TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

THE BRADFORD REPORTER is published every Thursday Morning by S. W. ALVORD at Two Dollars per annum in advance.

☞ Advertising in all cases exclusive of subscription to the paper.

SPECIAL NOTICES inserted at FIFTEEN CENTS per line for first insertion, and FIVE CENTS per line for subsequent insertions.

LOCAL NOTICES, same style as reading matter, TWENTY CENTS a line.

ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted according to the following table of rates:

	1w	4w	2m	3m	6m	1yr.
1 inch	$1.50	3.00	5.00	6.00	10.00	$ 18
2 inches	2.00	5.00	8.00	10.00	15.00	20.00
3 inches	2.50	[illegible]	10.00	13.00	20.00	30.00
4 inches	3.00	8.50	14.00	18.25	25.00	35.00
¼ column	5.00	12.00	18.00	22.00	30.00	45.00
½ column	10.00	20.00	30.00	40.00	55.00	75.00
1 column	20.00	50.00	60.00	80.00	$100	$150

Administrator's and Executor's Notices, $2; Auditor's Notices, $2 50; Business Cards, five lines, (per year) $5, additional lines $1 each.

Yearly advertisers are entitled to quarterly changes. Transient advertisements must be paid for *in advance*.

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.

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 July 19, 1871. GEO. P ASH.

DAYTON & BROTHER,

Dealers in

WOOL, HIDES, PELTS, CALF-SKINS, FURS, &C.,

For which the highest cash price is paid at all times. Office in M. E. Rosenfield's Store, Main-st.,

G. A. DAYTON, }
J. 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—ly.

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 Lunchons 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 outside of the cities, and that we make it 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 funds 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 $ 0 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 paid 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. 914 Walnut St., Phil'a.

TOWANDA NURSERY.

The undersigned having purchased the

NURSERY ON TOWANDA FLATS,

calls attention to his large stock of

FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL TREES

Which he is now prepared to

DELIVER ON MOST REASONABE TERMS.

Orders in person or by mail promptly attended

HENRY PEE

Towanda, April 16,

The Bradford Reporter.

S. W. ALVORD, Publisher. REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER. **$2 per Annum in Advance.**

VOLUME XXXIV. TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., MARCH 19, 1874. NUMBER 42.

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. M'PHERSON.

H. B. McKEAN, ATTORNEY and Counsellor at Law, Towanda, Pa. Particular attention paid to business in the Orphans' Court. july 20, '66.

H. W. PATRICK, Attorney-at Law. Office, Mercur's Block, next door to the Express Office, Towanda, Pa.
July17 1873.

W. H. CARNOCHAN, ATTORNEY at Law (District Attorney for Bradford County), Troy, Pa. Collections made and promptly remitted. feb 15, '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, Attorney's 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, North side of Public Square. [Dec 18'73.

MR. D. L. DODSON, Operative and Mechanical Dentist. North Main-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. T. R. JORDAN,
Towanda, Jan. 24, '71. Proprietor.

WARD HOUSE,

TOWANDA,

BRADFORD COUNTY, PENN'A.

This popular house, recently leased by Messrs. Koon & 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 KOON & 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.

C. F. AYERS.
Sheshequin, Sept 1st 1873

Selected Poetry.

HAVE COURAGE TO SAY NO!

You're starting to-day on life's journey,
  Alone on the highway of life;
You'll meet with a thousand temptations,
  Each city with evil is rife.
This world is a stage of excitement;
  There's danger wherever you go;
But if you are temp'ed in weakness,
  Have courage, my boy, to say—No!

The siren's sweet song may allure you;
  Beware of her cunning and art;
Whenever you see her approaching,
  Be guarded, and haste to depart.
The billiard saloons are inviting,
  Decked out in their tinsel and show;
You may be invited to enter;
  Have courage, my boy, to say—No!

The bright ruby wine may be offered—
  No matter how tempting it be,
From poison that stings like an adder,
  My boy have the courage to flee.
The gambling hells are before you,
  Their lights, how they glance to and fro;
If you should be tempted to enter,
  Think twice, even thrice, ere you go!

In courage alone lies your safety,
  When you the long journey begin,
And trust in a Heavenly Father
  Will keep you unspotted from sin.
Temptations will go on increasing,
  As streams from a rivulet flow,
But if you are true to your manhood,
  Have the courage, my boy, to say—No!

Miscellaneous.

[For The Reporter.]

A CALIFORNIA INCIDENT.

L. HAZARD STARKEY.

It was in the afternoon of an Autumn day in 186—, that I (an Englishman and a stranger) entered a drinking saloon in San Francisco, called for some lager, lit my pipe, and sat down in an easy chair for a quiet smoke.

