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Selected Poetru.

From the Atlantic Monthly. THE DEAD SHIP OF HARPSWELL.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER

What flecks the outer gray beyond The sundown's golden trail? The white flash of a sea bird's wing,

Or gleam of slanting sail? Let young eyes watch from Neck and Point. And sea-worn elders pray,-

ghost of what was once a ship Is sailing up the bay.

From gray sea-fog, from icy drift, From peril and from pain, The home-bound fisher greets thy lights, O hundred harbored Maine!

But many a keel shall seaward turn. And many a sail outstrand, When, tall and white, the Dead Ship looms

Against the dusk of land. She rounds the headland's bristling pines,

She threads the isle-set bay ; No spur of breeze can speed her on

Nor ebb of tide delay. Old men still walk the Isle or Orr

Who tell her date and name. Old shipwrights sit in Freeport yards

Who hewed her oaken frame What weary doom of baffled quest,

Thou sad sea ghost, is thine ? What makes thee in the haunts of home

A wonder and a sign? No foot is on thy silent deck,

Upon thy helm no hand :

No ripple hath the soundless wind That smiles thee from the land !

For never comes that ship to port Howe'er the breeze may be; Just when she nears the waiting shore She drifts again to sea-

Nor tack nor sail, nor turn of helm. Nor sheer of veering side.

Stern-fore she drifts to sea and night Against the wind and tide.

In vain o'er Harpswell Neck the star Or evening guides her in ; In vain for her the lamps are li Within thy tower, Seguin! n vain the harbor-boat shall hail.

In vain the pilot call ; to hand shall reef her spectral sail, Or let her anchor fall.

Shake, brown old wives, with dreary joy, Your gray-head hints ofill : And over sick-beds whisper low, Your prophecies fulfill.

home amid you birchen trees shall drape its door with And slowly where the Dead Ship sails. The burirl boat shall row !

The Bradford Reporter.

REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER.

James informed him that Mr. John had | tution as 1 do. You must not, however, and with his back to the table, where the ernor, who kept us so long from marrying bearded than himself. He alighted and

TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., JUNE 14, 1866.

\$2 per Annum, in Advance.

It is several years since the following capital story made its last circuit of the papers, and we start it once more on its travels. It will find some new readers and many old ones who will enjoy it. There is nothing like an obliging dispo-

AN OBLIGING DISPOSITION.

huodhs

NUMBER 3.

sition, I thought to myself, one day when travelling in a railway car from Boston to Worcester, seeing a gentleman put himself to considerable trouble to land another gentleman, who had fallen asleep at his destination

"Passengers for West Needham?" cried out the conductor—" the car stops but one minute."

"Hallo !" exclaimed a young man in spectacles, at the same time seizing an old gentleman by the shoulders, who was sleeping very soundly, "here's Capt. Holmes fast asleep, and this is West Needham, where he lives. Come, get up, Captain ordered lunch ; as he lunched he talked to Holmes, here you are."

The gentleman got upon his feet and be gan to rub his eyes, but the young man forced him along to the door of the car, and gently landed him on the roadside. Whiz went the steam and we began to fly again. The obliging young man took his seat again, and said with a good deal of satisfaction to somebody near him: "Well, if it hadn't been for me, Capt. Holmes would have missed his home finely. But here he has left his bundles ;" and the young man picked up a parcel and threw it out. "Well," he said again, "if it hadn't been for me Capt Holmes would have missed his bundles finely."

When we stopped at the next station, a where Capt. Holmes had been sitting, and exclaimed in great alarm :

"I can't find my bundle."

"Was it done up in a piece of brown paper ?" I asked. "Yes it was, to be sure," said the lady

"Then," said I, "that young man yonder threw it out of the window at the last stopping place."

This led to a scene between the obliging young man and the old lady, which ended by the former taking the address of the latter, and promising to return the package

went the bell, the dust flew, the sparks ron, her face wearing the old sweet amia- flew, and the cars flew, as they say, like and began to poke under the seat where Capt. Holmes had sat.

"What are you looking for ?" I inquired. "Looking for ?" said the old gentleman, why, I am looking for my bundle of clothes

"Was it tied up in a yellow handkerchief ?" I asked.

