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B PRINTING of every kind in Plain and Fanuted in the most artistic manner and at the drank. est rates. TERMS INVARIABLY CASH.

# Selected Poetry.

oh centuries after centuries pass And earth is deep with human clay, he Traveler with his scythe and glass Pursues his even way-Onward, still on, in change and death. We trace his steps in every clime. and natious tremble at the breath Of stern old conqueror Time.

He points his fingers to the walls Of temples towering to the skies, and o'er their dust his footsteps fall, And loftier ones arise :

He rules supreme o'er earthly things-The great, the glorious, the sublime; The august dome, the throne of kings, All own their conqueror, Time.

He stills the forum and the mart, And they in ages roll apart, And dust to dust return And genius, with thy pallid brow, Thy haughty lip, and eye of fire-

old Time shall conquer even thou, The pencil and the lyre. And o'er those grand ancestral piles Where ivy ever green is spread, And through those dark and solemn aisles

Where sleeps the mighty dead, And o'er the proud triumphal arch Where erst victorious chiefs were crowned. He passes in his silent march,

And hurls them to the ground Well, let his ivy banner wave

O'er palace dome and castle tower, And let him trample on the grave, Exultant in his power: There is a realm beyond the tomb,

A purer clime, a fairer shore, e Time comes not to blight the bloom And death shall be no more.

## REST.

ut, ve bells! sound midnight through the air k out men's lives, now groaning under care ; ar out great Time with clashes every where-I wait, yealong, for rest.

to ye, ye shades! Oh! let the sunlight go; ng past, ye hours, life is too sad and slow-I wait, yea long, for rest.

d forth, ye flowers, let Spring and Summer die ; and down, ye sheaves, let Autumn too go by; blow, ye winds, another Winter's nigh-I wait, yea long, for rest.

meth not, rest is not for the young ; liveth not, it lies the graves among; omes to age, so yonder death-bells sung I wait, yea long, for rest.

cometh not with worldly joy and mirth; lest cometh not until the soul's new-birth; Rest cometh not until we die to earth-

Then cometh rest indeed. Rest guards our souls now lying peacefully, loseth our lips, which murmurs thankfully " Now have we rest indeed."

# Miscellaneous.

# SETH HATHRON'S FOURTH.

always was a black-browed, broadered, brute of a fellow, always from At school (not that I had much of d it to my score because of my looks, en often and often, while I was holding my hand to be rulered, the prettiest n school was grinning over his good ck in getting off so safely. She had her onceived notions of a villian, I preand I answered the description.

the matter of that, of all the books stories I've read since, especially those itten by ladies, I've noticed there isn't I'm Seth Hathron, one of the hands. where the burglar, or forger, or pirate, what not, who does all the wickedness a bit ; I'll put the trunk in first." book, as though he's taken it on conet, wouldn't do for me on a passport, e their pets, who do the grand and no- It looked so small I burst out laughing. things, are generally slender, and fair. deserved hanging richly, even on his me. over and over again; but it's my opinthat if women were put on the police, t would be locked up in the State Prison | paint her.

the idea that most men have, that them, I never had the slightest hope had been before, it was somehow a great any would ever like me well enough deal brighter now with her beside me. t me fall in love with her even. And I girls so. It was odd for a fellow like good-by.

but how I did like the girls! arry it for her. I could never bring my- heart. to sit in stages or cars when one was d Miss Peggy's school.

# The Aradford Reporter.

REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER.

\$2 per Annum, in Advance.

### VOLUME XXVI.

## TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., APRIL 19, 1866.

NUMBER 47

THE OFFICE has just been re-fitted with Power and saved them; for I didn't think enough about my looks to dress much, and I never drank. "Sulky," the other men called me. What of that? It was better to be sulky than raving mad, as some of them so surely as Saturday night came round. Men with nice, good-looking wives too, whose children wanted for bread and shoes what they

> a wife and children, but I knew how they ought to be used better than they did. I suppose I had come to be twenty-eight, or so, and no girl had ever looked at me except as she might at a tamish polar bear, when, one day, old Mr. Williams, the proprietor of the place, came to me as I was going home to dinner, and said, in his own quick way :

spent in drink. I never expected to have

"Hathron, can you drive?"

