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Selected Poetry.

Where are you going so fast, old man. Where are you going so fast?
There's a valley to cross, and a river to ford, ere's a clasp of the hand and a parting word And a tremulous sigh for the past, old man; The beautiful vanished past.

The road has been rugged and rough, old me To your feet it's rugged and rough; t you see a dear being with gentle eves. las shared in your labor and sacrifice; Ah! that has been sunshine enough, old man,

For you and me, sunshine enough. How long since you passed o'er the hill, old man?

Of life o'er the top of the hill? re there beautiful valleys on t'other side? Were there flowers and trees, with their branche

To shut out the heat of sun, old man, The heat of the fervid sun?

And how did you cross the waves, old man, Of sorrow, the fearful waves? you lay your dear treasures by, one by one, h an aching heart and "God's will be done." Under the wayside dust, old man, In the graves 'neath the wayside dust's

There is sorrow and labor for all, old man, Alas! there is sorrow for all, you, peradventure, have had your share eighty long winters have whitened your hair, and they've whitened your heart as well, old

Thank God! your heart as well.

You're now at the foot of the hill, old man, At last at the foot of the hill! sun has gone down in a golden glow, ithe heavenly city lies just below; o in through the pearly gate, old man, The beautiful pearly gate.

Selected Tale.

HE MINISTER'S SANDY AND JESS.

(CONCLUDED.) be Sandy's friend : he might have sense than ask me such a gate."

of lavish generosity, and extraordi- like most great love, silent. isconception of his daughter's taste

tending ignorance and innocence. there, when somebody who has as right to your favor as I have, and ister, poor man, would miss her. far more, has to live without.

ards and forwards through the conpace of the manse parlor, herself

Aradford Reporter.

E. O. GOODRICH, Publisher.

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sses, and every iming in the Timens and at the executed in the most artistic manner and at the before Mr. Allan could get out the words. It ing with their hooks to cut grass at the He was always a sharp man, your father, ditch-sides, and bring back their aprons He was always a sharp man, your father, ditch-sides, and bring back their aprons and he just put up his hand and plead with full of a fresh, green supper for her beasts. the messenger, 'Not Sandy ; tell me it is not Sandy.' It was not that he was not beyond the flowery garden, where the fond of his lasses, Jess, you know; but evening wind soughed sadly in the grass

Mrs. Stewart now leant for the short dis- light which had lingered with his wife and few other occasions when she crossed her threshold, while she was able to move old songs, primitive sayings; her walks to Kames for the spectacle of the setting of the sun, which shone on other lands besides ter hearth. And Jess knew she was her Scotland, she sought to have Jess on the one side of her and the minister on the her one who comprehended and shared his Sir John Hall, Captain Basil, the great "Sold!" exclaimed Mi

Another peculiarity of Mrs. Stewart's this summer was her struggle against her feebleness, her efforts to convince herself means for the restoration of her health,ing. It was as if something had happened which would not let her die when her time hung over Sandy.

The minister and Jess lived together in

ess made no reply till the minister was knowledge of this world would have been of a duchess. smade no reply till the minister was and her mother began to press her no more than the discordant words of an It was summer again at Clovenford, and met with an irresistable temptation, or re-

look of the eyes, which, heavy men line,— last long slumber, roused themselves to line,— "Werena my heart licht I would dee." look of the eyes, which, heavy with their at the minister was troubled at Jess's search round the room, once and again, rence, cast about in his mind for a cause | ferred to the absence of Sandy, Mrs. Stewand stumbled on one of his old art passed away with her love, perhaps

But when all was over, Jess thought the arrival from her mother's mer- him who had most cause to mourn, and of shop in Woodend of a gown of yel- his place filled by others less entitled to be less had overcome the shock at was borne to her grave beside her baby ight of the articles, and her resolution who had passed from her mother's bosom they were not for her, she took them to the bosom of the second mother of us all. arms and went straight with them the earth, who, if she had lived, would have been an older woman than Jess; and be Jess, what is in the wind now? side the old divines who had filled the minou changed your mind about going ister's pulpit, and their faithful wives, of king up from Campbell on Miracles, within sight of the widows of her old home, where a stormy wind might carry the leaves

