# BRADFORD REPORTER.

OVE DOLLAR PER ANNUM, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

VOL. XVII.—NO. 47.

# PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AT TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., BY E. O'MEARA GOODRICH.

#### TOWANDA:

Churedan Morning, April 30, 1837.

# Selected Poetry.

My soul thy sacred image keeps. My midnight dreams are all of thee; For nature then in silence sleeps, And silence broods o'er land and sea; Oh, in that still, mysterious hour, How oft from waking dreams I start, To find thee but a fancy flower, Thou cherished idol of my heart,

Thou hast each dream and thought of mine-Have I in turn one thought of thine? Forever thine my dreams will be, Whate'er may be my fortune here ; I ask not love-I claim from thee Only one boon, a gentle tear :

May e'er blest visions from above Play brightly round thy happy heart, And may the beams of peace and love Ne'er from thy glowing soul depart, Farewell! my dreams are still with thee Hast thou one tender thought of me!

My joys like summer birds may fly,

My hopes like summer blooms depart. But there's one flower that cannot die-The holy memory in my heart; No dews that flower's cup may fill, No sunlight to its leaves be given, But it will live and flourish still, As deathless as a thing of heaven. My soul greets thine, unasked, unsought-Hast thou for me one gentle thought?

Farewell! farewell! my far-off triend! Between us broad, blue rivers flow, And forests wave and plains extend, The wind that breathes upon thy brow Is not the wind that breathes on mine The star-beams shining on thee now Are not the beams that on me shine: But memory's spell is with me yet-Can'st thou the holy past forget?

The bitter tears that theu and I May shed when e'er by anguish bowed, Exhaled into the moontide sky, May meet and mingle in the cloud; And thus, my much beloved friend, though we Far, far apart must live and move Our souls when God shall set them free, Can mingle in the world of love. This was an ecstacy to me-Say-would it be a joy to thee ?

# Miscellaneous.

## AUNT HANNAH TRIPE IN COURT.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Did you ever go a courtin', niece, or to court? One's about the same as t'other .-There ain't but preshus little to choose atween the two, any how you can fix it. In one you tryin' hard to keep on his long face. have to be asked a powerful site of impudent questions, and in t'other you have to ask the mestions yerself. So there ain't much differ 'em, and if you try both, you'll say ju

About the matter of two years ago, Jol Smith's cow broke into Sam Jones' field, and marched jest as straight as her four legs could carry her right into his turnip patch, and eat up two turnips, tops and all. Jones he seed er, and sot his yellow dog on her, and the skin of her hind leg, and got his brains kicked ont to pay for it. So fur Jones and Smith were square, but there was them turfor a well able-bodied man's cow to eat up, and sed if Smith didn't walk right over to his house and settle the damage, he'd prosecute him

As it happened, I was out agoin' to the Conferens meetin' when the cow jumped into the field, so I seed the hull performans. Jones he seed me, and knowed that I seed the scrape so he jest gin me a little kind of scrip of blu paper, with somethin' writ orful scrawlin' on Cicero read it, and laffed enough to kill

"What upon airth is it, Cicero?" sez I. "It ain't a luv letter, is it?" sez I, for old Deacon Dame (lost his wife about a year afore,) had looked orful sharp at me the day before, to afternoon meetin3.

"No, it ain't a luv letter," sez he, "but a

courtin' letter from Sam Jones.' "A courtin' letter from Sam Jones?" sez I "why Sam Jones is a married man with ten children and a baby! What does he want of

more family, I wonder?" 'He don't want any more family as I knows of," sez Cicero, "but he wants you to go to the Falls, next Thursday to court, and tell what you seed John Smith's brindle cow do in

his turnip field." "O, my gracious massy!" sez I, half skeered at the idea of goin' to court. "I can't go -it's my ironing day, and I ought to make my apple sass that day, too. I can't go-you ust go over and tell nabor Jones that I'd be glad to obleege him, but I can't without a deal

of onconvenience." "But, marm," sez Cicero, foldin' up the paper, "this is a sheriff's or lawyer's summons, writ out of a big law book, and you'll either have been white rocks, for anything that I have to go or be kerried to jail. That's the know." way they sarve folks who don't mind the

I'll lay the broomstick over 'em if they come ark ?"

