column, confined exclusively to their business, with privilege of change. Advertising in all cases exclusive of sub-

scription to the paper.

JOB PRINTING of every kind in Plain and Fancy colors, done with neatness and dispatch. Handhills. Blanks, Cards, Pamphlets, &c., of every varity and style, printed at the shortest notice. The REPORTER OFFICE has just been re-fitted with Power Presses, and every thing in the Printing line can be executed in the most artistic manner and at the lowest rates. TERMS INVARIABLY CASH.

Selected Loetry.

A MIDNIGHT HYMN.

The authorship of the following beautiful hymn of trusts is unknown. It was found treasured up in an humble cottage in England :

In the mid silence of the voiceless night, When, chased by airy dreams, the slumbers flee Whom in the darkness doth my spirit seek, O God! but Thee?

And if there be a weight upon my breast-Some vague impression of the foregone Scarce knowing what it is, I fly to thee And lay it down.

Or if it be the heaviness that comes In token of anticipated ill, My bosom takes no need of what it is, Since 'tis Thy will.

For O! in spite of past and present care, Or anything beside, how joyfully Passes that almost solitary hour, My God, with Thee!

More tranquil than the stillness of the night. More peaceful than the silence of that hour, More blest than anything, my bosom lies Beneath Thy power.

For what is there on earth that I desire, Of all that it can give or take from me Of whom in heaven does my soul seek, O God! but Thee?

Selected Tale.

MY CROSS.

WE sat alone, grandmother and I. She was my father's mother, and had left a old then, and during the eight years since she had hardly let me find out what it was o be motherless. Father had never married again-partly, I think, because he had loved my mother with all his heart, and had no room left in it for any new comer and partly, doubtless, because grandmother had made home so entirely comfortable and homelike that he had never experience ed those thousand little domestic discom forts which sting so many widowers into

The room we sat in this spring afternoon

was the very heart of home, and looked so.
A large, low room, with oak wainscoting and old-fashioned windows. There was a and it made me almost angry to see how ed she was to fill up each day with its own commonplace tasks. I grew nervous. My embroidery cotton knotted, then broke, I threw my work down, at last, with some-

thing like temper.
"Grandmother," I exclaimed, "what a disappointment life is! But then we are not meant, I suppose, to find our happiness here!" and when I had said that I seemed to myself to have given a religious coloring to my emotions, and felt a little more self-complacent.

The dear old lady smiled slightly-I caught a twinkle of humor in her eyes, though she kept it out of her voice-as she answered gravely :

"It is a lesson we all learn, as we get on in life, Helen; but not every one has the wisdom to discover it at eighteen." "Every one would, I think," I said hotly,

"if every thing on which they set their hearts had disappointed them. Life looks to me as barren as the Great Desert." Grandmother laid down her work for a

moment, and gave me a searching, inquisi-"Have you and Joe been quarreling?" she asked.

Joe Scarborough was my lover. I had been engaged to him six months. I did love him. I was proud of him. He was a great, strong, manly, fellow; a gentleman all through, though he was a farmer's son, and understood rotation of crops better than changes of fashion.

"No," I said, "Joe and I have not quarrelled. Joe won't quarrel, but he is doing me great injustice.'

Joe was grandmother's prime favorite. She took up the cudgels at once in his de-

'That is not like him, Helen; and now, of all times, I should think he was too sad

for injustice. She said "now, of all times," because last week his father had died very suddenly, and she knew that Joe had loved him had such a great, warm heart that all his

re than most sons love their fathers. He feelings lay deep-all his affections were stronger than most men's. I answered her with a question:

a pledge to accept another entirely differ- I had told him that his love was more to ent? If a man promised you to do one me than any thing else in the world--how have troubled me somewhat in winter, thing, and then coolly told you that he had much right I had given him to trust in me. up his mind to do another, would you not think it injustice, or perhaps im | me as usual. I could not help it-this one,

The Aradford Reporter.

\$2 per Annum, in Advance.

VOLUME XXVII.

TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., OCTOBER 11, 1866.

"Yes. I have made up my mind to it.

knew that it would be best for Joe, and so

I insisted upon it. I love him well enough

So we were married one fall day-one of

when we are looking at them together, I say

INFLUENCE OF AFFECTION .-- There is

good deal of canting about involuntary af-fection in the world, and all that; but a

young lady should never let such foolish

notions enter her head. She should allow

the pride of conscious strength of mind to

both right, misery will surely be her por-

his position, is guilty of indiscretion which

MANHOOD AND WOMANHOOD .-- Who are you.

