The Bradford Reporter.

E. O. GOODRICH, Publisher. REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER. $2 per Annum, in Advance.

VOLUME XXVIII. TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., DECEMBER 19, 1867. NUMBER 30.

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.

	1 Year.	6 mo.	3 mo.
One Column,	$75	$40	$30
Half "	40	25	15
One Square,	10	7½	5

Estray, Caution, Lost and Found, and other advertisements, not exceeding 10 lines, three weeks, or less, ...$1 50
Administrator's & Executor's Notices.. 2 00
Auditor's Notices.................. 2 50
Business Cards, five lines, (per year).. 5 00

Merchants and others, advertising their business, will be charged $20. They will be entitled to ¼ column, confined exclusively to their business, with privilege of change.

☞ Advertising in all cases exclusive of subscription to the paper.

JOB PRINTING of every kind, in Plain and Fancy colors, done with neatness and dispatch. Handbills, Blanks, Cards, Pamphlets, &c., of every variety and style, printed at the shortest notice. The 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 lowest rates. TERMS INVARIABLY CASH.

Cards.

GEORGE D. MONTANYE, ATTORNEY AT LAW—Office corner of Main and Pine streets, opposite Porter's Drug Store.

DOCTOR EDWARD S. PERKINS, Offers his professional services to the citizens of Frenchtown and vicinity. Calls promptly attended to. May 28, 1867.—1y*

W. T. DAVIES, Attorney at Law, Towanda, Pa. Office with Wm. Watkins, Esq. Particular attention paid to Orphans' Court business and settlement of decedents estates.

MERCUR & MORROW, Attorneys at Law, Towanda, Penn'a. The undersigned having associated themselves together in the practice of Law, offer their professional services to the public. ULYSSES MERCUR P. D. MORROW. March 9, 1865.

PATRICK & PECK, ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Offices:—In Patton Block, Towanda, Patrick's block, Athens, Pa. They may be consulted at either place. H. W. PATRICK, apl13 W. A. PECK.

H. B. McKEAN, ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Towanda, Pa. Particular attention paid to business in the Orphans' Court. July 20, 1866.

HENRY PEET, Attorney at Law, Towanda, Pa. jun27, 66.

DR. H. WESTON, DENTIST.—Office in Patton's Block, over Gore's Drug and Chemical Store. 1jan66

EDWARD OVERTON Jr., Attorney at Law, Towanda, Pa. Office in the Court House. July 13, 1865.

DR. R. DAVIES, LERAYSVILLE, PA. has permanently located at the office formerly occupied by Dr. B. DeWitt, for the practice of his profession. May 9, 1867.

JOHN N. CALIFF, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Towanda, Pa. Also, Government Agent for the collection of Pensions, Back Pay and Bounty. ☞ No charge unless successful. Office over the Post Office and News Room. Dec. 1, 1864.

H. P. KIMBALL, Licensed Auctioneer, Pottersville, Bradford Co. Pa. tenders his services to the public. Satisfaction guaranteed, or no pay required. All orders by mail, addressed as above, will receive prompt attention. Oct. 2, 1867.—6m*

JOHN W. MIX, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Towanda, Bradford Co. Pa. General Insurance and Real Estate Agent.—Bounties and Pensions collected. N. B.—All business in the Orphan's Court attended to promptly and with care. Office first block south of Ward House, up stairs. Oct. 24, '67.

DOCTOR B. DeWITT, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.—May be found during the day—unless otherwise engaged—on Main-st., a few doors below Codding & Russell's. Residence corner of William and Division-sts., lately occupied by E. A. Parsons. Towanda, April 28, 1867.—1y*

PARSONS & CARNOCHAN, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Troy, Bradford Co. Practice in all the Courts of the county. Collections made and promptly remitted. E. P. PARSONS, d12 W. H. CARNOCHAN.

DR. PRATT has removed to State street, (first above B. S. Russell & Co's Bank). Persons from a distance desirous of consulting him, will be most likely to find him on Saturday of each week. Especial attention will be given to surgical cases, and the extraction of teeth. Gas or Ether administered when desired. July 18, 1866. D. S. PRATT, M. D.

DOCTOR CHAS. F. PAINE.—Office in GORE'S Drug Store, Towanda, Pa. Calls promptly attended to at all hours. Towanda, November 28, 1866.

EDW'D MEEKS—AUCTIONEER. All letters addressed to him at Sugar Run, Bradford Co. Pa., will receive prompt attention.

FRANCIS E. POST, Painter, Towanda, Pa, with 10 years experience, is confident he can give the best satisfaction in Painting, Graining, Staining, Glazing, Papering, &c. ☞ Particular attention paid to Jobbing in the country. April 9, 1866.

J. K. VAUGHAN—Architect and Builder.—All kinds of Architectural designs furnished. Ornamental work in Stone, Iron and Wood. Office on Main street, over Russell & Co.'s Bank. Attention given to Rural Architecture, such as laying out of grounds, &c., &c. April 1, 1867.—1y.