It was a famous place for a smoke, a place fit for any one to sit down in, and have a yarn with his friend,—comfortably; not at all like an English bar,—where he is usually glad to leave when he has finished his liquor, but with cushioned chairs and lounges, and comfortable surroundings, so that you might sit and smoke as enjoyably as you would in your own house.

There was a queer looking man sitting near me, who raised his eyes from the paper he was reading and seemed to regard me with some curiosity. He had a frank, honest expression of countenance, and seemed well disposed towards me, for all that he was rather moody and thoughtful, and looked as though he had seen a great deal of trouble.

At last, drawing his chair a little nearer and putting his brown hands on his knees, he said:

"Not been here long, ay?"

"No," said I, "only a few days."

"Ah!" he said, meditatively, "I thought so! 'Frisco is a queer kind of a place for a young hand; now I've took a bit of a fancy to you, and as you ain't much up to things, I de'say you would n't cut up rough at suthin' useful in the way of advice."

I was rather astonished at this, but was quite pleased to make an acquaintance with him, although he was rather rough looking, so I answered that I should be glad of any advice which might prove useful, as I *was* strange to the country.

"Wal!" said he, "in the first place, if you don't want to get mauled, the best thing you can do is to keep that thar derringer purty close, seein' as this is rayther a rough place, an' some might take 'fence at it."

I followed the direction of his eye, and saw that my revolver—which I always carried—was in sight, sticking out of my belt.

"If you carry one o' them things, it's all'us best to keep it dark; don't let no one know of it—till it's wanted. Another thing I might tell you, that is, not to show all the dimes you carry, when you're paying for a liquor; thar's a lot of people round—that likes dimes fust rate—and ain't got none—and don't miss a slant when they see it. Thar was a youngster like you might be, round 'Frisco once—with his pouch full of dollars, and a derringer—which he did n't know how to handle no more nor a possum. Well! he was laid for by two 'plants'—smart, decent looking fellers, and took into a gamble shop, whar they let him win for a bit,—primed him with whisky till he didn't know a right bower from an ace, and euchred him out of his dimes bit by bit till he was nearly cleaned, when he saw one of these yar coons grin, and say suthin' laughin' like to his pal. Then he see'd what was up, and that they'd gone through him proper, so he up and called them a durned lot of swindlers, and said he'd have his money back. One of them pouched the dimes from the table, while t'other 'put a shoulder on him' and said:

"Guess you're green; don't know the ropes, Johnny, so I won't take no 'count of your talk—cause you are riled nat'rally at losing yer dollars, but jest you dry up, and don't say no more or thar's no knowin' what'll happen!"

"Now the young 'un bein' wild, and kinder didn't care much what was on the cards—long as he got his dimes—said, "By thunder! if you don't give back that money, I'll—"

"He never finished it, for he'd been feelin' for his shooter, but he warn't sharp enough, for one of the chaps out derringer, and 'put a pea' in him—so he didn't talk no more."

"Dead!" Wal, no, he were n't that, but he were that near it, that he never 'spected he'd be tellin' the yarn to you. Yes, his name was Dick Selby, and that's me. Now he said "I don't hail from 'Frisco—I b'long further north, and if you like my company, I'll just show you a thing or two, and if you don't,—you've only got to say so, and I won't bother you. The fact is, I had a son once,"—here his voice dropped, and a dark shadow seemed to cross his face. "Yes," he said, abstractedly, and seeming to talk more to himself than me,—"Poor Ben!—just such another. I had a son once, and he war like you—very like," he said, rousing himself, "and I fancy it's made me sorter take to you; now you must think I'm a derned queer sort of a card, anyhow! don't you?"

"I am sorry if you have lost your son," said I, "and as to your showing me round I shall be glad of your company." "H'm, yes, I *have* lost my son, poor Ben! poor Ben!" he said; then suddenly clenching his sinewy hands, his face grew dark with passion, and he said in a strange, wild sort of voice, "He was murdered! God have pity on the man when I fall across him!" I stared aghast at him, his features assumed such a deadly look; but it was only for a moment, his wrath settled down, and he said: "Yes, young man, I tell yer 'twas hard on me; but I spose you won't care to hear 'bout me and my troubles?" I said I should listen with the greatest interest.

"Wal, then!" he said, "I have n't always been down here. I used to live in Buffalo, but times were n't good, so I put for 'Big Pine,' way up country here, where there was good finds bein' made—with my wife and son. When we got that far, we had just enough to keep us goin' till I got a bit of a shanty put together, and started my work.

