rtisements, not exceeding 15 lines, hants and others, advertising their busines

e charged \$20. They will be entitled to 4 n confined exclusively to their business, with 28 Advertising in all cases exclusive of sub-

on to the paper. OB PRINTING of every kind in Plain and Fan-

done with neatness and dispatch. Handanks, Cards, Pamphlets, &c., of every vastyle, printed at the shortest notice. The OFFICE has just been re-fitted with Power and every thing in the Printing line can cuted in the most artistic manner and at the TERMS INVARIABLY CASH.

Griginal Poctry.

For the Bradford Reporter.

OVSPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO H. A. B.

Is friend? Are not all false or changing, et upon the highway of my life, ey each year this heart estranging those whose love could enervate its strife? Have I a friend?

hin whose eyes I though a true light shone came and sorrows to betide me, d when I looked again I was alone;

ng my treasures there is still a letter. rotestations strong of friendship writ, one whose after silence burst the fetter hat to his own my spirit closely fit. Was he my friend?

ered me while lone upon affliction's bed, e yester-month the battle sounds were rolling ward me the enemy he fiercely led;

Was he my friend? w a lady fair and sweet and gentle, ho seemed to live upon the words I spoke; was my being in love's sentimental, at she was false, my heart adoring broke

those who warmest are in their profession, Experience this lesson true will teach,) will longest give the heart possession,

Miscellaneous.

MR. THOMPSON'S UMBRELLA.

Augusta, I wish you would practice mi's march. Mr. Thompson likes cared for. Surely she was not to blame in have a change, my poor darling."

, but to me it was dreadful. More- My Aunt's health had been failing of late, perhaps because I was a proud girl, and he was aware that I knew the worst again.

Thaps, too, because I was a foolish might soon come, so he wanted me to be Alas here fact of a man, young or mid-sure of a home. I burst into tears. to be pretty-I may say that now, and I-" l it is so long ago-but plainer girls. no greater advantage than I had, at off at a premium in the marriage rket, and I remained Augusta Raymond, ared and unsought for. I did not care. I only lamented that my aunt d worry these unfortunate gentlemen

I loved her dearly. So I now sat been beforehand with me there. to the piano and played Chapin's and practiced for the benefit of the my hopes. A gray twilight filled the room,

erity. He was a rich man now-at softly for a poor girl as I was, but he

he must be old, quite old.

ived in the country, and a small but

garden enclosed my aunt's coting; he had a younger brother for whom twas a low one, with broad rooms, he meant me. He had all but said so this do it? dark perhaps, yet strangely pleas-It was our best room, but it was went up to aunt. sitting-room. A central table was n with books, some of which were d friends, and others were pleasant w acquaintances. Flower-stands, Mr. Norris, old enough to be her father. to read or dream in, added to the at- flirt?" ions of this department. I enjoyed it as I played; but then, to be sure, the ws were all open, and every one gave dare to look at him. glimpse of the green garden, with a of blue sky above its nodding trees, ly not Miss Raymond's cousin?" e sweet scent of the mignonette came every breath of air. Where are w, pleasant room and green garden? ss hand of man has laid you

and my eyes can see you no more. I pitied him. re no home for lost places, no dreamlike the Indian's hunting-ground, e the things that have once been may y a shadowy existence? Are you realever gone and lost, save when you death, but very firm. Neither troubled back every time a woman, whose look nor quivering lip gave token of the to which your pleasant my aunt out of the room. ness would seem so little akin? dear ! Mr. Thompson !" said my

voice, as I closed the instrument. I had handed me. very little altered, and not at all e had expected him for dinner, and composure, then looked for his umbrella, d come for luncheon; I forget how which he would always keep in a corner of stake arose. As he opened the gar- the sitting-room, he said very calmly, ate, he met my aunt. They heard me g, and stood by one of the windows

"I think I shall go and take a walk." And he went out, and we saw him no When I ceased they entered the more till the next morning, when he left and it was then that, as I said, I us.

Aradford Reporter.

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to go about with one.'

Of course, we did not speak about his

umbrella on this the first morning we spent

preamble, and I saw he meant it. My aunt

him think me old now that he saw me.

said it so kindly as this evening.

had taken the friendship of my best friend,

me in the love of the only man I had ever

"Pray don't!" I interrupted. I could not

"You will think over it."

"Pray don't," I entreated.

There was a pause.

self--there's her letter."

"What Jessie is that?" he asked.

"I have seen her at Mrs. Gray's."