If Adam Spottiswoode had been at Birk-the Kirk. holm, Jess might have applied to him in Jess was glad that her father should feel should be so bold as question my her desperation to learn if he had heard able for the excursion, and soberly pleased anything of Sandy, and to beg of him to with it on her own account. She had been in Edinburgh just once before, and had seen minister dared her with flashing Birkholm was absent at the moors, and the Castle, Holyrood, Princes Street, George conquered her so far as to drive Jess had respect for her father's affliction, Street, and St. Andrew's Square already. his presence to burst out to her and would not torture him to no end .- Two days in Edinburgh were of such rarity er, my father is cruel to Sandy; brunt of that dark dark day--the darker her circle attained them more than once in all been cruel to him. And what that it was in the height of summer, the their lives, and then it was on such momen-

have brought reproach upon him. for sorrowing neighbors and dependents. | marriage in the capital, or the scarcely less when Mr. Stewart returned to the manse serious step of going with bridegrooms, after the funeral party was dispersed, and mothers, and matronly friends, to buy their care whether he is ever to be a fine retired to his room, Jess could not intrude "marriage things" out of metropolitan I am not sure that I have seen a on him. It was the room to which he had shops, gloriously combining love and adng in my life; but he was free brought her a bride, and she had died in it. venture, pleasure and profit. Jess, though ainter if he liked. I never thought It was her room now while his time of the far behind in other respects, felt a little Sandy than when he walked out at manse lasted, though she had vacated it elated at the double feat.

The minister and Jess we ; he was a petted lad before, but fellow-feeling with her father not to divine five o'clock next morning; found even the proud man then. If I catch any that no hand but his own would by suff- end of May rather raw on the top of a an save my father looking down ered to dispose of its mistress's little shawl coach at that early hour; spent the greater , I will never speak to him again. and cap, which in the hurry of her last ill- part of the day on the road, indefatigably my father, I say he is hard to Sanness had been put on the side-table among heed not think that I will take my his books. He would see them there, sit selves under cloak and mantle from pelting and Sandy cast off for a lad's ting in the gloaming at his meditations, showers; alighting and swallowing slices and half believe that her light foot—at her of salt beef from perennial rounds, glassoure all things are pure, if Sandy feeblest it was a light one—would be heard fuls of sherry and tumblerfuls of porter, as innocent as a bairn,) or that I again on the threshold, and her fair, faded leisurely, while the coach was changing at like a butterfly, when, for aught face, which had been to him as none other horses in the inn-yards of country towns; my brother Sandy, who was a but Sandy's, would look in upon him, smil and, after inquisitively scrutinizing and imes more dutiful than I have ing, while she asked some simple kind formally addressing fellow-travellers, endmay be pining in a garret or question, Why was he sitting without a light? Was he sure he had shifted his them before the coach and its burden rolled st, Jess, whist!" implored Mrs. feet on coming in from christening the bairn at the Cotton Bog? Was he ready which, whether in ancient or modern guise, by do you bid me 'whist,' mother; to ask a blessing on the sowens for sup- is one of the most picturesque of cities. you not interfere?" cried Jess, per? Jess had her own sorrows, but they into a noble passion, sweeping were a little lightened when, the long af

are saying. I could not rebel against the removed and replaced them for him.

to him the distress at home, he guessed it ments to send out the servants every even-He walked to the window and looked out

they could not bear his name and uphold his Master's credit as his lad would do."

of the kirkyard. Then he turned and said, emphatically, "Our wound is deep, though s Master's credit as his lad would do."

Though Mrs. Stewart did nothing,—
we need not let it be seen. But, Jess, it is ould do nothing, -- when Jess came to not by a gloomy token like that that she think of it, sobbing in her own room in the would like us to mind her; not that it is reaction after her recantation, both for San- not good in its way, everything is good or thur's Seat, and the nearer, smooth, pol dy and for Birkholm, from that day's confi- changed to good, even parting and death, dence mother and daughter were knit to- when they are but a stage to meeting and gether as they had not been before. In the beginning Jess had been a little too care of her beasts and birds and flowers, vigorous and energetic for her mild, tender that they may never miss her as we shall mother; but Mrs. Stewart clung to Jess do, always (though we troubled the last of in the end with mingled fond respect, deep gratitude, and yearning affection. her days with our discord). We must keep up her habits, that every day may have its gratitude, and yearning affection.

