

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.
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PRINTING of every kind in Plain and Fam-
ily styles, done with neatness and dispatch. Hand-
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variety and style, printed at the shortest notice. The
Printer's Office has just been re-fitted with Power
Presses, and every thing in the Printing line can
be executed in the most artistic manner and at the
lowest rates. TERMS INVARIABLELY CASH.

Selected Poetry.

MARCHING HOME.

The orders for the return of our troops have
just gone forth and the columns are beginning
to move.

We are marching home at last,
Now the cruel war is past,
And the time of peace draws near;
We are marching home at last,
Now the cruel war is past,
To the homes our hearts hold dear.

With our banners stained and torn,
That through many a fight were borne,
Where death rained thick and fast,
Now our glories work are done,
Now the Union cause is won,
We are marching home at last.

Marching home to those we love,
See the veteran columns move,
Hear the drums and shrill fife play,
Hear our voices raised in song
As we proudly march along
On our homeward way!

With our trusty arms we come,
To the sound of life and drum,
Now the cruel war is past;
Light of heart and glad are we,
Having served the cause, to be
Marching home at last.

All day long we march full light,
Then beside the camp-fire's light,
Underneath the starry dome,
It is sweet to close our eyes,
While the night wind softly sighs,
On our march toward home;

And in sleep to dream we hear
Friendly voices sounding near,
Bidding welcome as we come,
Till at length the morning breaks,
And the happy dream awakes,
To the beating of the drum.

Then once more upon the way,
March we on at dawn of day;
Now the cruel war is past;
Light at heart and glad are we,
Having proved the right to be
Marching home at last.

Select Tale.

MISS PRECIOUSA'S PRINCIPLES.

In the most precise of country villages,
in the primest mansion ever built,
dwelt the most precise maiden ever born,
Miss Preciosa Lockwood. Even in that serious
town, where laughter was reckoned one of
the smaller sins, and the family in whose
dwelling lights were seen burning after ten
o'clock were considered dissipated, there
was a current joke regarding Lockwood
cottage, which giddy girls had dubbed
"The nursery," and some even went so
far as to call Miss Preciosa the "Lady Super-
ior."

Certainly convent walls never closed
themselves more grimly against mankind,
gentle and simple, old and young. What
in many an excellent spinster has been an
affection was genuine with Miss Preciosa.

Long ago a pretty little cousin, who had
been her confidant and companion, had be-
come acquainted with a rascal with a hand-
some face and a serpent's soul, and had
eloped with him. They heard of her wear-
ing velvet and diamonds, but no wedding-
ring, and driving about New Orleans in a
handsome carriage, wondered at and ad-
mired her beauty and shunned for her
sin. And, at last, after a long silence
about her doings, a faded thing in rags
came creeping at night to Miss Preciosa's
cottage, begging for God's sake that she
would let her in to die. Miss Preciosa did
the reverse of what might be expected. She
gave a sister's hand to the poor victim—
nursed her until she died, and buried her
decently, and thereupon shut her spinster
home to man. She was barely twenty-
seven, and far from plain, but she argued
thus: Something in a stove-pipe hat and
boots has wronged this ill—all who wear
those habiliments must be tabooed.

She kept her resolution. From the poor-
house she selected a small servant-maid,
not yet old enough to think of "followers."
As cook she kept a hideous old female, too
far advanced in years to remember them.
The milk was brought by a German wo-
man. The butcher's wife, by request,
brought in the joints. Even a woman cut
the grass in the garden when it was too
long, and if man approached the gates an
ancient Deborah, the cook was sent forth to
parley with and obstruct his approach.

Having thus made things safe, Miss Preciosa
went to New York and brought home
a dead sister's daughter, who had hitherto
been immured in a boarding-school, and
the arrangements were complete.

Miss Lockwood took her niece to church,
also to weekly meetings. They spent after-
noons out with widow ladies with no grown-
upsons, or with spinsters who resided in
solitary state.

The old lady kept an Argus eye upon her
niece, and held indeed would have
been the man who dared to address
her.

For her part, Miss Bella Bloom was an
archly-prudent. She had learned that in
boarding-school, where ingenuity is ex-
hausted in deceiving the authorities, and doing
always exactly what is most forbidden.—
Bella Bloom came to Lockwood Cottage
perfectly competent to hoodwink her aunt.