'Perhaps it is not true !" I said

I looked at him now. He was pale

"Augusta, may I look at it?" he asked.

glancing towards the letter, which my aunt

I could not refuse him. I gave him the

'Yes : the same. Do you know her?"

was delighted, and I felt pleased; but,

TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., JUNE 7, 1866.

I did not dnow it at the time, but I knew Mr. Thompson had not proposed to me af- ly.' I have no doubt he thinks so too, and poor beast's level, I can take care of my-

I did not drow it at the time, but I knew it later; I liked him from that very moment. I am not sure that every girl would have liked Mr. Thompson. He was decidedly good-looking, and he was both shrewd edly good-looking, and he was both shrewd end of the later it liked hearts core by the coldness of his adieu. My value had gone down with my cousin's faithlessedly good-looking, and he was both shrewd every word, till at length she left me to I made this free commentary upon his proposed to me arity and I was hurt to the heart's core by the coldness of his adieu. My value had gone down with my cousin's faithlessed which is the later it length she left me to I made this free commentary upon his proposed to me arity and I was hurt to the heart's core by the coldness of his adieu. My value had gone down with my cousin's faithlessed which is the later it length she left me to I made this free commentary upon his proposed to me arity and I was hurt to the heart's core by the coldness of his adieu. My value had gone down with my cousin's faithlessed by the coldness of his adieu. My value had gone down with my cousin's faithlessed by the coldness of his adieu. My value had gone down with my cousin's faithlessed by the coldness of his adieu. My value had gone down with my cousin's faithlessed by the coldness of his adieu. My value had gone down with my cousin's faithlessed by the coldness of his adieu. My value had gone down with my cousin's faithlessed by the coldness of his adieu. My value had gone down with my cousin's faithlessed by the coldness of his adieu. My value had gone down with my cousin's faithlessed by the coldness of his adieu. My value had gone down with my cousin's faithlessed by the coldness of his adieu. My value had gone down with my cousin's faithlessed by the coldness of his adieu. My value had gone down with my cousin's faithlessed by the coldness of his adieu. My value had gone down with my cousin's faithlessed by the coldness of his adieu. My value had gone down with my cousin's faithlessed by t and pleasant; but he had a quaint and abrubt manner, which was apt to startle
strangers. I liked it well, however. I

She became Mrs. Norris soon after this.

She became Mrs. Norris soon after this. strangers. I liked it well, however. I liked that eccentricity which never took him too far, and that slight want of polish which gave flavor to everything he said or her, and who disliked Mrs. Gray. "That and chill in them. Yet I was not quite did. I liked all, excepting his umbrella. That I detested. It was large, massive and dreadfully obtrusive. He had it in his hand on that bright, warm day, and long the was but a shaggy half-bred cur, I had laid by his word and long the was but a shaggy half-bred cur, I had laid by his word and long the was a busybody. The caned ner, and I am airaid alone. Early in the winter I had taken in I lou gave me phy, iscorn pity. An, arc.

Thought is the was large, massive and she was a busybody. Jessie was very happy. She was but a shaggy half-bred cur, I had laid by his word and long the was but a shaggy half-bred cur, I had laid by his word and long the was but a shaggy half-bred cur, I had laid by his word and long the was a busybody. The caned ner, and I am airaid alone. Early in the winter I had taken in I lou gave me phy, iscorn pity. An, arc.

Thought is the was large, massive and she was a busybody. Jessie was very happy. She was but a shaggy half-bred cur, I had laid by his word and long the was large, massive and the winter I had taken in I lou gave me phy, iscorn pity. An, arc. as our acquaintance lasted I never saw Mr. Thompson without it. Later, when our in- love to me, and she looked at me with now lay sleeping on the rug at my feet, timacy had progressed, I taxed him with this. "Yes," he said good-humoredly, "I confess it is my hobby. My earliest am-though she vexed me when she quizzed could I keep him?—and if I cast him away bition as a boy was to possess an umbrel- him to Mr. Norris, especially about his um- who would have him? He had neither youth la, and my greatest happiness as a man is brella, I did keep silent.

