The Bradford Reporter.

ALVORD & CLAUSON, Publishers. REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER. $2 per Annum in Advance.

VOLUME XXX. TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., MARCH 24, 1870. NUMBER 44.

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

THE BRADFORD REPORTER is published every Thursday Morning by S. W. ALVORD and B. J. CLAUSON, at Two Dollars 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 and Deaths, exceeding five lines, are charged TEN CENTS per line.

	1 Year.	6 Mos.	3 Mos.
One Column,	$1 00	$60	$40
Half "	60	35	25
One Square,	15	10	7½

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

Merchants and others, advertising their business, will be charged $25 per year. 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, Billheads, Statements, &c., of every variety and style, printed at the shortest notice. The REPORTER Office is well supplied with Power Presses, a good assortment of new type, and everything in the Printing line, can be executed in the most artistic manner and at the lowest rates.

TERMS INVARIABLY CASH.

BUSINESS CARDS.

LE RAYSVILLE MILLS! The subscriber, having purchased the LeRaysville Mills, and refitted the same in good order, is now prepared to do good work, and to give general satisfaction. M. J. FRUTCHEY.
LeRaysville, Sept. 23, 1869.—1y

PRICE LIST—CASCADE MILLS.

Superfine Winter Wheat Flour per sack....	$1 62½
per hundred pounds.....	3 25
per barrel.....	6 50
Fine Feed per hundred pounds.....	3 00
Middlings.....	3 00
Mixed Corn and Oats per hundred lbs....	1 87½

No deviation allowed to dealers.
Custom grinding usually done at once, as the capacity of the mill is sufficient for a large amount of business. H. B. INGHAM.
Cascade, March 23, 1870.

PATENT METALIC WHITE WIRE CLOTHES LINES.—Warranted not to rust, wear, tear, corrode or injure the finest fabrics. Always up and ready for use. The weather does not in the least affect it. It will last for 20 to 50 years, and costs but three cents per foot. I am now prepared to put the wire and guarantee satisfaction to anyone. If not called upon at your houses, address, or call at Mar-hall Brothers, Hardware store.
C. L. DUTCHER, Agent.
Jan 3, 1870. Towanda.

BLACKSMITHING! Having completed my new brick shop, near my house on Main-street I am now prepared to do work in all its branches. Particular attention paid to Mill Irons and other tools. Having spent many years in this community, in this business, I trust this a sufficient guarantee of my receiving a liberal share of the public patronage.
HENRY ESSENWINE.
Towanda, Nov. 3, 1869.—tf

MYERSBURG MILLS! The undersigned are now doing business in their new mill on the BEST QUALITY at the MYERSBURG MILLS.
Wheat, Rye, and Buckwheat Flour, and Feed constantly on hand for sale at market rates.
A new quantity of GROUND PLASTER of superior quality from the old Tanner beds.
Myersburg, Dec. 29 '68. MYER & FROST.

NEW DYEING ESTABLISHMENT. The subscriber takes this method of informing the citizens of Towanda and vicinity that he has opened a Dyeing and Scouring establishment in Col. Means' new building,
NO. 105 MAIN STREET,
where he will do all work in his line such as CLEANING and COLORING ladies' and gentlemen's garments equal to any in the latest manner and on the most reasonable terms. Give me a call and examine my work.
HENRY REDDING.
Sept. 22, 1869.

BRADFORD COUNTY REAL ESTATE AGENCY.
H. B. McKEAN, Real Estate Agent.
Farms, Mill Properties, City and Town Lots for sale. Persons having property for sale will find it to their advantage by leaving a description of the same, with the cash price, at this agency, as parties are constantly applying for farms, &c. H. B. McKEAN, Real Estate Agent.
Office over Mason's Bank, Towanda, Pa.
Towanda, Dec. 29 1867.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAVE formed a Banking House in Towanda, under the firm of D. S. MASON & CO., and are prepared to draw Bills of Exchange, and transact a general Banking business. Deposits received, and interest allowed on time deposits. The Collections in the United States, as also England, Germany and France. To loan money, receive deposits, and do a general Banking business.
D. S. MASON was one of the late firm of Laporte, Mason & Co., of Towanda, Pa., and his knowledge of the capabilities of Bradford and adjoining counties, gained by his long experience in the banking business for about twenty years, make this house a desirable one through which to make collections. D. S. MASON,
Towanda, Oct. 1, 1866. A. G. MASON.