She did it. Preciosa blessed her stars
that her niece was well principled. She
lately could walk and talk and be sociable
with a man, and marry them. And when she
thought that she lived in a home where
she could not intrude, how thankful she
was Aunt Preciosa could never guess.

The Bradford Reporter.

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VOLUME XXV. TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., MAY 25, 1865.

And all the while Bella was chafing in-
wardly at her restraint, envying girls who
had pleasant little flirtations at will, and
keeping up a private correspondence with a
certain "Dear George," who sent his let-
ters under cover to the butcher's wife, who
brought them in with the beef and mutton,
and said, "Bless ye, nature will be nature
for all old maids; and I was a gal myself
out afore Cleaver courted me."

Dear George was desperate. He could not
live without seeing his Bella. He wrote
bitter things about spinster aunts. He al-
luded feelingly to those rendezvous in the
back garden of the seminary, with Miss
Clover standing sentry at the gate on the
look-out for a governess and enemy. The
first opportunity he was coming to Plain-
ville, and intended to see his Bella or die.
Was he not twenty-three, and she seventeen?
Were they to waste their lives at a spinster's
bidding? No.

Miss Preciosa, with her Argus-eyed
watchfulness, sat calmly hour by hour two
inches from the locked drawer of a cabinet
which contained the gentleman's letters, and
dined from meats which had been the
means of conveying them across the thresh-
old, inculcating her principles into the
minds of her niece and handmaid, the
latter of whom grined behind her lady's
chair without reserve. Charity Pratt, hav-
ing grown to besetting, also had her secret.
It was the apothecary's boy who, in his
own peculiar fashion, had expressed ad-
miration at church by staring.

A few days after, Dr. Green, the bach-
elor minister, called at the cottage. De-
borah went out to huff and snap, and was
subdued by the big eyes. She came in.

"Miss," said she, "the clergyman is out
there."

"Where?" gasped Preciosa.

"In the garden, Miss, wantin' you."

"Me! You said, of course, I was out?"

"No, Miss. Every body receives their
pastor."

So the pastor was ushered in. He con-
versed of church affairs. Miss Preciosa
answered by polite monosyllables. Bella
smiled and stitched. Deborah sat on a
hall chair on guard. Finally the best spec-
imen of the bad creature, man, was
out of the house safely, and the ladies
looked at each other as "those might who
had been cloistered with a polar bear and
escaped unharmed."

"He's gone, aunty," said the hypocrite.
"Thank goodness!" said sincere Pre-
ciosa. "I thought I should have fainted.
Never let it happen again, Deborah. Re-
member I'm always engaged."

"But he seems a nice, well-spoken, good-
behaved kind of a gentleman," said De-
borah. "I'd a clergyman."

"So he does," said Preciosa. "But ap-
pearances are deceitful. I once knew a
clergyman—"

"Yes, Miss."

"A Doctor of Divinity, Bella—"

"Yes, aunty."

"Ah! who—who—"

"Well?"

"Who kissed a young lady of his congre-
gation in her father's garden?"

"Oh! I am not!"

"He afterwards married her. But I
never could visit her or like him."

"Bless you, no," said Deborah. "Now
the best thing you can do is to have a cup
of strong green tea and something nourish-
ing to keep your spirits up. Cleaver's wife
has just fetched oysters in." (Private sig-
nal to Bella.)

"Has she? Oh! I so love oysters!" cried
Bella, and ran to get George's last.

It was a brief one, and in it George
went out to appear at the cottage when they
least expected him and demand his betrothal.

That evening, at dusk, Miss Preciosa
walked in the garden alone. She was
thinking of a pair of romantic big eyes, of
a soft voice and a softer hand which she
had been surprised into allowing to shake
hers.

"It's a pity men are so wicked!" said
she, and sighed. Although she was near
thirty she looked very stiff as she walked
in the moonlight, forgetting to put on pri-
maries and graces and to pretty herself.
Her figure was much like her niece Bella's,
so much so that some one on the other side
of the convent-like wall, with eyes upon a
level with its upper store, fancied it was that
young lady. Under this belief he clambered
up, stood at the top, and whispered,

"My dearest look up, your best beloved
is here; behold your George!"

