The Bradford Reporter.

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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.

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.

AMOS PENNYPACKER, HAS again established himself in the TAILORING BUSINESS. Shop over Rockwell's Store. Work of every description done in the latest styles. Towanda, April 21, 1870.—tf

C. S. RUSSELL'S GENERAL *INSURANCE AGENCY*, may23'70—tf TOWANDA, PA.

BARTLETT & TRACY, GENERAL INSURANCE AGENTS AND REAL ESTATE BROKERS, TOWANDA, PA. Oct. 29, 1873.

THE UNDERSIGNED ARCHITECT AND BUILDER, wishes to inform the citizens of Towanda and vicinity, that he will give particular attention to drawing plans, designs and specifications for all manner of buildings, private and public. Superintendence given for reasonable compensation. Office at residence N. E. corner of Second and Elizabeth streets.
J. E. FLEMMING,
oct5'71 Box 511, Towanda, Pa.

W. W. KINGSBURY, REAL ESTATE, LIFE, FIRE, & ACCIDENT INSURANCE AGENCY. Office, corner of Main and State Streets, March 13, 1872. TOWANDA, PA.

SASH, DOORS, AND BLINDS. I am prepared to furnish Kiln-dried Doors, Sash and Blinds of any style, size, or thickness, on short notice. Hand in your orders ten days before you want to use the articles, and be sure that you will get doors that will not shrink or swell. Terms cash on delivery. Towanda, Aug. 19, 1871. GEO. F. ASH.

MERTON & BROTHER, Dealers in WOOL, HIDES, PELTS, CALFSKINS, FURS, &C., for which the highest cash price is paid at all times. Office in M. E. Rosenfield's Store, Main-st.,
M. A. DAYTON,
E. E. DAYTON. nov.14,'70 TOWANDA, PA.

NEW FIRM! NEW GOODS, LOW PRICES! AT MONROETON, PA. TRACY & HOLLON, Retail Dealers in Groceries and Provisions, Drugs and Medicines, Kerosene Oil, Lamps, Chimneys, Shades, Dye Stuffs, Paints, Oils, Varnish, Yankee Notions, Tobacco, Cigars and Snuff. Pure Wines and Liquors, of the best quality, for medicinal purposes only. 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.

BAKERY! CONFECTIONERY!! GROCERIES! The undersigned begs leave to return thanks to the people of Towanda and vicinity for the very generous patronage extended to him during the past season, and at the same time to give notice that he has added to his business a stock of BEST FAMILY GROCERIES Which he is prepared to offer AT THE LOWEST PRICES. He will still continue the Baking business in all its branches, and can furnish anything in this line on the shortest notice and GUARANTEE SATISFACTION. He has also fitted up a DINING ROOM, Where he will at all times be ready to furnish Meals or Lunches at much lower rates than usual. Farmers and others visiting town are invited to call. Parties supplied with Ice Cream, Cakes, Fruit, and Confectionery at short notice. Remember the place, nearly opposite the Means House. Sept. 11, '72. HORACE A. COWLES.

TO OUR PATRONS. GEO. H. WOOD & CO., PHOTOGRAPHERS, TOWANDA, PA. Grateful for the generous patronage of the past year, would inform all wanting Pictures that we are still adding to our establishment NEW AND IMPROVED INSTRUMENTS, And adopting tried and approved modes of printing and retouching in order to secure FINER PHOTOGRAPHS THAN HERETOFORE made in towns of the cities, and that we make a specialty to enlarge all kinds of Pictures to any size desired, and finish in Water Colors, India Ink, or in Oil, in the BEST STYLES AND VERY LOW PRICES. We also endeavor to take all the time possible in making childrens pictures, so as to secure the best results. We are constantly adding to our stock of FRAMES All new patterns and tasteful styles, and furnish them at a small advance from cost prices. May 14, 1873.

TO THE CITIZENS OF PENNSYLVANIA.—Your attention is specially invited to the fact that the National Banks are now prepared to receive subscriptions to the Capital Stock of the Centennial Board of Finance. The money realized from this source are to be employed in the erection of the buildings for the International Exhibition, and the expenses connected with the same. It is confidently believed that the Keystone State will be represented by the name of every citizen alive to patriotic commemoration of the one hundredth birth-day of the nation. The shares of Stock are offered for $10 each, and subscribers will receive a handsomely steel engraved Certificate of Stock suitable for framing and preservation as a national memorial, Interest at the rate of six per cent per annum will be allowed on all payments of Centennial Stock from date of payment to January 1, 1876. Subscribers who are not near a National Bank can remit a check or post-office order to the undersigned.
FREDK. FRALEY, Treasurer,
Sept 4, '73. 904 Walnut St., Phil'a.