BOOKS FOR FARMERS AND STOCK BREEDERS.
A Volume of the AMERICAN STOCK JOURNAL for 1869 containing 24 large double column pages, sent postage paid for $1 50
Volumes of the American Stock Journal for 1868, containing 384 pages, sent post paid for $1 50
Everyman's Manual, sent post paid for 25 cts
Horseman's Manual, " " 25
Horse Breeder's Manual, " " 25
Poultry Breeder's Manual, " " 25
The whole five Manuals sent post paid to one address for $1 00
Agents wanted, to whom liberal inducements will be offered. Address,
N. P. BOYER & CO., Publishers,
aug19,3m Parkesburg, Chester Co., Pa.

NEW FALL & WINTER GOODS.
MRS. T. J. PIERCE,
Has just returned from New York with a full and complete stock of
MILLINERY GOODS
Consisting of the latest imported styles of
HATS, BONNETS, RIBBONS, &c. &c.
She would respectfully invite the ladies of Towanda and vicinity to give her a call before purchasing elsewhere. Work done in neat and fashionable style and on short notice. ☞Rooms over M. E. Rosenstein's Store, opposite Powell's, Towanda, Pa.
October 30, 1869.

NEW FIRM! NEW GOODS AND LOW PRICES!
AT MONROETON, PA.
TRACY & HOLLON,
Retail Dealers in Groceries and Provisions, Drugs and Medicines, Kerosene Oil, Lamps, Chimneys, Dye Stuffs, Paints, Oils, Varnish, Yankee Notions, Tobacco, Cigars and Snuff. Pure Wines and Liquors of the best quality, for medicinal purposes. All goods sold at the very lowest prices. Prescriptions carefully compounded at all hours of the day and night. Give us a call.
TRACY & HOLLON.
Monroeton, Pa., June 24, 1869—1y.

CHEAP PASSAGE FROM OR TO IRELAND OR ENGLAND.
WM. A. TWEEDY'S LINE OF STEAMSHIPS FROM OR TO QUEENSTOWN OR LIVERPOOL.
Cunard & Inman's old "Black Star Line" of Liverpool Packets, sailing every week.
Collins' Old Line of Packets from or to London, once or twice a month.
Remittances to England, Ireland and Scotland payable on demand.
For further particulars, apply to Williams & Guion, No. 29 Broadway, New York, or
G. F. MASON & CO., Bankers,
Oct. 1, 1868. Towanda, Pa.

G. S. PECK, MILLWRIGHT AND MACHINIST, Towanda, Pa. Mills built and repaired. Engines and Boilers set in the best manner. I would call the attention of mill owners to the
NEW VORTEX WATER WHEEL,
as it has all the elements of a first-class motor, viz: Simplicity of construction, accessibility, great strength, facility for regulating the greatest amount of power for any head, easily repaired, running under backwater without detriment to power except diminution of speed, requiring no alteration in mill frames or additional room, will run under low head, and made of any required capacity. These wheels will be furnished for less than one-half the cost of any other first-class water wheel in the market, and warranted to perform all that is claimed for them. These wheels will be made for flumes with or without cases, on short notice, of the best iron in market.
For full particulars address or enquire of the undersigned at Towanda, Pa.
☞ These wheels can be seen in operation at Wysox: Horton & Wells' Mill, Towanda twp. The wheels are wholly composed of iron as now made.
G. S. PECK.
Towanda, July 14, 1869—tf

GENUINE IMPORTED NORWAY OATS.
SAMPLES SENT FREE TO FARMERS.
Yield 100 to 130 bushels grown to the acre.—Weighs from 40 to 45 pounds to the bushel. This has been grown on every variety of soil and in every section of the Union, with the most perfect success.
The grain is very large, plump and handsome, has a smaller husk, and ripens earlier than the other varieties.
The straw is bright, clear, stout and not liable to lodge, perfectly clear of rust, and grows from 4 to 6 feet.
We have both the White and Black Norway, both of equal size and equally productive.
We will send one quart of the above oats to any address post paid for. $1 00
Three quarts post paid, 2 00
Peck, or 8 lbs by express or freight, 3 00
Half bushel, 20 pounds, 6 00
One bushel, 40 pounds, 10 00
CAUTION—as. We wish it distinctly understood that these are a light oats, weighing 28 to 32 lbs. to the bushel New England, and sold under the name of Norway, but imported seed, every bushel guaranteed to weigh 40 lbs, or the money refunded.
Samples of both kinds sent free for a three cent stamp. Also circulars and testimonials. Address all orders to
N. P. BOYER & CO.,
Parkesburg, Chester Co., Pa.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

JAMES WOOD, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Towanda, Pa.

HENRY PEET, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Towanda, Pa. June 27, '68.