J. J. NEWELL, COUNTY SURVEYOR, Orwell, Bradford Co., Pa., will promptly attend to all business in his line. Particular attention given to running and establishing old or disputed lines. Also to surveying of all unpatented lands as soon as warrants are obtained. my17

W. HERSEY WATKINS, Notary Public is prepared to take Depositions, Acknowledge the Execution of Deeds, Mortgages, Powers of Attorney, and all other instruments. Affidavits and other papers may be sworn to before me. Office opposite the Banking House of B. S. Russell & Co., a few doors north of the Ward House. Towanda, Pa., Jan. 14, 1867.

D. D. KNAPP, Watch Maker and Dealer in Gents and Ladies Watches Chains and Finger Rings, Clocks, Jewelry, Gold Pens, Spectacles, Silver ware, Plated ware, Hollow-ware, Thimbles, Sewing Machines, and other goods belonging to a Jewelry Store. Perticular attention paid to Repairing, at his old place near the Post Office, Waverly, N. Y. Dec. 3, 1866.—tf.

JOHN MORAY, ARTIST AND PHOTOGRAPHER. Will promptly attend to all business in his line. Special attention given to Landscape and Stereoscopic Photography. Views of Family Residences, Stores, Public Buildings, Animals, Machines, etc., taken in the best manner. Particular attention given to the novel and beautiful stereoscopic representation of objects. Orders received at Wood & Harding's Photographic Art Gallery, Towanda. Towanda, April 23, 1867.—yl.

DENTAL CARD. DRS. SMITH & TAYLOR, Would take this opportunity of thanking the friends who so kindly assisted them at the late fire, and would say that it has not seriously interfered with their business, which they still continue over Cross & Co's Book Store, in Patton's Block. Towanda, Aug. 12, 1867.

A SPLENDID STOCK OF GROCERIES, wooden, willow and stone-ware at Brasshall & Cowell's cheap store.

Cards.

I. O. OF O.F.—BRADFORD LODGE No. 167, I. O. of O. F., meets at Odd Fellows Hall, every Monday evening from the first Monday in April to the first Monday in October at 7½ p. m., from October to April at 6½ p. m. J. S. CAREY, Sec'y. April 23, 1867.

WARD HOUSE, TOWANDA, PA. On Main Street, near the Court House. C. T. SMITH, Proprietor. Oct. 8, 1866.

AMERICAN HOTEL, TOWANDA, PA. Having purchased this well known Hotel on Bridge Street, I have refurnished and refitted it with every convenience for the accommodation of all who may patronize me. No pains will be spared to make all pleasant and agreeable. May 3, '66.—tf. J. S. PATTERSON, Prop.

ELWELL HOUSE, TOWANDA, PA., JOHN C. WILSON. Having leased this House, is now ready to accommodate the Travelling public. No pains nor expense will be spared to give satisfaction to those who may give him a call. ☞ North side of the public square, east of Mercur's new block [now building].

NEW ARRANGEMENT AT THE NEWS ROOM AND BOOK STORE. The undersigned having purchased the BOOK STORE AND NEWS ROOM of J. J. Griffiths, respectfully invite the old patrons of the establishment and the public generally, to call and examine our stock. ALVORD & BARBER. S. W. ALVORD. F. E. BARBER.

MRS. ALLEN & MISS CORWIN, DRESS MAKERS, Respectfully tender their services to the Ladies of Towanda and vicinity. All work guaranteed to give satisfaction. Particular attention paid to CUTTING AND FITTING. Rooms in basement of James Elliott's residence, on Second Street. Towanda, Oct. 17, 1867.

FASHIONABLE TAILORING! LEWIS REHBEIN Respectfully informs the citizens of Towanda Borough, that he has opened a TAILOR SHOP, In Phinney's Building opposite the Means House and solicits a share of public patronage. He is prepared to cut and make garments in the most fashionable style, and the most durable manner. Perfect satisfaction will be guaranteed. Cutting and Repairing done to order on short notice. Sept. 10, 1867.

WATCHMAKERS, JEWELLERS, HUGNENIN BROTHERS. Recently from Europe, with a large assortment of Clocks and Watches, from the best manufactory in Switzerland, have located themselves, temporarily, at the Music Rooms of DeWitt & Dittrich, where they will be pleased to show their wares to the public. A thorough experience in European establishments enables them to offer assurance of complete satisfaction in their department. Particular attention given to repairing clocks, watches and jewelry. Towanda, Oct. 24, 1867.—3m*

WHOLESALE MUSIC DEPOT L. B. POWELL, Scranton, Pa., Dealer in Chickering's Pianos, Decker's Pianos, Mason & Hamlin's Cabinet Organs, Treat, Lindsley & Co's Melodeons, and all of Musical Instruments, Sheet Music and Music Books. Orders from Dealers and Teachers especially solicited. Address, L. B. POWELL, 116 Pennsylvania Avenue, Scranton, Pa. March 28, 1867.—8m.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAVE opened a Banking House in Towanda, under the name of G. F. MASON & CO. They are prepared to draw Bills of Exchange, and make collections in New York, Philadelphia, and all portions of the United States, as also England, Germany, and France. To Loan money, receive deposits, and to do a general Banking business. G. F. Mason was one of the late firm of Laporte, Mason & Co., of Towanda, Pa., and his knowledge of the business men of Bradford and adjoining Counties, and having been in the banking business for about fifteen years, make this house a desirable one, through which to make collections. G. F. MASON, A. G. MASON. Towanda, Oct. 1, 1866.

