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VOLUME XL.

ALONG A SLOPE OF GRASS.

Full slight and small she was, and bent

Along a slope of grass she came :

And as she walked, a virgin shame

Lit up her face's snow with flame.

Her lithe neck shyly, as she went,

In some child-like bewilderment

Gold was the color of her hair;

The sun shone on her everywhere.

A virginal faint ravishment

In some forgotten Fairyland,

Crept from their leafy solitude.

And wondering around her stood.

O fair she was as hawthorn flowers !

It seemed the flush of the Spring hours

Had bathed her in a sweet content,

Where all arow the sweet years stand.

And all the creatures of the wood

The fawns came to her, unafraid;

And on her hand their muzzles laid :

Der schiltren dey vas poot in ped,

All tucked our for der nighdt :

I dinks aboudt when I vas young-

Und how at nighdt—like I de Hans-

Poor poy, you haf a hardt olt row

Vhile smoothing down mine flaxen hair,

Der oldt folks! Idt vas like a dhrea

Gretchen und I vas "oldt folks" now,

I dakes mine pipe der mantel off,

Und py der fireside pright

Off moder, who vas tead,

She tucked me oup in ped.

I mindt me off mine fader, too.

Und how he youst to say:

To hoe, und leetle blay !"

I find me oudt dot it vas drue

Vot mine oldt fader said

Und tucking me in ped.

To shreak off dem like dot.

Und haf two schiltren got!

Each leedle curly head,

I vish I vos dot poy again a

Und dis vas all a dhream.

I vant to kiss mine moder vonce

To haf mine fader dake me oup

Und tuck me in mine ped.

moonlight.

Und, ven mine braver vos said.

-C. Adams, in Harper's for May.

DESMOND'S MODEL.

Four o'clock on a sultry afternoon

the steep ascent; not Tuscan peas

ants, but a couple of Englishmen, in

when a sudden turn revealed another-

long ascent before them, he uttered

a smothered groan, and, stopping

The latter turned. "What is it?

His friend only beckoned in reply,

and, sitting down on the sun-burned

turf by the roadside, unstrapped his

long sigh of relief. Desmond paused

a moment, then came leisurely back,

humming the conclusion of his song.

He was as handsome a young fellow

as you will meet in a Summer day,

brown hair, frank, happy blue eyes,

ness few men, and still fewer women,

could resist. He was dressed with

an odd mixture of dandified nicety

and Bohemian carelessness. A paint-

stained coat and battered brigand

hat seemed little in harmony with

his superfine linen, to say nothing of

the diamond ring on his little finger,

"Well, old fellow, what's the mat-

"The matter is that I am dead

to be so easily knocked up. The fact

Thorburn-don't be offended-

"Fat?" Thorburn sat upright to

give emphasis to his indignant pro-

flown at his friend on the bank.

spend the night on that bank?"

this heart-breaking hill."

you are getting fat."

knapsack and leaned back with a

abruptly, hailed his companion.

" Hallo—Desmond !"

Ve lofes dem more as nefer vas,

Und efry nighdt ve dakes dem oup

Budt, den, sometimes ven I feels plue,

Und tucks dhem in their ped.

Und all dings lonesome seem,

And fluttering birds flew down and staid.

MINE SCHILDHOOD.

Of peace; for with her came a scent

Lay on her cheeks, and Summer showers

Of flowers plucked with a childish hand

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TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, MAY 6, 1880.

should have been at San Giovannidella-Rocca by this time." "Well, if you are in a hurry to reach San-what-its-name, go on, and leave me to follow at my leisure."

their course." A pause of meditative puffing. "How still it is; how lonely, how grand! What a noble purple on

"The world would forget us soon mandoline, and singing a plaintive enough, you may be sure," muttered | Tuscan "Rispetto." Thorburn. "A short memory is one of its many pleasing-"

"Shut up, you old cynic, and don't the church, a quaint, ancient edifice, abuse the world," interrupted Des- with a Lombard tower and an open mond. "It has its faults, no doubt; belfry, where the bats were flitting Until you can show me a happier planet.

More genial and bright, I'll be content with this.' He sang the lines, and then, clasping his hands under his head, watched the smoke curling up from his

Thorburn gave him a glance, half envious, half admiring, and wholly affectionate. In spite—or, perhaps, pecause of the difference in their characters-they were fast friends. They had been chums at schools. fellow-students at the same drawing academy, and started abreast on the race of life. Desmond had already distanced his companion, but that fact had in no degree affected their riendship.

