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,	$100	$60	$40
Half "	60	35	25
One Square,	15	10	7½

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 $25. They will be entitled to 1 column, confined exclusively to their business, with privilege of quarterly changes.

☞ 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.

HENRY PEET, *Attorney at Law*, Towanda, Pa. Jun27, 66.

EDWARD OVERTON Jr., *Attorney at Law*, Towanda, Pa. Office in the Court House. July 19, 1865.

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

W. A. PECK, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Towanda, Pa. Office over the Bakery South of the Ward House and opposite the Court House. Nov. 3, 1863.

DR. H. WESTON, *DENTIST.*—Office in Patton's Block, over Gore's Drug and Chemical Store. Jan58

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

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

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.

DOCTOR H. A. BARTLETT,
BURLINGTON BOROUGH, PA.
July 29, 1868.

F. B. FORD—*Licensed Auctioneer*,
TOWANDA, PA.,
Will attend promptly to all business entrusted to him. Charges moderate. Feb. 13, 1868.

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

MISS E. H. BATES, M. D. (Graduate of Woman's Medical College, Philadelphia. Class 1854.) Office and residence No. 11 Park street Owego. Particular attention given to Diseases of Women. Patients visited at their homes if requested.
May 28, 1868

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.

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.

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 Mercur's new block north side Public Square. Oct. 24, '67.

JOHN N. CALIFF, *ATTORNEY AT LAW*, Towanda, Pa. Particular attention given to Orphans' Court business, Conveyancing and Collections.
☞ Office at the Register's and Recorder's office—south of Court House. 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

DR. T. B. JOHNSON, TOWANDA, Pa. Having permanently located, offers his professional services to the public. Calls promptly attended to in or out of town. Office with J. DeWitt on Main street. Residence at Mrs. Humphrey's on Second Street.
April 16, 1868.

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.

DRS. T. F. & WM. A. MADILL, *PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS*, Office and residence in Wysox, Pa. Dr. T. F. Madill can be consulted at Gore's Drug Store in Towanda, every Saturday. Dr. Wm. A. Madill will give especial attention to diseases of the Eye, Ear, Throat and Lungs, having made a speciality of the above diseases for the past eight years.
T. F. MADILL, M. D. WM. A. MADILL.
June 11, 1868.

BENJ. M. PECK, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Towanda, Pa. All business intrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. Office in the office lately occupied by Mercur & Morrow, south of Ward House, up stairs.
July 16, 1868.

DRS. MASON & ELY, *Physicians & Surgeons.*—Office on Pine street, Towanda, at the residence of Dr. Mason.
☞ Particular attention given to diseases of Women, and diseases of Eye, Ear and Throat.
N. M. MASON, M. D. HENRY OLIVER ELY, M. D.
April 9 1868.

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

W. B. KELLY, *Dentist.* Office over Wickham & Black's, Towanda, Pa. All the various styles of work scientifically done and warranted. Particular attention is called to the Aluminum Base for Artificial Teeth, which is equally as good as Gold and far superior to either Rubber or Silver. Please call and examine specimens.
Chloroform or Ether administered under direction of a Physician when desired.
Aug. 6, 1867.—tf.

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].

The Bradford Reporter.

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

VOLUME XXIX. TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., NOVEMBER 19, 1868. NUMBER 26.

Cards.

PUBLIC DRAY.
The subscriber having purchased the *DRAY* formerly owned by O. W. Delano, respectfully informs the public that he is prepared to do all kinds of work in his line and will attend promptly to all orders. Household goods carefully handled. Charges reasonable.
G. B. ALVORD.
Towanda, June 1, 1868.

MYERS' MILL!
SPECIAL NOTICE.
Myer, Foster & Co., will deliver Flour, Feed, Meal, Graham Flour, or any thing else in their line in any part of the village.
Customers will find an Order Book at the store of Fox, Stevens, Mercur & Co. All orders left in said book will be promptly attended to.
Any inquiries in regard to Grinding, or other business of the Mill, entered in said Book, will be answered.
MYER, FOSTER & CO.
Towanda, June 24, 1868.—tf.