"Yes, and nothing else," said the old

"Good heavens." exclaimed the obliging young man, "I threw it out of the car at Needham; I thought it belonged to Capt. Holmes."

"Capt. Holmes !" exclaimed the old fellow, with a look of despair, "who is Capt. man was taking a rural walk with his son Holmes ? That bundle contained all my Thomas. As they walked slowly along the clean clothes, that I was to wear at my father saddenly stopped. "Look !" he said, "there's a bit of iron a me what can I do ?" son's wedding to-morrow morning. Dean biece of a horse-shoe ; pick it up, and put

Nothing could be done but to give his in your pocket." "Pooh !" answered the child, "It's not fore, and console himself with the promise that the bundle should be returned to him, The father, without uttering another word provide it was ever found. The obliging picked up the iron, and put it in his pock-young man was now in despair, and When they came to a village he enter- made another solemn vow that he would ed a blacksmith's shop and sold it for three never obliging again. The next station was farthings, with which he bought some cher- his landing-place, and as he went toward ries. Then the father and son set off again the door of the car, he saw a silver-headed

"Well," again exclaimed the obliging

"I will bring a lawyer and witness in case-book and made an entry. half an hour. It might ruin even a well-intentioned lad, and make him idle. Later and slipped the key-ring once more on the don't dare to speak, Sir. You have lied.— and get back to Liverpool. If I once get in life it will perhaps come better." In the room below the Doctor found Letty, anxious and apprehensive of some evil, door. but she scarcely knew what. "Oh, uncle, uncle !" she said, in tears, auntie is not in danger, is she? Oh, do

month ago. He never forgets any thing.' "Here is your book," said the manager, to the Doctor as he entered the bank, where a farmer was scooping up a salmon calculated in a new nours. It is well I my son Jack ?" "I do ! I do ! you know how I do. dear-

No, it is not entered," said the Doctor 'If you love us both you will then do as any thing." "No, Dr. Thatcher, but he called last made up."

not at present be revealed. III.

"Yes, didn't he, Edward ?" " Oh yes, Sir, and the week before for the

E. O. GOODRICH, Publisher.

come and ordered the gig at six o'clock,

too ashamed to meet me. Daren't face me

after the misconduct of last night. Gone

out to work again, too, without his break-

fast, dear boy! Won't dare to see his

Aunt Fanny to-day, I'll be bound. Of course he meant nothing last night; per-haps I've been too close. I must call at

the bank and draw a check for him. Ha!

worthy Doctor driving at a sober pace to-

chemist's assistant to an associate, who

was talking to him at the door of the shop

in the High Street. "Yes. There goes old four miles an

hour ! Did you hear of young Harkness,

the billiard-room? Swore he'd been cheat-

ed, got noisy drunk, and fought three of the

men there with the but-end of a biliard

cue. Oh, he's going the whole hog, he is !

How he flashes his money, to be sure." "Well, Thatcher," said the manager of

the bank, as the Doctor alighted from his

"I want this check, Miller, for one hun

"Certainly. Edward, get Dr. Thatcher's

book from the parlor." "I am going to the post-office, and will

call in a minute or two. Pshaw ! how cold

"Drove by, Doctor, about half an hour

Always at work. That's the way .-

Thought he looked ill, Sir. Works too

chaise, "what can we do for you ?"

it is. Seen my son to-day?"

Early bird picks up the worm."

Any letters, Mrs. Johnson ?"

"Yes, Doctor. There's one for you."

The Doctor sat in the chaise and read it

"Stuff about due !" growled the Doctor

week for the hundred pounds for you."

'The hundred pounds ?"

ago, down Church Street."

hard.'

their joke."

" Hand it out."

tions were due.

bag of sovereigns.

worst

tor's fainted !

An hour or two later found the rough but | weak."

he carried on last night at

"Poor boy !" said the Doctor, "he was

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and started upon his rounds.