"Yes, Sir," said I.
"I want you to take the wagon and go over to the railroad depot at Baldwin, and bring down a new hand and her traps," he said. "She'll be there at half past twelve, so you'll have barely time to snatch a bite and go; and you can have the rest of the day to yourself, if you like, as it's Satur-

Her name is Annie May." Before you can understand what he meant I must tell you that our place (they called it the "Ne plus ultra Pyrotechnic Estabthat was for me! What a night when I took her book to find the place (she sat but it the "Ne plus ultra Pyrotechnic Establishment," bless you!) employed some fiveand-twenty girls, and that they generally came from a distance, and boarded while there with an old woman close by, all in

one place, to keep them out of harm's way. Mr. Williams insisted on that, and had a lot of rules about the hours they were to keep and the way they were to behave; good rules, and not so rigid but that there was plenty of innocent courting and more than one wedding in a season. As for we men, we went where we chose. Some put up at the tavern, some with people who were very few girls who had homes there to go to; for the village was an uppish Baldwin to bring her to the factory. I had drove over.

It was a day to tempt a man out-a beautiful spring day, with tender green grass on the earth and tender pink buds on told her how I loved her, and asked her to the branches, and in the sky there were only two or three fleecy bits of clouds, like Only a m carded wool, amidst the blueness. It took have been willing it should be ten whole ones.

people waiting in the little house at the depot-a couple of stout old ladies, a gentleman who looked like a minister, and a young woman. I looked at her and made up my mind she couldn't be the new hand, because she was more dressed than dressed half so much. Generally they had on their brightest gowns, and big beads around their necks, and roses enough in their bonnets to fill a garden. This girl was all in gray, and wore a veil to match. The things were cheap and not new, but they made her look like a lady. I walked went away in a wagon; the clergyman had a gig sent for him; and there the girl sat beside her trunk, looking now and then out of the window and beginning to seem Peggy found out any mischief she to speak; so I took off my hat and stepped up, with a bow.

"I beg your pardon, Miss," said I. "but has there been anybody here asking about being taken to Mr. William's place? "I want to go there myself," she and

swered; "that is, if you mean the fire-work factory. I'm Annie May."
"I do mean the fire-work factory," I said, "Mr. Williams sent me down to fetch you.

wagon is ouside; will you get in ?-Wait Shan't I help you?" she said, and put her little hand to the trunk nearest her.

"I don't need any help," said I—but I Now the worst wretch I ever thought I could carry both the trunk and aw -one who was afterward hung, and its owner together, if I chose, and she'd let She was the smallest creature, to be wn showing -had blue eyes, and white a full-grown woman, that I ever saw. A and of the fair kind. I remember thinking world who had seemed to love me, I herad his hes, and a pink mouth like a girl's. It's piece of the blue sky for her eyes, and a as he laid my wages before me that his firm tread die away. I heard her light footbit of the golden sunshine for her hair, and some of those wild roses that would climb e the year was over every hulking, with the barberries over the stone fences

After I had helped her in and had taken never was a favorite with any woman the reins in my hands, I kept stealing looks y mother, and she died when I was at her and thinking how beautiful she was; years old. So instead of growing up and I tried to talk about things that would please her, and pointed out the places on girl they meet is ready to fall in love the road, and felt that, bright as the day

We stopped at Mrs. Munson's and said I carried her trunk into the hall and called the old lady, and drove the horse never could bear to see one cry, or to back to the stable. Then, having a holiful he is! don't you think so?"

der had not crept into my mind to sure of their being imposed upon or hurt.

I gave a grudging "Yes." I couldn't swear that with my dying breath. ear of their being imposed upon or hurt. day, I got a newspaper and went out into I gave a grudging "Yes." I couldn't couldn't pass one with a heavy basket or the woods—Baldwin's Woods they called bear to hear her praise him. She might, without at least wanting to offer to them -and I think I knew every tree by