"It's no use talkin, marm," says Cicero,-You'll have to go, and you might as well be room laffed enuff to split themselves. onsigned to the levees of unalterable fate! The laws of yer country must be minded !the glorious country that the Pilgrim Fathers it and bled for ! You must respect her commands!" And Clears vis bisself and bled with the lawyer, pinting at Mr. Jones with his long mands!" And Cicero riz hisself, and sot up rakish finger. his eyes and hands, jest as I've seen Parson Scrapewell do when he's a giving out the ma-

Well, I thought the matter over, and concluded I'd better go to court; so I ironed Tuesday, and made my apple sass Wednesday. Thursday, nabor Jones come over airly, and took me into his smart new buggy to kerry me to the Falls. We had a site of talk about the cow and the dog and the turnips while we was agoin, and by the time we'd driv up to the court room, Jones had made up his mind that he'd beatin Smith for sartin.

I went into the great square room a leetle frustrated, I'll own; for there was the sightest of folks there, blue eyes, grey eyes, green eyes, black eyes, all fixt on Jones and I as we marched up in front of the judge.

"Good mornin' Squire," sez I, bowing to a little, old, dried-up nosed feller with a yaller "I hope your honorable health i

"Keep quiet, Mrs. Tripe" sez nabor Jones, nudging my elbow, "it ain't proper to speak to any way." his honor, 'thout he asks ye questions."

They took me to a little platform built up on one side of the room, and sed I might sit down if I was a mind to-so down I sot. My goodness! what funny actions they did have! Talkin' all sorts of langwidges that nobody on earth could onderstand, all mixed up with and I was actilly afeerd he'd bust, he was so "constitution," "revised statutes," "civil laws," and nobody knows what. I declare I actilly clean back ages and ages, to the time when folks talked in Hebrew and whispered in Pad-I've heern Parson Scrapewell tell about

Byme-by, arter I'd begun to feel hungry and want my dinner, a tall scraggy man, with green spees on his nose, riz up and sez he: "Mrs. Hannah Tripe, stand up in your

"Lord!" sez I, "you don't wont me to climb up in a cheer afore all these folks, do ye?"

flannel night-gown; "rise up and stand!"
"O, yes,,' sez I, I'd as lives get up as not
—for my back begins to ache, I've sot so long." So I histed up, and looked round on the or-

"Raise your right hand," sez the tall man,

"If you've no objections," sez I, "I'd rather hist up my left one ; my right hand glove has got a starin big hole rite on the palm of

Every body sot up a great laff at this, and the tall man turned into a red night-gown " Order, order, gentlemen!" sez a pert little

fellow with a buckle on his hat and a big bile on the end of his red nose. "You will be com-

"Thank you sir, for tellin' me," sez I, "but your a little mistook. I hain't got the contempt, nor never had it, that I know of, but I've had the influenzy bad enuff, so bad---

Raise your right hand and swear-"

him a look of disgust. "I, a member of the church, swear! The good Lord forbid?" the plaintiff's primises!"

There was considerable laffin in court arter

read out loud ever so long a lot of gibberish and brought me home safe. that I didn't onderstand then, and can't remember now, but it was to the fact that I (not the turnips) are as good friends as ever. before she struck me down a second time, and should tell everything I knowed and nothin-

more, and swear it was all true. verything I know, it'll take me a month or two, and I should like to have some dinner afore I begin."

"You're not to tell anything except the circumstances connected with the turnip field of

"I don't know anything about yer client,"

"Did you see the defendant's cow make forcible entrance into the plaintiff's enclosed field?" sez he, lookin' as grand as the king of Independent Tartary.
'I seed John Smith's cow jump into Sam

Jones' turnip yard, if that's what you want to get at," sez I. "The same thing, marm, the same thing, only in different langwidge. Where were you

standing at the time of the occurrence ?" "In the yard, on my feet." "What color was the animal that you saw vault over the fence! Could you identify her

from all others of the species ?" "She was a brindle-a thread of red hair and one of black," sez I.

