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TOWANDA:

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THOSE MORNING BELLS.

Those morning bells! those morning bells!
How sweetly they sound through the woods and green,
Far sounding through the woods and green,
And sweetly echoing back again!
The air is filled in all its sounds,
With those long lingering, swelling sounds;
Along the hills and o'er the dells,
As slow they ring,—those morning bells!

Those morning bells! those morning bells!
Oh! how my heart with rapture swells,
While listening to that breathing flow,
That comes so sweetly,—yet so low!
Like the late o'er water heard—
Like the notes of joyous bird—
Unlike all other music swells,
Those rich sweet tones of morning bells!

Oh! how I stand in spring-time gay,
And in the summer's golden day,
Beneath this spreading tree to hear
Those sounds upon the shore so clear!
When waves were bright, and dancing streams
Edged back the golden beams,
Lark the pure light of joy and truth
Reflected from the face of youth.

And they, within my bosom still
As when a rapturous thrill
Is given to their gentle chime,
To take me back to childhood's time,
And bear me on to future years
As bright with smiles and free from tears;
Like Hope's soft, soft felt music swell
Those morning bells! those morning bells!

Name not the Ways of God.

BY MRS. T. B. SIMON.

There was a rich man who had often heard that almsgiving and the practice of other good works was not merely a sacred duty, but the highest wisdom and pleasure also. He took this to his heart, and had no time to lose, and having been long in forming this purpose, he went forth on the same day to do some charitable deed. He soon found a beggar clothed in rags.

"Come with me my friend," he said kindly, "I will clothe thee."

When he reached the house, he sought among his garments and not finding a thread bare coat he gave the beggar one that was almost new.

The poor man thanked him a thousand times, and said: "May God reward thee!" But in his joy of having done a good work, he did not listen to the beggar's thanks, for it was not these that he desired. And he went forth again to do good.

He now met with a poor family that had no bread to eat. He said compassionately: "I will relieve your wants," and he bought a barrel of meal and gave it to them. Filled with emotion, they called him their benefactor and promised to remember him in their prayers. But the rich man repaid even more than the poor family, and he said to himself: "Yes it is true, benevolence is like a fruitful and pleasant garden."

When, on the following day, he found a sick man who was very poor, he sent him nourishing soups and strengthening cordials to promote his recovery, and again repeated thanks, which moved him far less, however, than the consciousness that he had aided and benefited a poor man who was suffering upon a bed of affliction. "He will gain his health the sooner," he thought to himself, "and return to his labor, and be enabled to support his family. Thus I will even be and not give money to the poor, but rather supply them with what they need at once, for this cannot harm them, like gold and silver which they often misuse."

Therefore, on the ensuing day, he gave a Bible to a beggar woman, who used profane language and said he would aid her honorably if she would "learn to read God's word therein." And the woman promised to do so; and thanked him, as if seemed, with deep and heartfelt emotion for the gift.

But as the rich and benevolent man walked out on the following day to do good, his way led him, accidentally by a broken shop. He had scarcely cast a glance in at the door, when he stepped near it, and in astonishment, he beheld his new coat hanging in the midst of tatters and patches of garments; and upon the table, with various books, lay the Bible, which he had the day before given to the woman. A nearer examination convinced him that he was not mistaken, and to the question, how they came there, the broken replied: "Two pious beggars sold them to me for a few pence, which they have probably spent in drink."

This pierced the rich man to the heart, and he walked sorrowfully away, for he thought how shamefully his gifts had been abused. Brought in deep reflection, he had almost stumbled over a barrow which two tired porters had set down, in order to rest. They were carrying a bundle which the beggar had been before. He followed them inquisitively. They soon rolled it into a baker's shop, and on enquiring, he learned that the poor family to whom he had given it had sold it. Then his blood boiled, and he walked angrily onward.

He now stood before the house of the sick man, to whom he had sent the comforting cordials. Loud laughter and merry song reached his ear, from the invalid's chamber, and upon looking in, he discovered the two men, who were sitting at a table and drinking wine or brandy. Then rage took possession of his soul, and he resolved, henceforth, to quit the foolish practice of doing good, and to trouble himself about no one, as every girl was but a temptation to sin, and as the evil in the world was augmented rather than diminished thereby.

