TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

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ription to the paper. JOB PRINTING of every kind in Plain and Fanrs, done with neatness and dispatch. Hand-Blanks, Cards, Pamphlets, &c., of every va ty and style, printed at the shortest notice. The RTER OFFICE has just been re-fitted with Power s, and every thing in the Printing line can xecuted in the most artistic manner and at the rest rates. TERMS INVARIABLY CASH.

Selected Loetry.

HEREAFTER.

BY ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

the gold and rose of the respleandent West Toned into gray: and in the twilight stirred ith whispering sob the birches; from the cops Rang the clear mellow notes of Eye's own bird

s sweet and favorite music hath the power wake the slumbering memories of our souls. and paint our past lives in the present hour.

have the hills uprose a little lamp, A white thread woven in the black robe of night; gold star nursed in the blue lap of heaven, Whose soft ray shed upon me its pure light

There was a time—not far, yet 'tis an age When the Past was my Present : and I dreame hat now it recks not, yet would dream again,

from out the wreck of these my scattered hopes, Arising upward through a surging sea of midway troubles, that bright distant star. And sets a light betwixt Despair and me

The yellow sands stretch o'er the curved bay In broad expanse, what time the spring-tides fall ow the weed-grown rocks, till the slow sea Turns from its ebb again, and covereth all.

spread before us lie the things of Earth, Wherein we catch a glimpse of the sublime non the tide of working-life flows on,

And all merged in the sea of Time "The Hereafter" shall these things be plain? Who knows? It is not given to us to tell;

ort-sighted that we are, we seek to raise The veil, and cannot-yet it is as well!

Select Tale.

ONE OF THE MARTYRS.

It was a cold, raw morning towards the d of April. Masses of dark clouds skured across the heavens before a bleak east But in the Henry mansion comfort gned supreme The air was tempered to tied up in a comforter, rather worse for their cousins, probably." lightful warmth, an excellent breakfast wear. oked upon the table: from the glittering same being that had sat down to breakffee-pot went up a wreath of fragrant in- fast, fresh and trim, but the expression of The master of the house and the the face; that was clearly recognizable; we scions thereof enjoyed the repast with the same, but wofully intensified. Il appreciation, but anxious cares shadwed the brow of Mrs. Henry.

asked her husband. You'll be sure to send the men tly after dinner?" she asked of her liege there was so much to do. If

sing, egg-spoon in hand. "But hadn't really feels as if it was broken." u better think again? It's a bitter day." I know it " said Mrs Henry with entire She was not the woman to tain. ake light of the suffering that lay before But what can I do? Here it is the say, "It's easy for you to talk." But she ery last of April, and the house in such a made no remark, and only led the way to the mother.

"The house is well enough," declared the sband, glancing around the neat appoint- forth. ents of the dining room. "No need to one leaf turned up; the cloth, folded double, an at all as far as I can see

I suppose not," said Mrs. Henry, with a intive smile, betokening at once her comssion for such blindness and her utter ek of hope that it could ever be enlightlow it if nothing was touched from year's d to year's end. If your books and news- the children will sit down. I'll just take a dust; and as long as there was one spot sel could see through in the windows, 'd never dream but it was all right. as absolutely not fit to live in, but I've were brown and wrinkled from over long pt delaying and delaying, in hopes of ter weather, till there is no use in wait- hardly visible to the naked eye, and both any longer. I can't go another day

The intense firmness with which these st words were spoken brought conviction tomed to lay before his Penates at the great He offered no rther remonstrance, but finished his meal nd departed, promising to send up the sters over to her," he presently remarked.

His wife proceeded to her task with skill nd expedition. Every floor in the house as speedily denuded of its carpets, which re stacked in the back kitchen, awaiting arrival of the masculine force. Some man clean in a shilly-shally way, tearing June." on room at a time, and settling that ore another is attacked. Mrs. Henry's tempt of such doings was inexpressible. What! Have the whole corps of carpet for my part; I'm sure I can never get my akers come up once a day till she got ugh! Beautiful management that would And by the time the last room was the first would be about ready to she works, and she is mortally slow. I an over again. "No, let us make one don't feel that I can afford it. I don't think of it and get through !"was the fervent I ought to spare my own labor once in piration, and she followed it up with con- awhile.