TOWANDA NURSERY. The undersigned having purchased the NURSERY ON TOWANDA FLATS, Will give his attention to his large stock of FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL TREES Which he is now prepared to DELIVER ON MOST REASONABLE TERMS. Orders in person or by mail promptly attended to.
HENRY PEET.
Towanda, April 16.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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

SMITH & MONTANYE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Office—corner of Main and Pine Streets, opposite Porter's Drug Store.

DR. T. B. JOHNSON, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Office over Dr. H. C. Porter Son & Co.'s Drug Store.

F. G. MORROW, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, offers his professional services to the citizens of Warren and vicinity. Residence first house north of J. F. Cooper's Store, Warren Centre, Pa. apl18'72-1y

DR. C. M. STANLEY, DENTIST, successor to Dr. Weston. Office in Patton's Block, up stairs, Main Street, Towanda, Pa. All kinds of plate work a specialty. Jan.15'73

DR. S.M. WOODBURN, Physician and Surgeon, Office over Wickham & Black's Crockery store. Towanda, May 1, 1872.-1y*

FOYLE & McPHERSON, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Towanda, Pa. Will give prompt attention to all matters entrusted to their charge. Orphans' Court business a specialty.
W. FOYLE. [may21'73] I. McPHERSON.

H. B. McKEAN, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Towanda, Pa. Particular attention paid to business in the Orphans' Court. july 20, '65

H. W. PATRICK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Office, Mercur's Block, next door to the Express Office, Towanda, Pa. July 17, 1873.

W. H. CARNOCHAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW (District Attorney for Bradford County), Troy, Pa. Collections made and promptly remitted. feb 18, '69—tf

W. B. KELLY, DENTIST.—Office over Wickham & Black's, Towanda, Pa. Teeth inserted on Gold, Silver, Rubber, and Aluminum base. Teeth extracted without pain. Oc23,72

MADILL & CALIFF, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Towanda, Pa.
H. J. MADILL, J. N. CALIFF.
Office in Wood's Block, first door south of First National Bank, up stairs. Jan. 8, 73-1y

OVERTON & ELSBREE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Towanda, Pa., having entered into copartnership, offer their professional services to the public. Special attention given to business in the Orphan's and Register's Courts. apl 14'70
E. OVERTON, JR. N. C. ELSBREE.

JOHN W. MIX, *ATTORNEY-AT-LAW*, TOWANDA, PA. Special attention given to claims against Insurance Companies. Office, West side of Public Square.

MR. D. L. DODSON, OPERATIVE AND MECHANICAL DENTIST. North Maine-st, opposite Episcopal Church, Towanda, Pa. All dental operations a specialty. Jan 14

PECK & STREETER, *LAW OFFICE*, TOWANDA, PA.
W. A. PECK. [Jan.15'74] H. STREETER.

DR. J. W. LYMAN, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office on Main Street, formerly occupied by Dr. Ladd. Residence, corner Pine and Second streets. Towanda, June 22, 1871.

E. C. GRIDLEY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, April 1, 1873. Towanda, Pa.

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.

DR. D. D. SMITH, *Dentist*, has purchased G. H. Wood's property, between Mercur's Block and the Elwell House, where he has located his office. Teeth extracted without pain by use of gas. Towanda, Oct. 20, 1870.—yr.

NOTARY PUBLIC! Office—MAIN ST., TOWANDA PA., with Noble & Vincent, Insurance Agents.
Acknowledgments taken; Oaths administered. The subscriber acts as commissioner in taking depositions of witnesses. General duties of the office promptly attended to. WM S VINCENT,
Nov. 12'73. Notary Public.

Hotels.

DINING ROOMS IN CONNECTION WITH THE BAKERY, Near the Court House. We are prepared to feed the hungry at all times of the day and evening. Oysters and Ice Cream in their seasons.
March 30, 1870. D. W. SCOTT & CO.

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 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, 868—tf.

MEANS HOUSE, TOWANDA, PA., COR. MAIN AND BRIDGE STREETS.
The Horses, Harness, &c. of all guests of this house, insured against loss by Fire, without any extra charge.
A superior quality of Old English Bass Ale, just received.
Towanda, Jan. 24, '71. T. R. JORDAN, Proprietor.