And when again on the following day a beggar crossed his threshold, and asked him humbly for alms, an evil spirit awoke within his bosom. Instantly he cast a stout leather rope to the beggar with the words: "That is the best alms for you and your like. Begone, vagabond and hang yourself there with!"

The beggar looked with a sigh towards heaven, and silently walked away with the most deprecating of all gifts. But the rich man kept his anger till evening and railing at the "wicked world" murmuring against God, and reproaching his own suffering, he sought his couch, and sleep soon relieved the wearied man.

He then dreamed that he was standing alone in a vast meadow. A cloud descended slowly to earth, and an angel stepped forth from its midst, and his glance was pleasant, and the robe which he wore was white as snow, and white as hail was the lily which he held in his hand. In silence the messenger from above beckoned him to approach, and as he did so with beating heart, the angel said to him: "I am sent 'because of thine unbelief.' Listen then and treasure up my words."

"The garment which thou givest away," and did not see at the broker's, was purchased afterwards by a poor Samaritan, who gave it up to a devout and excellent youth, who yesterday had his own coat burned upon his back, in endeavoring to save a human being's life, and who to-morrow is to be ordained a minister of the gospel. It is at this moment upon his knees, thanking the Lord for his gift. The Bible, which thou givest away, now serves to edify and enlighten the enlightened son of the broker, who was already entering upon the path of vice. The barrel of meal was sold by that poor family, in order to pay their landlord, who is nearly as poor as themselves, and who presides there, and for the payment of the remainder of their term. They have hungered for a day but they have gone to bed contented, since a roof is now secured to them. This preserves which were sold for intoxicating drinks, were the means of frustrating a plot against the life of a worthy man which those men revealed in their drunkenness. Lastly, the rope which thou in thy blindness did mock at God and poverty, has in the hands of that beggar proved a source of good, and not of evil. Grief led the poor man out along the steep bank of the river, here he heard cries for help, and looking up on the stream, he beheld a fellow creature struggling in the waves. Then that rope which thou didst despise for an instrument of destruction became an instrument of rescue. Calling it to the drowning man, who caught it when on the point of sinking, the beggar with great labor drew him to the shore. Therefore blame not the ways of a Being who is unsearchable and past finding out: rebuke not the Lord, whom thou canst never comprehend, but do good and do it not."

When he awoke, the rich man commended with himself, and he henceforth did good, without hesitation, doubting or doubting. Then his gold deeds became for him and others a true garden of blessing and of pleasure.

PENNSYLVANIA LEGISLATURE.—The newspapers, says an exchange, give the following report of the proceedings of the Pennsylvania Legislature, on a recent occasion:

The appointment bill being before the House, a certain honorable member, who rejoices in the name of Goffey—a man just fitted to "fill the trumpet of fame"—rose to speak.

"Go it, Goffey!" interrupted one member, and the speaker rapped his hammer.

"Little John Cezem," continued Mr. Goffey, "is like a bubble on the water—it swells a while, makes a great noise, and then it bursts!"

"Good for Goffey! hit him again!" vociferated a representative.

"Order, order!" cried another.

"Little John," indignantly continued Mr. Goffey, "I would like to tell Little John that Mr. Land, my friend, made the motion, and that I voted against it. I have little faith, gentlemen, in the Democracy of any man who is elected by *Altera vox*. As was Little John!—But who cares for him? I don't! He is like an old cow who has had her milk—when she bawls the loudest she 'sometest forgets!'"

This may be deemed witty and amusing; but it is more appropriate to the bar-room than to a legislative hall.

REFORMS AND CHANGES.—Ought not to tighten its. Real reforms will not hurt any one that is worth caring for, and they have such an energy in them that they cannot be hindered if they even do some mischief to something or somebody; and changes which would immediately and greatly alter the way the world goes on cannot happen until need no be feared. These are the certain changes that the world is pretty well prepared for before they can possibly take place. A wagon road over the Allegheny mountains was as sturdy and honestly traveled by the pack-train men of any novel city now can be. The country sustained the shock of that innovation, and will sustain some more. Let us not be frightened at new modes of doing old things, for that is all there is in what we call revolutions.

An ecstatic lover down east thus appeals to his tender-hearted Dulcinea for a parting smack: "Tenderly fragrant, and sublimely retributive will be the course pursued by me, if you do not instantaneously place those attractive lips to mine, and enapture my immortal soul by imprinting angelic sensations of divine bliss upon those indispensable members of the human physiognomy, and then kindly condescend to allow me to take my departure from the everlasting sublimity of thy thrice glorious presence!" Nancy laughed.

