# BRADFORD REPORTER.

# ONEOLLAR PER ANNUM INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

And her spirit backward turning

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inclined

### " REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

# VOL. XXIII.-NO. 2.

PUBLISHED EVERY THUBSDAY AT TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., BY E. O. GOODRICH.					
TOWANDA:	"I have made a formal proposition in your	He led ber beneath the lamp that swung at	this instant would I wed you. I will confess	or he would not let him suffer so, and that be	come of Bulger ! Left 'im settin' on a curb-
'hursday Morning, June 12, 1862.	name, for the hand of the Duchess of Balive- rene, and she has accepted you," said he	the corner. "Why, you are a perfect little beauty !"	it all to you. I have told you that I am a Duke	that ever a man in his deadliest bereavements	to his middle. He thought he was at Niag (hic) Niagara Falls. Says'e, says'e, 'Spicer
Selected Poetry.	gravely. "Doubtless," sneered the young scapegrace, "her taste is excellent, and how could she re-	he cried rapturously, and in surprise. The girl cast down her eyes and blushed deeply, and the Duke felt—the little hand	smothering scream. "I was forced into this union by the King's	heart was literally swelling with grief, and though he could reason about it, he felt as if	ra-rapids? I was strike'n out for home as ra
the state of the second s	fuse me? Perhaps it would have been as well to have consulted my inclinations in this mat-	that rested upon his arm tremble. But she did not seem displeased.	command. I do not love my wife I have nev- er even seen her face. I left her at the altar's	He started to cross the street. A dark.	cause I don't think he can swim; and he nates
ADA. ST FLORENCE PERCY.	ter. I do not wish to marry."	" Do you reside in Paris ?'	foot, and we have never met since. She pos-	blinding pain still made his poor temples ring.	p-poison. Wish I was ome and in bed
Here is one of of those sweet faces	"Are you in love with any one ?" "No !"	time-we came from Bellville-mother and L"	sesses my title, but you alone possess my heart. Fly with me. In some distant land we may	is under his feet ! Back ! back !	B-r-r-u a-h 1 1'm all of a sniver 1 Ulos all
Made to light earth's darkest place-	"Then love my Duchess. She is noble, wealthy.'	"From the country, eh 1" Where do you live, my pretty blossom ?"	dwell in happiness, blessed with each other's society. Time may remove the obstacle to	"Oh I mamma, it is our horses run over a	wet ontside, and I'm dry as thunder inside Think I'll tell Mariar I ju-jumped overboad to
herein chidhood's playful archness brightens earnest thought's repose-	"I am tired of pretty women, they are al-	" In Rue St. Helene."	our union-death may befriend us, a divorce	" Is he hurt much, coachman ?" The wo-	save a feller screecher from (bic) drowning
She is fairer, purer, sweeter Than when woman's years shall greet her,	ways fools.'	"What that is some distance from here	may be obtained, and then I swear to you, by every saint in Heaven, you shall become my	hedly Take him right in : don't wait : carry	the fell (bic) feller creature. So that won't
ren as is the bud unblossomed sweeter than the ripen-		streets are dangerous, as you have found, to	Duchess.	him right in and up stair. It was your care-	do. She's got a pretty good swallow, but- egad 1 she-she can't swallow-ha! ha! ha!
ed rose.	" I never will see her," answered the Count	one as beautiful as you are.' " I would very much like to have you see	"Were you free, would you really make me	There is no engnish now. Perhans God saw	(hic) no drowned man, you know. Tha-that's
There is no voluptuous splendor In her face so pure, so tender-	determinedly. "See her or not, you shall marry her," cried	me home_if_if	" I have pldged you my word."	he had borne all he could, and so took the	a leetle too much ! She's taken some awful
Naugh of mid-summer perfection-'tls the promise of	the King in rage.	She paused and appeard confused.	" I believe you." "You will fly with me ?"	poor little broken heart there to heal. How very white and quiet ! "Oh ! a sweet face-	heavy doses of <i>lie</i> from me, but I'm afraid the drowned chap would choke her."
young June	"If I do I'll marry her with my eyes shut," returned the Count.	"If what ?" asked the Duke, eagerly. "If you would only be so goo—as to prom-	"I will."	a sweet, sweet face !" murmured the woman,	At this juncture a guardian of the public
