The Bradford Reporter.

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

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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
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Business Cards, five lines, (per year), 5 00

Merchants and others, advertising their business, will be charged $25. They will be entitled to a 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.

MYERS' MILLS

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, 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,
Towanda, Oct. 1, 1866. 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 Crook—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 PHOTOGRAGH 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 Copperheads with long faces.

Call and see our specimens. Our stock of Albums, Frames, etc.

HARNDEN & CO.

LeRaysville, Oct. 22, 1868.—

LAKE'S WOOD MILL

Saws twenty-five cords of stove 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. This 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 tread 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 H. 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 specialities, as: Solar Photographs, Plain, Pencilled 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 the 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.—Job Printing for the trade on the most reasonable terms. D. HARDING,
Aug. 29, '67. F. SMALLEY.

A CARD.—Dr. VANDUSEN 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 unsurpassed for beauty and natural appearance. Filling, Cleaning, Correcting Irregularities, Extracting, and all operations belonging to the Surgical Department skillfully performed. Choloform 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 Seidlman's Block, opposite the Means House, Towanda, Pa. Dec. 20, 1867.—3m.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS EXPERIENCE IN DENTISTRY.

J. S. SMITH, 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 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.

Office in Patton's Block. Jan. 23, 1868.

WARD HOUSE, TOWANDA, PA.

On Main Street, near the Court House.

C. T. SMITH, Proprietor.
Oct. 8, 1866.

Cards.

HENRY PEET, *Attorney at Law*, Towanda, Pa. Jun17, 68.

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

GEORGE B. 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. 1jan68

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,

BUBLINGTON ,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.

E. S. 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, 1868.

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, *Phyricians & 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.

S. S. MASON, M. D. HENRY OLIVER ELY, M. D.
April 9 1868.

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 unsettled 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. 5, 1867.—tf.

ELWELL HOUSE, TOWANDA, PA.,

JOHN C. WILSON.

Having leased this House, it 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].

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, '68.—tf. J. S. PATTERSON, Prop.

PATCHEN.—The well-known Trotting Stallion PATCHEN, by the celebrated George M. Patchen, out of Messenger mare will stand during the fall season at Kingsbury & Solomon's Livery Stable, Towanda. Terms—$30 to insure. All mares at the risk of owners. Owners parting with mares, will be held responsible for insurance.

KINGSBURY & SOLOMON.
Towanda, Nov. 1, 1865.—1m.

Selected Poetry.

GONE BEFORE.

There's a beautiful face in the silent air,
Which follows me ever and near,
With smiling eyes and amber hair,
With voiceless lips, yet with breath of prayer
That I feel, but cannot hear.

The dimpled hand, and ringlet of gold,
Lie low in a marble sleep;
I stretch my arms for the clasp of old,
But the empty air is strangely cold,
And my vigil alone I keep.

There's a sinless brow with a radiant crown
And a cross laid down in the dust;
There's a smile where never a shade comes now,
And tears no more from those dear eyes flow,
So sweet in their innocent trust.

Ah, well! and summer is coming again,
Singing her same old song;
But, oh! it sounds like a sob of pain,
As it floats in the sunshine and the rain,
O'er hearts of the world's great throng.

There's a beautiful region above the skies,
And I long to reach its shore,
For I know I shall find my treasure there,
The laughing eyes and amber hair
Of the loved one gone before.

Miscellaneous.

[From the Overland Monthly.]

The Gentleman from Reno.

The wind was blowing a gale.—Dear, dear, how the wind does blow, though, over here on Russian Hill, where our house stands. My husband says that it seems to him sometimes as if the air was a river with a mill race current, and was flying full of sticks, stones and sand. If our front door is left unfastened any time after half past eleven o'clock in the forenoon, it flies open with a spiteful bang, and in a moment every door in the house is clapped to or slammed open, and the house—our house is small and thin—resounds as if a very small army was firing off cannons in it. I do believe that some day Harry will come home and find the house, wife, children and fixtures, blown from Jenkins street to Decatur street.—The structure is only clap boards and shingles, and how it has ever stood so long as it has, surpasses my comprehension. But, as I was saying, the wind was blowing a gale, and I was just on the point of going to see if the front door was fastened—our Norah is so careless, and little Harry persists in going out of that door "because papa does"—when open it blew with a tremendous bang every other door in the house flying to or fro as the case happened to be, each one firing a salute of its own and knocking down the plastering in great flakes; they do build such cheap houses now-a-days! The gale swept through my out of a parlor, sending everything a whirling, and I was mad enough to cry to see my manuscript fly all over the floor; for while the children were out with Nora, I had set down to fix up my little story for the Trans Continental, knowing full well that if I did not cross out all the best bits, the editor would, (What fatal stupidity editors always have for cutting out the best part of a thing, to be sure!) I was half hesitating whether to try and save my precious manuscript or run first and shut the door, when I heard a voice at the front door saying, "Hallo! house there!"