A JOKE FOR THE LADIES.—The editor of a paper in Providence lately informed his readers that the ladies always pull off the left stocking last. This may be supposed, created some little stir among his fair readers, and while in positive terms they denied the statement, they at the same time declared that they had no business to know it, even if such was the fact, and pronounced him no gentleman. He proved it, however, by a short argument: "When the stockings are pulled off first, there is another left on; and pulling off that is taking off the left stocking last."

"The name of listening these interesting and delicate animals is not dissimilar to the process of cramming turkeys with walnut. The leader takes a mouthful of porpoise and raw fish: after disarticulating it to a proper consistency and shape, he seizes his victim by the throat, cracks the jaws wide open, then drops the contents of his own mouth into that of the brute. We were told that it is only necessary to use this violence with puppies; on becoming older and more docile they take to the food more kindly."

"Among other novel sights, I saw with calm pleasure, the native boys climb cocoa-nut trees, by tying the big toes together by a wreath of bark, then aided by hands and knees they run up the tall waving palms. Down came bounding the nut; a shaft darts imp' at your elbow whisks off the husks with his teeth, cracks a hole in the shell, up, up, gurgles, gurgles, and down your throat glides the cooling and delicious draught. Pineapples, too, large perfumed, innocuous fellows, that for sixpence, and considered exorbitantly dear at that price. They were in the spreading bread fruit, with the greenest of dark green leaves; but my juvenile impressions of the fruit I discovered were entirely erroneous, for instead of being, like banyan's leaves or even French rolls, they were different as possible; the fruit being enveloped in a coarse thick rind, tinged with yellow white meat, about twice the bulk of a poppino; and when properly roasted has exactly the same taste of an insipid potatoe."

"I have been perfectly abridged, too, in a pelted pelted shower, by an extemporaneous umbrella, constructed of two big banana leaves; and sipped water from native cups, made in a trice from a gobsel-shaped leaf attached at the root side; and on a certain occasion, when wearied by a long walk, I threw myself beneath the shade of a tangle of pandanus, and submitted to the foaming foam. It is a more delicate operation than the Turkish mode of shampooing, and when the operatives are laughing native girls, the operation is far pleasanter."

"They commenced a running succession of pinches from heels to shoulders, accompanied by kneading and poking with the tips of their fingers; then selecting a clean space, they begin a diaphanous light massage and flows, interspersed by a gentle trip-bananas movement with the outer edges of the hands; now slowly, now faster, like flashes of light, and the cadences die languidly away in soft melodious tapping, leaving the patient in a quiet frame of mind and the body very much refreshed. The high chiefs, who are all immensely corpulent, and said to be given to over-eating themselves, use the *hamaiki* loammi to make themselves comfortable after repasts, so that they stay on again with personal inconsequence, always keeping a number of expert practitioners in their train."

"To this comes a description of the naked statues of the maidens of the isle."

"All classes at Hilo evince an enthusiastic admiration of flowers; and the maidens particularly are never without natural wreaths, or necklaces of woodbine and jessamine, prettily woven for the occasion. There is a yellow bud of the candle-nut, which is not so pleasant to the eye or nose though more generally worn. But for all talk and charmed of the natives there was not one that charmed it so much, and in which the natives indulged with such wild delight as bathing in the river Waialeale."

"Along the whole eastern face of the island of Hawaii there are numberless rivulets and streams that come bounding from the lofty sides of the giant mountains, in cascades and cataracts, until at length they jump from the green cliffs above into the salt water of the ocean. One of the largest of these in Waialeale. No further than a league from the harbor island is a miniature Niagara, of more than a hundred feet, which dashes a mass of broken water into a bowl-like basin, flashing upon either side brilliant rainbows, from which the fall takes its name. Retracing our steps towards the village, the banks of the rivulet become less abrupt, and within a few hundred yards of the bay the water is diverted into a multitude of channels—there, a torrent boiling over scathed rocks, with a clear, sleeping pool beyond—there, the white cataract plunging swiftly through narrow straits, and leaping gull down below, like a liquid portulaca to some fissured gateway—again, whirling eddies playing around rocky islets, until at last by one sparkling effort the waters unite and go roaring and straggling down a deep chasm into the noisy surf of the bay."