I sat down by chance under a great oak. danding. I don't think I could I could if where Jack Varne, one of the hands, had more to come of it. had been weak or lame instead of the carved J V. for his name, and O. G. for counge with their hands in their pockets them both; and as I looked at the work embroidery of evenings for a Miss Redford, grew, and where we had sat so often since e poor old ladies, who might have been fell to wondering why Jack Varne should grandmothers, stood up before them! have a sweet-heart and I none, and whether willage, and once a week she carried it and yellow behind the black trees, and the and their manners were good and mine er it was only his pretty face or something home. Generally I went with her; but factory windows were all ablaze. As I ose of a bear, and I myself only a workin our ways that made all girls like him and none me. And somehow I felt lonesquan, who learned all he ever knew at made all girls like him in our ways that m

"I found there was nothing for me to do in the factory until Monday," she said, "and I came out to see what these woods

were like. It's a pretty place." "Prettier in summer," I said, "and pretiest of all in autumn, when the leaves are pened if Mr. Janes had walked the same

turned gold and scarlet." "I like spring best," she said; "every that way-or perhaps I would not.

It was like my sulky, brooding nature,

it seemed wrong, she said.

dreamed it over!

what I'd never done before. After I was tween the leaves, and come what might dressed, angry with myself for not looking would have snatched it, but at that mohandsomer all the while I stood before the ment Miss Redford, who sat in the side glass, I went over to Mrs. Munson's and aisle, whispered to Annie to show her the

was all nonsense, of course, for there was on the church path going home. would take a few boarders, and those who the steeple in full sight, but it gave me

should have prayed to die. It may not be one woman's love, but I had no one else on under one of the green mounds, but only earth to care for. So when she said, "Yes," looked darker and sulkier, no doubt, than and let me kiss her, it was only shame that usual, until I saw her turn toward me.-

of her! How glad to know that she was but spent the day in Baldwin's they usually were, but because she wasn't so near me when I was at work! How alone happy to see her so trim and neat among slovenly when they were not fine! and how course, was to be a holiday. full of dreams of the future!

both working so industriously.

One week we had been more than usually | bought two, and was sorry for it. busy, for it was near the end of June, and we were making fire-works for the Fourth | was coming back when, among the our names. I looked across the line of few last words: girl's faces, and saw her smiling at me, but "Eleven will l not there. A nephew of Mr. William, whose Good-by-God bless you !" name I knew to be Richard Janes, was

hair was just the color of Annie's. girls he had something pleasant to say to been trying all day to sell me his superflueach one, instead of the old man's snapping -- "Sixpence deducted from yours, Jane "You were late three days last week, you after all." Martha?" What he said to Annie I don't

Walking home together, she asked me careful." who he was.

"Mr. Janes," I answered; "did you ever see him before ?"

for all I knew, be contrasting him with me. life. There was nothing left to live for-so That was the first pain I had had since she it seemed to me. had promised herself to me; but there was

ful sort of creature, all the worse for having something of the pretty womanly look about her.

I was a maker of fire-works, as my father

I was a maker of fire-works, as my father

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I was a maker of fire-works, as my father

I was a maker of fire-works, as my father

I was not fine over from Baldwin, Anne some one with her. It was too far to see could be. It was not and caught the pistol hidden there. The made fired had been didnered to far to see could be. It was not and caught the pistol hidden there. The made fired had some head and stopped, and smiled at me just as I'd was bending over her as though talking seen other girls smile often at other men, very earnestly; and when some one inside the pistol hidden there. The made fired had been faces, but I knew the light-grey coat he wore, and it was Mr. Richard Janes. He was bending over her as though talking the pistol hidden there.

I was a maker of fire-works, as my father the made faces, but I knew the light-grey coat he wore, and it was Mr. Richard Janes. He was bending over her as though talking the pistol hidden there.

I was a maker of fire-works, as my father the made faces, but I knew the light-grey coat he wore, and it was Mr. Richard Janes. He was bending over her as though talking the pistol hidden there.

I was a maker of fire-works, as my father the made faces, but I knew the light-grey coat he wore, and it was Mr. Richard Janes. He was bending over her as though the pistol hidden there.