"I am sure he will be married with his but his old honest heart, and who would umbrella under his arm," she said, the evening before her own wedding. "Don't and, perhaps because my heart was rather

together. Mr. Thompson praised my music, and looking me full in the face, told me I played divinely. He said it without the garden, and wondered how she had charmed him. Alas! I might have wondered how she had charmed him. Alas! I might have wondered how she had believe I thought of something else too. I remember a vision I saw in the burning the garden, and wondered how she had dered how, without seeking it, how he had charmed me.

somehow or other, I also felt that Mr. Thompson treated me like a little girl; and Jessie's marriage was a blow to my aunt. so he did, not merely then, but even afterwards. Tiresome man! I had thought him She had always thought I should go off first. She was also cruelly disappointed old before I saw him, and I could not make by Mr. Thompson's indifference, and perhaps she guessed the meaning of my altered Mr. Thompson did not stay a week with looks. I believe I got pale and thin just I do not know how long Mrs. Gray had us, but a month. O, that happy month, then. And I was always playing Chopin's with long golden days and delicious evenings, and music and sweet converse! shall "My dear," said my aunt to me one

evening, "is not that very mournful?"
"I like it, aunt," I replied; but I re-I ever forget it? If the wakening was bitter, let me remember that the dream was solved to play it no more. Mr. Thompson was to leave us next morn-

I knew by this time how I felt towards you," she added, abruptly. him; and, kind though he was, I doubted I was mute. cared much for me. And when he "I wish I had never asked him here."

said, "Augusta, I have something to say to you," my heart began to beat. He used to she resumed; "I cannot help thinking-" "Don't, pray don't !" I interrupted. call me Augusta now and then, having She did not insist, but she made me go known me as a child; but never had he

Ah, well! I suppose many women have to go through the bitterness which came to secret from me. "My poor darling," she said, when I had confessed all, "he may value you yet."
"No, aunt, he never will. But pray do me then. Mr. Thompson had met my cousin Jessie at Mrs. Gray's, proposed to her, not trouble about me. I mean to get over feared I was not very well. and been accepted. From the moment he mentioned Jessie's name, I knew my fate. Without seeking it, I suppose, she had ever

it, and I will " I spoke resolutely, and my aunt praised stood between me and every good. She

the liking of my nearest relative—I was not really my aunt's niece, only her late husband's—and now she had forestalled mean to leave home this year; but now I scarcely a gracious one. will take you to the sea-side. You must

that, but, O, how hard, how very hard, It She kissed me, and I remember how calm seemed to me? The nightingale sang in and happy I felt in that gray room, sitting He might think I was annoyed at his long empson! My poor aunt, she meant the trees above us, pure, brilliant stars by my dear aunt's side, and looking at the absence, and, surely, I was not. But he the fragrance, and Mr. Thompson went on pourgry kindly, of course, but she little the day, the garden was full of gragrance, and Mr. Thompson went on pouragain as on that sad evening when 1 had answered that he had, indeed, been much how she made me hate those single tragrance, and Mr. Hompson went on pouremen whom she so wished me to
image and so that sad evening when I had engaged, but that everything was over
horrible umbrella of his! But, instead of
els a year, and my aunt's annuity died
is the hitterness was a great throb;
in Jessie's praises in my ear. She was so
horrible umbrella of his! But, instead of
now. Mrs. Norris, he added, had left this
going to look for it, he suddenly came and
lightfully innocent! And what do you suphorrible umbrella of his! But, instead of
going to look for it, he suddenly came and
lightfully innocent! And what do you suphorrible umbrella of his! But, instead of
going to look for it, he suddenly came and
lightfully innocent! All the head, het left the suddenly came and
lightfully innocent! All the head, and my foolish withered hopes;
horrible umbrella of his! But, instead of
going to look for it, he suddenly came and
lightfully innocent! All the head, and what do you suphorrible umbrella of his! But, instead of
going to look for it, he suddenly came and
lightfully innocent! All the head, and my foolish withered hopes;
horrible umbrella of his! But, instead of
going to look for it, he suddenly came and
lightfully innocent! All the head, and my foolish withered hopes;
hat the hitterness was a constant of the properties. her: so I suppose her anxiety to see pose he told me all this for? Why, because but the bitterness was gone from my sor- but I was mute. wanted me to go and live with them .- row.