I was bad enough at his age."

ward the bank.

and how

fifty pounds." "For the fifty pounds ?" the Doctor stam-had just closed it, and was musing with had just closed it, and his head on his

reached the half hour. It was three o'clock that had struck when Letty closed the door. sleepy. Then he took his sister's hand and woke dred and fifty pounds, cashed, and I want her. to look at my book." "What, John, are you here still? How cine that hurt me."

will in the summer, you told me you left all your money to Jack on his marriage with watching the sleeper's face ; then, falling Letty. Now, I want you to do me a kind- on his knees, he slipped from the Doctor's

"I left it all to dear Jack ; I told him so. What kindness can I show you, brother, a where the Doctor's case-book was kept, the "Yes, it is is dog of a life, ours. One poor, dying old woman like myselt?"

gets old before one has leisure to enjoy what one has earned." The manager smiled deprecatingly, as be a check on Jack, if he grows extrava-inch as to say. "Rich people will have gant or wild." much as to say, "Rich people will have gant or wild." The Doctor came to the post-office.

count your age, Fanny."

Now, come, lie back, Fanny ; you are very

was very angry."

"Ob, he won't, dear boy ! Yet, as you will, John. You have always some kind and good object in what you do."

It was from a hospital in London, a consumption hospital, to which he annually subscribed twenty pounds. The secretary wrote to tell him that two year's subscrip-

"Sent Jack to pay it into their bank a say she is not danger !" gone to bed. You say I'm out, if you dare; month ago. He never forgets any thing." I" By God's help, Letty, she will be out

ly, uncle.'

Three hours later the Doctor was in his Doctor pretended to awake. "Joe," he upon you. Even now, eager faces are and neither a house, tree or fountain of wat- inscription on it, "Moses Holmes East Need-

to bed, Sir. Good-night."

pain him by telling him you have not taken his stuff, so I will send you some tonic that self. In the round shining surface of the month or two now, let who will say nay.-resembles it in color, but less violent. This mirror the room was repeated in sharp By George ! if there isn't the bureau where was too much for you. Jack was right -- clear miniature. The bottle was still gurgling out its crimson stores into the boad silver wine-strainer, when the Doctor, cast-a look at it. Where are the keys, Letty he was right, but he has not taken into ac- gling out its crimson stores into the broad

"I could not take it yesterday, and Jack as very angry." "You take the medicine I shall send you flat black vial and pour a dozen drops of them tight enough while she was alive. when I return directly it comes ; take it every two hours till the sickness abates.— which stood beside his uncle's plate.

Letty threw herself before the old bu-He took no notice of what he had seen, nor did he look round, but merely said :

"There goes Old Murder !" cried the pert on the pillow, and the weary eyelids closed.

ing. The moment John Harkness left the room The Doctor signed to Letty to leave the room. When she had done so, and the door the Doctor, with the quickness of youth, closed, he sat down by is sister's bedside, sipped the wine, recognized the taste of sorrow-stricken and thoughtful; in that si-laudanum, threw open the door leading inlence, broken only by the tick of the watch at the head of the bed, and the deep breath-sink, then shut the door, and refilled the ing. Things haven't gone smooth with me lately at all. Get away." ing of the sleeper, he fell on his knees, and glass to exactly the same height. prayed for help and guidance from the Giv-"Here is the sherry, governor. Come, er of all Good. Then he took out his re-

take your wine." The Doctor tossed it off.

peater and waited till the minute hand "I feel sleepy," he said—"strangely reau. A will fell out. As he stooped to snatch it up the door opened, and the old

"Oh, it is the weather. Go into that green chair and have a ten minutes' nap." The Doctor did so. In a moment or two

"Fanny," said the Doctor, with all a wo-man's tenderness, "when you made your laudanum had taken effect. A moment that hardened man stood would have fallen.

finger his massive seal-key. The instant he turned to run to a cabinet ceived me. I loved you, loved you Heaven ble expression. The skittish ponies rebell- lightning, till we stopped again at the next That kindness can I show you, brother, a bor, dying old woman like myselt?" where the Doctor's case-book was kept, the on y knows how tenderly. There was a cd, but darted off anicably at a touch of their mistress's whip. "Alter the will this evering, and leave the swiftest curiosity; but the old man did gentleman started up

the loss of one of my own limbs. I foster- window. "Come, more liquor-I'll shout voice ; " and now for the case-book, to fix ed you; I took you from a bad father, and this time; it's our last day in old Engbrought you up as my own son. I have land." been foolishly indulgent, and now, like Ab-