EDWARD OVERTON, JR., ATTORNEY AT LAW, Towanda, Pa. Office formerly occupied by the late J. C. Adams. March 1, '69.

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, '68.

L. P. WILLISTON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, TOWANDA. South side of Mercur's New Block, up stairs. Dec. 1, '69—3m*

W. H. THOMPSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Towanda, Pa. Office with W. C. Bogart, Esq., No. 3 Brick Row. All business entrusted to his care will be promptly attended to. July 1, 1868.

W. H. CARNOCHAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW (District Attorney for Bradford County), Troy, Pa. Collections made and promptly remitted. feb 15, '69—tf.

JOHN N. CALIFF, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Towanda, Pa. Particular attention given to Orphans' Court business Conveyancing and Collections. ☞ Office at the Register and Recorder's office, south of the Court House. Dec. 1, 1864.

BENJ. M. PECK, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Towanda, Pa. All business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. Office in the office lately occupied by Mercur & Morrow, south of Ward House, up stairs. July 16, '68.

MERCUR & DAVIES, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Towanda, Pa. The undersigned having associated themselves together in the practice of Law, offer their professional services to the public.
ULYSSES MERCUR. W. T. DAVIES.
March 9, 1870.

JOHN W. MIX, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Towanda, Bradford Co., Pa.
GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT.
Particular attention paid to Collections and Orphans' Court business. Office—Mercur's New Block, north side Public Square. apr. 1, '69.

H. B. McKEAN, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Towanda, Pa. Particular attention paid to business in the Orphans' Court. july 20, '66.

W. B. KELLY, DENTIST. Office over Wickham & Black's, Towanda, Pa. Particular attention is called to ALUMINUM as a base for Artificial Teeth. Having used this material for the past four years, I can confidently recommend it as being far superior to Rubber. Please call and examine specimens. ☞ Chloroform administered when desired. may 20, '68.

DR. H. WESTON, DENTIST.—Office in Patton's Block, over Gore's Drug and Chemical Store. Jan 1, '68.

T. B. JOHNSON, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Towanda, Pa. Office with W. B. Kelly, over Wickham & Black. Residence at the Means House. apr 16, '68.

DR. H. A. BARTLETT, *Physician and Surgeon*, Sugar Run, Bradford County, Pa. Office at residence formerly occupied by Dr. Ely. aug.10,1859.tf

DR. STEVENS, over Brows (late Gomes) Drug Store, Patton's Block, in offices lately occupied by Dr. Madill and Dr. Weston. 11-69.

L. U. BEACH, M. D., *Physician and Surgeon*, Towanda, Pa. Particular attention paid to all Chronic Diseases, and Diseases of Females. Office at his residence on State st., two doors east of Dr. Pratt's. nov.11,69.

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 Howe's. jan 14, '69.

T. B. CAMP, INSURANCE AGENT.—Office formerly occupied by Mercur & Morrow, one door south of Ward House. July 22, 1869.

LEWIS RHEBEIN, *Fashionable Tailor*. Rooms over Aspinwall's Store, Towanda, Pa. oct.5, 69.

R. FOWLER & CO., REAL ESTATE DEALERS, No. 70 Washington Street, opposite Opera House, Chicago, Ill. Real Estate purchased and sold. Investments made and money loaned.
R. FOWLER, S. LIND.
April 11, 1869.

B. B. HOLLETT, MONROETON, PA., agent for the Hubbard Rower, Empire Drill, Ithaca Wheel Rake, and Broadcast Sower for sowing Plaster and all kinds of Grain. Send for circulars to B. B. HOLLETT, Monroeton, Bradford Co., Pa. June 24, '69—1y.

HAIR WORK OF ALL KINDS, such as SWITCHES, CURLS, BRAIDS, FRIZZETTES, &c., made in the best manner and latest style, at the Ward House Barber Shop. Terms reasonable. Towanda, Dec. 1, 1869.

FRANCIS E. POST, PAINTER, Towanda, Pa. With ten 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, '65.

JOHN DUNFEE, *BLACKSMITH*, MONROETON, PA., pays particular attention to ironing Buggies, Wagons, Sleighs, &c. Tire set and repairing done on short notice. Work and charges guaranteed satisfactory. 12,15,69.

OH YES! OH YES!—AUCTION!
A. R. MOE, *Licensed Auctioneer*.
All calls promptly attended to and satisfaction guaranteed. Call or address, A. R. MOE, Monroeton, Bradford county, Pa. oct.26, 69.