WARD HOUSE, TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PENN'A.
This popular house, recently leased by Messrs. ROON & MEANS, and having been completely refitted, remodeled, and refurnished, affords to the public all the comforts and modern conveniences of a first-class Hotel. Situate opposite the Park on Main Street, it is eminently convenient for persons visiting Towanda, either for pleasure or business.
sep6'71 ROON & MEANS, Proprietors.

MANSION HOUSE, LERAYSVILLE, PA.
W. W. BROWNING, PROPRIETOR.
This House is conducted in strictly Temperance Principles. Every effort will be made to make guests comfortable. Good rooms and the table will always be supplied with the best the market affords. Nov. 1, 1871.

BETHLEHEM, PA. "OLD MORAVIAN SUN INN," BUILT 1758.
Rich in historical interest, it is the only building in the country except Independence Hall, honored by the sojourn within its walls of Washington, LaFayette, Lee, Gates and other patriots of the revolution. This popular hotel has recently changed hands, been improved, entirely refurnished, and the proprietor cordially invites his friends and travelling public to give him a call—no pains will be spared to render their stay comfortable. People en route for Philadelphia will find it convenient to spend the night here, reaching the city about eight in the morning. A sample room on first floor for accommodation of commercial agents.
C. T. SMITH,
Sept 4, 1873. Proprietor.

CHARLES F. DAYTON, Successor to Humphrey Bros., HARNESS MAKER, Over Moody's Store, Keeps on hand a full assortment of DOUBLE and SINGLE HARNESS, and all other goods in his line. Repairing and manufacturing done to order. Towanda, August 23, 1871.

STEAM SAW MILL, SHINGLE MILL, AND CIDER MILL, IN SHESHEQUIN.
My Mill is now in good order, and I am prepared to do all kinds of work in my line on short notice.
LUMBER, SHINGLES and LATH, always on hand.
I also offer for sale a 25 Horse-Power Engine and Boiler, cheap.
Sheshequin, Sept. 22, 1873 O. F. AYERS.

Selected Poetry.

BEARING THE CROSS

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

The heavier cross, the nearer heaven,
No cross without, no God within;
Death, judgment, from the heart are driven,
Amidst the world's false glare and din.
O! happy he, with all his loss,
Whom God hath set beneath the cross.

This heavier cross, the better Christian:
This is the touchstone God applies;
How many a garden would lie waiting,
Unwet by showers from weeping eyes!
The gold by fire is purified—
The Christian is by trouble tried.

The heavier cross, the stronger faith:
The loaded palm strikes deeper root;
The vine-juice sweetly issueth
When men have pressed the clust'ring fruit;
And courage grows where dangers come,
Lake pearls beneath the salt Sea foam.

The heavier cross, the fervier prayer:
The bruised herbs most fragrant are;
If wind and sky were always fair,
The sailor would not watch the star:
And David's psalms had ne'er been sung
If grief his heart had never wrung.

The heavier cross, the more aspiring:
From vales we climb to mountain crest;
The pilgrim of the desert tiring,
Longs for the Canaan of his rest.
The dove has here no rest in sight,
And to the ark she wings her flight.

The heavier cross, the easier dying:
Death is a friendlier face to see;
To life's decay one bids defying.—
From life's distress one then is free.
The cross sublimely lifts our faith
To Him who triumphs over death.

Christ crucified! the cross I carry,—
The longer may it dearer be;
And lest I faint whilst here I tarry,
Implant thou such an heart in me,
That faith, hope, love may flourish there,
Till for my cross the crown I wear.

Miscellaneous.

KATIE'S LANTERN.

Truth to tell, the comfortable, old-fashioned farm-house, at the foot of the narrow and rocky ledge, had a picturesque position. Away to the southward wound and smiled the fertile valleys, a goodly proportion of whose acres appertained to Grandfather Crowninshield, and along the edge thereof swept the curves of the railway, after what seemed its birth in the cloven hedge so very near to Katie Crowninshield's home. As for Katie herself, with her sweet fresh face and her merry brown eyes, the little valley and her nestling home were all the world to her, all indeed, that she had ever known, for she had been but a wee thing when Grandfather and Grandmother Crowninshield became father and mother to her, in place of those whose faces she could hardly remember. Neither did it ever occur to her that she was in any sense an heiress, for she seemed rather to belong to the valley than the valley to her; while the idea, if anything had brought it to her mind, that her good old grandparents were not to live forever, would have turned the brightest June day to the gloomiest December.