And Preciosa, lifted her eyes, beheld a
man on her wall, flung her hands in the air,
and uttered a shriek like that of an enraged
peacock.

The gentleman discovered his mistake,
endeavored to retreat, stumbled and fell
headlong among flower pots and boxes, and
lay there quite motionless.

The shriek and the clatter aroused the
house. Deborah, Bella, and Charity Pratt
rushed to the scene, and found a gentleman
in a sad plight, bloody and senseless, and
Miss Preciosa half dead with terror.

Bella, recognized dear George, fainted in
goodly fashion. Preciosa, encouraged by
numbers, addressed the prostrate youth,
and said,

"Get up, young man, and go; your wicked-
ness has been perhaps sufficiently pun-
ished. Please go."

"He can't; he's dead," said Deborah.

"Oh, what a sudden judgement! You're
sure he's dead?"

"Yes, Miss."

"Then take him into the house and call
the doctor."

They laid him on the bed and medical
aid came; the poor fellow had broken a
leg.

"He'd get well. Oh, yes, but he couldn't
be moved."

Miss Preciosa could not murder a fellow-
creature, and she acquiesced.

"He can't run off with the spoons until
his leg is better," said Deborah.

"He isn't able to clope with any one,"
said Miss Preciosa; "and we should be
gentle with the erring. Who shall we find
to nurse him?"

"Old Todd's is competent, Miss," said
Deborah.

"Yes. Do send for that old person," said
the lady.

And old Todd came. He of course dwelt
in the house. The doctor came every day.
The apothecary's boy invaded the hall with
medicines; and finally, when the young
man came to his senses, he desired earnestly
to see his friend Dr. Green.

"Our clergyman his friend," said Pre-
ciosa. "He must have been misled then;
surely his general conduct must be proper.

Perhaps this is the first time he ever looked
over a wall to make love to a lady. By all
means send for Dr. Green.

Thus the nursery was a nursery no more.
Two men under the roof. Three visiting it
daily! What was the world coming to?
Miss Preciosa dared not think. Bella was
locked in her own room in the most decor-
ous manner while her aunt was in the
house, but when she was absent Deborah
and Charity sympathized and abetted, and
she read and talked deliciously to dear
George, lying on his back with his hand-
some face so pale, and his spirits so low,
poor fellow!

Troubles always come together. That
evening Miss Preciosa received information
that legal affairs connected with her prop-
erty, which was considerable, demanded
her presence in New York, and left the es-
tablishment which never before so much
needed its Lady Superior. She returned
after three days toward evening, no one
expecting her. "I shall give them a pleas-
ant surprise," she thought, and slipped in
the kitchen-way. There a candle burned,
and on one chair sat two people—Charity
Pratt and the druggist's boy. He had his
arm about her waist.

Miss Preciosa grasped the door frame
and shook her head to foot. "I'll go to
Deborah," she said. "She can speak to that
misguided girl better than I." She started
forward. Deborah was in the back area
scouring teak-panels. Beside her stood old
Todd, the nurse. They were talking.

"Since my old woman died," said Todd,
"I hain't seen nobody scour like you—and
the pies you does make."

"They ain't better than other folks," said
Deborah, grimly coquettish.

"They ar?" said Todd; and, to Miss
Preciosa's horror, he followed up the com-
pliment by asking for a kiss.

Miss Preciosa struggled with hysterics
and fled parlorward. Alas! a murmur of
sweet voices. She peeped in. Through
the window swept the fragrance of honey-
suckle. Moonlight mingled with that of
the shaded lamp. Bella leaned over an
easy-chair in which reclined George Love-
boy. This time Preciosa was petrified.

"Dearest Bella," said George.

"My own," said Bella.

"How happy we are!"

"Oh, so happy!"

"And when shall we be together again?
You know I must go. Your aunt won't
have me here, Bella. I must tell her—
Why are you afraid of her?"

"She's so prim and good, dear soul," said
Bella.

"Ah! you don't love me as I do you."
"George?"

"You don't. Would I let an aunt stand
between us?"

"Oh, George, you know I've told you
that nothing could change me. Why, if
you had staid lame, and had to walk on
crutches all your life, it would have made
no difference, though I fell in love with you
for your walk. I don't deny it."