On Sabbath days, when the minister left trace of her." He went on speaking with his wife in the kirk porch to go into the unusual openness for a strong, reserved session-room, it was on Jess's arm that man, on the sweet and winning morning tance up the aisle to the minister's bucht, Jess's mother amidst the dust and clouds on the right hand of the pulpit. On the of the heat of the day; on her love of aniabout among her flowers, or stroll to the the Kames to see the sun set; her reveries life-long loss and sorrow.

III .- THE PICTURE. Jess was thrilled with a nervous expectaand others that she was gaining strength, tion that Sandy would "cast up," as she exthe eagerness with which she applied every pressed it, in the gloaming or the dawning, any day, to take his part in their mourning. new milk, port wine, even to the homely, The news of his mother's death would reach uncouth superstitions of a stocking from the minister's foot wrapped round her in the newspapers. But as months passed, throat at night, and the breath of the cows Jess was forced to renounce the expectain the cow-house the first thing of a morn- tion, and submit to the obscurity which

strict seclusion, until the sharp edge was It was well for Jess that she was much worn off their sorrow; and then the miniswith her mother during the summer, and ter had grown a quiet, absorbed, gray stuthat their communion was that of perfect dent, whom Jess could only wile from his love; for before the summer was ended Mrs. Stewart was attacked by a sudden increase of illness, and after a week's suffering was gone where she might have clear looking, composed woman, with the eye intelligence of Sandy, to which all the and the hand of a mother, and the carriage few modest purchases, had answered in the

the she raised a pair of bent black brows, and opened her lips. "Mother, do you link have no feeling? Do you think, reasured I first stood up against Sandy, at lawe no regard for my own brother? I have no regard for my own brother? I what has become of Sandy, or what and her relations, until witin a few hours themselves to sudden ringing peals of by have to bear? Adam Spottiswoode of her death, and then speech and in part laughter; the wisdom being as old and of Grizel Baillie set in one memorable

The month of May, with its lilac-lily-oak they called it at Clovenford-and hawthorn, was about its close, and the General Assembly of the Kirk of Scotland was about the laws of harmony. He surprised with a breaking heart of the ignorance of to conclude for the season its time-honored, pious, benevolent, virulent squabbles.

The minister of Clovenford was not a rape, with a pink silk scarf to match. there on the day when the wife and mother member this year, but he took it into his head late one evening that he would like to be present at a certain debate next night. and, with constitutional rapidity, fixed that he would go the Edinburg next morning by the early coach which passed through Woodend, take Jess with him for a treat, be present in the gallery of the Assembly, narriage at Birkholm?" he deman- centuries back, in the grassy kirkyard spend what was left of the night at Jess's Aunt Peggy's, and return by the late coach the next night to Clovenford : "for there minister's consternation, Jess's from her garden and scatter them on will be nobody setting up for us at home, ept for special occasions, began the mound. That mound, whether white he put in, with an involuntary touch of pa to fall like rain. "Father, do with May gowans or December snows, thos, when he found how easy the scheme that I do not value your presents. would never be out of the minister's and was. But the minister had not been in wear the one or the other at the Jess's minds, and near it distance-divided such good spirits for a long time, and it henever the weather will permit, families and former neighbors would still was with something of his old animation meet and "be glad to have their crack in that he entered into the details, congratulation go to Birkholm: it is not fit the kirkyard," and not forget to say softly ted Jess that she would have an opportunhould go and show off among the in her praise what a fine gentlewoman the ity of seeing the Lord High Commissioner, minister's wife had been, and how the min- and graphically detailed the marks by which she might distinguish the leaders of

Therefore Mr. Stewart and Jess bore the and importance that few country-women of one to lose a son's place? It is prime and pride of the year-alone, but tous occasions as the celebration of their

The minister and Jess were on foot by

ternoon over, her father re-entered, the and creditably performed, the rest of the

do you not stand up for Sandy? He is your son, and you liked him with reason, twice as well as your daughter. I would not suffer my father's tyranny."