But, in those latter years, one great entity had painfully struggled into Katie's world, with an apparent mission to unite the valley with that great unknown, which lay beyond the hills and ledges. Katie had seen the ragged rift cloven in the granite wall, watching it curiously from door or window, and listening for the dull reports of the blasting charges, until the barrier was pierced, and the railway crept out and found way down through the valley, and ever since the trains began to run, she had connected with them the idea of a life that was almost human. She had waved her handkerchief enthusiastically to the very first train, and had been liberally responded to by passengers and conductor; and, altho' she had been then a little girl, and was now a young lady, she had never yet dreamed of any unmaidenly boldness in giving the same white signal of welcome, at times, when the great railway mystery came rushing out of the cloven wall. There was one train in particular to which Katie's attention wore at last pretty well restricted—a through express which went by at 8 o'clock in the morning, and there was another from the same direction again at 8 o'clock at night. With the latter, for a very long time, Katie had felt no sort of sympathy, since it could, as she thought, neither see nor acknowledge courteous greetings, while from the former, just as easily as her own dainty "good morning" fluttered above the garden gate, so certainly would there be a fleeting flash to answer her from the platform of one of the cars, or even from the engine itself, for that, too, had happened. And Katie knew very well that, in these latter days, at last, her answer had always come from the same hand. A tall, erect, manly fellow he was, dressed in dark blue cloth; and Katie had been well aware, for a good while, that he was the conductor of the train, but she had never yet been near enough to speak to him, or get any clearer notion of his face and meaning than might be given her in those swift but almost daily glimpses. When or how he found his way back to the beginning of his perpetual journey was a question that Katie never asked even of herself. It was enough that every morning the swift train brought him out of the unknown country beyond the hills, and added a something, that had grown to be very pleasant, to the peace and quiet of her day.

There was something very noteworthy even to railway men, about the manner in which the road broke in upon the valley. A deep cut, a sharp curve, and a heavy downgrade, combined to make the precise point where the conductor had learned to look for Katie's greeting an interesting one; and her white kerchief may even have seemed to wave a species of congratulation at his repeated safe passage of what might at any time have shaped itself into a danger.

Be that as it may, the railway "cut" had brought to Katie Crowninshield, among other results, a shorter and easier path to the home of her aunt, her mother's sister, who lived just a little way beyond the ledge, and who was never satisfied if too many days passed by without bringing the sunlight of Katie's face across her threshold. And so Katie had gone and returned many and many a time, by the narrow path between the granit walls. She had learned to walk the rails like a rope-walker and she knew the time of every train too well, as she often told aunt Betsy, ever to get herself caught in the cut. Even if she could, she said, there were ever so many places where she could clamber up on the rocks at the side and be entirely safe. Nobody in that peaceful region ever dreamed of fear at being out "after dark," and again and again had good Aunt Betsy detained her pet until night had fallen, although her only company homeward was her little star of a lantern. It was a neat little lantern, with a sort of piquant and winning character of its own, like everything else that belonged to Katie Crowninshield, and she herself was half inclined to make a confidant of it.

In fact, Katie's lantern found its own occasion for putting own almost the semblance of a personal friend. There came a day when Katie's handkerchief fluttered in vain, and then another, when even the reply she received from the train convinced her that there had been a change of some kind, and that she would receive no more signals from the same hand. It was odd enough, but her long-accustomed bit of morning pleasure seemed suddenly turned into something childish and uninteresting—a worn out amusement that it was time to put aside with her discarded dolls. And so she sadly prepared to give it up, in the first fit of genuine blues she had ever indulged in; but, a few evenings afterward, she lingered at the garden gate a little, after her return from Aunt Betsy's, to see the night-express go flashing by. It was a grand sight when it came, incomparably more interesting and mysterious in the darkness than ever in the day, and Katie wondered she had never thought so before; but she almost unconsciously raised her little lantern, and swung it round her head as she had used to wave her handkerchief.

Could she believe her eyes.

She almost refused to give them any faith at first, but then there followed a quick flush in her cheek and a warm glow in her heart; for she was sure there had been an answering light, and she could almost picture a tall form in dark-blue clothing, standing on the platform between two of the cars.

She knew very little of railway matters, but was not so dull that there was any special mystery to her mind in such a thing as a change of trains by a conductor. She did not let Grandfather or Grandmother Crowninshield see her, however, the next evening when she again crept out to the gate, almost smothering her little lantern; for she had a half-fluttering sort of dread that this second experiment might fail.