Now, for a lone, lorn woman to hear a rough voice like that at her open door, with her husband off visiting patients, the servants and children gone the Lord knows where, and no neighbors nearer than three blocks of sand-hills, you will admit that it was a little terrifying, especially when you know that I am a small woman, and am so cooped up at home with my household duties and three small children, that I never see anybody outside my own house But, with no small quiver at my heart, I went into the little hall, and there stood a stout, dark-skinned man, wearing a soft hat and a new suit of clothes, the store creases in which I saw before I saw his face.

"Blow me!" said he—which I thought quite unnecessary, as he was being blown and so was I; for, as I stood in the narrow hall, I had hard work to keep my feet, and was painfully conscious that my hoop skirt was showing right through the thin calico I had on. "Blow me!" says he, "I thought I never could raise anybody. Ain't this Hank Clayton's house?" I replied with some dignity, not unmixed with tremulousness that this was Dr. Henry Clayton's residence; whereupon he bolted in to the hall and closed the door after him, saying, "Well, marm, you'll blow right through the side of the house, if you don't get shet of this ere wind."

The mysterious stranger, to my horror, marched into the parlor and sat down, deliberately hanging his hat on my lovely Clytie in real marble, which stands on a plaster pedestal in the little corner behind the sofa.

"So you don't know me," said this apparition; and, without waiting for my sacred negative, he added, "Well, I shouldn't spose you would, considerin' that you never see me afore. I'm just from Reno; came down on the Sacramento boat last night, and after I had time to do a few odd chores and get kinder slicked up, I jest come out to see Hank and his young ones." He looked complacently down on his creased pantaloons, and tenderly picked a few grains of sand from his gray coat sleeve as he spoke. I told him I was sorry my husband was not at home, but if he would call again tomorrow he would be sure to find him at nine o'clock, or he would be more likely to find him at four in the afternoon at his office, No. 2,010 Kearny street. But in vain; the dreadful man insisted that he had got through with his day's chores, and could just as well wait as not, and he added:

"Now, up in Reno, where we do things on the keen jump, why, a man hasn't no time to fool away waiting for nobody; we are a sharp set up there; built a town of three thousand inhabitants, fourteen stores, four hotels, twelve saloons, a French restaurant and a billiard emporium in six weeks. Oh, yes; in Reno we do things in a hurry, and you've got to look alive, there you jest bet yer life, now."

Was ever a woman more painfully circumstanced? I could scarcely believe that it was not some horrid dream, and that I was not actually sitting in my own sewing-chair, where I had passed so many busy hours, looking at that dreadful man, spreading his ungainly limbs all over my ruby plush sofa, crossing his ridiculous legs as though he were in a bar-room, and making the knick-knacks on the bracket over his head dance madly to the vibrations of his big, rough voice. But there he was, and how he got in and established himself on that sofa as though he owned the entire little establishment and was considering whether he should carry it off, I cannot for the life of me say. There he was and protested that he "had just as soon wait for Hank as not." It was a monstrous lie, of course; he never knew my precious Harry, whom he dared to call "Hank," and he had come here to rob the house, to carry off all my best dresses and Harry's silver goblet, given to him by a grateful patient who never paid his bill. Was he a burglar; or an escaped lunatic; or a wicked murderer, going about to kill people and burn down their houses, just to make a sensation in the newspapers? I could not tell; but as I gave up all hopes of coaxing him out of the house, I wildly thought of baiting him with cake and wine while I stole up stairs, rolled up my silk dresses and escaped by the back door to intercept the children and Norah, and alarm the neighbors up on Decatur street. But there was my husband's precious goblet, on which my agonized gaze rested whenever I turned it away from the horrible fascination of the gentleman from Reno.

