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JOHN PRINTING of every kind in Plain and Fancy styles, done with neatness and dispatch.

Selected Poetry.

THE APPLE TREE IN THE LANE.

It stood close by where on a leathern hinge The gate swung back from the grassy lane;

As the sun came home, when the dusky eve Its mantle threw over hill and plain;

When the Spring days wore a blushing crown Of blossoms bright for the apple trees.

As the sun fell o'er the crystal stream Like all the long, bright Summer days,

And a silver thread, 'mid the waving grass, Led back the golden rays.

As the sun shone on the crystal stream Like all the long, bright Summer days,

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further, and I had not been in the habit of carrying him. He was dead."

"Dead?" "Yes. It happened very strangely. These are very unusual times I know, but I thought the war had not invaded this quiet province, at least I was told so, and therefore I rode along fearless of danger.

"My horse neighed with pain, reared up, and then fell to the earth, carrying me along with him. I knew that he was badly hurt, for I had horses shot under me before; so I quickly snatched my pistols from their holsters, extricated my feet from the stirrups, and went down quietly with him. Fortunately he lay stone dead, and did not kick. I lay motionless on his body and waited for further developments.

"You shot them both?" stammered the landlord; and his teeth chattered and he grew very pale, all but the tip of his nose, which, from contrast with the rest of his face, looked redder than ever.

"What would you have had me done?" asked the soldier, in his usual careless tone. "They might have fired with better success at some other poor devil of a traveler, who might not have got off so easily as I did."

"What could you have possessed them to have fired on?" exclaimed the landlord, and it almost appeared that he was asking himself the question as much as he did the soldier.

"Precisely the question I asked myself," returned the soldier; "and since you have mentioned the expected arrival of the young Baron of Ravensburg, I think I have a clue to the whole affair. Some outlaws, having heard of the Baron's journey, have formed a plan to waylay him. There two men were sent out as scouts to apprise the others of his approach. Seeing a solitary horseman approach, they concluded to plunder a little on their own account. As I was not molested further on my way hither, the rendezvous of the band must be beyond there, consequently the Baron will reach this house in safety. Now, if you cannot accommodate me with a bed, I shall take up my quarters to-night upon this bench, for I feel it my duty to warn this young Baron, for I know something of his family, of the danger which threatens him."

"The landlord gazed curiously at his unceremonious guest. There was no mistaking the man. Courage and determination were highly stamped upon his fair features. "You are an officer?" he said inquiringly. "Yes." "Captain?" "Exactly." "Disbanded?" "No."

"The quiet smile that accompanied this answer bewildered the landlord. In fact, the captain was an enigma that the worthy host of the "Traveler's Rest" found it impossible to solve. The appearance of the maid of the hostelry with a flask of wine and the refreshments the captain had ordered, interrupted the conversation.

"What did he say to you?" asked the captain, abruptly, fixing his keen eyes upon the girl's face. "To wait upon you while he went up to the monastery," answered the girl unhesitatingly. "The monastery?" rejoined the captain, leisurely inspecting the contents of the flask of Rhenish, which seemed to be much to his satisfaction. "That old ruin upon the hill yonder. Is it then occupied?"

"Oh, yes; about a year ago a party of wandering monks, whose monastery had been destroyed by the soldiers of the league, occupied it; and they have remained ever since. They call themselves the "Black Brotherhood of St. Bruno." And very pious and self-denying men they are, too. They keep wrapped up in an odor of sanctity all the time. They never hold any communication with the world without; no stranger is admitted beneath their walls; and whenever one of the brotherhood comes out, he always has his black cowl drawn closely over his face. Though I have been here as long as they have, I never yet saw one with his face uncovered."

"I thought you said your uncle was going there," remarked the captain, carelessly sipping his wine. "Oh! he only goes to the porter's wicket; he never goes in. He supplies the monks with food."

"And how many bottles of this capital wine a month?" "I am sure I do not know how many, but I know that we have more empty flasks at the end of the week than the number of travelers could possibly have drank."