Fail? No; the greeting from the train was as ready as was Katie's own "good evening," and the little lantern was likely thenceforth to be the very foremost of prime favorites with its mistress. And now, while the October days grew cooler and the glorious evenings longer, Grandmother Crowninshield began to grumble a little at the disposition her darling evinced to pay so very many visits to Aunt Betsy.

"It's a long walk for you, child," she said; "and it's right through the cut, too. What if a railway train should come along before you could get out?"

"O Grandmamma, that'll never happen," laughed Katie; "the railroad and I are very good friends."

"You ought to be," said Grandmother. "I never saw any living being care more for a dumb thing than you've always done for that there train."

But Grandmother was nearer right than Katie; for only a night or so after that—it must have been that Aunt Betsy's clock was slow—for Katie was in the very middle of the cut when her ears were suddenly filled with the shriek and roar with which the train dashed in at the upper end.

Her heart beat quickly for a moment, but not with fear; for, as she sprang lightly upon a projecting rock that she had often before noted as a very availible perch, she gathered her fluttering dress more closely about her and exclaimed:

"There, I'm safe enough; but to think of its coming so near!"

Near enough, indeed, and Katie leaned back hard against the crag behind her; for it seemed as if she could feel breath of the iron monster on her cheek. In one hand she clutched more tightly the folds of her shawl, and in the other she raised her lantern, as if its feeble star could be of some protection, and then her grasp of it grew suddenly very tight, indeed; for, leaning out a little from the platform of a car, and looking forward, as if impatient for the train to clear the cut, stood a tall, handsome, bearded man, in dark-blue clothes, with a lantern in his hand, and his eager, watching, expecting face, came so very close to her own!

It was like a flash of lightning; but Katie knew the face, and she knew also that she herself had been seen, and she had even marked the swift paling of the bronzed visage as it recognized her and then swept off into the darkness beyond.

"He was afraid I would be hurt," she thought; and then she said, aloud: "But he must have seen how safe I was, up here on the rock. I don't believe he swung his lantern at our garden gate to-night."

Katie did not relate her adventure even to her Grandmother, and on her next visit to Aunt Betsy's she was careful to come away in time.

"I don't want to get home so very much too early," she said to herself, as she finished her visit and hurried her departure; "but I don't like being caught in the cut at all. I'm glad I'm so sure not to meet anybody. I believe I'd want to hide away from a stranger to-night, almost as much as from a railway train."

It was indeed an unusually dark and gloomy night, but Katie was destined to be disappointed in the hope of getting through the cut without seeing anybody. As has been said, the granite ledge had necessarily been pierced on a curved line, so that no one standing at one end of the cut, moderate as were its dimensions, could see more than half way through.

Aunt Betsy's house was some little distance from the upper entrance, and the approach to the latter was gloomy enough that night, even for one who knew every inch of the way as well as Katie did; but her little lantern shone out cheerily against its bright reflector, throwing its radiancy ahead, as if it were trying to tell her: "There, dear, that's it; don't be afraid, now, I'll show you the track!" But Katie remembered, just then, that it was getting later every minute, and she tripped briskly into the cut, wondering why the lantern-light should make it look so strangely high and narrow. She had not gone far, however, before the granite walls brought to her ears, all the way to the lower end and round the curve, as if the cut had been a speaking tube, the sound of voices that were evidently meant to be low and guarded. There were no other sounds mingled with the voices, and Katie could not make out more than a word or so here and there, but there was something about it all that startled and frightened her. At first she was half inclined to turn and make the best of her way back to Aunt Betsy's; but that seemed foolish, and Katie was really a courageous little soul. She hid her lantern under her shawl, however, and stepped very lightly and swiftly forward, trying to remember if there were not a rock or hollow where she could be as safe from men as she had been from the passing train. She did not think of or find any such a place, and, after all, the persons whose voices troubled her were not in the cut, nor were they coming to meet her. She was very nearly through herself before she could any way make out what it all meant; but, as she paused in the deep shadows of the rocks and peered timidly out toward the now dull and muffled sounds, with which the voices were so mingled, a broad, quick gleam, as from a lantern suddenly shaded or extinguished, shot across the track not many yards below, and then all was darkness and silence.

But that one moment illumination had revealed extraordinary things to the keen, excited vision of Katie Crowninshield.