Describe her more fully," sez he. She had a head; two horns, two eyes, one mouth, four legs and a tail," sez I. "Did you see her with your own eyes de

vour two turnips in plaintiff's field ?" "With my own eyes? To be sure! Whose eyes did you think I'd borerred ?" "Could you swear it was turnips that you

aw her masticating." "I ain't gwine to swear anything about it She was eatin' sumthin white, but it might

"Mrs. Tripe, how old are you?" "None of your business!" sez I gettin out and out mad. "I'm old enough for you, any indignant as I could be; "I'll larn them better way, and you look as if you were manufac works than to kerry an innocent woman to jail. tured in the year of one, and eddicated in the

> The lawyer scratched his nose, and looked like a red flannel again, for all the folks in the "Go on with the examination," sez the

"I should think I ought to," sez I, laffin .-"He courted my cuzin, Tildy Brown, more'n two year, and got the mitten in the cend."

There was a great laff agin, and callin out or "order, order," and that only made them laff louder. Just at this minit up jumped a little humbly red-faced man, that had been talking with John Smith ever so long in a whisper, and stickin his thumbs into the armholes of his vest, sex he-"Allow me to ask the witness a few questions, your honor." The judge bowed, and the red faced man

" Mrs. Tripe, you say you know Mr. Jones do you know my client, Mr. John Smith ?,'

"Yes sez I." "What do you know of him?" sez he .-State the good you know of him, if you

"I don't know any good of him," sez I .-"He robbed my hen roost last spring, of the best pullet and the hansumett crower I had in the flock. That's the most I know of him

The witness may sit down," sez the judge, takin out his handkercher and pretendin to blow his nose, though it'm my opinion he was trying to keep from laffin.

A madder feller than John Smith you never seed; but they wouldn't let him say a word, full of bilin hot rage agin me. There was a great deal of talkin and dis-

ed they'd decided the case. One of the jurymen stood up, and sed he thought Smith's cow hadn't no bisness to

jump into Jones' yard and devour two of his Another of em got up and sed he knowed my dogs. But it was not to be. the cow hadn't ort to have jumped in, but the

"We wan't none of your low jests here," Smith for his cow's killin his dog, for the dog sez he, coloring up till he looked like a red he said was the ugliest critter upon the face of Smith for his cow's killin his dog, for the dog the airth.

down.

"Gentlemen of the jury," sez the judge, "have you arrived at a conclusion?" All of em bowed their heads sullamly,

indignified as an owl on a holler tree. "Our foreman, Mr. Antipodes," sez they,

"Mr. Attorney examine that woman with till they looked like two great dirty snowballs for granted would be the case,) as to carry despatch-the Court waits!" sez the Judge, slidin down a hill, "we have decided that John her beyond me, and thus I might be afforded

"Never mind, my good woman," says the this; and one feller hollered "order!" so much great violence, her fore-quarter passed over my this doll, and that doll and the other doll, and udge, "say yes to what the gentleman will and so loud that they sed it was a fact he body. Struggling for life, I seized my oppor- getting satisfactory replies as to each, at last read to you from the book-it will be suffi- couldn't speak out loud for a week arter- tunity, and as she was recovering herself for a

wards The tall man then took up a big book and Mr. Jones giv me fifty cents for my services between her hind legs.

Smith paid him the two turnips, and they Sense that ar scrape, if ever I see a cow that looks as if she was agwine to jump in "Dear sake !" sez I, "if I've got to tell any where, I jest turn my back to her and say hip; with her fore-feet moreover, she hit me a

viation of the saxon Laffday which sinifies my client," sez the tall man, pulling away at bread-giver. The mistress of manor, at a time when affluent families resided constantly at sez I. "I never seed it, to the best of my a week, or oftener, to distribute among the the neighboring bushes. noledge; it was Smith's cow that got in the poor a quantity of bread. She bestowed the tle amenities which accompanied her benevolence. The widow and orphan "rose up and called her blessed" the destitute and the af-flicted recounted her praises—all classes of or owing to the confusion caused by her the poor embalmed her in their affections as the Laffday-the giver of bread and dispenin a world of sorrow. Who is a lady now? gence, and her nights in dissipation and folly ? | back to my "skarm." Is i she who rivals the gayety of the butterfly, but hates the industrous hum of the "busy bee?" Is it she who wastes on gaudy finery with joy, and who, when the rags of the orphan of refuge, as if the pestilence were in the breeze? This may be "a woman of fashion she may be an admired and admiring follower of the gay world."