Now, Bridget," she said to her hand- Henry, admiringly; and a thrill of pleasid, "I want you to go right up stairs ure at the appreciation vibrated one momop off the floors as fast as you can; ment under the faded shawl. see to the front part of the house myself, d between us, we'll soon have everything

ady to begin to clean." But what shall I do about dinner,

a'am ?" inquired Bridget. "the shed and cut his foot, that I hadn't a rticular in house cleaning. There's some d beef, isn't there ?"

Just a lump as big as me fist, that's all, thought it might make a taste of hash for

That will do very well, and we can have ast potatoes. You can't stop to pare em this morning. Be sure and keep up good supply of hot water."

Her work was before her, and to that all nergies were bent Only her own hands

Aradford

Remurice.

E. O. GOODRICH, Publisher.

invaded every inch of side-wall with her

should think it was time we were cleaning,

Helen, with a little shudder.
"Oh, it coulden't be put off! Of course

nce made up her mind? I could see she

Thank you. I dare say it will be a re-

You've not begun, I suppose?"

shall have Phillis, and take it easily. Give

his return to dinner, a general odor of damp-

A third figure now appeared on the scene

"Must I?" And a faint smile seemed to

which we have heard already, was set

appeared, and his heart grew lighter .-

"I didn't suppose they had," said Mrs.

trouble Helen at all if she didn't begin till

"She says she means to have Phillis '

But every one must suit herself, of course

"I shall be glad enough to have them go.

"Pooh! Couldn't cut his foot with that

Mamma, get the chicks ready, and I'll leave

Emma was teasing me all the morning

with her questions; and I was so afraid

cleaning done properly in any such

"Well, about the children."

minute's peace thinking of it."

woman and children to handle.

"I presume so. I know some people do

"It wouldn't

They haven't torn up yet.

Henry, in a peculiar tone.

was spread upon it.

domestic epoch.

in good Christian fashion ?"

The table stood against the wall,

my love to Margaretta. Good-by."

As Mr. Henry opened the front door

room; no sign of any meal was visible.

and she wouldn't talk a bit."

where's dinner, I wonder?"

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purifying broom.

How's Margarette?"

sure enough.'

TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., MAY 18, 1865.

out long application of the stick. She left tirement. the two stout Hibernians vigorously em-"Dear, dear!" she exclaimed, discovering a small cobweb behind a picture frame, "I providence. "No work in afternoons" was door closed after them; "it's early yet."

Well, then, said Heren, "I be poor children," said Mr. Henry, as the hardest way of taking comfort."

Margaretta's countenance chan providence. "No work in afternoons" was for her, as for most good housekeepers, the door closed after them; "it's early yet."

This was a drop in the overflowing cup. for her, as for most good housekeepers, the beginning and end of the law, but at such The state of the windows moved her to periods she felt that the custom was more a little," was the reply, "instead of going

yet more harrowing emotions. What streaks! what cloudiness! How could they honored in the breach than the observance. on with your newspaper as if you never She wrought faithfully on till dusk, cheered ever have lived with such things in such a through all her aching weariness by thought You haven't much idea of how my head state! She stood shivering over her tub, of the progress she was making; conscious, feels!" And the husband in his secret scrubbing and rinsing at frame and glass, too, that it would have been almost a mor- heart made the same accusation to which al transgression to abide longer in such an his little son had given voice. while the cold gust rushed in through the open casement. Twinges of pain shot now untidy house. and then through the back of her head, and

dread forboding visited her heart, but she ever faltered. Duty must be done. Meanwhile, Mr. Henry pursued his ordifor warmth. A slim little blaze curled was found to be broken in a hundred places nary avocations. Coming out of the post office, he encountered his sister-in-law. "Good morning, Helen; going to look in pictures were covered with old cloths or three-plys were in the days when they cost "No, I think not; I must hurry home. ered with a sheet, while their place was cents; but a series of beating every spring "Not a bit too well, I can tell you-and three Windsors, long guiltless of paint.— it yielded at last before the blind zeal of Every little article of ornament had been the two stout Hibernians. Great was the up to her eyes in cleaning by this time, I 'What, in this dismal weather?,' said it from the dust, and the bare floor gave desolate echoes to the lightest tread. there"il be neuralgia, and all that to pay. But who can stop a woman when she has

had started out on a regular bender." And 'Used up, eh, Margaretta?" said her Mr. Henry smiled that smile of concious husband, finding her extended on the sofa. pride befitting the husband of the most par- her temples bound tightly with a handkerticular houskeeper "in town." He felt chief. "Yes," replied a feeble voice, "my head about his wife's undertaking as you and I

felt when we heard that Sherman had begun aches dreadfully." his march to the seaboard. He knew it "I was afraid of it, I thought you were overdoing; and you ate no dinner at all." was a hard job, but she was the one to put "No, but in the course of the afternoon "Send the children over to me," said Hel- I grew hungry and took a piece of minceen. "Clara and Georgy will be glad to have their company, and they'll be out of ular meal. So it can't be want of food that

