The Bradford Reporter.

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

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One Column,	$100	$60	$40
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☞ 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 13, 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, 1868.

DR. H. WESTON, *DENTIST*.—Office in Patton's Block, over Gore's Drug and Chemical Store. 1jan68

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.

MISS E. H. BATES, M. D. (Graduate of Woman's Medical College, Philadelphia. Class 1864.) 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 Elwell & 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's, 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 Orphans' 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.

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.

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.

F. R. TAYLOR, *Fashionable Hair Dresser*, Ward House, Towanda, Pa., keeps constantly on hand and makes to order all kinds of Hair Work, such as Switches, Curls, Braids, Frissets, Lady's Front Pieces, Wigs, Toupees, Waterfalls, Puffs, False Whiskers and Ornamental Hair Work of all descriptions made to suit the customer. Particular attention paid to the Cutting and Dressing of Lady's Hair.—Highest market price paid for Raw Hair. Towanda, Nov. 26, 1868.

J. J. NEWELL,

COUNTY SURVEYOR,

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

AMERICAN HOTEL,

EAST SMITHFIELD, PA.

The subscriber having leased this house, lately occupied by A. G. Beatley, and thoroughly repaired and refitted it, is now ready to accommodate the travelling public. Every endeavor will be made to satisfy those who may favor him with a call. A. G. REYNOLDS. Feb. 1, 16 9.—6m*

ELWELL HOUSE, TOWANDA, PA.,

JOHN C. WILSON.

Having leased this House, is now ready to accommodate the Travelling Public. No pains or 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).

RUMMERFIELD CREEK HOTEL,

PETER LANDMESSER,

Having purchased and thoroughly refitted this old and well-known stand, formerly kept by Sheriff Griffis, at the mouth of Rummerfield Creek, is ready to give good accommodations and satisfactory treatment to all who may favor him with a call. Dec. 23, 1868.—tf.

WARD HOUSE, TOWANDA, PA.

On Main Street, near the Court House.

C. T. SMITH, Proprietor.

Oct. 5, 1866.

NEW MILLINERY GOODS!

MRS. E. J. PIERCE,

Presents herself to the ladies of Towanda with a very choice selection of goods, and is entirely confident of being able to meet the justly discriminating taste of such as may do her the favor of an examination of her stock. Thanks for former patrons for their favors, she solicits a continuance of the same. Plaiting done beautifully and on the shortest notice. Rooms over Cohen & Rosenfield's, Main Street. Towanda, Oct. 5, 1868.

PRICE LIST.—CASCADE MILLS.

Best quality Winter Wheat Flour per hundred ..... $5 50 @ $6 00
Best quality Rye Flour per hundred 4 00
Corn Meal and Rye and Corn Feed 2 25
Buckwheat Flour, per hundred 4 00

A fair margin allowed to dealers. We pay cash for grain. Wheat $1 75 and $2 00, Rye, $1 25, Buckwheat 80 cents. Corn $1 00.

Custom grinding usually done at once, as the capacity of the mill is sufficient for a large amount of work. H. B. INGHAM. Camptown, Jan. 14, 1869.

Cards.

H. B. McKEAN, *ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW*, Towanda, Pa. Particular attention paid to business in the Orphans' Court. July 30, 1866.

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.

DOCTOR O. LEWIS, a graduate of the College of "Physicians and Surgeons," New York city, Class 1843—1.—give exclusive attention to the practice of his profession. Office and residence on the eastern slope of Orwell Hill, adjoining Henry Rowe's. January 14, 1869.

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. 18, 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 $5,000.

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 House and Lots in Towanda.

A large tract of Coal Lands in Tioga county. Towanda, July 18, 1867.

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.

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 hour's 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 specialties, 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 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.—Solar Printing for the trade on the most reasonable terms. D. HARDING. Aug. 29, '67. F. SMALLEY.

CHEAP PASSAGE FROM OR TO IRELAND OR ENGLAND!

GUION & CO.'S LINE OF STEAMSHIPS FROM OR TO QUEENSTOWN OR LIVERPOOL.