A Quakeress, being jealous of her husband, took occasion to watch his movements rather closely, and one morning actually discovered the truant hugging and kissing the pretty servant, while seated on the sofa by her side. Broadbrim was not long in discovering the face of his wife, as she peeped through the half open door, and raising with all the coolnees of a general, and thus addressed her:

"Betsy, my wife, thee hadst better quit thy peeping, or thee will cause a disturbance in the family."

The effect was electrical.

THE building committee of a church called upon a wealthy member of the congregation, soliciting a subscription toward a new house of worship. The sum he subscribed disappointed them, and they told him so, at the ed two or three hundred yards, a scene suden double the amount.

"So he should," said the wily gentlman;

#### An Adventure with Rhinocerosses.

Charles John Anderson, in his work, "Lake Ngami, or explorations and Discoveries in rions manner, the latter, petrified with fear-South-western Africa," recently published by Dix Edwards & Co., of New York, thus relates

one of his narrow escapes :-"While pondering over my late wonderful escape from an elephant, I observed, at a little distance, a huge rhinoceros protrude his pon-derous and misshapen head through the bushes, and presently afterward he approached to withside was then fully exposed to view, and notthe ground, but from appearance I had every

reason to believe he would not live long. "Scarcely had I re-loaded when a black rhinoceros, of the species Keitloa, (a female, as it proved,) stood drinking at the water; full pursuit. The race, however, was a short but her position, as with the elephant in the one; for, just as I threw myself into a bush first instance, was unfavorable for a good shot. for safety, she fell dead at my feet, so near me, As, however, she was very near me, I thought I was pretty sure of breaking her leg, and the muzzle of my rifle! Another moment, thereby disabling her; and in this I succeeded. My fire seemed to madden her; she rushed her murderous horn, which, though short, was wildly forward on three legs, when I gave her sharp as a razor" a second shot, though apparently with little or thought, one spell, that I'd been kerried putin in the room-and arter awhile the jury no effect. I felt sorry at not being able to end her sufferings at once; but as I was too well acquainted with the habits of the rhinoceros to venture on pursuing her under the circumstances, I determined to wait patiently for daylight, and then destroy her with the aid of

> "As no more elephants or other large game turnips had no business to look so temptin, and for his part he thought the turnips was full as much to blame as she was.
>
> appeared, I thought after a time it might be as well to go in search of the white rhinoceros previously wounded and I was a search of the white rhinoceros previously wounded. Another of em sed that Jones ought to pay | finding his carcass ; for my ball, as I supposed, had caused his most immediate death.

"In heading back to my 'skarm,' I accidentally took a turn in the direction pursued The judge sent em all off inter another by the black rhinoceros, and by ill-luck, as the room to make up their minds what they'd do event proved, at once encountered her. She -and we sot as still as mice, waitin for em to was still on her legs, but her position, as becum back. Byme by the door opened and in fore, was unfavorable. Hoping, however, to they cum-twelve of em, two and two and set make her change it for a better, and thus enable me to destroy her at once, I took up a stone and hurled it at her with all my force; when snorting horribly, erecting her tail, keeping her head close to the ground, and rais-Who shall speak for you," sez he, lookin as ing clouds of dust by her feet, she rushed at me with fearful fury. I had only just time to level my rifle and fire before she was upon me; and the next instant, while instinctively turn-Mr. Antipodes riz up, slowly and steady, jest as you've seen em hist up rocks with a derrick, as if he was afeered if he sidled over a late the fact instant, while instinctively turning round for the purpose of retreating, she laid me prostrate. The shock was so violent as to send my rifle, powder-flask, and ballmitted for contempt," sez he, speaking low to might be should sprawl hisself on the floor - pouch, as also my cap, spinning into the air; Antipodes is an orful grate man, and his head the gun, indeed as afterwards ascertained, to is the biggest part of him-rather top-heavy, a distance of fully ten feet. On the beast charging me, it crossed my mind that, unless "May it please yer honor, and the court at gored at at once by her horn, her speed would large," sez he, rollin his eyes round and round, be such (after knocking me down, which I took Smith give to Mr. Sam. Jones the sum of two a chance of of escape. So, indeed it happenturnips, as the amount of damage done the lated; for, having tumbled me over (in doing "I never swear-it's wicked," sez I, givin' ter by the excursion of the former's cow into which her head and the fore part of her body, owing to the violence of the charge, was half burried in the sand,) and trampled on me with renewal of the charge, I scrambled out from