"I thought so. The close neighborhood of these good monks accounts for the excellence of the wine. St. Bruno, your very good health? Do many travelers pass this way, sweetheart?" "Not many; and what seems to me very singular," continued the girl, bending towards the captain, and speaking in a low, cautious whisper, "none that pass this way ever return."

can say, but you please me, my pretty Bonita."

He caught her quickly around the waist, drew her upon his knee and imprinted a kiss upon her cherry lips. The girl freed herself from his embrace and retreated in confusion, but she did not seem very angry at the liberty the soldier had taken. It was something to be a handsome captain even in those days.

The sound of approaching wheels now attracted their attention, and a light traveling carriage, drawn by two horses and driven by a postilion, and accompanied by four outriders, drove up to the hostelry. The attendants opened the carriage door, and a young man in the handsome uniform of Papenheim's Dragoons jumped out and assisted an elegantly attired young lady to alight from the carriage. They were the Baron Ravensburg, Colonel in the Imperial service, and his sister, the Countess Adalia.

The landlord, who had returned from the monastery, welcomed them, and conducted them in the hostelry, while two rough-looking hostlers took charge of the carriage. The outriders stabled their own animals. The Captain had observed all that had passed with a very attentive eye. He had expected a much larger escort. The lady was without a male, and the Baron had but five attendants; and yet the landlord told him there was no accommodations. There was something wrong.

The Baron came in from the hostelry followed by Bonita, bearing a fresh flask of Rhenish. "Good evening, Captain," he said contentedly, touching his plumed beaver with graceful alacrity which bespoke the finished cavalier, "perhaps you will do me the favor to drink this flask of Rhenish with me?" "With all my heart," answered the Captain cheerfully; "mine is empty."

The Baron seated himself on the bench, and Bonita placed the flask and cups before them. "Stay!" cried the Captain, as she was going; "how many monks are there in yonder convent, my pretty Bonita?" "Twenty, I think, Captain," she answered. "Thank you; that will do." She went into the house. The Baron regarded the Captain attentively. His question about the Monks seemed to surprise him.

"Do you think of retiring from the world, Captain?" he laughingly inquired, "and taking up your abode in yonder monastery?" "I? faith, not I!" he filled the cups in that careless, off-hand manner which pervaded everything he did, and raised his lips. "Your health, Baron Ravensburg?" "You have the advantage of me," answered Ravensburg, as he responded to the toast. "Oh! call me Captain Bernard."

"I passed a dead horse on the road. The landlord tells me it was yours. I also saw the bodies of the men slain by you. A narrow escape, Captain. By-the-way, are you in the Imperial service?" "I am not. To be frank with you, my sword is at present at liberty."

"Then take service with me. There is something in your appearance that speaks the gentleman and the soldier, and I like you. There is a Majority vacant in my regiment which I can promise you."

"On my word, Baron, returned the Captain, smiling good-humoredly, "you do me much honor on so brief an acquaintance; but we are likely to serve together in a sharp campaign, which is nearer than you imagine. Whether you or I shall take direction of the affair depends upon yourself after you have heard what I have to tell you."

"In Heaven's name, what do you mean?" exclaimed Baron Ravensburg in astonishment. "Softly—in a whisper—there may be long cars about us. In a word, we are in a den of cut-throats. Yonder old monastery is occupied by a band of robbers in the disguise of monks. The landlord and his hostelry is in league with them. They have been appraised of your coming, and will either attack you here, or to-morrow upon the desolate road beyond. As they know that I am here from the landlord, and may warn you, I should not be surprised if they assailed us here to-night."

"Good Heavens! my poor Adalia! I care not if I can save her. Twenty of them, the girl said—and I have but five men—twenty against six?" "Excuse me; your calculation is erroneous. There are but eighteen against seven. You have counted two who are killed, and you have not counted me."