As he said this the lost man opened the He then salom, you have taught me bitterly my fol- it !" said the other man, turning round Doctor's finger. Then he rose and rang the Blacker and blacker your heart became as to the old tracks in Australia-once on the bell softly. The old servant came to the you gave yourself to self-indulgence and back of a buck-jumper and after the kan-

sin. "The governor's taken rather too much wine," he said, blowing out the candles; drove down hill, till at last, forsaken by the Comer, Murray, let's be off !" 'awake him about twelve and tell him I'm good angels, and urged forward by the devil, the great temptation came, and you fell

into CRIME. Not a word, Sir ; you see I of danger in a few hours. It is well I row at half-past nine. I'm to be at Mrs. know all. Old as I am, 'twas love for you made me subtle. I found out your forger-Thatcher's.' When the door closed upon the hopeless ies. I discovered your false entries of pa-

profligate, the Doctor rose and wrung his hands. "Lost, lost !" he said ; "but I will follies and vices, and finally I saw you, still hide his shame. He shall have time when you thought me asleep, take the key-

what the Doctor's instructions were must chosen for a forlorn hope. "To-morrow," er. You may start; but even a horrible be said, "I will confront him, and try if I cold-blooded crime did not appall you. It is fear, and not repentance, that even now

can touch that hard heart." When the servant came at twelve the makes you turn pale. The sin of Cain is on their ramble. The sun was burning hot, cane, which ne took hold of and read the

surgery, examining a drawer of dangerous said, "get my chaise ready to-morrow at a drugs that was generally kept locked. He quarter to ten; mind, to the moment.— had just closed it, and was musing with Where's Mr. John?"

"He makes them all liars like himself."

"How is your missus ?" said the young

Thatcher's servent standing at the post-

John Harkness made no reply, but lash

ed his horse and drove fiercely off in the

"It all goes well," he said, half aloud.

'I had half a mind to stop the thing yes-

press me so with their bills, and the gov-

ernor's so cursed stingy. I really must

press it on. It's no crime. What is it ?-

Only sending an old woman two or three

So reasoned this fallen man, steeped in

Arrived at the door he threw down the

reins, tossed back the apron, and leaped

the brandy he had already found time to

white great-coat into its natural folds, he

to stupefy its victims.

office window. The old coachman shook his head.

Very bad, sir ; sinking fast."

direction of the sick woman's house.

me time to repent !"

will start you in another l

ney.

said the old man, as he slammed his bed-

the waiter about Crossford and old times. He had once known Crossford, he said. she used to keep her papers. The will must be there. There is no harm in having "Has Travers not got this house now ?" "No, Sir; he died three years ago, and his widow became bankrupt." "Where's Jones, the veterinary sur-

geon ?" "Dead. Sir-died in a fit four years ago." "Is Harris, the fat saddler, to the fore ?" "No, Sir-died last year of dropsy, and is son's dead too."

The stranger sighed and drank down a reau, the tears rolling from her eyes. "Oh, John, John," she said, "do not be so cruel

and smiles on him, then the head sank back on the pillow, and the weary eyelids closed. "I cannot shake off this stupor, John.— Good-by, and bless you, dear John !" The Doctor signed to Letty to leave the

"Stuff and nonsense. I want no whin-Oh, she died seven years ago, and left all ing sentiments. I thought you were a girl her money to her brother, the Doctor. There lady began to rummage under the seat of more pluck and sense. Get away from was an adopted son who would have had that bureau. I'll soon prise it open. It's it, but he turned out a scamp." 'Oh, indeed ! This is shocking bad

brandy. And the old Doctor-is still alive?" "Oh. Lord. no. Sir. Dead six years since. He pushed the weeping girl from the Why, Sir, you seem to remember the peo-desk, and, thrusting in the blade of a large ple well?"