"Jess, Jess, you do not know what you are saying. I could not rehel against the saying. I could not rehel against the saying and stand patiently while she are saying. I could not rehel against the saying and stand patiently while she are saying. I could not rehel against the saying and stand patiently while she are saying. I could not rehel against the saying and stand patiently while she are saying. I could not rehel against the saying and stand patiently while she are saying. I could not rehel against the saying and stand patiently while she are saying. I could not rehel against the saying and stand patiently while she are saying and stand patiently she are saying and stand patie mission. And Jess saw his Grace the minister. And do not you misjudge your father: he groans in his sleep; and think how good a man he is. And oh, Jess! you cannot mind, but I can, how he took the stopped abruptly because he could not put of "teinds" amply discussed; and just as candle and held it over Sandy in the cradle. And when your little sister died, and your father at the Glenork preachings, and I sent the nearest elder to meet him to break room, and had been making her arranged was thinking she could not keep her eyes as the minister, and had only entered the commission of teinus amply discussed; and just as her high head, with its gipsy bonnet, was hared it, that Mrs. Stewart not ten days beginning to nod in a manner the most uninto a meeting with his son; whereas Jess had been as much struck by the sight of it is the light of the commission. open a moment longer, though the Commisken, and Jess was released, to repair to

Aunt Peggy's and her bed. The next morning the minister and Jess were abroad betimes, while Aunt Peggy gave herself wholly to solemn preparations for the midday dinner. The walk was for Jess's pleasure, that she might see again known her father better, in his sound sense the more remote rugged lion couchant, Arished, glittering lions, the shops and the passengers. Among the fellow-passengers of Jess and the minister, while there were some women who ridiculed the country cut of Jess's black silk pelisse, there was more than one man who turned to look after the pair, and remark what a noble-looking lass that was with the gray, stout, old

black coat. The minister had fully discharged his obligations as a cicerone. He had pointed but the "White Hart," at which Dr. Johnson alighted on his way to his tout in the Hebrides; the bookseller's shop where exhibition without even asking their leave?" Robbie Burns, in boots and tops, with a riding-whip dangling over his arm, once corrected proof-sheets of his songs; Richardson's, frequented by young Mr. Scott, the author of the poem of Marmion; the traveller's father; and the Flesh Market Close, where the best beefsteaks in the For some time after her mother's death, kingdom were to be eaten. And Jess had wondered, but found it impossible to ask, whether they were near the street where she remembered Sandy's lodgings had been, and where it was just within nature he

rush of color into her face, "I would like to go in here."

Mr. Stewart and Jess had been proceedng on the plan of a fair division of labor and recreation. The minister's part performed, he had been walking along abstracedly, only waking up occasionally at the holm distant glimpse of a book-stall, where Jess stood quietly beside him, as he stood quietly beside Jess when the attraction was a linen-draper's or a jeweller's window.

The minister had inquired of Jess wheth-

er she wanted anything, and Jess, after a

The minister stopped short in the door-way of another room, aggrieved and ireful; but he had never turned back in his life, consciousness had failed her. Unless the common as sin and misery, which the wit never refused to face an annoyance or a difficulty, and his hesitation terminated in would not have had the confidence to do in his marching sulkily at the heels of Jess the Den of Birkholm, acting on the princihibitions.

The minister and Jess entered into no explanation and offered no comment as they walked slowly up the room, literally dazzled by the display on the walls. ever connoisseurs might have disdained the crude attempts of Wilkie, Allan, and Thomson, they were marvels to the country folk, who were only acquainted with the simpering or scowling representations of ladies, like full-blown roses in their own persons, clasping rose-buds between their fingers and thumbs, and gentlemen with fierce tops of hair, breaking the seals of etters, with as much cruel satisfaction as f they had been crushing beetles. But all at once both Jess and the minister's eyes were fixed, while their feet were drawn to a picture some yards in advance of them, which they could distinguish through the scanty sprinkling of visitors at that hour in the room