"And I," said George, "would have
been content had fate willed that I
should be a cripple to have been so cher-
ished, to have possessed on so faithful a bosom."

"Oh, oh, oh!" from the doorway checked
the speech. Those last awful words had
well-nigh killed Miss Preciosa Lockwood.
Hysterics supervened, and in their midst a
gentleman was announced. The Rev. Pe-
ter Green.

"Show him in," said Preciosa. "I need
counsel. Perhaps he may give it." And
for the first time in her life she hailed the
entrance of "a man."

Mr. Lovelock left the room as stealthily
and speedily as possible. Miss Bella fol-
lowed him. Charity was in the pantry
hiding her head, and Deborah returned to
the cellar.

Alone the Lady Superior received the
Rev. Peter Green. She faltered and blushed.

"You are, I presume, already aware of
the fact that I am much disturbed in mind,"
she said.

"Yes, Madam. That is perceptible."

"You are my spiritual adviser, Sir. To
you, though a man, I turn for advice," and
she shed a tear or two. "My own house-
hold has turned against me." And she told
him all.

The Rev. Peter made big eyes at her,
and broke the truth gently.

"My dear Madam, you do not know that
old Jonathan Todds and your faithful De-
borah intend to unite their fortunes in the
bonds of holy wedlock next Sabbath?"

"Know it? Oh, the old, old sinners! Are
they in their dotage?"

"Or that Charity Pratt, who seems a
likely sort of girl, has promised to give her
hand to Zeddoek Saltz on Thursday?"

"Oh, Doctor Green! What do I hear?"

"The truth, Madam. Can you hear more?"

"I hope so."

"Then it is time that you should be in-
formed that Miss Bella Bloom and Mr.
George Loveboy have been engaged a year.
They have corresponded regularly. It was
seen her behind the garden wall and
met with his accident. Don't give way,
Madam—don't."

"You're very kind," said Miss Preciosa;
"but it is awful! What would you advise?"

"I should say: Allow Todds and Deborah
to marry next Sunday."

"Yes, Sir."

"And Charity and Zeddoek on the day
they have fixed. And I should sanction
the betrothal of your niece and Mr. Love-
boy, and allow me to unite them at some
appointed day before the altar?"

"My own niece!" said Miss Preciosa.
"Oh! my own niece!"

"Do you so seriously object to weddings?"
asked the pastor.

"No, no," said Preciosa. "It's this awful
courtin' I dislike."

"I agree with you," said the pastor.
"I have resolved, when I marry, to come
to the point at once. Miss Preciosa, the
Parsonage needs a mistress. I know of
no lady I admire and esteem as I do you.
Will you make me happy? will you be my
wife?"

Preciosa said nothing. Her cheeks burn-
ed; her lids drooped. He came a little
closer. He made bigger eyes at her than
ever. At last his lips approached and
touched her cheek, and still she said nothing.

In such a case "speech is silver, but
silence is gold."

Deborah was married on Sunday, being
her fortieth birthday. Charity on Tuesday.
Miss Bloom gave her hand to George Love-

boy in a month; and on the same day a
brother clergyman united Preciosa and the
Rev. Peter Green. And the nursery was
broken up forever.

REMEMBER ME.—There are not two other
just as it did four years ago tonight in
this. There is nothing changed about this old
place as I look upon its picture now.—
There stands the stone-curbed well, over
which the long sweep hangs, with its dan-
gling bucket, moss-covered, and dripping
water monotonously—just as ever. There
is Carlo's kennel, and Carlo himself
is lying there, with his nose upon his out-
stretched paws, and his eyes closed lazily;
precisely thus he lay as I looked out of this
window four years ago this hour. I can
hear Kate and Bess and Dick and Duke
stamping with their iron hoofs in their sta-
bles in the old red barn; and over the top
of that same tree that bears the golden
sweets peeps the wooden weather-cock on
the roof of the hay-stack. The doves
have been flying in and out of their cov-
ers over the wide door for the past hour; and
the swallows, not yet gone to sleep, are
squeaking and chattering in the eaves
very loud. Under comes Philip whistling
up the road. He has changed no more in
these four years than if he were an image,
instead of being, as he is, a middle-aged
servant-man. Every thing my eye rests
on is just the same—just the same. I
wish it were not. How can the world go
on so unchanged?