> "But the enraged beast had not yet done with me! Scarcely had I regained my feet you live in God's house when he made me?" with her horn ripped up my right thigh (though not very deeply,) from near the knee to the Plain Dealer. terriffic blow upon the left shoulder, near the back of the neck. My ribs bent under the enormous weight and pressure, and for a mo-"A Lady."-She word "lady" is an abbre- ment I must, as I believe, have lost all consciousness-I have, at least, very indistinct notions of what took place afterwards. All I remember, is, that that when I raised my head their country mansions, was accustomed, once I heard a furious snorting and plunging among

"I now arose, though with great difficulty oon with her own hand, and made the hearts and made my way in the best manner I was of the needy glad by the soft words and gen- able, toward a large tree near at hand, for shelter; but this precaution was needless; the beast, for the time at least, showed no inclinawounds, she had lost sight of me, or she felt satisfied with the revenge she had taken. Be ser of comfort-a sort of ministering angel that as it may, I escaped with my life, though sadly wounded and severely bruised, in which Is it she who spends her days in self-indul- disabled state I had great difficulty in getting

"During the greater part of the conflict I preserved my presence of mind; but after the danger was over, and when I had leisure to what would make many a widow's heart sing collect my scattered and confused senses, I was seized with a nervous affection, causing a violent flutter about her in the wind, sighs for a place trembling. I have since killed many rhinocerorses, as well for sport as food; but several weeks clapsed before I could attack those animals with any coolness.

"About sunrise, Kamapyu, my half-caste boy, whom I had left on the preceeding evening, about a half a mile away, came to the skarm' to convey my guns and other things to our encampment. In a few words I related to him the mishap that had befallen me. He listened with seeming incredulity; but the sight of my gashed thigh soon convinced him I was not in joke.

"I afterward directed him to take one of the guns and proceed in search of the wounded rhinooceros, cautioning him to be careful in approaching the beast, which I had reason to believe was not yet dead. He had only been absent a few minutes, when I heard a cry of distress. Striking my hand against my forehead, I exclaimed, "Good God! the brute has attacked the lad also !"

"Seizing hold of my rifle, I scrambled through the bushes as fast as my crippled condition would permit; and when I had proceedme time intlmiting that Mr. Jinks had giv- denly presented itself that I shall retain a vivid remembrance of to the last days of my existence. Among some bushes, and within a "he goes to church twice as much as I do." couple of yards of each other, stood the rhi-

noceros and the young savage; the former supporting herself on three legs, covered with blood and froth, and snorting in the most fuspell-bound, as it were—and rivited to the spot. Creeping, therefore, to the side of the rhinoeros, opposite to that on which the boy was standing, so as to draw her attention from him, I leveled and fired, on which the beast charged wildly to and fro without any distinct object. While she was thus occupied, I poured in shot after shot, but thought she would never fall. in a dozen paces of my ambuscade. His broad. At length, however, she sank slowly to the ground; and imagining that she was in her withstanding I still felt a little nervous from death agonies, and that all danger was over, my conflict with the elephant, I lost no time I unhesitatingly walked close up to her, and in firing. The beast did not at once fall to was upon the point of placing the muzzle of my gun to her ear to give her the coup de grace, when to my horror, she once more rose on her legs. Taking a hurried aim, I pulled the trigger and instantly retreated, with the beast in indeed, that I could have touched her with and I should probably have been impaled on

> TRYING IT ON .- Buchard, the revivalist, was in the habit of addressing his congregation in this manner: "I am now going to pray, and I want all desire to be prayed for to send up Napoleon subdued Prussia, and the English their names on a piece of paper."
>
> On the occasion to which we refer, there

was at once sent up to the desk quite a pile of little slips of paper with the names on whose behalf he was to "wrestle," as he said, "with the Almighty."

