it. Was it a dissonance raising it? My conscience told me I was justified, and I tore the box open. I nearly dropped the candle as my eyes beheld the contents.

First, there was a great bundle of coarse, black hair; then one of curly, flaxen, like a child's; then another very long and silky brown,—a woman's, evidently. Along with these were four, six, eight, rows of teeth, some large and strong, some fine and white. A common ring or two, a silver watch-chain, a poor cloth cap filled the remaining space in the box.

The horrible truth flashed upon me. I had been brought here, not to be robbed of my poor clothes, nor of what little coin I might have about me. These were only the contents of the bag. They were seeking to compass my life, as they had done the lives of others, for the sake of such possessions as these before me,—possessions independent of poverty or wealth! I remembered the tales that had been rife in my own country, not long before that time, touching Burke and Haro. And I now remembered, too, the look that Lori had given her sister, when, in my idiotic vanity, I had smiled and showed my teeth.

Now, I knew what was the danger, to which Gretchen, in a sudden conviction and softening of heart towards me, had referred. Now, I could see clearly whither every incident of the evening tended. The beer at supper was drugged with some strong narcotic. Gretchen had tried to save me. Had she really done so? I had tasted the drink; and though I never felt wider awake in my life than I did at that horrible moment when the sweat started upon my brow, in my consciousness that my life might not be worth an hour's purchase, might not the effect of the drug be only weakened and retarded for a while? The small quantity I had imbibed had excited my brain into an abnormal condition for the time. I had little doubt of this. Might it not be succeeded by a reaction? I was seized with a horrible dread of succumbing, sooner or later, to sleep. I should then be powerless. I cared for nothing, comparatively, if I could only keep awake. I started up. It was dangerous to sit still. I traversed the room with hasty strides. I tried to turn the handle of the door; it did not yield; it was locked on the outside. There could be no longer a doubt of the design against me.

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The horrible truth flashed upon me. I had been brought here, not to be robbed of my poor clothes, nor of what little coin I might have about me. These were only the contents of the bag. They were seeking to compass my life, as they had done the lives of others, for the sake of such possessions as these before me,—possessions independent of poverty or wealth! I remembered the tales that had been rife in my own country, not long before that time, touching Burke and Haro. And I now remembered, too, the look that Lori had given her sister, when, in my idiotic vanity, I had smiled and showed my teeth.

Now, I knew what was the danger, to which Gretchen, in a sudden conviction and softening of heart towards me, had referred. Now, I could see clearly whither every incident of the evening tended. The beer at supper was drugged with some strong narcotic. Gretchen had tried to save me. Had she really done so? I had tasted the drink; and though I never felt wider awake in my life than I did at that horrible moment when the sweat started upon my brow, in my consciousness that my life might not be worth an hour's purchase, might not the effect of the drug be only weakened and retarded for a while? The small quantity I had imbibed had excited my brain into an abnormal condition for the time. I had little doubt of this. Might it not be succeeded by a reaction? I was seized with a horrible dread of succumbing, sooner or later, to sleep. I should then be powerless. I cared for nothing, comparatively, if I could only keep awake. I started up. It was dangerous to sit still. I traversed the room with hasty strides. I tried to turn the handle of the door; it did not yield; it was locked on the outside. There could be no longer a doubt of the design against me.

the worse for you if you do. I would save you, young man."

I understood her to refer to my poverty and her own wealth, as I replied, with a little flourish of gallantry,—

"If my love for another makes me proof against your charms, Fraulein, I am not likely to yield to the temptation of riches, poverty and I am well acquainted already. Its dangers and hardships cannot scare me, for I have experienced them all."

"There are some dangers you have not experienced. A comely young fellow may run risks sometimes that he knows not of."

There was a wild look in her eyes as she spoke, and her words left a vague, uncomfortable impression on me. But Lori entered the room at this moment, carrying my bedding in her arms, and our conversation with Gretchen was impossible. She helped her sister to spread the bed, but not nailed down—might be removed no doubt, with some little trouble. I dug my nails into the chinks and tried to lift one. In vain. I only tore my finger with a splinter. Then I brought me the old knife I had seen in the cupboard. With its help, I presently raised the end of one of the boards, and so drew it out. A square deal box lay concealed beneath. It had no lock or fastening of any kind.

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the worse for you if you do. I would save you