But an innocent, a sweetness Dearer far, as in the morning low-lier than the perfect	The King grew purple with passion.	ise not to-to-to-try to-kiss me again,	" Dear Louis," she murmured, for so had be taught her to call him. " I also have some-	bending over the boy; and tears fell upon his forehead, but he did not feel them.	peace approached and asked the votary of Bacchus what he was doing there at that time
moon.	"Harkye boy! You owe me obedience as subject and as a son. It is my will that you	if you please sir," replied the girl innocently. The Duke was charmed. There was a sim-	thing to impart to you My name is not Ber-	"Oh, the poor little boy !" sobs Nelly, "the	of night, and why he did not go home.
Less an angel-more a woman, Less etherial and more human	bestow your hand upon the Duchess de Bal-	plicity, a freshuess about this young girl which	geronette, and I am not what you take me	poor little boy! I wish he had kept on the	"What'm I doin' here ? Why, I'm holding on like grim death-that's what I'm doing
Will she be, when five more Aprils shall have browned	iverene. The wedding shall take place this day fortnight. Submit to my will with a		to be.' "What do you mean ?"	his mother"	Howsever, ole feller, I'm gl- (hic) a-ad to see
each sunny curl She will seem another creature	good grace, and I will create you a Duke on	said, frankly, " that no action of mine shall	" I have a title equal to your own."		ye. Fact is, I've been out'n the rain, and I've got a leetle so-soaked, d'ye see. Rain warrer
Changed in heart, and hope, and feature.	your wedding day. Dare to disobey me, and I will strip you of your title, and the lands		"Then this old woman ?' "Is not my mother, but my nurse.'	keep him. The doctor came, said he was not dead, but	allers did make consirable 'p pression on me
When the wOMAN's cares and trials down the dreamings of the GIRL.	yon hold from me, and cast you into the Bas-	confidence.	"And the man who assaulted you?"	would very likely die There was a hospital	Say, you I can yt t-tell mewhy I'm like a pick- (hic)-picket-guard ? But I know you can't ;
Lapsed in bright and georgeous dreaming.	tile"	" I am not afraid of you," she said, with sweet simplicity ; " I know you are too good	"Wes my lackey, instructed for the pur-	But the good woman would not allow that -	's'no use asking youa p'lice fellers anything
With romance's rose rays gleaming,	This was what had brought the Count of Franche Compe bliadfolded to be married.	to injure me.'	The Duke looked bewildered.	She would care for him herself, she said. He	But's dev-devilish good-ha ! he ! he ! he ! (hic)-
Yet she makes a gentle effort to awaken him from its power.	The King smiled gimly, but said nothing.	The Duke blushed for the first time in-he	"And like you,' she continued, I am MAR- RIED.'	felt it was her duty to attend to him. Besides	for me. I-I'll tell ye why I'n like a black- guard-I mean a p-picket guard. Because I
Conscious of a sphere of being	The Count placed the ring upon the finger of his bride, but he did not salute her, and		" I'll cut you husbands' throat,' exclaimed	it was likely the child had no mother Such	c can't leave my p post until 1 am re-( nic) re-
Just beyond her tinted seeing, Like a bee at morning drowsing in a yet anopened	when the ceremony was over he turned his	deserved.	t the Date mildle	so nore and loveship would never he sent on	lieved ! P'lice feller, d'ye see that shutter over the way, the one with the green Venitian
flower.	back upon her, took the handkerchief from his eyes, and walked deliberately out of the	"What is your name ?" he asked, as they proceeded on their way.	him.'	the streets like that if he had a mother. Besides	houses in front, three doors to go up to the
And she looks with childish wonder Toward the misty realms beyoud her.	chapple.	Bergeronette,' she replied.	"Who is he then, and who are you !" "I am Lydonie, Duchess de Franche Compt,	(and here her tears fell) there was a little mound not yet green over just such a child.—	step-that is my (hic) house, and therein dwells my se-sainted Mariar. Did you ever
Where are cares and strifes and discords-toil for heart	Lydonie pouted her pretty lips, and was al-	"What a pretty name ! And you live here in Paris, all alone with your mother."	and you are he.'	No no : it was not in her heart to put the poor	belong to a spout-shop? But I spose not