I was a maker of fire-works, as my father the made faces, but I knew the light-grey coat he wore, and it was Mr. Richard Janes. He was bending over her as though the made faces, but I knew the light-grey coat he made faces, but I knew the light-grey coat he made faces, but I knew the light-grey coat he made faces, but I knew the light-grey coat he made faces, but I knew the light-grey coat he made faces, but I knew the light-grey coat he made faces, but I knew the light-grey coa

way by chance; but I could not look at it

nie, but to keep on thinking and watching "I don't mind it," I said; "I haven't a in silence. I found out more than I wanted something;" and I took her to where, be- room after Mr. Janes had gone there, I hind a fallen log, the first spring violets alplainly saw him slip a little note slyly into ways grew. There was a dozen there now, and she went down on her knees to smell for her to go over to Miss Redford's with them. She would only pick one, though; her work; but that evening, instead of going with her. I watched her-hiding like a That one, after we had walked for an thief behind trees and buildings on the road. hour or so, somehow dropped out of her She went alone and came alone, and I saw hair. She did not know it, but I did; and when she had gone home I went back and found it lying on the path and put it in my given out Mr. Janes, sitting in the handbosom. It was so sweet and fresh and some family pew, seeing Annie in doubt as caught my arm. I turned-it was Annie, beautiful that I could but think it was like to the number, for the old clergyman didn't

reamed it over!

Next day was the Sabbath, and I did back I saw that there was something beasked for Miss May.

She came down in a muslin dress and a ing the books it was hidden. That it was pretty bonnet with a pale blue ribbons; and a note I knew by the white glimmer of the my husband —my love, my life, my dar-

Miss Redford looked at Annie as if she lived in the place with their families. There what I wanted, leave to be with her again. knew something of it too, as she stepped the text to save my life, and that the ser- riage. They were carriage people-the kind of place, full of country seats and villas, and the factory stood all by itself, quite las, and the factory stood all by itself, quite before: for this sweet young thing seemed tween them and the proprietors of the factory stood all by itself, quite before the factory stood all by itself, qui common houses were grouped close about it, as if the others were too genteel to mix with them. So Mrs. Munson's place was sort of protection that she liked in my great social chatting on the porch, and the Wil-So Mrs. Munson's place was sort of protection that she liked in my great when a new girl came down arm where her hand relieve people smiled sarcastically, and the burning building with the one engine they were playing on the burning building with the one engine they somebody always had to be sent over to over the fields, like a fallen snow-flake. It old Redfords scowled and looked haughty, had at hand by this time, and I could see almost seemed to me that I must be crazy until they were all fairly shut in and driv never been before, and why I was chosen to believe that she had taken a notion to en away. Not Mr. Janes-he was too genthis time it was hard to tell. However, I was willing enough, and so, when I had four of those Sabbaths had passed I made sweet. The feud was among the old folks. taken a bite, I put on my best coat and her walk with me again in Baldwin's The farmers' families made up for their ill-Woods, and sat down beside her on the temper though, and half the genteel people hollow log, behind which a great patch of from the villas were smirking and bowing ed five minutes before the explosion took

a dozen in all, I suppose-hurried home

I leaned against the iron railing of the such a mighty matter to other men to have church-yard, wishing I was sound asleep kept me from crying outright for joy.

She was mine now, and how proud I was

Then I leaped the railing and went away, never looking back. I did not go home,

On Monday I was at work as usual. It the other girls, who were most of them was the third of July, and the Fourth, of There were to be grand celebrations at Baldwin, and She had promised to marry me in the au- the show-pieces for the evening were being tumn, and after that she should work no finished at our place, under the superintenmore in factory. I was saving to buy a dance of Mr. Richard Janes. It was hard up and down and waited. The fat women little three-roomed cottage in the village, to keep the younger hands at their work. and to furnish it-humbly, of course, but They were half crazy about the Fourth, and so that it should be a home for her; and I suppose every one of them had a pistol. when she was its mistress I should not en- I never cared for banging at nothing, and vy any king his palace. Meanwhile we should not have had one even if I had felt ort of thing), but at school if old anxious. At all events it could do no harm saw as much of each other as we could, differently. One young fellow tried hard all day to sell me his : like a goose he had

About dusk I went to get my supper, and of July, and the first I had seen of Annie ows, I saw two figures standing whispering that day I saw in the great salesroom together. I felt in a moment who they where we always gathered to receive our must be, and got close enough to hear their wages. The men on one side, the girls on voices. It was as I thought. One was the other, stepping up to the great desk Annie May, the other Richard Janes. They one by one as old Griffin, the clerk, called were parting, but I heard enough in the