He was plainly a cunning man, and was playing with me as a cat plays with a mouse. He talked long and loud of the wonders of Reno, of its growth, its glories, its brilliant future and its present greatness.—"Why, marm," said he, "four months ago there wasn't a stick nor a stake to show where even the railroad was going to run; not a plank was set up nor a lot run out—but to day there's a big town doing nigh on to five hundred thousand dollars worth of trade, and lots are going off like hot cakes; you can't get around for the teams there is in the streets; goods sell for eighty-five per cent. profit, and last week we had a right port race, a ball at the El Dorado, four runaways, a tolerable lively shooting scrape, a new paper started, and four funerals!" To this catalogue of attractions I listened mechanically, knowing full well that the dreadful man was making up everything he said, amusing me with fabrications and playing on my ignorance. I had heard of such a place as Reno, but I had not been able to keep track of the new towns that spring up along the line of the Pacific railroad, and really could not say if Reno was in California or Utah. But here was a red faced man, sunburnt and with sticking-plaster on his lips, who said he was a citizen of Reno! Where was Reno! Was there any such place? Was he not a base imposter, pretending to know my husband in order to ingratiate himself into my esteem before he set fire to the house and carried off my Bismarck silk dress and our best china? Oh, would Norah never come? And when would Harry be at home?

No Sister Ann, of Blue Beard story ever gazed more anxiously from top of a tower for the coming of the avenging brothers, than I watched for the return of that blessed Norah. She came at length, and seemed an angel of light as she toiled through the sand, dragging one child by either hand, while a third clung fast to her skirts in the rear. At last I had companionship in my terrors; but I found Norah no assistance, for as soon as I communicated to her the dreadful intelligence, and she had gained through the crack of the door one peep at the monster sitting on my ruby plush sofa, she threw her apron over her head, and, rocking herself to and fro, exclaimed:—"Wirrah, wirrah, now, what will become of the poor childher?" I had great difficulty in keeping her still and restraining her from departing by the back door with her prayer-book, Sunday bonnet, best boots and a five hundred dollar United States bond, which she had sewed up in her mattress. She finally quieted somewhat and agreed to get supper—though lamenting that she had not a dose of poison to put in a biscuit for the gentleman from Reno.—Norah was more skeptical than I, even, in regard to the town from which our unwelcome visitor professed to have come, "Rayno! Rayno!" she exclaimed indignantly,—"Does he think to play the likes of us for a Josh? There's no such place as Rayno in all California, shure, unless its some dirthy hole that's lived in by the haythin Chinee."

When I returned to the parlor I found little Minnie perched upon the monster's knee, telling I don't know what about the wealth of jewels and silver her mamma had; while the others, older and wiser, stood off at a distance, and eyed the mysterious stranger conspicuously. He pressed his patched lips on the peachy cheeks of my darling child in a way that made me quiver with honest indignation; I knew he was only playing on my maternal weakness, and when he hypocritically forced a little drop of moisture into the corner of his eye, he probably thought that he had, as Norah phrased it, "played me for a Josh." But I was not to be deceived, and sweeping the children away from him, waited and watched for my husband's return.

The gentleman from Reno was not to be kept from the children, and actually succeeded in seducing Harry to his side by displaying an enormously heavy gold watch, which I noticed he carried in his trousers pocket with only a strap of buckskin attached to it. Harry, he declared, "favored his father mightily; had just such a pug nose as Hank had, and his eyes had the same queer kind of a squint that Hank's had."—Scared though I was at the stranger, I could not help denying that my husband's eyes had a cast in them or that his nose was a pug.—But my visitor coolly told me that he couldn't see it.

Presently, I discovered a small boy toiling over the wastes of sand in front of the house; the door-bell rang, and Norah brought me in a note, the messenger departing in rapid somersaults, by way of diversion, before I could stop him and send out for help to the city. He had brought me evil tidings; my husband wrote in a hurry to say that he had been called across the bay to attend an old patient, and would not be at home until next morning!—This was dreadful news, indeed.—Alone in the house with this strangely-acting man, with no neighbor near night shutting down, and my hope of my husband's return suddenly cut off; was ever woman so horribly situated? But in the darkness of despair I caught one gleam of hope.—There was now no excuse for the gentleman from Reno to tarry any longer. I told him, with ill-concealed triumph, that my husband would not be at home until the next day, and he would be sure to meet him at the nine o'clock boat. So I rose and looked significantly at his huge soft hat, hanging on my bust of Clytie, and stood ready to show him the door. He said, "Oh, well, it don't make any difference to me, I san jest wait here for him. I reckon you can bunk me in somewhere, and it won't be so lonesome for you if you have a man about the house, seeing as your old man's not round." In vain I protested that I was used to being alone, (which was a fib) and that I did not mind it, (which was another) and that it would not be convenient for me to have him stop. He declared, with horrible irony, that I should be half scared to death if I was left alone, and that he could "lop down" on the floor or any where if I had no spare bed for him. He had fared much worse before in Reno.