and hand and brain, But she hearkens, all unfearing,	most ready to cry with vexation. The King took her in charge, escorted her	"Yes"	The Dake was thunderstruck.	wounded boy away. Let him stay, whether he lived or died.	As the charming P-Portia says :
Like a young bird faintly hearing From beneath its mother's pinions, the rude rushing of	to her carriage and they were conveyed to the	"I dare say you have plenty of sweet- hearts ?"	Lydonie kuelt at his feet. "Forgive me for this little plot,' she plead-	The weary, weary days passed on. One	" 'That light we see is burning in my hall; How far that little beam throws his c-candles 1 So shines a good (hic) deed in a naughty world.'
the rain.	"Here you are, my dear," said the King,	" No. I haven't one."	ed . "it was to gain your love. If it has	morning, the little boy opened his dim, blue eyes, but he did not know himself. His glance	"Th-then pity the sorrows of a poor young
Time will be no partial preacher-	conduct ng her through the apartments he had	"What, no one that loves you ?" "None," replied Bergeronette, quite sadly.	my own lips I will sue the King for our di-	fell wearily on his hands. There were white	man wh-ose tangled legs have b-b-brought him
Good and evil he will teach her, Hopes and tears will fill her bosom-joys and griefs will	expressly furnished for her reception ; " here you are, at home."	"Would you not like a sweetheart ?"	vorce !	bands around his wrists, with rumes on them.	to this spot. Oh, relieve, and take him home at once, and heaven will ble bless your store
try; their power ;	" But where's my husband?" asked Lydonie.	" Perhaps." " You must be particular in your choice, or	joyfully, as he caught her in his arms; "you	The bed was so snowy white, too, and a crim- son light fell over every thing.	-when you get (hic) one."
But the innocency tender Haloing her brow with splendor,	"Silly boy!" mittered the King, looking very much annoyed. " Never mind, my dear, he is	you would have had a sweetheart before now.	have insured our mutual happinesss. Ah, none	"Dear God ! 1 am in heaven," murmured	The policeman kindly assisted him to his house and rang the bell. The door partially
Will depart as does a rain-drop from the forehead of a	your husband ; the rest will come in time."	What kind of one would you lik?"	are so blind as those who will not see	nos."	opened. I got a transient glimpse of a night-
flower. As a woman she is fated ;	"What is the use of having a husband if he will not look at you ?" pouted Lydonie.	"I would like one, if you please, like-like,	by you side at the altar that I was reject-	What visions of loveliness glanced forth	capped head, as our horo was hurriedly drawn
She will be adorned and hated,	"He shall look at you, or I'll send him to	"Lke vou."	ing such a treasure.'	from the shadow behind the bed ? The rich carls fell around a face of exquisite beauty	pierced the midnight air, was heard to say :-
Know all depths of joy and sorrow-see glad days and gloomy years ;		"Phew I" thought the Dake, "I am get ting on here. Now, is this cunning, or is it	tle cottage, and the Duke was not sent to	The beaming eyes looked love and gladness	
And her path that now lies glowing	"Oh, no," cried Lydonie, "do not force him to look at me. If he has not curiosity	simplicity ?'	the Bastile.		policeman's face, while I crept shivering to bed,
Through green vales-by streams sweet flowing, Will wind sadly through dark places where the ground	enough to see what kind of a wife he has, I'm	They walked on sometime in silence. Bergeronette checked the Duke before a lit-	An Angel.	ly. "I am glad. They won't knock me over	wondering at the probable fate of "Bulger."
is wet with tears.	sure I do not wish to oblige him to look at me. I see how it is," he continued, a sad ex-	tle cottage, with a garden in front. There	BY MARY A. DENNISON.	again ; they wou't want me to steal apples here ; and perhaps I shall never die again	Man Illeman mile annua Dearta
Ah, the " evil days" are nearing,	pression stealing over her countenance. " Sire,	was a wicket gate leading i. to the garden. "Here is where I live," she said,	A little pauper boy sat down on the curb	Now. I want to see my mother."	The Weman who never Gossips.
When, her day-dreams disappearing, She will make to morn the absence of this freshness foy	you have forced the Count into this union."	She took a key from her girdle and unlocked	stones, and tried to think. His feet were bare,	"My dear boy, are you better this morn-	Oh, no, I never gossip ! I have enough