"Oh no. I shall do nothing till next to spare yourself a little?"

week, and not then unless it is milder. I other creature. ness and soapsuds saluted him. He passed down the bare hall into the bare dining anything I am particular about. And of cold rain set in; then how the rain suffered "Oh, papa," said his little girl, who was wandering disconsolately to and fro, "I'm time, and if it brings on any of my troub- through the immaculate hall! Every body so glad you've come! It's just as lonesome! les, I must just put up with it. Oh dear!" was made to come in at the back door; I went into the parlor with mamma, but as a peculiarly knife-like pain went through mats, scrapers were in constant requisithe windows were open and it was cold, the suffering head.

"Can't I do something for you?" asked bed spirit, unable itself to oversee these "She was too busy, dear. You mustn't Mr. Henry, in a sympathizing tone. disturb mamma when she's at work. But

It was clad in an old dark calico, faded and step into the kitchen and ask Bridget to set ter-in-law's. What a contrast did it prelimp; a small shawl, of hue equally sub- on something; I know she has the kettle sent to her own well ordered dwelling dued, was wrapped about it; its head was boiling. The children will have theirs with The porch was full of furniture, the case-

The room was quiet; huge shadows Nothing proclaimed this to be the urned with a tranquil murmur. retta's head grew easier; the pain seemed to pass off into the pillow; the sharp, far-reaching stabs were stilled. She fell into "How are you getting along, Margaretta?" "Oh, as well as I could expect where and the children burst in

"Oh dear," she groaned, roused to sufferjust have seen these parlor windows, John! never was so tired in my life! My back ng again, and thinking, a little reproach-"You must let everything go and lie their coming and taken them in by the back down and rest, or you'll be sick, that's cer-

Fire in the fireplace !" shouted Johnny.

'Isn't it nice, Emma?" "Did you have a pleasant visit?" asked

the kitchen where the tempting bill of fare. Splendid!" answered Emma. "Aunt Helen had a fire up stairs, and let us make just as much noise as we wanted to. And when we got tired we sat down to painting; I drew a butterfly, and painted it all How I hate that style of setting a tapink and yellow-such a beauty! I've got it in my pocket; I brought it home to show

" said Mr Henry, with some impatience. "Why not have it in the middle of the room Never mind, dear, I can't look at it now. I hope you didn't injure anything playing It's so in the way out here," explained his wife, deprecatingly, "and only you and

"No. I guess not. Johnny unset his tum pers were only conveniently at hand, you cup of tea by the stove, and try to get warmed up a little; I couldn't eat a mor- was real frightened! But Aunt Helen to be silent when such heresies were utwiped it up with a towel, and she said there tered. was no harm done."

"I don't see how Helen can bear to have his seat and surveyed the viands, but he e felt these two weeks that the house made no further comment. The potatoes a parcel of children romping through her house," thought Mrs. Henry. "It would tarrying in the oven, the cold meat was set me crazy. But she never was very par- and one feels quite relieved when it is ticnlar. Johnny, Johnny," aloud, "can't he and the children were very hungry .you make a little less noise? Those heels of yours seem to be stamping right into so late. I don't see how you can bear to But this species of semi-fast was a sacrifice which the well-trained husband was accusmy head;" and the young gentleman was

quiet for three-quarters of a minute. Mr. Henry now came in with a light and "Helen says you'd better send the young A good sized piece of pie had by this time

drew near the table. "Where's my Riverdale Story Books?" it?" asked Johnny. "I want to read about the vonng Robinson Crusoe."

I put them all away up stairs," said his mother: "you must take something else." But Robinson Crusoe alone would satisfy the youthful longings. "I'll get it, mamma," offered Emma, " If

employ her. I don't see how to manage, you'll tell me where." 'You couldn't child; it's away down under ever so many things. Johnny, get out your picture-cards ; they're in the ta-Phillis asks six shillings, too, for every day ble-drawer."