"Eleven will be the best time; the moon I could not get near her. Besides, at that will be up by then. I'll have the carriage moment, my name was called-"Hathron" waiting under the two elms in Baldwin's -and I stepped up to the desk. Then, for Woods. Be certain about the hour, for the the first time, I noticed that old Griffin was down-train starts a quarter to twelve.-

Not another word-but I knew the whole paying the hands instead. He was a hand- She was going off with Richard Janes .me young fellow, and very gentlemanly She whom I loved so. The one of all the steps rustle over the grass, and went back He had a sort of amateur way with him myself to the work-room, for we were to very different from the business-like man- work until a late hour that night. I walkbilious fellow whose eyebrows seen for her cheeks, and you know how to ner of old Griffin, and when it came to the ed straight up to the young fellow who had

> ous pistol. "Smith," said I, "I think I'll trade with

"Good for you," said he. "The Fourth know, but she blushed like a wild rose from brow to chin.

ain't no Fourth without a pistol, and this is goin' cheap

A good load in it too, so be

I counted down the money and took the weapon away with me. Do you want to know what I meant to do with it? Shoot "No," said Annie. "How very beauti- myself through the heart. The idea of muder had not crept into my mind then. I'd

I only wanted to get rid of my tiresome At half past ten I got the chance I wan-

ted, and slipped out. I was going to kill Besides her daily work Annie had got in- myself in Baldwin's Woods, on the dead

1 was a maker of fire-works, as my father particularly, done with neatness and dispatch. Handliked the business particularly, but there I stail. I made good wages
and style, printed at the shortest notice. The
lad been before me. I don't know that I late the swinging
liked the business particularly, but there I lad style
lad style, printed at the shortest notice. The
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lad bee with her as if we had been friends for both earnest and eager in whatever they fire work factory was on fire. That factory filled to the roof with explosive substances, I went back to my work, but I kept that and with a hundred and fifty men and boys, picture before my eyes all the while. I and pretty, innocent girls shut up within thought of it until it seemed to be burned its walls. I do not know whether Satan into my heart in firy outlines. After all, ever feels remorse, but if he does it must be such as I felt-hopeless maddening,

scorching. The next instant there was a horrib'e re-

port, and I was thrown into the air. Not hurt, though. I picked myself up autumn every thing is nearly over, and too, never to say one word about it to An- from the grass and stood looking at my work. The windows were belching forth flame up in the air, amidst the smoke.gay disposition, I suppose. But look here, it is in that way; for one day when I had if you like fresh young things I'll show you made an excuse to enter the woman's work. Catharine wheels were tossing and flaming —scarlet, and yellow, and purple, and pink, and green, and blue. Hundreds of cannons seemed to be roaring; and over it all you could hear screams—women's screams—and I went down on my knees and prayed— "Oh, save her, save her-to be his wife, to hate me---only save her !"

People were flocking in from the village. Workmen, singed and scorched, forcing their way through the flames; and in the midst of the wildest tumults some one and beside her, white and trembling, stood Miss Redford.

"Oh, Seth-thank God for this!" cried Annie; "you are safe. Oh, dear young lady, try to hope—he may be too."

And then that beautiful Miss Redford sank on her knees before me, and clasped her hands, and prayed me to save her Richard .

"I should have been his wife in an hour,' she said. "Oh, save my husband-save

The truth rushed into my mind then. saw all my blind folly. I remembered the feud between the Redfords and the Wil- and I think, with a pang of terror even yet, liams family, and knew that my Annie had only been helping Miss Redford to meet I'm afraid I couldn't have remembered after her father and mother into the car- and correspond with her lover; that it was to her the message I had heard that evening had been sent, and that it would have been better for me to be dead.

"Go out of danger!" I panted bring him to you or die with him !" and, with Annie's scream of terror in my ear, that most of the workmen were alive.