A pause ensued, when he said—"Send 'em up! I can pray for five the I can pray for five thousand just as easy as I can for a dozen. Send 'em up. If you haven't any paper, get up and name the friend you would have prayed for."

At this stage of the proceeding, a stalwart man of six feet and a half in his stockings, a notorious unbeliever, and a confirmed wag to boot, rose in the midst of the congregation, a mark for all, and midst the winks and becks and smiles of the auditory, said: "Mr. Bu-

chard, I want you to pray for Jim Thompson. The reverend petitioner saw, from the excitement produced in the the audience, that Oziel was a "hard case."

"What is your name, sir? And who is

'It's Jim Thompson; he keeps a tavern down in Thompsonville, and I keep public house a little below him. He is an infernal coundrel, and I want you to give him a lift." "But," said Mr. Buchard, "have you any

faith in the efficacy of prayer? Do you believe in the petition ?" "That's n'ither here nor there," responded

Oziel; "I want you to try it on him." A little three year old daughter of a long time friend of ours, was, one afternoon playing with her many dolls, under the eye of her mother, when some sage thoughts seem to have awakened her youthful curiosity. She, looking up, asked her mother, first, who made bethought herself that she was her mother's doll, and the questioning all at once took a personal turn. "Mother," she said, "who made was the instant query. What the mother answered this time we are not advised .- Cleve-

Tough.-A genine Down Easter was lately essaying to appropriate a square of exceedingy tough beef at dinner in a Wisconsin hotel. His convulsive efforts with a knife and fork attracted the smile of the rest, in the same predicament as himself. At last Jonathan's patience vanished under his ill success, when laying down his utensils, he bursted out with the following:

"Strangers, you needen't laff; if you hain't got no regard for the landlord's feelings you ought to have some respect for the old bull." This sally brought down the house.

"Doctor, kin you tell what's the matter with my child's nose? She keeps a pickin'

"Yes, marm; its probably an irritation of the gastic mucus membrane communicating a sympathetic titillation to the epthalium of the echærian."

"There, now, that's just what I told Becky; She 'lowed it wa worrums ?'

A REMEDY.—An itinerant quack doctor in Texas was applied to by one of Colonel Haves' Rangers to extract the iron point of an Indian arrow from his head; where it had been lodged for some time. "I cannot 'stract this, stranger," said the doctor, "because to do it would go nigh killing you ; but I can give you a pill that will melt it in your head."

The power of a horse is understood to to be that which will elevate weight of 3,300 pounds the height of one foot in a minute of time, equal to about 90 pounds at the rate of four miles an hour.

An Irish drummer, who now and then indulged in a noggin of right good poteen, was accosted by the reviewing general: "Pat, what makes your nose so red ?

" Please your honor," said Pat, "I always blush when I spakes to an officer.' Why is a rascal up stairs beating his

above doing a mean action. Why is a woman in love like a man of rofound knowledge? Because she understands the arts and sigh-ences.

wife, like an honorable man? Because he is

can sting semetimes—like a dead wasp.

### A Swedish Tale.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF HEBEL.

In Falum, a mining town in Sweden, a hundred years or more ago, a young miner kissed is fair bride and said to her:

"On St. Lucia's day our love will be blessed by the priest's hand. Then we shall be husband and wife, and will build us a little nest of our own."

"And peace and love shall dwell in it," said the beautiful bride with a sweet smile, "for thou art my all in all, and without thee I would choose to be in my grave."