It seems as if I had been dreaming, here
by the window in the sun of the warm May
afternoon, and had just awakened in the
falling twilight. Was it my wedding-night
this night four years ago?

Yes. There, on the bed within this room,
my boy is sleeping. Here on my finger
is my wedding-ring, and I kiss it, and
it is as cold to my lips as his forehead was.
Here are my Widow's mourning garments.
I am twenty-two. I was eighteen when
Frank drew me to his heart, here in this
very room, and called me his darling, his
brave-hearted bride. Oh, how I loved him!
You ladies who live in cities, and whose
lives are crowded with events—who have
loved and unloved one man after another—
whose hearts were older at eighteen than
mine is this day, even after all of its deep
joy and sorrow—you cannot know how I
loved my husband.

He was the only man I ever loved re-
member—the only one. My father was so
stern with me that I never dared to love
any man. My mother died when I was little,
and my father kept me in his breast, and
eye, permitting me no such pleasures as
those that country girls generally have, and
books were my best companions. There
were picnic parties in the woods in summer,
and husking-bees in autumn, and other mer-
ry-makings of which I sometimes heard,
but which I never saw. Almost my only
knowledge of life outside my own home
was gathered from the glimpses I got of
the neighbor-people on Sundays at the little
church where all the farmers on Morcott
Heights met to worship, and still do. It
was there I first saw Frank—when I was
a little curly-headed girl, and he was a
blue-eyed boy five years my senior. There
I saw all I ever saw of him, till I was six-
teen, and he was home for the college va-
cation. I met him then, one afternoon as
I was coming home from a neighbor's house
and he walked along by my side, and loved
me as much as I did him, and kissed me
him that hour with my whole soul; and dur-
ing the two years following I learned to
find my sweetest happiness in his smile,
the thrilling touch of his hand, the soft
words of love he spoke to me; and at last
to sink in the tremor of unutterable happi-
ness upon his breast when he asked me to
be his wife.

Can you wonder, then, that the wedding
night on which he made me his was daz-
zling in its brilliancy to my eyes? I was
almost intoxicated with the novelty and
the joy of that scene. The great rooms of
Squire Moreton's house were like those of
a palace compared to the humbler home
where I had been reared, and it was there
we were married, for Frank wished it so.
The crowding guests, the gleaming lights,
the marriage ceremony, the congratulations,
the whispered joy of my husband as he
beamed over me, and the odor of the apple-
blossoms, pervading all, seemed like a beau-
tiful dream then, seem like a dream now,
with the orchard's perfume alone remain-
ing.

Do you believe me exaggerating when I
say that I would have yielded up my life
unmurmuring for my husband's sake? If
you do, it only shows that you have no
conception of a love like that I bore for
Frank. It was wrong to love a man so,
perhaps; but oh, I was so happy! He was
my all, my life, my heaven. On him I lavished
the long-cherished affection of a nature whose
depths no mortal being had looked into be-
fore him. My heart would leap with glad-
ness at the sound of his voice at a distance
I knew his footstep so well that I would
go far beyond the gate to meet him when
he was coming up the road. His kiss was
heaven to my lips, and the fond glance of
his blue eye would thrill my being to the
core.

You may wonder that I consented to
part with Frank when I loved him so. It
was because I loved him as I did that I
could not oppose him when he told me, his
face glowing with enthusiasm, that he
wanted to raise a company for the war.—
Then he talked so eloquently about it, his
eye shone with such a lustre, and his voice
shook such cheer in it, as he spoke of going
forth with his comrades to fight in defense
of the dear old flag how could I put in my
selfish protest?

But I clung to his neck with silent fear
in the darkness of night, when he lay fast
asleep; I pictured his loved form lying
wounded and bloody on the battle-field,
and I hid my face on my pillow, and
shook his dear cheek with my hand, softly, so as
not to wake him, while I wept as if my
heart would break. But in the daytime I
never let him know. I tried my best to
cheer him, for I knew it was the old patri-
otic fire that burned in his manly breast,
and no tears of mine should quench it. I
was always proud of Frank; he was the
prince of men to me; but now I was prouder
of him than ever before.