SOLOMON COOPER—Has removed from the Ward House and has opened a SHAVING AND HAIR DRESSING SALOON Two doors south of the National Hotel, and adjoining Patton's Block, on Main Street, in the basement. This shop is open constantly from 6 a. m., to 9 p. m. to accommodate all that will favor him with a call. Two experienced workmen in this saloon, always ready to wait on customers in a satisfactory manner.—Gents and Ladies Hair Cutting in the latest fashionable style. Razors honed and set ready for use and warranted to suit. Ornamental Hair Work, Switches, Waterfalls, and Curls, made to order. Wigs made and repaired.
Towanda, Aug. 15, 1868.—tf.

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,Ason & 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.
Towanda, Oct. 1, 1866. G. F. MASON, A. G. MASON.

BRADFORD COUNTY
REAL ESTATE AGENCY,
H. B. McKEAN, REAL ESTATE AGENT.
Valuable Farms, Mill Properties, City and Town Lots for sale.
Parties having property for sale will find it to their advantage by leaving a description of the same, with terms of sale at this agency; as parties are constantly enquiring for farms &c.
H. B. McKEAN,
Real Estate Agent.
Office Montanye's Block, Towanda, Pa.
Jan. 29, 1867.

REAL ESTATE AGENCY.
H. B. McKEAN, REAL ESTATE AGENT, Offers the following Farms, Coal and Timber lands for sale:—
Fine Timber lot, 3 miles from Towanda, containing 53 acres. Price $1,325.
Farm in Asylum, containing 135 acres. Good buildings. Under a fine state of cultivation. Mostly improved. Price $6,000.
Farm in West Burlington—on the Creek.—New house and barn. Under a fine state of cultivation. 95 acres. Price $5,450.
Farms in Franklin. All under good cultivation. Good buildings. For sale cheap.
Several very desirable Houses and Lots in Towanda.
A large tract of Coal Lands in Tioga county.
Towanda, July 18, '67.

MYERSBURG MILLS!
The subscribers having purchased of Mr. Barns his interest in the MYERSBURG MILLS will carry on the business of Milling, and guarantee all work done by them to be of the very best quality.
Wheat, Rye and Buckwheat Flour, and Feed constantly on hand, for sale at the lowest cash price.
Also now on hand a large quantity of best Ground Cayuga Plaster for sale.
MYER & FROST.
Myersburg, Sept 24, 1868.

LERAYSVILLE PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY.—Satisfaction guaranteed.—Life size, Large Photograph Cabinet Pictures, Ambrotypes and Card Photographs, in the latest style and at reduced prices. Copying and enlarging done to order. We charge nothing extra for Groups, Babies pictures or Coppertypes with long faces.
Call and see our specimens. Our stock of Albums, Frames, etc.
HARDEN & CO.
LeRaysville, Oct. 22, 1868.

LAKE'S WOOD MILL
Saws twenty-five cords of shove wood, shingle bolts or stave timber, per day. Is driven by one or two horses, are easily moved from place to place, and can in an hours time be set up anywhere. The machine is complete in itself, requiring the assistance of no other power. The horses draw by a sweep, making it much more safe than a steam power. It saws twice as fast, and is sold for one half the price. A number of these mills are now in use in Pike Herrick and Orwell Townships, and are giving universal satisfaction. Those wishing machines will apply to E. W. BOLLES, LeRaysville, or S. N. BRONSON, Orwell.
Sept. 22, 1868.—3m*

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 Views, and everything else of importance pertaining to the business. Give us an early call.
N. B.—Sole Printing for the trade on the most reasonable terms. D. HARDING,
Aug. 29, '67. F. SMALLEY.