"It is here the young of both sexes pass most of their time. Troops of boys and girls, and even little ones scarcely able to walk, are seen in all directions, perched on board shelving crags and gray mounts, or still higher up, clinging from the sides and peeping out from amid the foliage. On every side they come leaping joyously into the rushing waters! There on a bluff-shire, forty, or fifty, or seventy feet high—a score of native maidens are following each other in quick succession into the limpid pools beneath. The moment before their flight through the air, they were poised upon the rocky pedestals, like the Medicean Venus. One boy's arm bound—the right arm is thrown aloft, knees brought up, and at the instant of striking the water, heads fall back, feet dashed straight out—when they enter the pools with the velocity and clearness of a javelin, shooting far away, just beneath the surface like a salmon."

"Others, again, are diving in foaming torrents—plashing and skirling, laughing always laughing, plunging, swimming, half revealing their pretty forms before sinking again beneath the stream. Others still more daring and expert, go whirling through narrow passages, thrown from side to side in the white waters, now completely hidden in the cataracts, now rising up in a recumbent attitude, when away they are hurled over a cataract of twenty feet, emerging far below with long tresses streaming behind, and with graceful limbs clearing the river, like night swans in nature more charming than themselves."

"One more like picture, and we must perforce cease our extracts, the length of which, however, we do not think our readers will regret, but rather their close."

"One evening, during our visit at Lauhain, I was entertained by a hospitable countryman at his cool airy residence which stood on a little raised embankment of the sea beach. A group of native maidens also favored us with their fascinating song, and without further invitation, seated themselves at a table, and, seizing a pack of cards, soon became deeply engaged in the game. It was like most other games; those who held certain cards certainly won; but although it was to me incomprehensible. I observed that they cheated in the most expert manner, at the same time slapping the bit of paste board on the table with the energy of invertebrate whistlers; occasionally muttering when losing or winning such exclamations as *Kei! Kei!* (meaning, "Oh, I'm ruined! Disgracing! I'm in luck!") and the like."

"Becoming enraptured with those proceedings, I called much entreaty and a glass of wine, they consented to give me an idea of surf swimming."

"The moon was high and full, throwing a white bright light; seaward the rippling water, like a quivering sea of silver coins. A Kanaka attendant speedily produced slabs of light cottonwood about a foot longer than the person, and two feet and a half wide. Each provided with one these boards, they swam or paddled out to the furthest roller. It may be as well to remark that there is no reef, as at Hilo within whose coral walls shipping can anchor; only a ledge near the shore that serves to break the force of the waves upon the beach. Boats, however, land without inconvenience, through the agency of a small canal cut from the heart of the town in the shape of a letter L."

"The girls are at the outermost roller, when swaying the moment before it breaks they come flying in on the very crest of the wave, and the speed of a race-horse, the great art being to preserve so nice a poise on the back bone, as if were, of the breaker as not to be left behind, nor yet, as I found at the cost of several abrasions, launched too far ahead, and thus have the whole crash of the roller piling you over and over in a series of hydrostatic revolutions by no means safe or pleasant; but to understand the thing properly, exclusively exciting sport. One of the girls, daughter of a chief, possessed the knack in great perfection, and while dashing in with astonishing velocity, at least the risk of twenty miles the hour, she would spring buoyantly upon the board, and then main-

tain a poise on one, either kneeling or standing, with an air of placid security of balance that would have raised the reputation of Diderot."

"During the day every little imp and lounge about the town devotes the time to sporting in the surf. I have watched them for hours, a dozen of them perhaps in a group; their black heads set in a liquid mass of sparkling foam, half lost to view as the wave subsides; then taken up by another, and borne on the unbroken ridge of a green roller, crossing and re-crossing each other's track, shouting and laughing merrily, the moment before striking the coral strand, the boards are tossed aside and off they paddle for another ride."

"I was not successful at the first lesson, although carefully instructed by my amiable companions in boards; after an hour's practice, finding I had swallowed as much salt water as I could conveniently, we returned to the house."

PRETTY GOOD.—A queer excuse was made a few days ago, by an old lady. The good woman was subpoenaed to appear as a witness in a rather delicate case. She did not come, and a bench warrant was issued for her appearance, on which she was brought into Court.