It was not one of the classic pieces, which were the stock pieces there, nor of the battle-field, nor of the landscapes, but a little family group which was strangely well known to them. They had seen the round table, the straight-backed chairs, the very ivory netting-box, many a time be fore: and even these dumb pieces of furni ture, so far from home, awoke a thousand

Then what of the figure, with living eye looking out at them? The elderly man putting down his book to ponder its conents; the young man with his face half hidden by his hand, as if weary or sad; the girl entering the room on some household errand; and she was there, setting in the centre of them as she would sit no more, looking not as she had looked when sh was passing away, not as Mr. Stewart with a backward bound of his memory had been given to see her lately, the innoceot, ingenuous, lovely girl who had come to the manse of Clovenford, bringing with her sunshine poetry, and the first tremulous dewy bloom of life, but Sandy and Jess's mother, whose presence, weak woman as she was, had been like a shelter and a stay, full of the security and serenity of experience, the

sweetness of the household content. The drawing might be faulty, the color ng streaky, but there again was the family, those of them who were still going about the streets, and one who on this earth was not. It was a God-given faculty aud a loving heart which thus reproduced

and preserved the past. The minister and Jess stood as if spell bound among the unheeding spectators, and gazed at the image of what they had lost as if it had been given back to them, with inexpressible longing; when, at a start from Jess, the minister turned round and saw his wife's dead face in Sandy's living one, gazing at them in agitation, as they were gazing at the picture. He was in mourning like themselves, but except what was. that he looked older, his brown hair darker, and that his blue eyes were dimmed

who were making the circuit of the room and an examination of the pictures with the ease of free-masonry of privileged professional frequenters of the place.

Jess scarcely noticed this at first. Her heart leaped to greet her brother, and at the same time she was terrified lest her father should think there had been an appointment perhaps through Aunt Peggy, and that she had deliberately betrayed him as the minister, and had only entered the sioner asked it of her as a personal favor, exhibition on the impulse of the moment or threatened to turn her out by his usher when she read its name, determined to pay if he caught her napping, the vote was ta- that mark of respect to Sandy, and with what lurking notion of establishing a communication or provoking an incounter between them she had not dared to tell her-

> Jess was in dread of how the minister would behave to Sandy; she might have and old-fashioned code of politeness.

> "How are you, Sandy?" the minister

Sandy was a great deal more put out as he took the offered hand and shook it, and shame of appealing to the charity of a

Mr. Stewart satisfied his son's curiosity with a word, and then it was in entire keeping with the man, that his next words were in indignant reprobation,-

"Sandy, how dared you make your family a gazing-stock on the walls of a public "I did not think you would dislike it so much, sir," stammered Sandy. "There are many portraits here. I have not put the would be generally recognized. The pic-

"I meant to take a copy, as I could not called them with agreeable, self-conscious afford to keep what I believe is the best vagueness, were thus performed frequently. thing I have done, though I have sold some "Father," said Jess, suddenly, with a this, had not the buyer been an old friend. and had run into opposite extreme by ensh of color into her face, "I would like to He bought it at my own price the first couraging couples to steal off and be mar

> Misfortunes do not come alone, nor do woode was delighted to come in this man- large town, to be married in the privacy of ner upon the Stewarts, and share the a crowd. pledge of reconciliation which the group implied, to take it boldly as an omen of kered after Jess with an inextinguishable swiftness of lightning, while mechanically

city, were like one family already, and the laird improved the occasion by attaching nimself assiduously to the Stewarts, as he into one of the Royal Society's earliest ex- ple that it would be disrespectful to his minister not to join his ranks when they turned up in a public place among strangers, and that in these circumstances he had as good a right to investigate narrowly when the minister and Jess had come, where they were staying, and when they were going home, as if he were as minutely acquainted with the daily routine of their ives when he was at Birkholm and they at Clovenford. And without doubt Birkholm's comely, manly, gentleman-like presence was like a "kind, kenned face" to the minister and Jess in Edinburgh, however lighty they might regard it in their parish. Jess opened her eyes a little at his atten-tion, but she did not repulse him, and the minister only staggered him for a moment. "Birkholm, you'll give up that picture; t is mine by a double right!"