MILLINERY & DRESS MAKING WINTER STYLES! NEW GOODS! MRS. SEAMAN, Desires to inform the ladies of Towanda and vicinity that she is now prepared to exhibit her NEW STYLES AND NEW GOODS. She has constantly on hand a full assortment, and is prepared to execute orders on the shortest possible notice. Also a great variety of patterns, just received. Particular attention given to dress and cloak making. Rooms over Cohen & Rosenfield's Clothing Store, Mercur's Block. Towanda, Nov. 16, 1867.

HARDING & SMALLEY, Having entered into a co-partnership for the transaction of the PHOTOGRAPHIC business, at the rooms formerly occupied by Wood and Harding, would respectfully call the attention of the public to several styles of Pictures which we make specialties, as: Solar Photographs, Plain, Penciled and Colored, Opaltypes, Porcelain Pictures, &c., which we claim for clearness and brilliancy of tone and Artistic finish, can not be excelled. We invite all to examine them as well as the more common kinds of Portraits which we make, knowing full well that they will bear the closest inspection. This Gallery claims the highest reputation for good work of any in this section of country, and we are determined by a strict attention to business and the superior quality of our work, to not only retain but increase its very enviable reputation. We keep constantly on hand the best variety of Frames and at lower prices than at any other establishment in town. Also Passepartouts Card frames, Card Easels, Holmes' Stereoscopes, Stereoscopic Vies, and everything else of importance pertaining to the business. Give us an early call. N. B.—Solar Printing for the trade on the most reasonable terms. D. HARDING, F. SMALLEY. Aug. 29, '67.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS EXPERIENCE IN DENTISTRY. J. M. SMITH, M. D., would respectfully inform the inhabitants of Bradford County that he is permanently located in Waverly, N. Y., where he has been in the practice of his profession for the past four years. He would say that from his long and successful practice of 25 years duration he is familiar with all the different styles of work done in any and all Dental Establishments in city or country, and is better prepared than any other Dental operator in the vicinity to do work the best adapted to the many and different cases that present themselves oftentimes to the Dentist, as he understands the art of making his own artificial teeth, and has facilities for doing the same. To those requiring under sets of teeth he would call attention to his new kind of work which consists of porcelain for both plate and teeth, and forming a continuous gum. It is more durable, more natural in appearance, and much better adapted to the gum than any other kind of work. Those in need of the same are invited to call and examine specimens. Teeth filled to last for years and oftentimes for life.—Chloroform, Ether, and "Nitrous Oxide" administered with perfect safety, as over four hundred patients within the last four years can testify. I will be in Towanda from the 15th to 30th of every month, at the office of W. K. TAYLOR, (formerly occupied by Dr. O. H. Woodruff.) Having made arrangements with Mr. Taylor, I am prepared to do all work in the very best style, at his office. April 23, 1867.

Selected Poetry.

TWO LITTLE PAIRS OF BOOTS.

Two little pairs of boots to-night
Before the fire are drying;
Two little pairs of tired feet
In the trundle-bed are lying;
The track they leave upon the floor
Makes me feel much like sighing.

These little boots with copper toes,
They run the livelong day,
And oftentimes I almost wish
That they were miles away;
So tired I am to hear so oft
Their heavy tramp at play.

They walk about the new-plow'd ground,
Where mud in plenty lies;
They roll it up in marbles round,
And bake it into pies;
And then at night upon the floor
In every shape it dries.

To-day I was disposed to scold;
But when I look to-night,
At those small boots before the fire,—
The copper toes so bright—
I think how sad my heart would be
To put them out of sight.

For in a trunk up stairs I've laid
Two socks of white and blue;
If called to put these boots away,
O God! what should I do?
I mourn that there are not to-night
Three pairs instead of two.

I mourned, because I thought how nice
My neighbor 'cross the way,
Could keep her carpets all the year
From getting worn and gray;
Yet well I know she'd smile to own
Some little boys to-day!

Ah, we mothers weary get and worn
Over our load of care;
But how we speak of those dear ones
Let each of us beware;
What would our firesides be to-night
If no small boots were there?

Selected Tale.

CAPTAIN TOM'S FRIGHT.

"I tell you, I never was so frightened in my life," said Captain Tom Kestle, filling his brierwood and ramming home the tobacco with a bit of stick, "excepting once," he added, reflectively.

"How was that captain?" said I, detecting indications of a yarn, let's have it if it is worth telling." The captain lit a cedar splint at the fire and proceeded to ignite his pipe, the flame of the dry stick bringing out his strong quiet features and grayish hair and beard in relief against the black woods behind him.