"Are the women in there yet?" I yelled. "No, thank Heaven," he answered .-"Didn't you know the women were dismissplace. There wasn't one there. All the men are out too, I guess, but them that er, the baker?" the branches, and in the sky there were only two or three fleecy bits of clouds, like carded wool, amidst the blueness. It took only half an hour to get to Baldwin. I'd have been willing it should be ten whole only half an what it was I have been willing it should be ten whole only half an hour to get to Baldwin. I'd have been willing it should be ten whole only half an what it was I have been willing it should be ten whole only half an what it was I have been willing it should be ten whole only half an what it was I have been willing it should be ten whole only half an what it was I have been willing it should be ten whole only half an what it was I have been willing it should be ten whole only half an what it was I were setting the last show-piece in the anything to have him got out. Life's worth | Kate's near the town wall?" more than money, though nobody can do

He was right. For hours we worked at the fire before it was out; and then a great | Women have softer hearts." But after he heap of lumber was piled over the bodies had spent some time with his daughter, she of the thirteen men who must be insidedead we supposed-and I heard some one say that Miss Redford was going from one church, or anywhere else, and was obliged swoon into another at the Williamses, and that it had come out that she was to have eloped with Mr. Janes the night before.

It was the Fourth of July : but no guns factory helping as best they could. We a moan under our feet.

One of the men put his head close down father: and cried, "Are any of you alive?" And some one groaned, "Yes,"

Black with smoke, scorched by the cinlers we handled, we went at it again, and at last came to a spot where the beams had made a kind of pent-house. There, jammed together and half suffocated, but alive, were four men. And such a yell went up as mortal ears never heard before. Four saved! four saved! And we drew them out and gave them over to the doctors. Then there was another shout not so loud. for we had come to one insensible, jammed between two logs. He breathed though as soon as we brought him to the

It was a time no one ever forgot. Judge what it was to me!

At last all were out but Mr. Janes, and somebody cried that they could see him under some beams. It was a dangerous place to get at; but I would not stop for that. I forced myself into the narrow aperture, and set to work. I called, but there was no answer. At last I came to him, lying with a great beam across his chest. His beautiful golden hair and beard were singed and scorched, and one of his hands was blistered. I touched him, and screamed in his ears, but they were deaf to me. I got the log off somehow, and dragged him to the light, and then I had help enough. They took him between them and laid him on the grass, and the doctor un-

"Is he dead" I asked; and I meant as truly as I live, if the answer were "yes," to tell the crowd before me what I had done, knowing well that if I did no law could save save me.

There was no answer for a moment, and I spoke again, "Is he dead?" And God bless the dear, white-headed old man who answered so kindly:

"No, my man, he isn't dead. I think

Then that old white-haired doctor mounthat, and there were three such cheers as were never heard before, and at dozen the two ends are fastened and the boys sped in to Baldwin to ring the joy-bells; and women came crying to thank the violets were.

Then somebody came softly up the path and sat beside me, and bent over me, and took me singed and smoke-stained as I was, in two white arms--and only one of all the world could do that -- and without looking twenty feet deep. The well of thirty feet I knew it was Annie.

"My noble, brave darling," she said; my own dear that I am so proud of!" and sobbed and kissed me.

"They are so happy, too," she said "and Mr. Janes is only scorched and burned a very little, and old Mr. Redford is reconciled to old Mr. Williams, and they will be married after all. They are so fond of each other, Seth--as fond as you and I." And then I stood up and put her gently

-what I was, and what I had done, and why, and waited to hear her renounce me. She did not do it. She was shocked and morning," replied his wife, "and the chamgrieved, but she pitied me, and I dared to bermaid knows no more about cooking a

take her in my arms and call her mine again. I believe that all my life there had been an evil spirit in my breast, and that he left me forever at that moment. It was some time before the factory was rebuilt, and some had been injured, and

many were out of work. I knew my du-To those in need came little gifts of money every week, with no clew to its donor, until my savings were all gone. So we did not buy the three-roomed cot-

tage, and perhaps never shall; but penniless as I was, she married me, and we are Mr. Janes and Miss Redford are married too; and when we sit in church she smiles across the pews to that little wife of mine.