The stranger rested his head on his hand knife, wrenched open the front of the buand thought for a moment ; then he said : "And Miss Paget, Mrs. Thatcher's niece

Doctor stood before him. There were tears -is she living -married, I suppose ?" "Living-yes, Sir. Look, Sir; why, in his eyes as he motioned Letty from the room. She gave one long look back, and there is her carriage standing at the bankgood of you ! I thought I was alone. I he fell back, assuming with consummate feel better now. It was that dreadful med-skill all the external symptoms of deep was a terrible stern gravity in the old man's come out. She married a Lieutenant Price, it

ny. John Harkness stepped back and clutch-ad hold of the shattered bureau, or he

It was Letty, still beautiful even as a mat-'John," said the old man, " you have deme the money during my lifetime. It will not move a limb nor a muscle, remaining time when I thought more of your smallest the second stranger, going up to his friend, disappointment than I should have done for who still stood with his face fixed to the

"Curse old England and all that are in

STORY OF A HORSE-SHOE .--- A good country-

From Wolf Neck and from Flying Point. From Island and from main. From sheltered cove and tided creek. Shall guide the funeral train

The dead-boat with its bearers four, The mourners at her stern,-And one shall go the silent way Who shall no more return ;

And men shall sigh, and women weep, Whose dear ones pale and pine, And sadly over sunset seas Await the ghostly sign They know not that its sails are filled By pity's tender breath, ee the Angel at the helm

Who steers the Ship of Death !

Selected Tale.

A HOPELESS CASE.

DOCTOR THATCHER paced the room anxisly. He was perturbed. He longed for eventurn of his adopted son ; he scarcely ew why, but he also dreaded it. He took book : he could not read. Gradually. he sat before the fire, he fell into a restss doze. The sound of a door opening the door-chain rattling awoke him. He and took the lamp into the hall. There as his nephew, John Harkness, fevered, and evidently with drinking. His face as flushed, his hat was crushed, his coat

Why, Jack," said the Doctor, reproachy, "you've tired yourself in your rounds then taken too much wine. You should Doctor's chaise drove up, Miss Paget ran then taken too inten who. I used to the those farmers tempt you. I used to d it hard." id it hard ?

There, that'll do," said Harkness, sul-"I've been with no farmer. I drank I'd lost at cards I tell you, and "That won't do; and has Jack been?" nly. cause I'd lost at cards I tell you, and our cursed stinginess never leaves me a silling to try my luck with. I'll be kept debt, and money I'll have. If Aunt vice, uncle."

a debt, and money I'll have. If it and "I promised Jack, only two days ago, anny won't stump up, you must. I'll get "I promised Jack, only two days ago, never to interfere with his patients; but this once I will. Send some one, Letty, to seeping me without a penny. No. I won't ping me without a penny. No. I won't this once I will. Send some one, L to bed-go to bed yourself. I want bran-take the mare round to the stables." Give me brandy !"

ew himself on a sofa, and fell, in a few Her handsome features were sharpened by seconds, into a drunken sleep. The old Doctor stood over him, half par-

alysed with sorrow and surprise. Could rumors then be true ?

No," he thought to himself ; "no, I Ill not belleve it. This is a mere youth-I folly. The poor boy has been led away f those farmers, who think they show no hospitality unless they make their now, that the servant may not see him, A dew of nervous excitement broke out upnd I will come myself and let him out, and

In the morning, when Dr. Thatcher un-scked the door of the room where Hark-

.

er." The Doctor spoke quite calmly, but hand, when there came a step behind him. his voice trembled. "Will you allow me He looked round; it was John. to sit down for a moment in your back parlor till this gentleman has gone? There But there was an infinite depth of reproach-

tion : a quiet minute or so will set itright.' 'Certainly, Sir. Edward, show Dr. deeply regret the events of last night. I the next morning, he suddenly espied Mrs. Thatcher in and give him a chair. There, was tempted to stay at a farmer's harvest-Sir, are the checks. Edward, put on a bit home, and I talked nonsense (did I not?) of coal, the fire's low." The Doctor, as the door closed behind wandering. Forget it all-it meant noththe manager, looked closely at the checks, ing. It was foolish, wrong of me. I'm turned the signatures up and down ; then sorry for it."

he rested his head on his hands and burst into tears. The signatures were forgeries. Doctor : "it is harder to come up hill one 'I see it all," he murmured. "Oh, that step than to go down twenty. unhappy boy ! and this, I fear, is not the break my heart by becoming a bad man. terday when I saw her; but these fellows "There's something up," said the clerk to the manager, as he took a hasty peep medicine, and how is she !"

as tough as nails."

"Why, good gracious, Mr. Miller, the Doc-"Good-morning, Mr. Miller," said the lady wants strength. Oh, she'll do if she do that's so baggered ?"