My aunt was late for breakfast. I went a year "My dear, good child," he cried warmly, up to her room and found her calmly sleep- the net profit she derives from her marriage I should not wonder if that were true, warm heart. Your dear aunt may live rested on me in love were cl sed, the voice youth and beauty has but a time—a brie

er he was, the more I wept and felt misera- I found it very hard. Poor dear aunt, she not pity her very much." ble. At length, at my request, he left me. always did mean to make a will in my fa-I grew calmer after a while, and went in. vor, and she never did. Mr. Norris behaved hard talk pained me. "Do play Chopin's march for us, my dear." very handsomely, I was told. He gave me "I have a fancy," said my aunt. Poor, dear aunt! she wanted the piane which had been bought for me, a me with vain efforts to make me like me to fascinate him to the last. She little few other articles of no great value, and all our accounts. which were fine, and the furniture, for which, I played it again. It was the knell of all as he said truly enough, I had no use. Moreover, he allowed me to remain in the

Mr. Thompson, who was to come and they could not see the tears which cottage till Lady-day; though perhaps, as raised his eyes to mine. rening, and who little knew, poor flowed down my cheeks. I played well, he could not live in two houses at a time, he had been invited to spend a they said; and I believe I did. Something and must pay the rent whether I stayed with us for the express purpose of from myself was in the music that evening there or not, this was no such great favor in love with his second cousin's was very sorrowful. Mr. Thompson came after all. God forgive me, I fear I was very had not seen him since I was a and sat by me when I had done. The servant sinful during the dark days that followed. He was a young man then, tall, brought in the lights and a letter for my I had some friends who did, or rather who and grave, and already on the road aunt. While she was reading it, he said, said their best, but there was one who never came near me, who gave me no token of his existence, who had no kind word for me, who let me struggle through my hard trial. "But you do not know how much I like and who never offered a helping hand. He ought of all these things while I was you," he insisted; "and then you will do might at least have written, have condoled g, and then I forgot them, for the di- my little heedless Jessie good--poor child- me in my sorrow, but he did not. And yet c bore me away, and music was a ish darling! Besides, I have set my heart he was in the neighborhood. He was lat at Mr Norris' house. Jessie herself told This crowned all. I guessed his mean- me so. True, he had business to transact

evening in the garden. "It would do John, He did it, and did more. Mr Norris was At least, they seemed so to me. I who was rather light, all the good in the thrown off his horse one morning and bro't iked the room in which I now sat world." I could not bear it. I rose and home dead. Jessie became a widow and a "News, indeed!" she replied, amazed.— debts. I only went to see her once. I "There's Jessie going to marry my cousin, found her cold, callous and defiant, under I her infliction ; yet I would have gone again baskets, and delightful chairs, chairs wonder what he will do with the little if Mr. Thompson had not been Mr. Norris executor. He had business to settle with the widow, and I could only interfere; be-Mr. Thompson came forward. I did not sides, I could not bear to see them together. It was very wrong and useless, but it

was so. Mrs. Gray often came to see me. I cannot say she comforted me much. She gave me a world of wearisome advice, and told me He spoke very calmly. I suppose he did much that I would rather not have heard not believe it. I pitied him; from my heart What was it to me now, that accounts kept him so often and so late with Jessie? They were both free; and if he chose to "Not true! why she writes to me her- forgive her and marry her, and if she chose to marry once more for money-I say it again-what was it to me?

And yet I suppose it was something, after all; for when Mrs. Gray left me one is turning gray, hears that grand, cruel storm within. Something now called afternoon in February, I felt the loneliest being on this wide earth. She had harped again on that hateful string,-that Mr. Thompson seemed quite smitten with Mrs. Norris. "And what do you think, my dear?" she added; "he thought you were gone. letter. He read it through with the same He seemed quite surprised when I said I vainly seek to read the meaning of a huhad seen you on Sunday.

What, is she not gone?' he asked-'gone to London? 'No, indeed! What should Mr. Thompson; "he was starving; he came she go to London for?' He did not answer to this door; I fed him, and he would not that, but, from something he said, I saw he leave it. I took pity on him-I gave him thought you were engaged to be married. a mat to lie on, and a crust to eat. He My aunt was disappointed to find that the same as so when were engaged to be married, a mat to fie on, and a crust to eat. He thought you were engaged to be married, a mat to fie on, and a crust to eat. He when men break their hearts, it is the same as when a lobster breaks one of his claws—another is a hard case to be so young and so lone not quite so low as to be brought to this sprouting immediately and growing in its place."