I was but the bride of a summer when he
marched away. The harvest was ripe, and
the leaves were brown. He kissed me
again and again as we stood under the

porch by the door, and I smiled a cheerful
smile of adieu to him, and struggled to hide
from him the quivering of my lips. Then he
walked briskly away down the garden-
path, passed out the gate, and waved his
glided cap to me from the road; and when
he was so far away that he could not see
me weep fleeted against a pillar and gazed
long after him through the blinding rain of
unavailing tears.

I used to get such cheering letters from
my hero! He found so many amusing
things to write about in his new life, and
seemed to relish so well the novelty and
hardihood of the camp! He would describe
to me the minutest particulars of his sur-
roundings, tell me what he ate and how,
where he slept and how, and drew for me
such photographs of the scenes in which
he moved, that I soon quite lost my foolish
habit of picturing him lying bleeding on
cold battle-fields, alone with the watching
stars of the long night. Instead of this
I soon began to share his dissatisfaction at
having nothing to do through the long win-
ter, and I looked forward to the spring
with his longing vision, and learned to
love in my husband's strength as he himself
did, and to feel certain that all perils must
yield before the power of his arm. Our
boy was born that winter too, and in him
I found an object on which to pour out the
love of my heart, and a companion to make
the time pass away.

The spring came, and in the battle of
Fair Oaks my husband was taken prisoner.
They shut him up in that fearful prison
in Richmond, and murdered him by inches.—
Long, long months rolled away. My boy
grew till he could run about the house
and play with Carl in the yard, and
every day he seemed to grow wiser, and
more like his father as he was when he
went away, with his fresh, round cheeks
red with bloom, and his merry blue eye
and ringing laugh.

Last October they brought my husband
home. Oh, what a pitiful semblance of the
man who waved his glided cap to me from
the road as I stood in the porch that Sep-
tember morning so long ago! They left
him alone in the parlor to wait for me, for
I had fainted at sight of him from the win-
dow—my darling, Frank—this skeleton
with shrunken limbs and ghastly, fallen
cheek and dull eyes! Could it be he?

Only when I entered the parlor where
he sat, and beheld the clustering black hair
that shaded his white forehead could I see
aught of the man I had married in that May
night when the odor of the apple-blossoms
was in the air. He looked on me so pit-
ifully, and raised his wan hands as if to
embrace me. I drew to his breast, and
kissed his white cheek and colorless lips
with despair in my heart, for I knew he had
"come home to die."

"Is this my husband?" I murmured, in
a tone of awe, as I looked upon the strange,
strange face.

"This is what they have left you of him,"
said he, smiling faintly; and I hid my face
in his bosom.

"Where is my boy?" he whispered,
smoothing my hair with his hand, and
I went for little Frank, and held him up
while his father wrapped him in his arms.
The little fellow looked into the white and
bearded face with a straight, earnest gaze,
and then his eyes filled with tears and his
lip began to quiver; but it was with pit-
ty, not with childish fear, for he put up his lit-
tle hand to his father's mouth caressingly,
and said, "Papa sick!"

Next day the doctor came. He sat on
my husband's bed, pressed his forehead
quiet, and generous food; instructed me
in the duties of my new office as nurse, for
I would have no other; pressed Frank's
hand cordially, and left the room. I fol-
lowed him to the door.

"How long can he live?" I asked.

The doctor shook his head.

"All will depend on the care you take of
him, Mrs. Moreton. With such care as I
know you will give him, he may survive a
month or even two. But I could not prom-
ise him a week of life. He has had a
hard time. Damn the villains! They'd
be torn to pieces like carrion if I had my
way with 'em!"

When I went back to Frank he asked me
what the doctor said.

"Don't conceal any thing from me, dear
wife," said he. "There is no need. I have
been familiar terms with death for many
months. I am ready to go."

Then I told him, and he smiled. There
was a peculiar light in his eyes as he turned
them on me, and said,

"Marry, I shall live till spring."

It was October then. So many months
of life yet? It seemed like a priceless
boon. Nearly half a year to live? Oh
what a world of love should be crowded
into that time! And I believed him, too.
I don't know why, but I did.