Cannot some modern Rembrant take for his subject the head of a fine-looking soldier as he lights his pipe at night? Hundreds of times has the picturesque effect caught my eye and made me wish that it could be fixed on canvas. Our fire had been suffered to die out at sunset, save smouldering embers as would attract no hostile eye, and only threw a dim, red glow over the half-dozen officers crouched around. We were just behind the crest of one of those passes in the Virginia mountains, which were taken and lost so many times during the war for the Union. We had a section of light artillery, five or six companies of infantry, and a mounted orderly or so, and were instructed to hold the position for twenty-four hours at all hazards.—Looking up the stony road from where we sat under the cedars, one could just see the outline of our two field-pieces where they stood pointing over the crest of the hastily constructed parapet, and about them the dim forms of the gun squads waiting for the expected firing of the pickets some two hundred yards down the slope beyond.

The cold mountain wind swept over the ridge and down through the rustling cedars to the now empty and blackened redoubt which we had carried the day before. Captain Tom had led the assault, and it was the story of his experiences therein that he had just finished with the remark as to his comparative fright on that and a former occasion. The captain had the coolest way of talking about his personal frights, a way which we all understood perfectly, for most of us had too often seen him in action to believe his astounding accounts of his own cowardice. I actually believe that to this day, many a casual hearer of his yarns thinks that Captain Tom was the coward he painted himself, for often would a stranger ask, after hearing him narrate some of his exploits, how such a shameless sneak could remain in service with honor.

This time, for instance, I had seen the captain with my own eyes lead his men through a galling spatter of canister and musketry, form them under the bank—he standing the while on a rock exposed to the fire of a hundred Rebel riflemen—then, with a magnificent rush and scramble take them over the parapet and into the redoubt, he being the first man over by at least six or eight paces, and hauling down their bunting with his own hands.

In his own account, the captain figured somewhat as follows:—

"I formed the men well back in the woods, behind some big trees, feeling all the while as a man does when he is swimming in deep water and sharks are round. I gave the word 'forward' and marched at their head like a hero until the Rebs began to pepper us as we came out of cover. Then away went the men with a cheer into the water. I got behind two of the biggest men in the company and made out to cross the water without much exposure except from wet feet. The men formed somehow or another under the bank, and I stood behind a big rock. I suppose this is the rock I saw him standing on.—'Then presently they gave another cheer and up they went. My first sergeant prodded me with his bayonet—the fellow seems to like me and be jealous of my fair fame—and somehow I got over the parapet, and seeing that there was no more fighting, I marched up to the flag-staff and hauled down their colors with all the dignity of a sergeant-major. I tell you, I never was so frightened in my life—excepting once." This "excepting once" was an addition to the captain's usual formula for closing his yarns, and checked by its seriousness the laughter which commonly followed. "Well," said he in answer to my question and and request, "we're all pretty good friends here, and I don't mind telling you now, although the yarn involves the reason why my hair is gray, as you see it. But I haven't visited those confounded outposts for the last hour so. I say, Charley, would you mind going with me? If there's one thing I'm more afraid of than another, it is visiting outposts at night, and I'll swear I've had more of it to do than any other man in the corps."

I, of course, gladly accompanied him. I was an aid on the division staff, and had been sent up with this detachment to bring instant news of disaster should any occur, as well as to report all events of importance from a head-quarters point of view. I was always willing to be on hand if anything was going on, for I well knew that, disaster or not, I should be cross-examined by the general the moment I reported at headquarters.

This night of which I am writing, with perhaps half a dozen others, is marked in my memory, and stands distinct from all the nights of long and weary campaigns, not so much for its imminent peril as for the wild picturesqueness of its accessories.—We turned our backs on the fire, and stumbled on among the dimly-illumined cedar trunks into the dark road, walked up past the picket rope where the artillery horses stood, ready harnessed, champing their bits, past the black caissons, up to the parapet where the gun squads crouched behind the slight shelter, and the two cannon looked over into the darkness beyond, ready to shatter the mountain stillness with their roar. Behind us a dim glow on the air showed where our little force under the woods, and beyond was the black, empty darkness of the wide Shenandoah Valley, unillumined by a single light save the fires of one or two detachments of the Federal Army, while away to the southward a red glow lit up the horizon where the two great tidal waves of Union and Secession were chafing as they met, and where, very likely, shots were ringing and flames roaring in the night. Near us, however, all was stillness, and we crossed the embankment and walked silently down the steeply-sloping road. We advanced some two hundred yards, and then paused as we heard an ominous double click. The captain whistled so tly, and was answered from the direction of the click. We advanced, and a whispered consultation with the videttes assured us that all was right, although one of them had heard voices apparently a long way off down the mountain. We passed on to the other posts, and in the course of half an hour were once more seated at our fire, and the captain was charging his inevitable pipe preparatory to the promised yarn.