Oh, no, I never gossip ! I have enough to do to take care of my own business, without talking about the affairs of others, Mrs. Smith. Why, there's Mrs. Crocker, she deals in scandal by the wholesale. It does seem to me as though that wor an's tongne must be almost worn out ; but no, there's no danger of that. If everybody was like me, there wonidn't be much trouble in the world. Oh. no, I never gossip ! But did yon know that Miss Elliott had got a new silk dress, Mrs. Smith ? You didn't ? Well, she has. It's a real brocade ; I saw it myself ; and I do say its a shame for her heavenly smile lighted up his face. The past to be so extravigant I mean to give her a niece of my mind. Mrs. Smith. You believe her uncle gave it to her ? Weli, I dont care if he did. Why its only two months since her in this sty e it's a burning shame. I soppose she thinks she's going to catch young lawyer ken. He's got more sense that to be caught by her, if she has got a brocade silk dress. And there's the upstart dressmaker, Kate Manly, setting her cap for the doctors son .--The impertinence of some people is perfectly astonishing. I dent think she's any better

Will be vaguely, vainly yearning " Why should you care ?" For the tender light and gladness of the morning-land of " Because I love him,' answered Lydonie youth. innocently. Ab. that woman's gladdest laughter " Love him ?" Has a mournful echo atar! "Oh, so dearly; that is why I married him. Ab, that time should sow wild discord 'mid her heart's I had loved him from the moment I first beresounding strings ! held him. And now I am his wife, he will Ah, that wealth and pride and power not look at me.' Should eclipse love's holy dower-Lydonie burst into a flood of tears, and sank That earth's soiling dust should gather on her spirits upon a sofa. snowy wing ! The King pitied her sincerely, but what Stay awhile, oh, dawning maiden ! could he do? He had forced him to marry Coming time with change is ladenher, but he could not force him to love her. Lingering yet upon the threshold of tuy womanhood's He thought of the Bastile. It would not domain ; make him love his wife to send him there. For as years around thee cluster. Well, well," he said, " you are his wife. Though they bring the added lustre. They will take a bloom, a freshness that will never will make him a Duke, and I dare say you'll find him home before morning." come again. With these words the King withdrew. Lydonie was left alone with her sorrow .-Selected Cale. But she was not to droop long. She soon dried her tears, and looked all the better for them, like a rose after a shower. A Blindfold Marriage. Her old nur e came in and together they inspected her new home, which Lydonie found entirely to her satisfaction. The elite of the Court of Louis the XIV, the The Count did not come home that night. great monarch of France, were essembled in A weak passed by and he did not make the chapel of the great Trenton to witgess the his appearance. Lydonie came to the conclunuptials of Louis. Court of Franche Competsion he never would come. a natural son of the King-with Lydonie. She knew it was useless to appeal to the Duchess de Baliverue, a worthless heiress. King. He had made Franche Compte a The singular feature of the ceremony was Duke, but he could do nothing for her. that the bridegroom's eyes were to be bandag She determined to ascertain what her hused with a white handkerchief. hand was about. This circumstance excited the wonder of all She dispatched a trusty servant for intelli-Had the bride been old and ugly, they would gence, and, like all wives who place a spy upon not have been surprised. On the centrery, she their husbands' movements, she was not at all was young and quite pretty. pleased with the news she received. The King alone understood this strange The Dake was plunging into all kinds of freak of the bridegroom, and though much endissipation. He was making love to all the raged, he prudently held his peace and suffered pretty daughters of the shopkeepers in the the ceremony to proceed. Roe St. Antoine. A few words will explain the motives of the In fact, for a newly-married man, his conbridegroom. duct was shameful. When Louis XIV came back from his great "So leave me to run after such canaille." campaign in the Palatinate, he determined to exclaimed Lydonie. unite his son, whose valor and daring in the war She paused suddenly. An idea had enterhad greatly pleased him, to one of the wealthy d her brain. She determined to act upon it. wards of the crown. While she is meditating upon it, let us see He proposed the union to the young Duwhat the Duke is about. chess of Baliverene, and found her favorably One night, about eight days after his marriage, the Duke, plainly attired and muffled in She had just come to court, having just a cloak, reamed through the Faubourg St. emerged from the convent where she had com-Autonie, as was his weat, in quest of advecpleted her education. She had seen the young Count often, though tures. be had never designed to cast a glance apon As he turned the corner of one of those narday he pressed his sait. But there was only her. She knew he was brave and. noble, row lanes that intersected that quarter at that one way in which Bergeronette could be won and, she thought handsome. The bar sinister period, a piercing shrick barst apon his ear, mingled with suffocating cries for assistance. in his escutcheon was no objection. She accepted him. The Duke's sword was out in an instant -Unfortunately, Louis of Franche Compte, He was brave to rashness. Without a mowho, like his father, was something of a rep ment's thought he plunged into the lane. ate, would not accept her. He beheld a female struggling in the grasp " My son," said the King, " I have resolved of a man. "you shall marry." The man fled precipitately at his approach, and the girl sank into his arms, convalsively pind the Count, "I have resolved to do exclaimed :--being frownd. He was not in the babit " Save me, oh, save me !" The Dake sheathed his sword and endeavored to calm ber fears.