There were men, three or four, she could not say just how many, but rough, fierce, wild and anxious-looking, and before them, on the railway track, from which the rails had been pried away just there, was a confused heap of heavy granite bowlders and fragments. Katie understood it as clearly as if those men had taken her into their confidence and told her in words.

It was a plot to wreck the train!

No matter why—whether for revenge or plunder, or in the utter malignity of lost souls—Katie never paused to so much as ask herself a question, but turned and fled back through the cut as for life and death, for both were with her, side by side, and hurrying step for step. She had no thought or dread that the wreckers had seen her or would follow. Neither was it at all likely; but Katie's brain was too full of her purpose to admit a thought of self, and she held out her lantern fearlessly enough now, that she might be doubly sure of her footing on the ties and gravel.

And now she was out in the open air, beyond the upper entrance, and she could see the peaceful light still shining from Aunt Betsy's window. But there was no time to go there for help.

The train must be so very near!

Katie did for a moment think of kindling a bright fire on the track, but that would take too long, and great ruin and horror would come before even a small fagot would be well ablaze.

"There's nothing but my own little lantern," almost sobbed poor Katie; "may be he will know when he reaches the cut."

The lantern shown like a frosty little star determined to be seen as Katie sprang forward up the track. She had not far to go, for the train was ahead of time that night instead of being behind, as would have been more desirible under the circumstances. Never had anything appeared to Katie Crowninshield more suddenly than did the great glaring eye of the locomotive headlight that now glowed upon her out of the overshadowing night, and her lantern seemed to have instantaneously vanished.

"It is so small," she cried, in agony, "and he will never see it."

Nevertheless, on a low mound of earth and stones, close by the side of the track, Katie took her post of charity and danger, and swung her little lantern frantically to and fro, while she now tried to make her sweet girl's voice heard through the roar and clamor of the rushing train.

On came the railway giant, tugging with him his precious freight of human life, and it flashed upon Katie Crowninshield's mind what an awful capacity for suffering that train may have on board. O, with the great glare and the all-absorbing torrent of sound, and almost before Katie knew it the object of her hope and fear had dashed ruthlessly pas, and was quickly swallowed up from her sight in the rocky jaws of the deep cut. With a cry of grief and disappointment on her lips, and a strange thrill of pain at her heart, the poor girl sank upon the ground and buried her face in her hands, while the little lantern dropped neglectedly beside her.

Only for one brief instant, however, did Katie yield to the terror and the trouble of it, for in another she picked up her starry friend, sprang to her feet, and darted away down the railroad track toward the cut. She paused a moment when the lower end was reached to gather breath and to brush the salt mist from her eyes before she looked upon the awful scene she knew must be prepared for her.

And then—why, there was the train, the rear car rising close in front of her, while the others (and there were but few of them that night) stood all erect upon their wheels beyond—not all upon the track, to be sure, but all apparently safe—all, except one great, dark mass, whose polished metal glittering in the varying lights that flashed upon it, and whose hoarse throat screamed angrily with the escaping steam, for the locomotive had come to grief pretty decidedly among the granite boulders that were heaped on the track by the fiends who had planned the wreck. The passengers were swarming out of the cars, and none of them seemed to be hurt at all, nor did Katie hear a sound that told of pain as she swiftly threaded her way among and past them. She had caught a glimpse of a group away beyond even the shattered locomotive, however, which forbade her lingering for an instant. Right down toward her own garden gate four men were carrying a heavy burden, and others were following, and Katie heard them say as she darted by:

"Who is it?"

"Why, it's the conductor. He was thrown from the platform of the forward car."

"Is he killed?"

"They say no. Nobody else was hurt. He was a splendid fellow."

A tall, handsome, bearded man, in dark-blue clothing, but his face was ghastly pale when they laid him on Grandfather Crowninshield's own bed, and the surgeon, who had been among the passengers, bent gloomily above him.

"Head all right," muttered the man of science. "Only a cut or so. Ah, there's a rib, two of 'em, and his left arm below the elbow! Struck the ground so, that's clear, and the other bones are likely to be all right. Must have been leaning out to look ahead. I should say: "Hullo, what's that light on his face,"

The light in the room, what with the crowd and the country candles, had been none of the brightest, but just at that moment a clear golden gleam was poured down on the face of the injured man, and slowely, as if the radiance itself had wakened him, he opened his eyes and looked dreamily about him.

The surgeon heard a sigh that was half a sob close behind him, and looked up to see that, and the sudden light came from Katie and her lantern, but just then the questioning eyes of the wounded conductor fell upon her face, and he exclaimed, faintly but earnestly:

"I knew it was you. There was hardly room to stop the train in, but we'd have all gone to pieces if it hadn't been for you and your light. You've saved them all, God bless you."

And so Katie Crowninshield suddenly found herself a heroine, with a swarm of grateful people around her, very much to her discomfort. They would have made her a present if she would have allowed them, but the only really welcome words she heard from any one were those of the surgeon:

"What, killed? A man like him? Nonsense! he'll carry his arm in a sling for a month or so, but he'll be up again in a fort-night."

Of course, no time was lost in repairing the track and in forwarding the passengers, and a few hours only saw the old farm-house as quiet and peaceful-looking as ever. Even the surgeon had done his work and gone. The engine lay battered and helpless among the bowlders where it had forced its willful way. The conductor lay still on Grandfather Crowninshield's bed, and the fitful slumbers the surgeon's opiate gave him were starry with signals that white fingers held up before his dreaming eyes. As for Kate and her lantern, the latter had fairly burned itself out and asleep on the little table in Katie's own room, and she herself had by no means clearly comprehended as yet, the happy consequences of her railway signaling. It was very much like a dream to her, for Katie was no prophetess, nor could even her lantern throw any light on the future. She could not see, just then, and yet the days that followed brought it all to pass, and neither she herself, nor Grandfather and Grandmother Crowninshield would consent to any more railroading or signaling. It was much better, indeed, they all declared, nor did he himself pretend to deny it, that Katie's husband should farm broad acres of the fertile valley than that he should any more be at the mercy of train-wreckers and wayside lanterns. And when the question was decided to her liking, such a hug and kiss was that which Katie Crowninshield gave—

"To whom?"

"Why, to her lantern, of course."

—*W. O. Stoddard, in Appleton's Magazine.*

SPEECH OF SENATOR CAMERON IN THE UNITED STATES SENATE.

On offering his Amendment to the Act entitled "An Act to Provide for the Redemption of the Three Per Cent. Temporary Loan Certificates, and for an increase of National Bank Notes."

The President *pro tempore:* The Senator from Pennsylvania gives notice of his intention to offer an amendment, and desires it to be read for information.

The Chief Clerk read the proposed amendment, to strike out all of the bill after the enacting clause, and insert in lieu thereof the following:

"That so much of the twenty-second section of the act entitled An act to provide a national currency secured by a pledge of United States bonds, and to provide for the circulation and redemption thereof, approved June 3, 1864, and of the several acts supplementary thereto and amendatory thereof, and such of the provisions of an act entitled An act to provide for the redemption of the three per cent. temporary loan certificates and for an increase of national bank notes, approved July 12, 1870, and so much of such parts of any other act or acts of Congress as limit or as may be construed to limit or restrict the entire amount of notes for circulation to be issued under said act of June 3, 1864, and the several supplements thereto, be, and the same are hereby, repealed; and that hereafter all associations organized, or that may be organized, for carrying on the business of banking under the provisions of said act, shall be free to establish and organize National banks with circulation at any place within the several States and Territories of the United States upon the terms and conditions, and subject to all the limitations and restrictions now provided by law, except the limitation upon the entire amount of circulation, which is hereby repealed."

Mr. CAMERON. Mr. President, in offering the substitute for the bill of the Committee on Finance, I am impelled by the highest considerations of public duty. The one point on which my mind is thoroughly convinced is, that there are not enough banking facilities now in this country to transact the stupendous business our enterprising people must and will transact. The irrepressible energy of the American people renders it certain that an immense amount of trade will be carried on. If money is to be had at fair prices, it will be done with money. If not, then credit will be employed. This being assumed, and I think the assumption a safe one, it becomes our duty to decide whether the business of the country shall be safely conducted on adequate capital, properly secured, or wildly and dangerously done on overstrained credit. I do not consult antiquated theorists of a hundred years ago to determine whether we have, or have not, enough money for the business necessities of the country. The wisest of them no more comprehended the financial wants of to-day, than they foresaw the present greatness of our nation. Being a practical man, I look upon things as I find them, and will insist upon a system of finance which has proven beneficial to our people, even if this throws me in opposition to the conjectures of antiquity.