So he stayed. I can never forget nor can I depict the horrors of that night. He sat after supper chatting with rascally nonchalance of all sorts of improbable things which "Me and Hank" had done when they camped together in Brandy Canon in 1859, just as though my refined and precious husband ever knew this rough creature before me, or had shared in the adventures which he now spun out in his wild talk of days of '50 at Hog Bar and Brandy Canon. He took up one of my fragile hyacinths blooming in the window, (the wind blows so we cannot raise flowers out doors, in Jenkins street) and nursing it with his plastered lips, said: "Now, that's purty; we don't have no flowers up in Reno."—I deluded myself into the notion that he gave a little sigh, but he added disdainfully, as if rallying himself, "We don's have no time to fool away on posies, you bet." Every once in a while he got up and walked the room, and then I thought my time had come, but he only strode across the little parlor with two or three long steps, making the house rattle in every joint, so that I thot it would come down about my ears, and then he sat down again. Once he extended his walk into the dooryard, but soon came back, smelling dreadfully of tobacco smoke, which the wind, now lulled to a zephyr, was not strong enough to blow away. The children having been put to bed, and Norah snivelling with apprehension, being permitted to curl herself up in a corner of my own chamber, I had nothing to do but sit up with a fearful sort of fascination, and listen vacantly to the discursive talk of the gentleman from Reno. I sat and looked at him as he half nodded in his chair, wildly wondering if he would not go to sleep, and if I could not seize him and pinion him before he could awake. I thought how terribly he would struggle, and how Norah would hear him and come howling down stairs, or vainly scream for help from the windows. Sometimes I thought I would rise up and fiercely ask him why he did not begin his bloody work and put me out of misery? But as I am a timid and nervous little woman, I did no such thing, but let him run on with his talk, and wondered at his voice, which actually, now that the wind was down, made the house shake.

Led by some awful spell upon me, I showed him, shudderingly, to his chamber, and after his gray suit had dropped in detached parts all over the floor, I heard him throw himself, with a sort of snort, upon the pretty little spare bed in the best room, with a crash that threatened to bring the frail thing in fragments through the thin floor. I did not dare take off my clothes, but softly placing a chair before the door of the gentleman from Reno, I slipped into my own room, locked the door, and lay quaking through the night, waiting for the signal when the violence would begin. Confused dreams of a great many gentlemen from Reno carrying off my children and best china in small installments made my night long and troubled. I started up at every sound, rigid with terror as I fancied I heard my lodger fall over the chair which I had placed to trap him, or I was sure that I heard crackling of fire on the stairs, or the low whistle of a confederate under the windows. But no sound smote on the ear but the melancholy boom of the fog-bell at Fort Point, the occasional barking of the dogs in the Western Addition, and the stentorous breathing of the gentleman from Reno.

Daylight came and brought with it a sense of security, if not of rest. I had passed a miserable night; but somewhat to my astonishment found myself, alive and unharmed, and the house as peaceful and serene as usual. When I heard my visitor stirring in his room, I went and took away the chair from his door, feeling a little ashamed of the fears that looked so ridiculous by daylight.—We had an early breakfast, at which the gentleman from Reno, who now was as much puzzle as a terror to me, announced that he would go to meet my husband at the boat. As he went out, he stooped and kissed little Minnie, saying "Say what you will, we haven't got no such nice little gals as this over to Reno. Crocker—he's the boss contractor of that town—he's offered a prize of a town lot for the first baby that's born on the place, and you jest better believe the women are all looking arter that lot, and they do say that some women are coming up from Cisco, and those in the town are made to think—but I guess I'll tell Hank about that," he added, with a queer little laugh; and so he went off over the sandhills, and with a great gulp of satisfaction, I actually saw the last of the gentleman from Reno.

