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

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 care. 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, '68.

H. W. PATRICK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Office, Mercur's Block, next door to 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.*

WOOD & SANDERSON, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, TOWANDA, PA.
JAMES WOOD. [may 27] JOHN F. SANDERSON.

W. B. KELLY, DENTIST.—Office over Wickham & Black's, Towanda, Pa. Teeth inserted on Gold, Silver, Rubber, and Aluminum base. Teeth extracted without pain. Oct23,72

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

DRS. JOHNSON & NEWTON, Physicians and Surgeons. Office over Dr. Foster & Son's Drug Store, Towanda, Pa.
T. B. JOHNSON, M. D. D. N. NEWTON, M. D.
Jan. 1,'73tf

DR. C. M. STANLEY, SURGEON and MECHANICAL DENTIST has moved into his new dental rooms over Montanye's Store, Main St., Towanda, Pa. Teeth fitted in the most perfect manner with pure Gold foil. All kinds of plates made and repaired at the lowest rates and warranted. The much advertised FLESH COLORED PLATES, as a new style of base for artificial teeth made for the new that may desire them. Towanda, Jan. 1-75.

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, AND U. S. COMMISSIONER, TOWANDA, PA.
Office—North Side Public Square. Jan. 1, 1875.

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

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

PEET & DAVIES, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, MERCUR'S BLOCK,
Apr 1' 4. Towanda, Pa.

W. H. THOMPSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Wyalusing, Pa. Will attend to all business entrusted to his care in Bradford, Sullivan and Wyoming Counties. Office with Esquire Porter [Nov. 19, '74.

HALE & PATTON, AGENTS FOR CONNECTICUT MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO. Office No 3 Griffith & Patton's Block, Bridge Street. March 26, 1874.

P. A. QUICK, M. D., GRADUATE UNIVERSITY OF BUFFALO, N. Y.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
SUGAR RUN, PA.
Office at Store of J. STOWELL.
March 26, 1874-3m*

M. D. L. DODSON DENTIST. On and after Sept. 21, may be found in the elegant new rooms on 2nd floor of Dr. Pratt's new office on State Street. Business solicited. Sept.3 '74-tf.

DR. A. G. BUSH,
CAMPTOWN, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA.,
Treats Chronic Diseases by new methods. May be consulted by letter. [Aug. 6,'74.

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

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

BARTLETT & TRACY, GENERAL INSURANCE AGENTS AND REAL ESTATE BROKERS, TOWANDA, PA.
Oct. 20, 1873.

THE UNDERSIGNED, ARCHITECT AND BUILDER, wishes to inform the citizens of Towanda and vicinity, that he will give 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.
0:25'71 J. E. FLEMMING, 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.

G. W. HEATH—
Has established this business of Manufacturing and Repairing all kinds of EDGE TOOLS, MILLPICKS, MADE AND DRESSED. He also makes the best STRAW CUTTER now in use. All orders filled promptly, at MEANS, ROCKWELL & CO., TOWANDA, PA.
Jan 14, '74-3m

INSURANCE.—The following reliable and FIRE TRIED Companies represented:
LANCASHIRE, PHENIX, HOME, MERCHANTS.
Mar18'74tf. Oct 22,'72.

Miscellaneous.

SPECTACLES! SPECTACLES!!

ARUNDEL TINTED.

These Lenses have the power of Protecting the Eye from IRRITATION arising from Light, accompanied by Heat. Under Wilson's American and English letters patent.

REASONS WHY THE

ARUNDEL TINTED SPECTACLES

SHOULD BE PREFERRED TO ALL OTHERS:

They have the power of Arresting the Heat-Rays of Solar or Artificial Light before entering the Eye. They are Violet Tinted, yet so constructed that when applied to the Eye appear colorless. The high and low numbers are the same tint.

WM. A. CHAMBERLIN
JEWELER,
TOWANDA, PA., AGENT.

DEALER IN

AMERICAN & SWISS WATCHES

STERLING SILVER SPOONS AND FORKS.

ROGERS BROS. CELEBRATED SILVER WARE.

FINE GOLD JEWELRY, &c., &c.,

OPPOSITE COURT HOUSE.
Nov. 12, '74. W. A. CHAMBERLIN.

CALL AND SEE THE NATIONAL,

A LARGE, HEAVY COAL COOKING STOVE.

No stove was ever offered so cheap.

Also, a great variety of

STOVES,
RANGES,
HEATERS,
PARLOR HEATERS,
IRON,
STEEL,
PATENT WHEEL,
KEROSENE LAMPS,
Nickel Plated STUDENT LAMPS,
FIRE PROOF CHIMNEYS,
SHOT GUNS,
REVOLVERS and AMUNITION,
FANNING MILLS,
FEED CUTTERS,
LIME,
CEMENT,
SASH,
DOORS.

CODDING, RUSSELL & CO.
Oct. 22, 74-3m.

NO TICK HERE!

But the very best goods of all kinds kept by any first-class grocer, and sold Down, Down, Down,

STRICTLY FOR CASH!

The choicest

TEAS, SPICES, SYRUPS,
MOLASSES, SUGARS,
COFFEES, &c.,

Received Daily, Fresh from the New York Market, and bought at the very lowest cash prices.

Having been engaged for the last three years with a First-class Wholesale grocer in New York, I have facilities for buying my goods so that I CAN MAKE IT AN OBJECT FOR ALL CASH BUYERS TO CALL AND

SEE MY STOCK AND PRICES

Before purchasing elsewhere.

I will pay CASH for Produce.

M. B. OWEN,
RED, WHITE AND BLUE STORE, BRIDGE-ST.

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.

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.

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.

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.

PRICES DOWN, SELLING OFF
AT COST.
The undersigned will sell off the balance
of her
WINTER MILLINERY STOCK, AT COST, FOR CASH ONLY,
Preparatory to filling up for the
SPRING TRADE.
MRS. J. D. HILL.
Mercury Store, Bridge St., Feb 24, '75.

Selected Poetry.

PATIENCE.

Why are we so impatient of delay,
Longing forever for the time to be?
For thus we live to-morrow in to-day;
Yes, and to-morrow we may never see.

We are too hasty; are not reconciled
To let kind nature do her work alone;
We plant our seed, and like a foolish child,
We dig it up to see if it has grown.

The good that is to be we covet now—
We cannot wait for the appointed hour;
Before the fruit is ripe, we shake the bough,
And seize the bud that folds away the flower.

When midnight darkness reigns we do not see
That the sad night is mother of the morn;
We cannot think our own sharp agony,
May be the birth-pang of a joy unborn.

Into the dust we see our idols cast,
And cry that death has triumphed, life is void!
We do not trust the promise, that the last
Of all our enemies shall be destroyed!

With rest almost in sight, the spirit faints,
And heart and flesh grow weary at the last;
Our feet would walk the city of the saints,
Even before the silent gate is passed.

Teach us to wait until Thou shalt appear—
To know that Thy ways are just;
Then seest we do believe, and fear,
Lord, make us also believe and trust!

Miscellanous.

ZEKE SMITH, THE INDIAN SLAYER;
Or, Life Among the Early Settlers of Pennsylvania.

BY M. M. B., M. D., ITHACA, N. Y.

CHAPTER X.

Mr. Harris was thoughtful enough before he left their cabin to build a large fire within its walls, which he knew would after a while set fire to them, and the enemy seeing this would be likely to suppose the whites were there, and thus occupy time to visit the camping grounds, and give him and his hardy few time to get several miles the start. They did just as Mr. Harris wished them to do, and this was all that was seen or heard of a red man in these parts.

Mr. Harris remarked to Zeke "that God must be praised for their signal success, and he believed there was not a man in the party who could not see plainly an overruling Providence in all their movements since they left the valley."

Zeke replied that "Providence was just in time, tu, fur the durned redskunks would hev cooked his goose sartain, afore the next night." The trapper also related how many perils and hardships he went through, running the gauntlet, being subject to terrible beatings by the squaws and young bloods, till his body was almost a jelly.

Mr. Harris spoke to Bill, and told him to fix his lap and allow Zeke to make a pillow of it, and he would use the paddle while they both rested. Bill did not reply, and still his paddle kept moving in regular order. The Captain took his servant by the coat and gave it a pull and spoke loudly in his ear, "Bill, Bill, why did you not answer me when I addressed you a moment ago?"

Bill dropped the paddle into the river, and turned towards his master and said, "Wha, what de matter wid de durned red skins; dis nigger kill ebery one dat cum in de reach ob de knife," at the same time lifting his arm to strike Mr. Harris.

The Captain caught Bill's arm and gave him such a sudden thrust backward that he tumbled into the river. The cold bath awoke him, for the reader is already aware that Bill had been broken of rest for three nights, and laboring under excitement for so long, he had actually fallen asleep standing on his knees paddling the canoe. Mr. Harris, aided by Zeke, lifted Bill into the canoe, and laid him down and covered him with two or three blankets, and called to one of the nearest canoes for assistance. Mr. Peterson came in a moment and asked the Captain what he wanted.

"I wish," said Mr. Harris, "that you would get in here with Bill and let Uncle Zeke get in the canoe with Brown, and by this shift let Bill and Uncle Zeke get some rest."

"That I will, dear Captain," said Mr. Peterson, stepping in while Zeke stepped out, and thus the trapper was made comfortable and Bill left wrapped up in the bottom of the Captain's canoe yet fast asleep.

During these manœuvers they fell somewhat behind the main party, and it required smart pulling for some little time before they caught up. It was long after daylight, when the party, very hungry and extremely weary, landed at the mouth of the Meshoppen creek for rest and refreshment.

But little time was consumed in preparing breakfast, most of the men having fallen asleep as soon as they stepped on shore. The sleeping ones were awakened, and Bill unrolled from his blankets, and all gathered around the hastily prepared meal and ate with dispatch, and soon were under way again.

No further obstacle obstructed their homeward march, and before it was quite dark they were greeted, by their anxious friends at home, and many a tear was shed for joy, as wives and daughters and lovers embraced each other. Brown was received by Miss Harris with open arms, and by this one act of hers alone he was well paid for all his sufferings and hardships, and would venture as much again to have the thing repeated.

We do not design to write a love story, but as facts present themselves in our narrative, we cannot well pass them by. Poor white-headed Brunner felt like death when Emma turned away from him so coldly, and said in a suppressed voice, "I'll come up to that Brown yet; if I do not, I trust a bear will make sure work of me next time, and with a dejected spirit he walked with his father and mother to their home, which was not above one half mile south-east from Mr. Harris'.

Brown went home with Mr. Harris, he and Miss Emma arm-in-arm. Mrs. Harris took her husband's arm and followed along behind. They were soon within the captain's domicile, and after a brief conversation the weary men retired and slept till late next morning.

The day following Uncle Zeke's rescue, the inhabitants of the valley in the neighborhood of Mr. Harris passed the time in quiet, save a few young men who were posted as sentinels along the river to guard against a surprise by the Indians. Mr. Harris and many of his friends thinking that the enemy might in their exasperation come down the river in large force and attack the settlement. For this reason extra precaution was deemed necessary.

Uncle Zeke was prostrated for several days from his long march and the horrible treatment received at the hand of the red men, and at times his mind wandered, and he had many symptoms of brain fever.

He talked incoherently very much, and cursed the "durned red varmints," for making him run the gauntlet. But these symptoms soon passed away, he having the best of care and best domestic remedies that could be thought of by the old ladies of the settlement.

They gave him lobelia as an emetic, and hot mint and penniroyal tea as a diaphoretic, hot drafts to his feet, and cold cloths to his head. The remedies worked like a charm, and before two weeks Zeke was up and around, apparently as sound as ever.

Our hero lived with his brother, Harry Smith, not more than a mile south of Mr. Harris', and in a neighborhood much more thickly settled than further up the river.

Mr. Peterson lived in this neighborhood, and was blessed with two able-bodied sons and two handsome daughters.

Everybody that knew this family loved them very much.

The boys were always ready to turn out to work for a neighbor, and the girls were like angels of mercy administering to the wants of all who stood in need about them.

These young ladies did not forget Uncle Zeke in his hours of distress, and by their little deeds of kindness to him completely stormed his castle of affection, and laid the foundation in his great, strong heart for an everabiding gratitude.

Emma and Mary Peterson had spent several days with Mr. Hill during his confinement to the house, and only returned home the day the party returned from the pursuit of our hero.

Mr. Hill felt very grateful to them for their kindness in his affliction, and told them that he trusted he might some day be able to repay them.

Emma, the oldest of the two, replied that she never performed a kind act in her life with the expectation of receiving pay. "Thou knowest, Mr. Hill, what the Scriptures teach, does thee nōt, that we should do unto others as we would that others should do unto us, and that it is more blessed to give than to receive?"

Mr. Hill recovered rapidly, and was able to sit up in two weeks, and all who knew him in the Wyoming Valley hoped soon to see his cheerful face once more among them. The sentinels did not discover any Indians during the day, and the settlers began to have more hope that the redskins would let them alone a few weeks at least. A new watch was sent out at night, but no enemy appeared, and, in fact, the Indians did not trouble this part of the valley for more than two months.

During this long respite from the troublesome enemy, the pioneers worked with a right good will, and nearly all the cabins in the valley were walled in with strong barricades, and the people felt a security that they had never felt before, and almost bid defiance to all the Indian tribes within a hundred miles around.

Mr. Hill had entirely recovered, and had made up his mind to do all the good he could to his fellow-men; he therefore established a school in the middle of the settlement, and taught the young ideas how to shoot, and on the Sabbath held Methodist meetings, and preached such sermons as only can be uttered under the influence of Divine inspiration. A revival spirit crept in among them, and very many were converted; among the number were Uncle Zeke and colored Bill. Everybody seemed to enjoy life, and no one dreamed of danger, feeling doubly secure, trusting first in Almighty God, and secondly in the massive walls of timber that enclosed all their dwellings.

We often feel secure, never allowing a thought of danger to enter our minds, and at the same time all around us howling enemies are encamping to rob us of our comforts, our joys, and even of our lives. So it was with the pioneers of the great Wyoming Valley.

There lived a family by the name of Doane where now stands the thriving village of Pittston, and they were traitors, or tories as they were then called, always plotting with the enemy against the pioneers, and very often acting as spies under the disguise of friendship, pretending that they had repented the course they had pursued and meant to lead better lives. There were seven brothers all living together and acting as their own housekeepers. Charles Doane was next to the youngest of the family and very fine looking. He had often met the Misses Peterson and had fallen in love with Emma and made up his mind to deceive her father by pretension to reformation in his manner of living, and in this way win his consent to give away his daughter in marriage. The whole Doane family were intemperate men, and resorted to thieving and plundering for a livelihood. They really did not love the red man more than did the honest pioneers, but joined issue with them for mere mercenary and selfish purposes.

On the first day of October, Charley and his next older brother Henry, made their appearance in the valley and knocked at the door of Mr. Harris. The inmates asked who was there, and Charley replied that two of their neighbors from the settlement over the river had come over to attend church, it being Sabbath day, and thought they would call and go with them if they had no objection. Mr. Harris recognized Charley's voice, and had his doubts about unbarring the door, but finally concluded to do so, and invited them in. The young men stated that they had made up their minds to lead a different life, and having heard of the revival meetings, had come to the conclusion to attend them; and trusted they might be welcomed by the church members, as they designed to do all they could while they lived to redeem their character, which they had lost by misspent lives.

Mr. Harris replied that he was very much pleased that they had taken this important step, and said he would intercede for them, and he had no doubt but that every member in the valley would give them a hearty welcome.

They all went to church and had a happy time, and the two Doanes accompanied Mr. Peterson to his residence and won the esteem of this estimable family by their gentlemanly deportment, and completely deceived them as to their true character. They attended the meetings for several days, and made pretensions to a religious life, and learned all they could as to the strength of the inhabitants of the valley, and then returned home.

One evening after the meetings had closed, Zeke and Bill called at Mr. Peterson's to spend an hour, and conversation turned upon the Doane family. The young ladies spoke of Charley and his brother as very agreeable gentlemen, and thought they would be the means of converting the rest of their wicked brothers. Mr. Peterson remarked that he had been troubled in his dreams about their visit, and thought that their intentions might be other than what they appeared to be.

Zeke had been waiting for an opportunity to give his opinion, and feeling that the time had come spoke as follows:

"Mr. Peterson, you hev ben dreamin jest what I hev bin thinkin ever since them are fellows hes bin in this ere settelment. I knode them chaps tu well tu believe they was honest, fur I hev heerd tu much of their tarnal capers tu trust em one minnit; sure as you live, Mr. Peterson, I wudent trust them are Doanes with my dinner no quicker nor a dog."

"Dat jus what dis nigger ben thinkin bout," put in Bill. "Dems my senterments perzackly, if I gib my opinion bout dem fellers; I am suah dey cum heah for mischif, sartin."

"Does thee really think, Mr. Smith," said Emma, "that Charles and his brother have been here for a bad purpose?"

"Just as sartin as time," said the trapper. "Them are Doanes are nothin but a set of robbers and murderers, and I am thinkin that they cum over here fur no other bisniz than pullin the wool over our eyes, and bime by youl see that Uncle Zeke is right, for once."

"Dems my sentiments perzactly," said Bill. "Dis chile want born for nuthin, sartin. He seen to menny dem Doanes's capers to hab de wool pulled ober his eyes." Mr. Robert son smiled faintly at Bill's quaint expressions, but moved uneasily in his seat, feeling, no doubt, that what the trapper and the servant had said might prove too true.

From this time on for more than a week, nothing was talked about in the valley more than the visit of the two Doanes.

The majority concluded that Zeke was more than half right, and believed that mischief was intended by the Tory family.

When Charley Doane and his brother reached home, they found several visitors there. Three Indian warriors, from Wyalusing, had come down the day before to get some information as to the strength of the Wyoming Settlement, with the intention of making attack very soon, and the Doanes told the blood thirsty redskins that two of their number had been a whole week acting as spies among the pioneers, and would be able to give them lots of valuable information.

As soon as Charles and his brother entered the house, the Indians all jumped up to give them a welcome, and handed them each a lighted pipe, stating how glad they were to meet "paleface" once more. One of the Indians was a chief by the name of Kokomo.

He said to Charley, who got next to him: "Me be cum here see pale face who is the friend red mans. Me always trust you, me always can. Kokomo no fool, he take great many scalps, he want many more. You tell red brother how he take them, then Kokomo give you much good thing."

Charley told them that the valley was too well guarded just now, and that it would require a thousand warriors to make a successful attack, and advised the chief to go home and wait till winter set in, and get together all the "braves" he could muster, and the white friends would join them in taking a great many scalps.

It may be well to inform the reader here that the Indians were contemplating a general attack on the Wyoming Valley, and how they succeeded, can be learned by consulting the history of the State of Pennsylvania, which gives a full account of the awful massacre that took place, and how much assistance was rendered the Indians by the very family of traitors mentioned in our narrative. Kokomo said in reply, "Paleface speaks wise. His red brother must obey. He will go home, and gather his brave warriors together, then the war whoop shall be sounded, and great many white mans must die, and the red mans hunting ground will run with their blood, and great many scalps will hang in brave warriors lodges."

The warriors soon departed, and the whole Doane family were made acquainted with the success of their brothers in the settlement. They all had a hearty laugh at Charley's pious turn of mind, and began to make preparations for another visit. It was thought best to wait a week or two, and then Charley was to go over to Mr. Peterson's alone and ask the hand of his daughter Emma, and in case of refusal, he was to express great sorrow of heart and threaten to kill himself, and then return home, and measures would be taken, and at once instituted, to kidnap both girls at the earliest period possible.

When the time appointed came round, Charles Doane crossed over the river, and walked rapidly down the bank till he came to a path that lead directly to Mr. Peterson's residence, and up this he walked hurriedly, and a little before dinner time reached the house, and knocked lightly at the door.

"Come in," said Emma, she supposing it to be one of their neighbors.

Charles opened the door and stepped in, closing it after him.

"How do you all do to-day?" he politely said to them. "Have you been well since brother and I were with you?"

The household was so much taken aback at meeting one of the men whom they had, that moment, been talking about, that for a time they were overcome by confusion. Mr. Peterson was the first to speak:

"Does thee know, Mr. Doane, that we are much surprised to see thee here to-day?"

"Why so, my dear sir? Had you made up your mind that Charley Doane was the same as ever, an unchanged man, and could not remember your kindness and esteem your family enough to visit them at least once a fornight, when I am living so near?"

"I must confess, Mr. Doane," said Mr. Peterson again, "that we are much surprised to see thee, because many have predicted that thee would prove still a traitor to thy country, and that we might expect nothing else but thy visit would lead us into trouble with the Indians, as thou wert sent here as a spy."

Doane colored, and his eyes flashed fire as he said, "Who dare charge me with being a spy? If I knew the cowards I'd try titles with them this very honr."

The blank and astonished countenance of Mr. Peterson told Charley too plainly that he suspected his deceits, and inwardly cursed himself as a consummate fool, for giving away to anger. Cooling down somewhat, he continued: "Mr. Peterson, pardon me for getting angry, I was so much put out at being called a spy, that Satan got the upper hand of my better judgment."

"Why hast thou visited me, Mr. Doane—or in other words, what dost thou desire at my hand? Make thy wants known, and retire quietly, as it would not be safe for thee to be found in this settlement. Thy enemies are numerous, and intent on taking thy blood."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A GIRL OF STARS.

The next clear evening, when the moon is on the other side of the sky, and our side is full of stars, ask your papa or mamma, or your teacher, to go out of doors with you and show you some of the beautiful star-pictures that the wise people call constellations. Very likely you have often noticed the Great Bear, which looks so much more like a dipper than a bear, that ordinary folk call it the Great Dipper, and have learned to trace the line of the "pointers" up to the small glittering North Star in the end of the Little Bear's tail, or the little Dipper's handle, whichever you please to call it. If you have never found this star, be sure to ask your teacher to show it to you, for you need to know where it is, as you need to know where the North Pole is on a globe.

The sky is to us like a vast globe, only we seem to be in the centre of it, and to look up into it, instead of down upon it. Around the North Star as a centre, each of the twinkling fixed stars seems to move in a circle; but you will not see this unless you watch them a long while, for it is not really their motion, but that of our own little earth that causes this appearance.

The fixed stars always keep the same relative places with regard to each other. If one of them is eight degrees east of another on one night, you will always find it in the same direction and distance from its neighbor, in whatever part of the sky you see them.

The heathen people who lived many hundreds of years ago, and who worshipped the gods and goddesses of Greece and Rome, used to see very strange things in the starry sky. To them, gods and goddesses, heroes and heroines, and animals, great and small, shown where we see myriads of mighty worlds.

It is of one of the star heroines that I wish to tell you. Ask your teacher to point out to you the constellation called Andromeda. You would never dream, to look at it, that it was meant for a girl, bound by cruel chains to a rock on the seacoast; but if you will look on an astronomical atlas, you will see it very plainly.

There is an almost straight line of four brilliant stars, beginning with a very beautiful one called Almaach, about fifty degrees from the North Star. (Be sure to find out about degrees). Almaach is in Andromeda's foot. The next one, Mirach, with two others north-west of it, makes her girdle. The third bright one of the line marks her breast, and makes a little triangle, with two dimmer ones south of it, and a straight line with one of these and another north of it. The last star of the four is a little farther north than it would be if the line were perfectly straight; it is called Alpheratz, and is at the same time the chief star of Andromeda's head, and the corner of a beautiful great square, which is clearly seen.

The stars which I have mentioned are easily traced; and, if you look very sharply, you may see the triangle in her right arm, the star of her right hand, the one in her left arm, and many others,—for there are sixty-six stars, which bright and patient eyes may see in this constellation.

Now, I suppose you would like to know why poor Andromeda was left chained to a rock. Well, here is the story.

She had a very vain mother, Cassiopeia (whose star-picture, according to astronomy, is also in the sky, north of her daughter). She was beautiful, and foolish enough to boast of it. That was what made the trouble. She began to say that she was more beautiful than Juno and the sea-nymphs. The nymphs had no idea of letting her talk in that way, and they went straight to Neptune, the god of the sea, and told him all about the matter. The sea-god was very angry, and determined to avenge the insulted nymphs.

Terrible was the punishment that overtook poor Cassiopeia. A great flood began to pour its torrents over the fields and homes of Ethiopia, the kingdom over which her husband Cepheus was king. What was the poor vain king to do? Her pretty face was distorted with horror and drenched with tears. She sent to the oracle of Jupiter Ammon to ask counsel.

When the ignorant heathen people of those old times and lands were in trouble, they used often to send to consult certain oracles. There were oracles at various places, where they thought that gods talked with men, and told them of things that would come to pass. Very unsatisfactory and obscure the answers often were, but then human creatures must pray. Those people heard the voice that the dear Heavenly Father has put into His children's hearts, telling them to come to Him for what they want; but they did not understand to whom they were to go, and how very near He is,—so, as I told you, they sent to the oracles.

It was a fearful answer that was brought back to the waiting queen. Neptune was not to be satisfied unless the Princess Andromeda should be given up to a horrid sea-monster that had come with the flood. It seemed very hard that an innocent girl must suffer so cruel a death; but as the choice was between the loss of her one life and that of the lives of many people, she was taken out to a rock by the sea, and left chained there, to be killed by the monster.

Just as he was about to seize her, a gallant youth, named Perseus, came along through the air, and, seeing the beautiful maiden, fell in love with her. He had just succeeded in a very dangerous experiment, which was no less than that of killing a dreadful gorgon, who had snakes in her hair, and who had had a very disagreeable habit of turning every one that she looked at into stone. Perseus did n't dare to look at her when he killed her; he looked at her reflection in the bright shield that he carried.

You may imagine that he felt very brave after this feat. He had the gorgon's head still in his hand when he came to the place where Andromeda was. He had on winged shoes, and this was the reason that he could go through the air as well as on the ground.

As I said, he fell in love with the beautiful Andromeda; but he was a business like young man, and he was determined to have the bargain clearly made before he released the lady. He said he would save her if her father would promise to give her to him for a wife. Of course the king said "yes," for he felt badly enough to have the princess in so piteous a plight. So Perseus gave the sea-monster a good look at the gorgon's head, which, not having lost its petrifying power, turned him stone-dead.

Andromeda was already engaged to her uncle Phineus, who was in a great passion when he found that he was to lose her. He had a fight with Perseus; but what was the use of fighting with a man who had a gorgon's head at his service? Phineus was turned into a stone, too, at sight of it.

Perseus and Andromeda were married, and "lived happy ever after;" and when they died, they were turned into stars and put into the sky.

Some people don't believe this story, but there are the stars!—*St. Nicholas.*

Profanity.

We are emphatically in the age of profanity, and it seems to us that we are on the topmost current. One cannot go on the streets anywhere without having his ears offended with the vilest of words, and his reverence shocked by the most profane use of sacred names. Nor does it come from the old or middle-aged alone, for it is a fact, as alarming as true, that the younger portion of the community are most proficient in the degrading language. Boys have an idea it is smart to swear; that it makes them manly; but there never was a greater mistake in the world. Men, even those who swear themselves, are disgusted with profanity in a young man, because they know how, of all bad habits, this clings the most closely and increases with years. It is the most insidious of habits, growing on so invisibly that almost before one is aware he becomes an accomplished curser.

IN the earliest days of the human race, when population was more sparse than it has ever been since, and introductions were also scarce, with little or none of form or ceremony attending them—"no cards"—our first parents, after their first surprise, had to introduce themselves to one another, though the following dialogue is not found on record:

ADAM, "Madam, I'm Adam."
EVE. "Adam, I'm madam."

A KANSAS farmer who offered to take a Methodist bishop from one town to another, fretted all the way for fear a certain bridge had been carried away by a late freshet. At last the bishop was so much annoyed that he put an end to his companion's whining, by saying: "My dear sir, I am an old man, but I never in my life went over a bridge until I got to it."

A CALIFORNIA man of letters has taken to farming, and posted the following notice in his field: "Confoozilation to any man or woman's cows or oxen if they gits in these air oats, sai eye; his or her tail will be cut off, as the case may be. A man eye am, and pay mi taxes, but confoozilation to a man who lets his critters run loose, sai eye."

DEAN RAMSAY says that the Earl of Lauderdale suffered from *insominia*, and baffled the doctors. They could not get the earl to sleep. His son, who was "simple," said, "Sen' for that preaching man fros Livingstone, for father aye sleeps in the kirk". It was done, says the dean, and with the best result.

NOTES ON THE INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.

MARCH 7, 1875.

JOSHUA, XX: 1-9—GOLDEN TEXT, PS., XLVI: 1.

No. X.

After the division of the land had been accomplished, and before the tribes had separated to possess their respective portions, Joshua, at the command of Jehovah, proceeded to appoint the cities of refuge, as the Lord had declared should be done. (Numb. xxxv; Deut. xix). Our lesson may be divided into two parts:

1. The Law of Refuge. Vs. 1-6.
2. The appointment of the Refuge Cities. Vs. 7-9.

I. The Law of Refuge. The name "Cities of Refuge," means literally "cities of reception": *i. e.*, for fugitives; places where they are received and protected. They were designed to secure every man-slayer until his case could be judicially decided and justice done. The dignity of human life was early declared and protected. (Gen. ix: 5-6. This law was never repealed, but on the other hand was re-affirmed by Moses in his code. (Ex. xxi: 12). So sacred is the life of man, who was made in God's image, that the malicious slayer could find no asylum—not even the altar of God. (Ex. xxi: 13). He must die without mercy. Among the primitive nations, the right and duty of inflicting death upon the murderer was committed to the next of kin. The Divine law did not abrogate this custom, but placed it under salutary restraints.

1st. Provision was made to protect the involuntary man slayer from the vengeance of the kinsman of the slain. According to the unwritten code of the East, the revenger of blood was permitted to kill the murderer without notice, openly or secretly, wherever he might find him. This, of course, involved in many cases, grave injustice. No time or opportunity was granted the shedder of blood to establish his innocence of the crime of murder. No distinction was recognized between murder, manslaughter, and accidental homicide. The most innocent taker of life was smitten down as ruthlessly as the most malicious and cold-blooded murderer. Furthermore, this custom led to bitter, deadly family feuds, perpetuated through generations; the avenger of blood himself being held liable by the kinsman of his victim. In primitive ages, when there was no strong central government to vindicate the law, such evils could not be prevented. But in the theocracy there was adequate power to check the excess of human passion. And hence the restraint laid upon the passion of vengeance. Cities of refuge were to be appointed in accessible positions Thither the man-slayer could flee. At the gate of the city to which he resorted, the elders were to hear his case; then, under their protection, he was to be sent back to his own city, and tried before the congregation, (Numb. xxxv: 12), or local court, composed of the elders of the city. If the act was decided to have been involuntary, he was to be returned to the City of Refuge, and was to remain within its walls until the death of the ruling high-priest. If he passed outside the walls of the city, before the death of the high-priest, he could be slain by the revenger of blood; but after that time he could return home and thenceforth live in safety.

2. The wilful murderer was to be put to death, without any privilege of compensation. Among most of the Eastern nations, the slayer had the privilege of paying blood-money within a limited period of time; but this the Divine law forbade. In case of murder life must be paid for life. The nearest relative of the deceased was made the legal avenger of blood, and was bound to execute retribution, if possible. He became a sacred officer of God's law, and not merely the agent of human hate and vengeance.

3. The right and duty of retaliation did not extend beyond the immediate offender. When he fell, the pollution of murder was washed away, and the land cleared from blood-guiltiness.

II. The appointment of the Refuge Cities. These were six in all; they were all selected from the forty eight Levitical cities. Only the three west of Jordan were chosen by Joshua; those on the Eastern side had already been appointed by Moses. (Deut. iv: 43). Kadesh lay in the mountainous portion of Naphtali, in that district afterwards known as Galilee, that is, "a ring;" including a circuit of twenty cities in the tribe of Naphtali, within whose borders many foreigners dwelt. Shechem was the well-known central town of Palestine, between Ebal and Gerizim, in the mountainous district of Ephraim. Kirjath-Arba or Hebron, in the mountain of Judah, needs no description. Thus we see that those three western refuge-cities lay one in the north (Kadesh); one in the centre (Shechem); and one in the south