The next instant Birkholm was eagerly ssuring the minister, "It is yours, Mr. Stewart; do not say another word about it," and accrediting with a throb of triumph that he had earned the minister's

The picture was not Mr. Stewart's, however, in the sense which Birkholm intended at first. The minister would pay him ward journey, and folded her in her arms every pound of his money for it, should stint his small purse; and the laird had the wit to see, soon, that if he would stand well with the high-spirited old man, he must refrain from offering him a gift of his wife and children's portraits (as for the ised that she would give Jess her tea chi minister's own, the minister might not have minded that). Until Birkholm had a title to be painted on the same canvas, he had etter be modest in his favors.

Mr. Stewart took another lingering look at the picture after it was his own, and examined Sandy strictly on its removal and packing, a little nettled that it was at the service of the Academy for a week or two onger. Afterwards the minister made the est of the round of the room on Sandy's formation, and making pertinent remarks, which were honorable to the shrewd critiism of an old prejudiced ignoramus.

Before the picture of "John Knox Preaching to the Regent," not without corresponding fire in the handling, Mr. Stewart stood stil again, and commended it warmly. finished by a more personal admission, worthy of the minister, a half-smile playing over his powerful features: "Sandy, your art is far below the cure of souls, yet I own there is something in it, after all. But it was your mother's face that beat me."

Birkholm accompanied Jess, and saw no necessity for concealing from her what had been his intention regarding the picture; and Jess was not offended, but thanked him softly even when he spoke of a copy, and his project of hanging it opposite the pictures of his father and mother in the dining-room at Birkholm. And if that was

Jess was so happy-and humble in her happiness-that she could not find it in her

had emerged from a knot of gentlemen own way with Jess Stewart, and finding it intoxicating, went on at a fine pace. But first he had the grace to tell her how Sandy was spoken of among artists, of what prom ise he was held, and to point out some of Sandy's friends who were not like the portrait painters Jess had seen at Woodend; and to say the picture of the family had excited a sensation, and that if Jess and the she had been devouring the rest,—the no-tion that though Sandy should be the greatest painter in the land, the minister

would be pointed at as Sandy's father. Next, Birkholm's tongue wagged wildly on his own affairs. There was word of his sist r Effie's marriage, indeed, he might say it was as good as settled, with one of delicate, and wanted Nancy to keep asked, holding out his hand to his son, as company in her lodgings at an English if nothing had happened. self at Birkholm. It seemed he thought no said in a breath, "I am glad to see you looking so well, father; and, Jess, when did you come to town?"

friend, and arrived speedily at direct insinuations that Jess might visit Edinburgh again with him and the minister in a month or two, after harvest and before the hunting season, or even might make the present visit serve two purposes, as, where rough man, on hearing the name of the in-people were of one mind, the sooner "these dividual: "That man! Well, if that man is things" were done the better.

Jess was forced to interpose and put a check on the honest, gallant laird, lest he should come to the point of affronting her by proposing plainly that her stay in town should extend over the Sabbath, and then names, and I did not fancy the original there would be time to send word to the session clerk and precenter of Clovenford re is sold to a friend." to have their names cried in the kirk, and "Sold!" exclaimed Mr. Stewart, with a great increase of anger and a quiver of consternation in his voice; "how could you do such a thing? Who is the buyer?" the broose." "Thee things," as the laird

The world had awakened to perceive a other subjects readily enough since my return. I dare say I should have altered rade and riotous rejoicings at marriages, morning he saw it," Sandy expatiated, with pardonable pride. "He should be a judge maids at Chelsea. Half of Jess's acquaintof the liknesses, when he is one of your ances quitted their homes, not in the acown parishioners. He was here to-day, complishment of elopements, but with the and yonder he is finding you out—Birk-full consent of friends and relatives, and posted in the all but universal white gowns and vellow buckskins, affording no clew to old friends meet singly. Adam Stottis- their design, to Edinburg or some other