wish "Good night, sir," said Bergeronette, "and many thanks for your kindness." She is a Diana !" was the Duke's mental reflection. · Shall I never have the pleasure of seeing you again !" said the Duke. Do you wish it ?" she said earnestly. " Most ardeutly." " I'll ask my mother." An oath rose to the Duke's lip, but he pradently checked it. "Will you receive me to-morrow ?" "You may come, if my mother is willing -ves." " I shall be sure." "You will have forgotten me by to morrow." " I shall not forget you." " I have heard my mother ray the men al ays protest more than they mean. 'Your mother is ....... '' the Duke paused, and bit his lip. " What is she ?" asked Bergeronette arch " She is-right. But I mean what I say As sure as the morrow comes, so will 1." "Come. Good night." She turned from him, and was about to enter the garden. " Bergeronette." he said quickly, "one kiss She made no answer, but she inclined her head gently towads him. For a moment she ingered in his arms, and then tore herself from his embrace and passed quickly through the gate. The Duke determined to follow her. When he placed his hand against the gate he found it securely fastened. Bergeronette had pradently locked it after her. So the Duke went to his lodging-he had taken bachelor apartments on his wedding day -to dream of Bergeronette. The next day he went to the cottage in Rue St. Helene. He was received by Bergeronette timidiv. and introduced i y her to her mother, a fine, matronly dame, who sat quietly spinning in the corner, and allowed the young couple to rove

bours, more in love than ever.

he did not return to the Duchess.

den.