## from what God's mercy saved me. INGRATITUDE TO PARENTS.

There was once a father who gave up verything to his children—his house, his deficient in a very important particular." everything to his children-his house, his goods-and expected that for this his children would support him. But after he had been some time with his son, the latter "Father, I had a son born to me this

night, and there, where your arm-chair stands, the cradle must come. Will you I clutched one by the arm as I went not, perhaps, go to my brother, who has a

After he had been some time with the second son, he also grew tired of him, and "Father, you like a warm room, and that

hurts my head. Wont you go to my broth-The father went, and after he had been some time with the third son, he also found

better than the poor fellows inside roast- all day, as if it were a pigeon-house, and ing alive or blown to pieces. Young Mr. James is there, too. His uncle is offering Would you not be better off at my sister

> The old man remarked how the wind blew, and said to himself: "Yes, I will do so; I will go and try it with my daughter. grew weary of him, and said she was always so fearful when her father went to to descend the steep stairs, and at her sister Elizabeth's there was no stairs to de-

scend, as she lived on the ground floor. For the sake of peace the old man went were fired and no bells rung at Baldwin. to his other daughter's. But after some All the people of the town were about the time, she too was tired of him, and told ting the mode of arranging the hair, and him, by a third person, that her house near they have a right to adopt a variety of lifted great charred logs and heaps of boards and molten cans, and at last one suffered from the gout, and her sister, the wearing it like boys, is not commendable. stopped. "Hush!" he cried; "for God's grave-digger's wife, at St. John's, had ake no noise. I hear a voice!" And much dryer lodgings. The old man him long. This has ever been condemned as an then amidst a breathless silence we heard self thought she was right, and went out- unscriptural custom. In the days of Charles moan under our feet.

We worked with a will now, and at last

Helen. But after he had been three days

despised close religious forms, wore long with er, her little son said to his grand- hair, while the Puritans cut theirs short,

" Mother said yesterday to cousin Elizabeth, that there was no better chamber for and shaving of the hair, about seven feet you than such a one as father digs." These words broke the old man's heart, so he sank back in his chair, and died.

A WORD to MINISTERS .- The ministry should be wide awake to the dangers which threaten to counteract their influence and oppose their word. As an important part f the Gospel morality, they should preach temperance, warning every man and pledging every child and youth to eternal vigilance against the insidious foe. The ministry, closely followed by the church should lead off in this work; and there should not be an hour of needless delay. The same zeal which patriots have manifested in putting down the slaveholders' rebellion, should be shown in putting down the rebellion caused by strong drink. Rum, if not dethroned, will curse this nation more than slavery ever cursed it, for intemperance is the slavery of the soul, and is infinitely worse than chattled slavery. We give you a fair warning, brethren. The enemy is organizing for the conflict. If you love God or, man, gird yourselves for the battle, and fight for religion, humanity, and victory. Leave no work undone, no instrumentality untried; for temperance is the great work of the hour .-- Zion's Herald.

fool. The man nobody likes is generally a knave. The man who has friends who would die for him, and foes who would loved him broiled alive, is

from a man feed him. A man like a horse, can't be managed till he has a bit in his mouth.

REPUTATION is a good deal like a bonfire,

a cane-bottomed chair, and wondered who took the trouble to twist all those rattans around those little holes. In China they dig a well somewhat as this fellow supposed they made cane-seats. They make a hole first, and then dig a place to put it in.
"A pit twenty feet deep is dug, by which time water is nearly reached. Boards about an inch thick are then placed at the bottom in the form of a circle, in the centre of the hole, its diameter being seven feet, which is to be the width of the well at its bottom. Round this wooded circle a cylinder ofbrick is then constructed to the height of ten feet, the bricks being carefully joined by mortar. The outside of this cylinder is then covered with matting and tightly roped round. Poles are then driven into the ground at short intervals all round the outside of the cylinder, and in close op-position with it. These are secured by adcouldn't believe God had been so good to ditional lashing of rope applied round and over them. The inside of the cylinder is then lined with matting, which is secured ed on a pile of burned logs and lifted his by ropes passed down vertically and brought out underneath the cylinder, where tightened. By these means any dislodg ment of the bricks is physically impossible me for helping to save their dear ones-so and the structure is rendered as compact that for shame I went and hid myself in as if it was made of metal. The strength Baldwin's Woods and cried, with my head ening of the brickwork having been comhidden in my arms, on the old log where pleted, they commence to dig inside of it, the violets were. terior, the cylinder gradually sinks by its own weight, the excavation being continued until the upper margin of the cylinder has reached the level of the original hole is thus formed, and rapidly finished in the most complete manner by building up a continuation of the brick cylinder until it

Well-Digging in China.—There is a story of a tipsy fellow who attentively examine

CANT COOK .- It is a sad defect when young ladies are incapable of directing their own servants-shoes without soles or wrist bands without a shirt are not more useless than one of these. One day, shortly after his marriage, a young merchant went home, from me, and made atonement for my sin by an awful sacrifice. I told her the truth appeared anxious and confused asked: appeared anxious and confused asked : "What is the matter?"

reaches the level of the ground.