"The presiding Judge thought it his duty to remind her: 'Madam, why were you not here before?'"

"I couldn't come sir."

"Were you not subpoenaed, madam?"

"Yes, sir, but I was sick."

"What was the matter, madam?"

"I had an awful bile, sir."

After a pause, the Judge resumed,

"Upon your honor, madam?"

"No, sir: upon my—arm?"

VERDICT.—Sixty years ago, Herman Husband, of Somerset, Pennsylvania, predicted that the road, then only a pack horse path over the mountains, would yet be paved all the way from Philadelphia to Pittsburg. Within the life time of the children who heard him the promised paved road has been made, and become obsolete, the canal dug beside it has fallen behind the demand, and steam velocity steadily replaces them off. The visionaries of the present day are, very likely, as far short of future history in their hopes as Herman Husband was in his day. But prophets will at last work themselves into credit, the world will learn faith, and its works will grow continually more and more worthy of its origin and its destiny. Fulfillment follows so close upon the heels of prediction, that conservatism is getting afraid to throw stones at the prophets, lest they may hit the facts in the face.—*Ashton Gazette*.

SOCIETY OF WOMAN.—There is no society in the world more profitable, because more refining and promotive of virtue, than that of refined and sensible woman. The beauty of woman is made to win her gentle voice to invite, the desire of her favor to persuade men's sterner souls from strife to peace. We honor the chivalrous deference paid to women. It reveals not only respect to virtue, and desire after pure affection, but that our women are worthy of such a respect. But women were not made merely to win men to their society. To be companions, they should be fitted to be friends; to rule hearts they should secure the approbation of minds. And a man dishonors them, as well as disgraces himself, when he seeks their circle for idle pastime, and not for the improvement of his mind and the elevation of his heart.

SEEK IN A SILENT ROAD OFFICE.—Dutchman—"I want to get pay for a pig vot ter rail road is run over."

Secretary—"How came the engine to run over your pig?"

Dutchman—"Vy mine pig was comin' along, and ter railroad was comin' along, and ter pig did not see ter rail road comin' along, and ter pig road did not see ter pig comin' along, and ter pig went to run over ter rail road ven it was comin' along, and ter rail road rann over ter pig ven he was comin' along."

Secretary—"My friend, I don't think this is a case in which the road ought to pay."

"Dutchman—"Ten, afterwards, I keep my pigs from comin' along, ven ter rail road is comin' along."

WANTED ABOVE!—A distinguished Physician of Chester County gave the following beautiful story in a letter to a friend.

"At the commencement of my practice, I was called to see an Irishman's child who was laboring under a very severe attack of pneumonia. The poor little fellow grew worse and worse for several days, until on one of my visits I found him very low, his breathing extremely difficult, and the extremities almost cold. The family saw clearly and felt deeply the danger. When I left the house the father followed me out of the door, and as I mumbled my horse, he said, 'Dochter, dear, do ye think little Jimmy will come of it?' I replied, 'the case is very doubtful but there is some hope.' 'Shure, Dochter, and I have no hope at all; none in the world; so I haven't. His mother an have often been speaking about him, so we have, and we never expected to rare him. Such children can't be rared, I doubt; they never stay long.' 'Why lot, said I? 'Ah, Dochter, he's so crafty. Ye wouldn't believe what takein air he has wid him—his wanted come among the blessed!'"

A GOOD TOAST.—"What little, ugly looking red haired monster is that playing amongst those children?"

"That, madam, is my oldest son."

"Indeed, you don't say so—what a beautiful little cherub it is!"

TO CARE A FELLOW.—Take one table spoonful of Red Lead and one table spoonful of Castile Soap, mix them with as much weak lye as will make it soft enough to spread like salve, and apply it in the first appearance of the feign, and it will cure it in ten or twelve hours.

The Major.

We were much amused the other day, with the Major's story of his first adventure in jewelry. In due time the Major got married, as all young fellows are bound to do, and, in the course of time, he found himself in New Orleans with an extra hundred dollars in his pocket.

Determined to do things up handsomely in the way of presenting his wife with some costly presents, he marched into a jewelry store, resolved to spend thirty or forty dollars for trinkets, under the delusion that a sum so enormous would buy "everything and more too." The very attentive clerk waited on him in a sumptuous, and handed out a variety of the "low-priced," varying from one to fifty dollars.