She was married from my aunt's house, out of regard to Mr. Norris, who was related to busybody," he called her, and I am afraid alone. Early in the winter I had taken in cruel significance as she spoke. But I be- Poor Carlo! he heeded not the morrow, and nor beauty to recommend him-nothing I did not answer her; I went out into thought of the fate that lay before him. I coals; how it came there Heaven knows. I saw them both, as no doubt they often were, bending over accounts which they read together, then looking up and exchanging looks and smiles which no one could mistake. I wonder why I came back to images which tortured me-but it was so. been gone, when Carlo gave a short bark ; the gate-bell rang; I saw a tall, dark form why it was No and not Yes. I said we pass across the window, and my little could not be happy together. He bowed maid opened the door, saying-

"Mr. Thompson, ma'am." I rose. He came in with his umbrella "Mr. Thompson liked it," she said, with as usual, and Carlo went up to him and that I would relent or change my mind, ing, and we were in the garden together. a sigh. I wonder he did not propose to wagged a friendly welcome. I could not passed his lips. The door closed upon him. say one word. I was dreadfully agitated. I felt sure he had come to tell me that he in a sort of stupor. It was over. go and stay with them, or something of the step took him away farther from me--new kind. Nothing else could have brought er—never again—should we meet. Per-htm. Or perhaps, as Jessie had, no doubt haps he would not have left me, then, if I and sit by her. She caressed me, she told him that I was gone, he had, on learn-coaxed me, and little by little she drew my ing the truth, felt ashamed of his long cold-could have said to him, "I cannot be hap coaxed me, and little by little she drew my ing the truth, felt ashamed of his long coldness, and had come to make some sort of py with you because I love, and you do excuse. He had none; but he asked how not; because my love and my pride would I was, took a chair, looked rather hard at suffer all day long if I were your wife; beme, and without waiting for my answer,

> "O, I am not ill, you know," I replied, a little carelessly. "I trust you are well, Mr. Thompson." He said he was very well, and he looked

> "I heard you were so much engaged that I scarcely expected to see you," I said.

I was vexed with myself as I had said it.

"You must have a change," said my aunt believe," he resumed. "The balance in it. her favor was low—lower than I expected. Alas! the change came with the morn. Mrs. Norris has something like a hundred excluded—coming to the house on "if I were not going away, I would not count, made him detestable in my have grieved you so. You have, I know, a those slumbers. The kind eyes which had repeated often, you see. The capital of reason way I pleased none. I was for years; only, if she should not, Jessie which had ever spoken in praise and en one; it is apt to wear out, and the first dearment was silenced for ever and ever. venture ought to be the best. Mrs. Norris, I suppose it was not Jessie's fault that not having found it so, is disappointed. I bear it. The more he praised me, the kind- her husband was my aunt's heir-at-law; but suppose it is natural; but you know I can-

I supposed not; but how all that cold

"I have a fancy," he resumed," that this kind lady expected some other ending to This is not very flattering She was my best friend, however, knew that Jessie, whom she disliked so, had my aunt's wardrobe. He kept her jewels, to my vanity, unless, indeed, as showing my marketable value ; is it, now ?" would not answer that question. His

tone, his manner, vexed me. Suddenly he 'Did such a rumor reach you?" he ask

I could not deny it. My face was in a flame. I believe I stammered, but I do not

'Even you have heard it." he said look ng scarcely pleased; "the world is very kind. And you believed it, too! I had loped you knew me better."

He seemed quite hurt; but I offered no justification. Then he rather formally asked to be allowed to mention the busi ness that brought him. So it was business scorned myself for my folly, which was ot dead yet, and I bade him speak.

Was I asleep or dreaming? Mr. Thompson spoke of my aunt, her love for me, my forlorn position, and expressed the strong est wish to take care of me.

"But," he added, with some hesitation I can do so but in one fashion, as your poor one, said the world. Mr. Norris was not a rich man after all, and he left many culiarities in my temper, which used to anculiarities in my temper, which used to annoy you, I fear, and take what there is of true and good in me? Can you, will you,

He looked at me in doubt. Ah! this was one of my bitterest moments. He cared so little for me, that he had never seen, never suspected, how much I loved him. And he expected me to take him so. I clasped my hands and twisted them nervously; I could not speak at once.

'And you, Mr. Thompson," I said at last "and vou---Well, what about me? Do you mean, can I, too, do this ?"

'Yes; can you do it?" "Why, surely, else I had never proposed

He half smiled at the doubt my question implied, and he looked at me as he smiled. Both look and smile exasperated me. "Mr. Thompson," I said excitedly,

have not deserved this. Carlo, come here. My poor shaggy Carlo came forward, wagging his tail. He laid his head on my fondly, as only dogs can look when they man face.

"He was an outcast," I said, looking at

care for me, but I did not expect you would "And how could I take it?" I cried.

'You gave me pity, I scorn pity. Ah, Mr. wooed and wen? If you cared an atom for me, would you dare to come to me with such language?"