ADVARD.—Dr. VANDUSKIRK has obtained a License, as required, of the Goodyear Vulcanite Company, to Vulcanize Rubber as a base for Artificial Teeth, and has now a good selection of those beautiful carved Block Teeth, and a superior article of Black English Rubber, which will enable him to supply all those in want of sets of teeth, with those unequaled for beauty and natural appearance. Filling, Cleaning, Correcting Irregularities, Extracting, and all operations belonging to the Surgical Department skillfully performed. Chloroform administered for the extraction of Teeth when desired, an article being used for the purpose in which he has perfect confidence, having administered it with the most pleasing results during a practice of fourteen years.
Being very grateful to the public for their liberal patronage heretofore received, he would say that by strict attention to the wants of his patients, he would continue to merit their confidence and approbation. Office in Beldleman's Block, opposite the Means House, Towanda, Pa. Dec. 20, 1867.—3m.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS EXPERIENCE IN DENTISTRY.
J. S. Snyder, M. D., would respectfully inform the inhabitants of Bradford County that he is permanently located in Towanda, Pa. He would say that from his long and successful practice of TWENTY-FIVE 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 most adapted to the easy 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. There is 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.
Office in Patton's Block. Jan. 23, 1868.

Original Poetry.

For the REPORTER.
A REVERIE.

BY LOUISE E. DALLAS

DEDICATED TO G. G.

Oh! how oft I think when musing
On the pictures of the past,
That play around my vision
Of one too bright to last!
And as all alone I'm sitting
By the dying embers blaze,
Again I see it flitting,
Beauteous as in other days
And I see those pretty ringlets,
With such breezy lightness tossed,
Sporting round that snowy forehead,
Which no cloud of care has crossed;
And I see those pure eyes beaming,
Like a star, lit summer sky,
And her soul within them dreaming
Of the future hopefully!
And I seem to hear the ringing
Of her laugh so glad and free,
Like a streamlet, joyfully singing,
On its journey to the sea!
And I think of that bright morning,
When we parted long ago—
A blush her cheek adorning,
Like a rose-leaf shrined in snow.
Ah! I see her now so plainly,
When she turned to go away,
How she *looked* what her emotion
Forbade her lips to say,
Though, alas! no more forever,
That sweet form shall greet my eyes,
Yet her *memory* shall be fadeless
As her *joys* in Paradise!
And when life is darkly clouded,
And admits no other ray,
Then her spirit she'll be near me,
Faithful guardian of my way.

Elmira, N. Y., 1868.

Selected Tale.

LOST IN THE SCRUB.

AN AUSTRALIAN STORY.

It might have been at home here in one of the midland counties, the scene was so calm and peaceful. The roughly built cottage, with here and there its familiar objects,—the loud ticking Dutch clock, the cleanly scrubbed three-legged table, the big old family Bible, the cage of white wicker, with its ragged-tailed thrush hopping from perch to perch; while seated in the middle of the humble room, before a tin bucket of water, was an elderly man, with Englishman written boldly in every feature of his rugged, ruddy, sun-tanned face as he bent to his task,—that of washing out the barrel of an old rifle, and making the water play fountain-like from the nipple as he forced down the cleaning rod, to the intense delight of a couple of rosy children. It might have been here, in some sunny county; but there was something about the brightness of the afternoon sun which streamed in at the open door, in the blueness of the sky, the clearness of the air, and the scenery round, that was not English. The flowers that clustered about the door and nodded round the rough window-frame, and the objects that peeped here and there from some corner, too, told of a foreign land; while the huge pines that shot up arrow-like towards the sky were such as could be seen nowhere but in Australia.

"The poor brutes have been calling you, lass, for the last half hour," said the man, looking up as a tall, fair-haired girl entered the room where she was busy, milking-pail in hand, and stood to watch the task with as much interest as the children.

"They shant wait any longer, father," said the girl; and she passed slowly through the door, humming a cheery old country ditty, and was gone.

The gun-barrel was taken from the water, and wiped out; and then Samson Harris, who had left the old country and settled in the wide, free lands of Australia set to work oiling the lock.

"Hallo, what are you back for?" he exclaimed as a roughly dressed, heavy faced man came up to the hut door at a trot, his forehead streaming with perspiration, which had marked its course in lighter lines through his dust grimmed face. Directly behind him came, at an easy, loping swing, a tall, thin, fleshless looking native, whose dingy skin did not even shine as he came into the hut after his companion.

"Blacks out," panted the heavy faced man, seizing the door, as if to shut it, at the same time examining the cap upon the rifle he carried—"Blacks out, master."

