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.

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One Column,	$100	$60	$40
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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.

HENRY PEET, *Attorney at Law*, Towanda, Pa. Jun27, 68.

EDWARD OVERTON Jr., *Attorney at Law*, Towanda, Pa. Office formerly occupied by the late J. C. Adams. March 1, 1869.

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 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 Frassell & 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.

W. H. CARNOCHAN—*Attorney at Law*, (District Attorney for Bradford County,) Troy, Pa. Collections made and promptly remitted. Feb 15, 1869—tf

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 on the 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 specialty 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.

AMERICAN HOTEL, EAST SMITHFIELD, PA. The subscriber having leased this house, lately occupied by A. D. Bentley, and thoroughly repaired and re-fitted 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, 69 9—6m*

AMERICAN HOTEL, Cor. Bridge and Water Streets, TOWANDA, Pa. M. E. CALKINS, Proprietor, assisted by L. T. Royse, formerly of "Royse House," Burlington, Penn's. Feb 24, 18-9 tf

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].

RUMMERFIELD CREEK HOTEL, PETER LANDMESSER, Has purchased and thoroughly refitted this old and well known stand, formerly kept by Geoff 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. 8, 1866.

O. W. STEVENS, COUNTY SURVEYOR. Columbia, Bradford Co., Pa. Thankful to his many employers for past patronage would respectfully inform the citizens of Bradford County that he is prepared to do any work in his line of business that may be intrusted to him. Those having disputed lines would do well to have their property accurately surveyed before allowing themselves to feel aggrieved by their neighbors. All work warranted correct as far as the nature of the case will permit... All unpatented lands attended to as soon as warrants are obtained. Feb 24, '69—1y O. W. STEVENS.

DOCTOR O. LEWIS, a graduate of the College of "Physicians and Surgeons," New York city. Class 1843-4—gives exclusive attention to the practice of his profession. Office and residence on the eastern slope of Orwell Hill, adjoining Henry Rowe's. January 14, 1859.

The Bradford Reporter.

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

VOLUME XXIX. TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., MARCH 11, 1869. NUMBER 42.

Cards.

H. B. McKEAN, *ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW*, Towanda, Pa. Particular attention paid to business in the Orphans' Court. July 29, 1868.

W. B. KELLY, *Dentist*. Office over Wickham & Black's, Towanda, Pa. All the various styles of work attentatively 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.

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. 13, 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. O. 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 Farming in West Burlington, on the Creek, where 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.

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 Passe-partout 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. H. 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 & O., Bankers, Towanda, Pa. Oct. 1, 1866.

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.

G. S. PECK, *MILLWRIGHT & MACHINIST*, TOWANDA, PA. Mills built and Repaired, Engines and Boilers set in the best manner. I would call the attention of mill owners to my NEW VORTEXT WATER WHEEL, As combining all the elements of a first class motter, simplicity of construction, accessibility, great strength of parts, developing the greatest amount of power for water used, easily regulated, running under backwater with no detriment to power except diminition of head, requiring no alteration in Mill frames or addition to flume, will run under low head, and made of any desired capacity. These wheels will be furnished at less than one-half the cost of any other first-class wheel in market, and warranted to perform all that is claimed for them—These wheels will be made for diffuser with or without cones, on short notice of the best Iron in market. For full particulars address or enquire of the undersigned. G. S. PECK, Towanda, Pa. P. S.—These wheels can be seen in operation at Messrs. Horton & Wells' Mill, Towanda twp. The wheels are wholly composed of Iron as now made. Jan. 14, 1869.—tf

Selected Poetry.

THE CELESTIAL ARMY.

BY T. BUCHANAN READ.

I stood by the open casement,
And looked upon the night,
And saw the westward going stars
Pass slowly out of sight.

Slowly the bright procession
Went down the gleaming arch,
And my soul discerned the music
Of their long triumphal march.

Till the great celestial army,
Stretched far beyond the poles,
Became the eternal symbol
Of the mighty march of souls.