> then the cry arose again. "Do find something to keep him quiet, Emma," said her mother, in despair. "I don't dnow what to find : everything is put away. Oh dear, this isn't much like

Aunt Helen's," said Emma, disconsolately. The floor's so cold, and it all looks so bare and dismal." "Children," exclaimed Mrs. Henry, resolutely, "you must go to bed; I can't stand this constant talking any longer; I feel as

that Johnny would get at the axe out in if I should fly. Emma, undress your broth-the shed and cut his foot, that I hadn't a er, and take him up stairs." May not I come down again, mamma No, child; you'll be better off in bed,

axe if he tried all day. It's just fit for and I want the house quiet." 'I think mamma's very cross," observed Johnny to his sister, as he marched through

them at Aunt Helen's on my way down."
The field thus clear, Mrs. Henry addressed The same notion had visited Miss Em herself once more to duty. The men arriv- ma's mind, but she rebuked the expression ing, she superinteuded the removal of the of it with austerest virtue. "You're a very carpets to the back yard, and saw the task naughty boy to talk so, sir," of beating them fairly inaugurated. Shakwhen your mother has such a headache ould dress that sacred altar, the front paring might do for other people, but such reor, and she would not delay. Mounted ceptacles of dust as her carpets could nev- nified reproof, just like a grown up person,

"Seems to me you were rather hard on

"If you could just have attended to them heard a word, I might have let them stay.

At evening drew in, a fire was kindled detail through her labors. Various untold were down, and this was the only resort at such periods. The dining-room carpet among the sticks laid on a pair of ancient and to require as many darns. It was a andirons imported from the garret; all the three ply of admirable constitution, as considerably in her favor. newspapers; the chairs were turned inside one dollar and nineteen cents per yard, in supplied by an old rush bottom rocker and and fall had impaired its pristine virtue, and stowed away in a drawer or closet to keep lamentation over it, unconsolable almost as that voice of weeping in Ramah. But Mrs. To Henry found comfort at last in reflecting add to its cheerlessness, a powerful fra-grance of camphor prevaded the appart- so was not to blame; and the carpet, since it was to fall, had fallen in a good cause its numerous darns were so many tongues testifying for cleanliness. Then the man who was to paint and paper the sittingroom kept her waiting a whole week, and a careless whitewasher dropped five drops of lime on the lovely bordering in the back parlor. These were heavy crosses, but they were borne. Day after day did Mrs. Henry forsake her pillow with an aching frame but an undaunted heart; day after day did she wield the broom, and duster, the scrubbing-brush. One mournful morn, indeed, beheld her vanquished; for four "Perhaps not; but I wish you would be more prudent, dear. Couldn't you manage and she lay moaning on her uneasy couch and twenty hours her place knew her not, but she rallied speedily, and held her ground John, you don't know anything till the last tack was driven, the last stairabout it! You mean kindly, but men never rod in its place. Then the tension gave understand. There's just so much to be way; she yielded, as she known all along done, and I must do it; I can't trust anshe must do. Neuralgia was king; his Bridget is an excellent fierce pangs racks every portion of the girl, but I couldn't think of setting her at feeble form. In the height of his sway a course I can't have things dragging along with the suffering body! What visions of week after week; I must get through some mud and mire beset it of unclean tracks

precautionary measures? "No, there's nothing for it but to keep quiet; perhaps I shall doze a little by and bright May morning she was well enough You want your tea, don't you? Just to dress herself and walk over to her sisments of the front bed-room, empty, the hall and stairs uncarpeted. Thank played grotesquely on the wall; the fire ness, she was through, and could take the

Marga- comfort of it. reaching stabs were stilled. She fell into a half sleep, inexpressibly soothing, when less!" was Mrs. Henry's inward comment, early home, what a fine thing it was conproved to be a violent congestion, and she there arose a rush, a tramping in the hall, "doesn't put her own shoulder to the wheel

"Come into the back room, Margaret; we haven't interfered with that yet. that John might have watched for this easy chair and rest yourself. You'll excuse my keeping at work

" Certainly ; wouldn't hinder for world," and Helen went on dusting and replacing the books.