"Blacks out, Tom!?" said Samson,—"blacks out? 'Pon my word, Tom, I never saw such a coward in my life. No what in the world were you lagged for that your conscience must make you see a nigger in his paint behind every tree, or peeping up above the scrub? Blacks! Poor, inoffensive beggars. Why, you had your rifle, hadn't you, ready to scare off a hundred? This makes six times you have run home to cry wolf. And you've left those sheep to take care of themselves," he continued, forcing the ramrod into its place as he rose as if to leave the hut.

"'Tain't wolf this time, master; 'tain't, indeed," cried the man, earnestly; and then, seeing his master's smile of incredulity, he relapsed into a look of sullen injury, and stood leaning upon his rifle barrel.

"Here, come along," said Samson. "Load up first, master," said Tom. "'Tis true, indeed," he exclaimed, once more seeking to obtain credence for his story. "I saw scores. Ask Teddy here."

Now Teddy—or, as he was known in his tribe, Bidgee-bidgee—stood spear in hand, showing his white teeth, and apparently listening intently, from the way in which his nostrils expanded and twitched. That something was amiss was evident, for, leaning his spear against the wall, he now took off the ragged blue shirt he wore, unfastened his girdle, and set free a formidable looking waddy, or club, before throwing himself flat upon the ground to listen.

Samson paused startled, and though uncharged, he involuntarily cocked his piece as Teddy, the black shepherd, leaped up and exclaimed,—

"Black fellows all a-coming,—one—two—ten hundred."

The next instant he threw himself into an attitude of attack, poising his spear ready for hurling at the first who should cross the threshold.

"Get out," exclaimed Samson, recovering himself; "here have I lived now two years, and only seen a party or two of the poor wretches begging, and"—

"But they burned Riley's hut, and butchered his wife and children," said Tom, earnestly.

"Don't believe it," said Samson, sturdily; "only a bugbear made up by some of them pioneering chaps to frighten new comers from going up country and taking claims, so that they may have "a best choice themselves."

"Wallace's boy's head was battered in," said Tom.

"Gammon," said Samson, who, however, could not help looking uneasily towards the black.

"Then there was Ellis's poor gal; you know how they served her."

"Hold your tongue, will you?" growled Samson; "do you want to frighten the women to death?" and as he spoke he clapped his hand over his convict servant's mouth, and glanced uneasily towards the door which led into the interior of the hut,—one that was unusually large, for, during Samson's pleasant sojourn in this smiling wilderness, matters had prospered with him, and bit by bit he had added to his dwelling, and found himself compelled to make fresh arrangements for his flocks and ever-multiplying herds.

"Did you call?" said a pleasant voice, and the door opened, and Samson's comely wife made her appearance.

"No," said Samson, "I didn't call; but—"

"Here a come," said Teddy, and all present heard the rapid beat of feet audible to the black's keen sense some time before. Tom cocked and raised his rifle; Samson snatched down a revolver from a hook over the fireplace, knocking down and breaking a little china group of the Children in the Wood, an ornament brought from the far-off English home.

But the next moment arms were lowered, and Teddy's spear was not thrown, for two men, whose faces were known to all present, dashed panting into the hut.

"Look out," one of them gasped, "the blacks are out."

"Now then, master!" cried Tom, triumphantly.

"Don't see nothing blacker about than your face, neighbor," said Samson, dryly, as he turned to one of his visitors. "Ain't neither of you killed,—are you?"

The man did not answer, but, turning up the sleeve of his woolen shirt to the elbow, showed a long, jagged, but superficial scratch from the upper joint to the wrist, with here the blood drying fast, there still standing in beads upon the lips of the wound.

"I might have been," said the new comer grimly, "if the fellow who threw the spear that made that long scratch had been truer in his aim.—The blacks are out strong, well armed, and in their war-paint; and if you don't want them in here, Samson Harris, you'd better shut that door."