"I did a pile of diggin' fore I found anything, fur things was n't so powerful good as I'd heard, and men was gettin' grumpy, and fightin' all round the camp. And Ben, he worked good; he worked inch for inch with me, but we did n't strike nothin', twarn't no good, we were onlucky, we could n't make enough to keep us from starvin' sca'cely, fur a long spell, and I was beginnin' to feel kinder done up. But one day, Ben he comes up to me, with a white face, and a shiverin' like he'd got the ague; he dragged me inside the shanty, and then begin cryin' and laughin' and cavortin' round like mad.

"Father!" he said, "I could n't yell out an' tell you 'cause of them others, but—*I've had a find!*" and he put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a nugget.

"Holy good Moses! there was a nugget—enough to turn a man's head to look at it after bein' starved for months.

"What did you find it, Ben?" said I.

"In the fust claim, dad," he said, "and there's plenty more there too, I b'leeve."

"That ar was a luck of a find—just in time, for we were wantin' it badly; and that wernt all: we found more every day, and we were puttin' by in heaps, and soon after took it up town and changed it for dollars.

"We worked it quiet, did n't say a word to no one, and we had already made considerable, till at last it got wind that Dick Selby had struck a vein, and every one went roarin' mad with envy, and we had to take spell and spell, night and day, with a shooter in each hand—that is, Ben and me—to keep 'em off.

"Wal, this cou'd n't last, I could see that, and we agreed for me to go up-town, and get some fresh hands.

"There was one man I told Ben to spot: his name was McLaskie; he'd been everything in this world but a gentleman, and was the desperatest char ac-ter I ever struck. He was hard up, and I guessed he would n't stick at nothin', and he hadn't been at work for days since we'd struck the metal, and he'd been seen hangin' round talkin to some the wust men in the bull camp time and agin, and I was well nigh scared to leave Ben and my wife alone, 'cause of him.

"Any how they laughed it off and persuaded me till one night I agreed to go next mornin' up to 'Frisco.

"Somehow, I did n't feel right in my mind, and turned in awful restless, with my derringer and bowie on a chair lonside the bed. I could n't sleep, not I. I felt kinder queer; a feelin as though suthin' was goin' to happen, I didn't know what.

"After being in bed some time, I was just fallin' into a bit of a snooze, when I was woke by a shot, and a yell! I jumped out like a flash,—although there was suthin' cold like at my heart, and I took my shooter and struck for the door. I nearly run against Ben, who was staggerin' in. I felt queer,—seein' Ben look so white and weak like: 'Ben,' said I, 'boy, you ain't struck?'

"'Not much, father,' he said, and touched his shoulder; then pointed to the door.

"I looked outside;—there was the moon a shinin' with her green light, on the trees,—on the ground,—on—something that made me rise my derringer! Three men were striking for the house, and before I could draw bead—a bullet struck the door, close to my head. I let drive all my six shots at the men, and got inside the house, and I just got charged when whack! comes a lump of pine against the door, caving it in, and three or four men, with McLaskie in front, came in.

"I fired my shooter again! Ben fired his. We heard a couple of yells, and the room was full of smoke. I was looking for a man to empty my shooter into, and I heard a shot! Good God! my poor wife!—I could hear her shriek. I fired again as the smoke cleared, and saw my man fall.

The next minute some one laid for me with the butt of a derringer, and I went down. When I came to, I began to look around. There lay my wife on the bed—dead! And Ben—he was lying in a corner of the room—white and stiff. Suthin seemed to 'go' inside my forehead, and I fell down again.

"I did n't remember anything after this for a long spell; and when I did come round, I warnt in my shanty,—I'd been took up town, and laid up with a brain fever.

"It *was* hard on me, when I came to, and remembered all about it. I felt bad. 'Twere like this,—I'd rayther been finished at once, and made one job of it—'twould been better. It were not likely I should be any account when them two were gone; they might just have put a 'pea' in me as well, 'twould have made it sorter more complete, you know."

"But that's neither here nor there," he resumed; "bleeve I promised to show you round a bit. Wal, just foller me, and I'll show you a gamble shop."

We walked out of the saloon, and traversed two or three streets, and at last came to a rather out-of-the-way place, and my conductor, opening the door of a house, led the way in.

I must have hesitated,—for the place was rather dark and mysterious looking, as he said,

"You've got no cause to be scared while I'm along,—though p'raps twouldn't be well for you to come here by yourself.

"Oh, no!" said I, "I am not afraid only the place was rather dark, and—" "Oh, it's all right," here he interrupted, "you jest keep along after me."

I followed him through a dark passage, and coming to a door, which he opened—we walked into a large room. It was a pretty well-appointed place, with cushioned furniture—crimson curtains—large mirrors, etc. and tables covered with green cloth, at intervals all over the room: at which were seated men with anxious countenances, playing euchre, bluff monte, and other American games—with little heaps of gold, silver, and greenbacks beside them. They were evidently much interested in their games, for none of them looked up, as we entered, and walked to the other end of the room.