"What language?" "What did you mean by taking care of

"What I said. Yes, Augusta, I wish to take care of you, true, fond, loving care; nothing shall make me unsay it."

He spoke warmly, and many a glow rose to his face; but I would not give in, and I said, angrily, that I did not want to be ta ken care of.

"Do let us drop these unlucky words," he entreated, "and do tell me whether you will marry me, yes or no. Let it be, if you like, that I want you to take care of me. am much older than you are, you know."

I don't know what possessed me. I said No." Oh! how I would have liked to recall the word, but it was spoken, and he rose with a clouded and disappointed face He lingered a little, and asked to know gravely and left me. I suppose he was hurt, for he did not add a word. No assur ance of friendship, of good will, no hope I heard the garden gate fall to, and I felt meant to marry Jessie, and to ask me to madness had made me banish him? Every cause it is easier to do without you than to have you on t ese terms." If I could have said all this, would our meeting have ended thus? It was too late to think of that now, but it was not too late to suffer. I buried my face in the pillow of the couch on which I was sitting, and cried and sob-bed as if my heart would break.

Poor Carlo's cold nose, thrust in the hand which bung down by my side in the fold of my dress, roused me. I looked up and saw Mr. Thompson. He was very red and seem-

"I have forgotten my umbrella," he said,

a little nervously.
Yes; there it was, in the corner, that know how I looked, but I felt ready to die with shame. He took my hand and kissed

suasively, "why should we not be happy together? I cannot hear to give you up always be more or less disloyalty to a law of hard struggling in the jungle and over indeed I cannot." I looked at him in doubt.

Then do you really like me?" I asked. "Do I really like you? Why, what else have I been saying all along?" "You said you wanted to take care of

"O, if we are to go back to that --- " he began resignedly. But we did not go back to that . we went back to nothing for a miserable girl suddenly became the happiest of woman. Still I was not quite satis

"You would not have come back, if it had not been for that horrible umbrella o yours," I said, with a little jealousy. 'Very true," he replied, with his pecul

iar smile; "but I did come back, and glanc d in through the window first, and saw you hiding your face on that cushion, and Carlo looking at you as if he thought it strange you should be so forlorn; and so I came in for my umbrella; and, to tell you the truth, I had forgotten it on pur

but as I looked in his face I did not think so then; and, though years have passed over us both I do not think so now.

Too Late !- Alas! how many hearts have ceased to beat with the wild pulsa- if you are not robbing them by annually tion of hope when those cruel, crushing words have fallen on the ear, leaving only the utter blankness of despair! How often have the struggles of long weary years re-alized a fortune too late! How often we have all found what we coveted mostfriends, power, love-but too LATE! How madly happy it would have made us once. before our trust had been deceived, and our spirit broken! It sickens us now, for we had given up the thought of it long ago, and turn from it even as the dying beggar turns from food, the want of which has kill-

PURITY OF FEELING -- A life of duty is the only cheerful life for all joy springs from the affections; and it is the great law of nature that without good deeds, all good affection dies, and the heart becomes utterly desolate. The external world then loses all its beauty; poetry fades away from the earth; for what is poetry, but the reflection of all pure and sweet, all high and holy thoughts?

WHERE HIS HEART WAS .--- As a surgeon in the army was going his rounds examining the patients, he came to a sergeant who had been hit by a bullet in the left breast, right over the region of the heart. The doctor, surprised at the narrow escape of the man, exclaimed, "Why, my man, where in the name of goodness could your heart knee and looked up at me wistfully and have been?" "I guess it must have been in my mouth just then, doctor," replied the poor fellow, with a faint and sickly smile.

to manufacture paper shirts at twenty five cents each. No excuse for shirtless persons, then.

A lady, writing upon the subject, says

The yellow skies at eventide, The morning's crimson glow-The bare brown rocks that peep above The swiftly less'ning snow-The swelling buds upon the trees, The mellow heat at noon,

The sparkling brooks freed from the ice That bound their gentle flow-The stars are soft as the eves of love-The Southern winds that blow-The breaths of balm from spicy climes, Like the sweet air of June Spead unto us the welcome truth.

The early robin on the elm, The blue bird in the hedge-The rippling of the forest spring Adown the mossy ledge-The purple haze that sails by night Between us and the moon-All, all suggest the pleasant thought That Spring is coming soon.