But Jess Stewart was not so minded. If Birkholm had penetrated her secret, she other alliances. For Birkholm still han- had arrived at her conclusion with the

the spring," said Jess, composedly, glancing at her black silk pelisse; "I think my Aunt Peggy wants me over at that time," she added, with the duplicity which even a woman like Jess could not resist being guilty of, in the strait. Had she been clear as crystal in this as in other matters. she would further have comforted the laird "and then, Birkholm, after I have accus tomed my father to the thought of not seeing me every day in my mother's place, and have made every provision for his comfort, we will wed, but I think on a bonnie April afternoon, in the Clovenford dining-room, where the sound of the healths and the cheering will reach to the kirkyard, as far as my mother's grave. You and me have spirit enough not to be feared at the ringing and firing ; we would rather give the folk the play." As to Birkholm, he took the comfort for granted, and did not need it expressed in words. Birkholm dined with the family at Aunt

Peggy's on the dainty early lamb and the mythically sounding forced potatoes and strawberries, the stereotyped luxuries of the Assembly week in Edinburgh. Aunt Peggy, that estimable and convenient kinswoman, though she had never been in the same room with the laird and her niece be fore, her eyes probably opened by her hos pitability and its good cheer, followed Jess when she retired to prepare for her homeas soon as they were in the best bedroom called her a fine lass, who had done her duty by father and mother and brother and enthusiastically predicted her reward. For Aunt Peggy's part, she had always promna, and she would take care that Jess had a set which would not disgrace the brassmounted tea-table of old Lady Birkholm She would not say but, all things considered. Jess might not count on her tea trave forbye. Jess and the minister hied home to Clo

venford, well supported. They had the willing convoy of both the young men,—Sandy to remain for a month's holidays. He was to inaugurate his picture, and be a arm, freely availing himself of his son's in- witness to all the parish coming to see and and admire it, and to the minister never tired of showing it off till he succeeded in discovering subtle touches which the painter had never laid on. "My hand is closed on my spectacles. Jess is bringing in the eggs. She is copying a leaf from her rosetree in her work. She had the first China rose in Clovenford, and she was very ingenious. It is from his mother he takes hi

But beforehand, when Mr. Stewart and the young people returning late in the summer night to Clovenford, and the latter de layed for a moment at the manse gate to take leave of Birkholm and enter into an appointment with him for the next day, the inister walked up the garden path alone to the door, "It is all dark," he thought, looking up in the purple gloom at the qui-et little house and the neighboring kirk and kirkyard, on which the morning would soon dawn in midsummer gladness, "where her light should have shone, and she would have liked well to have seen the two lads space of the manse parlor, herself sleeves of his coat looking conspicuous in play remained to be played out.

The merchant inner and the lass come nome, and the last of the moment, he was not altered, had as heart to contradict Birkholm; and the last of agentleman as ever, and young laird, not being at all used to his had behooved to admit for once that I had

been in the wrong. But who says she's blind? She has gone where faith is sight, and where they know the end from the beginning, and she has her share of the knowledge. I warrant she sees farther than any of us,—to have us all round her again, and her honry Jean Clephane, restored to imher, bonny Jean Clephane, restored to immortal youth. I cannot rightly understand how the lass and the wife and mother can be one and the same; but I am sure it shall be, and that will be perfection. And oh! Jean, woman, when I've sorted and settled the bairns, and done something more for my Master, I will be blythe to go home to my old friend and my young wife."

THE POWER OF THE HEART .- Let any one while setting down, place the left leg over the knee of the right one, and permit it to hang freely, abandoning all muscular control over it. Speedily it may be observed to sway forward and backward through a limited space of regular intervals. Counting the number of these motions from any given time, they will be found to agree exactly with the beatings of the pulse. Every one knows that, at fires, when the minister were doubly recognized as two of the originals, and as the sister and the father the hose, and if the bend be a sharp one, ther of the artist, they would have to bear some staring for Sandy's sake. Here Jess's credulity broke down. This statement was more than she could swallow, though system of hose, through which the blood is forced by the heart. When the leg is bent, all the arteries within it are bent too and every time the heart contracts the blood rushes through the arteries, tends to straighten them; and it is the effort which produces the motion of the leg alluded to. Without such ocular demonstration, it is difficult to conceive the power exerted by the Edinburg writers; and Betsy's captain was with his ship, and Betsy, who was not sailing with him on his present station, was whose very life they are.