He came every day for a fortnight, and ev

-an honorable marriage. The Duke was in despair and at his wit's

end. He had a stormy scene with the King,

who threatened to send him to the Bastile if

So he came to Bergeronette, on the four-

" he

the gate.

She took a key from her girdle and unlocked

about the garden at will. old woman.

The King caughed and looked guilty.

" Oh," cried Lydonie, with anguish,

never loved me, then-he will never love me!"

red, and cold ; but never mind that. The chill Will she invite me to enter ?" Thought | air penetrated his ragged garments; but never the Duke-and the thought was father to the mind that. He wanted to think. Who are these people passing him, looking so warm and comfortable? What did it mean that they should be happy and cheerful, and he so sad? None of them had such heavy hearts ; that he was sure of. He looked up into the cold blue sky. What was it, and who lived up there ? Some bo y had said once that God would take care of him. Where was God? Why didn't

he take care of him? Oh if he could only see God for one little minute, or the angels that the good men told him of when his mother died ! Did they ever see angels ? An organ grinder come near and took h stand. The melody he played lightened the little boy's heart somewhat ; but it didn't warm him ; it didu't make him less hungry. He kept shivering in spite of the music, and he felt so all alone, so despairing? Then the organ

grinder passed away ; he never heeded the little child sitting on the curbstone, he had so many things to think of. The carriages passed by, and the carts and a company of soldiers; but it was all dumb show to him-be was try ing to think, with such a dull pain at his heart. Presently, three or four coarse-looking boys gathered behind him, and winked and laughed at each other. In another moment, the youngest gave a thrust, and over went the poor little homeless child into the gutter. One scream, one sob of anguish as he gathered himself up, and looked after the boys, now flying away before I go. Surely my forbearance deserves | with shouts of mirth. Oh ! how cruel it seemed in them-how cruel ! The little hungry boy

walked slowly on, sobbing and shivering to himself. He did i't know what he was walk ing tor, or why he was living. He felt out of place-a poor little spirit that had lost its way-a bruised reed that any one might break -a little heart so tender that look was an-

gaish, how much more a blow ! The little boy stood at last near the corner

of a street. An apple stand, at which he gazed with longing eyes, not far off, was tended by a cross-looking old man. There cakes on the stand, and the pcor little mouth of the homeless child watered as he saw one boy after an-

He had no penny, and though there was hunger in his eyes, the cross looking old man never offered him a morsel.

tarned. A vile boy at his side-at the side The Duke thought she was a very sensible of the homeless child-nudged his elbow .--You take one," he whispered ; " I'll give you The Duke departed at the end of three half "

The little child gazed at him steadily. He saw something in the bleared eyes that made him shrink ; something that set his heart to beating.

"I tell you, hook one," whispered the boy 'I won't tell, and we'll go away and eat it. "I don't want to steal," said the homeless child.

"Oh ! you fool," muttered the brutal temp ter, and smote him in the eyes, his heavy hand teenth day, to meke a final effort to obtain dealing a blow that sent the poor little child her. They were alone together in the gar- against the wall, his whole frame quivering with anguish. The terrible blow had almost

blinded him for a moment. A sob came up in "Here me, Bergeronette,' he cried, when he had exhausted every argument and found his throat. "Oh ! what have I done to be ber still firm, 'I swear to you ware I free, 'wested so ?" There never, never was a God,

" Is it mother !" he marmured. "Oh, yes," and there quick sobs and tears ;

ing ?" asked a low, soft voice.

dearly ?"

He turned slowly, wearily

yes, my little child, I will be your mother, and you shall be my son. Will you love me "Yes. I do love you, mother; is it heaven?" " Heaven ! no. darling it is earth ; but God sent you here to our hearts, and you shall be

loved and cared for. See, here is a little sister, and you will be very happy with her .--Kiss him, Nelly. Her rosy lips touched his paie ones, and a

was not forgotten, but it was gone. No more mouldy crusts, oaths, harsh words, and blows. No more begging at basement doors, and looking half famished to envy a dog gnawing a father failed ; and now to see her dash out bone in the streets. No more fear of rude children, who never knew where their hearts lay; uo more sleeping on door steps, and list- Jones ; but I think she'll find herself mistaening in terror to the drunken quarrels of the vicious and depraved.