Onward, forever onward,
Red Mars led down his clan,
And the moon, like a mailed maiden,
Was riding in the van.

And some were bright in beauty,
And some were faint and small,
But these might be in their greatest height
The noblest of them all.

Downward, forever downward,
Behind earth's dusky shore,
They passed into the unknown night,
They passed—and were no more.

No more! Oh, say not so!
And downward is not just,
For the sight is weak and the sense is dim
That looks through heated dust.

The stars and the mailed moon,
Though they seem to fall and die,
Still sweep with their embattled lines,
An endless reach of sky.

And though the hills of death
May hide the bright array,
The marshalled brotherhood of souls
Still keeps its upward way.

Upward, forever upward,
I see their march sublime,
And hear the glorious music
Of the conquerors of time.

And long let me remember
That the paltest, faintest one,
May to diviner vision be
A bright and blessed sun.

Selected Tale.

STEPHEN ARCHER.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

Stephen Archer was a stationer, book-seller, and newsmonger in one of the suburbs of London. The newspapers hung in a sort of rack at his door, as if for the convenience of the public to help themselves in passing. On his counter lay penny weeklies and books coming out in parts, amongst which the Family Herald was in force, and the London Journal not to be found. I had occasion once to try the extent of his stock, for I required a good many copies of one of Shakespeare's plays,—at a penny if I could find such. He shook his head and told me he could not encourage the sale of such productions. This pleased me, for although it was of little consequence what he thought concerning Shakespeare, it was of the utmost import that he should prefer principle to pence. So I loitered in the shop, looking for something to buy; but there was nothing in the way of literature; his whole stock, as far as I could see, consisted of a little religious volume of gay binding and inferior print; he had nothing even from the Halifax press. He was a good looking fellow, about thirty, with dark eyes, over-hanging brows that indicated thought, mouth of character, and no smile. I was interested in him.

I asked if he would mind getting the plays I wanted. He said he would rather not. I bade him good morning.

More than a year after, I saw him again. I had passed his shop many times, but this morning, I forget why, I went in. I could hardly recall the former appearance of the man, so was it swallowed up in a new expression. His face was alive, and his behavior courteous. A similar change had passed upon his stock There was Punch and Fun amongst the papers, and tenpenny Shakespeares on the counter, printed on straw paper, with ugly woodcuts. The former class of publications had not vanished, but was mingled with cheap editions of some worthy of being called books.

"I see you have changed your mind since I saw you last," I said.

"You have the advantage of me, sir," he returned. "I did not know you were a customer."

"Not much of that," I replied; "only in intention. I wanted you to get me some penny Shakespeares, and you would not take the order."

"Oh! I think I remember," he answered, with just a trace of confusion; adding, with a smile, "I'm married now;" and I fancied I could read a sort of triumph over his former self.

I laughed, of course,—the best expression of sympathy at hand—and after a little talk left the shop, resolved to look in again soon. Before a month was over I had made the acquaintance of his wife too, and between them learned so much of their history as to be able to give the following particulars concerning it:

Stephen Archer was one of the deacons, rather a young one perhaps, of a dissenting congregation. The chapel was one of the oldest in the neighborhood, quite triumphant in ugliness, but possessed of a history which gave it high rank with those who frequented it. The sacred odor of the names of pastors who had occupied its pulpit lingered about the walls,—names unknown beyond its precincts, but starry in the eyes of those whose world lay within its tabernacle. People generally do not know what a power some of these small conventicles are in the education of the world. If only as an outlet for the energies of men of lowly education and position, who in connection with most of the churches of the establishment would find no employment, they are of inestimable value.

To Stephen Archer, for instance when I saw him first, his chapel was the sole door out of the common world into the infinite. When he entered, as certainly did the awe and the hush of the sacred place overshadow his spirit as if it had been a gorgeous cathedral-house borne aloft upon the joined palms of its Gothic arches. The Master is truer than men think, and the power of His presence, as Browning has so well set forth in his "Christmas Eve," is where two or three are gathered in His name. And inasmuch as Stephen was not a man of imagination, he had the greater need of the undefined influences of the place.

He had been chief in establishing a small mission amongst the poor in the neighborhood, with the working of which he occupied the greater part of his spare time. I will not venture to assert that his mind was pure from the ambition of gathering from these to swell the little flock at the chapel; nay, I will not even assert that there never arose a suggestion of the enemy that the peace of these rescued brands might alleviate the burden upon the heads and shoulders of the poorly prosperous caryatides of his church; but I do say that Stephen was an honest man in the main, ever ready to grow honester; and who can demand more? One evening as was he putting up the shutters of his window, his attention was arrested by a shuffling behind him. Glancing round, he set down the shutter, and the next instant he boxed a boy's ears, who ran away howling and mildly excavating his eyeballs, while a young pale-faced woman, with the largest black eyes he had ever seen, expostulated with him on the proceeding.

"O, sir!" she said, "he wasn't troubling you." There was a touch of indignation in the tone.

"I'm sorry I can't return the compliment," said Stephen, rather illogically. "If I'd ha' known you liked to have your shins kicked, I might ha' let the young rascal alone. But you see I didn't know it."

"He was my brother," said the young woman, conclusively.

"The more shame to him," returned Stephen. "If he'd been your husband, now, there might ha' been more harm than good in interferin', cause he'd only give it to you the worse after; but brothers! Well, I'm sure it's a pity I interfered."

"I don't see the difference," she retorted, still with offence.

"I beg your pardon, then," said Stephen. "I promise you I won't interfere next time."

So saying, he turned, took up his shutter, and proceeded to close his shop. The young woman walked on.

Stephen gave an inward growl or two at the depravity of human nature, and set out to make his usual visits; but before he reached the place, he had begun to doubt whether the old Adam had not overcome him in the matter of boxing the boy's ears; and the following interview appeared in consequence less satisfactory than usual. Disappointed with himself, he could not be so hopeful about others.

As he was descending a stair so narrow that it was only just possible for two to pass, he met the same young woman ascending. Glad of the opportunity, he stepped aside with his best manners and said:

"I am sorry I offended you this evening. I did not know the boy was your brother."

"O, sir!" she returned—for to one in her position, Stephen Archer was a gentleman; had he not a shop of his own?—"you didn't hurt him much; only I'm so anxious to save him."

"To be sure," returned Stephen, "that is the one thing needful."

"Yes, sir," she rejoined. "I try hard, but boys will be boys."

"There is but one way, you know," said Stephen, following the words with a certain formula which I will not repeat.

The girl stared. "I don't know about that," she said. "What I want is to keep him out of prison. Sometimes I think I shan't be able long. O, sir! if you be a gentleman that goes about here, couldn't you help me? I can't get any thing for him to do, and I can't be at home to look after him."

"What is he about all day, then?"

"The streets," she answered. "I don't know as he has ever done anything that he ought not to, but he came home once in a fright, and breathless with running, that I tho't he'd ha' fainted. If I only could get him into a place!"

"Do you live here?" he asked.

"Yes, sir; I do."

At that moment a half-bestial sound below, accompanied by uncertain foot steps, announced the arrival of a drunken brick-layer.

"There's Joe Bradley," she said, in some alarm. "Come into my room, sir, till he's gone up; there's no harm in him when he's sober, but he ain't been sober for a week now."

Stephen obeyed; and she, taking a key from her pocket and unlocking a door on the landing, led him into a room to which his back parlor was a paradise. She offered him the only chair in the room, and took her place on the edge of the bed, which showed a clean though much worn patchwork quilt. Charley slept on the bed, and she on a shakedown in the corner. The room was not untidy, though the walls and floor were not clean; indeed, there were not in it articles enough to make it untidy withal

"Where do you go on Sundays?" asked Stephen.

"Nowheres. I ain't got nobody," she added, with a smile, "to take me nowheres."

"What do you do, then?"

"I've plenty to do mending Charley's trousers. You see they're only shoddy, and as fast as I patch 'em in one place they're out in another."

"But you oughtn't to work Sundays?"

"I've heard tell of people as say you oughtn't to work of a Sunday; but where's the difference when you have got a brother to look after? He ain't got no mother."

"But you're breaking the fourth commandment, and you know where people go that do that. You believe in hell, I suppose."

"I always thought that was a bad word."

"To be sure! But it's where you'll go if you break the Sabbath."

"O sir!" she said, bursting into tears, "I don't care what becomes of me if I could only save that boy."

"What do you mean by *saving* him?"

"Keep him out of prison, to be sure. I shouldn't mind the workhouse myself, if I could get him into a place."

A place was her heaven, a prison her hell.

Stephen looked at her more attentively. No one who merely glanced at her could help seeing her eyes first, and no one who regarded them could help thinking her nice looking at least, all in a shabby cotton dress and black shawl as she was. It was only the "penury and pine" that kept her from being beautiful. Her features were both regular and delicate, with an anxious mystery about the thin tremulous lips, and a beseeching look, like that of an animal, in her fine eyes, hazy with the trouble that haunted her mouth. Stephen had the good sense not to press the Sabbath question, and by degrees drew her story from her.

Her father had been a watchmaker, but giving way to drink, had been, as far back as she could remember, entirely dependent upon her mother, who, by charring and jobbing managed to keep the thing alive. Sara was then the only child, but within a few months after her father's death, her mother died in giving birth to the boy. With her last breath she had commended him to his sister. Sara had brought him up—how she hardly knew. The child that her mother had given her was all her thought. Those who start with the idea "that people with naught are naughty," whose eyes are offended by rags, who see care cannot distinguish between vulgarity and wickedness, and who think the first duty is care for self, must be excused from believing that Sara Coulter passed through all that had been decreed for her, without losing her simplicity and purity. But God is in the back slums as certainly as—perhaps to some eyes more evidently than—in Belgravia. That which was the burden of her life—namely, the care of her brother—was her salvation. After hearing her story, which he had to draw from her, because she had no impulse to talk about herself, Stephen went home to turn the matter over in his mind.

The next Sunday, after he had his dinner, he went out into the same region, and found himself at Sara's door. She was busy over a garment of Charley's who was sitting on the bed with half a loa in his hand. When he recognized Stephen he jumped down, and would have rushed from the room, but changing his mind, possibly because of the condition of his lower limbs, he turned and springing into the bed, scrambled under the counterpane, and drew it over his head.

"I am sorry to see you working on Sunday," Stephen said, with an emphasis that referred to their previous conversation.

"You would not have the boy go naked?" she returned, with again a touch of indignation. She had been thinking how easily a man of Stephen's social position could get him a place if he would. Then recollecting her manner, she added, "I should get him better clothes if he had a place. Wouldn't you like to get a place now, Charley?"

"Yes," said Charley, from under the counterpane, and he began to peep at the visitor.

He was not an ill-looking boy,—only roguish to a degree. His eyes, as black as his sister's, but only half as big, danced and twinkled with mischief. Archer would have taken him off to his ragged class, but even of rags he had not at the moment the complement necessary for admittance. He left them, therefore, with a few commonplaces of religious phrase, falling utterly meaningless. But he was not one to confine his ministrations to words; he was an honest man. Before the next Sunday it was clear to him that he could do nothing for the soul of Sara, until he had taken the weight of her brother off it.

When he called the next Sunday, the same vision precisely met his view. She might have been sitting there ever since, with those wonderfully patched trousers in her hands, and the boy beside her, gnawing at his lump of bread. But many a long seam had passed through her fingers since then, for she worked at a clothes shop all the week with the sewing-machine, whence arose the possibility of patching Charley's clothes, for the overseer granted her a cutting or two now and then.

After a little chat, Stephen put the question, "If I find a place for Charley, will you go to Providence Chapel next Sunday?"

"I will go *anywhere* you please, Mr. Archer," she answered, looking up quickly, with a flushed face. She would have accompanied him to any casino in London just as readily; her sole thought was to keep Charley out of prison. Her father had been in prison once: to keep her mother's child out of prison was the grand object of her life.

"Well," he resumed, with some hesitation, for he had arrived at the resolution through difficulties whose fogs yet lingered about him, "if he will be an honest, careful boy, I will take him myself."

"Charley! Charley!" cried Sara, utterly neglectful of the source of the benefaction; and rising, she went to the bed and hugged him.

"Don't, Sara!" said Charley, petulently. "I don't want girls to squash me. Leave me go, I say. You mend my trousers, and I'll take care of myself."

"The little wretch!" thought Stephen.

Sara returned to her seat, and her needle went almost as fast as her sewing-machine. A glow has arisen now, and rested on her pale cheek. Stephen found himself staring at a kind of transfiguration, back from the ghostly to the human. His admiration extended itself to the deft and slender fingers, and there brooded until his conscience informed him that he was actually admiring the breaking of the Sabbath, whereupon he rose. But all the time he was amongst the rest of his people, his thoughts kept wandering back to the desolate room, the thankless boy, and the ministering woman. Before leaving, however, he had arranged with Sara that she should bring her brother to the shop the next day.

The awe with which she entered it was not shared by Charley, who was never ripe for anything but frolic.—Had not Stephen been influenced by a desire to do good, and possibly by another feeling too embryonic for detection, he would never have dreamed of making an errand-boy of a will-o'-the-wisp. As such, however, he was installed, and from that moment an anxiety unknown before, took possession of Stephen's bosom. He was never at ease, for he never knew what the boy might be about. He would have parted with him the first fortnight, but the idea of the prison had passed from Sara's heart into his, and he saw that to turn the boy away from his first place would be to accelerate his gravitation thitherward. He had all the tricks of a newspaper boy indigenous in him. Repeated were the complaints brought to the shop. One time the paper was thrown down the area and brought into the breakfast room defiled and wet. At another it was found on the doorstep, without the bell having been rung, which could hardly have been from forgetfulness, for Charley's delight was to set the bell ringing furiously, and then wait till the cook appeared, taking good care however, to leave space between them for a start.—Sometimes the paper was not delivered at all, and Stephen could not help suspecting that he had sold it in the street. Yet both for his sake and Sara's he endured and did not even box his ears. The boy hardly seemed to be wicked; the spirit that possessed him was rather a *poller-geist*, as the Germans would call it, than a demon.

Meantime, the Sunday after Charley's appointment, Archer, seated in his pew, searched all the chapel, for the fulfillment of Sara's part of the agreement, namely, her presence.—But he could see her nowhere.

The fast was, her promise was so easy that she had scarcely thought of it after, not suspecting that Stephen laid any stress upon its fulfillment, and, indeed, not knowing where the chapel was. She had managed to buy a bit of something of shoddy species, and while Stephen was looking for her in the chapel, she was making a jacket for Charley. Greatly disappointed, and chiefly, I do believe, that she had not kept her word, Stephen went in the afternoon to call upon her.

He found her working away as before, and saving time, by taking her dinner as she worked, for a piece of bread lay on the table by her elbow, and beside it a little brown sugar to make the bread go down. The sight went to Stephen's heart, for he had just made his dinner of baked mutton and potatoes, washed down with his half pint of stout.

"Sara!" he said, solemnly, "you promised to come to our chapel, and you have never kept your word."—He never thought that "our chapel" was not the landmark of the region.

"O, Mr. Archer," she answered, I didn't know as you cared about it." But went on, rising and pushing her bread on one side to make room for her work, "I'll put on my bonnet directly." Then she checked herself, and added, "O, I beg your pardon, sir,—I'm so shabby! You couldn't be seen with the likes of me."

It touched Stephen's chivalry—and something deeper than chivalry. He had had no intention of walking with her.

"There's no no chapel in the afternoon," he said; "but I'll come and fetch you in the evening."

Thus it came about that Sara was seated in Stephen's pew, next to Stephen himself, and Stephen felt a strange pleasure unknown before, like that of the shepherd who, having brought the strey back to the fold, cares little that its wool is torn by the bushes, and it looks a ragged and disreputable sheep. It was only Sara's wool that might seem disreputable, for she was a very good-faced sheep. He found the hymns for her, and they shared the same book. He did not know then that Sara could not read a word of them.

The gathered people, the stillness, the gas-lights, the solemn ascent of the ministers into the pulpit, the hearty singing of the congregation, doubtless had their effect upon Sara, for she had never been to a chapel and hardly to any place of assembly before. From all amusement, the burden of Charley and her own retiring nature had kept her back.

But she could make nothing of the sermon. She confessed afterwards that she did not know she had anything to do with it. Like "the Northern Farmer," she took it all for the clergyman's business, which she amongst the rest had to see done.—She did not even wonder why Stephen should have wanted to bring her there. She sat when other people sat, pretended to kneel when other people pretended to kneel, and stood up when other people stood up—still brooding upon Charley's jacket.

But Archer's feelings were not those he had expected. He had brought her, intending her to be done good to; but before the sermon was over he wished he had not brought her. He resisted the feeling for a long time, but at length yielded to it entirely; the object of his solicitude all the while conscious only of the lighted stillness and the new barrier between Charley and Newgate. The fact with regard to Stephen was, that a certain hard pan, occasioned by continual ploughings to the same depth, and no deeper, in the soil of his mind, began this night to be broken up from within, and that through the presence of a young woman who did not for herself put together two words of the whole distance.

The pastor was preaching upon the saying of St. Paul, that he could wish himself accursed of Christ for his brethren. Great part of his sermon was an attempt to prove that he could not have meant what his words implied. For the preacher's mind was so filled with the paramount duty of saving his own soul, that the enthusiasm of the Apostle was simply incredible. Listening with that woman by his side, Stephen for the first time grew doubtful of the wisdom of his pastor. Nor could he endure that such should be the first doctrine Sara heard from his lips. Thus he was already and grandly repaid for his kindness; for the presence of a woman who, without any conscious religion, was to herself a law of love, brought him so far into sympathy with the mighty soul of St. Paul, that from that moment the blessing of doubt was at work in his undermining prison walls.

He walked home with Sara almost in silence, for he found it impossible to impress upon her those parts of the sermon with which he had no fault to find, lest she should retort upon that one point.

The arrows which Sara escaped, however, could from her ignorance have struck her only with their feather end.

Things proceeded in much the same fashion for a while. Charley went home at night to his sister's lodging, generally more than two hours after leaving the shop, but gave her no new ground of complaint. Every Sunday evening Sara went to the chapel, taking Charley with her when she could persuade him to go; and, in obedience to the supposed wish of Stephen, sat in his pew. He did not go home with her any more for a while, and indeed visited her but seldom, anxious to avoid scandal, and more especially as he was a deacon.

But now that Charley was so far safe, Sara's cheek began to generate a little of that celestial rosy red, which is the blossom of that woman-plant, although after all it hardly equalled the heart of the blush rose. She grew a little rounder in form, too, for she lived rather better now,—buying her self a rasher of bacon twice a week. Hence she began to be in more danger, as any one acquainted with her surroundings will easily comprehend. But what seemed at first the ruin of her hopes dissipated the danger.

One evening, when she returned from her work, she found Stephen in her room. She made him the submissive, grateful salutation, half salutation, half courtesy, half bow, with which she always greeted him, and awaited his will.

"I am very sorry to have to tell you, Sara, that your brother—"

She turned white as a shroud, and her great black eyes grew greater and blacker as she stared in agonizing expectancy, while Stephen hesitated in search of a better form of communication. Finding none, he blurted out the fact—

"—has robbed me, and run away."

"Don't send him to prison, Mr. Archer!" Shrieked Sara; and laid herself on the floor at his feet, with a groveling motion, as if striving with her mother earth for comfort. There was not a film of art in this. She had never been to a theatre The natural urging of life gave the truest shape to her entreaty. Her posture was the result of the same feeling which made the nations of old bring their sacrifices to the altar of a deity who, possibly benevolent in the main, had yet cause to be inimical to them.—From the prostrate living sacrifice arose the one prayer, "Don't send him to prison; don't send him to prison!"

Stephen gazed at her in bewildered admiration, half divine and all human. A certain consciousness of power had, I confess, a part in his silence, but the only definite shape this consciousness took was of beneficence. Attributing his silence to unwillingness, Sara got half way from the ground—that is, to her knees, and lifted a face of utter entreaty to the sight of Stephen. I will not try to describe the intensity of its prayer, for words fail me to describe the commonest phenomenon of nature; all I can say is, that it made Stephen's heart too large for its confining walls. "Mr. Archer," she said, in a voice hollow with emotion, "I will do *anything* you like. I will be your slave. Don't send Charley to prison."

The words were spoken with a certain strange dignity of self-abnegation. It is not alone the country people of Cumberland or of Scotland who in their highest moments are capable of poetic utterance.

An indescribable thrill of conscious delight shot through the frame of Stephen as the woman spoke the words; but the gentleman in him triumphed. I would have said *the Christian*, for whatever there was in Stephen of the *gentle* was there in virtue of the *Christian*; only he failed in one point: instead of saying at once that he had no intention of prosecuting the boy, he pretended, I believe from the satanic delight in power that possesses every man of us, that he would turn it over in his mind. It might have been more dangerous, but it would have been more divine, if he had lifted the kneeling woman to his heart, and told her that not for the wealth of an imagination would he proceed against her brother. The divinity, however, was taking its course, both rough-hewing and shaping the ends of the two.

She rose from the ground, sat on the one chair with her face to the wall, and wept helplessly, with the added sting, perhaps, of a faint personal disappointment. Stephen failed to attract her notice and left the room. She started up when she heard the door close, and flew to open it, but was only in time to hear the outer door. She sat down and cried again.

Stephen had gone to find the boy if he might, and bring him to his sister. He ought to have said so, for to permit suffering for the sake of a joyful surprise is not good. Going home first, he was hardly seated in his room, to turn over, not the matter, but the means, when a knock came to the shop-door, the sole entrance, and there were two policemen bringing the deserter in a cab. He had been run over in the very act of decamping with the contents of the till, had lain all but insensible at the hospital while his broken leg was being set, but, as soon as he came to himself, had gone into such a fury of determination to return to his master, that the house surgeon saw that the only chance for the ungovernable creature was to yield. Perhaps he had some dim idea of restoring the money ere his master should have discovered its loss. As he was very little, they made a couch for him in the cab and sent him.

It would appear that the suffering and the faintness had given his conscience a chance of being heard. The accident was to Charley what the sight of the mountain peak was to the boy Wordsworth. He was delirious when he arrived, and instead of showing any contrition towards his master only testified an extravagant joy at finding him again. Stephen had him taken into the back room, and laid upon his own bed.—One of the policemen fetched the charwoman, and when she arrived, Stephen went to find Sara.

She was sitting almost as he had left her, with a dull, hopeless look.

"I am sorry to say Charley has had an accident," he said.

She started up and clasped her hands.

"He is not in prison!" she panted, in a husky voice.

"No; he is at my house. Come and see him. I don't think he is in any danger, but his leg is broken."

A gleam of joy crossed Sara's countenance. She did not mind the broken leg, for he was safe from her terror. She put on her bonnet, tied the strings with trembling hands, and went with Stephen.

"You see God wants to keep him out of prison, too," he said, as they walked along the street.

But to Sara this hardly conveyed an idea. She walked by his side in silence.

"Charley!