'organs that shake the universe.'

VELVET TONGUES .-- When I was a boy, I

and a number of my playmates had ram-

bled through the woods and fields, till, quite

forgetful of the fading light, we found our-

selves far from home. Indeed we had lost

our way. It did so happen we were near-

to it was the question. By the edge of the

in trouble or not I do not know, but he

gave us some very surly answer. Just

then there came along another man, a near

neighbor, and with a merry smile on his

face. "Jim," said he, "a man's tongue is

like a cat's; it is either a piece of velvet

or a piece of sand-paper, just as he likes to

use it and to make it : and I declare you

always seem to use your tongue for sand-

yaper. Try the velvet man, try the velvet

WE have listened to many effective ar-

we have never heard one more exhaustive

liberty to exercise their guessing faculties.

After some hesitation, he arose and said :

principle." -- Blind Amos.

ground work of that affection

to Joe:
"I couldn't have helped loving him if I

hadn't already loved you."

have thought of asking me to be one. Do you think I'm any more fitted now?"

"I can't say that you are," and the smile which emphasized my grandmother's remark said more than the words did. derstood by it that she thought I had not a woman. been improving—growing fitter for any life-work worth doing. It sharpened my temper yet more.
"Well," I said, "your paragon—"

"You mean, I presume, your lover," she nterpolated.

I took no notice, except to change the phraseology of my sentence.
"Joe promised to go to town next fall,

and get into business. He said that he was going to be a merchant. For my part, I was willing to wait until he could get a then I would have shared his lot cheerfulhave helped him to rise-I know I could." "And what is it now?"

and changed all his plans. He means to give up going away, and settle down there at me, saying more than his words said, at home, to take care of his mother and sister. He says, as he shall never be any them! differently situated, there is no use in waiting, and he wants me to marry him and come home there."

"What did you tell him?" of it. I had promised to share a different

"Yes," grandmother said quietly, must have known it. But I suppose he was | into a life where I could never be useful or willing to put up with all your imperfections, and make the best of them, for the sake of the love he bore you. You know he might get a wife a great deal more efficient and helpful than you would be."

"Let him, then !" I said the words defiantly, but I strang-

Then I took up my embroidery again, and grandmother stitched away at her sheet, and both of us were silent. I was thinking how I loved Joe, and how I hated farmwork; how fussy old Mrs. Scarborough was, and how stiff and poky Joe's sister Angeline. I don't know what grandmothwhen my mother died. I was only ten years | er was thinking; but, after a while, she

said, gently:
"We all have some kind of burden to

geline would be too heavy for my shoulders," I answered, tartly. "I don't like

"Joe does," uttered grandmother with mild suggestion.

I took refuge in pertness, and said, flip-

went out into the kitchen to see about supthen the eye came out of my needle. I took strong enough to reconcile me to butter- I would come home. a new one, and pricked my finger with it. milk and dishwater. I remembered the farmers' wives here in Hillsbury-meek, fadchanging round of each day, and get to bed early at night. If they had ever loved their "I am glad you have ed at my face—bright, young, handsome, as I could not help knowing it was—at my hands, where no rude service had left its ingly, "if I thought it best for her to go. imprint. No, I would not marry Joe-mine should not be a marriage in haste for repentance. This decided, I went up stairs for Helen." and put on a dress he liked-tied my hair with the "bonny blue ribbons" he always grandmother said, mildly. The conversa- words: praised. I don't know that I was capable as lovely as possible, in order to make him feel his loss the more. What I said to my-

> I went down to supper with a good apstand myself or know what I was doing. I was glad that business took my father the sitting-room, lit a lamp, and put a little on the round table. Then I stood at the as I waited for Joe.

self was that, at any rate, his last recollec-

step, wearing such an expectant look, smil- sad day; I was glad when it was over. ing so brighly, when he saw me at the winso sure? Did he think he had only to map manly, polished widower, with two little grave tenderness: from my hopes and expectations, and my scholars. I found teaching school a great kind of life, would you feel bound by such with it at once? I forgot how many times agined-partly, perhaps because it was I opened the door for him, and let him kiss

last time.