The Major examined the assortment with a critical eye, felt of his forty dollars with a grandiloquent air, and ordered something expensive; fancying it would reach as high as three tens.

The clerk placed upon a glass case two storeroom covered boxes, which upon being opened, presented a variety of necklaces and finger rings.

The Major eyed the collection in a very critical manner, and said he would take the largest box, demanding the price, while pulling out his wallet.

"You can have that box," said the clerk, with solemnity, "for ten thousand dollars."

Internally the Major felt astonished. Outside he was as cool as a cucumber—the price had gone "over his pile" and his expectations, just nine thousand nine hundred and seventy-five dollars.

With a sang-froid that sunk into the heart of the clerk, he said,

"Is that the highest priced jewelry you have in your store?"

"Well!" drawled the Major, waving his hat somewhat in the style of Julius Cesar, "this don't cost enough to suit me!" and with a swing of grandeur he left the store.

THE GRAVES OF PATRICK HENRY AND JOHN RANDOLPH.—The editor of the *Lyndeburg Patriot* says, that on a recent occasion of deep and delicate interest to a friend, he was afforded an opportunity of visiting the grave of the distinguished Patrick Henry, the spot where lies "all of genius that can perish."

A plank enclosure, a clump of cherry trees and two white flat rocks, overgrown by running brook, mark the earth chamber of one of time's most wonderful works. Onward still in liquid splendor flows his own loved Stanton—still upward from its banks with gentle undulation, swells his beautiful "Red Hill"—yet are to be seen, bending to the breeze, the locust in whose shade he sat or walked, in communion familiar with godlike thoughts—there is to be seen the chair in which he leaned when the hand of death was upon him—but the spirit which will follow them forever, has gone and left no peer on earth. The bright orb of his genius has set forever, but the horizon is still radiant with its beams. Though no monument, stone or stonied urn mark the spot of the sepulchre, trophies of immortal mind are not wanting in his memory. The burning words which, as "a live coal from the altar," he kindled the hearts of millions, are still syllabled by freedom's votaries throughout the world. The glorious and beneficial fruits of the revolution to which he gave the first impulse, constitute the majestic and enduring monument of his renown.

To old Charlotte belongs the honor of inducing the ashes of two of the most remarkable men and greatest orators of any age or land. Within a few hours ride is the grave of John Randolph. Tradition will preserve some of the particulars of this memorable character. The son of Henry was going down in splendor and glory; that of Randolph was dawdling in the orient, giving promise that the firmament of eloquence should lose no light. Like Chatham and Mirabeau, the fate of their eloquence is traditious; the few written speeches that are left, furnish no adequate idea of their power. The one, by his sublime and fervid eloquence, saved the heart of a great nation to its utmost debts, and nerved its arm to strike for liberty or death; the other, by the exhibition of all that was intense in thought, dazzling in expression, with irony and pathos, exercised a mighty influence upon the destinies of parties—causing himself to be felt as a power in the councils of his countrymen, where vanquished Senators trembled as they praised. In life they were kindred in genius—in death they sleep undivided in distance—in immortality they are twin brothers.

THE ENGLISHMAN'S LAST AND FIRST FRIEND.—His wife may leave him, his family disown him, his children run away from him, his best friends avoid and desert him, but the tax-gatherer follows him to the grave. It must be most flattering to an Englishman's pride, that poor as he may be, he has always one acquaintance that will call without ceremony and share his last penny loaf. Solitude and selfishness cannot exist in England. The Englishman's existence is a partnership drawn up for life between the Government and himself. In short, every Englishman may be said to possess two shadows—his own genuine true-born shadow, and the Government's shadow; but there is this difference between the two, that whereas his own shadow strews walks after him, the Government shadow walks into him, if it is not paid the insolent it runs after him.—*Punch*.

A boy got his grandfather's gun and loaded it, but was afraid to fire; he, however, took the fun of loading, and kept on charging but without firing, until he had got six changes in the ancient piece.—His grandmother, learning his temerity, smartly reproved him, and grasping the old contumacious, discharged it. The recoil was tremendous, throwing the old lady on her back; she promptly struggled to regain her feet, but the boy cried out, "Lay still granny, there are five more charges to go off yet!"

LADIES, ANSWER THIS.—If a man is a wretch who lifts his hand against a woman, what must a woman be who raises the hearth-brush against a man—and that man her husband?