"By thunder!" said my strange guide, in an undertone; "we shall see a row before long. I'll be derned if we shan't. Just spot them two fellers sittin down over there.—Yes! that dark-faced chap, and that man playing euchre with him: yes! the one what looks like a resurrectionized spirit; d'you see how the dark fellow scowls at his man, and how happy t'other one looks? Wal, he's been winnin; you bet! and that other one don't like it. Ye-es, you can b'leeve there'll be a bit of a row out of that lot."

The two men were playing with great eagerness, and I could see the dark complexioned men—who was a tall, brawny fellow—was getting wild, for the veins of his forehead were swollen and knotted with suppressed anger.

"We'll just go over to that table," said Selby,—"where we can take a good look at them, and have a game of bluff,—"for we're all 'spected to play, if we come in here."

We crossed to the other table, and calling for some whisky, we commenced playing bluff for small stakes. We played for some time—all the time watching the men opposite us, until Selby had soon every cent in my pocket, which I observed, saying I could not play any more, as I was cleaned out; when he quietly pushed the money across the table to me

"I did that," he said, "jest fur to show you how easily you might be gone through—so's you won't try it without I'm yar."

I told him I was much obliged for the lesson, and he said, "That and nothin'—don't you talk 'bout that; I've got no end of stamps, and don't want anybody else's,—but look at that ere dark chap!"

I looked across the table; the game had finished, and the pale, corpse-like man was sweeping the stakes from the table into his pockets.

A card dropped on the table! Where from I did not see; the dark man did though. He sprang at the other's throat. "By G—!" he yelled, "you ———, return every cent, you sneaking thief—or else, by ——!"—he squeezed the sharper's throat in his sinewy fingers till he was nearly black in the face.

"Let—let go!" he gasped,—"you shall have every cent!—loose—loose, I'm choking!"

The other loosed his grasp, and he put his hand in his pocket—it seemed to draw out the cash, but instead ——Selby sprang up and rushed toward him,—not in time though, to stop him drawing a revolver, and the next instant his enemy was lying on the ground,—a bullet in his chest. We both tried to lay hands on the assassin, but he slipped away like an eel and was out through the door like a flash! We rushed to the door,—he was nowhere to be seen, and we returned to the room.

The wounded man was lying where he had fallen; he had been shot through the lungs. We quietly lifted him on to a lounge: a doctor was sent for and soon arrived, and said he "might get over it, but 'twas derned uncertain."

I felt almost sick at the sight. The man's features wore an expression almost demoniac; his shirt and vest were all dabbled with blood, and the spot where he had been lying was smeared all over with the poor fellow's life stream.

"Wal!" said my conductor, "guess we'll travel now; we've seed all we want to, and p'raps more, but I told you I'd show you a thing or two."

RALPH DAYNER'S DOOM.

If travelers see strange things, so do artists, at least landscape painters do, for they are travelers as well, and in pursuit of their vocation visit so many remote places, and come in contact with so many different sorts of people, that they ought to be good story-tellers. The rural and seafaring population, with whom of necessity they have to mingle, offer many curious studies of character; and the sketcher from nature, who chances to be a writer also, may pick up among them incidents and stories by the score. I have come across many, but the brush has claimed so much of my time that, like most of my craft, I have had but little inclination to give any to the pen.

However, within the last week some circumstances have occurred under my very eyes of so tragic nature, and associated with so terrible a story, that I am tempted, before I leave the spot, to utilize the long evenings now setting in by writing down the facts as they came to my knowledge.

I am staying at a little public-house called the Pilot, the only hostelry in the small village of Pitsdean, situated at the foot of that enormous range of chalk cliffs which at its highest point is marked on the charts of the southeast of Shingle Head. The scant population is composed of a few fishermen, farm laborers, and some lime burners—these latter being the most numerous, for lime burning is carried on extensively in that district, and where the chalk begins to rise from flatter country the beach-kilns abound. Odd gaps and roads wind down to them thro' the upheaved soil and fantastic masses of land-slip, rendered more fantastic by the cuttings, excavations, and blastings constantly going on. Little green plateaus jut out here and there half-way down some of the taller cliffs; and notably there is one which, overhanging a kiln on one side, and cut off on the other by a rising precipice of chalk, is accessible only by a narrow winding path descending from the upper heights.

This, together with the range of white cliffs, very varied in form, and rising in some places to hundreds of feet; the burning limekiln with its film of smoke, its dark and cavernous furnaces, its adjacent stock of dried gores for fuel; the carts and horses going to and fro down the steep road to the beach, and across the sands to the little craft that has put it on a flood tide, and is, now at the ebb left stranded to receive her cargo of limestone; the moving figures, and some boats—made up a bit of coast scenery which tempted me to submit for a week or so to the limited accommodation offered by the Pilot. I had marked down the scene during a walk, and had determined to take up my quarters at the rough inn for the purpose of painting it. So six days ago I came over, bag and baggage, from Helmstone, the watering-place where I was staying, and set to work betimes the next morning.