But when the priest, in proclaiming their bans in the church for the second time before St. Lucia's day, pronounced the words, "If, now, any one can show reason why these persons should not be united in the bonds of matrimony," Death was at hand. The young man as he passed her house next morning in his black mining garb, already wore his shroud.-He rapped upon her window and said, good morning-but never returned to bid her good evening. He never came back from the mine, and all in vain she embroidered for him a black cravat with a red border, for the wedding day, This she laid carefully away, and never ceased

to mourn or weep for him. Meanwhile, time passed on; the Seven Years' war was fought; the partition of Poland took place; America became free; the bombarded Copenhagen. The husbandman sowed and reaped, the miller ground, and the smith hammered, and the miners dug after the veins of metal in their subterranean workshops. As the miners of Falun, in the year eighteen hundred and nine, a little before or after St. John's day, were excavating an opening between two shafts, full three hundred ells below the ground, they dug from the rubbish and vitrol water, the body of a young man, entirely saturated with iron vitrol, but otherwise undecayed and unaltered-so that one could disinguish his features and age as well as if he had died only an hour before, or had fallen asleep for a little while at his work.

But when they had brought him out to the light of day, father and mother, friends and acquaintances, had been long dead; no one could identify the sleeping youth, or tell anything of his misfortune, till she came who was once the betrothed of that miner who had one day gone to the mine and never returned .-Gray and shriveled, she came hobbling upon a crutch, and recognized her bridegroom, when more in joyful eestacy than pain, she sank down upon the beloved form. As soon as she had recovered her composure, she exclaimed, "It is my betrothed, whom I have mourned for fifty years, and whom God now permits me to see once more before I die. A week before the wedding time he went under the earth, and never returned."

All the bystanders were moved to tears, as they beheld the former bride, a wasted and

feeble old woman, and the bridegroom still in the beauty of youth; and how, after the lapse of fifty years, her youthful love awoke again But he never opened his mouth to smile, nor his eyes to recognize; and she, finally, as the only one belonging to him, and having a right to him, had him carried to her own little room, till a grave could be prepared in the church vard. The next day, when all was ready, and the miners came to take him away, she opened a little drawer, and taking out the black silk cravat, tied it around his neck, then accompanied him in her Sunday garb, as if it were their wedding day and not the day of his burial. As they laid him in the grave in the churchyard, she said : "Sleep well now, for a few days, in thy co.d bridal bed, and let not the time seem long to thee. I have now but little more to do, and will come soon, and then it will be day again." As she was going away, she looked back once more and said, "What the earth has once restored, it will not a second time withhold."-N. Y. Evening Post.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY IN WOMEN .- "At eighteen," said a foreigner, "a young American woman is the prettiest in the world; but at thirty, mon dien, she is already old and ugly.' Though there was some of a Frenchman's exaggerations in the remark, there was also a substance of truth, Why is it that the beauty of our females fade so soon? Or, to go at once to the real issue, for beauty is only per manent where there is health, why is it that our women, as compared with the women of other temperate climates, are so delicate and

The answer may be made in a few wordsit is because they neglect air and exercise .-Weakness, lassitude and a fading complexion as inevitably follow indolence and confinement as the wilting of a plant results from its deprivation of light. It is a law of our existence, that we must take daily exercise if we would continue health. It is a fact in physiology, that a pure atmosphere is indispensible to vigorous vitality. All the refinement of civilization, all the resources of science have failed to supply a substitute for fresh air and exercise. The poor and rich stand on the same platform in reference to this necessity of our nature .-The lady in silks and satins can buy no cosmetic so efficacious as the sunshine and breeze which are poured out at the very best door-step of her humble sister.

An eclipse' said Jack tar profoundly, happens in this way-it's only the moon that breaks adrift and gets athwart the sun. It's all right by-and-by, for the old boy puts the helm hard over, and then it's all plain sailing.'

Woman, by the decree of nature, has smiles like the kind heavens, for all creation; and when clouds intervene, and she is sad, her very tears like rain and dew are equally benefi-

Is NOT EVERY FACE beautiful in our A lie, though it be killed and dead, eyes which habitually turns towards us with affectionate guiltless smiles.