Williams & Guion's old "Black Star Line" of Liverpool Packets, sailing every week.

Swallow-tail Line of Packets from or to London, sailing twice a month.

Remittances to England, Ireland and Scotland payable on demand.

For further particulars, apply to Williams & Guion, 29 Broadway, New-York, or, G. F. MASON & CO., Bankers, Oct. 1, 1866. Towanda, Pa.

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.

Selected Poetry.

A SABBATH IN THE COUNTRY.

No sound of crashing wheel was heard,
The morning's sun crept up the hills,
The twitter of the summer bird,
And gurgling laughter of the rills,
And whispered welcome of the trees.
And harp-notes of the gentle breeze.

The air was full of Sabbath song,
And Sabbath beauty robed the earth;
There was no flaunting, fine-dressed throng,
No marring and unseemly mirth;
But golden sunlight in the dells,
And music of inviting bells.

The house of God was everywhere;
We stood in courts where He had been,
We walked across His meadows fair,
And down his aisles of evergreen;
And strayed beside His river brim,
While all our hearts went out to Him.

We lingered where the little hands
Knelt down together in His light,
With sun-burnt faces, toil stained hands,
And simple voices that loved the right;
And while we breathe his holy name,
Into our midst the Master came.

We looked upon the preacher's face,
But back to us looked other eyes
We hear the spoken words of grace,
But 'twas another made us wise;
For God took all our thoughts away,
And kept them to himself that day.

O, grand cloud-mountains, snowy white!
O, Wilderness of tree and fern!
That through the windows met our sight,
And made our peace-filled spirits burn!
Into our hearts your joy we take,
And love you for our Father's sake.

Selected Tale.

A HIDDEN WITNESS.

"She is positively starving, and this money will be the saving of her."

These words were spoken in the course of a conversation between my old friend, Mr. John Irvin, retired civil servant, and myself; both sitting on a fine September morning in a little summer house in the garden of our mutual friend, the Rev. Henry Tyson, Rector of Norwick-Balham, in the county of Berkshire. The subject of our conversation had been a piece of very flagitious behavior on the part of a wealthy and retired tradesman, Harding by name, who lived in the neighborhood. A sum of money, amounting to a hundred pounds, was owing by this man to a widow, living also close at hand, for work done by her husband just before he died. The validity of the claim had been denied by Mr. Harding, and payment obstinately refused.

"I have made it all right, however," said my friend, with something approaching to a chuckle. "It happens that this Harding is, to a certain extent, in my power. The particulars of a transaction in which he was engaged some years ago, not of the most creditable nature, and all the facts relating to which he came before me in the course of my official career, are not only perfectly well known to me, but he knows that I know of them, and is aware that I could, even at this day, use them against him if I choose. Consequently he is always exceedingly civil to me, and when, in the course of a conversation between us yesterday, I explained to him, assuming as I did so a dangerous look which I could see had its effect—that I should take it exceedingly ill if he did not at once consider this poor woman's claim, and forthwith pay her what he had owed to her husband, he turned very pale, and informed me that since a person on whose judgment he could so entirely rely as he could on mine, was of opinion, after duly considering the claim, that it was a just one, he would at once give up his own view of the case, which had certainly hitherto been opposed to mine, and would without delay discharge the liability. He only begged that he might be spared the annoyance of a personal interview with his creditor, and that I would undertake in my own person to see the widow and transact the business part of the arrangement myself.

"You know," continued Mr. Irwin, "how interested I have always been in this poor soul's case, and you will believe how readily I undertook the charge. This very afternoon the business was brought to a conclusion. I have arranged to call on Harding, (who, as you know, lives close by) at three o'clock to get the money, and I will then convey it with my own hands to the poor woman as a surprise."

"You have never done a better day's work," I said. "How do you mean to go?"

"I shall walk. It is not above a couple of miles. The path across the field by Gorfield Copse is the nearest way—isn't it?"

"Yes, by a good deal." I answered. "Would you like a companion?"

"Well, I should like one, certainly," was my friend's answer, "but I feel a little delicacy about introducing a stranger into the business—either that with Mr. Harding himself, or with my friend the widow, who is the proudest and most sensitive woman in the world."

