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TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., MARCH 28, 1867.

NUMBER 43.

Selected Poetry.

"THERE IS A SPOT." There is a spot to me more dear Than native vale or mountain...

THOMAS J. INGHAM, ATTORNEY AT LAW, LAPORETT, Sullivan Co., Pa. GEORGE D. MONTANEY, AT TORNEY AT LAW...

Selected Tale.

EVELINE'S VISITANT.

A GHOST STORY. It was at a masked ball at the Palais Royal...

It was a masked ball at the Palais Royal that my fatal quarrel with my first cousin Andre de Brissac began...

He had grown hateful to myself, and had well-nigh begun to hate my fellow-creatures...

Our quarrel had been a fierce one—a quarrel which could have had one result, and that the direst. I had struck him: and the welt raised by my open hand...

He took no more heed of my words than if that piteous entreaty had been the idle ripple of the river near at hand...

AMERICAN HOTEL, TOWANDA, PA. Having purchased this well known Hotel on Bridge Street...

DR. H. WESTON, DENTIST. Office in Patton's Block, over Gore's Drug and Chemical Store.

battle with Death, and I believe he said all he wished to say before his head fell back upon the velvet cloak...

time my fancy had never so proudly made false as to shape the shadow of the dead. Is it strange, then, if I had forgotten Andre's horrible promise?

gradual as to be almost imperceptible to those who watched her day by day. It was only when she put on a rich gala dress which she had not worn for months...

that change of scene would bring peace to my wife. It was not so Go where we would the ghost of Andre de Brissac followed us...

to me in the mountain village in the "Troy," my wife cast herself at my feet, and told me she was the worst and vilest of women. "I have confessed all to my director," she said...

time ago there was a dancing party given "up North," most of the ladies present had little babies, whose noisy perversity required too much attention to permit the mothers to enjoy the dance...

WHERSEY WATKINS, Notary Public is prepared to take Depositions, Acknowledge the Execution of Deeds, Affidavits, and other papers may require to be sworn to before me...

WARD HOUSE, TOWANDA, PA. On Main Street, near the Court House.

DR. H. WESTON, DENTIST. Office in Patton's Block, over Gore's Drug and Chemical Store.

As he lay there you would have fancied him a fragile stripling, too frail for the struggle called life; but there are those who remember the brief manhood of Andre de Brissac...

He had grown hateful to myself, and had well-nigh begun to hate my fellow-creatures, when a feverish desire seized upon me, and I planned to go back in the press and throng of the river, the grim outline of the Chateau...

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FUN, FACTS, AND FACETIAE.

THAT man is not good enough for any place who thinks no place good enough for him. "WOULD you hear a sweet and pleasing echo, speak sweetly and pleasing yourself."

BENEFICIAL YOUNG man thus feelingly expresses himself: "Even as nature benevolently guards the rose with thorns, so does she endow women with pins." THE merit of our actions consists not in doing extraordinary actions, but in doing ordinary actions extraordinarily well.

THE public character of a man is the tinsel worn of court; his private character is the service of gold kept at his bank's side. THE aim of an honest man's life is not the happiness which serves only himself, but the virtue which is useful to others.

Why are a country girl's cheeks like French calico? Because they are "warrented to wash and retain their color." AUNT Betsey says, "A newspaper is like a wife, because every man should have one of his own."

"SALLY," said a lover to his intended, "You are too good for me." "No I won't," said Sally, "help yourself." "I have confessed all to my director," she said: "from the first I have not hidden my sin from Heaven. But I feel that death is near me; and before I die I would fain reveal my sin to you."

"When first, my sweet one?" "What sin the stranger came to me in the forest his presence bewildered and distressed me, and I shrank from him as from something stange and terrible. He came again and again; by-and-by I found myself thinking of him and watching for his coming. His image haunted me perpetually; I strove in vain to shut his face out of my mind. Then followed an interval in which I did not see him; and, to my shame and anguish, I found that life seemed dreary and desolate without him. After that came the time in which he haunted the pleasure; and—oh, Hector, kill me if you will, for I receive no mercy at your hands—I grew in those days to count the hours that must elapse before his coming, to take no pleasure save in the sight of that pale face with the red brand upon it. He plucked all old, familiar joys out of my heart, and left in but one weird, unholly pleasure—the delight of his presence. For a year I have lived but to see him. And now comes he, Hector, for this is my sin. Whether it comes of the baseness of my own heart, or is the work of witchcraft, I know not; but I know that I have striven against this wickedness in vain."

"I took my wife to my breast and forgave her. In sooth, what had I to forgive? Was the fatality that overshadowed us any work of hers? On the next night she died, with her hand in mine; and at the very last she told me, sobbing and affrighted, that she was by her side."

A MIXIN' OF THE BABIES.—Some time ago there was a dancing party given "up North," most of the ladies present had little babies, whose noisy perversity required too much attention to permit the mothers to enjoy the dance. A number of gallant young men volunteered to watch the young ones while the parents indulged in a "break-down." No sooner had the women left the babies in charge of the mischievous devils, than they stripped the infants, changed their clothes, giving the apparel of one to another. The dance over, it was time to go home, and the mothers hurriedly took each a baby in the dress of her own, and started to their homes some ten or fifteen miles off and were far on their way before day-light. But the day following there was a tremendous row in the settlement: mothers discovered that a single night had changed the sex of their babies—observation disclosed physical phenomena, and they commenced some of the tallest moral pedestals; living miles apart, it required two days to mix the babies, and as many months to restore the women to their natural sweet dispositions. To this day it is unsafe for any of the baby mixers to venture into the territory.

QUARRELING.—If anything in the world will make a man feel badly, except pinching his fingers in the crack of a door, it is unquestionably a quarrel. No man ever fails to think less of himself after it than before. It degrades him in the eyes of others, and what is worse, blunts his sensitibilities on the one hand, and increases the power of passionate irritability on the other. The truth is, the more peaceably and quietly we get on, the better for our neighbors. In nine cases out of ten, the better course is, if a man cheats you, cease to deal with him; if he is abusive, quit his company; and if he slanders you, take care to live so that nobody will believe him. No matter who he is, or how he business you, the wisest way is to let him alone; for there is nothing better than this cool, calm, and quiet way of dealing with the wrongs we meet with.

SORROW.—Sorrow sobers us, and makes the mind genial. And in sorrow we love and trust our friends more tenderly, and the dead become dearer to us. And just as the stars shine out in the night, so there are blessed faces that look at us in our grief, though before their features were fading from our recollection. Suffering! Let no man dread it too much, because it is good for him, and it will help to make him sure of his being immortal. It is not in the bright, sunny day, but only in the solemn night, that other worlds are to be seen shining in their long, long distances. And it is in sorrow—that night of the soul—that we see farthest, and know ourselves natives of finity and sons and daughters of the Most High.

Why is a dog's tail a great novelty? Because no one ever saw it before.