The autumnal weather was beautiful, and the effect just what I wanted; but the little craft was absent, and as she formed a conspicuous item in the picture, I grew anxious for her appearance as the tide came in. When it was at the highest, however, she slowly rounded the headland, and dropped anchor in her berth a little before noon. I knew that by the time the men had had their dinner she would be lying high and dry, and taking in her cargo, in the usual picturesque fashion.

Resting for awhile, I strolled down to the beach to get a closer look at her. She was rough and tub like—as might be expected, remembering her trade—cutter-rigged, and of from fifteen to twenty tons burden. There was a deck and cabin hatchway forward, an open hold, and the yellow letters on her stern announced that she was the Betsy, of Helmstone, and that Ralph Dayner was her master. The sea was calm, but there was just enough ripple breaking on the shore to prevent the purport of some very high words issuing from the tiny cabin being heard. Nevertheless, I could make out enough to understand that there was a man abusing and bullying a woman. Once there was something very much like a scream, but soon all was silent, and presently a sailor emerged from the hatchway. Calling to a boy, apparently asleep in the hold, the two got into the little boat which the cutter had in tow, and pulled ashore. Then they hauled it upon the beach, and I saw that the man was a huge, broad shouldered, bull-necked, ill-looking fellow. As he walked away toward the kilns, exchanging a few rough words with the men at work there, and disappearing up the road leading to the village, I thought I had never seen a worse specimen of this class.

Sitting down again in my easel I became much absorbed, and as the dinner hour left the spot quite deserted, I remained for a long time free from the interruption of any of those on-lookers who are more or less attracted by the sight of an artist sketching. Practice has made me generally indifferent to these molestations, and so, when after awhile I was conscious that some one was standing near me, I at first paid little heed to the fact. But when for a moment I chanced to turn my head, I was startled by the sullen and forbidding aspect of the individual at my elbow. He was a tall, thin, pale faced man of about forty, with shaggy, iron-gray beard and matted hair.

Dressed in a besmirched and seedy suit of black, and wearing an old chimney-pot hat, he looked very different from any of my usual audience; but it was not so much this which disturbed me as his unpleasant stare—a stare bent upon me, be it remarked, and not upon my picture. I could see out of the corner of my eye that he was not regarding what I was doing at all. He had his back turned too much toward the easel for that, and each time that I glanced up at him and our eyes met, I encountered a dark sinister scowl. I tried, however, to ignore his presence, although I confess it affected me disagreeably. By degrees, too, I had a sensation that he was trying to get nearer to me without my knowing it, and I became sure of this at last, as I furtively watched his feet. They were certainly creeping, as it were, toward me, and, without taking a stride, he had got much closer to me than he was when I first noticed him. He was now not above a yard from where I sat, and so I looked up at him at last point blank. He winced a little under my steady glance, and moved slowly around to the other side. Again I tried to go on with my work and forget him. In a more solitary place I should have felt rather uneasy; nay, was I not really feeling so now?—for here, at this hour, with the coast utterly deserted, I was as much alone as I well could be.

I did not know what to make of the fellow. Did he want to attack and rob me? He hardly looked like a pickpocket; but yet I could not doubt, from his strange behavior, that he had some sinister intention.

Resolving this much in my mind, and seeing that he was again creeping in his catlike stealthy way toward me, and this time, as it seemed, trying to get behind me, I stood up suddenly, and facing him said, angrily, "What do you mean by this dodging about? If you want to see what I am doing, look at it and be off, and don't annoy me any longer."

I had pitched my easel in such a position as to make it impossible for anybody to get to my rear without passing very close in front of me first; for I was about half way up the cliff road, just at one end of its zigzag bends, with a steep slope down to the beach on the left end, and on the right a sheer wall of rising chalk. Instead of answering me, the fellow burst into a low impertinent laugh, and, slipping between the easel and the edge of the cliff, was behind me in a moment. Turning almost as rapid, however, I was again face to face with him, and now there was barely a foot's space between us. He appeared scarcely prepared for this movement, and again winced perceptibly under my steady gaze. His long bony fingers, which were remarkably claw-like in their action and form, twitched nervously at his beard, his laugh ceased, his eyes dropped, and he shrank back as if he thought I was going to strike him, much as a fierce dog that had met his master might have done. Before I had time to speak he shyly and awkwardly, but with some politeness raised his hat, saying: "I beg your pardon; I thought I knew you. I am sorry to have disturbed you, and I wish you good morning." Then, again slipping by me, he walked away down the road to the beach, occasionally looking back furtively over his shoulder in my direction. He passed close to the cutter, finally disappearing round some jutting rocks, with his eyes bent toward the ground, apparently deeply absorbed, and noticing nothing around him.

Right glad was I to see his back, for I had never been so much put out in my life by the impertinence of an idler; and the strange conduct and appearance of this man set me wondering who he could be. But as the interest in my work once more revived, he vanished for a time from my mind. Only when the short twilight drove me to my solitary chop in the parlor of the little inn did I think of him again, or make any inquiries.

No, the landlord didn't know nothin' at all about such a customer; he han't never seen his like up that way; nor no more had n't the one or two natives who were by this time dropping in for their evening smoke and glass. I have said that the Pilot's accommodation is limited; and beyond my snug, clean little bedroom, my privacy does not go. This is no hardship, however, for I have always been used to roughing it; and there is nothing objectionable to me in occasionally mingling with the homely frequenters of a village ale-house. Thus I smoked my pipe, and listened to or chatted with the few customers as they came in from time to time. Several of them had seen me at work during the day; but of course, as it was while they were absent that my strange visitor had appeared, and as they knew nothing of him otherwise, they could give no information.

At a table in the fartherest corner of the room—which was fairly spacious, considering the size of the house—in company with two workmen from the limekilns, sat the ill-looking fellow whom I had seen come ashore from the cutter. As it was getting late, I was surprised to see him there, and asked of a fishermen close beside me how it was this man had not gone off with his craft and her cargo before it got dark.

"Oh," said the man in an undertone, "he be's a proper radical sort o' chap, that Ralph Dyner; there's never no knowin' what he'll be up to! Somewhiles he 'll go hisself right eno', and somewhiles he 'll just leave it to his lad and his missus, and go off on the drink for a week or two at a time, and I recken that's what he's up to now. I recken the boy and one o' our men 'll take the Betsy round to Helmstone to night better than he would hisself; and his missus won't be none the worse for it, neither. Proper radical he be's to her, too, somewhiles surely!"

"Ill-uses her?" I suggested.

"Yes, I recken he does," went on the man, "and she be a poor, sad sort o' creatur too, kind o' cracky they do say somewhiles. Harmless eno' you know, sir, but a little weak in her head like, and that makes it all the worse for her, don't you see?"

Of course I could see plainly enough, and of course I could now understand the sounds I had heard from on board the cutter in the morning.

Our farther talk was here interrupted by the sound of wheels stopping at the door of the inn, followed by the hurried entrance of two strangers. One was a strong, broad-shouldered man, in appearance rather like an upper groom out of livery; the other, also strong and tall, looked like a doctor. He said, abruptly, "Do any of you here happen to have seen wandering about over the downs and cliffs to-day a tall, thin, palefaced man, with a beard, dressed in black, and wearing a high hat?"

I instantly replied that certainly I had seen a person answering this description, and I briefly told the gentleman under what circumstances.

"That's he," he replied, without doubt; "now look here," he added, addressing the company generally, "he is a madman, and this morning he escaped from the asylum at Helmstone. Now I offer five pounds reward to any one who shall be the means of helping us to secure him. Depend upon it, he is not far off, but as it is dark I am afraid we may not be able to find him till the morning. Still, if any of you who know the country well will guide me and my man, we will go and do what we can. He 'll be stowing himself away under some barn or hay-rick, or, down on the shore somewhere, perhaps. Can you let us have a lantern or two, landlord?"

Naturally the whole roomful was astir by this time. Every one volunteered his services, and a couple of lanterns being produced, and a move made toward the door, the doctor paused as he reached it, and said: "Now, steady! I must warn you of one thing: he is very dangerous, what we call a homicidal maniac—that is to say, he will try to murder, try to strangle anybody he gets hold of who shows the slightest fear of him. He has already killed a man in his madness; that is why he has been shut up. But if you face him boldly, look straight into his eyes, and show that you are not afraid of him, you will have no more difficulty in dealing with him than you would with one of the sheep on these hills; but if he sees you shrink from him for an instant, he'll have his fingers in your neckcloth before you know where you are, and slight as he is, he is as strong as a lion."

I need not say what flashed thro' my mind at this moment, or how thankful I felt for the escape I had had. Among the six or eight eager, listening faces turned toward the doctor while he spoke, there was only one man that grew pale; the tallest and biggest man in the room was the only one who showed the slightest sign of cowardice. This was Ralph Dyner, the owner of the cutter, who, at the conclusion of the Doctor's words, drew back, unperceived by everybody but me, to the corner where he had been sitting, and, with something that was very like a shudder, sank moodily into his chair, and took a deep draught of the liquor in front of him. I was the last to leave the room as the little crowd went forth into the night, and I left him still sitting there.

Having, by the aid of a lantern, conducted the Doctor to the spot where I had been sketching, and pointed out the way the man had taken when he left me, I returned to the inn, having no mind to assist farther in the exciting search. Dayner had not moved from his corner in the parlor when I peeped in, and I went to bed full of uncomfortable reflections upon the escape I had had from the clutch those long, bony fingers. Had not something urged me to assume an angry, dominant tone toward the unfortunate madman as promptly as I did, there is no doubt he would have wreaked his homicidal propensities upon me. He would have crept to within a springing distance, and then, like a wild beast, would have strangled me, or thrown me over the cliff! As it was, finding me prepared and resolute, he suddenly assumed the fawning tone and hypocritical manner which I have understood to be part of the cunning displayed by those afflicted with this direst of diseases.

With no small regret I learned next morning that the search proved fruitless, and that the lunatic was still at large. It was very much like hearing that a man-eating tiger was prowling about the neighborhood, and I confess to having hesitated about going on with my work. Yet I could not well afford to lose a day, and as I had shown myself master of the situation once, I would rely on being able to do so again. Therefore, keeping a sharp lookout, it was not long ere I was ensconced in my old position, and fully engrossed with my sketch. As luck would have it, the spot was unusually quiet to-day. The kilns, though still burning, were not being fed; the Betsy did not come round from Helmstone; and with the exception now and then of two or three natives loafing about, on the watch, as they said, "for that theer cracky chap, as nobody 'cept the gentleman draftin' had clapped eyes on," I had the cliffs and the road all to myself, just at the very time when I could have cheerfully submitted to a little company.

Late in the afternoon the Doctor and his man, both looking weary and travel-stained from their want of rest and long tramp, paid me a short visit. Their scouts, they said, had failed to find any trace of the fugitive. Indeed, I believe the Doctor was inclined to doubt the statement I had made, for he cross-examined me again and again upon the whole matter. An hour or more passed; the beach, so far as the eye could stretch, was quite deserted, as also were the tops of the cliffs, along which, from my position, I could see some way. The sun was declining, the thin film of blue smoke from the limekiln rose prettily across the little green plateau before mentioned, and the whole effect at this time was one of perfect calm and peace, but also one of intense loneliness. At last, however, this was rudely broken by the appearance of Ralph Dyner coming down the road. He was far from sober, and lurched and staggered in his gait. He stopped now and then, and appeared to be looking vacantly about seaward for his vessel. As he neared me he said, sulkily;

"D 'ye appen 't ha' seen theer boat of mine?"

"Not since yesterday," I replied, shortly.

"Not since yesterday?" he repeated moodily, first turning his blood-shot eyes upon me and then toward the spot where she had been lying. "What d 'ye mean by yester day? What's yesterday? Twarn't yesterday I brought her round, was it? No, could n't ha' been," he continued to mutter; "'twas s-mornin'. Where the blazes is she gone?"

And then he staggered a pace or two farther down the road, stopped, came back, scowled at me, muttered another oath, and retreated by the way he had come.

I had watched him reach the second bend in the road above me, when I saw him suddenly give a start—much as if he had seen a ghost—and set off running with all his might. Wondering what could have produced such unlooked-for agility in a man of his bulk, I beheld, at about twenty yards from him, a tall, dark figure emerging stealthily from out of one of the many cuttings or chalk-pits by the road. I immediately recognized the madman. He was without his hat, and was stooping or crouching, as it seemed at first, but as Dyner took to his heels, he presently set off running after him.

I stood up from my easel and shouted I had a whistle with me, and blew it with all my might—did everythin I could to raise an alarm. For a moment a turn in the road hid alike pursued from my view, but presently they both stood out clear against the evening sky, upon the top of the nearest high cliff. The pace at which the heavier man moved was extraordinary; fear seemed to have lent him wings; nevertheless the other was steadily gaining on him, and for an instant it looked as if they might encounter at the cliff edge, for they were running straight toward it. While I trembled at the thought of what might then follow, for I could imagine that in his blind terror Dayner did not know in which direction he was running, he turned nimbly and doubled back like a hare; but again feeling himself overtaken, hearing, doubtless, the quick breathing of his pursuer almost in his ear (for the latter, with outstretched arm, seemed about to have him in his grip), the terrified fugitive took suddenly to the little winding path that led from the upper height down to the green plateau overhanging the limeklin. The remnants of his wits fairly scared out of him, he probably barely saw whither he was going, or he would have remembered that, as from here there was no escape, a struggle for life would surely ensue.