"Well, fellows," began he, "I feel sort of confidential to-night—a strange feeling for me by the way, and I think that some great piece of luck must be awaiting me as a consequence. However, I think I will tell you the story, although I never told it to a living soul before, and the very thought of telling it now sends a chill up the small of my back, so you mustn't be astonished if I turn childish before I get through. You must know that in the summer and Fall of 1850 I was in my profession of engineer, rebuilding a long bridge on the Sunset and Great Western Railroad. My station was ten or fifteen miles from any town, and I had a gang of thirty or forty of the wildest Irishmen you ever saw caught, beside the sober mechanics who did the joiner work on the bridge. A pretty lonely life I led, for there was hardly any one with whom it was a pleasure to associate for any length of time, though perhaps that was to some extent my fault, for I was always rather distant and reserved with the men, more from a fear of seeming to court popularity than from any other reason. My station was at the end of a long and perfectly straight stretch of road. I suppose there must have been fifteen miles of track without a curve of any sort, save that which belongs to the surface of the earth. As the line neared the river an easy grade raised it a few feet, so as to carry the roadway of the bridge clear of floods.—Rather more than half way up this grade was a cut-off or side track, crossing the river on a temporary trestle, and intended to remain only while the main bridge was undergoing its repairs. This cut-off was set at a very acute angle, so that the speed of passing trains was checked while crossing the river. One could stand on this grade and see the approaching trains at least a dozen miles off, when the air was clear, as they came tearing across the prairie and up the grade and over the bridge whirling past us momentary glimpse of the world and its life. Perhaps the conductor, if he was a clever fellow, would throw us off a package of papers. That was all we knew of outside life, for none but 'gravel trains' condescended to stop at our little station. Our quarters consisted of a cluster of board shanties, with one of more luxurious build for me, all located for convenience of getting water, a quarter of a mile above the bridge, where the banks of the river were accessible.

Those of you who have Irishmen in your companies well know that whisky naturally gravitates to their vicinity, and almost always of a Saturday night a supply was on hand in our little community, on which the week's wages distinguished by a tearing spree, which invariably terminated in a free fight, but as the combatants were usually too drunk to do much harm to one another when the fighting time same round, no material damage was ever done.

There was one among these fellows with whom, from the first, I had foreseen trouble. A thick-set, surly dog he was, Pete McGee by name, and a "Fardowner" by birth. He had always some fault to find about his pay, was always grumbling, was continually shirking his work, and withal a mighty drinker, and when drunk a mighty man to lead the crowd. Our antipathy to one another seemed to be led to a climax by fortune, and I had good reason to believe that twice already had Pete instigated an attack on me in my house said attacks having been easily repelled by sundry discharges of my revolver at a high elevation.

One day I was watching the labors of a gang who were shoveling dirt off a drain which had been filled by a recent storm. I noted that Pete was shirking frightfully by taking a mighty small quantity of earth on his spade, and throwing it as short a distance as possible. He saw that I noticed him, and by a muttered remark to his companions he let them know that he did. In a few minutes I saw that the whole gang had word of the shirking of Pete and my observance thereof. I made up my mind to have it out with him, for the sake of discipline I had with me a three and a half foot stick which I always carried for measuring purposes, a good, stout, hard cane of hickory, of which, thanks to a long residence with an old English backwoodsman, I knew also the use in self-defence.

"Pete," said I, "if you don't do your full share of work from this time on, your name goes off the roll to-morrow night and you leave by the next train." Pete stopped work and looked at me a moment from under his shaggy brows, then leaned his spade against the ditch-side, hitched up his trousers, removed his dudeen from his mouth and stuck it in his hat, and then climbed slowly out of the ditch. Pete's shillalah and brown jug were never far from him, and he walked cooly toward them, remarking, "Ye dirty spalpeen! I'll brake the head of ye sure as me name's Pete McGee, an' ye may tak' me name off the roll and be damned to ye." In an instant he had his bit of black thorn in his hand, and knocking his hat off, pipe and all, he tightened his belt and came toward me, as ugly looking a specimen as your would wish to meet. I heard a man remark, "Boys, here's a discussion wid shticks shure enough," and saw the hands stop work and watch the progress of events with the enthusiastic interest of Irishmen when they become aware that a fight is approaching. My authority was at an end if I backed out, whereas if I made a good fight I might retain my authority, even if whipped. So I glanced round to see that there were no rolling stones or the like to step on, and made up my mind to fight it out.—"Pete McGee," said I, as he drew near, "you'd better think twice before you do it." "Hould yer tongue, will ye? I've stood yer tyranny long enough," was the only reply I received, and in a moment Pete had struck. I had parried, and we were at it. If any of you have happened to see quarter-staff play on board a man-of-war, you will appreciate the game. Some hundred men take the sticks at a time and pair off in two lines on the main deck. Very often any two men who have a quarrel settle it by getting opposite one another and pitching in. I have seen some pretty sharp fights at such times.—Pete was evidently an old hand at the sticks, and had doubtless figured in former days at many a county fair in the old country. So I stood on the defensive, catching blows like flail-strokes, aimed at head, leg and side with astonishing rapidity. Pete was evidently surprised at finding me au fait with the sticks, and in truth I had all I could do to keep him from breaking my head. As it was, he gave me an ugly crack on the left shoulder, and hit me slightly elsewhere once or twice before I let him know that I could strike.