told me he fully realized that neither my tastes nor my habits would fit me for being a farmer's wife; and that he should never the idea of waiting, as we had plan been the idea of waiting, as we had plan been thought of selving me to be one. By the form of the idea of waiting, as we had plan been thought of selving me to be one. By the form of the idea of waiting, as we had plan been thought of selving me to be one. By the form of the idea of waiting, as we had plan been thought of selving me to be one. By the form of the idea of waiting, as we had plan been thought of selving me to be one. By the form of the idea of waiting, as we had plan been thought of selving me to be one. By the form of the idea of waiting, as we had plan been thought of selving me to be one. By the form of the idea of waiting, as we had plan been thought of selving me to be one to take it, for nished with every thing that taste could suggest or luxury demand, was like a review.

"Oh, how good you are—how generous!"

"Oh, how good you are—how generous!"

"So you won't have to take up that cross after all?" ned before "

I wished that his voice were less tender -that his eyes were not so full of loving trust. I must make haste and tell him my I un- decision, before I grew too weak-too much

"Joe," I said, and I tried so hard to be firm that it gave my voice a cold, resolute, defiant ring—"I have thought it all over, and if you must stay at home I can not marry you. It would make me miserable, and know you do not want to do that. You said, in the first place, that you knew I was utterly unfitted to be a farmer's wife, and that you would never have asked me to marry you if you had not planned out a

different career for yourself." "I know, Helen-but afterward I grew salary large enough just to live on, and surer of your heart, and understood better what love meant. And now I have no ly, and helped him all I could, and done without luxuries until the time for them of things for mother and Angeline, or the came. That would have suited me. I should farm would never give them the comforts have been in the midst of stir and bustle- of life. It would be a good while before I the rush and movement of life. I could could make enough in any new business to help them. I must do just this thing and "And what is it now?"

"He came last night to tell me that he ready to make the best of it."

How his great, sad, loving eyes looked

"Joe," I said, "I do not think you understand me I have thought it all over, and I can see it but in one light. Look at the women round us here in Hillsbury. See "That I would take till to-night to think | what lives they live, and what their lives make of them! I can't live so. It would life altogether; I wasn't fit for this one, make me hate myself, and you. I should and he knew it." the power my love gives you to urge me happy, or make you so."

blank and fixed, almost a dead face, his then a flash of his old, manly pride flamed led something which was almost a sob at the thought of Joe--my Joe--ever caring —not even a remonstrance. He only asked, with a dignity which awed me:

"You have weighed the matter well? You are sure you have made up your mind?

And when I said I was sure, he got up

to go.
"My duty remains the same, Helen.

me kiss you once more.' He had risen to go, and he took me sud-"We all have some kind of burden to bear, Helen. We can not please ourselves all through life, and then hear the Lord's myself if I could. I felt his heart beating brightest visions he figured as an accessor."

He had risen to go, and he took me suddenly in his arms. I would not have freed never be to me what Joe had been. In my try.

When he left I followed him into the entry.

"Father," I said, "I went away because I Well done' at the last. He disciplines us in great, panting throbs against my side. with trials, every one-sends each child For a moment his lips pressed mine as if homage did me honor, to bear whose name some back because I love Joe. Can you some cross to carry-why can you not take they would breathe out the whole love of would make me a power in the world; but dave him for me?" ing home-with such a different mien from ing nigh. that which had angered me before—going home to his grief and his loss, his sister low ottoman in his drawing room, looking followed. If human love and care could centered its whole happinrss in thy arms,

steadily she plodded along it, how content- mother and her one good strong maid of all out difficulty. I would get away by this most of his opportunity. Still I sang on recover and blame them for such a resentwork were not equal to. My idle life had means for the summer. By the time school lt was perversity partly—partly a vague, was out we should have overlived the worst of it, both Joe and I. Then, perhaps, near. If he asked me to be his wife I knew patience began to softem then. They trea-

> I mentioned to matter at breakfast next instinct within me clung still to freedom. morning. My father uttered an exclamaed, washed-out women-who never read, tion of surprise, and I could see at once never rode, never sang--who seemed to that he was prepared to oppose my plan. care only to drag through the slow, un- But grandmother interposed mildly be-