"You've got Phillis, haven't you?" asked

Mrs. Henry. "Yes, she is in the back yard, washing

the windows.' "Can you trust her?" spoke Margaretta, n a voice of horror.

"She does very well, as a general thing, but I always look over the panes and polish off any that are streaky "Shiftless!" thought Mrs. Henry,

should rather do it all myself," she said. "Oh, no," said Helen, calmly. "I find this much the easiest way.

Ease, indeed! The idea of a house-keep

asked Helen. "Yes, entirely, more than a week ago." "That is pleasant. It is a long business.

"Oh, I couldn't think of having it around

be cleaning in such fine weather." "I rather enjoy it. The country never looks so pretty as when I see it through newspaper; the children who had by this sashless windows; they seem to frame

time exhausted the amusement of the fire, the landscape, somehow, and make it a living picture. Haven't you ever noticed "Not I indeed: I am too busy. "It doesn't take much time. But I know

how you feel about early cleaning; it's will come here expecting a quiet visit, and very tempting; I often find it so myself, we shall make her as comfortable as we till I steadily remember how comfortless it makes the house. And I think, too, we are liable to take cold with the doors and windows open so much before the air is warm." Margaretta could not combat this theory as she would have liked to do, for Mr. Henry had a turn of sore throat which he would persist in attributing to these causes, but look their best. A new dress for herself This resource availed five minutes, but she had a feeling that people ought not to and new curtains for the parlor were im-

"What do you pay Phillis?" she inquired. "Seventy-five cents." "Isn't that high ?"

"I believe Mrs. Brown has a little les but I had rather give Phillis the extra shilling; she knows what to do and can go on

"Why, yes, if you feel easy to let her." "Of course I superintend; she is very willing to be told. It costs something, but I think it is economy, on the whole, to have her. I am not strong, and the hard work of cleaning is too much for me."

"I am not strong myself," observed Margaretta, on whom this plea for indolence by no means imposed.

"I know it," replied Helen, smiling "but I haven't your courage. I cannot contemplate one of those racking headaches with any sort of patience. In my opinion it is the very hardest way of saving money."
"Oh, it isn't that—though I think we

houldn't be afraid of our own work. But of cake in the basket -- and one of those cently carried away by her feelings.

right and as you want them. "Well, then," said Helen, "it's the very

Margaretta's countenance changed, and the sister felt that she had said too much. It was foolish, for extra neatness, she was well aware, is a vice as ineradicable as original sin, yet she was greatly tempted to go on and state her full conviction that the ousekeeping is best which confers most happiness; that the dreary days when the mother of a family is ill go far to counter- much about such kickshaw" balance whatever bliss may lie in spotless floors and windows; that no slavery to one's houses, justifies the misery both for on the sitting-room hearth; all the stoves circumstances arose, as they always will the man and woman of it. She could have set forth her views with great distinctness and some eloquence. That she restrained the rising flow of words is a circumstance

"I don't suppose we shall ever think alike on this subject, dear," she said, hasteach other, grouped in one corner and cov-stead of three dollars and twenty-five ening to make atonement, "any more than I expect my housekeeping will come agreeable as her sister-in-law. Conversaup to yours. George and I always agree tion, at least in her own house, was not when we take tea with you that no one has such rooms or such a table. They are a much burdened with culinary cases. pattern for anybody, and we are only sorry she had now a difficult problem to solve : that your strength is not equal to your

Margaretta's brow cleared, her displeasure was appeased. Helen had been her Mordecai; she had always withstood her. She, Margaretta, had always felt that Helen's thoughts were not like her thoughts; picion that she was under-valued and her gifts held in light esteem. It appeared that her sister-in-law knew her claims, at all glad she can see it at any rate."

She had occasion to feel its truth more in one day, quite jovial. "Great news Margaretta!" he said .-

You must do your best. The Mowbrays are coming next week. George has just 'The Mowbrays! Next week!" she re-

delight. Mr. Henry was disappointed. "I thought you would be pleased," he it would be most ungrateful if we were not glad to see her, at least. As she is a strantion, and what peace could visit the pertur- ger to you I suppose you owe her nothing.'

"I'm sure I feel most kindly, John; I she say of the consternation that filled her spirit; she saw that she had already deep-said—"Oh, my side! I shall be well in the she say of the consternation that filled her Helen came forth to meet her in a print dress and a clean collar, with her hair quite clined to be severe; he remembered what life seems inhospitable."