"You will aid me, then. My dear Captain, this is generous." "My dear Baron it is nothing of the kind, I merely enter into an alliance with you for our mutual benefit; as you have the strongest party the advantage is decidedly upon my side. You might possibly plunder and suffer to depart, but me they would certainly kill in revenge for their comrades' slaughter."

"Captain, I place the direction of this affair in your hands—myself and people are at your orders. What is your best course of action?" "Invite me to supper with you when the landlord announces that it is served. I will secure him. Then your people must secure the hostlers and put them in a safe place. Then collect your whole force into the house and let us barricade it to the best of our ability. Eighteen men will find it difficult to dislodge seven, even out of this small framework. Having deprived the robbers of all means of obtaining information in regard to our plans, I will make the landlord divulge theirs. You have no idea what a persuasive way I have."

This plan was carried out to the letter, and a pistol held by the firm hand of the Captain at the head of the guilty and trembling landlord, compelled him to divulge all. The Baron and his sister were to be held for ransom, and the Captain killed, not being considered worth a ransom. When all had retired to rest, the landlord was to admit the robbers into the hostelry. The Captain laid his plans at once. The front door was left unfastened, but every other available aperture was secured as firmly as was possible under the circumstances. The Countess and Bonita were placed in the upper story for security, with the postillion as a guard. The Captain, Baron, and the others, each armed with a

sword and a brace of pistols, occupied the large apartment on the ground floor. The landlord was to admit the robbers one at a time, as had been arranged by the Captain of the band himself, and as fast as they entered they were to be secured and gagged and bound, or killed outright, as circumstances warranted.

The hour for the attack drew near, and every heart beat anxiously. The coolest man of the party was the Captain. Unconsciously, he had assumed entire direction of the affair, and the young Baron and his followers obeyed him implicitly, seeming to recognize his fitness for a position without question.

A stealthy footstep approached the door, and the landlord, assisted by the cold barrel of a pistol, which felt disagreeably close to the back of his head, admitted a robber, who was instantly secured. Another followed, until it came to the eighth—a stout, brawny fellow—who, by a herculean effort, twisted his throat out of Captain Bernard's grasp, and shouted at the top of his lungs:

"We are betrayed!" Two other robbers who were close behind, discharged their carbines in at the door, and instantly retreated. A yell of pain answered the discharge, and one man fell in the hostelry. The door was instantly shut and barricaded. Lights were brought forward, and the man who had fallen was raised. It proved to be the landlord. He was quite dead, both bullets having taken effect in his body.

After a brief consultation the robbers advanced in a body against the door, attempting to blow it open with axes which they had procured from the stables. They were met with a fusillade of pistol shots that thinned them to one-half before they had forced the door, and then it was besieged that sallied forth, and not they that entered. The survivors of the band fled.

The fight was over. Fifteen of the band were killed, wounded, and prisoners. The prisoners were treated with the summary justice of military times, being shot at sunrise by the Baron's followers. The Baron and his sister renewed their journey in the morning, attended by Captain Bernard, whom the Baron furnished with a horse by dismounting one of his own followers, and Bonita, whom the Countess had engaged as maid.

The Captain left the Baron at the first stopping place. They parted with mutual expressions of regret. But they were destined to meet again. On the bloody field of Lutzen, when Pilsenheim fell, and his routed cavalry fled in dismay before the impetuous charge of the Swedes, Ravensburg was made prisoner. He was led before the victor of the well-fought field, Bernard von Weimar, who had assumed command of the Protestant army on the fall of Gustavus Adolphus, and in the brave soldier and skillful general he recognized Captain Bernard, the destroyer of the "Black Brotherhood."

How DOGS GET MAD.—Ninety-ninths of the people are in ignorance in regard to the pronouncement of madness in dogs. One of the earliest signs of madness in dogs, and one which should always arouse attention on the part of those in charge of dogs, is a sudden change of color. The hair on the neck and ears turns white, and the dog becomes restless, seeking out new resting places, and never satisfied long with one. He then returns to his bed, but continually shifts his posture. He rises up and lies down again, settles his haunches in a variety of postures, disposes his bed with his paws, shaking it in his mouth, bringing it to a heap, on which he carefully lays his chest, and then rises up and bundles it out of his kennel. If at liberty, he will seem to imagine something lost, and will eagerly search around with strange violence and indecision. That dog should be watched. If he begins to gaze strangely at him, as he lies in bed, and if his countenance is clouded and suspicious, we may be certain that madness is coming on.