Half grudging the squatter made two steps towards the door; then he stopped, for he caught sight of his wife standing with blanched and drawn face, holding tightly her two children. She did not speak; but as their eyes met, her lips parted to form one word which the father read in an instant. Thought after thought rushed lightning-like through his brain; all the old colonists' tales and their horrors seemed to force themselves upon him; the burning of Rily's hut, and the cruel butchery of wife and children, and the other barbarities said to have been committed; the child of a squatter named Wallace beaten to death with clubs; the death of the blooming daughter of one Ellis. A mist seemed to swim before his eyes for an instant; but the next he had shouted, "Come on, such of you as are men"; for he had again encountered the agonized face of his wife,—again interpreted that one word her lips had parted to form, and he dashed to the hut door; but only to be grasped tightly by his convict servant, Tom.

"Let me go!" he shouted, are you mad?" and he delat the man a heavy blow in the chest, and sent him staggering back, shouting,—

"Hold him, hold him!"

"Let me go, Anderson,—Jones!" cried Samson, again struggling to reach the door, but held back by the new-comers. "Are you mad, are you men, when poor Mary is out there in the scrub?"

The wounded man gave more of a yell than a cry as Samson Harris uttered those words, and, loosing his hold of the father, he made for the door himself, but only to fall heavily, tripped up by the waddy the black shepherd had cunningly thrust between his legs.

The fall was heavy; but as he went down two spears darted through the open door, and stuck quivering one in the floor, the other in the table. The next moment the door was dashed to by Teddy, and its rough wooden bar laid across.

"Better there than through you, Master Anderson," said Tom, dragging the quivering spear out of the table, and passing it to Teddy.

The young man did not speak; but his eyes glared, and the curls of his black beard seemed to move and writhe as his features worked. Then, grasping the rifle he held in his hand, he turned to Samson Harris, saying in a husky voice:—

"Are you ready?"

Samson forced a bullet down upon the powder of the rifle he was now engaged in charging, and nodded his head by way of reply.

There was no opposition made now, and as Samson and Anderson prepared to make a dash out to reach the scrub, Tom the convict, Anderson's companion, and the black made as if to accompany them.

"No," said Samson, hoarsely, "stay and protect them," and he pointed to his wife and the two astonished children. "Now open the door."

At his words Teddy threw the door widely open, but before any one could pass through he dashed it to again, while, as he did so, Samson groaned, for "thud, thud—thud" came the sound of three spears as they stuck in the stout wood-work, one passing right through, and he knew that, had they stood in the doorway, it would have been to their death.

II.

"Frank Anderson," said Samson in a low voice, holding out his hand, "I always set my face against your coming here, for I didn't think you were in earnest, my boy; and now—now—if it's to come to that,"—and he pointed to the spears, his voice shaking a little the while,—"I should like to make friends first, though I have gone on against you. Frank Anderson, I beg your pardon!"

The young man groaned as he took the proffered hand, and then in the same low voice he whispered—

"But Mary, where did she go? Which way?"

"Heaven forgive me!" exclaimed the wretched father, "and I'd forgotten her till *she* showed me my duty," and he nodded towards his trembling wife. "She took the pail and went to the cows, half—three quarters of an hour ago."

"But we must go to her," whispered the young man.

"Then you'll have to go with your skin as full of spears as a porkypine's back, master," said Tom, who had crept closer to them. "There; hark at that!" he exclaimed as a burst of yells arose. "There's a good two hundred of the black devils dancing about."

"It would be madness to go," said Samson, "and like sacrificing three more lives; but she may have hid herself and escaped."

The young man shuddered, and then raised his rifle, for a spear came crashing through the window but happily without striking any one.

"Here," said Samson, rousing up, "Lend a hand here!" and with the help of those present he half carried his wife and two children up a short ladder to a roughly formed loft, full of wool fleeces, and formed in the low pitched roof.

"There creep under them," he cried, "and first pull up the ladder. Now hide yourselves there; you'll be safe for the present."

"Look out," shouted Tom, as Mrs. Harris dragged up the ladder, and its last rounds were beyond reach, while at the warning cry, Teddy, the black, and Anderson, discharged spear and rifle at a couple of blacks who appeared at the inner door, having climbed in by one of the windows.—Then ensued a sharp struggle, in which desperate blows were given on either side, and then the inner room was cleared; but not before three of the savage assailants lay writhing upon the floor, their life-blood staining the white boards of the plain bedchamber.