I assented to the justice of this objection, and, having some letters to write, got up to go, leaving my friend sitting in the summer-house. As I quitted it, turning sharply round to go into the house, I came suddenly upon a man who was emerging from among the shrubs which formed the back of the little arbor.

He was an occasional helper about the place, and I had noticed him more than once, and not with favor. He was a very peculiar, and, as I thought, a very ill-looking man. He was a shy, slouching sort of creature, who always started and got out of the way when you met him. A man with hollow, sunken eyes, a small, mean, pinched sort of nose, and a prominent, savage-looking under jaw, with teeth like tusks, which his beard did not always conceal. This beard, by the way, was one of the most marked characteristics of the man's appearance; it being—as was his hair also—of that flaming red color which is not very often seen,—really red, with no pretention to those auburn or chestnut or golden tints which have become fashionable of late years.—The blazing effect of this man's coloring was increased very much by the head-dress he wore, an old cricketing cap of brightest scarlet. He was otherwise dressed in one of those short white calivas shirts, or frocks, which are much worn by engineers, stokers and plasterers, over their ordinary clothes. There was a great brown patch of new material let into the front of this garment, which showed very conspicuously, even at a distance. His lower extremities were clad in common velveteen trousers, old and worn.

Such was the man who appeared suddenly in my path as I left the summer-house, and who disappeared as suddenly out of it a moment after our encounter, gliding stealthily off in the direction of the kitchen summer garden.

I saw my good friend, Mr. Irwin, once more before he started on his beneficial errand. He was in high spirits, and had got himself up in great style for the occasion, with a light-colored summer overcoat, to keep off the dust, and a white hat.—I think he had a flower in his buttonhole.

There was one part of Mr. Irwin's equipment a little out of the common way, and this was a butterfly-net, fixed to the end of a stick. My friend was a most enthusiastic entomologist, and when in the country never stirred without carrying with him this means of securing his favorite specimens. I joked him a little on the introduction of this unusual element into a business transaction, suggesting that Mr. Harding would think that he had brought it as a receptacle for the widow's money. "I must have it with me," said the old gentleman' "for if I ever venture to go out without it, I invariably meet with some invaluable specimen which escapes me in a heart rendering manner. But," he added, "I'm not going to let Harding discover my weakness, you may be sure. I'll leave it outside among the bushes, and recover it when the interview is over."

"Well, good luck attend you, any way!" I called after him; "a successful end to your negotiations, and plenty of butterflies."

The good-hearted old fellow gave me a nod and a smile, and, flourishing his net, was presently off on his mission.

I had what we familiarly call "the fidgets," that afternoon. I could not settle down to anything. Having tired of wandering about the garden, I now took, in turn, to wandering about the house, going first into one room and then into another, looking at the pictures, taking up different objects which lay about, and examining them in an entire purposeless way.

At the top of my friend's house there was a little room in a tower, which was used as a smoking-room, and also as a kind of observatory; my host being in the habit of observing the heavenly bodies through his telescope when favorable occasion offered. I remembered the existence of this apartment now, and feeling that a small dose of tobacco would suit my present condition very well, determined to climb the turret staircase, and enjoy a quiet smoke in the observatory.

The room was charming. There were large windows in it, and the view was most extensive, taking in scenery of a varied kind—hill and dale, wood, river and plain. The signs of habitation were not numerous, the country but thinly populated; still, there were cottages and farm-houses scattered here and there, and even one or two villages in the distance. I lighted my cigar and gave myself up to tranquil enjoyment of the scene before me.

As I sat thus, the clock of my host's church struck three. Remembering that to be the hour of Mr. Irwin's interview with Harding, my thoughts reverted to the subject of the widow's debt, and to the good nature my old friend had displayed in giving himself so much trouble, and undertaking such a thankless office. My mind did not dwell long on these things, however. I happened to catch sight of the telescope, which was put away in a corner of the room; and being restless, and not in a mood which total inaction was agreeable to me, I determined to have it out, and examine the details of the landscape which I had just been studying on a large scale.

The day was very favorable for my purpose. The sun was shining, and there was an east wind—a combination which often produces a remarkable clearness in the atmosphere. Circumstances could not possibly be more suitable for telescopic operations, so, placing the instrument on its stand before one of the open windows, I sat down and commenced my survey.

It was a superb telescope, and although I knew it well, and had often used it before, I found myself still astonished at its power and range. I set myself to trying experiments as to the extent of its capacity, taking the time by the church-clock of a village two miles off, trying to make out what people were doing in the extreme distance, and in other ways putting the capabilities of the instrument to the test. That done, with results of the most satisfactory kind, I went to work in a more leisurely fashion, shifting the glass from point to point of the landscape, as the fancy took me, and enjoying the delicious little circular pictures, which, in endless variety, seemed to fit themselves, one after another, into the end of the instrument. The little round pictures were some of them very pretty. Here was one—the first the telescope showed me—in the front of which was a small patch of purple earth just brought under the plow. A little copse bounded one side of this arable land; there was a very bright green field in the distance; and in the foreground the plow itself was crawling slowly along, drawn by a couple of ponderous and sturdy horses, a bay and a white, whose course was directed by an old man with a blue neckerchief, the ends hanging loose, a boy being in attendance to turn the horses at the end of each furrow, and generally to keep them up to their work.

A turn of the glass, and another picture takes its place. A roadside alehouse now. One of the upper windows has a muslin half-blind, betokening the guest-chamber, another on the ground floor is ornamented with a red curtain—the tap room this, where convival spirits congregate on Saturday nights. The inn has a painted sign; somebody in a scarlet coat and with something on his head which I can't quite make out; perhaps it is a three-cornered hat, and perhaps the inn is dedicated to the ineffitable Marquis of Granby. Stay! I recollect now seeing such an inn in one of my walks in the neighborhood. It is the Marquis of Granby, as I well remember. An empty cart is standing in front of the house, the driver watering his horses, and beering himself just before the house door, where I can see him plainly.

Another and a more extensive turn, and the little railway station comes within the limits of the magic circle. Not much to interest here: a small white-washed, slate-roofed, formal building, hard, and angular, and hideous. A lot of sacks piled up against the wall, waiting to be sent off by the luggage train; a great signal post rising into the air, a row of telegraph poles stretching away in perspective.

Now a prosperous farmstead, with a big thatched house, where the farmer and his family reside, with well preserved sheds and outhouses; there is a straw-yard, too, with cattle standing knee deep, and eating out of racks well found in hay; and there are pigs wallowing in the mire, and there are cocks and hens jerking themselves hither and thither, and pecking, and generally fussing, as their manner is. This picture in its circular frame pleases me well, and so does the next. A gentleman's seat of the entirely comfortable, not of the showy and ostentatious sort. The grounds are large enough to be called a park, and the house lying rather low, as it was the fashion to build a century or two ago, stands in the midst of them, with a trim and pleasantly formal flower garden round about it. It is a red brick house of the Hanoverian time, with a rather high slate (green slate) roof, with dormer windows in it. The other windows have white sashes which are flush with the wall, and not, as in these days, sunk in a recess.

I look long on this scene, and then, not without reluctance, shift my glass, and, turning away from human habitations, begin to examine the more retired and unfrequented parts of the landscape. The magic circle now encloses nothing but trees and meadows, and little quiet nooks and corners, where the lazy cows stand about in shady places too idle even to feed, or where the crows blacken the very ground by their numbers, unmolested by shouting boys, unscared by even the old traditional hat and coat upon a stick. I come presently to a little bright green paddock, with a pony feeding in it,—a refreshing little round picture pleasant to dwell on. There is a pond in one corner of the paddock, surrounded with pollard willows; the water reflecting them upon its surface, as also a little patch of sky, which it gets sight of somehow between the branches.

It is a comfortable and innocent little place this, with a small wood close by, with a haystack near the gate, and stay—what is this? There are figures here—two men—how plainly I see them! But what are they doing? They are in violent movement. Are they fighting, wrestling, struggling? It is so. A struggle is going on between them, and one of the two—he wears a high red cap—has the best of it. He has his antagonist, who seems to be weak and makes but faint resistance, by the throat; he strikes fiercely at the wretched man's head with a thick stick or club he holds, and, pressing on him sorely, beats him fiercely to the ground. The man who has the best of it—there is something more of red about him besides his cap; is it his beard?—does not spare the fallen man, but beats him still about the head—a gray head surely—with his club. Horrible sight to look on! I would give anything to tear myself away from the telescope, or at least to close my eyes and shut out the sickening spectacle. But the butchery is nearly over. The gray-haired man continues yet to struggle and resist, but only for a little while. In a very short time the contest, as I plainly see, will be over. The conquered man, making one more supreme effort, rises nearly to his feet, receives another crushing blow, falls suddenly to the ground, and is still. Merciful Heaven! what is this? Who are these two men? Do I know them? It cannot be that this is my dear old friend lying helpless on the ground, and that the other is the man whom I took notice of just now in the rectory garden. It cannot be that this deed of which I have been a witness—inactive, powerless to help or save—is a MURDER!

I felt for a moment as if all presence of mind and power of action had deserted me. What was I to do? That was all I could say, over and over again, as I sat still gazing through the telescope with an instinctive feeling that I must not lose one single ingredient of the scene before me. All that happened I must see. I recalled my senses by a mighty effort, and reasoned as men do in a crisis. What was to be done? The place where the horrible deed was being committed was so far off—about three-quarters of a mile as the crow flies—more than a mile by any road I knew of—that there could be no possibility of my getting there in time to be of the slightest service.—The end, if it had not come already—and I felt certain that it had—must most surely have come before I could traverse that distance. There was but one way now in which I could be of the slightest service, and that was in securing the detection of the murderer. I must remain at my post and watch his every movement, besides endeavoring to render myself certain, so far as the glass would enable me to do so, concerning his appearance and dress. So there I sat, helpless and spellbound, but watching with devouring eyes. There was a sudden stillness where there had been before so much of struggling and movement. The blows had ceased to fall now. The deed was accomplished, and there was no more need for them. The man himself, the murderer, was still; and I made sure of his identity. There was the red hair, there was the red beard, there was the scarlet cap lying on the ground, there was the canvas frock with the patch in front. There was no doubt. Alas! was there any doubt either about that other figure lying on the grass beside him? The light-colored summer coat which he had worn when I first saw him—the white hairs. It was fearfully too much too bear, but a savage craving for vengeance came to my aid and braced up my energies. I dispelled by an effort of the will a dimness which came before my eyes; and, straining them more intensely than ever, saw the man with the red cap start up, as if suddenly conscious that he was losing time, and set himself to work to rifle the body of his victim. As far as I could see, he was engaged in emptying the poor old man's pockets, and once I thought I saw the gleam of something golden; but this might have been fancy. At all events he continued for some time to turn the body over and over, and then, having, I suppose, satisfied himself with what he had secured, he got up, and, dragging the corpse after him, made his way to the little wood close by, and entering it, disappeared from sight. And now, indeed, a crisis had arrived when it was difficult in the extreme to know how to act. What if that disappearance were final? What if he should get out of the wood at the further extremity and I should see him no more?

It was a breathless moment. I continued to watch, and hardly breathed. At last, and when I was becoming desperate with uncertainty, I saw something move again. The trees were parted, and at the same place where the murderer had entered the wood, bearing with him the body of my old friend, he now reappeared alone. He stood a moment as if undecided, and then came out, looking behind him first, and then arranging the disturbed boughs as though to make the place look as if no one had passed that way. That done, he stood still for a moment, looking about him as if in search of something and then moved across—how unconscious of the pursuer on his track, the telescope following his every step, unseen and unsuspected!—to where at the corner of the meadow there was, as I have mentioned, a little pond with pollard willows round about its margin. He stooped and took up some object lying beside the pond. What was it? There was something green about it. Was it old Mr. Irwin's butterfly-net? I could not see with certainty, but no doubt it was; and no doubt the poor old gentleman had wandered away from the footpath, which was near at hand, in pursuit of some entomological specimen.