Harry driving up to the gate about noon, just as that wretched wind began to blow again; and as soon as I could get him inside the door, I said, reproachfully: "Oh Harry, I have had such a time!"

"Have you my dear? Why, you look as if you had seen a ghost.—There, there, now, don't set the deck pumps going, but tell me all about it."

Harry used to be in the navy, and has that injurious manner of twisting me about "dock pumps," that I never dared let the water come into my eyes when he is about, so I swallowed my grief, under which I was weakly inclined to give way, and told him the whole story from beginning to end, minutely describing the mysterious visitor. Having listened attentively, his big eyes growing bigger and dancing with fun as I went on, finally he burst out with—"Why, that's Bob Patchen from Reno. He's one of my old cronies that I used to know up in Brandy Canon in '50.

In vain I told him of the way he came in to the house; how he shook the building with his tread, and what dreadful stories he told about the doings of "Me and Hank" those wild days of old. He protested that Bob Patchen was one of the best fellows in the world, and he was sorry that he missed him at the Oakland boat. In fact, he said, I believe, the gentleman from Reno was "a gentleman, every inch of him—rough to be sure, and as uncouth as any man gets to be knocking about the world and deprived of the society of women; but nevertheless, a tender-hearted, whole souled fellow, who would not needlessly harm a fly, but who could drop his man at a hundred yards just as easy" Well, I had to give in of course, and was well laughed at for my foolish fears, and that cruel husband of mine roared until I thought he and the wind together would raise the roof as I told him of my furtive preparations to carry goblet and my bismarck out at the back door.

He drove off down town to hunt up "honest Bob Patchen," who went back to Reno that very night, and I never saw him again. But as Harry came into the house at supper time, he handed me a square pasteboard box, in which I found one of the loviest and most delicate bouquets I ever laid eyes on. None but a refined taste could have selected it; and in the bottom of the box was a card on which was written, crookedly and slantwise:

MR. ROBERT PATCHEN,
Reno,
Nev.

THE ERUPTION IN THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.—A correspondent of the New York *Times* describes the great landslide at Keaiwa, in the Hawaiian Islands. From this description we learn that its length is just three miles, its breadth, at the source, is about one mile, and half a mile near the centre. Its depth varies, on the grass plains it is about six feet; under the great precipice from which it fell, and in depression along its course it is from twenty to fifty feet deep. It nothing more or less than a great landslide—an avalanche of earth, rocks, trees, boulders, the trunks of immense ferns and the *debris* of vegetation, mingled with more or less water, and whatever was contained in the superatrata of the hills. The terrible rendings and heavings of the 2d of April produced great fractures in the steep mountain side, at a point a little above the brow of a precipice a thousand feet in height.—The final throe of the earthquake dislodged the whole immense mass thus loosened from the hill and started it downward. There is no evidence that steam or explosive gasses had any agency in the dynamics of this movement. No sensible heat was envolved, and no steam was visible. Dust filled the air, as in the case of great Alpine landslides. The motor power was simply gravitation, the occasion that produced its fatal effects, the earthquake.

WHAT RUM WILL DO.—Some years ago, in one of the counties of New York, a worthy man was decoyed into a licensed tavern, and tempted to drink until he was drunk. In the delirium of drunkeness he went home and murdered his wife in the most barbarous manner. He was carried to jail while drunk, and kept through night. Awaking in the morning and looking around upon the walls and seeing the bars upon the window, he exclaimed:

"Is this a jail?"

"Yes you are in jail," answered some one.

"What am I here for?" was the earnest inquiry.

"For murder?" was the answer. With still greater astonishment and earnestness, he inquired:

"Does my wife know it?"

"Your wife know it?" said some one. "Why, it was your wife you killed!"

On this announcement he dropped suddenly, as if he had been struck dead. Let it be remembered that the constable who carried him to jail sold him the liquor which caused his drunkenness; the justice who issued his warrant was one of those who signed his license; and the sheriff who hung him also sold liquor and kept a ten-pin alley.

At the Top of a Long Chimney.