"I am glad you have thought of it, Helhusbands, their lives now gave no time for romance or sentiment. Lives! It was not living at all. Of course, if I married Joe I what you need. James, you could find an husbands, their lives now gave no time for en, she said, approvingly. "It is excellent now—let me talk to you instead." and faint, but his conditions thank God, said: "Helen! Can the should sink into just such a woman. I look- opening for her easily enough, couldn't you,

There is Colonel Cushing of Montclair, who wrote me last week to see if I knew which all my after-life should be one long of a teacher. But it's such a strange freak

"There's wisdom in freaks, sometimes," tion dropped there, but with her on my side

but nothing but sickness ever excused father doubts if he will ever r cover." tions of me should be at my best-I would Hillsbury people from church-going. Joe

out a new life for me altogether different girls who were the most interesting of my summer, and the older pupils, who might were otherwise occupied-but chiefly, I am sure, through Colonel Cushing's efficient protection, which interposed from the very first between me and all annoyances an

elation to me. I thought I knew then what I had been wanting—what suited me. I felt at home in these elegant rooms. This, indeed, was something better than the caeven in the city. I felt a vague thrill of you just as your father might." first plans -- that I was free.

I could see from the first that Colonel Cushing liked me, though he had too much self with making life pleasant for me-let- placidly as of old. ting me see how pleasant he had it in his power to make it. When the time came am going to Joe." -for I "boarded round"--for me to be a sister superintended, he spared no pains to stood you last spring better than you unnake the days white letter ones in my cal- derstood yourself. endar. At other times he would come for the little girls in his elegant barouche, and ed at the Widow Scarborough's door. And I think he has occasion. the splendid hill scenery, or along the send me strawberries, red glowing with me to walk in. the life of summer -- or cherries, bedded in cool, green leaves--or flowers such as grew in no other garden in Montclair. Remem- from Montclair to be with him." ber that I was only eighteen, that I knew self to be ambitious.

tiness set off by such adornments until I drive me away from him. could hardly recognize Hillsbury Helen in the bright vision. I think these dreams would say, if he ever recovered, influenced every day. They were beginning to fill my ungracious assent at last. imagination full, and I lost sight in them lowlier ones, days of pain and weariness, cryin' or takin' on in there." "My duty remains the same, Helen. I sore troubles and heartaches, by and by can not change that, for it is God's order-death itself; that here, as well as else ther just nodded to me. He was counting strength of tenderest mutual love. For I doubtful look.

bereaved like himself, his mother who was out toward the west, where a crimson sun- save him he would be saved.

letters and papers—the evening mail. Colonel Cushing just glanced at them, and put-

see whether any thing is the matter I shall not be a good listener." He was too true a gentleman to insist on

having his own way, and I held my letter close to the window. It was the first one grandmother had written me that summer -quaint, old-fashioned, tender-how like herself! I glanced over it by the lingering sunset light until I came to these

"You will want, I think, to hear about of the conscious cruelty of intending to be I felt pretty sure that my point was gain- Joe. His horses took fright yesterday, as he was mowing. He was thrown from his mowing-machine, and severely hurt. Your

I strained my dim eyes over the paper to have a picture photographed on his mind was there, sitting in his black clothes, be- see if I had made any mistake. No. it was which the useful wife to come should find it wife to come should find it hard to rival.

Scarborough looked all be dying. We have heard stories, all of borough came in, half an hour afterward, he worn-out with sorrow--her face chalk- us, about the sudden intuitions of drowning petite for warm griddle-cakes and fresh maple sirup. I did not begin yet to under-her, but I did not like her. Angeline, it a lifetime in a few seconds. I think it was "Mother," he sa seemed to me, was stiffer than ever. I felt, something like that which came to me--liwhen I came near them in going out out of ker, perhaps, to the awakening thrill with Helen has saved my life." away after tea, and that grandmother was church, as if a wind from the frozen pole which, after death, our sours will rise to the new life. I think we shall know then, and in one electric flash, just how much and marry him, and I told him I would be ready to done more than that at such a time if the how little this world has been worth. For whenever he said. You see my pride was glass, filled with crocuses which I had words of the night before had been left unfound in a sheltered corner of thh garden,
said; but oh, how I missed the smile, heart own soul—its needs, wants, longings—but ant. warm and involuntary, the quick gleam I was conscious of only two ideas. One, window and watched the early moon rise from the loving eyes which had welcomed that I was intensely thankful that I had not fully, "I have been thinking that it might me always, ever since I had promised to bound myself to Colonel Cushing; the oth- be best for me to make a home for you He came soon, walking with such firm be Joe's wife! That Sunday was a long, er, that I must go to Joe. Only one course where we could be quite by ourselves. I In two weeks more I was settled at tell the Colonel the entire truth. I did not you might not like the idea of coming to asked to speak at a meeting of the friends | well, the gals then were innocent, unconfis dow, that his very manner piqued me and strengthened my resolution. Was he, then was my head committee-men—a gentle-had told him all, he said to me with a strange, they could never be to you what they are cality of this meeting our readers are at French call 'blazes.'"