"At length emboldened by my continued attitude of defence, he attempted to break my guard and head at the same time by a downward blow nearly corresponding to the seventh cut of the broadsword exercise. It is no joke to parry a blow of that kind struck by such a wrist as Pete had, for a slight deflection of the blow will disable your knuckles, and if you are not up to the dodge, your own stick will be driven down on your head, which will probably end the fight. That blow, however, sealed Pete's fate. I received it on my stick held over my head and sloping sharply just clear of my left shoulder, in fact, slightly touching it. He tried to check his blow, but had put his heart too much in it; his shillalah glanced harmlessly past my shoulder, while with a quick turn of the wrist and forearm, I laid the whole weight of my blow fairly on the crown of his head, and Pete Mc Gee measured his length on the ground, while an involuntary 'Hurrah' rose from the balance of the workmen, who forgot, in their enthusiasm for the science, that their own champion was defeated.

"Pete worked like a Trojan after that, and I even grew more popular with the hands, except when they were in liquor. It is a great thing among such fellows to know that in muscle and pluck the "boss" is not inferior to the best of them. Two weeks passed after my battle-royal with Pete, and Saturday night came. The men were paid off, and the usual consumption of the "crature" began. I examined my revolver, all six barrels were properly capped, and the points of the six bullets showed as I revolved the cylinder, standing where I could catch the last light from the west. A squad of the hands strolled by as I stood at the window. I returned their "good evening" and heard the word "revolver" passed among them as they went on, showing that they noted my employment. I laid my pistol on the centre-table and leaned on the window sill, watching the light fading in the west, smoking my pipe, and scarcely noticing the entrance of a woman who did my housekeeping for me. She went in and out as usual, "redding up" the room for the night, and finally bade me good-night and took her departure. I presently made all fast, and seated myself for a quiet evening with my pipe and books. By-and-by I began to hear the mirth at Pete's shanty, away at the other end of the street, waxing fast and furious. I heard the noise until near ten o'clock, when I turned in and was soon asleep.

"The next sound I heard was a stunning blow on my door and a confused murmur of voices outside. To seize my revolver and jump into my trousers was the work of an instant, and on the repetition of the blow I called out. "Stand clear outside! I'm going to fire through the door." The second blow had nearly dashed in the frail pine boards, and as I spoke the third shattered the door, and I could see by the dim starlight a dozen heads and sticks pressing through the doorway. Aiming at the leader, I pulled trigger, and heard the click of the hammer on the capless cone. Quick as thought, I tried two more barrels, hurled the useless revolver at the nearest head, and seizing a chair smashed it to pieces on the next. Then came a sharp crack or two over my own head, and the stars faded away, the dim room vanished in greater darkness, and I was senseless. How long I remained unconscious I cannot tell, but it could not have been long, for when I first felt the damp, cool air blowing over my face I could hear the retreating steps and drunken laughter of a party of men who I concluded were my late assailants. Gradually my senses grew clearer. I found, first, that I was bound tightly hand and foot.—Presently I opened my eyes. I lay on my right side, my head resting on a cold, hard substance. Then I distinguished the rush of water afar off, against the piers of the bridge. As my eyes became steadier I saw that the cold substance on which my cheek rested was a railroad track. I could see a few yards of it, with its companion rail, on which my feet rested. Beyond and around was the dark prairie, and a quarter of a mile away twinkled a solitary light in one of the cabins. All this I stupidly realized as my stunned faculties returned.—suddenly the frightful question flashed upon my mind: "Has the night express passed?" In an instant every sense was acutely awake. I was lying bound to a cross-tie; my head slightly raised, rested on a rail. I was not very near the head of the bridge, but far enough up the grade to look out over the prairie.

"Evidently Pete had planned a vengeance terrible indeed. Yet how did I know but the train had passed? I twisted my neck till the cords cracked, and made out to see the "all right" signal twinkling at the bridge. I shouted and yelled for help, but the more earnest I became the more every one within hearing would think my shouts only the maudlin cries of some drunken Irishman. The signal man at the bridge could not leave his station for any ordinary cause, and certainly the cries of a drunken man on a Saturday night were not extraordinary. All this passed through my mind as I shouted, until my strength was gone. Then I lay and silently thought. My servant must have removed the caps from my pistol. Why should she? What cause for such treason had I given her? Why had I located the cabin so far from the track? Think as I would, the stern fact of my situation remained, and I could only hope that one o'clock, and the train too had passed.