RELEIGN WITHOUT ROOTS.—Much of what is called religion has no roots. It is set up and propped, or it may be inserted in the soil, but it is not planted. It is like the twigs which in our childhood we took, and with gleeful delight put in our mimic gardens, but which never grew. A tree is never truly planted if it is dead. You can no more be said to plant a dead tree than a stone pillar. The pillar may be as deeply and firmly fixed in the earth as the tree, but no one would speak of it as planted. It is no more so, and the soil is not held by any mechanical pressure and constraint. A tree is never planted except it is living and establishes vital affinity with the soil. When its roots begin to send forth its tender fibers, and they suck in their appropriate nutriment from the soil, and transmit it through trunk and branch and twig, then it is planted. It has taken hold of the earth, and therefore it lives; but when the earth takes hold of it, and the tree does not return the friendly grasp, it is dead. And when it is dead the soil atmosphere, which is our vital air while we are living, will hasten the putrefaction of our bodies as soon as our last breath is drawn.

UNDER A GREAT TREE, close to the village, two boys found a walnut. "It belongs to me," said Ignatius, "for I was the first to see it." "No, it belongs to me," cried Bonard, "for I was the first to pick it up;" and so they began to quarrel in earnest. "I will settle the dispute said an older boy who had just come up. He placed himself between the two boys, cracking the nut in two he said:

"The piece of shell belongs to him who first saw the nut, the other piece of shell belongs to him who first picked it up; but the kernel I keep for judging the case. And this," he said, as he sat down and laughed, "is the common end of most lawsuits."

WHEN A woman has ceased to be attractive by her simple symmetry of form, she may be fascinating by her sweet womanhood.

NEGRO SUFFRAGE IN THE SOUTH.

We print below an able and interesting letter from a gentleman well known in this city as an active and influential life-long Democrat. Few men are less likely to be influenced in favor of negro suffrage by preconceived opinions; but the change of sentiment produced in his mind by a short intercourse with Southern society is paralleled by other instances within our knowledge.

It is clear that the initiatory steps to secure the restoration of the seceded States to their old relations with the Union must and will be made, under the auspices of their provisional Governors, by the loyal white men only—the negroes being debarred from the right of suffrage by the constitution, which regulate the first legal movements towards reorganization. But it nevertheless remains with Congress to pass judgment upon the reception of members from the seceded States, and if the sentiment described by our correspondent is not essentially modified; if it is clearly shown that the rebels have learned neither wisdom, patriotism, or the virtue of submission by the teachings of the war, and that their only object in "coming back into the Union" is to organize a new insidious political warfare against the people of the Republic, we apprehend it will be found as difficult for disunion Senators and Representatives to regain their seats in Congress as it was easy for them to vacate those positions in 1860-61. The President clearly had no right to insist upon negro suffrage as a necessary preliminary to reorganization. He has given to the people of the South an opportunity to make amends for past errors and crimes by the exhibition of a loyal spirit in future. But if generosity and magnanimity are to be repaid only by unrelenting treachery and treason, a remedy even for such baseness can be applied:

"MOBILE, Ala., June 21, 1865. I have come down to this part of the country with the intention of casting my lot with it for the future, and feel impelled to send you a line to tell of my impressions of the people. I have been, for some six weeks, in daily contact with Southern people of all political shades, and though I am a poor tailor, I am a good listener, and not a very great deal of learning conclusions from a great deal of hearing. I am in the Gulf States full of very fine theories about the necessity of educating the negro before we could extend to him the privilege of suffrage. He was ignorant; he was bigoted; he was prejudiced; he could not be trusted with the privileges of a voter until he had attained a certain standard of education. Well, sir, I was never farther away from the truth in my life. I have listened by the hour to the familiar, social, unstrained talk of Southern people; and I have been sorry to conclude, from all that I have heard, that the damnable heresy of the State-right doctrine, upon which, with imagined evils threatened to the institution of slavery, they based their acts of secession and rebellion, is as deeply rooted in their convictions as it ever was. They have failed to establish the success of their principles at the bayonet point, and the cannon's mouth, but those principles lie as near to the hearts of the great mass of them as ever, and true loyalty to the Government, as constituting a principle with the mass of the people at the North, is entirely foreign to the breasts of the masses in the South. The same hostility that was openly displayed in arms exists secretly in the breasts of the Southern people, and is ready at any time to exert itself, no longer in overt acts, but in every possible pacific way to thwart the unity and the progress of the Republic. On the other hand, the negro has but one principle and one affection. His principle is that of devotion to the "Union," his affection heart-true to the cause that has restored him to manhood. No doubts of the justice of the cause cross his mind. No clouds of casuists' rising obscure his vision. His instincts alone point out to him the path he is to tread as a free man, and point it out unerringly. Who so safe to trust with the ballot of a freeman as he? Can demagogues lead him astray with arts and sophistries? I trust not. He may not know so much of book-learning as his pale-skinned brother, but he is less likely to be deceived in what pertains to the advancement of all members of the human family, himself included. And if you could see, as I have seen, the colored people of these Southern cities, sitting at their door-steps, in the moonlight, on hot evenings, teaching each other to spell and to count, regardless of the comments of those who passed by, you would not be slow in coming to the belief that even the supposed amount of education necessary to enable them to vote intelligently will not be long wanting. I, for one, contrary to all my previous expectations, am fully convinced that the only safety for the South is in the extension of free suffrage to the people of all colors, and I mean to throw myself into the advocacy of this cause with all my energy. Far better is the instinct that teaches loyalty to the Union than the false education that makes States-rights traitors. Shall we trust the future of our country to the instinct that inevitably leads to the right, or to the educated sophistry that indicates what is false and ruinous?"

We do not believe that any boy put on his long-tailed coat without a sense of shame. He first twists his back half off looking at it in the glass, and then when he steps out of doors it seems to him as if all creation was in a broad grin. The sun laughs in the sky; the cows turn to look at him; there are faces at every window; his very shadow mocks him. When he walks by the cottage where Jane lives, he dare not look up for his life. The very boards creak with consciousness of the strange spectacle, and the old pair of pants that stop a light in the garret window nod with derision, or if he is obliged to pass a group of men and boys, the trial assumes its most terrific stage. His legs get mixed up with embarrassment, and the flap of the dangling appendage is felt upon them, moved by the wind of his own agitation; he could not feel worse were it a dish-cloth worn as a badge of disgrace. It is a happy time for him when he gets to church and sits down with his coat tail under him; but he is still apprehensive with thinking of the Sunday School, and wonders if any of the children will ask him to "swing his long-tail blue."

GOING HOME WITH THE GIRLS. The entrance into society may be said to take place after boyhood has passed away, yet a multitude take the initiative before their beards are presentable. It is a great trial, either to a tender or tough age. For an overgrown boy to go to a door, knowing there are a dozen girls inside, and to knock or ring with absolute certainty that in two minutes all their eyes will be upon him, is a severe test of courage. To go before these and make a satisfactory tour of the room stopping on their toes, and then to sit down and dispose of one's pockets, is an achievement which few boys can boast. If a boy can go so far as to measure off ten yards of tape with one of these girls, and chance to pass a pleasant evening, but let him not flatter himself that all the trials of the evening are over. There comes, at last the breaking up. The dear girls don their hoods, and put on their shawls, and look so sane and mischievous and unapproachable, with their Then comes the pinch, and the boy that has the most pluck makes up to the prettiest girl, his heart in his throat, and his tongue clinging to the roof of his mouth, and croaking his elbows, stammers the words, "Shall I see you home?" She touching her finger to his arm, and they walk home about a foot apart, feeling as awkward as a couple of geese. As soon as she is safe inside her own doors, she struts home, and has really been and gone and done it. Sleep comes to him at last, with dreams of Caroline and Calver, and he awakens in the morning, and finds the door of life open to him, and the pigs squealing for breakfast.