"Helen, did you know that I loved you? for me. It is like you-like just what I enough to change his plans? thought you-to tell me the truth as soon as you knew it yourself."

some one take my place?"

"I think," she said, gravely, "that circumstances alter cases, and I can't promounce on this case until I understand it."

"When Joe asked me to marry him he is think," she said, gravely, "that circumstances alter cases, and I can't promounce on this case until I understand it."

"Helen," he said, as we came in together cases, and I can't promounce in the mount of the ment and an analysis of defense.

"Helen," he said, as we came in together with that leter of the only time my father whipped answered, soothingly. "But there will be than keep you here against your will," he would, it did with the said he, "the only time my father whipped answered, soothingly. "But there will be the ment and an analysis of defense.

"Helen," he said, as we came in together will be the will be the ment and an analysis of defense.

"Helen," he said, as we came in together will be the will be the ment and an analysis of defense.

"He len," he said, as we came in together will be the will be the will be the will be the ment and an analysis of defense.

"He len," he said, as we came in together will be the will be the will be the will be the ment and an analysis of defense.

"He len," he said, as we came in together will be the ment and an analysis of defense.

"He len," he said, as we came in together will be the wi

"I would be good to you, Helen. If you after all?" could have loved me, I would have been very tender of you. But I will never talk about that any more. I will be your kind, reer of a merchant's clerk and his wife, trusty friend, and manage every thing for now to share his fortune just as it is."

ambition. I thought that it might not have If my heart had not been to full of Joe his those splendid, prismatic days when the air been a bad thing for me, at least, that Joe sad gentleness must have won it. As it is, is full of soft haze which catches hues of rainbow brightness from the sunbeamshad been prevented from carrying out his he did win my gratitude, and a friendship and I went home with Joe.
I did not invite Colonel Cushing to my that will last our lives through,
The next afternoon I reached home.

went into the room where grandmother and wedding, but he heard of it somehow and tact and taste to startle me by any prema-ture declarations of it. He contented him-there, sitting by the round table, sewing gravings simply framed. They hang on the walls of my sitting-room, a perpetual joy, and a reminder of one of the truest and "Grandmother," I said, "I have come. I

"I thought you would," she answered, in member of his household, which a widowed her kind, low tones. "I believe I under-

My heart misgave me a little as I knocktake me with them for a drive among the geline opened it, with her funeral looks, dressed in her unmitigated mourning. She pleasant, low-lying river. Or he would held the door in her hand, and did not ask

Joe. I heard of his accident, and came home

"He has good care," she answered, unmyself to be handsome, and discovered my- graciously, "and we don't let company see him; but you may walk in, and I'll speak I can claim credit for one thing-I never to mother.

forgot my own dignity, or made one unmaidenly effort to attract Colonel Cushing. She let me go into the best room—an apartment cold and uninviting as her own Indeed there was no need. His attentions manner. I heard a confused sound of whisgrew constantly more and more marked. I pering voices outside, and then Mrs. Scarwas flattered by them, certainly. It gave borough came in where I sat. I read de me a new idea of my own power to have nial on her face—resolution stiffened her such a man so entirely devoted to me. I lips. She looked at me with almost an exthought of Mother Scarborough and Hills- pression of dislike. Instinct suggested the appy, or make you so."