I have not yet heard any business man affirm that we have enough currency; but millions of men who represent the paralyzed industries of the country, earnestly believe that we require more than we have now. The many who demand an increase of the circulating medium, have long since come to denounce the banking interest, which, it seems to be assumed here, is opposed to that increase as a monopoly. I regret this, but I am not astonished at it. I remember the national banks gratefully for the good they have done, and I deem it a wise thing, if it be possible, to relieve them from this unjust aspersion. My purpose is to satisfy the demand for more money, and at the same time, to do so without a shock to capital invested in good faith

I entertain the opinion that there is too much profit in banking in the large cities and commercial centres for the good of the people at large; and my remedy for this evil is to more equally distribute the advantages of the national banking system throughout the country, and to provide borrowers with a supply of currency essential to their projects at a rate which leaves them some return for their enterprise and industry. This is secured, I think, by providing for such an increase of our present admirable bank-note currency as the interests of labor, of commerce, manufacturing, and development generally, require, leaving the exact amount of the increase and the new banks to be established, to be determined by the relentless law of supply and demand. By such a plan as increased banking facilities, under the safeguards of the national banking law, new banks will come into existence where the growth and development of the country, increased population, and the industrial interests of particular sections, demand them. This is not inflation; it is merely supply. So, too, where the urgent necessity for money disappears and banking proves less profitable, the banks will retain their unemployed currency, or lend it at cheaper rates, until a revival of activity in trade again employs it at a profit. And this is not, properly speaking, contraction; it is simply the circulating medium adjusting itself to the wants of the country according to the experience and the business interests of the country. The tillers of the soil, the delvers in the mines, the transporters, merchants, manufacturers, and the traders of the country, know better than Congress what they want: and this bill simply proposes to let them arrange it for themselves, in strict conformity with their necessities, and in localities of their own choice.

Let me try now to illustrate what these necessities are. About the 1st of September the crops of the West and South are ready for movement to the seaboard. To move them requires about $200,000,000; and this very large amount is required in money or other means of exchange beyond the wants of the summer. By the law as it now stands, the amount of money is fixed. It can be no greater when the crops are harvested than when they are growing. It is well known that we have an abundance of money one part of the year, and a famine the balance. Everybody knows this; and the men of Wall street arrange their "campaigns" on the sure recurrence of this financial fact, which repents itself with inexorable certainty every autumn. This fixed and arbitrary currency is the terror of honest men and the jubilee of the speculators every year. The industrious and enterprising must have relief. The present limited number of banks cannot lend more than they are authorized and empowered to issue; and the greater number of them are too remote from the grain-growing regions to be useful to the farmers. Their depositors drain them at such times as these for the purposes of speculation and of realizing high rates for their money thus withdrawn. Distress and ruin follow as a matter of course, and are of annual recurrence. Now, my project aims at supplying the very elasticity which seems to be the only thing wanting to prevent this distress and ruin, and to make our system of currency perfect for our internal uses; and it also supplies that healthy competition which makes money available at fair rates of interest by multiplying the number of the national banks, and increasing their power to extend relief in times of danger.

I think I may safely trust the Senate with the task of finding objections to this scheme, and shall therefore apply myself to noticing the advantages which I believe it to possess. The first, and perhaps the greatest, advantage promised is the emancipation of the business of the people from the rigid compression of our restrictive financial system, so admirable in everything but its inflexibility. Enterprising capitalists are permitted to organize banks under the authority and the sanction of national charters, thus attracting capital to the aid of the business necessities of the country. It authorizes the necessary increase of the currency in exact ratio as it is required, and it spreads over the whole country the benefits of banking facilities. Thus you at once make the currency elastic, and bring the facilities needed by the producers to their doors, which they are now forced to procure at a great distance; and you localize the national banks, with their advantages, by distributing them over all the land.

On the advantages of this proposed multiplication and diffusion of national banks I need not dwell, I trust. But some pointed benefits result from it, and are worthy of your attention.

In the cities or commercial and financial centres money is less needed than in the agricultural or producing regions. In the former all transactions of importance are conducted by the use of bank checks. In the rural districts, on the contrary, the laborer, mechanic, and producer must have currency, and the employer can only satisfy them by the payment of bank notes, checks being useless to meet the small wants of every-day life. To keep these currency notes where they are needed, and to restrain them from flowing to where they are mainly used in speculation, or locked up by parties engaged in raising or depressing the price of produce, should be the aim of all who desire to cure existing evils. To secure this most desirable end the existence of collecting and distributing agents is essentially necessary and the banks I seek to authorize will be the very agency demanded