GOOD FOR ONE POUND.—It is said that in a dockyard of England a ship of many tons and tons was once built, and a large multitude assembled to witness the launching. The wedges were knocked away, but the immense mass remained motionless. Before a feeling of disappointment began to manifest itself, a little boy ran forward and commenced pushing against the vessel. His efforts excited the ridicule of the spectators, but he turned indignantly toward them saying, "I can push a pound," and continued his exertions. They were all that were needed to overcome the friction; and soon the huge ship, yielding to his pressure gracefully glided into the waves. So many a great and noble cause stands motionless, when perhaps the efforts of a child would have overcome the obstacles that hinder its progress. A single grain will turn a nicely balanced scale. A single word or action, or glance of the eye, may be fraught with incalculable consequences. We cannot be too judicious of the amount of our influence. We cannot know how much it accomplishes. We cannot be aware through what a wide circle it may spread.

BE YOUR OWN RIGHT HAND MAN.—People who have been bolstered up and levered all their lives are seldom good for anything in a crisis. When misfortune comes, they look around for something to cling to or lean upon. If the prop is not there, down they go. Once down, they are as helpless as capizsed turtles or unmoored nets in armor, and cannot find their feet again without assistance.

Such silken fellows no more resemble self made men, who have fought their way to position, making difficult their stepping stones, and deriving determination from defeat, then vines resemble oaks, or splintering rushlights the stars of heaven. Effort persisted in to achievements train a man to self-reliance, and when he has proved to the world that he can trust himself, the world will trust him.

We say, therefore, that it is unwise to deprive young men of the advantages which result from their energetic action, by "boasting" them over obstacles which they ought to surmount alone.

At a recent election a merchant presented himself at the polls, accompanied by a well-known physician, when, with a view to avoid taking his turn in the long row of votes, the physician interceded for his friend, and requested that the crowd would give him the head of the line on the ground of being under medical treatment. The merchant looked as if he was in the prime of health, when Fred Walker, penetrating the dodge, spoke out:

"Doctor, is that man under your treatment?" "Yes, sir," said the doctor, with exquisite politeness, "he is now under my treatment." "Then, gentlemen," exclaimed Fred, "let the man vote at once, he'll never have another chance."

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"Now, waiter, what's to pay?" "What have you had, sir?" "Three fish." "Only brought up two, sir." "I had three—two trout, and one smelt."

"My gracious!" exclaimed an urchin in New York, on beholding an English carriage with three footmen in livery, "well, if it don't take three British to make one nigger."

A BOY'S TRIALS.

The Springfield Republican has a capital article on this subject. Here are some extracts:

THE FIRST LONG-TAILED COAT. We do not believe that any boy put on his long-tailed coat without a sense of shame. He first twists his back half off looking at it in the glass, and then when he steps out of doors it seems to him as if all creation was in a broad grin. The sun laughs in the sky; the cows turn to look at him; there are faces at every window; his very shadow mocks him. When he walks by the cottage where Jane lives, he dare not look up for his life. The very boards creak with consciousness of the strange spectacle, and the old pair of pants that stop a light in the garret window nod with derision, or if he is obliged to pass a group of men and boys, the trial assumes its most terrific stage. His legs get mixed up with embarrassment, and the flap of the dangling appendage is felt upon them, moved by the wind of his own agitation; he could not feel worse were it a dish-cloth worn as a badge of disgrace. It is a happy time for him when he gets to church and sits down with his coat tail under him; but he is still apprehensive with thinking of the Sunday School, and wonders if any of the children will ask him to "swing his long-tail blue."