bury butter with a smile of superiority. only way to make my peace with her. I How the trust, and hope, and light faded Clearly my destiny did not lie there. I fan was capable of any sacrifice of pride if out of his eyes as they looked at me. How cied myself, in my little day dreams of girl- only I could get to Joe. So I told her, humish vanity, walking through those splen- bly enough, how mistaken I had been when face grew! He seemed for a moment like did rooms as mistress—wearing jewels, and one whom a heavy blow had stunned: laces, and soft, rich silks—my girlish pret him in spite of all—and begged her not to

came to me with more charm and potency her somewhat. At any rate she gave an

"Your father's in there, now," she said of everything lying beyond; forgot that to such a brilliant lot could come, as well as still. Remember it won't do to have any

ing. I won't stay to pain you. Child, let where, I should need the support and Joe's pulse-beats, and he wore an anxious,

ry-a courtly, gracious gentleman, whose cid not want to marry a farmer, and I've

his life, and then he let me go, and went I did not love him. And as yet he had nev- "God only knows. child. He was hurt to be soothed by thy contrition! If thou "I think old Mrs. Scarborough and Anout into the windy, desolate April night. I er asked for my love, though I felt with a terribly; but there's a chance—just a eline would be too heavy for my should—stood at the window and watched him gowoman's intuition that the hour was draw-chance." Just a chance! Those words were my affectionate parent; if thou art a husband,

widow.

That night I slept little. I did not realsnatches of old ballads which the Colonel hurt in his fall, and he was delirious. This and old-fashioned windows. There was a carpet on the floor of sombre but warm colors; on the walls, at one side, oaken bookshelves, well-filled; some plants on a stand at a south window; brackets here and carpet on the floor of sombre but warm colors; on the walls, at one side, oaken bookshelves, well-filled; some plants on a stand at a south window; brackets here and carpet on the floor of sombre but warm colors; on the walls, at one side, oaken bookshelves, well-filled; some plants on a stand at the end of the long seam, and the cloin the floor of sombre but warm colors into the floor of sombre but warm colors; on the walls, at one side, oaken bookshelves, well-filled; some plants on a stand at the end of the long seam, and the cloin the cloin bland one that I slept little. I did not real-size just what I had done—of how much of the wide one thing I felt intensely—I could not startly spirit that confided in thee; if thou art a lover, and hast ever given one unmerited soft summer wind, which came through the soft summer wind, which came through the cloined in the cloined in the circle. That night I slept little. I did not real-size just what I had done—of how much of the could one the country into the cloined, the country is the country into the c wronged in thought, or word, or deed, the stantly. By and by when I was stronger I to shine solemnly in the far heavens. I name; revealed in some wild sentence, as unkind look, every ungracious word, every of which had been my mother's; low easychairs; and on the hearth a bright open
fire. Grandmother sat at one side of the

lock, every ungracious word, every
lock, but for the present I
lock, every ungracious word, every
lock, every ungracious word, every
lock, every ungracious word, every
lock, but for the present I
lock, every ungracious word, every
lock, every ungraci saw that, despite the Colonel's love for bal- he never would have revealed it otherwise, ungentle action, will come thronging back round table between us, sewing steadily had done nothing but please myself, so far Monday, but I made all my plans. My fa- She would be through with prayers and line so much the more bitter against me. I down sorrowing and repentant on the grave and placidly. The long seam up the middle of a sheet her work was, I remember, been anything to do at home which grand- ation to teach school in some of them with- such things?—that he wanted to make the but for the consideration that Joe might because unheard and unavailing—Irving.

> that I should say yes, but some dumb, blind ted me with more kindness, and sometimes left me to watch alone beside Joe. On one While I sang a servant came in with of these rare occasions I sat and looked at his worn, wasted face until my grief over- busy workshop of life? came me utterly and bending my head down ting the rest in his pocket, handed one to on the side of the bed I burst into a passion of weeping. At last I felt a feeble touch upon my hair, and Joe's voice—oh, so weak ful toiler—God calls you—humanity calls fully in his gestures, when the old cry was and faint, but his own natural voice again, thank God, said:
>
> you—and they have both a right to all heard for Mr. Henry.
>
> your powers. Arise! Make your whole Putting his hand to his mouth like a

"Helen! Can this be Helen?" I forgot all Mrs. Scarborough's cautious about disturbing him. I just threw my arms

around him, and sobbed out: "Oh, Joe, only get well, and forgive me! I found out that your life, whatever it is, must be my life, for the world is nothing at all without you." A sudden, passionate joy kindled his face.