"Yes, you will find it a jolly place, no doubt," said Thorburn. So should I if I were in your shoes, with not a care to burden me." "That remark shows how little you know me," replied Desmond Cares? I have heaps of them! I was brooding over one when you hailed me just now. Here we are, nearly at the end of our tour, and 1 have not yet found a model for my Lucretia Borgia." If she don't turn up soon, that great picture, which was to take the public by storm next May, will never be painted.

ca. The coppersmith's handsome wife___' "A glorious creature; but she was friend here? The sun beat fiercely on the Tusmond, raising himself on his elbow. can landscape; not a cloud dimmed Now, La Borgia was a golden the burning blue of the sky. The blonde; there is a lock of her hair in Apennines were dreaming in a haze the Ambrosian Library at Milan. of heat, which softened their rugged Are you listening?"

outlines; in the Valley of the Sec-"Yes," Thorburn answered, drowchia the river rippled languidly over sily. "Well, perhaps you'll find her its stony bed, bereaved of its myriad at San Giovanni; who knows? Suptributary streams. The grass was pose you go on, and look for her, and burned brown, the vines were white f there is a conveyance of any sort with dust: only the olive-trees looked in the place, you can send down for cool, with their soft, gray-green foli-

me. Pray go. age, vaguely suggesting mist and "Disinterested advice!" laughed the other, as he rose and shook him-Dust, drought, and sultry silence. self. "Would a wheel-barrow suit broken only by the cigala's tiny on, faute de mieux? If there is chirp, prevailed over all the landanything in the place that will carry you, I'll send it; but if it doesn't At the end of the valley furthest arrive in an hour's time, you had betfrom Luccabrough, zigzag roads wind ter walk on. Remember, we are to

upward into the solitude of the hills. put up at the 'Aguila Nera,' in the Two figures were just now toiling up Piazza.' He went a few yards, then paused, and stooped to read the half-defaced dusty tweed suits, each having a inscription on a boundary-stone bundle of artists' traps strapped above which marked the point where a path his well-worn knapsack. The taller branched off to the left.

of the two stepped out at a good pace "I shall go this way," he called some yards in advance of his comout, looking back; "it is rougher, panion, singing "Mandolinata" in a but shorter, I fancy." musical baritone; the other, who was "Stick to the road," was Thorsome years older, and of a stouter burn's caution.

build, plodded on stolidly behind "It is the road, unless this thing him, pausing now and then to wipe lies like a tombstone. 'San Giovan' his forehead and grumble at the heat. del'-and some hieroglyphic, intend-His pauses grew more frequent as ed, no doubt, for Rocea. It's all they proceeded, for the road got right. A rivederei!" steeper at every yard. At length,

And he was gone. Having watched him out of sight, Thorburn settled himself luxuriously on the turf, put his knapsack under his head for a pillow, and in five minutes was fast asleep.

The golden afternoon waned toward evening. As the sun declined, deep, gloomy purple shadows spread up the slopes, and gradually enfolded the hills like an imperial mantle. A

rosy light still lingered on the peaks, but the valleys were lost in soft, mysterious/gloom. At length Thorburn woke. feeling chilled and stiff, and having only hazy idea of where he was. Looking round he was startled at the lengthening shadows, and hastily buckling

on his knapsack, set off again. Having a rooted distrust of "short cuts," however plausible, he kept to the main road. Soon, the sun's red rim dropped out of sight behind the furthest mountain range; the brief twilight

was quickly past, and "with great strides came the dark." The sky moment, as he stood twirling the was soon all luminous with stars; ends of his mustache and looking then a ghostly light like dawn spread upward from behind the cleft summit of La Pagua, and presently out of that light rose the full-orbed moon. The artist trudged on in the silence beat. Not another step can I go up and the moonlight, his feet falling noiselessly on the dusty road, where "Is it, then, your intention to himself was the only living object visible for miles. Once a convent-"It is my intention to rest here until after sunset, at all events, un-Offices, sounded musically from a chime, ringing for the Benediction less some good Samaritan with a neighboring hill-side, and a little cart happens to pass by and will give church, hidden among olive woods in the valley below, answered with a j" Well, but my good fellow, you single cracked bell. Then there was must be shockingly out of condition silence again: the majestic silence of

the hills, fraught with solemn mean-At length, another turn of the weary way brought him in sight of his destination—an ancient, worldtest. "Fat? It's a lie. I was never in better training. But on a road 66,000 like this, with the thermometer at rocky eminence, dark against the heaven hows how much in the stars; its brown, sun-baked houses nestling round a ruined citadel, you." athwart whose rents the moonlight

street, where the houses seemed to

encountered.

burn at length fell asleep.

round him with a bewildered stare.

Had he dreamed it, or had he real-

He listened. Within and without

outer world. There was an interval

He was standing, he thought.

in the interior of a half-ruined

house, half hidden with trees.