Doctor, when he had recovered, and retaken | can only get stronger !"

his seat once more in the chaise; "there is no blunder, after all. I see where the mistake lay. I have taken all the checks up to yesterday. Continue the draft. Young an, be kind enough to turn the chaise.

over the green curtain of the glass

Thank you." The Spartan boy kept the wolf hid till it gnawed into his heart. Dr. Thatcher had a secret whose teeth were sharper than even my missus." the wolf. In that half hour he had suffered the pangs of death itself.

He drove straight to his sister's, Mrs. Thatcher's, whose neat little cottage was about a quarter of a mile from the town,

Doctor's chaise drove up, Miss Paget ran

"Very, very ill, dear uncle. No appe-

"Yes, and orders the same medicine, onader no longer. I'm over head and ears does not agree with her. Do give your ad- but still no one shall know his shame, for I

Mrs. Thatcher, the Doctor's sister, was

Then, with a volley of oaths, Harkness sitting up in bed, propped with pillows. illness, her cheeks were sunken, her eyes

pale and anxious. "Well, Fanny, and how is it with you ?" satisfied with so brief an apology. "Bad, bad, John; perpetual pain, nausea

no sleep, no appetite." The Doctor's face changed, a ghastly palr came upon his lips. "Let me see the medicine, Letty."

Miss Paget brought it. The Doetor lookguest drunk. Poor boy, how sorry he will be to-morrow morning ! I shall lock him moment he had flung the bottle in the fire.

> on his forehead. " Uncle ?" "Brother ?"

"John," he said, and he said no more .room door. has been some mistake about a subscrip- ful sadness in that one word. "Dear father," said his adopted son, "I

about debt and wanting money. It was all

"Let it be the last time, Jack." said the Do not By-the-by, have you sent Aunt Fanny the

"Oh, pulling through all right She's

"What prescription are you using ?" days sooner to the heaven she is always "This," and John Harkness held up a whining for. Yet she was fond of me, and

The Doctor sighed, and said, ', The tonic the sophistries which sin uses as narcotics

s right." At that moment the surgery door opened, and an old farmer presented himself. Why, Farmer Whitehead, how are out. He was excited and desperate with

"Ailing Doctor, thank ye, with the flin- take. All at once, as he passed his fingers zy. Uncommon bad, to be sure ; and so is in vain through his whisksrs and shook his

'Ah, I thought Jack here had been at- glanced upward at the windows. To his tending you for months; you are down in our books. How is this, Jack?" surprise, but fly no means violent regret, he saw that the blinds were all down.

The young man's color rose. "It is a "By the Lord Harry !" he muttered, "if mistake of mine. I'm a regular duffer for the old cat hasn't already kicked the buckmemory; it was Robinson at Woodcot I et ! Vogue la galere, that'll do. Now meant I'll put it all right."

then for regret, lamentation, and a white "Just see to Farmer Whitehead then, cambric handkerchief." He pulled at the bell softly. In a mo now. Give him a diaphoretie and ipecacuanha to keep the pores open. I'll go and ment or two the door was opened by a serdress for dinner."

vant, whose eyes were red with crying .--"Steeped in lies," the Doctor muttered, At the same instant Miss Paget stepped as ho shut the surgery door behind him .- from a room into the hall. She had a handly larger doses ; but I'm sure---I'm sure it "I fed tuis serpent, and now he stings me ; kerchief to her face.

"Oh, John, John," she sobbed ; "my may still, by God's help, save him from crime, and leave him time and opportuni- "Then she's re-

"Then she's really gone," said Harkness, ties for repentance. Heaven have mercy with well-feigned regret. "Here, Letty, upon him ! Yes, still-still I may save the come into the back parlor and tell me about it. Why, I didn't think the old lady was boy I once loved so much."

