The Bradford Reporter.

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

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JOB PRINTING, of every kind, in plain and fancy colors, done with neatness and dispatch. Handbills, Blanks, Cards, Pamphlets, Billheads, Statements, &c., of every variety and style, printed at the shortest notice. THE REPORTER office is well supplied with power presses, a good assortment of new type, and everything in the Printing line can be executed in the most artistic manner and at the lowest rates.

TERMS INVARIABLY CASH.

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H. STREETER.
LAW OFFICE,
aug20. TOWANDA, PA.

OVERTON & MERCUR,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
TOWANDA PA.
Office over Montanyes Store. [may675.
D. A. OVERTON. RODNEY A. MERCUR.

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

H. W. PATRICK, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office—Mercur's Block, next door to Express Office, Towanda, Pa. jly17-73.

WOOD & SANDERSON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
AS. WOOD. [may27] JNO. F. SANDERSON.

E. C. GRIDLEY.
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
April 1, 1873. TOWANDA, PA.

G. F. MASON.
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
TOWANDA PA.
Office first door south of C. B. Patch Esq., second floor. Nov. 18, 75.

E. L. HILLIS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Office with Smith & Montanye. [nov11-75.

GEORGE D. STROUD.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
33 Chestnut St. TOWANDA, PA.
Late of Philadelphia. Dec. 9, 75

WILT & MAXWELL,
ATTORNEYS & COUNSLORS-AT-LAW.
Office over Dacton's Store, Towanda, Pa.
J. ANDREW WILT. WM. MAXWELL.
(May be consulted in German.) apr2975.

McPHERSON & KINNEY,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA. Office in Tracy & Noble's Block.
Towanda, Pa., Jan. 10, 1876.

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 Esq. Porter. [nov18-74.

L. ELSBREE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
O.-14-75. TOWANDA, PA.

OVERTON & ELSBREE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, TOWANDA, PA. Having entered into co-partnership, offer their professional services to the public. Special attention given to business in the Orphan's and Register's Courts.
E. OVERTON, JR. (apr14-70) N. C. ELSBREE.

MADILL & CALIFF,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
TOWANDA, PA.
Office in Wood's Block, first door south of the First National bank, upstairs.
H. J. MADILL. [jan5-73y1] J. N. CALIFF.

JOHN W. MIX.
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
AND
U. S. COMMISSIONER,
TOWANDA, PA.
Office—North Side Public Square. Jan. 1, 1875.

DAVIES & CARNOCHAN,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
MERCUR BLOCK
Dec 23-75. TOWANDA, PA.

H. PEET, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Is prepared to practice all branches of his profession.
Office, MERCUR BLOCK, (entrance on south side) TOWANDA, PA. [jan6-76.

GEORGE W. BRINK, Justice of the Peace and Conveyancer. Also Insurance Agent, Bethareville, Pa.
March 18-87.

GEO. Y. MYER, C. E., COUNTY SURVEYOR.—Particular attention given to locating disputed lines.
Office over Post Office.
may12-75. Towanda, Pa.

DR. S. M. WOODBURN, Physician and Surgeon. Office over O. A. Black's dry store.
Towanda, May 1, 1872ly*.

DRS. JOHNSON & NEWTON. Physicians and Surgeons. Office over Dr. Porter & Son's Drug Store, Towanda, Pa.
T. R. JOHNSON, M. D. D. S. NEWTON, M. D.
jan1-75tf.

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

W. B. KELLY, DENTIST.—Office over M. E. Rosenfield's, Towanda, Pa. Teeth inserted on Gold, Silver, Rubber, and Aluminum base. Teeth extracted without pain.
Oct. 3-72.

DR. C. M. STANLY, DENTIST, Having removed his Dental office into Tracy & Mercur's new block, over Kent & Watrous' store, is now prepared to do all kinds of dental work in the best manner, having put in a new gas aparatus.
Aug. 1, 1872.

HALE & PATTON, Agents for CONNECTICUT MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.
Office No. 3 Griffith & Patton's Block, Bridge Sts.
March 28-74.

C. M. RUSSELL'S
GENERAL
INSURANCE AGENCY,
May28-70tf. TOWANDA, PA.

THE UNDERSIGNED, ARCHITECT AND BUILDER, wishes to inform the citizens of Towanda and vicinity, that he will give his whole attention to drawing plans, designs and specifications for all manner of buildings, private and public. Superintendence giving for reasonable compensation. Office at residence N. E. corner Second and Elizabeth streets.
J. E. FLEMING.
[may4-71. Box 511, Towanda, Pa.

J. C. EMBEE, CARRIAGE PAINTER AND DECORATER. Also manufacturer of Oval Metal Glass Show Cards, a few of which may be seen at the REPORTER Office.
[may4-75.

INSURANCE AGENCY.
The following
RELIABLE AND FIRE TRIED
Companies represented:
LANCSHIRE.
PHŒNIX.
HOME.
MERCHANTS.
March 19-74. O. A. BLACK.

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

FIRST NATIONAL BANK
OF TOWANDA.
CAPITAL.....$125,000.
SURPLUS FUND..... 50,000.
This Bank offers UNUSUAL FACILITIES for the transaction of a
GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS
INTEREST PAID ON DEPOSITS ACCORDING TO AGREEMENT.
SPECIAL CARE GIVEN TO THE COLLECTION OF NOTES AND CHECKS.
Parties wishing to SEND MONEY to any part of the United States, England, Ireland, Scotland, or the principal cities and towns of Europe, can here procure drafts for that purpose.
PASSAGE TICKETS
To or from the Old Country, by the best steam or sailing lines, always on hand.
FAMILIES BROUGHT OVER AT REDUCED RATES;
Highest price paid for U. S., Bonds, Gold and Silver.
POWELL, President. N. N. BETTS, Jr. Cashier.

Evans & Hildreth.

MARKED DOWN.

We have this day "Marked Down" Our large and complete stock of

DRY GOODS,

In order to reduce stock as much as possible before removing.

EVANS & HILDRETH.

MARKED DOWN.

We have "Marked Down,"

DRESS GOODS,

SHAWLS & SKIRTS,

CLOTH'S & CASSIMERES,

FLANNELS & UNDERWEAR,

CLOAK'S & CLOAKINGS

EVANS & HILDRETH.

MARKED DOWN.

WHITE GOODS,

TABLE DAMASKS,

NAPKINS & DOYLIES,

EMBROIDERIES &C. &C. &C.

Buyers of DRY GOODS, will find this a rare opportunity to procure Bargains.

EVANS & HILDRETH.

Dec 23, 75.

Kent & Bliss.

NEW PRICES,

AT

KENT & BLISS'.

FANCY DRESS GOODS,

of all kinds, from cheapest to best.

The best line of

BLACK GOODS

in the market, embracing our favorite brands.

BLACK ALPACAS, MOHAIRS, AND BRILLIANTINES, at 25c to $1 50
BLACK CASHMERES at 75c to 2 00
BLACK SILKS at $1 00 to 4 00
TAMISE, HENRIETTA CLOTHS, BOMBAZINES, CREPE CLOTHS, &c., &c.

We feel certain that an examination of our

BLACK GOODS STOCK,

will convince you that we are justified in claiming for ourselves the cheapest and best line of

BLACK GOODS

in town.

FANCY GOODS,

In great variety with many jobs and bargains.

TRIMMINGS,

Of all Kinds, including Silk and Worsted Fringes Silk and Yak Laces, Braids, &c.

IN DOMESTIC GOODS,

We have reduced Brown Muslins from 1 to 2 cents a yard. Bleached Muslins from 1 to 3 cents a yard.

KENT & BLISS,

Towanda, Pa. Nov. 22, 1875.

Selected Poetry.

MY BIRTHDAY.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

Who is this who gently slips
Through my door, and stands and sighs,
Hovering in a soft eclipse,
With a finger on her lips,
And a meaning in her eyes?

Once she came to visit me
In white robes with festal airs,
Full of surprises, songs of glee;
But in silence cometh she,
And a somber garb she wears.

Once I waited and was tired,
Chid her visits as too few;
Crowdless now and undesired,
She to seek me is inspired,
Oftener than she used to do.

Grave her coming is and still,
Solver her appealing mien,
Tender thoughts her glances fill;
But I shudder, as one will,
When an open grave is seen.

Wherefore, friend, for friend thou art,
Should I wrong thee thus and grieve?
Wherefore push thee from my heart?
Of my morning thou wert part;
Be a part, too, of my eve.

See, I hold my hand to meet
That cool, shadowy hand of thine;
Hold it firmly, it is sweet
Thus to clasp and thus to greet,
Though no more in full sunshine.

Come and freely seek my door,
I will open willingly;
I will chide the past no more,
Looking to the things before,
Led by pathways known to thee.

Miscellaneous.

SUSQUEHANNA.

There could scarcely be found an occupation more delightful than to stand on some one of the mountain summits bordering the Susquehanna, and look over into the vast, far-stretching expanse of beautiful landscape—fruitful valely, sloping upland, meadow, crag, ravine, gorge, and wooded mountain—

"Around those lovely valleys rise
The purple hills of of Paradise."

Surely that fancy could not be so far-fetched, that would suppose the charming Susquehanna one of the rivers banished with Adam from the angel guarded gate.

Its majestic and varied beauties are worthy of such an origin, for neither Pison nor Gihon nor Hiddekel could have surpassed it in poetic or pictorial effect—and it is one of the multitude of proofs of God's infinite goodness, that he permits us to feast eye and soul on such charms of scenery.

On the Atlantic side of the continent there can be no more beautiful stream than the Susquehanna, and very peculiar in its charms—no flat, monotonous stretch of nearly waste land, or bare, unaccessable peaks. These independent and beautiful valleys, as the Rev. Dr. Schweinitz remarks, "well illustrates an anomoly of unfrequent occurrence in physical geography, that of a river of the first magnitude, with no valley proper of its own." Such peculiarities render it probable that there was once a chain of lakes along the river, and by some convulsion of nature the mighty torrents broke through the strong mountains and forced their way onward to the reipient ocean. Observers have noticed various signs of such an event. The great rock now lying at Pittston bridge, Miner supposes to have been torn from Campbell's Ledge, by the rushing torrents, and borne to its present resting place.

At Shickshinny the coal mine south of the village, away up on the precipitous face of the mountain, appears to be a continuation of the Mocanaqua mine on the opposite side of the river. The river seems to have broken through and separated them.

But whether the bed of the stream has been torn out by one of the most powerful of nature's agonies, or more gently formed by the finger of Providence, it is certain that the great fluvial artery of Pennsylvania has been the theme of poets, the attraction of pioneers, from the dawn of Colonial history downwards, and long before its banks were the favorite haunts of the wigwam-building aborigines; its very name, so full of euphony, is suggestive of thought, of poetry, and beauty.

And thus we are brought, after some excusable prolixity, to the purpose of this communication—a consideration of the origin and signification of Susquehanna.

The name of Susquehanna is found in colonial records—how far back, we are not prepared to say; but it is for our span of history, an ancient name. From a paper at hand are a couple of extracts, taken from the "London Magazine," 1753, just 121 years ago. One of the extracts refers to the proposed settlement of the Wyoming Valley, at that time a part of the "forest primeval:"

"AMERICA."

"*Connecticut, July 7.*—Several hundred people of this Colony have agreed to purchase a large tract of land, of the Six nations of *Indians*, at Sesquihanna, about 300 leagues to the westward, lying within the bounds of their charter, to settle upon it, expecting that it will, in a short time, be a distinct government."

There was prophecy in the conclusion of that item. The next extract, curiously enough, was a sort of local option law for the preservation of the poor indian:

"17, (July).—A proclamation is ifsued, forbidding any spiritious liquors to be carried or sold at the caftles, or in the countries, or any of the five upper nations of *Indians*, as alfo to the *Susquehanna Indians*, as it will be punished with the utmost rigour of the law, and all his Majefty's officers are ftrictly enjoined to be active and vigilant in the detection thereof; which proclamation was issued at the requeft of thofe *Indians*, to prevent the fatal confequences that often follows that pernicious practice."

We do not cite these extracts to show the earliest use of the name. Before this communication is finished, we believe that we shall find an earlier origin.

A slight review of the discussion in your columns nearly five years ago, may be next in order.

The "Teacher's Annual," published we believe, in 1869, edited by A. T. Lilley, contained among the geographic names, an item stating that "Susquehanna" signified "muddy, riley river." A correspondent from Rome asserted that it meant "broad, shallow," instead of muddy, riley. A Sylvania correspondent (Miletus) insisted that Susquehanna did mean muddy, riley, on, as he was "credibly informed," Heckwelder's authority. "Yellii" then produced a statement in Chapman's History of Wyoming, verbally (according to Chapman) procured from Heckwelder, that Susquehanna signified "muddy, riley." The correspondent also stated that the Indians on the head waters of the river, (Iroquois undoubtedly) say that Susquehanna signified "crooked river." The Roman correspondent then follows by producing as authority for his statement the "Annals of Luzerne Co., by Stewart Pearce," and claiming that broad, shallow, "was a general characteristic of the river, but that 'muddy, riley' was quite exceptional, and therefore not likely to have given a name to the river." "C," the next writer, gives an item to the effect that he had had an opportunity of looking over Heckwelder's manuscript list of Indian names, and that Susquehanna was not among them. He (C.) believes it to be an Iroquois word. It may be added that the Rome correspondent gave from Morgan's "League of the Iroquois," a name in the Onondaga dialect, *Ga-wa-no-wa-na Ga-hun-da*, or "Great Island River;" the suffix, Ga-hun-da, meaning river.

The interchange of opinion among the correspondents, did not settle anything as to the occult meaning of Susquehanna. That in means "muddy, riley," is not reasonable, even supposing that Heckwelder did say so. "Broad, shallow," has no other proof than the statement of Stewart Pearce. For "crooked river," "the Indians on the head waters say," is scarcely a reliable proof. But two facts resulted from the discussion; one that the name was not to be found in Heckwelder; the other that the Onondages, (a branch of the Iroquois,) gave their part of the river a name as quoted, Ga-wa-no, etc. The signification of which, "Great Island River," we can place some confidence in, from the fact that what is called "Big Island," about four miles above Owego, was in their territory. A view of the island is to be seen on the atlas map of Bradford Co. Currier & Ives have also published a large lithograph of it, as "A view on the Susquehanna."

If the name was of Iroquois origin, as "C" believes, it is then likely that Heckwelder was not acquainted with its signification, as his special branch of knowledge in Indian dialects was in the Lennie-Lenape, or Delaware tongue.

But we doubt the theory that it is of Iroquois origin. In Lewis H. Morgan's work referred to by one of the correspondents, there is a closely printed list of ten octavo pages, giving an immense number of geographic names, with their meaning, in the various Iroquois dialects. In all the long list there is but one reference to the Susquehanna, as stated above, under its Onondaga name. As we cannot find a better authority on Iroquois geographic names than Morgan, it is perfectly safe to say that Susquehanna is not of Iroquois origin.

A writer (I. F. Wolfinger) in one of the West Branch journals, asserts on what he supposes Heckwelder's authority, that Susquenanna means long, crooked river. The Delaware Indians style it *Sah*, long, *oonque*, crooked, *hanna* or *hanaw*, river.

By this it appears that we can cite Heckwelder "long, crooked," vs. Heckwelder "muddy, riley." As Heckwelder's writings, so far as known, are silent on the subject, we can reasonably say that his supposed authority is both muddy and crooked.

That the Delaware Indians had a name or names for this river, is unquestionable, but that the name was "Susquehanna," with its contradictary meanings is more than improbable.

In Wm. C. Reichel's printed catalogue of Rev. John Heckwelder's "names of the Delaware Indians for Rivers streams and localities," occur these words:

"*Quenischachachk*.—This name was given by the Dalawares to the Long Reach in the West Branch of the Susquehanna in Lycoming county. Hence they called the West Branch Quenischachachgekhanne, which word has been corrupted into Susquehanna.", Page 45.

That the word may mean "long crooked," or anything else, we will not question, but we are skepticle about the alleged "corruption," and think the reader will agree with us after a while.

Conrad Weiser called the river Linachson, Otzinachson, and Susquehanna. (Query.—Does Meginniss, in his "Otzinachson or History of the West Branch," give the origin or signification of the name, the work is not at hand?)

We have, therefore, succeeded in getting at neither the signification nor the origin of the name Susquehanna, but part of the result of research so far, is finding no less than four names for the river:

Susquehanna.
Ga-wa-no-wa, etc.
Zinochson or Otzinachson.
Quenis, etc.

When we reflect that the Susquehanna river is over 450 miles in length, that in aboriginal days it rolled through the territories and tribal limits of scores of Indian nations—through the various branches of the Iroquois (at least one branch on its head waters), the tribes of the Delawares lower down on both branches, and the Maryland and Virginia Indians near its entrance into Chesapeake Bay, frequently visited it, it does not appear reasonable that such a variety of races, differing widely and radically in dialects, in constant warfare, it does not seem reasonable, we repeat, that all these differing nations should unite in giving a common name, be its signification what it may, to this long, beautifully meandering river. It is entirely foreign to all Indian customs. We quote Morgan again:

"The same multiplicity of names frequently arose in relation to the principal rivers, where they passed through the territories of more than one nation. The Mohawk river was known under a variety of names. *This must have been preeminently the case with the Susquehanna.*

We have taken the liberty to italicise the conclusion of the quotation, and in connection therewith will ask, how does it happen that this noble river from its insignificant sources to its broad, bay-like entrance into the portals of the sea; in all its doublings and turnings, on both North and West branches, bear a common name? We cannot find this name among the ruling tribes of the Iroquois; there is, as yet, no positive proof that it comes from the Delawares; its universal application to the whole river, in direct contradiction to all aboriginal custom, would argue that it has been bestowed by the supplanting white race.

We have very strong reasons for doubting, not that Susquehanna is an Indian name, but that it is an Indian *geograhic* name. In that case the signification, be it what it will, would, in all probability, have no reference whatever to the river or its characteristics. An extract from Schoolcraft's Indian Tribes of North America, will, we think, give us the origin of the name, at least so far as white men's history in America is concerned:

SUSQUEHANNOCKS.

"When in 1608, Captain Smith made a voyage to the head of Chesapeake Bay, and entered the magnificent river which debouches into it, he found that the Susquehannocks, who were located on its western shore, comprised 600 warriors, which would denote a population of 3000 souls; and he was struck with admiration of their splendid physical proportions and manly voices.

At that time 23 years had elapsed from the date of the first voyage to Virginia. Whether a change had taken place in their location, or the Virginia band had been but an outlying branch, cannot now be determined, but it is more than probable that the Susquehanna never was their original residence. At the era of the settlement of Jamestown, the Susquehannocks claimed the country lying between the Potomac and Susquehanna rivers, an area comprising the entire western margin of Maryland. This was their hunting ground, and marked the boundary line between their jurisdiction and that of the Powhatanic forest kingdom. Whatever was the local names of the bands occupying the banks of the several intermediate rivers, they were merely subordinate to the reigning tribe on the shores of the Susquehanna.

Subsequently they transferred their council fires down the western shore to Patuxent, in a position less open to the incessant inroads of the Iroquois. Jealous of their tribal sovereignity, the Susquehannocks added by intestine wars, to the natural deaths produced by decay and intemperance, and when, like the other tribes, they began to assert their rights, they lacked the ability to maintain their ground. They were outwitted in diplomacy by a civilized nation, and if they did not disappear before the steady progress of arts, industry and genius among the colonists, they were overreached during peace, and conquered in war.

It is proved by Colden from data produced at the treaty of Lancaster, negotiated in 1744, that they formed part of the Canastogas, an original Oneida tribe and that they were finally conveyed to the territory of that nation, in Western New York."

It is sad to think that the name of this beautiful river is the only memorial in existence of a lost tribe. Perhaps not even the hieroglyphic of an arrow head, remains. No mound, or column, or monument, or lonely cairn, or household utensil, or warlike weapon—nothing, absolutely nothing, remains to rescue them from utter oblivion, but this single name, Susquehanna, so full of beautiful euphony, so fittingly given to the beautiful river.

LEARNER.

FACES.

As we walk along the street they pass before us in an endless panorama. They are all made by the same hand, they all have the impress of their maker upon them, and yet they are all so different.

There's the face of the successful business man, all full of lines and creases. There are traces upon it of life's battles fought and won, of knotty problems solved, of days of patient labor, and sleepless nights of anxiety. There are little dots and crinkles on his face which tell of successful ventures, worrying failures, rectified mistakes, responsibilities unflinchingly borne, and difficulties met and conquered. There's a consciousness of power in it, also, as though the owner were not afraid to grapple with life's conflicts. We like to look at such a face; it inspires us with a feeling of rest and safety.

Close behind these follows the scholarly face, refined and cultured, with the light of intellect beaming from it. To this face we readily grant the first place, and bowing our heads meekly pass on. Now and then a kind, motherly face beams out upon us from the incessant crowd and warms us to the very hearts core, and next the sharp, knowing, dirty, half interesting, half repulsive face of the newsboy passes like a flash. The face of a beauty drifts slowly by and the evil face of uncontrolled passion follows closely after. The face full of firm hopes and lofty aspirations moves on with firm carriage, and the face of grim despair stalks along behind. Then follows a long, long train; the gluttonous and the starving face march side by side; old, brown, wrinkled faces with fresh young, sweet ones nestled close up to them, fall in line, and one after another in the ever varying throng we see the proud face, the humble face, the meek face, the hopeless face, the glad joyous face, the sad, wistful one, the mad, despairing one. The innocent face, the guilty face, the reckless, the vulgar, the sensuous, the scheming face.

Once these faces were all young, and fair, and innocent. Behind them there slept an angel which we call soul; it was pure and sweet then, and revealed itself to love's fond eyes in a hundred witching smiles and dimples. In some of these faces, even now, the angel glances out in little tender smiles and loving acts of kindness; in some it has been crowded out until only occasionally it shows itself; and very often there is borne past us a cold, dead face, from which the angel has forever flown.

Ever and anon we meet a face in which the angel, with fettered wings all wounded and sore, is forever strugg ing to be seen and felt. We call this a weak face, and we sigh when we see it. But once in a while we meet the face of some self denying missionary, or patient mother, which makes us glad, for there we see the angel soul holds quiet, peaceful and entire possession.

And so the endless procession moves ever on and on; no two are alike, no two are to-tally unlike, and from each we may, if we will, learn a lesson of wisdom, warning or patience.

THE SURE TEST.—We are judged usually by our public successes, by the esteem of distinguished persons. But the real test of character is the feeling of those before whom we play no part. If a man's condition confide in him,—if all he employs at home and in his business feel that he is full of thought and sympathy for them as for brethren,—if those who meet him perceive the charm of his urbanity, and draw nearer and know him better, honor and love him more and more, we may be very sure that he has the noblest human qualities, whose influence will be a possession to us forever.—*G. W. Curtis.*

THE BULLS OF THE BLESSED TRINITY."

We copy by permission (from the advanced sheets of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY for February) the following exciting incident in Bret Hart's Serial story, "Gabriel Conroy."

The absolute freedom of illimitable space, the exhilaration of the sparkling sunlight, and the excitement of the opposing wind, which was strong enough to oblige Arthur to exert a certain degree of physical strength to overcome it, so wrought upon him that in a few moments he had thrown off the mysterious spell which the Rancho of the Blessed Trinity appeared to have cast over his spirits, and had placed a material distance between himself and its gloomy towers. The landscape, which had hitherto seemed monotonous and uninspiring, now became suggestive; in the low, dome-shaped hills beyond, that were huddled together like half-blown earth bubbles raised by the firey breath of some long-dead volcano, he fancied he saw the origin of the Mission architecture. In the long sweep of the level plain, he recognized the calm, uneventful life that had left its expression in the patient gravity of the people. In the fierce, restless wind that blew over it—a wind so persistent and perpetual that all umbrage, except a narrow fringe of dwarfed willows defining the line of an extinct water-course, was hidden in sheltered canons and the leeward slopes of the hills—he recognized something of his own restless race, and no longer wondered at the barrenness of the life that was turned toward the invader. "I dare say," he muttered to himself, "somewhere in the leeward of these people's natures may exist a luxurious growth that we shall never know. I wonder if the Donna has not"—but here he stopped, angry; and, if the truth must be told, a little frightened at the persistency with which Donna Dolores obtruded herself into his abstract philosophy and sentiment.

Possibly something else caused him for the moment to dismiss her from his mind. During his rapid walk he had noticed, as an accidental, and by no means an essential feature of the bleak landscape, the vast herds of crawling, purposeless cattle. An entirely new and distinct impression was now forming itself in his consciousness—namely, that they no longer were purposeless, vagrant, and wandering, but were actually obeying a certain definite law of attraction, and were moving deliberately toward an equally definite object. And that object was himself!

Look where he would; before, behind, on either side,—north, east, south, west,—on the bleak hill-tops, on the slope of the *falda*, across the dried-up *arroyo*, there were the same converging lines of slowly moving objects toward a single focus—himself! Although walking briskly, and with a certain definiteness of purpose, he was apparently the only unchanging, fixed, and limited point in the now active landscape. Everything that rose above the dead, barren level was now moving slowly, irresistibly, instinctively, but unmistakably, toward one common centre—himself! Alone and unsupported, he was the helpless, unconscious nucleus of a slowly gathering force, almost immeasurable in its immensity and power!

At first the idea was amusing and grotesque. Then it became picturesque. Then it became something for practical consideration. And then—but no!—with the quick and unerring instincts of a powerful will, he choked down the next consideration before it had time to fasten upon or paralyze his strength. He stopped and turned. The Rancho of the Blessed Trinity was gone! Had it suddenly sunk in the earth, or had he diverged from his path? Neither; he had simply walked over the little elevation in the plain beside the *arroyo* and *corral*, and had already left the Rancho two miles behind him.

It was not the only surprise that came upon him suddenly like a blow between the eyes. The same mysterious attraction had been operating in his rear, and when he turned to retrace his steps toward the Mission, he faced the staring eyes of a hundred bulls not fifty yards away. As he faced them, the nearest turned, the next rank followed their example, the next the same, and the next, until in the distance he could see the movement repeated with military precision and sequence. With a sense of relief, that he put aside as quickly as he had the sense of fear, he quickened his pace, until the nearest bull ahead broke into a gentle trot, which was communicated line by line to the cattle beyond, until the whole herd before him undulated like a vast monotonous sea. He continued on across the *arrayo* and past the corral until the blinding and penetrating cloud of dust, raised by the plunging hoofs of the moving mass before him, caused him to stop. A dull reverberation of the plain—a sound that at first might have been attributed to a passing earthquake—now became so distinct that he turned. Not twenty yards behind him rose the advance wall of another vast, tumultuous sea of tossing horns and undulating backs that had been slowly following his retreat! He had forgotten that he was surrounded.

The nearest were now so close upon him that he could observe them separately. They were neither large, powerful, vindictive, nor ferocious. On the contrary, they were thin, wasted, haggard, anxious beasts—economically equipped and gotten up, the better to wrestle with a six months' draught, occasional famine, and the incessant buffeting of the wind—wild and untamable, but their staring eyes and nervous limbs expressed only wonder and curiosity. And when he ran toward them with a shout, they turned, as had the others, file by file and rank by rank, and in a moment were, like the others, in full retreat. Rather, let me say, retreated as the others *had*, for when he faced about again to retrace his steps toward the Mission, he fronted the bossy bucklers and inextricable horns of those he had driven only a few moments ago before him. They had availed themselves of his diversion with the rear guard to return.

With the rapidity of a quick intellect and swift perceptions, Arthur saw at once the resistless logic and utter hopelessness of his situation. The inevitable culmination of all this was only a question of time—and a very brief period. Would it be sufficient to enable him to reach the *casa*? No! Could he again regain the *corral*? Perhaps. Between it and himself already were a thousand cattle. Would they continue to retreat as he advanced? Possibly. But would he be overtaken meanwhile by those in his rear?

He answered the question himself by drawing from his waistcoat pocket his only weapon, a "Derringer," and taking aim at the foremost bull. The shot took effect in the animal's shoulder, and he fell upon his knees. As Arthur had expected, his nearest comrades stopped and sniffed at their helpless companion. But, as Arthur had not expected, the eager crowd pressing behind overbore them and their wounded brother, and in another instant the unfortunate animal was prostrate and his life beaten out by the trampling hoofs of the resistless, blind, and eager crowd that followed. With a terrible intuition that it was a foreshadowing of his own fate, Arthur turned in the direction of the carral, and ran for his very life!

As he ran he was conscious that the act precipitated the inevitable catastrophe—but he could think of nothing better. As he ran, he felt, from the shaking of the earth beneath his feet, that the act had once more put the whole herd in equally active motion behind him. As he ran, he noticed that the cattle behind him retreated with something of his own precipitation. But as he ran, he thought of nothing but the awful fate that was following him, and the thought spurred him to an almost frantic effort. I have tried to make the reader understand that Arthur was quite inaccessible to any of those weaknesses which mankind regard as physical cowardice. In the defense of what he believed to be an intellectual truth, in the interests of his pride or his self-love, or in a moment of passion, he would have faced death with unbroken fortitude and calmness. But to be the victim of an accident; to be the lamentable sequel of a logical succession of chances, without motive or purpose; to be sacrificed for nothing—without proving or disproving anything; to be trampled to death by idiotic beasts, who had not even the instincts of passion or revenge to justify them; to die the death of an ignorant tramp, or any negligent clown—a death that had a ghastly ludicrousness in its method, a death that would leave his body a shapeless, indistinguishable, unrecognizable clod, which affection could not idealize nor friendship reverence,—all this brought a horror with it so keen, so exquisite, so excruciating, that the fastidious, proud, intellectual being, fleeing from it, might have been the veriest dastard that ever turned his back on danger. And superadded to it was a superstitious thought that for its very horror, perhaps it was a retribution for something that he dared not contemplate!

And it was then that his strength suddenly flagged. His senses began to reel. His breath, which had kept pace with the quick beating of his heart, intermitted, hesitated—was lost! Above the advancing thunder of hoofs behind him, he thought he heard a woman's voice. He knew now he was going crazy; he shouted and fell, he rose again and staggered forward a few steps and fell again. It was over now! A sudden sense of some strange, subtle perfume, beating up through the acrid, smarting dust of the plain, that choked his mouth and blinded his eyes, came swooning over him. And then the blessed interposition of unconsciousness and peace.

He struggled back to life again with the word "Philip" in his ears, a throbbing brow, and the sensation of an effort to do something that was required of him. Of all his experience of the last few moments only the perfume remained. He was lying alone in the dry bed of the *arroyo*; on the bank a horse was standing, and above him bent the dark face and darker eyes of Donna Dolores.

A SCENE IN THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE.

The newly-elected Sheriff was sitting in his office, sad-faced and haggard. He held in his hand a stack of manuscript representing the applications of eight hundred and seventy-nine candidates for positions of deputy sheriff, each of whom said he had worked for him at the polls, and had gained him all the way up from two hundred to one thousand votes from their personal friends who did not vote the party ticket.

A man attired in a blue shirt, with a paper collar and a red nose, entered the office, and, grasping the hand of the tired official, greeted him cordially. "Ah, Mr. Sheriff, but it's glad I am to see you looking so heavty; don't you remember me?"

"I don't think I do," remarked the official, "although there is something in your face which is familiar to me."

"Ah, Mr. Sheriff, I thought you'd know me. I worked for you all day election, and got you one thousand votes, and I come for that place."

"Well, I am sorry to say that I have promised all the places at my disposal."

"Oh, give me a place; I don't care what it is."

"Oh, by the by," said the Sheriff, with a malicious grin in his eye, "there is a place, but it's not worth much, and I don't think you'd take it."

"Ah, Mr. Sheriff, I'll take anything; I don't care what kind of a place it is, and I'll jump at it with my coat off."

"All right," said the Sheriff; "there is a Chinaman going to be hanged at the jail next month, and he wants somebody to take his place. I think it will suit you."

The man with the red nose ceased to smile, and asking the Sheriff for a quarter to pay for his lodging that night, he left the office and mingled with the throng of would-be deputy sheriffs on the outside.—*Ex.*

AN OLD-FASHIONED GHOST STORY.

BY MARY N. ROCKWELL.

It was told me by an old-fashioned narrator. Her dress of quaint plaid flannel, such as was in vogue among farmers' wives thirty years ago, was scrupulously neat, and fitted the weazened form with a trimness which was not to be dispised. Her hair made in a beaurean knob behind, and wound on two pins (not hairpins) in front; a clean white apron with a big bandana handkerchief spread over it, on which rested honest old-fashioned knitting work—none of your modern fal-dals, but a woolen stocking, evidently intended for a wearer who possessed a foot and a leg besides; the cloak with its voluminous folds gathered into a square yoke. I had hung reverently behind the kitchen door. The bonnet of stupendous size, and "fearfully and wonderfully" made over a timber work of bamboo, so overcame me, that, being in rather a *mixed* state of mind, I started with it for the china closet, and ended by depositing it in the starch pan, which providentially was empty.

"Yes, I think he was a *Universaler*, or some such; leastwise he didn't believe in nothin', Elkinor didn't; the Bible nor nothin' else. Why, now, there was Uncle Daniel Chalkstone, him that lived out to Choconut, *he* know'd the story to be true—know'd John Beam and the old man and all of 'em; and my cousin was one of the women that see John Beam fall off his horse; appeared to be all limpsy; most likely he was dead before he fell.

"The ghost story? Oh, yes; I forgot I hadn't told it. Well, you see, the old tavern and the new one stood side and side; the old one was so haunted that they couldn't live in it, and when the minister came along the landlord said, 'The house is full, and I can't keep you unless you sleep in the old tavern, and nobody can do that.' 'Why not?' says the minister. 'Because it's haunted, and nobody can tell what ails it.' 'I'll find out,' says the minister.

"There was a bed and some furniture in one of the rooms; wood was taken over, and a fire made in the fire place" (how *I* should have enjoyed that ghastly flickering fire) "and a light, and made him comfortable. The minister laid down and went to sleep" (the sleep of the just). "By and by he woke up. Tramp—tramp—tramp! through the empty halls, down the echoing stairs, and—tramp—tramp—tramp! straight for the minister's door; and there entered three figures, two in solemn black and one—the middle one of the three—in shirt sleeves and brown trousers. 'In the name of God, (was the minister's solemn exorcism) what do you want?' And like a puff of smoke away vanished the two in black, and leaving the one in butternut, who did a tale unfold' of midnight murder, offering in proof his bones and his money (what reasonable person could ask more?) concealed behind a certain stone in the wall of the cellar. And when the minister and landlord made search, they found a skull and some other bones and a box containing some hundred dollars. Neither wished to take the money (the price of blood), but after vainly trying to find the rightful owner for a year or two, they divided it between them."

Had any one disappeared?

Yes; the old story of a peddlar seen to go in the old tavern—but never to come out again.

"The old man? Don't know what became of him—told you how John fell off his horse dead; but Elkinor wouldn't believe a word of it, nor nothin' else."

KEEP CHEERFUL.

It is not very difficult for a person to be sunny-tempered when everything is going prosperously with him. When a man has made two or three hundred dollars a day, and all the signs are favorable for his making the same amount to-morrow, how