The winter rolled by slowly, and he did
not die. Sometimes I would feel a wild
desire to see him again, and he would
be there in the night, and he would
shake his head in answer to the un-
spoken thought.

"In the spring," he said, very often—
"in the spring I shall die."

The spring came too soon. The robins
began to sing in the sunshine—the startling
came to his old nest in the apple-tree by
the well. Sometimes Frank would bid me
open the window, so that he could hear the
plaintive note of the bluebirds and the
twitter of the sparrows under the eaves.
Wrapped in heavy shawls, and sitting in
his great arm-chair, he would gaze out the
window with his dreamy blue eyes till he
seemed to forget that I was there.

"They are getting ready," he would
murmur. "I shall hear from them soon."

I thought he was talking of the angels.
"What do you see out there, Captain
Frank?" asked Doctor Thomas, one such
day, as he entered the room.

"I am looking southward," whispered
Frank. "There will be good news from
me front very soon. That is what I am
waiting for."

Then we understood him. The window
looks toward the south, and commands a
view of the road leading to the village,
ten miles away. And it was there he sat
when he died.

You must know that here on the Heights
we get the news but once a week. We
are on no high-road where travelers pass.
The half-dozen farmers who live on the
Heights with us, like us, go to the village
on Saturdays, the common market-day.—
Then we get the weekly newspaper which
is issued in the village on Friday morning,

and contains all the events of the week
that is past.

Frank slept none on Thursday night, and
Friday morning early he asked that Philip
be sent to the village for the *Reporter*.

It was afternoon when Philip returned.
Frank sat by the open window, gazing
earnestly down the road. It was a beauti-
ful day. The air was as balmy as June,
and the birds were flying about and twit-
tering joyously in the trees. Presently
Philip came in sight around the bend in
the road. He was waving the newspaper
in the air, and seemed to be shouting some-
thing, but we could not hear. The orchard
shut him from view a minute after, and I
ran down stairs to meet him at the gate
and get the *Reporter*.

"Hooryay!" cried Philip. "Victory!"

I devoured the news with quick eyes,
and then ran up stairs to Frank, and knelt
by his chair.

"Dear husband," said I, "the news is
grand. Do you think you can bear to hear
it?"

"Marry," said he, "I shall never be
stronger than I am this hour. It is my
last. Tell me the good news. I have
waited long for it."

Amidst my tears I read the news. Rich-
mond was evacuated and our troops occu-
pied it. Jeff Davis was flying for his life,
and Lee's whole army had surrendered to
Grant. An order had been issued to stop
recruiting and drafting. Peace had already
dawned.

He listened with closed eyes, an expres-
sion of unutterable happiness on his white
face.

"Glory!" he murmured, when I had
done. "The night is past. Dear wife, I
am happy now. I know I should live to
see the dawn."

An hour later he passed away. I sat at
his feet, clasping his hand in both mine.

"Marry," he whispered, "you know the
legacy I leave my boy. He is too young
to understand now, but as he grows up
teach him its priceless value. The day
will come when he will be prouder to know
that his father died on the martyrs in
freedom's cause than he would be if I made
him heir to millions. I was a soldier, too!
I wore the army blue!"

His breath came fainter and fainter. His
hand grew lifeless in my clasp. Then he
rose up in his chair, gazed with brilliant
eyes out at the window toward the south,
waved his hand in the air, and fell
back upon the cushions. I touched his
cold forehead with my trembling lips, and
heard his last faint whisper,

"Marry—don't forget!—I wore the blue!"
And he was one of many.

MORAL COURAGE.—Have the courage to
discharge a debt while you have the money
in your pocket.

Have the courage to speak your mind
when it is necessary you should do so, and
hold your tongue when it is prudent to do
so.

Have the courage to speak to a friend in
a "seedy" coat, even though you are in
company with a rich one, and well attired.

Have the courage to own you are poor,
and disarm poverty of its sharpest sting.

Have the courage to "cut" the most
agreeable acquaintance you have, when
you are convinced that he lacks principle.
A friend should bear with a friend's infirmi-
ties but not his vices.

Have the courage to show your respect
for honesty, in whatever guise it appears;
and your contempt for dishonesty and du-
plicity, by whomsoever exhibited.