The man with the red cap threw this object into the water. Then, taking off his canvas frock, he began to wash the front of it, stained, no doubt, with blood. Then he washed his hands and face, and putting on the frock, wet as it was in part, stood up, and once more looked suspiciously about. All this took time, but I dared not remove my eye from the glass for a single instant. Once I had tried to reach the bell-handle, but I could not. Something would, however, have to be done presently, and done on the instant.

For he was going. He turned his back upon the pond; looked about, as if to see whether there were any traces of his crime visible; then crossed the field, got over the gate by the haystack, was lost to sight for a moment, appeared again, disappeared again, and finally, after being out of sight for some time, showed at last, walking about the high road, until he came to a roadside inn, that very Marquis of Granby spoken of above, into which he entered.

And now, indeed, I felt that the time had come when some decisive step must be taken. If he were not secured now, while he was in the public-house,—if he got out of it without being taken,—he might get off by ways which were hidden from my range of vision, and so escape. I still dared not move my eye from the telescope or the telescope from the inn door. It was absolutely indispensable that he should not be able to leave the house without my knowing it. I must not stir then; but as something is required to be done instantly, somebody else must stir for me. In a moment I decided on my course. Remaining motionless at my post, I lifted up my voice, and gave utterance to such a succession of shouts that I confidently expected that the whole establishment would rush up stairs to the observatory, thinking that I myself were being murdered. It was not so, however; and, considering the noise I made, it seemed really astonishing how long I called in vain. At last it did appear that I was heard. The head gardener was in the grounds close by, and the sound of my voice reached him at length through the open window. Even when he heard, however, it was evident that he could not make out whence the cries which reached him came. "Who calls?" he cried.—"Here," I shouted. "In the tower. Help, help at once! There is not a moment to lose." And very soon I heard the welcome sound of footsteps hurrying up the turret stairs. Almost before the door was opened, or the gardener in the room, I issued my orders. "Jump upon the pony," I cried, still with my glass fixed on the door of the old inn, "and gallop at full speed down to the Marquis of Granby. There has been a murder committed, and the murderer is in that house. He has on a scarlet cap, has red hair and a red beard, and a canvas frock, with a dark patch in front."

"What! My helper here?" cried the gardener.

"The same. Seize him, or if he has left when you get there, raise the hue and cry, and follow him. He has murdered poor old Mr. Irwin. Don't stop to answer," I added, as the man uttered an exclamation of horror. "Go—go at once. I dare not leave this post. Go, and if you meet any one on your way send him—her—any one—to me".

The man was a sharp fellow, and disappeared instantly. Very soon I had the satisfaction of hearing a horse's hoofs galloping out of the yard at the back. Meanwhile, half of the household, alarmed by what the man had told them, had rushed up to the observatory, and were now gathered round me as I sat at the telescope. They were silent for a time, and I could feel, though my eyes were engaged, that they were watching me intently.

"What was his name?" I asked after a while.

"His name is Mason," somebody replied; "William Mason." Then there was a silence again, as I went on watching.

"For God's sake, what is it, sir?" cried the old housekeeper, suddenly, in answer, I suppose, to an involuntary exclamation of mine.

"The door has opened," I answered.

"Is he coming out?"

No one appeared for a moment; at last some one passed out. It was not he, however; it was an old woman carrying a bundle.

There were several false alarms of this kind, as different people who had been taking refreshment at the tap came out, one after another, in pretty rapid succession. At last, after a longer interval than usual the door opened quickly once again.

"It is he," I said, hardly knowing—till I heard the confused murmur of an exclamation from the group behind me—that I spoke. "He is looking first one way and then another, and now, he is gone, and the gardener will be too late!"

I could still see him, and could make out in which direction he was going.

"Is any one belonging to the stable here?"

"Yes, sir," replied a voice I knew.

"Get a horse saddled at once, Matthew, and bring him round. The swiftest you have in."