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"Doctor, is that man under your treatment?" "Yes, sir," said the doctor, with exquisite politeness, "he is now under my treatment." "Then, gentlemen," exclaimed Fred, "let the man vote at once, he'll never have another chance."

"Now, waiter, what's to pay?" "What have you had, sir?" "Three fish." "Only brought up two, sir." "I had three—two trout, and one smelt."

"My gracious!" exclaimed an urchin in New York, on beholding an English carriage with three footmen in livery, "well, if it don't take three British to make one nigger."

JOSH BILLINS ON WIT.

You ask me to describe wit. I can't do it well. It hasn't got any pedigree, it is like the wind, bloweth when and where it listeth. No man can be witty when he wants to be wittier than he can be hungry when he wants to, it cometh to him as love doth, he can't tell how or why. Wit is wisdom at play, while humor is only good nature on a frolic. Wit is like great strength, a dangerous one.

There is nothing that seems less suit a woman's harte so much as jewelry. Some people's brains are beated in their beds. We are told that there wasn't anything made in vain, but I have thought that all the time spent in manufacturing striped snakes and musketeers was wasted. If there was, it was not in the world, a phool wad stan just as good a chance as a wise man.

Robbers come just like rain, they fall on the just and unjust. If a man is as wise as a serpent, he can afford to be harmless as a dove. The best place to worship God—is out of doors. We are apt to hate them who won't take our advice, and despise them who do. It is dreadful easy to be a phool—a man can be one and not know it. Elegant lezardz—chewing plug tobacco, and spitting in a dog's eye. Real happiness don't consist so much in what a man don't have as it duz in what he don't want. Fear is the first lesson learnt and the last one forgotten. Nobody but a phool gets bit twice by the same dog.

A pet lamb always makes a cross ram. Epitaphs are the chens bills, there is more in the bills than is ever performed. Peace is the enamel of the soul. To be healthy—eat onions and go naked.

PICTURE OF THE RED SEA.—Hogarth was once applied to by a certain nobleman to paint on his staircase a representation of the destruction of Pharaoh's host in the Red Sea. In attempting to fix upon the price, Hogarth became disgusted with the miserly conduct of his patron, who was unwilling to give more than half the real value of the picture. At last, of all patience, he agreed to his terms. In two or three days the picture was ready. The nobleman, surprised at such expedition, immediately called to examine it, and found the space painted all over red. "Zounds," said the purchaser, "what have you here? I ordered a scene of the Red Sea."

"The Red Sea you have," said the painter. "Where are all the Israelites?" "They have all gone over." "And where are the Egyptians?" "They are all drowned." The miser's confusion could only be equalled by the haste with which he paid the bill. The biter was bitten.

On the day of the President's funeral, a bronzed and weather-beaten soldier, anxious to obtain a better view of the procession, happened to step before a party of ladies and gentlemen. One of the gentlemen nudged him on the elbow, at the same time observing, "excuse me, sir, but you are right in front of us." Bowing handsomely in return, the soldier replied, "That is nothing remarkable with me, sir, for I have been in front of you for three years."

So these iron men, marching with the nonchalance of veterans, are the men who have stood in "front of us for three years."

EUREKA! AAS, the celebrated Quaker, on visiting a lady of rank, whom he found, six months after the death of her husband, sitting on a sofa covered with black cloth, and in all the dignity of woe, approached her with great solemnity, and gently taking her by the hand, thus accosted her, "So, friend, I see that thou hast not yet forgiven God Almighty." This reasonable reproach had such an effect on the person to whom it was addressed, that she immediately laid aside her trappings of grief and went about her necessary business avocations.

One of the best proofs that "size is of no account" is the following: A talented African of the best black persuasion, while dancing like St. Vitus over a customer's boots the other day, observed his partner pointing wisely over a newspaper, whereupon the following colloquy ensued: "First member of the firm.—'Julius, what de debil you lookin' at dat paper for? You can't read.'" "Second member.—'Go away fell