GIFFORD'S NATIONAL PAIN Killer and Life Oil, are the Great Family Specifics that are a welcome in every home as a Sovereign Remedy for more of the common ills of life than any other medicine in the market. Sold by dealers in medicine generally. Manufactured by C. T. GIFFORD, Chicago, Ill., and 143 Main st., HORNELLSVILLE, N. Y. March 10, '70-5*

PATENTS!
J. N. DEXTER, *Solicitor of Patents*,
73 BROAD STREET, WAVERLY, N. Y.
Prepares drawings, specifications and all papers required in making and properly conducting Applications for PATENTS in the UNITED STATES and FOREIGN COUNTRIES. NO CHARGE IN UNSUCCESSFUL CASES AND NO ATTORNEY'S FEE TO PAY UNTIL PATENT IS OBTAINED. Sept. 16, 1869—tf

O. W. STEVENS, COUNTY SURVEYOR, Camptown, 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 entrusted 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, so far as the nature of the case will permit. All unpatented lands attended to as soon as warrants are obtained. O. W. STEVENS.
Feb. 24, 1869—1y.

Hotels.

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

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.

RUMMERFIELD CREEK HOTEL.
PETER LANDMESSER.
Having purchased and thoroughly refitted this old and well-known stand, formerly kept by Sheriff Griffin, 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.

MEANS HOUSE, TOWANDA, PA., JONNAS & HORTON, Proprietors. This popular Hotel having been thoroughly fitted and repaired, and furnished throughout with new and elegant Furniture, will be open for the reception of guests, on SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1869. Neither expense nor pains has been spared in rendering this House a model hotel in all its arrangements. A superior quality Old Burton Ale, for invalids, just received. April 28, 1869.

TEMPERANCE HOTEL!—Situated on the north-west corner of Main and Elizabeth streets, opposite Bryant's Carriage Factory. The undersigned having recently refitted his well-known boarding-house with good accommodations, would respectfully inform the public that he is now prepared to receive guests and boarders upon the most liberal terms.
Furymen and others attending court will especially find it to their advantage to patronize the Temperance Hotel. S. M. BROWN, Propr.
Towanda, Jan. 12, 1870.—3m

TRY OUR TEAS AND COFFEE, COWELL & MYER.

CASH PAID FOR HIDES AND PELTS at COWELL & MYER'S

Selected Poetry.

MY PLAYMATE.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

The pines were dark on Ramoth hill,
Their song was soft and low;
The blossoms in the sweet May wind
Were falling like the snow.

The blossoms drifted at our feet,
The orchard birds sang clear,
The sweetest and the saddest day
It seemed of all the year,

For, more to me than birds or flowers,
My playmate left her home,
And took with her the laughing spring,
The music and the bloom.

She kissed the lips of kith and kin,
She laid her hand in mine;
What more could ask the bashful boy,
Who fed her father's kine?

She left us in the bloom of May;
The constant years told o'er
Their seasons with as sweet May morns,
But she came back no more.

I walk, with noiseless foot, the round
Of uneventful years;
Still o'er and o'er I sow the spring
And reap the autumn ears.

She lives where all the golden year
Her summer roses blow,
The dusky children of the sun
Before her come and go.

There haply with her jeweled hands
She smooths her silken gown—
No more the homespun lap wherein
I shook the walnuts down.

The wild grapes wait us by the brook,
The brown nuts on the hill,
And still the May-day flowers make sweet
The woods of Follymill.

The lilies blossom in the pond,
The bird builds in the tree,
The dark pines sing on Ramoth hill
The slow song of the sea.

I wonder if she thinks of them,
And how the old time seems—
If ever the pines of Ramoth wood
Are sounding in her dreams.

I see her face, I hear her voice:
Does she remember mine?
And what to her is now the boy
Who fed her father's kine?

What cares she that the orioles build
For other eyes than ours—
That other hands with nuts are filled,
And other laps with flowers?

O playmate in the olden time!
Our mossy seat is green,
Its fringing violets blossom yet,
The old trees o'er it lean.

The winds so sweet with birch and fern
A sweeter memory blow;
And there in spring the veeries sing
The song of long ago.

And still the pines of Ramoth wood
Are moaning like the sea—
The moaning of the sea of change
Between myself and thee.

Miscellaneous.

THE CAPTAIN'S RETURN.

A long, low catch of land, shelving down gradually to the water's edge, covered with shining shells, and glittering when the sun shone on it, with white sand left there by the receding sea-waves, as they crept softly and insidiously upward, or sung in the summer sun their monotonous chant, tossing their white, crisp waves joyously in the morning sunshine, or dashing with resistless fury, when hunted by the sweeping hurricane, up, up, till they lashed themselves into snowy foam on the rocky projection of Eagle Crag, which stood, when the water was at low tide, a mile and a-half from shore.