It seems inhospitable."

But when morning came she was in no sidered when a whole tribe of cousins made descent at once. How easily everything went on, and his mother was never in the least put out, if ever so busy. But then, as his wife had often given him to under- over this. stand, that good mother was by no means a shining light in housekeeping; and her health, too, was so excellent. Poor Mar-garetta! what a spirit she had, how much she accomplished, though she was never really well. Many a woman would hold herself excused from all exertion, if so feeble. But look at her house and see if she

ever claimed indulgence for herself! It Meanwhile Margaretta fairly trembled as she thought of the approaching guests. The Mowbrays, living in one of the best places in Madison Avenue: the Mowbrays rich as Jews, with plate and servants, and every appliance that money could command coming to visit her with her one girl, and

"How shall we ever manage?" she asked of Helen. "John says if you just give people a cordial welcome it's all they care

"I think it is, provided you accompany it with tolerable food and shelter-and we are competent to do that."

Now, Helen, it's easy to talk! just confess that you feel very anxious about entertaining friends that are used to such a different style of living.

"I can't say that I do. I presume they know about what to expect, and they were not always so very rich themselves. say that Mrs. Mowbray at our age lived as plainly as we do." "Perhaps; but people so soon forget

such things. "I don't think from all we have heard of her that she is that sort of person. She

can. I don't see anything to apprehend.' Margaretta was amazed at such obtuse ness. For herself, she determined to spare no effort at making a creditable appear-

ance in the eyes of these important strangers. She sat up night after night to finish the projected sewing; the children must perative; so were many little items of china and cabinet ware. These cares, with the general burnishing of the house and the thousand jam and jelly preparations, left her so worn out that it was well indeed that the guests were to make their visit to

Mrs. Mowbray's appearance disappointed Margaretta not a little; a pleasant, middle aged woman in a gray silk dress; not one atom formidable. She had expect ed, she didn't quite know what; a great deal of style, and elegance, and manner. Mrs. Mowbray was as an unpretending as her own mother; she called George and John "the boys," and treated their wives

with the frankest kindness. Did you ever see such a tea set before ompany ?" said Margaretta to her husband, on their return from the first afternoon visit at Helen's,
"What ailed it? I had a good biscuit

and a cup of capital Young Hyson.' "These things are of course. But only

NUMBER 51. on a step ladder, she swept the ceiling and er be made fit for putting down again with quite consoled her under the enforced rethere is the comfort of having things done jelly cake! I should hardly have called it a tea if we had been there by ourselves-

and what must the Mowbrays have thought!'

"As to that, they can't expect to find Fifth Avenue up here in the country."
"It isn't Fifth, its Madison. I shall expect to show them at any rate that I understand things a little better when they come | mence speculating. Look at our successto our house.

"Oh, if you mean that you can set out a handsomer table than Helen, no one will think of denying that. No that I know

His wife was aware of that; it was one of her trials. With firmest faith in her superiority he was yet incapable of delicate distinctions, and consumed her choicest dainties just as he did dough-nuts and apple sauce. It was to be hoped that the not above his business; but we think he Mowbrays would show more appreciation. The time of their visit came at last. The

first day went off well, except that Margaretta was too tired almost to speak, and Mrs: Mowbray thought her by no means as and And how to make her single assistant so fill the temper. Do not fancy yourself a victim places of the whole Mowbray retinue that no want should be discernible.

The second day was very warm; one of the only person that is wrong, when you those melting, scorching times that often blaze down upon us towards the end of It is a great deal better to be without an June Great preparations were afoot in arm, or leg, than to lack cheerfulness that Helen's great object in life was a diff- the kitchen, and though each door and What if the globe does not roll round in erent one from hers. She had a painful sus- window was opened to its widest, the air the precise direction you want it to! Make was still, Bridget averred, hot enough to the best of it! Put a pleasant face on the roast an egg. Mrs. Henry determined to matter, and not go about throwing cold add ice-cream to an already bountiful des- water on the firesides of all the rest of events, and that humble statement of infe- sert, and as three minute freezers were not mankind. If you are in want of an examriority, in which she concurred with her yet invented, she was obliged to bestow ple, look at the birds, or flowers, or the whole heart, though her lips were mute, was a grateful tribute. "No one has things at all like mine!" she thought. "Well, I am the cold cellar, stood on the bricks and rearranged the salt and ice, without once found the philosopher's stone; there is no thinking of imprudence. She was remind- cloud so dark but he sees the blue sky bethan once that summer. Mr. Henry came ed of it by a strange feeling in the chest youd; no trouble so calamitous but he finds and a familiar one in the head; a long, ag- some blessing left him to thank Providence onizing thrill.