"But now low down, on the very edge of the black horizon, my eye caught a faint red gleam. Too often had I watched the trains to doubt for a moment. I knew the very spot at which that dreaded light would appear. So then twenty minutes, at the very longest, provided no accident happened, was the lifetime remaining for me. I strained every fibre to break my bonds or twist my neck clear of the track, but the rope was too strong, and a couple of stakes driven, one on each side of my neck, forbade any motion except a slight lateral one. In the intensity of my muscular strain I had shut my eyes. As I opened them I saw before me, nearer, brighter, steadier, the shining reflection of the advancing train.—Again I shouted, again I strained, but to no purpose. Then I lay and watched the light, as I had often done in happier times, until it seemed to me that my brain must give way. I closed my eyes and tried to pray, but that fearful light shone through my eyelids and banished every other thought. And now a faint, yet terribly distinct rumble began to fill the air; it seemed as though my inmost soul felt that sound. Yet I remember noticing the most trivial things—a cricket that sang near by, a toad that climbed on the rail, a prowling cat that came suddenly upon me and ran frightened away—for even in that fearful moment a sense of the ludicrous was alive, and I was conscious of a feeling of amusement as the creature scurried off. But, meanwhile, the faint rumble had grown louder, and I even fancied that I could perceive a slight vibration of the rail on which my head rested, and of the ground on which I lay. I think that about this time I must have become insane, for I only remember hearing my voice in impotent shrieks and feeling my limbs, as it were, those of another man, straining themselves to be free. All the dreadful particulars of my approaching death whirled through my brain during these few moments. Once I fancied I could hear footsteps coming toward me from the bridge, and hoped wildly that they would reach me in time.—But now I could see the red reflection of the lamp on the long, straight track, and the thunder of the train was drowning all other sounds. Once more I strained every muscle till the very flesh seemed to tear; one final cry I gave for help from God or man. Then I opened my eyes—closed in my agony—and looked silently at my destruction. For one dreadful instant I saw the silver mirror of the reflector, and felt the earth tremble under the roaring train, and then as the mighty engine rushed upon me, nature gave out, and amid a crash of sound, and a red glare of lamp and fire, I swooned.

"The wheels of the night express passed within a foot of my head. I had been bound on the straight track over the bridge, and the train passed me on the "cut-off."

Captain Tom ceased. Hardly any comments on the story were made by the group of officers; for, after a moment of breathless stillness, the sharp crack of two or three rifles, which seemed to have been waiting for the end of the story, rang out over the bridge. In a moment the officers were running towards their respective commands. With a quiet though eager haste, the infantry were manning the rifle-pits, and the gunners stood with lanyards pulled taunt, ready to fire at the word.

Fifteen minutes later, I was tearing down the stony road, my horse's hoofs striking fire to the accompaniment of a rattling of rifles from the mountain-side behind me. Before I left, I had looked an instant on the dead face of Captain Tom, who fell at his post like a hero as he was.

I had hardly time to mount and run for it as the gray-clad Johnnies swarmed over the parapet and captured our little band. We had been overpowered by the advance of a division of Stonewall's army, and I thought myself lucky to be able, by dint of hard riding, to reach the grand guard of our division half an hour before Stonewall's cavalry drove in our pickets on the Shenandoah.

C. L. N.

SHARP PRACTICE.—Nantucket is famous for pretty girls, excellent fishing, "squantum," and good stories.—One of the latter is told of an inhabitant of the island who lost hens from his roost. To detect the thief he placed a sharp scythe in a position to be clutched by the criminal as soon as he opened the hen-roost door. The next morning there was blood upon the blade, but no hens missing. The gentleman did not hunt for wounded hands, and in a short time went to California, returning after an absence of several years. There used to live on Nantucket one of the largest story-tellers for a young man in the commonwealth. He was quite popular, however, had a good deal of "brass," and on election days could get out more voters than any other native of the Islands. He was "stirring up" voters one day, and come upon the returned Californian. "Hello, B——," said the latter, "give me a ride to the polls!" "No!" said B——, with an oath, "A man as puts scythes in his hen-roost shall never ride with me!" B—— was never prosecuted for the confession.

RICH MEN.—It were no bad comparison to liken mere rich men to camels and mules, for they often pursue their devious way over hills and mountains laden with Indian purple, with gems, aromas, and generous wines upon their backs, attended, too, by a long line of servants, as a safe guard on their way. Soon, however, they come to their evening halting place, and forthwith their precious burdens are taken from their backs, and they, now wearied and stripped of their lading and their retinue of slaves, show nothing but livid marks of stripes. So also those who glitter in gold and purple raiment, when the evening of life comes rushing on them, have nought to show but marks and wounds of sin impressed upon them by the evil use of riches.

THE MEMORY OF A MOTHER.—When temptations assail, and when you are almost persuaded to do wrong, how often a dear mother's words of warning will call to mind vows that are seldom broken! Yes the memory of a mother has saved many a poor wretch, going astray. Tall grass may be growing over the hallowed spot where earthly remains repose; the dying leaves of autumn may be whirled over them; or the white mantle of winter may recover them from sight; yet her spirit appears when he walks in the night path, and gently, softly, mournfully calls for him when wandering off into the ways of error.

"THE Ohio," says a correspondent, "is a sickly stream." "Yes," replied an exchange, "it is confined to its bed."

DO not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of.

HE who ever acts as conscience cries shall live, though dead.

MEEKNESS.—How difficult it is to be of a meek and forgiving spirit, when despitefully used. To love an enemy, and forgive an evil speaker, is a higher attainment than is commonly believed. It is easy to talk of Christian forbearance among neighbors, but to practice it ourselves, proves us to be Christians indeed. The surmises of a few credulous persons need not trouble that man, who knows his cause is soon to be tried in court, and he is to be openly acquitted. So the evil language of the times need not disturb me, since in the day of judgment shall be brought forth as the noonday.