In a moment I heard the man's footsteps clattering down the stairs.

"Can you see him still?" asked the old housekeeper.

"At present I can, but I shall not be able to do so long. The part of the road he is approaching is hidden from my view."

Very soon my prediction came true. There was a turn in the road. Trees and buildings and rising ground intervened and hid the figure. It did not show again for a long space; when it did it came out by the railway station.

I sat and thought the situation over, and the conviction forced itself upon me more strongly, that the railway station would be the ultimate destination of the murderer, and that the only chance now was to keep a steady watch upon its approaches. But my eyes, especially the left eye, which I had to keep closed, were now so tired that I could hardly use them. I found it, however, by no means easy to get a substitute.

There were only present at this time the women servants and a boy. The boy could not be trusted, of course; and the women, one and all, proclaimed, as they seated themselves by turns before the glass, that they could only see "something dark bobbing up and down at the end of it." At last it was suggested that Martin, the vicar's factotum, who had been out, must be at home by this time, and a servant being despatched in search of him, he presently appeared and took my place at the glass, through which he could see perfectly.

"He lives just there, sir, between the part of the road where you say he disappeared and the station," said Martin, when he had heard all the foregoing particulars; "just behind that row of poplars you see down yonder."

This opened a new view of the matter. Martin suggested that perhaps he had gone home, and that the right course to pursue might be to send there to capture him. The propriety of this, however, I doubted.

"Keep your attention fixed upon the station," I said, "and let me be informed of all that goes on there. He will find his way there at last."

Martin kept his glass fixed on the little building in silence. Everything appeared to be at a stand-still for the moment.

"An old woman carrying a basket is making her way slowly to the station," said Martain: "one or two other people are beginning to arrive.

"What sort of people?"

"O, not our man. One is a lad, looks like a gentleman's groom, come to fetch some parcel. The other is a miller with a sack of meal. There are signs of some stir about the place, and I can make out the porters moving about. What time is it, sir?" asked the man, suddenly.

"Twenty minutes past four," I answered.

"The down train is due at 4:29," said Martin. "That accounts for the bustle."

"Where does it go to?" I asked.

"It is the Bristol train, sir," was the answer.

Just the place where I thought the murderer would want to go.

"There's a cart driven by an old man with a great many parcels, which the porters are removing, and taking into the station; there's a man with a couple of pointers coupled. The train's coming, sir, I can see the smoke; and they're working the signals as hard as they can go. Here's a carriage driving up with a pair of white horses. It's the Westbrook's carriage—I can see the liveries.—There's Squire Westbrook getting out, and there are the two young ladies. Here's the postman with his leather bag. Here's a woman with a little boy; the train's in now, and they're just going to shut the door. Here comes somebody running. He's a volunteer, one of our own corps.—He'll be too late. No; the porter sees him, and beckons him to make haste. The volunteer runs harder than ever, the porter drags him into the station, and the door is shut."

"Is there nobody else?" I asked in violent excitement.

"Not a soul, sir, and now the train is off."

"And are you sure you've not missed any one?"

"Quite sure, sir."

"I was profoundly disappointed, and for the moment puzzled how to act. Watching the station was, for the present, useless.

There would not be another train until eight o'clock at night. The only chance under these circumstances seemed to be the chance of finding the man at his own house.—Thither I determined to go, thinking that even if he were not there I might obtain some information from the neighbors which might prove of use. I got a description of the house and its situation from Martin, and leaving him with directions to still keep a watch on the station, ran down stairs, and, finding the horse I had ordered waiting for me at the door, went off at full speed.

The horse carried me so well that in a very short time I had reached the little clump of cottages to which I had been directed, and one of which was the dwelling place of the murderer. I dismounted, and, throwing my horse's bridle on the palings in front of the cottage, passed along the little path which led to the door, and proceeded to try the latch. The door was locked. Looking up at the windows—there were but two—I saw that they also were firmly secured, and that the blinds were down. The small abode had a deserted look, and I felt that it was empty; but I knocked loudly, nevertheless, and shook the door.

The noise of my arrival and my knocking, at length disturbed some of the