> For the Bradford Reporter. COMMON SCHOOLS. No 3.

earnest support, we should soon see a more cutting down the trees and sending up virtuous, law-abiding, and successful com- clouds of smoke and st am and murky colmunity. It is a fact, however, that there umns of fleecy wreaths to heaven. is a species of opposition to the present and Eastern Hawaii was a sheen of light and our night was turned into day. So school Law. This unfriendly feeling does not manifest itself in any well defined, tangible manner, but is seen in that grumb- traveling and recreation might go on as in ling, complaining way, in which many in- the daytime. Mariners at sea saw the dulge when speaking of the schools. Hav- light at 200 miles distance. It was a pying received very limited benefits from the schools themselves, they denounce the earthly monarch. whole system, in palliation of their own In the daytime the atmosphere for thous-"intellectual poverty."

work of the above opposition is found more everchanging colors in fitful breezes. frequently to blame for the unfavorable object of observation along the whole easprejudices toward the system. They do tern coast of Hawaii. them so. If good teachers are demanded, employ no others, and hold out proper inducements to secure them. If uniform books are required, bring about a uniformity at once. If the law says "visit the schools once a month," do so, or choose one of your members to do so. If the law er? When he buries his sweet heart. makes you the guardian of the children "from six to twenty-one years o age," see appropriating five per cent of the school fund for those the law says you are not the guardians of. Where the law is faithfully administered by intelligent directors the schools will be found most prosperous. We say, execute the laws. ALPHA BETA.

TAKING COLD .-- A "cold" is not necessarily the result of low or high temperature. person may may go directly from a hot bath into a cold one, or into snow even, and not take cold by pouring a couple of tablespoonful of water upon some part of him to stop. his dress, or by standing in a door, or other opening, where one part of the body is colder than the other. Let it be kept in mind that uniformity of temperature over the whole body is the first thing to be looked after. It is the unequal heat upon different parts of the body that produces colds, by disturbing the uniform circulation of some part.

If you must keep a partially wet garment on, it would be as well perhaps to wet the whole of it uniformly. The feet are a great source of colds on account of the variable "Why," replied a bystander, "because he sees source of colds on account of the variable temperature they are subjected to. these always dry and warm, and avoid draughts of air, hot or cold, wet spots on the garments, and other direct causes of unequal temperature, and keep the system braced up by plenty of sleep, and the eschewing of debilitating food and drinks. and you will be proof against a cold and its results.

Mrs. Partington is in New York. She came in from Boston as soon as she learned by tel-graph that gold was falling rapidly in Wall street, but after several unsuccessful attempts to get into the shower is going back a disappointed woman.

A young widow of very polite address, whose husband had lately died, was visited soon after by the minister of the parish, who inquired, as usual, about her husband's health, when she re-

NUMBER 2.

the eastern side of the mountain, about midway from the top of the base.

It would seem that the summit lava had found a subterranean tunnel, for half way down the mountain, when coming to a weak point, or meeting with some obstruction, it burst up vertically, sending a column of Are sweet and subtile prophecies That Spring is coming soon.

incadescent fusia one thousand feet high into the air. This fire jet was about one hundred feet in diameter, and was sustained for twenty days and nights, varying in height from one hundred to a thousand feet. The disgorgement from the mountain-side was often with terriffic explosions, which shook the hills, and with detonations which were heard for forty miles. The column of liquid fire was an object of surpassing bril-That Spring is coming soon. liancy, of intense and awful grandeur. As the jet issued from the awful orifice, it was white heat. As it ascended higher and higher, it reddened like fresh blood, deep-

In a few days it had raised a cone some three hundred feet high around the burning orifice, and as the showers of burning minerals fell in livid torrent upon the cone, it became one vast heap of glowing coals, flashing and quivering with restless action, and sending out the heat of ten thousand There are certain obligations we owe to furnaces in full blast. The struggles in ourselves and to society, the right perfor- disgorging the fiery masses, the upward mance of which requires intelligence. In it one thousand vertical feet, and the conrush of the column, the force which raised a government where the people are the tinuous falling back of thousands of tons of rulers, i. e., make their own laws, educa- mineral fusia into the throat of the crater, tion is both an individual and a national and over a cone of glowing minerais, one necessity. An is norant people never make mile in circumference, was a sight to inspire awe and terror, attended with explowise laws. The community which allows sive shocks which seemed to rend the murignorance to prevail in its midst, can never al ribs of the mountain, and sound to wake be a prosperous one. Every good citizen the dead and startle the spirit in Hades .-is interested in the cause of Education. The From this fountain a river of fire went rush-Common Schools are the only practical ing and leaping down the mountains with amazing velocity, filling up basins and rameans of affording it to the masses. These place an education within the reach of ding rocks, until it reached the forests at every one, and if the people would give the base of the mountain, where it burned the Common School system their united, its fiery way, consuming the jungle, evaporation of the streams and pools,

ening its color, until, in its descent, much

of it assumed the color of clotted gore.