Dinner was over. The Doctor had been going so soon." "Not there, John, not there," said Letty, cheerful, as usual, and had made no further reference to the unhappy events of the night as she stood before the door.

before. John Harkness had grown boister-I'll go up and see her at once." "No, no, John, you must not. Not yet." ous and social as ever, seeing the Doctor

"Why, what's all this fuss about, Let-"Jack," said the Doctor, warming to the ty?" said Harkness, angrily. "One would but you must henceforward consider him conversation, "go and get a bottle of that think no one had ever died before. Of as dead. Those who love me will never thirty-two port; I feel to-day as if I want- course it's a bad job, and we're all very mention his name. Let us pray for him

a specially good bottle." John Henderson went, and returned in a sorry; but what must be, must be. It is as bad as crying for spilt milk." ed a specially good bottle."

few minutes with the bottle, carrying it "Oh, John, you never spoke like this be- will. My hope and joy is gone. There is carefully, with the chalk mark uppermost fore ! You never looked like this before, nothing left me now but to prepare myself "That's right, Jack. Don't do like the John, you do not really love me !" And humbly for death. Come, Letty, let us pray,

country butler, who, when his master said, she burst into a passionate and almost hys- for prayer availeth much."

John, have yon shaken that wine?' re-blied. 'No. zur : but I will.' and then shook "Nonsense, nonsense, Letty ; you know ONE July afternoon, thirteen years later, plied, 'No, zur ; but I will,' and then shook t up like a draught. Ha, ha! I'll decant I do. We can marry now, now she's left a handsome burly, black bearded man, in a

"The medicine is much too powerful for it; I like doing it." me her money. I've got rather into a mess fur cap and rough Australian coat, drove aess had slept, he found the window open you in this week state. Jack is a clever The Doctorrose to decant the wine, stand-ing at the buffet to do it facing a mirror, lies up stairs, and my stingy hard old gov-beside an older man even burlier and more peck. and the room empty. His old servant fellow, but he does not know your consti-

step. Perceivi with sorrow and with pity.'

Further and further you erred from/ garoos, I'll never set foot again in the old

"Father, father !" cried the unhappy and Thomas stooped and quickly picked it up, conscience-stricken wretch, and held out and devoured it. A little further he drophis hands like one waiting for the deathped another, and the boy picked it up as blow from the executioner. "Have mercy! eagerly as ever ; and thus they continued, doctor, as, driving fast through Crossford Spare me ! I did not kill her. She would the father dropping the fruit and the son have died, any how. I am young; give picking them up. When the last one was

eaten, the father stopped, and turned to the "John, I will not deceive you as you boy, said ; "Look, my son ! If you had chohave deceived me. My sister still lives. sen to stop once and pick up a piece of I discovered your intended crime, and gave horse-shoe, you would not her antidotes. She may yet recover, if it obliged at last to stoop so often to pick up seems good to the all-merciful Father ; still the cherries " you had murdered her but for me. Tell

it in your pocket."

worth stopping for."

me not of repentance. Time will show that. I shall never hear in this world ABOVE HIS BUSINESS -It is a serious evil whether or not your repentance is true or that many a young man has fallen into to false. Here is one hundred pounds. That be above his husiness. A person learns a hemisphere for | trade and then he must go to shop-keeping, good or evil. I wish, for the honor of our or street loafin, or turn politician, Fool ! family, to conceal your shame, and the last If he cannot make a living at his trade, we spark of love that is left urges me to con- are sure he cannot any other way. And an accurate knowledge of the work to be eal your intended crime. Letty you will then young men brought up to shop keepsee no more. I, too, am dead to you for- ing must buy farms, or houses, or some ever. It is now one hour to the next train. other foolish thing they know nothing about, and what is the result? Head over Spend that time in preparing for your jour-At the nearest sea-port write to me, heels in debt and certain failure. Multiand I will forward all that belongs to you. | tudes have been ruined by being above | Your debts shall be paid. I shall tell peo- their business and branching out into what ple that a sudden spirit of adventure made they know nothing about.

you leave me and start for Australia." "But Letty-one word," groaned the discovered crimical. "I love her-one little powder thrown upon some green word. I forgot her for a time in my cruel wood would facilitate its burning, directed selfishness ; but I love her now-mercya small stream from a keg upon the smok ing pile ; not possessing a hand sufficiently 'Not one word. She is ignorent of your quick to cut this off at a desirable moment crime, but she knows that you are unhe was blown into a thousand pieces. The worthy of her love. Mind, one struggle, coroner reasoned out this verdict: "It can't

one word of opposition, and I throw you inbe called suicide, because he didn't mean to to prison as a forgor, and a man who had kill himself; it wasn't "visitation of God," planned a murder. Go; when that door because he wasn't struck by lightning; he loses on you it is as if the earth of the didn't die for want of breath, for he hadn't grave had closed over my eyes. We shall anything left to breathe with. It's plain he meet no more. Go. Speak to no one ; and didn't know what he was about; so I shall remember, that the will you hold in your bring "died for want of common sense !" hand leaves not a single farthing to your-

ng that his boy was tired cane !' the father let fall a cherry as if by accident.