CHRISTIAN GENTLENESS.—The Christian who really bears about the sweetness of the mind of Christ, in continually aiming to add, by the gentle offices of kindness, to the comfort and happiness of others, and yet appears unwilling that they should know to whom they are indebted for them.—To see the full excellence of religion, you must observe the Christian, eminent for this grace, moving in, and blessing the quiet circle of domestic happiness and peace. It is in homes' sacred retirement that this divine flower blooms in greatest beauty, and sheds its sweetest fragrance.

A BANKRUPT merchant, returning home one night, said to his noble wife:

"My dear, I am ruined; everything we have is in the hands of the sheriff."

After a few moments of silence, the wife looked into his face, and said:

"Will the sheriff sell you?"

"Oh, no."

"Will the sheriff sell me?"

"Oh, no."

"Will the sheriff sell the children?"

"Oh, no."

"Then do not say that we have lost everything. All that is most valuable still remains to us—manhood, womanhood, childhood. We have lost but the results of our skill and industry. We can make another fortune if our hearts and hands are left us."

FUN, FACTS AND FACETIÆ.

—WHY is a fish an eccentric animal? Because he will have his (s) whim.

—WHAT herbs are the most desirable in hot weather? Sub-urbs.

—IF a bottle of ginger-pop weigh one pound and a half, how much will your grandpop weigh?

—WHY is a kiss like the creation of the world? Because it is made of nothing and is very good.

—WHY is a lame young dog like the side of a mountain? Because he is a slo(w)p(e)up.

—WHY do chickens have no hereafter? Because they have their necks twirled in this.

—WHO was the first person mentioned in the Bible? Chap I.

—WHO was the first woman mentioned in the Bible? Gene-sis.

—WHO was the shortest man mentioned in the same book? Bildad the Shuhite.

—WHO was the next shortest man mentioned in the same book? Ne-hemiah.

—WHEN is a door not a door? When it is a-jar.

—WHAT name mentioned in the Bible covers a question from a father to his son, and the son's answer? Ben-ha-dad.

—WHY are good women like ivy? Because the greater the ruin the closer they cling.

"John, did Mrs. Green get the medicine I ordered?" "I guess so," replied John, "for I saw crape on the door next morning."

A lawyer had his portrait taken in his favorite attitude—standing with his hands in his pockets. "It would resemble him more closely," said an acquaintance, "if he had his hands in somebody else's pockets."

A very modest young lady who was a passenger on board a packet ship, it is said, sprang overboard, on hearing the captain during a storm, order the mate to haul down the sheets.

"AUNTY," said a three-year old one day, "I dont like my aprons to be starched so much. So much starchness makes the stiffness scratch my bareness."

THE press, the pulpit, and the petticoat—the first spreads the news, the second the gospel, and the latter the sidewalks.

DYING prayer of a dog: "Guide my bark."

ANDREW Johnson has just pardoned William Johnson, recently convicted in Pittsburg of dealing in counterfeit money. "A fellow feeling makes him wondrous kind." He is a bad counterfeit himself, and why shouldn't he sympathize with counterfeiters?

WESTON says he is walking for money to pay his debts. Plenty of people have taken to their legs to avoid their creditors.

PEOPLE and cows are only beings that have calves.

How can you describe the cordage of a vessel which has run ashore and broken up? By a wreck tangle.

SEEING a cellar nearly finished, a waggish fellow remarked that it was an excellent foundation for a story.

WHY don't the planets cut off the comet's tail when it passes among them? They all have axes.

IF all the world were blind, what a melancholy sight it would be!" said an Irish clergyman.

AN Irish absentee is said to have sent this comforting message to his steward: "Tell the tenants that no threats to shoot you will terrify me."

OBSERVE the result," preached Jean Raulin, in the beginning of the sixteenth century; "man composed of clay, is silent and ponderous; but women gives evidence of her osseous origin by the rattle she keeps up. Move a sack of earth and you make no noise; touch a bag of bones and you are deafened by the clitter-clatter."

I enjoy a good laff—one that rushes out of a man's soul like the breaking-up of a Sunday School; but the laff that comes to the surface like the hickups comes or backs out ov a man like the strules ov a chicken choked with a chunk ov half wet doe, I utterly lament.

A man over ninety is a great comfort to all his elderly neighbors, says Holmes; he is a picket guard at the extreme outpost, and young folks of sixty and seventy feel that the enemy must get by him before he can come near their camp.

SOME one want to know how many feet the pedestrain Weston steps when in his usual gait. In reply we are able to say that he steps but one foot at a time but can raise two on a pinch.

A MAN courting a young woman was interrogated by her father as to his occupation. "I am a paper-hanger on a large scale," he replied. He married the girl and turned out to be a bill-sticker.

IT is easy to exclude the noontide light by closing the eyes; and it is easy to resist the clearest truth by hardening the heart.

Two dutchmen lived close together, and they had been fast friends, but they fell out and hated each other like Indians. One of them got sick and sent for his neighbor, and said, "Hans, I am going to die—will you forgive me?" "If you die, I will," said Hans, "but if you get well the old debt will stand good."

AT a musical festival in Boston, a chorus from "Mozart's Twelfth Mass" was sung. A cousn from the country (of course) was present, and, on they way home, discussing the music, exclaimed, "The piece I liked best was that chorus from the Twelfth Massachusets.