It was a dangerous task, and more than one spear flew through the window as the bodies were hoisted up and thrown through; then the opening was barricaded as well as those of the other little front windows of the hut, and one or two stood at each, ready to make the next assault.

The thin blue smoke of the discharged pieces float'd slowly upwards, and seemed to wreathe about over the trampled blood-stains, when a cry from Tom the convict, and almost at the same instant the report of his piece, summoned help to the back half kitchen, half wash house, whose little window was the only opening in the rear of the hut.

The help was needed, for about a score of the blacks had dashed up to the opening, and were trying to force their way in; but a well kept up fire from rifle and revolver drove them back, with several of their number bleeding upon the ground.

"It's of no use to be merciful," exclaimed Anderson. "They must be shot down, or we shall be all butchered. Take a steady aim, sir, for your wife and children's sake; and I'd keep two or three shots left in my revolver for the last."

Samson Harris turned and glared at the wild countenance of the young man by his side, as if to ask what he meant; but the look was unnoticed, for, as if thirsting for blood, Anderson kept on loading and firing whenever one of their enemies offered his body as a fair mark.

At every discharge that took effect there was a wild yelling, above which might be heard the shrieking and wailing of the gins as some famous warrior of the tribe slackened his muscles, let fall spear, waddy, shield, or boomerang that he should hurl no more; but, in spite of their losses, the attack was kept up now on one side, now on the other, spear after spear flying through the little windows, or sticking in the bedding with which they were barricaded, to be dragged out and sent flying back by Teddy the black, who in his excitement had reduced his costume still farther, only wanting a little yellow, red, and white paint to emulate the warrior uniform of his enemies.

But at last the evening had set in, for the short twilight was past, and the stars were looking down calmly upon the scene of the afternoon's bloodshed. Though but shortly before, dusky figure after dusky figure might have been seen gliding from tree to tree, or darting across some open spot, yelling and brandishing spear or club, now all was silent, save at times the distant lowing of some of Samson's cattle or the bleating of sheep. Now and again, too, would come the barking and howling of the dogs that had been driven away by the fierce native onslaught; one of those raids made upon the settlers, whom they looked upon as usurping their land.

Samson Harris seemed utterly prostrated by his agony of soul, for again and again—almost incessantly—he kept picturing to himself the child he accused himself of neglecting struggling in the hands of the blacks. He would have gone to seek her now, mad as the act would have been, in the darkness of the night, surrounded as they were by enemies, but for the prayers of his wife and their only hope seemed to be that poor Mary had taken the alarm, and sought for refuge in the scrub, which extended for some distance in the direction. This, he knew, would be but an act of folly if she had been seen, for they would have tracked her footsteps to the place of refuge with the greatest of ease; their prayer was that she might have taken the alarm in time. Anderson and his companion had had a very narrow escape at the station they occupied some few miles from Samson's home; but a bold front and daring charge had enabled them to combine their forces, so, as Anderson had hoped, to be of some protection to Mary Harris, for whom he had, in spite of her father's opposition, long entertained a warm feeling of admiration.

There was a chance, that, under cover of the darkness, Mary might thread her way amongst the blacks and reach the hut; and in this hope Anderson stood at the open door watching the night through hour after hour, his senses on the stretch. More than once, too, with Teddy for a companion, he walked for some little distance round the hut; but, stumbling over the body of one of their enemies, he fell amongst the bushes with so loud a crash that he was glad to retreat and stand watching once more at his post.

An inspection after the afternoon's struggle had proved that, beyond a few scratches, the defenders of the hut had escaped unharmed; and but for the fearful anxiety which oppressed all present, they would hopefully have looked for the morning, ready to meet their enemy again with renewed courage. Provisions they had in plenty to sustain them, if needs were, for weeks. Ammunition, too, showed no sign of running short, till Samson opened a little keg, to find that the powder it should have contained was powder no more, but one hard mass, into which it had been turned by the dripping from the roof. The bad news was conveyed from one to the other, and in grim silence the men examined their powder-flasks, to find that he who was most wealthy possessed but two charges beyond the one in his rifle.