A man will go blind, and mad too, from fear; I have seen it happen, and if you don't mind listening, will tell you the story. I was apprenticed to a builder when I left school, and soon got to like the trade very much, especially when the work was perilous, and gave me a chance to outdo the other lads in daring. "Spider" was my nick-name in those days, given partly on account of my long legs, for I had outgrown my proportions, and because they said, I could crawl along a roof like my namesake.—When I was about three and twenty I was working with the famous Mr. ——, and went down to Swansea with his picked hands, to carry out a contract he had taken in that town.—While there, I fell in love with the prettiest girl I had seen in Wales, and that is saying a good deal. For a time I fancied she liked me, and that I was getting on very well with my love-making, but I soon found my mistake, for an old lover of hers joined our men, and Mary gave me the cold shoulder directly. You may believe that sweetheart of hers (who was called Ben Loydd) and I were not the best of friends in the world; but I am not the sort of fellow to harbor malice, and when the biddings to the wedding went round, and I knew that my chance was gone. I made the best of it; I kept my sore heart to myself, and determined to beat down jealousy, by being great chums with Ben.

I went to the wedding; and there were not many days when I did not steal half an hour to sit by his fireside, which was as bright and cosy and homelike as you'd wish to see—Mary being the soul of order and industry. It is not, perhaps, the usual way of driving out envy, to go and look at the happiness another man has done you out of, but you know the proverb says, "What is one man's meat is another man's poison;" and so it was I got to look upon Mary as a sort of sister, and Ben had no cause for jealousy, although there were plenty of evil tongues ready to put him up to it.

The contract was nearly up, when a lightning-conductor upon one of the highest chimneys over at Llanelly spring was to be put up and the owner of the works offered our master the job.

"It's just the sort of thing for you, Harry," said Mr. ——, when he told us of it.

I touched my cap, and accepting it off hand and then Ben stepped up and said he'd volunteer to be the second man, two being required.

"All right," said the master, "you are the steadiest-headed fellows I have. The price is a good one, and every penny of it shall be divided between you. We'll not fix a day for the work, but take the first calm morning, and get it done quietly."

So it was that some four or five mornings after, we found ourselves at Llanelly, and all ready for the start. The kite by which the line attached to the block was to be sent over the chimney, was flown, and did its work well; the rope which was to haul up the cradle was ready, and stepping in, Ben and I began the ascent.

There had been very few people about when we went into the yard, but as we got higher, I saw that the news had spread, and that the streets were filling with sight seers.

"There's plenty of star-gazers, Ben," I said, waving my cap to them, "I dare say they'd like to see us come down with a run."

"Cannot you keep quiet?" answered Ben, speaking in a strange tone; and turning to look, I saw that he was deadly pale, and sat in the bottom of the cradle, huddled up together, with his eyes fast shut.

"You're not frightened, old chap?" I asked.

"What's that to you?"

"Oh, nothing; only we are getting up pretty quickly, and you'd have a better head for work if you'd get gradually used to the height."

He said nothing and never moved. Then looking up, I saw we were close to the top—a few yards more, and we would be there, yet those who were turning the windlass were winding with unabated speed. A sudden chill ran through my blood, and set my flesh creeping. They had miscalculated the distance, and with the force they were winding at, the rope must inevitably break when the cradle came in contact with the block. There was no time to attempt a signal, only an instant to point out the danger to Ben, and then to get hold of the rope, and by going hand over hand, reach the coping before the cradle came up. This was done almost quicker than I can tell you, Ben following.

The cradle came on; then, as I anticipated, the rope gave a shrill, pining sound, like a rifle-ball passing through the air, and snapped. Down went the cradle, and there we were left, nearly 300 feet in the air, with nothing to rest upon but a coping barely eighteen inches wide.

Ben shrieked out that he was a dead man, and cried, "Tell me where I can kneel, Harry; show me where I can pray to Almighty God, for I cannot die this way!"

"Hush lad," I said, "don't lose heart; God can hear you just as well sitting as kneeling; and if you try to get up, you'll tumble to a moral certainly. Think of Mary, man, and keep up."

But he only shook and swayed more and more, groaning and crying out that he was lost; and I could see that if he did not mind he would overbalance.

"Get hold of the rod," I said, thinking that, even sprung as it was, the touch of it would give him courage.

"Where is it boy?" he said, hoarsely; and then looking into his face, which was turned to me, I saw that his eyes were drawn together, squinting and bloodshot, and knew that the fright had driven him blind. So pushing myself to him, I placed my arm round his waist and worked round to the rod, which I put in his hand; and then I looked below, to see whether they were trying to help us; but there was no sign. The yard was full of people, all running hither and thither; and as I afterward knew, all in the greatest consternation; the cradle having fallen on one of the overseers of the works