Yes the past was gone ; and in the rosy future where love, home, even God and the angels. Certainly sweet spirits had guarded that child, and guided him out of seeming evil into positive good. Surely henceforth he would than she ought to be, for my own part. I put his hand trustingly in theirs, and turn his never did like her, with her mild, soft look, face heavenward. Yes, it was so to be. The when anybody's about. My word for it, dear teachable child-a jewel picked from the she can look cross enough when there ain't. mire, a brand snatched from the barning-was yet to illumine the dark paths of this world with his holy, heaven like teaching. Like a cretia ; and she's-well, I won't say how old, dove he was to go forth over the waters, and but she's more than seventeen, and I sin't find the olive branch with which to garland ashamed to say so, either : but I think Dr. his glad tidings. Blessings, then on all who hold their arms out toward needy little children, making their homes arks of refuge !--Beautiful stars shall they have in their crowns of rejoicing, for surely there is no jewel brighter in all the world, and perhaps in all eternity, than the soul of a little child.

## "Lodge Night."

Hearing a confused noise in front of my nouse, the other night, writes a correspondent, I threw up the window to ascertain the cause. I observed a dark object clinging to the lamppost that stands sentinel in front of my door : and listening attentively, I overheard the following soliloquy :

" Mariar's waitin' up for me! I see the light in her win'er. What the deu deuce does she act so darnfool (hic) foolish for on lodge lodgenights ? 'S'well enough to stay up on o'rrer nights-but's all dam nonsense, ye know, to wait for a fell'r on lodg (hic) nights. She knows 's'well as I do, busin' 's'got to be 'tended to-committe 's'got to report, an' var'us o'rrer little matters-she oughter 'ave more sense. Said she had the head (hic) headache when I left'er-told me not to stay out longer than I could 'elp. Well, I didn't ! how could I 'elp it ? Besides, I'll have the headache worse'n she will'n the mornin'. So devilesh stupid in her to get the headache when she knew I'd big bizness to 'tend to. Ah I these women, these women, they'll never (hic) learn

anythin', never ! "So let the world wag as wide as it will, I'll be gay and (hic) happy still." "He i he ! be ! (hic) Wonder what's be-

Then she says she is only seventeen ! Goodpess knows she's as old as my Arrabella Lu-May's son will have more discretion than to think of marrying her. Some folks call her handsome. Well, I don't. She ain't half so good looking as my daughter Jane. Then the way she does up her hair in such fly away curls ! and, if you believe it, Mrs. Smith, she actually had the impudence to tell me she couldn't make her hair as straight as my Maria's. Impertinence! If she would let curlingpapers and curling-irons alone, I'd risk but what her hair would be as straight as anybody's.

But what do you think of the minister's wife, Mrs. Smith ? You like her ? Well, all I can say is you've got a very peculiar taste.-Why she's as proud as Lucifer-been married a whole week, and hasen't been to see me yet. You presume she hasn't had time ? I don't see what the minister wanted to go out of town to get him a wife for, anyway; and then, above all things, to get that girlish-looking thing? Why didn't he take one of hsi parshioners ? There's my Arrabella Lucretian would have made him a better wife than he's got now. And she's just the right age for im. What do you say !-that Arrabella Lucretia is two years older than the minister? should think it was a pitty if I didn't know my own daughter's age, Mrs. Smith ! If some folks would mind their own business, as I do. I'd thank them.

"There's a woman at the bottom of every mischief,' said Joe. 'Yes, rep lied Charley ; 'when I used to get chief, my mother was at the me.

other deposit his penny, and take his cake .-

The tempter came. The old man's back was