Reaching the grass, Dayner made for the ledge about the kiln, and this brought him to within fifty yards of where I was standing. I could see the terror in his white bloated face; and as his bewildered gaze fell upon the yawning red hot pit of burning lime beneath him, and he knew that he was caged, he threw up his arms with a shriek, and turning round, encountered the maniac face to face. They closed in an instant; the fatal grip was already on Dayner's throat. Despite every effort, he failed to shake it off, or even to relax it in the least; but his enormous strength enabled him to life his antognist off the ground as if he had been a child.

As he did so they fell, but Dayner downward, and for several moments they were rolling in a huddle heap together, the thin sinewy form of the madman clinging to and entwining the other's bulky frame as a serpent might coil round an elephant. Dayner struggled to his feet again, and in the wild whirl which followed I saw from the deepening color of his face that those terrible fingers must be tightening their hold.

It was a fearful spectacle! Hither and thither for a few moments more upon that narrow ledge of turf the two bodies swayed, now going with a heavy thud against the wall of chalk on the one side, and then staggering perilously near the sheer down cliff above the kiln on the other. Twice again they fell, and twice again Dayner got to his feet. He was now tearing at the madman's beard and hair, and dealing smashing blows with his huge fists at the face of his foe; but the grip evidently never for an instant lossened; it was steadily doing its fatal work upon the victim.

All of a sudden the bigman's strength seem to fail him entirely. Once more the two dropped to the ground, this time so close to the edge of the plateau that in another instant before I could well realize the horror of the event, they had fallen, locked in their deadly embrace with each other, into the firy depths of the lime-kiln below!

An inquest on the unrecognizable charred remains of the two miserable men has brought out the terrible sequel to this tale of brutality and madness. That afternoon, while the whole village was in commotion at the news, there arrived two policemen from Halstone, asking for Ralph Dayner. It appeared that the lad who helped him to sail his craft, finding his master did not return in time to save the daylight on the previous evening, got one of the boatmen from the beach to aid him in taking her back to the neighboring port, as he had to do on many other occasions when, as my fisherman friend had suggested, the burly ruffian had taken to a drinking bout. The man and the boy got into Helmstone (that place not being above an hour's sail off) just at nightfall; but on their way, not hearing anything of Mrs. Dayner, they looked into the little fore-cabin, and, to their dismay, found the poor woman bleeding and almost senseless. She faintly told them that her husband had struck her a tremendous blow just before he left his boat on the morning; and they had hardly got her on shore when she died from its effects.

A dreadful retribution had overtaken her murderer, and I had witnessed it, as also had many others; for besides being attracted to the spot by my shouts and whistlings, some of the natives of Pitsdean had caught sight of the beginning of that chase for life, and of course had followed it up. But, from a strange coincidence, accident, or whatever it may have been, the instrument selected by Fate to deal this act of retributive justice turned out to have been a fearfully fitting one—the miserable maniac being none other than the brother of Mrs. Dayner. The taint of madness was in the family, and once, long ago, it was proved he had attached her husband, after some high words between them, and nearly strangled him. This was the first sign of that homicidal mania which, early leading to one murder, as the doctor had stated, terminated in the catastrophe I beheld.—This accounted for Dayner's behaviour when he first heard of the lunatic being at large, and the abject terror he displayed on seeing him suddenly emerge from the chalk-pit. His nerves, shattered by his dissolute life doubtless, the recollection of those terrible fingers, which had once already been at his throat, scared his wits utterly, and led to his seeking safety in flight, the one course of all others the most fatal to have adopted in the presence of such a madman.

I doubt if I ever shall have the heart to finish my sketch. I fear I can never look upon its lines without seeing that awful death-struggle still going on upon the little green plateau which is so prominent a feature in the subject. At present the canvass stands with its face to the wall and everything concerning the tragedy being now over, and my presence of no farther use, I think the wisest thing I can do is to pack up and quit the Pilot to-morrow morning, endeavoring as far as possible to forget my visit to Pitsdean, and all connected with it.

* * *

A Child's Logic.—There is often a depth of wisdom in the thoughts and sayings of the little ones which maturity has failed to fathom, and which those who are but "children of larger growth" might do well to apply. Such wisdom was beautifully exemplified in the case of a little girl who once returned to her home from a jaunt in the woods, her face covered with mosquito bites. "Why did you not drive them away?" said her mother. "They would not go," said the child. "Why did you not kill them?" "It would not have been right," was the answer. "But I have seen you kill them at home," urged the surprised mother. "Yes, mamma," argued the child firmly, "if they come into my house and bite me, I kill them; but if I go into the woods, that is their house, and I have no right to kill them."

* * *

"If this jury convicts my client," said a Missouri lawyer, rolling up his sleeves and displaying his ponderous fists, "I shall feel compelled to meet each one and hammer justice into his soul through his teeth." Verdict of not guilty.