One cry-"Oh, Helen, my love, my love !"and then his head fell back in a deathlike swoon.

Somehow I was not frightened. The excitement had been too much for him just now, but I felt in my heart that it would not kill him. I believe in joy as Heaven's own balm of healing. I went quietly to work without calling any one to restore field we saw a man coming along and we him to consciousness; and when Mrs. Scar- ran to ask him to tell us. Whether he was was lying with his hand in mine, at rest and

"Mother," he said, with fervent joy and resolution, "I am going to get well. I think

After he was able to walk about he ask-

"When I am well again," he said, thoughtof action occurred to me, and that was to ought to have remembered, last spring that than that of the honest German who was

I considered the matter for a few silent You had grown to be the hope and the ob- moments. I knew it was best for Joe to "I shall tell you how it was; I put mine "Grandmother, if you had accepted one love for him was certain to make me tall in deal easier and pleasanter than I had in- ject of my life. I think if it had not been stay there—that is what he really in his hand on my head, and there wos von big association dinner, a debate arose as to the for this other love you would have cared for me. It is like vou--like just what I enough to change his plans?

me choose, for the present we will live here. hand in my pocket, and there vas nothing. "But I must go to him, Colonel. Can't I know them better now than I knew them Now there vas no more pain in my head. then, and have none of the same feeling "I would, if that were necessary, rather about it. I think to stay here will best for

FUN. FACTS AND FACETIÆ.

An exchange paper, among other suggestions which will enable a person to avoid the cholera, says: "Endeavor, if possible, to keep a clear conscience, and two or three clean shirts.—Rise with the lark, but avoid larks in the evening. Be above ground in all your dealings. Love your neighbors as yourself, but don't have too many of them in the same house with you."

Dr. Negries, a French surgeon, says the bleeding at the nose. He explains the tact physiologically, and declares it a positive remedy. Another recommends pressing hard on the upper lip. Rapid chewing of any substance is also spoken of accommends.

A GENTLEMEN having occasion to call upon an author, found him in his study writing. He remarked the great heat of the apartment, and said: "It is as hot as an oven." "So it ought to be," replied the author, "for it's here I make my bread."

A large per cent. of the mistakes mortals make, is because they act directly opposite to what the experience of the elder part of the race say is best. There is not a sin committed that a person of experience and years would not, if consulted, speak against.

THE birds of the air die to sustain thee ; the beasts of the fields die to nourish thee; the fishes of the sea die to feed thee; or stomachs are their common sepulchre; with how many deaths are our poor lives patched up; how full of death is the life of momentary man.—Quaries.

"My dear Murphy," said an Irishman, to his friend, "why did you betray the secret I told you?" "Is it betraying you call it? Sure, when I found I wasn't able to keep it myself, did A FRENCH comic paper, apropos of the

needle gun, says a weapon has been invented which fires twenty balls a minute and has a musi-cal box in the butt, thus doing away with the ne-cessity of regimental bands. most generous men I ever knew. Sometimes "I'm afraid you'll come to want," said an

old lady to a young gentleman. "I have come to want already," was the reply: "I want your But he is never jealous; nor, in truth,do

How often do we sigh for opportunities I have been married three years, and daiof doing good, whilst we neglect the openings of Providence in little things! Dr. Johnson used to say, "He who waits to do a great deal of good at once will never do any." Good is done by dely have seen fresh reason to be thankful that I bear my own cross and no other.— Mother—I call Mrs. Scarborough so now once will never do any." Good is done by degrees. However small in proportion the benefit which follows individual attempts to do good, a great deal may thus be accomplished by perseverance, even in the midst of discouragements and disaphas developed delightfully as a grandmother, and Angeline is a model aunt. Between them both they aid me so much, and care

yet to acquire the meek, faded unquestioning face proper to the wife of a Hillsbury to avoid his creditors, Selwyn said: "It is a passover that will not be very much relished by the Jews."

A PARTIZAN paper says : "It is a mistake that the (opposite) party plays upon a harp of a thousand strings. The organ of that party is a lyre."