"Will they attack again to-morrow?" was the oft-repeated question. One thought they would for revenge, and never rest content until all within the hut were destroyed; another was of the opinion that they would be too demoralized, and that the morning light would find them all miles away; but this last supposition was too full of hope to be believed in. Anderson and Harris rarely spoke, but while the others, fearless in the knowledge that the natives never attack by night, slept heavily, they watched on, repeating to themselves, as they pictured the solemn silence of the vast woods around, the camp of the natives, and their savage cruelties, the same words over and over again,—

"Where was Mary?"

III.

Watching the long night through, with straining eyes constantly directed at every spot that seemed never so little darker than the night itself. Bush, tree, farming implements, all in their turn were magnified into enemies, performing the same duty as the inmates of the hut, and waiting to spy out their weakness and the best place for the morrow's assault. But as the night wore on, and the watchful stars still shed their peaceful light, a change came over the wakeful ones, and objects that had before been looked upon as enemies were taken for the figure of her whose absence had created such a void in more than one heart. But though Anderson started hopefully again and again, and roused the sleeping black by his side, there was no rustling, gliding step, no eager light form of the fair young girl, who, with beating heart, had threaded her way amidst her sleeping enemies, and now bounded towards the hut for shelter.

Anderson groaned, and could have torn his hair as, disappointed, feverish, and restless, he once more walked round the hut, listening attentively for some sound where all was still in the vast region around, even to solemnity. But in vain; and, could he have done so, he might have sought in sleep that rest and refreshing his jaded body needed.

Morning at last: first, the pale pearly gray; then the far up faint pink tinge; then the blushing, glowing clouds; then the gorgeous golden arrows darting to the zenith; and lastly, as if with a bound, came the glorious sun himself, to beam upon the earth with smiles, as though all all were peace, and sorrow a thing unknown. But there was neither rest nor peace, for with a series of frantic yells the blacks again showed themselves, crying, leaping, dancing, shouting, partly to alarm their enemies, partly to work themselves up to the fighting pitch. Their faces were streaked with a kind of red ochre and pipe-clay, while, upon the little bark shields they carried, grotesquely hideous human faces were depicted, to intimidate those whom they attacked. Nude, save for the opossum-skin strip knotted loosely round their loins, they once more came boldly up to their attack upon the hut, hurling spear and boomerang,—those singular weapons, which failing to strike the object aimed at, returned to the thrower's hand.

There was nothing for it, so far as the inmates were concerned, but to fire till the last bullet and grain of powder should be expended, and then trust to such weapons as they could muster for close quarters, giving up being a question never once mooted; and now, as shot after shot was fired, it was pitiful to see the effect in the bright red spot or long gash in the flesh, where a bullet had struck obliquely. But when fighting in defence of life, men have but little compunction for those who would rob them of the gift; and it was with a grim feeling of satisfaction that savage after savage was seen to fall, till a tall, daring fellow, who had dashed up to the hut, clapped his hand to his chest, leaped in the air, and fell motionless, when Anderson threw down his rifle, saying, "That's the last charge."

A gloomy silence ensued. Men gazed from one to the other; then fixed long and anxious looks upon those who had been their leaders in the fight, as if expecting them to hit upon some plan of escape from the death that seemed imminent.

Now they swept the approaches to the hut, in hope that some strong party of settlers might be on the way to them, either bound to a new station, or, knowing that they were attacked, with a mission for their rescue. But in place of where a fresh face was not seen once in three months, they knew well that such succor was next to impossible.

Mrs. Harris, patient and calmer than any one present, still lay with her little one hidden in the wool loft; but as from time to time, when she came to the edge, her eye met that of Anderson, there was a mutual reading of the agony each suffered, hidden though it was beneath the semblance of stoicism.

The stillness that had followed upon the excitement of the fight seemed at length to have grown unbearable; men felt that treachery was at work somewhere, and momentarily expected an attack from some unguarded part. They grew distrustful, and more than once Anderson caught himself going from window to window, to see that a proper watch was kept where he anticipated danger.

At length, half maddened by the mental pain he suffered, Anderson cast himself despairingly upon the floor of the hut, turning his face from those around, that they might not see its workings.

The young man's action was not without its effect; for his companion, the friend who had escaped with him from the blacks' assault upon the previous day, now broke the silence, saying, in utter forgetfulness of the woman and children,—

"It's all over, my men: we may as well shake hands all round, and make a rush of it right into the black mob; as stop here and be burnt out like squirrels in a tree. I can't bear this standing still any longer."

But though he looked from face to face, no man answered him, but on the whole avoided his gaze, and watched on at the dusky figures of the savages as they moved incessantly to and fro. When, seeing that his words were of none effect, he coolly laid aside his rifle, rolled up his shirt-sleeve, and, opening a large knife, began to rub and sharpen it upon the hearthstone.

The mental anxiety was frightful; for, let alone the thoughts of poor Mary's fate, it was as though Death were about to descend upon the watchers from moment to moment, while they were debarred from making a single struggle for life.

The morning fled, and noon came; and still there was no further attack, and wounded figures had been seen to struggle and gradually stiffen into the rigidity of death within their sight; others to crawl by slow degrees into the shelter of the bushes, unheeded by their savage companions. But still no further attack was made, it seeming evident that the blacks were holding a consultation amongst themselves in the shelter of the trees and bushes but a short distance off.

Now a black figure would glide into sight, and look menacingly towards the hut before darting out of sight once more. Then there was a long interval before another was seen; and then eyes were strained amongst the trees in vain for a sight of their enemies.

The heat had been excessive, and, the small supply of water within the hut being exhausted, the men began to suffer terribly, what little they had had having been nobly given up to Mrs. Harris and the children. All at once, though, Teddy seized a pail, and, lolling out his tongue like a thirsty dog, began to pant, and to make signs that he should be let out to fetch water,—signs that were quite unnecessary, for he had no difficulty in making himself understood in his master's language.

But Harris was immovable, and ordered him back. The black's fidelity had been too often tried, and Samson felt that he could not afford to risk the loss of one faithful servant at a time like this. So Teddy put down the pail, upon seeing his master's mood, seized again waddy and spear, and drooping, panting and tongue-dolling, took his place at one of the windows to watch again for his enemies.

His face was a study as he stood there watching: his eyes half closed, mouth twitching, and nostrils working. He was evidently perplexed, and more than once made a movement as if to climb out of the window; but at length his face changed into a fixed immobility, and he seemed waiting till his master should command.

Hour after hour passed by, and all was still silent. From watching, Samson took to examining the powder keg once more. But it all seemed turned to a solid mass, till with a hatchet he knocked off hoop after hoop, cleared away the little staves, and struck the block heavily with the hatchet, to find, when the shell was broken, that within were some pounds of uninjured powder, at the sight of whose grimy grains men's hearts rose, and rifles were loaded, and flasks eagerly filled.

In readiness once more, they awaited the next attack; but the sun had long begun to descend, and for hours they had neither heard a yell nor seen a single figure gliding from amongst the trees.

"Um all gone," cried the black shepherd, suddenly; "here, Juno."

And in fact, frisking and playing about in front of the hut, one of Samson's dogs had made its appearance, whining and howling till it was admitted; but fearing that the blacks might still be within reach, Samson kept his companions within doors, only yielding to the appeal of Teddy that he might go out and see.

Teddy glided like a great snake out of the back window, and was soon lost to sight; but before long a horse or two, some sheep, and the cows came bleating and lowing about the hut, affording abundant proof that the savages, of whom they have a wholesome dread,—fleeing rapidly at the sight of their spears,—had departed.

And now began the search for Mary, all present knowing that sooner or later they must find her living or dead; though almost all felt, as they set about their search with heavy hearts, that the wailing mother's fears were not without cause.

In case of a surprise, they all kept together, fearing to shout, but encouraging the dog to hunt around, when suddenly Anderson's rifle rose to his shoulder, and he was about to fire, but perceived just in time that the black