Upon the top of this point, known to the villagers by the name of Eagle Crag, stood a cottage, a veritable little nest, in fairy-like proportions, around which a garden bloomed and blossomed like a paradise in a desert.

"Where shall I build a little cage to hold you till I come back?" asked brown and resolute John Danforth, the sailor, as he looked on the bright face of the newly made Mrs. Danforth, with all a lover's fondness shining in his honest face and fearless eyes, transforming the hard lines of his weather-bronzed face into positive tenderness.

"At the Eagle Crag," answered Robina Danforth, usually known among her acquaintances by the pet name of "Robin."

"In that bleak place?" said John, in his astonishment. "Why, birdie, you would die of home-sickness in a week."

"O John! please," coaxed the little woman, who, practical and housewifely to the last degree, hid beneath it all a vein of romance, none the less strong for being hidden. "In my lonely life before you found me, John, a silly little thing as I am"—here the lustrous eye grew brighter—"before you, with your experience, and wisdom, and noble manliness, took me to be your foolish little wife, and actually stopped to fall in love with me, a mere school girl, I used to so long for a home, dear. Next to longing for a father and mother and sister to love and care for me, this other longing for a home was the strongest; and after I saw you, John"—here a bright blush stained the clear brow of her sunburnt cheek—"I used to think if the longing should ever grow to be a reality, and the little home, whose picture grew brighter every time I mused upon it, should ever be mine—ours, I mean" (with another little blush)—"how happy, how very happy I should be. I saw the place where it should stand, this little home of ours, on a high point overlooking the ocean, where we could watch the white ships sail along the glassy water or ride fearlessly on the bounding waves. I saw the roses and jasmine twine tenderly their wealth of bloom around the little porch, and I have heard a thousand times the hum of bees and songs of birds, that darted in and out among the vines and blossoms."

"Vines and blossoms!" burst forth honest John, in his amazement; "little woman, are you crazy? I should like to see the vine or blossom that would flourish within a half a league of Eagle Crag, the most arid, barren waste conceivable."

"O, John! is this true?" was all she said; but the smothered sigh attested the depth of her disappointment.

John made no reply; but, stimulated by the sound of that half smothered sigh, and the glimpse of glistening tears twinkling hastily from the curling brown lashes, fell to studying ways and means; and the result was that the pretty cottage, set on the topmost point of Eagle Crag, while vines and flowers flourished and grew in the artificial soil spread over the small inclosure which defined the boundary of his purchase.

Perched up there, like a mountain bird's nest, one could see from the porch, which was on the north side, the village, with the fishermen's cottages, the long, winding, steep road, whose tortuous descent of two miles must be traversed ere one could gain the village; while from the west and south one looked upon the sea from a height which almost made the gazer giddy.

Roses and climbing plants adorned the trellises; beds of crimson verbenas, purple pansies, and snow-white daisies made the little garden redolent with perfume.

By the second summer, so well domesticated had the flowers become that they fairly ran wild and defied all boundaries; purple pansies and golden nasturtiums escaped by the underground passage they had found together, nodded boldly from the walk, and looked with disdain upon their meek sisters who tamely submitted to be hemmed in by borders of green box; and trailing convolvulus ran perfectly lawless, flaunting their scentless blossoms before you in the most unlooked for places; peeping through the garden palings, clasping with their clinging tendrils the stone door steps, running races with the jasmine, which quietly plodded on toward the top of the porch—in fact, setting all law and order at defiance in the most rebellious manner, but also in a way that would have done John's heart good to see.

But, alas! John had been gone these many days on a voyage to the China Sea, bearing with him, to keep his heart warm, the memory of a sunny face which smiled good-bye with tearful eyes one bright summer morning, standing at the gate.

Meanwhile inside the cottage all went on with order and neatness and regularity which rivaled that of the clock on the mantel, which seemed to take delight in ticking the minutes and striking the hours to such a bustling, cheerful little mistress.

Little Hans, the poor, half-starved, forlorn German boy, whom Robin had taken to milk the cow and hoe the garden and run of errands to the village, grew bright and cheerful under the influence of her smiles; while his face, grown wider and fuller every day, till it resembled nothing so much as one of his own carefully tended sunflowers, bore witness to her marvelous skill in cooking.

Mother Danforth—a good sort of woman in a melancholy way, who was much given to frequently sighing and complaining, whose most cheerful recreation was a funeral now and then, and to walk up to Eagle Crag to inspect, after the time-honored fashion of mothers-in-law, the the doings of its little mistress—was fain to confess that even to her critical eye the household management was perfect.