Have the courage to wear your old
clothes until you can pay for new ones.

Have the courage to obey your own con-
science, at the risk of being ridiculed by
men.

Have the courage to wear thick boots in
the winter and insist upon your wife and
daughters doing the same.

Have the courage to prefer comfort and
propriety to fashion, in all things.

GIRLS SHOULD LEARN HOUSEKEEPING.—No
young lady can be too well instructed in
anything which will affect the comfort of a
family. Whatever position in society she
needs a practical knowledge of household
duties. She may be placed in such cir-
cumstances that it will not be necessary
for her to perform much domestic labor;
but on this account she needs no less
knowledge than if she were obliged to re-
side personally over the cooking stove and
pantry. Indeed, I have often thought that
it is more difficult to direct others, and re-
quires more experience, than to do the
same work with our own hands. Mothers
are frequently so nice and particular that
they do not like to give up any part of
their care to their children. This is a great
mistake in their management, for they are
often burdened with labor, and need relief.
Children should be early taught to make
themselves useful—to assist their parents
in every way in their power, and to consid-
er it a privilege to do so.

A gentleman who had married a
second time indulged in recurring too of-
ten in conversation to the beauties and vir-
tues of his first consort. He had however
barely discerned enough to discover that
the subject was not an agreeable one to
his present lady.

"Excuse me, madam," said he, "I can-
not help expressing my regrets for the dear
departed."

"Upon my honor," said the lady, "I can
most heartily affirm that I am as sincere a
mourner for her as you can be."

A judge out West has recently decid-
ed that it might be insanity to sign an
owner's name to a check in place of
counter in the city, when you draw the money
on the check, and spend it there is a great
deal of sanity in the proceeding.

It is a mistake to suppose that time is
money. We know of one or two railroad
companies that make first rate time but no
money.

It is a pleasant thing to see roses and
lilies glowing upon a young lady's cheek,
but a bad sign to see a man's face break
out in blossoms.

Never refuse to pay the printer when
you have read his paper for a year or more.
A man who does this is mean enough to
steal rotten acorns from a blind pig.

Many a man thinks it's virtue that keeps
him from turning a rascal, when it is only
a full stomach. One should be careful, and
not mistake potatoes for principles.

A traveler tells us that he knows a fel-
low down South who was so fond of a
young woman that he has rubbed his nose
off kissing her shadow on the wall.

NECESSITY.—For the ladies and gentle-
men to beautify their faces by artificial
means. We pity the man who married the
paint on a woman's cheeks.

Is Siam the penalty for lying is to have
your mouth sewed up. Suppose such a
law were in force here, what a number of
nutes we would have.

It is not so very fortunate after all, to
be born with a silver spoon in the mouth.
A good many have been born with a silver
choked with the spoon, especially if a very
arge one.

ONE OF MANY.

I AM sitting by the open window and
looking out upon the orchard, where the
trees stand laden with apple-blossoms, whose
delicate perfume floats in this twilight air
just as it did four years ago tonight in
this. There is nothing changed about this old
place as I look upon its picture now.—
There stands the stone-curbed well, over
which the long sweep hangs, with its dan-
gling bucket, moss-covered, and dripping
water monotonously—just as ever. There
is Carlo's kennel, and Carlo himself
is lying there, with his nose upon his out-
stretched paws, and his eyes closed lazily;
precisely thus he lay as I looked out of this
window four years ago this hour. I can
hear Kate and Bess and Dick and Duke
stamping with their iron hoofs in their sta-
bles in the old red barn; and over the top
of that same tree that bears the golden
sweets peeps the wooden weather-cock on
the roof of the hay-stack. The doves
have been flying in and out of their cov-
ers over the wide door for the past hour; and
the swallows, not yet gone to sleep, are
squeaking and chattering in the eaves
very loud. Under comes Philip whistling
up the road. He has changed no more in
these four years than if he were an image,
instead of being, as he is, a middle-aged
servant-man. Every thing my eye rests
on is just the same—just the same. I
wish it were not. How can the world go
on so unchanged?

THE MAN OF INTERITY.—We love to gaze
upon some beautiful planet in the heavens,
and watch its course every night as in mag-
nificence it travels among the stars. We
are