had been well drilled and performed ber of Golcondo cannot purchase. Snow and part to admiration. No professed waiter rain cannot penetrate it-scorn and concould have moved about more noiselessly tumely fall harmless from its surface. The peated, and her face was not indicative of or answered wants with more assiduous quiet care. The ice-cream was delicious; can only compel him to trim his sails and Mr. Mowbray pronounced it better than try again. Who would be a mere thersaid, with some feeling. "Mrs. Mowbray Delmonico's and his wife expatiated on the mometer, to rise and fall in spirits with was like a mother to George and me, and excellence of everything in the country .- every change of life's atmosphere Not all the pleasure which this praise awakened could blind Margaretta to her increasing illness. The pain in her head was frightful, and sharp stabs in side and chestwant to show her every attention. But I'll responded to it. At last even her heroism tell you why I looked perplexed; just see could endure no longer; she was obliged to this pile of sewing! Johnny's waists and give up, excuse herself, and fairly take to give up, excuse herself, and fairly take to pants, and Emma's ruffled muslin and her bed, leaving the Mowbrays to entertain Swiss Garibaldi to tuck. I calculated that themselves. Helen, who came over on by steady work I could just finish by the learning the state of things, wished them end of next week, and you took me by sur-prise, that's all." Not another word did not hear of it.

ly sinned in receiving the information with morning, and I can't bear to have them go.

out of her room one day looked very grave "I am afraid, my dear," she said to Helen, "that your poor sister never will get

"Oh, do you think so?" Helen cried, alarmed. "But you are not used to seeing her in illness; she often has severe pain, and her face shows it very soon. I cannot but hope you are mistaken."

Events justified Mrs. Mowbray's opinion

And then-what happened then? Just, dear Belinda, what will happen to Mr. - train of thought, or liking and antipathies should you be "taken away;" just what in -if I had one. Mr. Henry was first afflicted; then unutterably lonely; last of all consoled. Two years from the date of Mar- We doubt if a thoroughly impatient man garetta's death he brought home his secnd wife. She was a girl of nineteen, pretty and amiable; she was fond of him, and proved kind to the children, spite of a numerous progeny of her own. But she hanging in suspense, is neccessary for all fingers marked the polish of the bureaus, little heels dented paint and scraped off ve- ings -London Sat. Review. neering: the best roseblankets trailed on dusty floors, and the doorknobs were often sticky. Poor Margaretta! she lay still through it all !

And following close upon her track came many a matron she had known, eager, it would seem, to emulate her career. fully to hoard her choicest things for a successor, to rise early, to lie down ltae to offer strength and health, and finally life itself in that cause of which she was one

HOW HOLLAND WAS GATHERED .- No description can convey the slightest idea of the way in which Holland has been gathered, particle by particle, out of the waste of waters, of the strange aspect of country, and the incessant vigilance and won-drous precautions by which it is preserved. Holland is, in the fullest extent, an alluupon all sides. Produced by the most dex-terous and indefatigable exertions, it can "Yes sir," was the be maintained only by artificial means. the efforts by which it was redeemed from the waters were to be relaxed, the ocean would reassert its rights, and the whole kingdom would be submerged. The slight- the Vicksburg Spy, and lots of others, by est accident might sweep Holland in the first rate authors deep. It was once undermined by an insect. Indeed, the necessity of destroying insects is so urgent, that the stork, a great feeder on them, is actually held in veneration, and almost every species of bird is religiously protected from injury. nesting was strictly protected by law. The

one sort of sweetmeats, and but two kinds everywhere for his sweetheart who was re- boy in reply, "but it seems to me that you

great country depends upon such guaran-

Above His Business .- It is a serious evil that many a young man has fallen into, to be above his business. A person learns a trade, and he must go to shop-keeping, or street loafing, or turn politician. Fool! street loafing, or turn politician. Fool !-If he cannot make a living at his trade, we are sure that he cannot in any other way. And then young men brought up to shop-keeping must buy farms, or houses. or some other foolish thing, they know nothing about, and what is the result ?-Head over heels in debt and certainfailure. Multitudes have been ruined by being above their business, and branching out in-

to what they know nothing about. There is no trouble about young men who do not feel their importance, and are willing to work at their trades or professions till they get a little before hand. With a small capital to fall back upon, they can feel like venturing into other businessand by this time will have formed habits that will be likely to keep them straight Those who succeed best in life are men who stick to business and make money be fore they buy farms and houses, and comful men and you will see where lies the secret of success