"Yes," said a gentleman, who got in at the last station, "and the old man is lame, too. He will miss his stick."

"Do you know him ?" inquire the obliging young man.

"Know him ? I should think so," replied the gentleman ; "he is my uncle." "And does he live at East Needham?"

asked the obliging young man.

"Of course he does. He never lived any where else." have been

"Well, if it don't beat everything," said the obliging young man, "and I put him out at West Needham, a mile and a half the other side of his home."

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS .-- The basis of success in all occupations which involve the relations of employer and employee and employed is, that the employer should have done, what it consists in how to do it and how long it should take. A man of business who neglects this, place his interests entirely in the keeping of irresponsible agents, and human nature being what it arrives in due time at insolvency .---This is who the self-made man, who has been sternly initiated into the whole mys-

tery by having himself stood in the ranks of the employed, outstrips those who seem to start so fair from the vantage ground of education and capital, and builds a fortune where these kick one down. And the mistress of a household who neither understands what a servant's duties are. (except perhaps, those which, affecting her immediate comfort, force themselves upon her notice,) still less how and when they may be best fulfilled, will certainly not get them fulfilled in the best manner, or by the smallest number of hands, and hence will manage--or rather mismanage-her income in a wasteful, ineffectual manner. This is an inevitable result.

THE SECRET OF BAD LUCK .---- The secret of bad luck in our opinion, lies in bad habits success," said Rev Charles Brooks, in an or bad management, much more than in acsoldiers are sometimes said to do when a address to boys, "let me tell you how to cidental circumstances. Generally those bullet has pierced their hearts. His face was the face of a corpse, but no tears came, of life. You have but one life to live, and frowns, are those who have done the least to merit her smiles. A writer of much experience says : "I never knew an early year of your age, and say to yourself. "At of his earnings, who complained of bad the age of forty I will be a temperate man, luck. A good character, good habits, and will, be an industrious man, an economi-cal man, a benevilent man, a religious saults of all the ill luck that fools ever man, and a useful man. I will be such a dreamed of. But when I see a tatter-deone. I resolve and I will stand to it." My malion creeping out f a tavern late in the young friends, let this resolution be firm as forenoon, with his hands stuck in his pockets, the rim of his hat turned up, and the crown knocked in, I know he has had bad luck-for the worst of all luck is to be a sluggard, a knave or a tippler.

> PERFECTLY PLAIN, ---" Sir," said an old PERFECTLY FLADS.— Only the part of your sermon yesterday." "Indeed ! what was it?" "You said the Apostle used the *figure of cir*their names are on our books; they are honorary members." Why are poultry the most profitable stock to keep? Because for every grain they give a peck.

"Two thirds of the members of my

v.

hard and rebellious heart, for nothing else

self. Go. We part forever. If you write, I burn the letters unopened. Go." WHEN TO BEGIN .- "That you may find The young man stood for a moment as

was the face of a corpse, but no tears came. The blood was frozen at its source. Then it is immeasurably important that you do he stood forward, kissed the old man on not make a mistake. To-night begin care-the forehead, and rushed from the house. carefully. Fix your eye on the fortieth rising, hard working, prudent man, careful the forehead, and rushed from the house.

In five minutes afterward the door softly opened, and Letty entered. The Doctor took her hand. They knelt.

" Let us pray for him," he said, solemnly. "Letty, his fault you shall never know,

adamant: let it stand like oath which canmy child, and may God's Spirit soften that not be wind-shaken."

church," says a pastor, "are honorary members. They don't come to prayer-meetings; thes don't attend Sunday school; they don't add to the life of the church; they are passengers on the gospel ship; they bear no burdens; add no strength; their names are on our books; they are honorary members."