"Nancy went off at ten o'clock this dinner than a man in the moon.'

"Couldn't she have done it under your direction? inquired the husband, very cool

"Under my direction? I should like to see a dinner cooked under my directions." "Why so?" asked the husband in sur

"You certainly did not think I could," re-

plied the wife: "how should I know anything about cooking ?" The husband was silent, but his look of astonishment perplexed and worried his

"You look very much surprised," she said, after a moment or two had elapsed. "And so I am," he answeed, "as much surprised as I should be at finding the captain of one of my ships unacquainted with navigation. You don't know how to cook, and the mistress of a family! Jane, if there is a cooking-school anywhere in the city,go

Courage-Man cannot come to his full growth of character and influence without courage. The term is from cœur, "heart, It is not mere physical instinct It is not the spirit that animates those men of whom it may be said, "They are brave in proportion as they are without thought.' Courage is rather that deep conviction, or that solid purpose, which gathers strength

by delay. We are told that icebergs in the northern seas are sometimes seen moving northward, in the face of strong winds and tides setting toward the south. This movement is explained by the fact of deep undercurrents drifting along at the base of the ice mountain, and moving it with irresistible power. So the real courage of the soul is power which stems and goes counter to superficial tides. It is a principle of self-pro pulsion, moving in the direction of reason aud conscience, and heart. It is that rare power of the soul which is able to say of a proposed undertaking, "It may be difficult, it may be costly, it may be odd, but it is right, and I dare to do it. One of the greatest triumphs of courage is to dare to be one's self-to stand in one's own shoes, accepting one's own personality, addressing one's self to one's own responsibilities, en vving none, imitating none.

Long and Short Hair .- Many customs have prevailed among the fair sex respec Men heve, at different times, worn the hair and were called "round heads." been calculated that, by continual cutting length is removed from a man in twentyfive years. Some writers assert that the practice of close cutting and shaving tends to weaken the body. Such writers draw a powerful argument from old Samson, who when all unshorn, slew several thousand Philistians with the jaw bone of an ass.

"Why do you turn up your nose at the butterplate? there enough on it?" asked an indig-nant landlady of one of her boarders, (hoping by a flank question to vindicate the quality of the ticle, "isn't there enough of it, sir?" "Oh! yo ma'm!" responded the gentleman---"I was or think how so much could ever be got rid of

The remains of a bachelor who "burst into tears" at reading a description of married line has been found.

Why is a young lady just from boarding school like a building committee? Because she si ready to receive proposals.

An industrious tradesman having taken a new apprentice, awoke him at a very early hour on the first morning, by calling out that the family were sitting down to table. "Thank you,' said the boy, as he turned over in bed, to adjust himself for a new nap, "thank you; but I never eat anyting during the night."

ictory. Leave no work undone, no instrunentality untried; for temperance is the
reat work of the hour.—Zion's Herald.

The man everybody likes is generally a
lean against this milestone?" "With pleasure," replied the lawyer, "on condition that I may
lean against the next." The joke settled the quar-"MARY," said a wise and witty old lady, the other day, to her granddaughter, "What do

Nor long since, a fire-eating Irishman

What is the difference between a wealthy toper and a skillful miner? One turns his gold into quartz and the other turns his quartz into gold.

MARY, Said a wise and witty old lady, the other day, to her granddaughter, "What do you call the ugly bunch that hangs down behind your head?" "Why, grandmother, everybody knows it is a waterfall." "A waterfall, indeed!" replied the old lady, "it looks for all the world like a land slide." A LITTLE boy in Wisconsin was being put

to bed the other night about dark when he objected to going so early. His mother told him how the chickens went to bed early and he must do so too. The little fellow said he would if his mother the mercy of the good Lord—think Of the whole not one was killed. Vou've got to keep piling on the shavings, If you would do as the old hens did—goto bed first, then coax the chickens to come.