"Her cookery is faultless; and everything is sumptuously neat," she acknowledged to her next door neighbor, Mrs. Gray. "But she doesn't seem to pine after John a bit. But then, what else could one expect from such a child? Out of sight, out of mind!" I suppose if John is pleased he ought to be. But I'm sure it was never my way, when Danforth was out on a voyage. Many's the night I have cried all night, and the house was more like a funeral than anything else, all the time he was gone."

Mrs. Gray, wise woman that she was, carefully abstained from hinting that this might be the reason of John's preference to merry, cheerful Robin whose unfailing good spirits were to him a constant source of wonder and delight.

"I thought she always seemed very fond of John," she contented herself with saying, as Mrs. Danforth rose to take her leave.

"Seemed!" echoed Widow Danforth with her deepest sigh: "let me tell you, Mrs. Gray, when you have lived in this wicked world as long as I have, you will find that things are not by any means all that they seem."

And with this unintentional parody of the sublime song of the poet, Mrs. Danforth went her lugubrious way homeward.

So the summers came and went in fragrance and song to the little cottage on the Crag; and the white ships sailed stately and grand, or flew like frightened birds to their "haven under the hill;" and the *Ocean Bird* commanded by Captain John Danforth, touching now at this port, now at that, sometimes driven by prosperous gales, sometimes buffeting adverse winds, set sail for home.

And in the heart of the brave man, who sometimes in shine, sometimes in storm, always cheerfully and hopefully, paced her deck, there dwelt a picture of a face which whether bright with piquant smiles or sad with April tears, had always been eloquent with love for him, and which was fairer and dearer to his eyes than all the world beside.

Dream on, honest Captain Danforth. For you the joy and brightness of love are over—for you a storm is gathering which will scatter your love-dreams as easily as the wind which sweeps over the deck of the *Ocean Bird* scatters the foam that crests the wave whereon she rides.

The Dutch clock ticks merrily away, surveying the neatness and the coziness of the little room with a face shining with approbation. The fire burns cheerily in the fire-place, the canary dozes sleepily on his perch, and the old cat purrs loudly in the corner. Meanwhile, the little mistress, daintily attired in a merino dress, with lace at the throat and wrists, sits before the sparkling fire, and gazes dreamily into it.

Her work lies idly upon her lap; the ball of worsted has rolled, unnoticed, upon the floor; so deeply is she immersed in her reverie that she heeds not the fact that Hans has gone to sleep in his chair in his usual fashion, and sits with his round head bobbing up and down like a Chinese mandarin in a toy-shop. Without the wind whistles drearily, as only the November wind knows how, and the moan of the surf upon the shore chants its monotonous dirge.

Outside the cottage, close to the window, stands a man, heedless of the bitter wind, deaf to the roar of the angry sea, gazing, gazing, with hungry heart and happy smile, upon the picture within.

"How beautiful she is," he whispers to himself, and a proud and loving look comes over the bronzed face, as he gazes on the little figure in the merino dress.

It was thus that he had pictured her, many a time—the bright fire, the shining little clock, even the pattern of the chintz curtain, had blended together in a harmonious whole, labeled in his mental picture gallery, "Home."

But the slight girlish figure, bent a little forward, the falling brown hair, the shining, truthful eyes, this had been the brightest, because the dearest of all.

She was thinking of him, perhaps, little dreaming of the happy surprise in store for her in his unexpected return. What is that?

Ay! start, John Danforth, and reel as if struck by a sudden blow. Is this the wife you have seen in doting dreams, for whom you have kept your soul pure and unstained, that it might hold enshrined her sacred image?

An inner door is opened, a quick, manly step upon the floor, and a man, muffled with coats and wrappings of fur, is beside Robin's chair. She looks up in his face. How well John Danforth knows that loving smile! and though the wind prevents their words from reaching him, she seems from their gestures to be urging remonstrances against his going out in such a storm.

He shakes his head laughingly, the boyish curls glancing to the fire-light, and stoops down beside her. She flings both arms around his neck, presses her lips to the smooth cheek, innocent of beard or razor, and he lays his hand upon the latch, slowly opens the door, and in a moment more is out in the stormy night.

The heart of Capt. Danforth sinking down, down like lead in his bosom with weight of his loss, leaps and burns with all the fury of a savage as he hears the footsteps of his rival beside him, so close that if he should stretch out his hand he could throttle him in a moment.

He looks at the darkening sky and starts on the road to the village.

The village road! That way is long and rugged; few travelers ever travel the lonely way. Revenge, revenge!

It is said that there is a drop of tiger's blood in every human heart. I think it must have been alive in Mr. Danforth's heart then, that prompted the stealthy, creeping pace with which he followed his victim on, on, over rugged paths, watching the boyish form, till the sudden, blind impulse of revenge grew into a settled purpose—till the sure, relentless hand seconded the murderous plans of the heart.

Half way down the winding, rocky road, a deep chasm runs parallel with it for a little distance, then, with an abrupt turn, takes another direction toward the coast.

John, breathlessly following the footsteps of the boy—he is but little more than that—chuckled with savage delight at the thought of a misstep, which might plunge his unconscious enemy headlong down the abyss to a frightful death on the sharp, ragged rocks below.

As he reached this point of his journey, the youth pauses a moment, turning his back to the fierce blast, which has been blowing steadily in his face all the way, John is beside him a moment.

"Villain!" He grasped the boy by the shoulder fiercely, with an oath hissed between the shut teeth, and there is a struggle—unequal, short, decisive.

Unequal, for the youth is but a baby in that fierce, strong grasp, and, overpowered, he shouts with all his might for help.

"Robina!"

That name, wrung from him in his agonizing fear is his death warrant. A thousand demons rage in the heart of Danforth, as he holds him a moment ever the abyss. The moon shining through a rift in the clouds, shows him two blue eyes, gazing with a wild, beseeching fear; his two white hands tossed helpless in the air; a flutter of yellow curls, and then something goes crashing over jagged points of rocks and rolling stones below.

"Murder!"

The howling winds, as they swept past, shrieked the word in his ear, then away to bear the cry still further on, leaving him sitting helplessly alone and weak, staring around and listing to the rush and roar of the increasing tide, as it murmured in hollow tones, "Murder!"

Gone now the blind rage and madness of the moment before, only the anguish and remorseful despair remain.

His brain is in a confused whirl; only half conscious of what he is doing, he rises to his feet and endeavors to stagger onward, in vain. A yawning abyss opens beneath his feet; a roaring sound is in his ears; lightning flashes before his eyes; he sinks in utter unconsciousness.

A million of devils caught him into their strong arms and were forcing him over a precipice. He fought, he struggled, he prayed for mercy, but only derisive laughter answered him, and the torment was redoubled. They picked his flesh with sharp needles; they burned his brain with hot irons. At one moment he seem plunged in to a burning lake; the next he wandered through interminable fields of ice and snow—nothing but the fierce glare of the sun upon the blocks and mountains of polar ice met his aching eyes. And everywhere, whether he wandered over burning desert sand or sailed in a phantom ship amid the icebergs of a polar sea, a blood red banner flapped before his eyes, inscribed with the one word "Murder!"

At last there came a day when the banner no longer flapped in his ears, and he floated upon an odorous summer lake, sweet with the perfume of lilacs. He reached out his hand to grasp them, and a human touch met that hand. He opened his eyes, and was conscious that he lay in Widow Danforth's best bedroom, whose moreen curtains flapped in the soft spring air, which bore to his bedside the odor of early flowers.

A sepulchral sigh sounded in his ear, and widow Danforth bent over him, the old time motherly look on her woe-begone face, as she turned her blue eyes to his.

"What am I doing here?"

She lifted one of his thin, wasted hands, which lay upon the coverlet, and held it before his eyes.

He drew a long breath. His memory was coming back, bringing the old sting of pain to his heart.

"Where is Robina?"

No answer.

He bursts into a passion of childish tears. His mother tried to soothe him, as one would soothe a fretful child.

"Where is she?"

"She has worn herself out watching over you. One night when you were raving in delirium you said something which so frightened her that she has not been herself since. Dr. Gray thinks that her mind is in a weak state. She mourned a good deal for her brother, who was not killed in the army as supposed, but came home a few days before you did, and wandered off the edge of the deep cut on his way to the village, and was dashed to pieces the same night that you came so near freezing to death on your way to Eagle Crag."

Her brother! The only tie of relationship she had ever known—the brother whom she had loved with such idolatry.

Escaped from death in India, and seeking his sister who mourned him as dead, only to be stricken down by the jealous hate of one who should have been his guardian and protector.

He turned his face to the wall with a groan that seemed bursting his heart.

From that day he failed rapidly, and one bright morning, when the flowers bloomed and the birds sang blithely, he called in his weak voice for "Robina."

They brought her in, pale and helpless as a child, and laid her on the bed beside him.

"My little Robina!" he whispered fondly, touching her hand reverently. "I have heard the call, and obey. Only before I go I have a confession to make, for I cannot go till you have forgiven me."

She laid her little hand on his.

"I know all, dear John. That night when you lay ill, in your delirium you revealed all. May He forgive you, John, as fully as I do. Let us pray together."

A golden robin, swinging on a maple bough outside, at that moment began his clear, warbling song.

Long ere the warble was ended, their lips had ceased to move, their hearts had ceased to beat.

In the little garden of Eagle Crag, where birds revel in the wealth of bloom, Hans, now a strong, hale man, spends a part of every spring in pruning and training the flowers she loved, and which they tended together. They lay side by side in the village cemetery.

WHERE THE WAGES GO.—SOBER THOUGHTS FOR WORKINGMEN.

Why is it that so many of the families of the laboring men in our towns and cities live in such a poor beggarly way, and in so many damp, dark basements, and up in such close confined, rickety old atticks? Many of the heads of these families receive good wages, and get their pay every week or month regularly. But where, in too many cases, do their wages go to? Not to the banker, the grocer, the butcher, the merchant; they go for strong drink, ale and beer, which do not strengthen the physical man. Franklin taught the printers of London that cold water was better than ale; and cold water has lost none of its virtues in 140 years.

The cost of tippling, is, in the aggretae, enormous. The enquiry is often made, how are so many drinking houses sustained? Let us see. Twenty men, at 30 cents a day, will pay one of the "tippling shops" $2,190 a year. A man who pays 30 cents a day for "drinks," pays $109.50 a year. This is the interest on $1,564 at 7 per cent., at simple interest. This sum, 30 cents per day, amounts in ten years to $1,171 95. All this is wasted, paid out for "an enemy that steals away a man's brains," and robs him and his family of every comfort. Intoxicating liquors give neither strength to the body, vigor to the mind, resolution to the will, elevation to morals nor dignity to character. Strong drink drags a man down from his high estate, depraves all his appetites, and and leaves him in want and misery, the mere wreck and semblence of a man.

The constant use of intoxicating liquors makes hard times for many a man; thus, a family of five persons will consume four barrels of flour a year, or, 1,056 pounds of bread. This is nearly three pounds a day. Good flour can be bought now at $7 a barrel; four times seven makes $28; and thirty cents a day for drinks is $109.50, or $82.50 more per year than the bread for a family of five persons costs. "But," says A, "I only take two drinks a day." Very well, you pay then for your drinks $73 a year; *only* $45 more than you pay for the bread consumed by your whole family, if it contains five persons. This sum would provide tea and coffee for them.

Here, then, we see that the man who pays even twenty cents a day for liquor spends a sum sufficient to supply his family with bread, tea and coffee for the year. Is it strange that times are hard - that men complain of the Government, and charge that it oppresses them with onerous taxes? The above figures show how men tax themselves; and how they *tax property* too.

In 1868 the Inebriate Asylum cost the taxpayers of this city $144,472.40. While the amount of money paid by the city for flour for all its hospitals, asylums, and for the relief of the poor was only $102,573 38.

The outdoor poor cost the city, in 1868, $122,228 64. How much of this could be charged to intemperance?

The number of persons committed to the workhouse in this city in 1868 was 15,738. The Commissioners say, "a considerable proportion of the committals is for intoxication." The police stations, the prisons, the almshouses, the penitentiary, the miserable homes, all tell of the work of intemperance. It is the great curse of the land—it feeds upon the wages of labor, and like the horse-leech's daughter, "it cries, give, give," until all is gone of health, character, life.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

[For the REPORTER.]

A TRIP ACROSS THE WATER.

II.

"Then spake that Ancient Mariner,
Brave Admiral Benbow—
"I've weathered many a breeze before,
But *never such a blow!*"

Under the control of British officers in blue uniforms trimmed with gold lace, and manned by British tars, whose stout lungs chanted in unison a variety of peculiar melodies while they hoisted sail, our vessel, the "*City of London*," was a Clyde built, screw steamer of over 2,500 tons burthen, iron compartments, and recently lengthened to 400 feet—thus claiming to be at least *one* of the next in dimensions to the "*Great Eastern*" of 600. Captain Brooks and his purser were bluff, substantial looking men, reminding one somewhat of the "sturdy sons of Maine." England *expects* every man to do his duty, whether he does it or not: and my patriotic conscience was not in the least disturbed at feeling quite as much security in sailing under the Red Cross of St. George, as if beneath our own star spangled banner, where, it must be said, there is sometimes a superabundance of Captains. M