You will find they never were above their business, and never paid for the doing of a job which they could just as well do them-selves. We know a man worth from thir-ty to forty thousand dollars, and no laborer works harder than he. He never hesitates to take off his coat and do any kind of work about his premises. Such a man is is too far in the other extreme. Of this we are sure : if all men will be prompt and punctual, stick to their business and not be too proud—they will eventually succeed and become independent.—D. C. Colesbecome independent.—D.

CHEERFULNESS .- Tonics, stimulatives, medicines! There is nothing in all the pharmacopæia half so inspiring as a cheerful Do not go through the world with a face half a yard long. My dear friend, you are for. He may be poor and destitute, but The dinner went off beautifully; Bridget he walks clad in armor that all the mines storm that sinks a less courageous craft

WHAT IS A WOMAN ?- Victor Hugo, who has been at immense expense to popularise himself as a poet with the female sex, goes much farther, because he goes much deeper, than the most malignant saint in the calendar in his physiology of women. woman," observes this amiable heir of the Provencial bards, "a woman is simply a highly-improved style of demon." Alexander Dumas, the younger, with whom pul monary consumption is the only female relion, has uttered a great many outrageous impertinences concerning women. ven," he exclaims, "in its merciful providence, gave no beard to women, because it knew that they could not hold their tongues long enough to be shaved." "For the sake of women," observed the same individual, and, in the midst of this universal carnage the creature who brings it to pass has only one thought in her mind, which is to decide whether she shall dress herself so as to look like an umbrella or like a dinner-bell.

THE EFFECTS OF IMPATIENCE. - Nothing more ncapacitates a man for the lead than im No constitutionally impatient Margaretta rallied indeed from the first attack, and passed in comfort through the early autumn, but as winter came on her any nicety the standing, disposition and cough increased. She drooped and dwind- circumstances of the people among whom led away, and before the last snow had melt- he is, or has thrown himself amonest. Cered from the hills lay quiet in the little tain salient points he is possessed of but not what reconciles and accounts for them. Something in him-an obtrusive half, or will always come between him and an imsuch a case would happen to my husband partial judgment, neither does he win confidence, for he checks the coy, uncertain advances which are the precursers to it. can read the heart or be a fair critic or understand the rights of any knotty question or make himself master of any difficult sit uation. The power of acting, deliberating, housekeeper. Little these,—the power of staving off for considerable periods of time merely personal lean-

> THE BOY'S COMPOSITION ON MOONLIGHT .-The following composition is said to have been read in one of the schools of a neigh-

boring village: Twas a calm still night : the moon's pale light shone soft o'er hill and dale. Not a breeze stirred; not a leaf stirred; not a dog stirred; not a horse stirred; not a man stirred; not an owl stirred; not a hog stirred : not a cow stirred : not a sheer stirred; not a cat stirred; not a mousstirred; not a hen stirred; not even a goose

stirred : Here the teacher interrupted with the observation that the composition appeared to him to relate more to agriculture than

"Well, my boy," said the Reverend Docvium of the sea. It consists of mud and tor, visiting the house of a friend, to the sand rescued from the ocean, and banked young son of his host, "so you are fitting

"Yes sir," was the reply "Have you made yourself familiar with

any historical works?" "Oh, yes, sir; I've read Dick Turpin, Three-Fingered Jack, Old Hal Williams,

The Reverend Doctor went way satisfied Too THICK .- A good anecdote is told of a house-painter's son, who used to brush dex-terously, but had acquired the habit of putting it on too thick.

One day his father,

having frequently scolded him for his drift of all this is palpable enough. But it lavish daubing, and all to no purpose gave is curious that the very existence of a him a severe flagellation. "There you young rascal," said he, after performing the painful duty, "how do you

"Well, I don't know, dad," whined the put it on a thunderin, sight thicker'n I did.