> Not so very long ago, in one of the Western States, there was a certain Baptist unit on the subject of immersion. At a a certain person, not remarkable for purity of life, sent in a request for admission into their fold. One of the committe, a rather to be admitted to the church he ought to soak over night."

POETRY OF LABOR.

Toil swings the axe, and forests bow, The seeds break out in radiant bloom, Rich harvests smile behind the plow, And cities cluster round the loom; Where towering domes and tapering spires Adorn the vale and crown the hill, Stout Labor lights its beacon fires. And plumes with smoke the forge and mill.

The monarch oak, the woodland's pride, Whose trunk is seamed with lightning scars, Toil launches on the restless tide, And there unrolls the flag of stars : The engine with its lungs of flames, And ribs of brass and joints of steel, From Labor's plastic fingers came, With sobbing valve and whirling wheel.

'Tis labor works the magic press. And turns the crank in hives of toil, And beckons angels down to bless Industrious hands on sea and soil, Her sun-browned Toil, with shining spade Links lake to lake, with silver ties Strung thick with palaces of trade, And temples towering to the skies.

FUN. FACTS AND FACETIÆ.

A justice, better versed in law than gospel, married a couple in this way:

"Hold up your hands. You solemnly swear
that you will faithfully perform the duties of your
office, jointly and severally, according to your best
skill and judgment, so help you God. That's all,
fee one dollar."

A LITERAL FACT .- " Didn't you tell me you could hold a plow!" said the farmer to the Irish-man he had taken on trial. "Be aisy, now," says Pat. "How could I hold it an' two horses pullin' it away? Just stop the creatures and I'll hold it

GIVING A CHARACTER .- " Do you know the prisoner, Mr. Wiggins?" "Yes, to the bone."
"What is his character?" "Didn't know he had any." "Does he live near you?" "So near that he has only spent five dollars for fire wood in eight

IDLENESS -- Idleness is the dead sea that swallows up all virtues, and the self-made sepul-cher of a living man. The idle man is the devil's urchin whose livery is rags, and whose diet and wages are famine and disease.

WE have heard of asking for bread and receiving a stone; but a young gentleman may be considered as still worse treated, when he asks for a young lady's hand and gets her father's foot.

A French writer, describing the trading powers of a genuine Yankee, said: "If he was cast away on a desolate island, he'd get up next morning and go around selling-maps to the inhabitants." "AH, doctaw, does the choleraw awfect

the highwa awda?" "No," replied the doctor to the exquisite, "but it's death on fools, and you'd better leave the city at once." Prentice says girls will differ. One of

them lately broke her neck in trying ts escape being kissed, and a great many of them are ready to break their necks to get kissed. "William," said a teacher to one of his pupils, "can you tell me what makes the sun rise in the east?" "Don't know, Sir," replied William,

cept it be that the east makes every thing rise.

on an estate in Cumberland, says it is so close an so deep that b, looking into it you can see the making tea in China. A WESTERN "local" acknowledges the gift

of "two bouquets smiling in their paper frills as do girls' faces within their laced night caps." Tha Mrs. Partington asks very indignantly,

if the bills before Congress are not counterfeit, why there should be so much difficulty in passing them A white man in St. Louis became enraged

at a negro, the other day, and was about to strike him with a brickbat, when the colored man fell back on his reserved right: Look here white man, don't you strike me wid dat ar rock—don't you do it, sar. I'd hab you know dat when you strikes me you strikes a bureau! A Housekeeper's Maxims. - Never say

pagne does need the gooseberry-bush.
Don't count your chickens before they're hatched; and avoid as much as possible having them in your breakfast eggs.
Half a loaf is better than no bread, and half a

stale loaf will go further than nev ing employment came to New York city, and on in-quiring at a certain counting-room if they wished a clerk, was told they did not. On mentioning the recommendations that he had, one of which was from a highly respected citizen, the merchant de-sired to see them. In turning count his sired to see them. In turning over his carpet-bag to find his letters, a book rolled out on the floor.

find his letters, a poor rolled our what book is that?" said the merchant.
"It is the Bible, sir," was the reply. in New York?" The lad looked seriously into the merchant's

tace, and replied, "I promised my mother I would read it every day, and I shall do it."

The merchant immediately engaged his services,