Suddenly he heard Desmond's

voice calling him. It seemed to

come, hollow and muffled, from be-

y heard Desmond calling him?

outside the walls of the town.

world forgetting, by the world for dren played and fought in the gut- moon-whitened pavement, the artist and, in spite of himself, Thorburn ters. Some one was strumming a asked to be shown to his room. The street emerged into a paved square, on one side of which stood ble. However, too used to roughing and reassured. Out here, in the air visitor a flask of wine and half a painting. I consented; where was

> in and out among the bell-ropes; and on the other, the inn. a flat-roofed. stone-galleried house, with one wide oorway.

the baker, and the little barber from the voices of the gossips at the inn Desmond had not been seen in the next door, and the barber's stout door. Then his thoughts reverted to place the day before, but a little goatwife, with a baby in her arms, so tightly swaddled that it looked like a wooden doll. The landlord surveved the group from the doorway, good-tempered looking man, with large, clean-shaven, olive face, and a shining bald head.

versation ceased, and half a dozen dark eyes were turned upon him, curiously, but not rudely. The men made way for him to pass, uncovering, with grave courtesy, while the "padrone" bowed himself backward into the house, with a gesture which placed himself, his establishment, and all his belongings at the traveler's disposal.

rescoed walls, and a raftered ceiling, so still that he could hear the owls from which an oil-lamp was suspended by a chain. "My friend has arrived, I suppose?"

the artist said, glancing round. The inn-keeper paused in the mid-"I thought you found her at Luc-dle of a bow, and looked at him in-

> must have arrived two or three hours The other shrugged his shoulders

of outspread palms. "I have not had the honor of welcoming this gentleman. The Signor | woe!" himself is the only traveler who has

arrived here to-day.' "Perhaps he has gone to some strange delusion, a curious feeling of other inn," Thorburn began, "tho" he certainly said—" "Excuse me, Signor, there is no

plexed. "I fear he must have lost his way,"

"Then he will certainly not be here to-night," the artist remarked. as he threw his knapsack on the table side, and at the end a low stone guest in the house last night."

half an hour's walk beyond. It crypt below. stands on the site of an ancient Car-

"The man is," put in the cooper in an understone

"Keep thy tongue quiet, Tonio mio," the host returned, with a grave,

ed on the moonlit Piazza. "Bella Belissima-la Bianca!" exclaimed the little barber, raptur- hand over his damp forchead. His ously. "Per Baccho, if I had a wife heart beat tumultuously; his mind as handsome—no offence to thee, was in a whirl. What had he seen? mia gioja," turning to his fat and decidedly plain "better half"-" I hallucination-the result perhaps of fixed, inscruable look, like that behind him, regardless where they bed which he was not destined to should be jealous as Bluebeard-via!" over fatigue? No; it was far too which perplexes one sometimes in the fell. Behind, deep-set in the massive leave for many a weary day.

his "joy" returned composedly, on he closed his eyes he could still see ten. which there was a general laugh. andlord. "Your tongue is sharper reproachful—rang in his ears; a pasthan Nello's razors. Yes, Bianca is sionate, despairing summons, uttered beautiful." he continued: "but, to in a moment of supreme peril. Had my thinking, there is something un- it reached him too late? canny about her. She has a frozen look. Her face is like a lovely mask, heart like a knife. He started to his

burn suggested, wondering whether gleam of morning in search of his this beautiful "uncanny" woman friend. Already the moon and stars would prove to be the model Des- were paling, as a faint cold light mond had been seeking. "How should she be otherwise the time that he was dressed the sky with such a husband as she has got?" was flushed with the lovely rays of forsaken little town, perched on a demanded the barber's wife, shrilly. dawn. 'Santa Maria! if he were mine, I'd

felt the influence of the scene. He It proved to be a long, draughty could not altogether shake off the apartment with a tiled floor; clean vague apprehension which oppressed enough, but supremely uncomfortal him, but he felt, somehow relieved it to be critical, he soon "turned in," and the sunlight, supernatural fears loaf of coarse bread. leaving the lamp burning. Tired as seemed absurd. The dew was still on the grass

when he reached St. Giovanni-in-the-Fragmentary recollections of the Vale, a squalid, straggling village, past day haunted him; the hill with one "long, unlovely street, scenery unrolled before him in an where fowls, pigs, and children disendless panorama, he heard the con- ported themselves indiscriminately. On making inquiries he found that Desmond, whom he pictured arriving herd—a grinning, white-toothed, sun- your liking?" Morelli remarked. next morning, brisk and blithe, and burned urchin—had passed him "just debonair, making himself at home in after sundown, on the hill-road, not the place at once, joking with the far from 'Sandro Morelli's." Without a moment's delay Thor-

search of his "Lucretia Borgia," and burn set off again. incidentally making acquaintance The road, which wound upward with every man, woman and child be out of a thickly-wooded valley, was little more than a wagon-track, dry With a smile at the thought, Thorand crumbling, and strewn with pebbles, like the bed of a torrent. He had followed it for some distance be-. How long his sleep lasted he never knew. He woke with a start—woke fore he reached any habitation, and ed Lombard tower. completely, passing without transi- then it was only a solitary farm-house tion from the deep insensibility of standing back from the road, with a dreamless slumber into full conscious- few poor fields of maize and corn. ness-and sat up in bed, looking and a little grove of thestnut trees at

the side. A man was digging in the field proached him to learn how far he could see the dark vault, the prost me hand and foot I would have found the house all was profoundly still—still was from his destination. On being adnressed, the other the stone floor-

hooting in the wide, dark country outside the walls of the town.

He was a mustime, but that weakness passed, and ed upon her, knife in hand. Thore left him deadly calm. His hand was burn interposed just in time; and, the window; perhaps Desmond was type which, in Tuscan phrase, is steady, his senses quickened, his placing himself before her, drew out waiting for admittance in the street "molded with the fist, and polished nerves braced to meet the danger in his revolver. Savage and desperate, waiting for admittance in the street with the pick-axe," with a sombre, any shape. He furtively felt in the the man made a snatch at it, wrench-ly, "a great deal of danger in a bat-Half in the forlorn light of the olive-tinted face, and fierce, haggard, breast-pocket of his coat to make ed it from his grasp, and pointed it the?" "Well, yes," the Captain rewaning moon, half in the black shall dark eyes. His blue and white shirt sure that something, without which full in his face. Quick as thought, blied, reflectively. bare, silent, solitary, with no living massive brown throat; his bare feet creature visible save a vagabond dog | were thrust into wooden shoes. creeping stealthily across it. The

He stuck his spade into the ground. with a deprecating smile, and gesture town was silent as a city of the dead; and looked his interlocutor over at nearer view of them." in the distance the owls still hooted leisure before he replied, nodding monrnfully with a sound of "Woe- over his shoulder at the building behind them. "There it is."

"That! But that is a farm, not an As he leaned on the window-ledge looking out, and pondering over his "Call it what you like. There is thick veil or cloud were gradually inwent on digging.

The artist turned to look at the terposed between his senses in the house and noticed for the first time of black unconsciousness, from which that the bough which serves in lieu were interested and attentive listen- he awoke-into a dream. His wide- of a sign at the humbler class of ers, promptly confirmed the padrone's open eyes were still fixed on the Pi- Osterias, hung over the door. It was scene - one utterly unfamiliar to once served a more dignified purpose. No ruins were to be seen from the in the eyes.

"A friend of mine, an Englishman, tower, which seemed to have been put up here last night," Thorburn resumed; "shall I find him indoors?" chapel. Through a breach in the walls he could see, outside, a large, his eyes from the sun. weed-grown court-yard, with the re-"You are mistaken; your friend

mains of a cloistered walk at one did not put up here. We had no Thorburn started, looking at him in doubt and incredulity. "But-but there is no other inc where he could have lodged, and neath the floor of the tower, under when last seen he was close to you

"When was that?" "Just after sunset yesterday." "I was out then; my wife may have seen him pass. You can ask

her: there she is.' He was not conscious of changing The artist turned toward the house and built himself a house out of the dapt and earthy odor, and was pro- or dreamed of. She stood in the Morelli and the artist entered. is a handsome woman, nearly twenty sciousness, to find himself still stand- rippled hair, of a rare and lovely ity, his eyes lighted on Blanca's face. can you help me to carry him, Bian-

"Half light, half shade she stood;

would marry a snippet like thee?" seemed burned into his brain; when statute, whose legend is long forgot door. it, painted on the darkness, and "Brava, Caterina," exclaimed the Desmond's voice—urgent, imploring, roughly; "you heard the question." approached. There was an ill-omenpassed by yesterday evening, after white and his eyes had a look of

> There was a pause before she answered. Her husband looked up at a gesture of mock courtesy, he add-

"He came to the door," she said slowly, looking at him, and not at her questioner. "I was standing "And then?" Thorburn interroga-

The door opened upon the kitchen, under our feet. I believe that he has "No, no!" she interrupted, tri-

see no ruins." "They are in the court at the back." the man replied; "only a cloister ever forget seeing him fall at my with a smile of self-pity. "Look at

"The room is close; I feel stifled." you-I heard a sound in the vault "Your beauty would grace any sta-Blanca opened the door, opposite to the man you had left there for dead which Thorburn was sitting, and ad- - crying for help. I hurried back to mitted a brilliant flood of sunshine, the house, got a lantern a flask of

eyes, as if the light dazzled him.

close to the house, and Thorburn ap as if it were then before him, he watch upon me, but if you had tied dim vista of years to come.

shook back a tangled mane of black | For a moment horror paralyzed with the pick-axe," with a sombre, any shape. He furtively felt in the the man made a snatch at it, wrenchthen rose and approached the door. "Are those the ruins? They are picturesque. I should like to have a

"'Scusa," Morelli returned. "we

"Who told you that?" The exclamation seemed to have escaped him involuntarily. He bit his lip, and added hastily, "There is no crypt; at least I know of none." Perhaps you have not looked for

tower. Come with us, mia bella," he

fixed upon her husband's face.

for her to pass. She preceded them back the damp, disordered hair from the St. Germain train. The elder of out of the house and across the his forebead. court-yard to the entrance of the is!" she murmured with a sort of watching a lady with some tenacity: tower; there she paused, and stood awe; "like the pictures of the bless- "Don't look at that woman that way." thusian monastery. Morelli bought his position, but the next moment he and found himself in the presence of in the arch, with her hand on a pro- ed St. John." the land for a song, ruins and all, seemed to be in the crypt. It had a the loveliest woman he had ever seen jecting fragment of masonry, while old stones. Some say it was sacri- foundly dark, except where a faint doorway, like a radiant picture in a | Thorburn looke | round. The place | face. lege, and that the house is accursed mysterious light at one end showed dark frame; "a daughter of the gods, was like and unlike the scene of his him - Desmond, stretched on the divinely tall, and most divinely fair." vision. The general features were kinder than my friend," he whisper- years!"

point in the wall opposite to the en- extending her strong white arms. masonry, was a low, nail-studded

He looked round at Morelli, pointing to it without a word. The latter "A gentleman—a signor inglese—| ed smile on his lips, but his face was in a tone of vexation and perplexity.

ed: "Excellenza! I follow vou."

the man exclaimed impatiently; "he scarlet spot burned in her checks.

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ready," Thorburn said solemnly. " I know that my friend lies in the vault

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The two men uttered a simultane the Italian of rage and incredulity. "It is false!" he shouted furiously,

She looked at him with a smile of and half sat, half leaned on a table scorn. "My lover? I never saw under the window, with his back to him till yesterday, when he came to ed at length. the door to ask for a drink of water. He begged me-as courteously as if her homely dress, like a Queen in I had been a Queen-to let him draw disguise, Blanca placed before the my face, to put in a picture he was gone." the harm? but he had hardly begun, "Are there any remains of the when you burst into the place—you know that he -- ' convent which once stood here?" he had been watching me, I suppose, as

> She shuddered, and hid her face in her hands. "When I was hiding in

breath under the roof that sheltered Obeying a gesture of her husband, below. It was a voice—the voice of Outside, in the light and heat, was wine, and some other things, and spacious weed-grown court-yard, went down into the vault. There he At one side was a damp, dilapidat- but his mind wandered. He took me ed, stone cloister; at the end a ruin- for an angel, and said such wild, beautiful things! I bound up his

wound and sat with him all night, putting wine to his lips to keep the He felt a creeping chill among the life in him. Toward morning he fell roots of his hair, and his hands, into a stupor, and then I left him. burning hot a moment ago, were piling up the stones outside the door, suddenly damp and cold. Plainly as I found them. You kept close trate figure, the dreadful red stain on a way, before the sun was shigh, to murmured, as she turned away. escape and denounce you."

With a hoarse cry of rage he rush was a flash, a sharp report, and Morelli staggered backward, and fell headlong, shot through the brain. The first moment of the stupefac-

tion past, Thorburn bent over the body and turned the face upward. After one glance he rose. "Your husband brought his death upon himself," he said gravely "but if you had told me the truth

"Signor-forgive me! I tried to speak, but-but with his eyes upon me, I darst not. You do not know what he was," she added, in a shuddering whisper, with a side-long glance at the prostrate figure-never

more to be feared now. Thorburn looked at her compas sionately. "I understand," he said gently; "I will not reproach you. Come-let us waste no more time. ashy pale, haggard, terrible; and his There is a life to be saved:" and. drawing back the heavy bolt, he descended the steps into the crypt. An oil lamp in one corner diffused a feeble circle of light around, leave ing the extremities of the vaulted bent on making discoveries, I will chamber in obscurity. Near the light, not thwart you. You shall see the on a heap of straw and rags, lay Desmond, with an awful stillness

familiar to his friend.

. "We are too late!" groaned Thor · 'No, Signor; he is only in a "Go first," he said, drawing back swoon, just as I left him." She put men are awaiting the departure of

"You are still here? Oh, you are been contemplating her now for eight

Her touch seemed to rous; him.

"He must not remain here; but

"Yes, yes," she assented eagerly, Between them they bore him up the steps, across the courtyard, and

"Here's a pretty state of things! I must have been as blind as a bat not to have seen it before." It was Thorburn who spoke, and silly. the words were addressed to himself n a tone of vexation and perplexity. suspected that some one was tapping the Three weeks had passed away, and till, fixed an arrangement on it so that

Desmond, thanks partly to an excel- any one who tried to open the drawer, lent constitution, chiefly to Bianca's tender nursing, had "healed him of little dangerous. It is always danger- his grievous wound," and was pronounced by the worthy leech of San Giovanni to be quite well enough to to hear of a job. travel. But he showed a reluctance Thorburn had his hand upon the to leave his present quarters, which bolt but before he could draw it a Thorburn was at a loss to undervoice cried, "Stay, stay," and a hand stand, till, on returning from a crept upward from the east, and by the time that he was dressed the sky was flushed with the lovely rays of the sky was flushed with the sky was flushed with the lovely rays of the sky was flushed with the sk woman. The stony, apathetic ex- his mind, and caused him to utter

Desmond, white and gaunt, but as handsome as ever, lay on the turf in non, and she hit a grocer and broke three "You must not pass that door till the shadow of the chestnut trees at of his ribs, and the Free Press thinks if

pleading his cause with all a lover's

Thorburn saw her give him one quick glance, in which joy and sadness were strangely mingled; saw him take her hands, and draw her nearer, till her golden hair brushed his lips-then, suddenly becoming conscious that he was playing the spy, he went indoors, and sat down at the table near the window. "H'm -well, if he will make a fool of himself, he must. Certainly, she is a lovely creature, and she saved his life, and— Anyhow, I can't interfere." He had long arrived at this conclusion, when, to his surprise, Bianca entered. There was a look on her face which made him exclaim: What is the matter? Is Desmond worse?"

"No. Signor, he is better," she said quietly; "so much better that he can spare me now. So I am go-

"Going!" he echoed # "going

where ?" "To the Convent of Corellia. Lu

cia will take charge of the house till by and by, I shall take the veil."
He looked at her without speaking.

veiled by their white lids. "Does my friend know?" he ask-

Her lips quivered.

"No, I-could not tell him. You will tell him to night when I am "He will be deeply hurt at your

leaving him in this way. You must "Yes," she interrupted, "I know. when he interposed to defend me him. Signor, he has just asked me from your violence-O Dio! shall I to be his wife-me," she repeated.

me and think of it." Thorburn did look at her, standing before him in her matchless love-"Apparently our wine is not to this place last night-for I could not liness, and, regardless of prudence. said what came into his mind.

> "My beauty—and when that fades, what is there left to charm him? I am an ignorant peasant. I could not live his life, or think his thoughts. Sooner or later he would be weary of me, and then-then my heart would break." She was silent a moment!

> "No, no," she continued. "It is hundred, times impossible! He will grieve for awhile, but the world is all before him : he will soon-yes, soon forget." "And you, Biance?"

She looked out through the win-

dow, as if she were looking into the

"And I - shall remember," she

The Argosy. "You were in the war, then Captain McKillen?" "Oh, yes, ma'am, yes, ma'am; tought all through it." 'Is there not," she asked hesitating-So many men standing around, you know, and such careless handling of fire arms as is almost sure to occur during a battle, makes it really very and then resumed: "Are not some people severely injured at times?" Yes," the Captain said, "they are. I once had a friend who was hurt so badly that he could'nt leave his room for several days." And then she said she thought there ought to be a law against them, and he said he be-

was so glad .- Burlington Hawkeye. Some Americans were boasting in Paris about their inventions, and the wonderful machines to be found in the States. One of them told of the mincing-machine which, a live pig being introduced at one end, turned out the animal in sausages at the not going to have the Yankees riding rough shod over every other nation. turned on them and said. "Bedad we have the same machine in Ireland only burs is more perfect, sure, for if you don't like the sausages, you can by reversing the action they'll come

lieved the Legislature of Iowa con-

templated passing some such law at

its next session. And she said she

THE MAN WHO DARED.-At the Western railway station two young "How beautiful he the two says to the other, who is Why not?" "Because, one day in this very place, I contemplated a lit-His eyes unclosed and rested on her the lady as you are contemplating face. "Well?" "Well. I have

out live pig agin where he went in."

THERE is no place like San Francisco for enterprise, after all. Last week the wife of a well-known business man, re-siding on Ellis street, eloped. The dekey of the house to his landlord the afteroon of the same day. He, was terribly fraid she would change her mind and return .- San Francisco Post.

MEN frequently criticise women who

selves are really greater window gazers coats, or well burnished firearms, or nicely polished shoes, or photographs of pink tights stuffed out like sausages, or big captivating oysters, or cheap diamond scarf pins. They think that women are

An ingenious drug store clerk, who without understanding it, would get four inches of brad awl rammed into his hand. And then he went out and forget to ex-plain the thing to the boss, and as soon as he gets able to be about again he'd like

When a young lady tripped into a music store the other day, and asked the bashful clerk in attendance for "Two

support two. THE Detroit Free Press suggests a use for girls. The managers of the Aquari-um, in London, fired a girl from a can-

"Stop, stop!" interrupted Des-N. N. BETTS, Cashier. mond, laughing. "I retract. I apol- slanted. ogize. It is the heat, of course. You Up a steep stretch of road, with band, dryly; and this time the laugh rows, and went his way down the horizontal lines of rough stone paving at intervals, like the rungs of a

"Ebbene, my friends," said the
forlorn little town on its rocky height,
said quietly: "I have had my walk ment," she added, turning to her husher fingers, but she was not plaiting.

Her hands lay idle on her lap, see we left Lucca an hour too late horizontal lines of rough stone pay- was against her. this morning—"

TRACHER OF PIANO MUSIC,
TERMS—sloperterm.
(Residence Third street, 1st ward.)

TOWNADA, JAM, TOWNADA

JOB. PRINTING

JOB. PRINTING

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Townada, Job Printing with the specialty.

TRINS—sloperterm.

(Residence Third street, 1st ward.)

TOWNADA, JAM, TOWNADA

JOB. PRINTING

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TOWNADA, JAM, TOWNADA

JOB PRINTING

TOWNADA, JAM, TOWNADA

JOB PRINTING

TOWNADA, JAM, TOWNADA

Long at the REPOWTER OFFICE, opposite the court of the specialty.

THIS Score which street, 1st ward.)

THO IS OF THE NO. STREET OF FICE, opposite the court of the specialty.

TERMS—sloperterm.

(It is defer, past a wayside crucifix, with a blind beggar sitting on the steps at blader; past a wayside crucifix, with a blind beggar sitting on the steps at blader; past a wayside crucifix, with a blind beggar sitting on the steps at blader; past a wayside crucifix, with a blind beggar sitting on the steps at blader; past a wayside crucifix, with a blind beggar sitting on the steps at blader; past a wayside crucifix, with a blind beggar sitting on the steps at blader; past a wayside crucifix, with a blind beggar sitting on the steps at blader; past a wayside crucifix, with a blind beggar sitting on the steps at blader; past a wayside crucifix, with a blind beggar sitting on the steps at blader; past a wayside crucifix, will he dark against the dawn, as last night for nothing, it seems. I will rest a bland dor, as he set knife and duck; seems. I will rest a bland dor, as he set knife and duck; seems. I will rest a bland wayside crucifix, with a bland dark against the dawn, as last night few moments. Neves were downest. Neves were down at the stand. The shaded of whem the spect of color of the whom the steps at the stand. The shaded of the st this morning—"

The supper was not long in making radiant, rose-colored, ethereal, like that it was full of significance if he meet overhead, shutting out the sky. its appearance. It consisted of a mountains in a fairy-tale or a dream. had but the clue. The day's work was over, and the basin of vegetable soup, flavored with The valleys were still white with mist, townspeople stood about in the archigrated cheese, a portion of roast kid, but here and there a rent in the a quaint, homely place, with coarse been foully murdered—" ed doorways and on the steep steps smoking hot, a scrap of Parmesan, gauzy veil disclosed distant towns frescoes on the walls, gaudy cups and "No, no!" she inter-"In a hurry? not I," returned of their houses to take the fresh air on the same plate with half a dozen and villages, a monastery or hillside plates displayed on a enphoned, and umphantly; "not murdered—for he Desmond, throwing himself on the —"pigliare il fresco"—though it grass at his friend's side, and light was still hot and close enough in the black coffee to conclude with. Every-woods of olive or chestnut. The One wide, unglazed casement, with ing a cigar. "I am quite content to narrow ways, where there was a thing that was not flavored with swallows wheeled high up in the lu- prison-like bars across, looked out ous exclamation—Thorburn of joy, I return—if I ever return. Perhaps,

sit in the sun, and let things take mixed smell of garlic and melons cheese tasted more or less of garlic. minous air; little golden-green liz upon the fields; opposite the enand wine and polenta, with here and However, a flask of capital Monte ards basked in the sunshine; myriads trance was another door, closed. The there a whiff of odors less ambrosial. Pulciano made amends for the defects of yellow butterflies flitted past, like room was not and close, pervaded by threatening her with his hand; "clever She stood before him in an attitude Women with white head-gear leaned of the cuisine, and when he had finout of the unglazed casements; men ished it, and had taken a stroll in in sport.

| As you are, you could not bring beans and onions. | Some property of composed and patient melancholy, in sport. | Some property of composed and patient melancholy, in sport. | Some property of composed and patient melancholy, in sport. | Some property of composed and patient melancholy, in sport. | Some property of composed and patient melancholy, in sport. | Some property of composed and patient melancholy, in sport. | Some property of composed and patient melancholy, in sport. | Some property of composed and patient melancholy, in sport. | Some property of composed and patient melancholy, in sport. | Some property of composed and patient melancholy, in sport. | Some property of composed and patient melancholy, in sport. | Some property of composed and patient melancholy, in sport. | Some property of composed and patient melancholy, in sport. | Some property of composed and patient melancholy, in sport. | Some property of composed and patient melancholy, in sport. | Some property of composed and patient melancholy, in sport. | Some property of composed and patient melancholy, in sport. | Some property of composed and patient melancholy, in sport. | Some property of composed and patient melancholy, in sport. | Some property of composed and patient melancholy, in sport. | Some property of composed and patient melancholy, in sport. | Some property of composed and patient melancholy, in sport. | Some property of composed and patient melancholy, in sport. | Some property of composed and patient melancholy, in sport. | Some property of composed and patient melancholy, in sport. | Some property of composed and patient melancholy, in sport. | Some property of composed and patient melancholy, in sport. | Some property of composed and patient melancholy, in sport. | Some property of composed and patient melancholy, in sport. | Some property of composed and patient mel those distant hills! One might be lounged on the pavement playing at the Piazza, where the quaint shadow Everything seemed full of life and content to stay here for ever—'the "Morra;" brown, half-naked chil- of the church lay black across the joy this radiant Summer morning,

he was, it was some time before he

The inevitable group of gossips ounged on the steps, the cooper and vent bells, the tinkling mandoline, which he completely filled; a burly, host, rambling about the old town in

On Thorburn's approach the con-

The door opened at once upon great bare sala, with stone floor,

"The Signor expected to meet a "Certainly: he went on first, and dow of the church, the Piazza lay,

other. L'Aguila Nera is the only inn of San Giovanni." And the group at the door, who

he said, after a pause. "He was himself. probably misled by the inscription on a boundary-stone, where a path—" "Ecco! that leads to St. Giovanniin-the-Vale, a village two leagues and the Campanile of some church or a-half from here!" half a dozen voices exclaimed at once.

and sat down. "What sort of place is this other St. Giovanni? There is an inn. I suppose, where he could ' Ma si, there is an inn-of a sort," mine host assented with a shrug, as his feet. He looked around, and nohe, spread a coarse white cloth over ticed for the first time a low, arched one end of the long caken table. door in one of the massive walls. It Alessandro Morelli's. Not in the was open, showing a flight of worn village itself, but on the hill-road, stone-steps, leading to a vault or

and what the soul behind it may be, heaven only knows." "She is unhappy, perhaps," Thor- at once, and be away with the first her, with his foot on the spade.

cure him of 'jealousy,' I'll warrant

Half an hour later. Thorburn pass-

The thought went through his

feet, resolved to lose no more time in

vain conjectures, but to get ready

"Ay, your face would cure him of ed out of the gate, under the shrine asked for a glass of water, and when that, min bella," remarked her husband, dryly; and this time the laugh

Thornum of and went his way down the

Thornum of and the side of the house. Binnes sat girls could be used in place of cannon band, dryly; and this time the laugh

Thornum of and the went on his way."

You have heard what I have to tell the side of the house. Binnes sat girls could be used in place of cannon band, dryly; and this time the laugh

Thornum of angels and went his way down the

and the bell-tower." Thorburn was raising the glass to his lips. He set it down untasted.

The artist put his hands before his

do not make a show of them. If you plenty to be seen elsewhere."

statement Thorburn looked per- azza, but with some mysterious inner a poor place, roughly built of great it? Curious discoveries are made in vision he beheld a quite different blocks of stone, which had evidently such places sometimes." He spoke

The man looked up again, shading | ments pause, said, with a sudden and

He sank into a chair, passing his "And what handsome woman real, too vivid! That terrible picture marble features of some antique

> sunset," she answered, addressing menace not to be mistaken. Thorburn. "Passed by?" he repeated; "did he not come to the house!"

ted anxiously. "That was not all?" "What more should there be?"

The man followed them in at once. the light. Moving like Juno, and looking, in

asked, as he poured out the wine. "I | usual—insulted him, struck me, and. It is because I know it that I leave

incumbered with wood stacks, oil lay, on the damp stones, bleeding to presses, and heaps of hay and straw. death in the dark. He was conscious.

are curious in old stones, there are "But I have heard these are particularly interesting." Thorburn annumbness and insensibility began to the house, and here am I, 'Sandro sweled deliberately, "that there is a when I spoke to you at the door, this creep over him. It was as though a Morelli, if you want me." And he vault or crypt under the tower."

> the last words looking the other full Morelli's face changed-turned hand stole to his waistband. But he checked himself, and, after a mosinister change of manner to ironical courtesy: "Well, Signor, if you are

added, turning to his wife, who was and pallor on his face, which made standing motionless in the shadow at the handsome features seem unthe end of the room. She came forward, moving mechanically, like a sleep-walker; her eyes burn.

damp stones, in a pool of his own She was in the noontide of her beau- the same, but the details differed ed. "I called to him-till my voice ty; her figure full, but not heavy, The tower was roofless; overhead failed-but he never came." The shock of horror which ran her small head nobly set above the was a space of cloudless sky, where through him at that sight broke the rounded throat and shoulders. Her a flock of pigeons fluttered, white rious thrill. "I am here now trank, cautionary nod. "We know nothing spell. His vision suddenly faded complexion was of that warm white- against the blue. Heaps of debris in- old fellow," he said huskily; but against. Sandro Morelii, except that into darkness; gradually, as it had ness which old poet calls "a golden cumbered the floor, and were piled Desmond had already relapsed into he is sullen and unsociable, and that gathered, the cloud passed from his pallor;" hazel eyes, soft as velvet, against the walls. No door was visible insensensibility. he is jealous of his wife; and as she perceptions, and he regained condooked out from under level brows; ble. As he looked around in perplex. "He must not

years younger than himself, that is ing at the window, with his eyes fix-shade of tawny gold, was coiled in With one lightning glance, unobserv-ca? superb luxuriance round her head. Hed by her husband, she indicated a But her face had an expression ward it, and began to tear away the which seemed out of harmony with rubbish that was heaped against it- into the house, and laid him down Was it only a waking dream-a its radiant and gracious beauty; a hastily, fiercely, flinging the stones on the bed in an inner chamber-a

> The Signor is a magician truly Such knowledge is wonderful—and a ous to know too much." Then, with

pression had fallen from her face like the ejaculation recorded above. a mask; her eyes were dilated, and a

Thorburn glanced from one to the you," she panted. "Ay! I will speak near him; she had a tress of straw in

AT dinner she had a doctor at either hand, one of whom remarked, that they