The Bradford Reporter.

GOODRICH & HITCHCOCK, Publishers. REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER. $1.00 per Annum in Advance.

VOLUME XLI. TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, MAY 5, 1881. NUMBER 49

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

The BRADFORD REPORTER is published every Thursday morning by GOODRICH & HITCHCOCK, at One Dollar per annum, in advance.

Advertising in all cases exclusive of subscription to the paper.

SPECIAL NOTICES inserted at TEN CENTS per line for first insertion, and FIVE CENTS per line for each subsequent insertion, but no notice inserted for less than fifty cents.

YEARLY ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at reasonable rates.

Administrator's and Executor's Notices, $2; Auditor's Notices, $2.50; Business Cards, five lines, (per year) $5, additional lines $1 each.

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

All resolutions of associations; communications of limited or individual interest, and notices of marriages or deaths, exceeding five lines are charged FIVE CENTS per line, but simple notices of marriages and deaths will be published without charge.

The REPORTER having a larger circulation than any other paper in the county, makes it the best advertising medium in Northern Pennsylvania.

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

Business Cards.

DAVIES, CARNOCHAN & HALL,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
SOUTH SIDE OF WARD HOUSE.
Dec 23-73. TOWANDA, PA.

SAM W. BUCK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Nov.1379. TOWANDA, PENN'A.
Office—At Treasurer's office, in Court House.

W. H. & E. A. THOMPSON,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, TOWANDA, PA.
Office in Mercur Block, over L. T. Kirby's Drug Store. All business intrusted to their care will be attended to promptly. Especial attention given to claims against the United States PENSIONS, BOUNTIES, PATENTS, etc.; to collections and to the settlement of decedent's estates.
W. H. THOMPSON,
Apr.7-'81-yl EDWARD A. THOMPSON.

A. BEVERLY SMITH & CO.,
BOOKBINDERS,
And dealers in Foot Saws and Amateurs' Supplies. Send for price-lists. REPORTER Building.
Box 1312, Towanda, Pa. March 1, 1881.

F. L. HOLLISTER, D. D. S.,
DENTIST.
Successor to Dr. E. H. Angles. OFFICE—Second floor of Dr. Pratt's office.
Towanda, Pa., January 6, 1881.

MADILL & KINNEY,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.
Office—Rooms formerly occupied by Y. M. C. A. Reading Room.
W. A. MADILL. 3,19,80 O. D. KINNEY.

MRS. E. J. PERRIGO,
TEACHER OF PIANO AND ORGAN.
Lessons given in Thorough Bass and Harmony. Cultivation of the voice a specialty. Located at A. Speh's, Walnut. Reference: Holmes & Passage, Towanda, Pa., March 4, 1880.

JOHN W. CODDING,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, TOWANDA, PA.
Office over Kirby's Drug Store.

THOMAS E. MYER
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Office with Patrick and Foyle. Sep.23,'79

PECK & OVERTON,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
D. A. OVERTON. BENJ. M. PECK.

RODNEY A. MERCUR,
ATTORNEY AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Practice of Patents. Particular attention paid to business in the Orphans Court and to the settlement of estates.
Office in Montanye Block. May 1, '79.

OVERTON & SANDERSON,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
D. OVERTON, JR. JOHN F. SANDERSON

W. H. JESSUP,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW,
MONTROSE, PA.
Judge Jessup having resumed the practice of the law in Northern Pennsylvania, will attend to any legal business intrusted to him in Bradford county. Persons wishing to consult him, can call on H. Snyder, Esq., Towanda, Pa., when an appointment can be made.

HENRY STREETER,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW.
TOWANDA, PA. Feb 27, '79.

E. L. HILBIS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA. [nov13-75.

HIRAM E. BULL,
SURVEYOR.
CONVEYANCING, SURVEYING AND DRAFTING.
Office with G. F. Mason over Patch & Tracy, Main street, Towanda, Pa. 4,15,80.

GEO. W. KIMBERLEY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
TOWANDA, PA.
Office second door south of First National Bank. August 12, 1880.

ELSBREE & SON,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
N. C. ELSBREE. L. ELSBREE.

JOHN W. MIX,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW AND U. S. COMMISSIONER,
TOWANDA, PA.
Office—North side Public Square. Jan. 1, 1878.

J. ANDREW WILT,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Office—Mercur Block, Main st., over J. L. Kent's Store, Towanda. May be consulted in German. [April 12, '76.]

W. J. YOUNG,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
TOWANDA, PA.
Office—Mercur Block, Park street, up Stairs.

DR. S. M. WOODBURN, Physician and Surgeon. Office at residence, on Main street, fifth door north of M. E. Church. Towanda, April 1, 1881.

W. B. KELLY, DENTIST.—Office over M. E. Rosenfeld's, Towanda, Pa. Teeth inserted on Gold, Silver, Rubber, and Aluminum bases. Teeth extracted without pain. 1,10,77.

E. D. PAYNE, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office over Montanye's Store. Office hours from 10 to 12 A. M., and from 2 to 4 P. M.
Special attention given to
DISEASES OF THE EYE and DISEASES OF THE EAR

G. W. RYAN,
COUNTY SUPERINTENDE
Will be at the last Saturday of each month over Turner & Goodrich's Drug Store, Towanda, Pa.
Towanda, June 20, 1878.

C. S. RUSSELL'S
GENERAL
INSURANCE AGENCY
May 23-70tf. TOWANDA, PA.

MRS. H. PEET,
TEACHER OF PIANO MUSIC,
TERMS.—Reportorium.
(Residence Third street, 1st ward.)
Towanda, Jan. 13, '79-tf.

EDWARD WILLIAMS,
PRACTICAL PLUMBER & GAS FITTER.
Place of business, a few doors north of Post-Office.
Plumbing, Gas Fitting, Repairing Pumps of all kinds, and all kinds of Gearing promptly attended to. All wanting work in this line should give him a call. Dec. 4, 1879.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK,
TOWANDA, PA.
CAPITAL PAID IN $125,000
SURPLUS FUND 66,000
This Bank offers unusual facilities for the transaction of a general banking business.
N. N. BETTS, Cashier.
ISAC MERCUR, President. April 1, 1875.

THRENODY.

Oh, sweet are the scents and songs of spring,
And brave are the summer flowers;
And chill are the autumn winds that bring
The winter's lingering hours.
And the world goes round and round,
And the sun sinks into the sea;
And whether I'm on or under the ground,
The world cares little for me.

The hawk sails over the sunny hill;
The brook trolls on in the shade;
But the friends I have lost lie cold and still
Where their stricken forms were laid.
And the world goes round and round,
And the sun slides into the sea;
And whether I'm on or under the ground,
The world cares little for me.

O life, why art thou so bright and boon?
O breath, why art thou so sweet?
O friends, how can ye forget so soon
The loved ones who lie at your feet?
But the world goes round and round,
And the sun drops into the sea.
And whether I'm on or under the ground,
The world cares little for me.

The ways of men are busy and bright;
The eye of woman is kind;
It is sweet for the eyes to behold the light,
But the dying and dead are blind.
And the world goes round and round,
And the sun falls into the sea,
And whether I'm on or under the ground,
The world cares little for me.

But if life awake, and will never cease
On the future's distant shore,
And the rose of love and the lily of peace
Shall bloom there forevermore,
Let the world go round and round,
And the sun sink into the sea:
For whether I'm on or under the ground,
Oh, what will it matter to me?

—*J. C. Holland, in Scribner for May.*

A Night With the Nihilists.

'Robinson, Mr. Dickson wants you?'

'The dickens he does!' thought I; for Mr. Dickson, Odessa agent of Bailey & Co., corn-merchants, was a bit of Tartar, as I had learned to my cost. 'What's the row now?' I demanded of my fellow clerk, 'has he got scent of our Nicolaieff escapede, or what is it?'

'No idea,' said Gregory; 'the old boy seems in a good enough humor; some business matter, probably. But don't keep him waiting.' So, summoning up an air of injured innocence, to be ready for all contingencies, I marched into the lion's den.

Mr. Dickson was standing before the fire in a Briton's time-honored attitude, and motioned me into a chair in front of him. 'Mr. Robinson,' he said, 'I have great confidence in your discretion and common sense. The follies of youth will break out, but I think that you have a sterling foundation to your character underlaying any superficial levity.'

I bowed.

'I believe, he continued, 'that you speak Russian pretty fluently.'

I bowed again.

'I have, then, he proceeded, 'a mission which I wish you to undertake, and on the success of which your promotion may depend. I would not trust it to a subordinate, were it not that duty ties me to my post at present.'

'You may depend upon my doing my best, sir,' I replied.

'Right, sir, quite right!' What I wish you to do is briefly this: The line of railway has just been opened to Solteff, some hundred miles up the country. Now I wish to get the start of the other Odessa firms in securing the produce of that district, which I have reason to believe may be had at very low prices. You will proceed by rail to Solteff and interview a Mr. Dimidoff, who is the largest landed proprietor in the town. Make as favorable terms as you can with him. Both Mr. Dimidoff and I wish the whole thing to be done as quietly and secretly as possible, in fact that nothing should be known about the matter until the grain appears in Odessa. I desire it for the interests of the firm, and Mr. Dimidoff on account of the prejudice his peasantry entertain against exportation. You will find yourself expected at the end of your journey, and will start to-night. Money shall be ready for your expenses. Good-morning, Mr. Robinson; I hope you won't fail to realize the good opinion I have of your abilities.'

'Gregory,' I said, as I strutted into the office, 'I'm going on a mission, a secret mission, my boy, an affair of thousands of pounds: Lend me your little portmanteau, mine's too imposing, and tell Ivan to pack it. A Russian millionaire expects me at the end of my journey. Don't breathe a word of it to any of Simpking people, or the whole game will be up. Keep it dark!'

I was so charmed at being, as it were, behind the scenes, that I crept about the office all day in a sort of cloak-and-bloody-dagger style, with responsibility and brooding care marked upon every feature; and when at night I stepped out and stole down to the station, the unprejudiced observer would certainly have guessed, from my general behavior, that I had emptied the contents of the strong-box, before starting, into that little valise of Gregory's. It was imprudent of him, by the way, to leave English labels pasted all over it. However, I could only hope that the 'Londons' and 'Birminghams' would attract no attention, or, at least, that no rival corn-merchant might deduce from them who I was and what my errand might be.

Having paid the necessary roubles and got my ticket, I esconced myself in the corner of a snug Russian car, and pondering over my good fortune, Dickson was growing old now, and if I could make my mark in this matter it might be a great thing for me. Dreams arose of a partnership in the firm. The noisy wheels seem to clank out, 'Bailey, Robinson & Co.,' 'Bailey, Robinson & Co.,' in a monotonous refrain, which gradually sank into a hum, and finally ceased as I dropped into a deep sleep. Had I known the experience which awaited me at the end of my journey it would hardly have been so peaceable.

I awoke with an uneasy feeling that some one was watching me closely, nor was I mistaken. A tall dark man had taken up his position on the seat opposite, and his black sinister eyes seemed to look through me and beyond, as if he wished to read my very soul. Then I saw him glance down at my little trunk.

'Good Heavens!' thought I, 'here's Simpkins' agent, I suppose. It was careless of Gregory to leave those labels on the valise.'

I closed my eyes for a time, but on reopening them I again caught the stranger's gaze.

'From England, I see,' he said in Russian, showing a row of white teeth in what was meant to be an admirable smile.

'Yes,' I replied, trying to look unconcerned, but painfully aware of my failure.

'Travelling for pleasure, perhaps?' said he.

'Yes,' I answered eagerly. 'Certainly, for pleasure; nothing else.'

'Of course not,' said he with a shade of irony in his voice. 'Englishmen always travel for pleasure, don't they? O no, nothing else.'

His conduct was mysterious, to say the least of it. It was only explainable upon two hypotheses—he was either a madman, or he was an agent of some firm bound upon the same errand as myself, and determined to show me that he guessed my little game. They were about equally unpleasant, and, on the whole, I was relieved when the train pulled up in the tumble-down shed which does duty for a station in the rising town of Solteff—Solteff, whose resources I was about to open out, and whose commerce I was to direct into the great world channels. I almost expected to see a triumphal arch as I stepped out to the platform

I was to be expected at the end of my journey, so Mr. Dickson had informed me. I looked about the motley crowd, but saw no Mr. Dimidoff. Suddenly a slovenly unshaven man passed me rapidly, and glanced first at me and then at my trunk—that wretched trunk, the cause of all my woes. He disappeared in the crowd; but in a little while came strolling past me again, and contrived to whisper as he did so: 'Follow me, but at some distance,' immediately setting off out of the station and down the street at a rapid pace. Here was mystery with a vengeance! I trotted along in the rear with my valise, and on turning the corner found a rough droschky waiting for me. My unshaven friend opened the door, and I stepped in.

'Is Mr. Dim—' I was beginning.

'Hush!' he cried. 'No names, no names; the very walls have ears. You will hear all to-night,' and with that assurance he closed the door, and, seizing the rains, we drove off at a rapid pace; so rapid, that I saw my black-eyed acquaintance of the railway carriage gazing after us in surprise until we were out of sight.

I thought over the whole matter as we jogged along in that abominable springless conveyance.

'They say the nobles are tyrants in Russia,' I mused; but it seems to me to be the other way about, for here's this poor Mr. Dimidoff, who evidently thinks his ex-serfs will rise and murder him if he raises the price of grain in the district by exporting some out of it. Fancy being obliged to have recourse to all this mystery and deception in order to sell one's own property! Why, it's worse than an Irish landlord. It is monstrous! Well, he doesn't seem to live in a very aristocratic quarter either,' I soliloquized as I gazed out at the narrow crooked streets, and the unkempt dirty Muscovites whom we passed. 'I wish Gregory or some one was with me, for it's a cut-throat-looking shop. By Jove, he's pulling up; we must be there!'

We were there, to all appearances; for the droschky stopped, and my driver's shaggy head appeared through the aperture.

'It is here, most honored master,' he said, as he helped me to alight.

'Is Mr. Dimi—' I commenced; but he interrupted me again.

'Anything but names,' he whispered; 'anything but that. You are too used to a land that is free. Caution, O sacred one!' and he ushered me down a stone-flagged passage, and up a stair at the end of it. 'Sit down a few minutes in this room,' he said, opening a door, 'and a repast will be served for you;' and with that he left me to my own reflections.

'Well,' thought I, 'whatever Mr. Dimidoff's house may be like, his servants are undoubtedly well trained. "O sacred one!" and "revered master!" I wonder what he'd call old Dickson himself, if he's so polite to the clerk! I suppose it wouldn't be the thing to smoke in this little crib; but I could do a pipe nicely. By the way, how confoundedly like a cell it looks!'

It certainly did look like a cell. The door was an iron one, and enormously strong, while the single window was closely barred. The floor was of wood, and sounded hollow and insecure as I strode across it. Both floor and walls were thickly splashed with coffee or some other dark liquid. On the whole it was far from being a place where one would be likely to become unreasonably festive. I had hardly concluded my survey when I heard steps approaching down the corridor, and the door was opened by my old friend of the droschky. He announced that my dinner was ready, and, with many bows and apologies for leaving me in what he called the 'dismal room,' he led me down the passage, and into a large and beautifully furnished apartment. A table was spread for two in the centre of it, and by the fire was standing a man very little older than myself. He turned as I came in, and stepped forward to meet me with every symptom of profound respect.

'So young and yet so honored!' he exclaimed; and then, seeming to recollect himself, he continued: 'Pray sit at the head of the table. You must be fatigued by your long and arduous journey. We dine tete-a-tete; but the others assemble afterward.'

'Mr. Dimidoff, I presume?' said I.

'No, sir,' said he, turning his keen gray eyes upon me. 'My name is Petrokine; you mistake me, perhaps, for one of the others. But now, not a word of business until the council meets. Try our *chef's* soup; you will find it excellent, I think.'

Who Mr. Petrokine or the others might be I could not conceive. Land stewards of Dimidoff's, perhaps; though the name did not seem familiar to my companion. However, as he appeared to shun any business questions at present, I gave in to his humor, and we conversed on social life in England—a subject in which he displayed considerable knowledge and acuteness. His remarks, too, on Malthus and the laws of population were wonderfully good, the ugh savoring somewhat of Radicalism.

'By the way,' he remarked, as we smoked a cigar over our wine, 'we should never have known you but for the English labels on your luggage; it was the luckiest thing in the world that Alexander noticed them. We had no personal description of you; indeed, we were prepared to expect a somewhat older man. You are young indeed, sir, to be intrusted with such a mission.'

'My employer trusts me,' I replied; and we have learned in our trade that youth and shrewdness are not incompatible."

'Your remark is true, sir,' returned my newly made friend; 'but I am surprised to hear you call our glorious association a trade! Such a term is gross indeed to apply to a body of men banded together to supply the world with that which it is yearning for, but which, without our exertion, it can never hope to attain. A spiritual brotherhood would be a more fitting term.'

'By Jove!' thought I, 'how pleased the boss would be to hear him! He must have been in the business himself, whoever he is.'

'Now, sir,' said Mr. Petrokine, 'the clock points to 8, and the council must be already sitting. Let us go up together, and I will introduce you. I need hardly say that the greatest secrecy is observed, and that your appearance is anxiously awaited.'

I turned over in my mind as I followed him how I might best fulfil my mission and secure the most advantageous terms. They seemed as anxious as I was in the matter, and there appeared to be no opposition, so perhaps the best thing would be to wait and see what they would propose.

I had hardly come to this conclusion when my guide swung open a large door at the end of a passage, and I found myself in a room larger and even more gorgeously fitted up than the one in which I had dined. A long table, covered with green baize and strewn with papers, ran down the middle, and around it were fourteen or fifteen men conversing earnestly. The whole scene reminded me forcibly of a gambling hell I had visited some time before.'

Upon our entrance the company arose and bowed. I could not but remark that my companion attracted no attention, while every eye was turned upon me with a strange mixture of surprise and almost servile respect. A man at the head of the table, who was remarkable for the extreme pallor of his face as contrasted with his blue black hair and mustache, waved his hand to a seat beside him, and I sat down.

'I need hardly say,' said Mr. Petrokine, 'that Gustave Berger, the English agent, is honoring us with his presence. He is young indeed, Alexis,' he continued to my pale-faced neighbor, 'and yet he is of European reputation.'

'Come, draw it mild!' thought I, adding aloud: 'If you refer to me, sir, though I am indeed acting as English agent, my name is not Berger, but Robinson—Mr. Tom Robinson, at your service.'

A laugh ran round the table.

'So be it, so be it,' said the man they called Alexis. 'I commend your discretion, most honored sir. One cannot be too careful. Preserve your English *sobriquet* by all means. I regret that any painful duty should be performed upon this auspicious evening; but the rules of our association must be preserved at any cost to our feelings, and a dismissal is inevitable to-night.'

'What the deuce is the fellow driving at?' thought I. 'What is it to me if he does give his servant the sack? This Dimidoff, wherever he is, seems to keep a private lunatic asylum.'

'Take out the gag!' The words fairly shot through me, and I started in my chair. It was Petrokine who spoke. For the first time I noticed that a burly, stout man, sitting at the other end of the table, had his arms tied behind his chair and a handkerchief round his mouth. A horrible suspicion began to creep into my heart. Where was I? Was I in Mr. Dimidoff's? Who were these men with their strange words?

'Take out the gag!' repeated Petrokine; and the handkerchief was removed.

'Now, Paul Ivanovitch,' said he, 'what have you to say before you go?'

'Not a dismissal, sirs,' he pleaded, 'not a dismissal; anything but that! I will go into some distant land, and my mouth shall be closed forever. I will do anything that the society asks; but pray, pray, do not dismiss me.'

'You know our laws, and you know your crime,' said Alexis, in a cold harsh voice. 'Who drove us from Odessa by his false tongue and his double face? Who wrote the anonymous letter to the Governor? Who cut the wire that would have destroyed the arch-tyrant? You did, Paul Ivanovitch; and you must die.'

I leaned back in my chair and fairly gasped.

'Remove him!' said Petrokine; and the man of the droschky with two others forced him out.

I heard the footsteps pass down the passage, and then a door open and shut. Then came a sound as of a struggle, ended by a heavy crunching blow and a dull thud.

'So perish all who are false to their oath,' said Alexis solemnly; and a hoarse 'Amen' went up from his companions.

'Death alone can dismiss us from our order,' said another man further down; 'but Mr. Berg—Mr. Robinson is pale. The scene has been too much for him after his long journey from England.'

'O Tom-Tom,' thought I, 'if ever you get out of this scrape you'll turn over a new leaf. You're not fit to die, and that's a fact.' It was only too evident to me now that by some strange misconception I had got in among a gang of cold-blooded Nihilists, who mistook me for one of their order. I felt, after what I had witnessed, that my only chance of life was to try to play the role thus forced upon me until an opportunity for escape should present itself; so I tried hard to regain my air of self-possession, which had been so rudely shaken.

'I am indeed fatigued,' I replied, 'but I feel stronger now. Excuse my momentary weakness.'

'It was but natural,' said a man with a thick beard at my right hand. 'And now, most honored sir, how goes the cause in England?'

'Remarkably well,' I answered.

'Has the great commissioner condescended to send a missive to the Solteff branch?' asked Petrokine.

'Nothing in writing,' I replied.

'But he has spoken of it?'

'Yes; he said he had watched it with feelings of the liveliest satisfaction,' I returned.

'Tis well! 'tis well!' ran round the table.

I felt giddy and sick from the critical nature of my position. Any moment a question might be asked which would show me in my true colors. I rose and helped myself to a decanter of brandy which stood on a side table. The potent liquor flew to my excited brain, and as I sat down I felt reckless enough to be half amused at my position, and inclined to play with my tormentors. I still, however, had all my wits about me.

'You have been to Birmingham?' asked the man with the beard.

'Many times,' said I.

'Then you have of course seen the private workshop and arsenal?'

'I have been over them both more than once.'

'It is still, I suppose, entirely unsuspected by the police?' continued my interrogator.

'Entirely,' I replied.

'Can you tell us how it is that so large a concern is kept so completely secret?'

Here was a poser, but my native impudence and the brandy seemed to come to my aid.

'This is information,' I replied, 'which I do not feel justified in divulging even here. In withholding it I am acting under the direction of the chief commissioner.'

'You are right—perfectly right,' said my original friend Petrokine. 'You will no doubt make your report to the central office at Moscow before entering into such details.'

'Exactly so,' I replied, only too happy to get a lift out of my difficulty.

'We have heard,' said Alexis, 'that you were sent to inspect the Livadia. Can you give us any particulars about it?'

'Anything you ask I will endeavor to answer,' I replied in desperation.

'Have any orders been made in Birmingham concerning it?'

'None when I left England.'

'Well, well, there's plenty of time yet,' said the man with the beard—'many months. Will the bottom be of wood or iron?'

'Of wood,' I answered at random.

'Tis well!' said another voice. 'And what is the breadth of the Clyde below Greenock?'

'It varies much,' I replied; 'on an average about eighty yards.'

'How many men does she carry?' asked an anomic-looking youth at the foot of the table, who seemed more fit for a public school than this den of murder.

'About three hundred,' said I.

'A floating coffin!' said the young Nihilist in a sepulchral voice.

'Are the store-rooms on a level with or underneath the state cabins?' asked Petrokine.

'Underneath,' said I decisively, though I need hardly say I had not the smallest conception.

'And now, most honored sir,' said Alexis, 'tell us what was the reply of Bauer the German Socialist to Ravinsky's proclamation.'

Here was a deadlock with a vengeance. Whether my cunning would have extricated me from it or not was never decided, for Providence hurried me from one dilemma into another and a worse one.

A door slammed downstairs, and rapid footsteps were heard approaching. Then came a loud tap outside, followed by two smaller ones.

'The sign of the society!' said Petrokine; 'and yet we are all present; who can it be?'

The door was thrown open, and a man entered, dusty and travel-stained, but with an air of authority and power stamped on every feature of his harsh but expressive face. He glanced round the table, scanning each countenance carefully. There was a start of surprise in the room. He was evidently a stranger to them all.

'What means this intrusion, sir?' said my friend with the beard.

'Intrusion!' said the stranger. 'I was given to understand that I was expected, and had looked forward to a warmer welcome from my fellow associates. I am personally unknown to you, gentlemen, but I am proud to think that my name should command some respect among you. I am Gustave Berger, the agent from England, bearing letters from the chief commissioner to his well-beloved brothers of Solteff.'

One of their bombs could hardly have created greater surprise had it been fired in the midst of them. Every eye was fixed alternately on me and upon the newly arrived agent.

'If you are indeed Gustave Berger,' said Petrokine, 'who is this?'

'That I am Gustave Berger these credentials will show,' said the stranger, as he threw a packet upon the table. 'Who that man may be I know not; but if he has intruded himself upon the lodge under false pretences, it is clear that he must never carry out of the room what he has learned. Speak, sir,' he added, addressing me; 'who and what are you?'

I felt that my time had come. My revolver was in my hip-pocket; but what was that against so many desperate men? I grasped the butt of it, however, as a drowning man clings to a straw, and I tried to preserve my coolness as I glanced round at the cold, vindictive faces turned toward me.

'Gentlemen,' I said, 'the role I have played to-night has been a purely involuntary one on my part. I am no police spy, as you seem to suspect, nor, on the other hand, have I the honor to be a member of your association. I am an inoffensive corn-dealer, who, by an extraordinary mistake, has been forced into this unpleasant and awkward position.'

I paused for a moment. Was it my fancy that there was a peculiar noise in the street—a noise as of many feet treading softly? No, it had died away; it was but the throbbing of my own heart.

'I need hardly say,' I continued, 'that anything I may have heard to-night will be safe in my keeping. I pledge my solemn honor as a gentleman that not one word of it shall transpire through me.'

The senses of men in great physical danger become strangely acute, or their imagination plays them curious tricks. My back was toward the door as I sat, but I could have sworn that I heard heavy breathing behind it. Was it the three minions whom I had seen before in the performance of their hateful functions, and who, like vultures, had sniffed another victim?

I looked round the table. Still the same hard, cruel faces. Not one glance of sympathy. I cocked my revolver in my pocket.

There was a painful silence, which was broken by the harsh, grating voice of Petrokine.

'Promises are easily made and easily broken,' he said. 'There is but one way of securing eternal silence. It is our lives or yours. Let the highest among us speak.'

'You are right, sir,' said the English agent; 'there is but one course open. He must be dismissed.'

I knew what that meant in their confounded jargon, and sprang to my feet.

'By Heaven,' I shouted, putting my back against the door, 'you shan't butcher a free Englishman like a sheep! The first among you who stirs, drops.'

A man sprang at me. I saw along the sights of my Derringer the gleam of a knife and the demoniacal face of Gustave Berger. Then I pulled the trigger, and with his hoarse scream sounding in my ears, I was felled to the ground by a crashing blow from behind. Half unconscious and pressed down by some heavy weight, I heard the noise of shouts and blows above me, and then I fainted away.

When I came to myself I was lying among the *debris* of the door, which had been beaten in on the top of me. Opposite were a dozen of the men who had lately sat in judgment upon me, tied two and two, and guarded by a score of Russian soldiers. Beside me was the corpse of the ill fated English agent, the whole face blown in by the force of the explosion. Alexis and Petrokine were both lying on the floor like myself, bleeding profusely.

'Well, young fellow, you've had a narrow escape,' said a hearty voice in my ear.

I looked up and recognized my black-eyed acquaintance of the railway carriage.

'Stand up,' he continued; 'you're only a bit stunned; no bones broken. It's no wonder I mistook you for the Nihilist agent, when the very lodge itself was taken in. Well, you're the only stranger who ever came out of this den alive. Come down stairs with me. I know who you are, and what you are after now; I'll take you to Mr. Dimidoff. Nay, don't go in there,' he cried, as I walked toward the door of the cell into which I had been originally ushered. 'Keep out of that; you've seen evil sights enough for one day. Come down and have a glass of liquor.'

He explained as we walked back to the hotel that the police of Solteff, of which he was the chief, had had warning and been on the lookout during some time for this Nihilistic emissary. My arrival in so unfrequented a place, coupled with my air of secrecy and the English labels on that confounded portmanteau of Gregory's, had completed the business

I have little more to tell. My Socialistic acquaintances were all either transported to Siberia or executed. My mission was performed to the satisfaction of my employers. My conduct during the whole business has won me promotion, and my prospects for life have been improved since that horrible night the remembrance of which still makes me shiver.—*London Society.*

If you have warts on your hand, rub each of them with a bullet, and load a gun with the bullets. Then watch until a vagrant cow tries to open the front gate of your yard with her horns. Aim carefully at the cow's head, and fire. If all the bullets go into her head, it may not cure the warts, but it will be an almighty good thing for the neighborhood.—*Stillwater Lumberman.*

A FINE haired young lady of Wheeling went away from home some time ago on a visit to a friend. She was a finicky sort of a girl and was very proper indeed. At dinner on the day of her arrival she ate very little. "Why, Jane," said her friend, "you don't eat anything. Take something else; please do." "Oh, no," she simpered, "thank you; I never eat big messes away from home." There was a silence during the rest of the meal.—*Steubenville Herald.*

Two urchins, dirty and ragged, were lying in wait for alms. A well-to-do-looking gentleman passing at the moment was accosted by one of them. "Please, mister, gimme a penny to buy some bread," implored the gamin. "Get out, you little rascal, don't bother me," was the reply. Thereupon, the discomfitted urchin turned to his companion and observed, "Billy, he must be a millionaire."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

SOME one says a lawyer's wife should be named Sue. We differ. It should be Lie, and there ought to be a good deal of her, too.

THE SISTER MONTHS.

When April steps aside for May,
Like diamonds all the rain-drops glisten;
Fresh violets open every day;
To some new bird each hour we listen.
The children with the streamlets sing,
When April stops at last her weeping;
And every happy growing thing
Laughs like a babe just roused from sleeping.

Yet April waters, year by year,
For laggard May her thirsty flowers;
And May, in gold of sunbeams clear,
Pays April for her silvery showers.

All flowers of spring are not May's own:
The crocus can not often kiss her;
The snow-drop, ere she comes, has flown;
The earliest violets often miss her.

Nor does May claim the whole of spring;
She leaves to April blossoms tender,
That closely to the warm turf cling,
Or swing from tree-boughs, high and slender.

And May-flowers bloom before May comes:
To cheer, a little, April's sadness:
The peach-bud glows, the wild bee hums,
And wind-flowers wave in graceful gladness.

They are two sisters, side by side
Sharing the changes of the weather.
Playing at pretty seek-and-hide—
So far apart, so close together:

April and May one moment meet,—
But farewell signs their greetings smother:
And breezes tell, and birds repeat,
How May and April love each other.

—*Lucy Larcom, in St. Nicholas for May.*

(For the REPORTER.)

True Purity.

We hear people talk so much of purity, and see them practicing that which seems to us is vile, that we sometimes wonder if people in general understand anything about the real meaning of the word. We think the misunderstanding comes from the almost universal habit of regarding the word as something to be applied only to women. We often hear such an expression as this: "If such and such things were so it would ruin female purity." What an idea! Female purity indeed! Do they, then, really think there is sex in purity? It would seem so, and indeed if I were to ask a child to parse this sentence, "Purity is one of the greatest of virtues," I would not be surprised if he gave the word "purity" the feminine gender, so strong has the impression become fixed in our minds that the word should be applied only to woman. When do we hear the expression, "He is a pure man." Yet, if it is said of a woman, "she is *not* pure," we gather our robes closer around us, and, with a shudder, for fear of contamination, pass her by on the other side. Is this *right*? Is there any *justice in this?* How long will we continue to delude ourselves in this way? How long before we shall make *purity* the first requirement of our gentleman friends, as we now do of our lady friends? Never, do you say? Nay, but we believe, you are wrong then. For we have enough faith in the Good Spirit inherent in humanity, to believe that Truth will eventually triumph. And "we hold these truths to be self-evident." That purity is freedom from guilt or the defilement of sin, or freedom from vice. And should be applied to neither sex exclusively, but should be exacted and expected from the one as well as the other. We say purity is freedom from guilt or the defilement of sin. Mark the expression—"the defilement of sin." Not only freedom from sin but also from the marks which sin always leaves behind, for it is a universal truth that no one can commit a *heavy sin* without being forever defiled. We all remember the story of the boy, who for every fault which he possessed, drove a nail into a post, a nail to represent each fault, until the post was nearly filled. He then, in great remorse and shame set to work to overcome his faults, and as soon as one fault was conquered he drew out a nail; and by persevering in this way the last nail was removed. But alas! alas! the prints of the nails still remained. He had done nobly, had risen above his faults, had conquered them, but he was not free from their marks—the defilement of sin. So it is those alone who have never sinned, never knowingly and wilfully committed wrong, who are absolutely pure. And this may be true of some whom we, in our blindness have looked down upon, perhaps they did not conform to our, preconceived ideas of right, so we not being able to look down into the heart as God does, have condemned them. Yet is it not true, that we should be governed by *principle?* not by what others may think or say of us? Right here is where I think it hinges, we have conformed so long to the customs of society that we have nearly lost our individuality. When we wish to do a certain thing, do we ask ourselves this question: "Are we doing this prompted by the Christ within? No! but we say, does society sanction this, or what will society say about it for us. Did Jesus do this? Did he teach us to conform to public opinion. No, never at the expense of a principle. But, you say he was crucified; yes, he was crucified, but was that death to Him or the principles He taught? No! both have lived in the hearts of every generation down to the present time, and must still live on, for is not truth eternal? Our business is with *ourselves*. If we cannot respect *ourselves* what difference does it make if our neighbors and all the country round speak well of us, since it is our own opinion of ourselves we must carry through eternity. When character—not reputation—shall determine, when we allow ourselves to be influenced by *the spirit within*, and not by what people may say of us, or think of us, then all restrictions will be broken off, and we will be left free to develop naturally as the flowers do. They conform only to God's laws, in nature. The intelligent gardener knows he cannot make a lily of a rose, though he may give it ever so much culture, that with all his knowledge and skill, the plant will not conform to him, but to nature; each must be developed naturally, and each will assist its own individuality. What splendid flowers of humanity we will have when we are released from the bands of conformity which are now around us The outward life will represent the inward then; and we shall be at peace, because in harmony with ourselves and God's laws; for, "The great law binds; it will not be contemned of any one; who thwarts it loses, and who serves it gains; the hidden good it pays with peace and bliss; the hidden ill with pains; it seeth everywhere and marketh all; do right it recompenseth; do one wrong—the equal retribution must be made." T. S.

Bound to Have It.

Elder Traverse was once the most noted man in eastern New York as a camp-meeting leader. He had a powerful voice, was a fluent speaker, and in the prime of life could get away with any man who ever sought to disturb his meetings.

The elder was once holding a camp-meeting near Yonkers, and word reached him that a notorious rough known as "Chicago Bob" intended to be on hand Sunday for a row. He made no reply and took no precautions, and when Bob appeared on the ground with a cigar in his mouth and a slung-shot in his sleeve the elder didn't grow pale worth a cent. Bob had come out there to run things, and he took a forward seat. When the people began singing he began crowing, and thus created confusion.

"Robert, you had better sit down," observed the elder as he came forward.

"Chicago Bob sits down for no man!" was the reply.

"Sit down, Robert," continued the elder, as he put his hand on the loafer's arm.

"Here goes to clear out the crowd!" crowed Bob, as he peeled off his coat.

Next instant the elder hit him under the ear, and, as he fell over a bench, he was followed up and hit again and again, and while in a semi-unconscious state he was carried off by his friends.

Next day he was the first one to go forward for prayers. The elder put his hand on his head and asked:

"Robert, are you in earnest?"

"I am."

"Are you really seeking after faith?"

"You bet I am! If faith helps a man to get his work in as quick as you did yesterday, I'm bound to have it if I have to sell my hat."

He didn't get it very strong, but he did no more crowing while the meeting lasted.

Simon Cameron's Railroad.

Standing to-day looking out upon the stretch of railroad which winds from this thriving city off toward the State Capital, an old gentleman near me said: 'Do you know that Simon Cameron built this railroad from here to Harrisburg? And how he did have to fight against the prejudices of the stubborn German farmers who lived along the line of the route! I recollect," he continued, "of my father telling me years ago of the public meeting which Mr. Cameron called at Middletown to further the building of this railroad. There was a good crowd present and a bright man, a good talker, who was then the Attorney-General of the State, made a very spread-eagle speech, but the subject was too big for him, it slipped from his grasp, and he failed to state clearly the real object of the meeting.

"Mr Cameron, finding his orator lacking in the essential element of practical statement, took the stand himself and explained what he wanted to do. It then took two days to go to Philadelphia from Harrisburg. Mr. Cameron stated that when the railroad was built you could eat breakfast at home in the morning, go to Philadelphia, spend several hours, and take supper at home again in the evening. This statement was altogether too much for the quiet farmers so long used to the stage-coach, and when the meeting broke up there was only one man in the whole crowd who took any stock in Mr. Cameron's statement. A short time after the meeting was over he approached Mr. Cameron in the country hotel