SUBLIME SPECTACLE.

A COLUMN OF FIRE ONE THOUSAND FEET IN HEIGHT, AND A RIVER OF FLAMES THIRTY.

A jet of lava or more stupendous propor-

tions than any ever conceived of, is descri-

bed by Mr. Coan in the Honolulu Friend of

February, in his account of the eruption of

"The eruption commenced near the sum-

mit of the mountain, and only five or six

miles southeast of the eruption of 1843 .--

For two days this summit creter sent down its burning floods along the north-

eastern slope of the mountain; then sud-denly the vale closed, and the great furnace

apparently ceased blast. After thirty-six

hours the fusia was seen bursting out of

Mauna Loa, on the Island of Hawaii:

rotechnical display, more magnificent and marvelous than was ever made by any

ands of square miles would be filled with Fault finding with some persons has be- a murky haze, through which the sunbeams come a chronic disease, such a habit, that gases, ashes, cinders—furnace or capillary they do not stop to inquire into the reason- -floated in the air, sometimes spreading ableness of the thing. The real friends of out like a fan, sometimes careering in swift education are not of this class. The ground- currents upon the wind, or gyrating in work of the above opposition is found more in the way the school law is executed, than point from which the fire-fountain issued is ten thousand feet above the level of the sea, in the law itself, We believe directors are thus making the igneous pillar a distinct

"My dear Miss Raymond," he said, pernot half execute the law, and there will
not half execute the law, and there will
not half execute the law, and there will
excursion to the source. After three days which is not enforced. Directors, we know, fields, ridges and hills of bristling scoria, are a much abused class. Still this should he arrived near sunset at the scene of acnot deter them from doing their duty. They have great responsibilities resting upon them. To them is committed the them. To them is committed the impor- plosions and the awful roar of the molten tant charge of educating the youth, column, as it rushed upwards a thousand and they should see to it that they prove feet, and fell back in a fiery avalanche faithful to the trust. Every motive of interest and duty holds you to strict ac- sed. There was no sleep for the specta-

countability. To you, the friends of pop- tor. The fierce, red glare, the subterraular education look, to make the school neous mutterings and the rapid explosions system a success. You are the Executives of gases, the rushes and roar, the sudden of the laws. At the first meeting of directors for the coming room (fort Monday) and startling bursts, as of crashing thunder—all, all were awe-inspiring, and all tors for the coming year (first Monday in combined to render the scene one of inde-June) Resolved that you will make the scribable brilliancy and of terrible sublimlaw honorable by enforcing it. If the law ity. The rivers of fire from the fountain requires convenient school houses, make | flowed about thirty-five miles, and stopped within ten miles of Hilo. Had the fountain played ten days longer, it would probably

FUN, FACTS AND FACETIÆ.

When does a man become a sugar-plant-

Let no one overload you with favors, you

Why does water boil sooner in an old saucepan than in a new one? Punch takes it upon himself to answer this abstruse question by saying, it's because the old un's used to it. A learned young lady, the other evening

astonished a company by asking for the loan of a diminutive argenteous, truncated cone, convex or its summit, and semi-perforated with symmetrical She wanted a thimble.

A MULE driver in the army was swearing

"Who are you?"
"Commander of the brigade!" "I'm commander of these mules and I'll do as I please, or resign, and you can take my place."

"What did Mr. Hoke die of?" asked a "WHAT did MI, HONG die of 's simple neighbor. "Of a complication of disor-ders," replied his friend, "How do you describe such a complication, my good sir?" "He died," auswered the others, "of two physicians, an apoth-

ecary, and a surgeon.

"What is that dog barking at?" asked a another puppy in your boots.

THE path of glory leads but to the grave,

byage of life before taking on their ballast; hence many shipwrecks. A lawyer engaged in a case, tormented a

witness so much with questions, that the poor fel-low at last cried for water. "There, said the judge "I thought you'd pump him dry."

THE man who courted an investigation, says it isn't half as good as an affectionate girl. We expect not.

A philosopher who had married a vulgar but amiable girl used to call her "Brown Sugar because, he said, "she was sweet, but unrefined.

An old lady being asked to subscribe to a newspaper, declined on the ground that when she wanted news, she manufactured it.