"What flower of beauty shall I marry?" asked a young spendthrift of his governor; to which the governor replied, with a grim smile,

keep her above every foolish, vain and non-"There, John, that's twice you've come home and forgotten that lard." "La, mother, it was so greasy that it slipped my mind." sensical preference towards this precious fop, and that idle attendant on a lady's will. She should lay it up in her heart as an immutable principle, that no love can An old lady, hearing somebody say the

last if not based upon a right and calm esmails were very irregular, said: "It was just so in my young days—no trusting any of 'em." timation of good qualities; or at least, that if the object upon which it is lavished be When may a loaf of bread be said to be not one whose heart and whose head are

tion. A sudden preference for a stranger is a very doubtful kind of preference, and ever erected? Because it was built for one sover eign and finished for another. the lady who allows herself to be betrayed Why is furling a ship's canvass like a into such a silly kind of affection, without knowing a word of the man's character or

Why is Buckingham Palace the cheapest

Why is a French franc of no value com-

pared with the American dollar? Because it is not only reflects unfavorably upon her good sense, but argues badly for the nature and What are the features of a cannon?--Cannon's mouth, cannon-ize, and cannon-eers What is that which is always invisible

MEDITATION .-- Go to the grave of buried ove and meditate. There settle the ac-What is the only pain that we make count with thy conscience for every past

endearment unregarded, of the departed What workman never turns to the left? being who can never--never--never return

art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow What sort of a throat is the best for a to the soul, or a furrow to the brow, of an nger to reach high notes with? A soar throat WHY are balloons in the air like vagrants? ecause they have no visible means of support.

Where are the "uttermost parts of the to doubt one moment of thy kindness or Ban thoughts quickly ripen into bad ac-

Josh Billings says he has got a good reollection, but not a good memory. He rec having lost ten dollars the other night, but don't TEACH your boys to shut doors and gates

after them. Also, to clean their shoes before en-tering the house, and to wash and comb their hair efore coming to meals. What is the latest and sweetest thing in

bonnets? The ladies' faces, to be sure.

ONE OF GOUGH'S STORIES .- At a political meeting the speakers and audience were very much disturbed by a man who conyoung man, young woman, living in this country and age, and yet doing nothing to benefit others? Who are you—blessed with out "Mr. Henry! Henry! Henry! Henry! body and intellect, and yet an idler in the I call for Mr. Henry!"

Who are you with After several interruptions of this kind immortal soul, and yet that soul so deaf to at each speech a young man ascended the the myriad voices all about you that call to platform and was soon airing his eloquence

your powers. Arise! Make your whole life one scene of industry! Arise and go speaking trumpet, this man was bawling forth, and every moment your feet shall out at the top of his voice "Mr. Henry press or your hand touch some pedal or key | Henry! Henry! I call for Mr. Henry to make a speech !" Arise! there is work for you to do. You The chairman now arose and remarked

were created to toil and bear a hand where that it would oblige the audience if the the hammers of time are ringing as they gentleman would refrain from any further calling for Mr. Henry as that gentleman now speaking.
"Is that Mr. Henry?" said the disturber of the meeting. "Thunder! that can't be

Mr. Henry! Why, that's the little cuss that told me to holler!' Mr. Govgh adds, that in telling this story to a man who could never be made to see the "point" of a joke, after studying er home than we thought; but how to get for some minutes, the man remarked, Well, Mr. Gough, what did he tell him to

Mrs. Partington on Fashion .- "There is one thing sure," said Mrs. Partington, "the emales of the present regeneration are a heap more independent than they used to be. Why, I saw a gal go by to-day that I know belongs to the historical class of society, with her dress all tucked up to her knee, her hair all buzzled up like as if she hadn't had time to comb it for a week, and one of her grandmother's caps, in an awful crumpled condition, on her head. Why laws, honey, when I was a gal, if any of the fellows came along when I had my guments in favor of total abstinence, but clothes tucked up that way, and my head old white rag, kivered with an for dear life, and hide out of sight. Well,

THE USE OF THE ROD .- The following story is told of a father of the Church : At an use of the rod in bringing up children. The Doctor took the affirmative, and the chief "No," I said, at length, "if you will let pains in all mine pody. Then I put mine opponent was a young minister, whose repmaintained that parents often do harm to The pains in my pody was all gone away. I put mine hand in my pocket, and there vas twenty tollars. So I shall shtay mit said he, "the only time my father whipped their children by unjust punishment, from not knowing the facts of the case. "Why,"

E. O. GOODRICH, Publisher.

REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER.