TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

THE REPORTER is published every Thursday Morning, by E. O. GOODRICH, at $2 per annum, in advance.

ADVERTISEMENTS, exceeding fifteen lines are inserted at TEN CENTS per line for first insertion, and FIVE CENTS per line for subsequent insertions. Special Notices inserted before Marriages and Deaths, will be charged TWENTY CENTS per line for each insertion. All resolutions of Associations, communications of limited or individual interest, and notices of Marriages or Deaths exceeding five lines, are charged TEN CENTS per line.

	1 Year.	6 mo.	3 mo.
One Column,	$75	$40	$30
Half Column,	40	25	15
One Square,	10	7½	5

Strayed, Cautions, Lost and Found, and other advertisements, not exceeding 10 lines, three weeks, or less, ... $1 50
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Business Cards, five lines, (per year), 5 00

Merchants and others, advertising their business, will be charged $20. They will be entitled to a column, confined exclusively to their business, with privilege of change.

Advertising in all cases exclusive of subscription to the paper.

JOB PRINTING of every kind, in Plain and Fancy colors, done with neatness and dispatch. Handbills, Blanks, Cards, Pamphlets, &c., of every variety 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.

Cards.

GEORGE D. MONTANYE, ATTORNEY AT LAW—Office corner of Main and Pine streets, opposite Porter's Drug Store.

DOCTOR EDWARD S. PERKINS, Offers his professional services to the citizens of Frenchtown and vicinity. Calls promptly attended to. May 28, 1867.—1y*

W. T. DAVIES, Attorney at Law, Towanda, Pa. Office with Wm. Watkins, Esq. Particular attention paid to Orphans' Court business and settlement of decedents estates.

MERCUR & MOREOW, Attorneys at Law, Towanda, Penn'a, The undersigned having associated themselves together in the practice of Law, offer their professional services to the public.
ULYSSES MERCUR, P. D. MOREOW.
March 9, 1865.

PATRICK & PECK, ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Offices:—In Patton Block, Towanda, in Patrick's block, Athens, Pa. They may be consulted at either place.
H. W. PATRICK, apl13 W. A. PECK.

H. B. MCKEAN, ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Towanda, Pa. Particular attention paid to business in the Orphans' Court.
July 20, 1866.

HENRY PEET, Attorney at Law, Towanda, Pa. Jun27, 66.

DR. H. WESTON, DENTIST.—Office in Patton's Block, over Gore's Drug and Chemical Store. 1Jan66

EDWARD OVERTON JR., Attorney at Law, Towanda, Pa. Office in the Court House. July 13, 1865.

DR. R. DAVIES, LEROYSVILLE, PA. has permanently located at the office formerly occupied by Dr. B. DeWitt, for the exercise of his profession. May 9, 1867.

JOHN N. CALIFF, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Towanda, Pa. Also, Government Agent for the collection of Pensions, Back Pay and Bounty.
No charge unless successful. Office over the Post Office and News Room. Dec. 1, 1864.

DOCTOR B. DEWITT, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.—May be found during the day—unless otherwise engaged—on Main st., a few doors below Gooding & Russell's. Residence corner of William and Division-sts., lately occupied by E. A. Parsons.
Towanda, April 25, 1867.—1y*

O. D. STILES, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, would announce to the people of Home Borough and vicinity, that he has permanently located at the place formerly occupied by Dr. G. W. Stone, for the practice of his profession. Particular attention given to the treatment of women and children, as also to the practice of operative and minor surgery. Oct. 2, '66.

DR. PRATT has removed to State street, (that above B. S. Russell & Co's Bank). Persons from a distance desirous of consulting him, will be most likely to find him on Saturday of each week. Especial attention will be given to surgical cases, and the extraction of teeth. Gas or Ether administered when desired.
July 18, 1866. D. S. PRATT, M. D.

DOCTOR CHAS. F. PAINE.—Office in Gore's Drug Store, Towanda, Pa. Calls promptly attended to at all hours.
Towanda, November 28, 1866.

EDWD MEEKS—AUCTIONEER. All letters addressed to him at Sugar Run, Bradford Co. Pa., will receive prompt attention.

FRANCIS E. POST, Painter, Towanda, Pa, with 10 years experience, is confident he can give the best satisfaction in Painting, Graining, Staining, Glazing, Papering, &c.
Particular attention paid to Jobbing in the country. April 9, 1866.

J. K. VAUGHAN—Architect and Builder.—All kinds of Architectural designs furnished. Ornamental work in Stone, Iron and Wood. Office on Main street, over Russell & Co.'s Bank. Attention given to Rural Architecture, such as laying out of grounds, &c., &c. April 1, 1867.—1y.

J. J. NEWELL,
COUNTY SURVEYOR,
Orwell, Bradford Co., Pa., will promptly attend to all business in his line. Particular attention given to running and establishing old or disputed lines. Also to surveying of all unpatented lands as soon as warrants are obtained. my17

W. HERSEY WATKINS, Notary Public, is prepared to take Depositions, Acknowledge the Execution of Deeds, Mortgages, Power of Attorney, and all other instruments. Affidavits and other papers may be sworn to before me.
Office opposite the Banking House of B. S. Russell & Co., a few doors north of the Ward House. Towanda, Pa., Jan. 14, 1867.

D. D. KNAPP, Watch Maker and Dealer in Gents and Ladies Watches Chains and Finger Rings, Clocks, Jewelry, Gold Pens, Spectacles, Silver ware, Plated ware, Hollow ware, Thimbles, Sewing Machines, and other goods belonging to a Jewelry Store.
Particular attention paid to Repairing, at his old place near the Post Office, Waverly, N. Y. Dec. 3, 1866.—tf.

JOHN MORAY,
ARTIST AND PHOTOGRAPHER,
Will promptly attend to all business in his line. Special attention given to Landscape and Stereoscopic Photography. Views of Family Residences, Stores, Public Buildings, Animals, Machines, etc., taken in the best manner.
Particular attention given to the novel and beautiful stereoscopic representation of objects.
Orders received at Wood & Harding's Photographic Art Gallery, Towanda.
Towanda, April 25, 1867.—1f.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAVE opened a Banking House in Towanda, under the name of G. F. MASON & CO.
They are pleased to draw Bills of Exchange, and make collections in New York, Philadelphia, and all portions of the United States, as also England, Germany, and France. To Loan money, receive deposits, and to do a general Banking business.
G. F. Mason was one of the late firm of Lepley, Mason & Co., of Towanda, Pa., and his knowledge of the business men of Bradford and adjoining Counties and having been in the banking business for about fifteen years, make his house a desirable one, through which to make collections.
G. F. MASON,
Towanda, Oct. 1, 1866. A. G. MASON.

THE ASTOR FIRE INSURANCE of New York. Agency for Bradford Co.,
CAPITAL $400,000.
Dividend for 1866, 10 per cent.
MONTANYE & WARD.
Towanda, July 25, 1867.

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF VOCAL and instrumental music constantly on hand at the NEWS ROOM.

The Bradford Reporter.

E. O. GOODRICH, Publisher. REMITTANCES OF SUBSCRIPTION FROM ANY QUARTER. $2 per Annum, in Advance.

VOLUME XXVIII. TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., OCTOBER 10, 1867. NUMBER 19.

Real Estate and Insurance.

MONTANYE & WARD,
REAL ESTATE AGENCY,
Offer sale the following properties at reasonable prices and upon favorable terms:

A tract of land situate in Gloucester county, New Jersey. Containing 446 acres. 24 miles from Malaga Station, Camden and Cape May Railway.

The "Blue Anchor" property in Winslow township, Camden county, N. Y. Containing 3500 acres. To be sold in lots.

Potter County Lands. Heavily timbered with Pine, Hemlock, Ash, Cherry and hard woods as follows:

Tracts No. 4763, containing 990 acres; No. 4755, 990 acres—between the first and east forks of the Sinnamahoning in Wharton and Sylvania townships.

Tracts No. 4767, 990 acres; No. 4768, 400 acres; No. 4698, 400 acres; Wharton township, line of Appot, head-waters of Kettle Creek.

Tracts No. 5917, 1100 acres; No. 5720, 1060 acres; No. 5823, 1100 acres; No. 5924, 1082 acres 75 perches: No. 5912, 1100 acres. No. 5930, 1100 acres; No. 5938, 1100 acres; No. 5929, 1100; in Wharton and Stewardson townships on head waters Kettle Creek, near main branch:

Tracts No. 4717, 196 acres; 4729, 990 acres; Appot and Stewardson townships, near Little Kettle Creek.

Tracts No. 4920, 637 acres; 4924, 400 acres, Wharton township, main branch, Sinnamahoning.

Two hundred and seventy-five acres prime, first class coal land. Blakely township, Luzerne county, Pa., half way between Scranton and Carbondale. Very near the Railway.

One thousand acres first class Anthracite coal land about 1½ miles north-east of Wilkesbarre, in the midst of improvements.

About 1000 acres of land in Medford township, Burlington county, New Jersey, about four miles north from Jackson Junction of the Camden and Atlantic and Delaware and Raritan Bay Railways. Valuable mill seat. Two or three houses, stable, barns, &c., second growth of timber, never failing water. Power fall 15 or 16 feet overshot. Price $30 per acre. One-third may remain.

Delaware Farms and Pennsylvania lands.—Descriptions and directions given on application.

A valuable Country Seat near Philadelphia. Splendid grounds and trees. 69 acres of land.

WESTERN PROPERTY.—For sale or exchange. 120 acres of good land one third timbered. San Piere, Stark county, Iowa.

Forty acres of good land with fruit trees, apples, peaches, pears, &c. 25 acres improved, one half mile from San Piere on Railway.—Price $800.

80 acres one mile from San Piere, one-third timbered. No improvements. On railway. Price $800.

A steam mill property in Burlington township, Bradford county. A very desirable lumbering operation.

Eight parcels of land, containing from 50 to 100 acres, each partially timbered, and improved suitable for farming or grazing.

House and Barn in good order and 136 acres of improved and timbered land, orchard, good water, &c. Union township, Tioga county, on Northern Central Railway. For sale on long time and easy terms.

25 Town Lots in Monroe Borough, Bradford county, Pa.

3,000 Acres Wild Timbered Land. Sullivan county, Pa.

122 Acres good Farming Land, Burlington township, Bradford county.

Other timbered and improved properties. Descriptions given on application.

Tenements and improved Real Estate, Towanda Borough, and other properties.

MONTANYE & WARD,

Execute Conveyances, Search Briefs of Title, buy and sell Real Estate, collect rentals and lines, survey and examine all kinds of property.

They are prepared to negotiate sales of farms, homesteads, and properties especially desirable to capitalists; to procure advances of money upon bond and mortgage and to prosecute inquiries for those desiring to make investments or secure a home. They will effect

INSURANCE

in the best known FIRE AND LIFE COMPANIES. They have exclusive Agency in Bradford and neighboring counties for leading companies in these several departments of insurance.

Those who desire to buy or sell farms;

All who wish to effect insurance against Fire;

All who seek permanent investments for the future benefit of their families, in secure and first-class Life Companies;

Capitalists desiring to buy or sell valuable speculative properties;

All wishing surveys and examinations;

All wishing advances upon valuable real property;

All who wish to obtain loans or rental of Farms or Tenements,

Are respectfully solicited to entrust such business to our Agency.

Further particulars furnished at our office.

Office, corner of Main and Pine streets.
G. D. MONTANYE,
HENRY WARD.

PROPERTIES ADVERTISED FREE OF CHARGE.

REFERENCES:
Hon. D. Mumford, Towanda, Pa.
Hon. William Elwell, Bloomsburg, Pa.
G. L. Ward, Esq., Towanda.
M. G. Mercur,
G. F. Mason & Co., Bankers, Towanda.
L. D. Montanye, Factoryville.
Lathrop, Luddington & Co., New York.
Dickson Brothers, Philadelphia.
Hon. John S. Mitchell, West Burlington.
Charles Parrish, Wilkes-Barre.
Hon. F. B. Streeter, Montrose, Pa.
Towanda, April 2, 1867.

Selected Poetry.

THROUGH THE GRAVE.

I am drifting, slowly drifting,
With the changing waves of time,
Every scene around me shifting,
And each moment more sublime,
As I near the great eternal,
Passing on to the supernal
Through the grave.

On each shore are hidden treasures,
'Neath the waves rare jewels play;
Time bears on in rapid measures—
I to seek them may not stay;
For my home is the eternal,
And I pass to the supernal
Through the grave.

Sometimes on the foamy billow,
Sometimes in the sinking sand,
Weary head can find no pillow,
Weary foot can find no land;
But I'm nearer the eternal,
Passing on to the supernal
Through the grave.

Dark the clouds that float above me,
Fierce the winds that round me play;
Changing waves that ever move me
Drifting—here I may not stay,
For I see the great eternal,
And I press to the supernal
Through the grave.

Darker still the skies that cover,
Icy chill the winters now;
Angel wings above me hover,
Angels smooth the death pale brow,
Lo! I enter the eternal,
And I pass to joys supernal
Through the grave.

Selected Tale.

A Dog Bite, And What Came of It.

BY VICTOR TANNO.

Parva scintilla—and so forth; every one will recollect this trite Latin quotation, that a little spark oftimes kindles the largest fire. "Tall oaks from little acorns grow," is the same for it in English, and the one is as true as the other, not only in the gradual succession in nature of cause and effect, but also in the chain of events affecting the fate of individual humanity. Even great actions of State have often been influenced, and sometimes directly produced, by insignificant primal causes. The satyrical syllogism of Themistocles, by which he sought to prove that his infant babe, suckling at its mother's breast, was the ruling spirit of Athens, is but a humorous assertion of the same truth. Had not Tetzel, by his low vulgarity and personal roguery, offended Luther, we might have had no Reformation. A glass of water, spilled by Sarah Churchill upon the dress of Queen Anne, checked the victorious course of the Duke of Marlborough, and brought about peace between England and France, and a cashmere shawl presented to the Marquise Pompadour by the Empress Maria Theresa was the cause of the French marching against Frederick the Great, when they got that severe pounding at the battle of Rossbach. Even our own tremendous war against secession could be logically traced back to the trivial fact that Mrs. Calhoun spitefully refused to recognize in society the wife of Jackson's Secretary of War, General Eaton. But, as I do not wish to write the secret history of the world, I will stop with these few hints at the many petty motives from which statesmen and rulers influenced the course of events, and I will proceed to tell you my story of how a little thing has made enemies of those who had been fast-wedded friends for near half a century.

In a city of the West, on the shore of one of the great lakes, familiary known as the "Cream City of the Lake," there lived for many years an elderly couple, whom I will call Captain and Mrs. John Smith. They had been married for about forty-years, but their union was blessed with no pledges of affection. Still they toiled on, happily together, and never was there a ripple to disturb the smoothness of their matrimonial life. He, a lake-captain, was careful and conscientious in his duties; she, the prudent housewife, gathered his savings, and made their little cottage his haven of rest. After many years of uninterrupted and well-rewarded toil, old age came upon them. Captain Smith resolved to give up the "seafaring" life on the lakes, and retire to his safe and snug port of refuge—his cozy little cottage, where his wife welcomed him to plenty and repose. And it was, indeed, a happy home. Their accumulation of his earnings, profitably invested in improved real estate, yielded them not only a sufficiency of subsistence, but their domestic habits and very limited wants enabled them to lay by a handsome amount every year from their income. Thus they lived, and were pointed out by many parents to their children as an example of how a well-spent life culminated in happy and contented old age. Yet we all have our foibles, and lesser or bigger vices, and it would have been strange were Captain Smith and his wife the only exception to this rule. Although they had lived together as man and wife should, for more than forty years without even as much as an angry word between them; nay, without even an attempt on the part of Mrs. Smith to try her powers at curtain-lecturing, and, I believe, there is scarcely any woman alive much inferior to Mrs. Caudle in this respect; still, their time came at last. They quarreled, separated, sued for a divorce, failed in it, and hated each other with such heartfelt hate, and wished each other in such nameless places, that the King of Darkness must have smiled at this new prospective acquisition to his dominion, as his agents brought him news of the escapades of Captain and Mrs. Smith. And what was it all about? That is exactly what I have set out to tell you.

Old people, and young people, too, for that matter, whether grown up or yet in their swaddling clothes, must have a toy to play with. With most married people, their toys are the children, and, when old, their grandchildren. They play and romp with these, and fondle them just as any little girl would her doll, baby, or any little boy his wooden horse.—Those who are not so favored by Providence, and have no second or more numerous selves in the first or second degree growing up or around them, naturally take to something else for a plaything and pastime.—Spinsters and cats or lapdogs, for instance, are seldom seen apart; and old bachelors are no exception to this rule, nor are old, childless married couples. Captain and Mrs. Smith had the same failing or ailing, if you so better please, and had their toys. She took to canaries and he to dogs. Old Mrs. Smith was whiling away her time in cleaning bird cages, feeding her darlings, teaching them to pick at a lump of sugar she held in her lips, and listening joyfully to their chirping, and singing, and taking delight and sincere pleasure in the care with which her winged little bipeds nursed and brought up their young. Old Captain Smith romped on the sward with his Newfoundland dog, took exquisite pains to teach Jack to jump over sticks and canes, held higher and higher in the air, and escorted him to the lake shore for a bath. All went on merrily, until one day, when they observed that into the adjoining dwelling new tenants had moved, and that, to the horror of Captain and Mrs. Smith they had brought with them a legion of cats. The old lady began seriously to fear for her sweet little birdies, as she, looking out of the window one day, observed two large tom cats crouching on the top of the dividing fence, watching, with murderous eyes, the movements of the careless yellow songsters in their cages, hung out on the porch to enjoy the morning's early sun. She understood the design of the feline enemies of her own dear darlings. She brought the cages into the house, where she felt assured that the life of her pets was secure from the claws of those four-legged and long-tailed, hairy demons. With these precautions alone, she did not feel completely satisfied, however. What was the use of keeping a large dog about the house, a creature that devoured a large pot of corn meal every day, at heavy expense, thought she, if he cannot be made serviceable in keeping the cats from the premises, and either kill them outright or drive them away, should they ever trespass upon her territory. A council of war was held between the old people, and, as a result of their deliberations, Jack was set to watch the fence, and, seeing one or two of the cats, with his inborn animosity toward the whole of the cat denomination, he barked at them, showed his teeth, snarled at them, growled through the knotholes and crevices of the fence at them, and made his presence generally known to their catships to deter them from encroaching on his dominions. In this way it seemed as if all disaster was prevented, and the lives of the caged precious jewels made safe; the old lady's apprehensions were vanishing, and she felt quite herself again. But a day came which brought misfortune and trouble to the household of our friends. And serious the trouble certainly ended, though being but slight and scarcely worthy of notice at first.

One day the door of one of her ladyship's cages had been carelessly shut, and the bird, a favorite one with her, escaped. Out it flew into the garden, and as it alighted upon a low shrub, a cat saw it, and (determined to improve this accidental opportunity) with the speed of lightning she was after the fugitive bird. But Jack had also seen the cat, and on he came at his most furious gait to catch the intruder. The bird was saved, for the cat now put herself upon the defensive against the attack of Jack, while the old woman, with a broomstick as the readiest weapon at hand, shrieking at the top of her voice, was rushing to the scene of battle. A little boy, the son of the neighbor and owner of the cat, who was at the moment exercising himself on stilts on the sidewalk no sooner saw danger threatened to his pet puss than he ran into the garden, through the gate with one of his stilts, to defend pussy against Jack and the dame. Pussy must have seen the inequality of the contest, and probably divining by instinct that discretion was the better part of valor, made tracks for the gate, and ran away to sharpen her claws for birdie for another day, with Jack after her, and also after the boy who on his part had followed puss. Now, it happened that just at that moment another youngster, the apprentice of an artisan near by, was running along the sidewalk on an errand for his master. Jack, in his rage at his failure to have the blood of pussy, and infuriated by the repeated cries of the dame, "Seek him Jack, seek him," rushed out at the gate, and not making any critical discrimination between the boys running before him, he bit the hindmost of them, the artisan's apprentice in the thigh. Having accomplished this feat of heroism, he returned, amid loud barks, behind the enclosure. The gate was shut, the dame went to the house; and the poor bitten boy with the blood streaming down his limbs, went back to his employer, crying bitterly.

About an hour after this affair, the master of poor wounded little Louis called and asked for Captain Smith. The old gentleman not being home, Mrs. Smith received him instead.—She listened quietly to the tale of the man, to his description of the serious injury his apprentice had received; how the sharp teeth of Jack had cut deeply into the flesh, and that the boy had been sent home and a doctor called, who expressed it as his belief that the little fellow would have to be carefully nursed and physicked for a month or two before he could resume his work. This, the man said, was very expensive to him. Doctors and druggists' bills have the specialty to run into high figures very quickly, all which the boy's widowed mother was wholly unable to pay.—Furthermore he, the employer of Louis, would for that entire time miss his labor and assistance, suffering comparatively great damage.

Then the boy was hurt and in great pain, for which he, also, in the opinion of his master, was entitled to pecuniary compensation as smart-money.

"Now a matter or so of three or four hundred dollars would—"

But the dame did not let him finish the sentence, and interrupted him after this fashion:

"Not a penny, Sir! not a penny! not while I live. I see what you are driving at. I can see as far through a millstone as any, and won't be humbugged. No, not a penny, sir, shall the captain pay if I can prevent it. Do you think we are fools? Not a bit. That laggard feller of yours creeping into bed just because our Jack tried to smell of him. Nonsense! I know better. Jack never bit him; he never bit anybody; couldn't bite anybody, because he wasn't brought up to it. And what if he had, and had wrenched his whole leg out of the socket? What had the boy to do in front of our yard just as Jack was driving those devilish cats out? I know he was in with the other boy; they were both bent on mischief, and served them right if they both got a lesson for it. I only wish they had, but I don't believe a word of it. No; it's all made up. They know we have made some little money, and God knows it's little enough by the side of what's sinfully got in this world, and now they want to put their arms elbow-deep into our pockets, and take that little from us to bedeck their own lazy bodies with finery and gewgaws. No, sir. Tell them from me, and from the captain, my husband, that not a penny they will get from us, and if they starve for it. Do you hear, sir?"

Master Jones had heard all, and he was quite bewildered at this outburst of eloquence and at the unexpected vehemence with which it was launched at him.

"Yes, madam," he said, "I did hear, but I do not quite understand you. You don't believe that the boy was hurt by your dog; but I tell you he was, though. Mr. Just, across the way, and half a dozen persons who were in his saloon all the time, all say that they saw Louis on the sidewalk, and the dog rushing madly at him, and biting him in the leg."

"That's it, eh?" interrupted the angry dame again; "Mr. Just, that Dutch rumseller, opposite, that gets out of bed in the morning half tipsy, and is drunk all day; he says so, eh? What could he have seen with his blurred eyes? He sees double when he is soberest, and sees nothing at all by noon, not he. But I know it all. I see it as plain as if it had been written out for me. He thinks he owes a grudge for trying last year to shut up his vile groggery as a public nuisance, and now he wants to plunder us and share in the plunder. But no, sir, not a penny. Tell him that from me and from the Captain, my husband, Jack didn't bite, if a hundred Dutch rumsellers say so; he didn't, and didn't it will be. Tell him I said so. And the other half-dozen say they saw it.—Nobody cares for them over there as go into that rumshop. They guzzle enough to make them see stars by day, and now they say they saw Jack bite anybody. No; I tell you they didn't, and they couldn't, and if a hundred of them or their likes should say so they shan't have a penny of our money, not a penny. Do you hear, sir?"

"Well," replied Jones, almost overwhelmed by the fluency, if not by the weight of this energetic argument, "well, madam, I think I had better wait and see the captain, have a talk with him, and try to arrange matters without going to law.

"Going to law, is it," exclaimed Mrs. Smith, now at the height of her anger at this threat; "Go, then, all of you, and run into law as fast and as deep as you can. I'd like to see the first penny that you'll get by the law. Going to law! Well, I might in my good heart, have done something for the boy, if he has been bit by Jack, which I don't believe, and I won't. I might have gone and bought a shilling's worth of court plaster, or some of Perry Davis salve, just to show that I know what's right and proper. But now—no, not a bit of it. Going to law! Go and have a surfeit of it, if you do. As for the captain, my husband, it's no use your waiting to see him, he won't give you a penny, nor the brat either, nor he shan't, I tell you that; I, Mrs. Mary Jane Smith, the wife of Captain John Smith. Do you hear sir?"

Mr. Jones did; believing it a fruitless waste of time to tarry further, he rose, and, bidding her a good afternoon, retired. Bang went the door after him, and while descending the stoop into the garden path, he could hear the loud voice of Mrs. Smith still angrily exclaiming "That brat and his helpers, not a penny shall they get of my money. I'll make Captain Smith—" Then he got too far away to hear any more of the dames soliloquy.

What passed between the captain and his wife upon the former's return home that day, did not transpire. So much, however, is known, that when he was spoken to the next morning by Mr. Jones, he justified the prediction of Mrs. Mary Jane Smith, by declining to do anything for the injured lad, for the reason that his wife had seen all of the occurrence and positively denied that Jack ever touched Louis, or came within biting distance of him. The matter was then permitted to rest for nearly two months, when the boy had sufficiently recovered to return to his trade. It was all but forgotten in the Smith family; only once in a while, when Jones was passing her gate, or Just was standing in his door, the dame is reported to have said to herself: "There, you thought you'll frighten me out of my wits and make me come down handsomely. But you found out your mistake. I'm none of your ninnies that can be wound around the finger by a threat.—There."

But this time it was the dame herself that was mistaken. While sitting at dinner, one pleasant noon, (out West people have not yet fallen into metropolitan habits; they eat their dinners as people did in the good olden time, at noon,) a young man desired to see and speak to Captain Smith. The old gentleman swiftly came out of his dining-room and was not a little surprised, I might even say, completely dumbfounded, when the young man disclosed himself as a lawyer's clerk, and served the captain with a summons in each of three suits, the title of which read as follows: John Jones against John Smith; Louis Burger, by his next friend John Jones, against John Smith; and Anna Burger against John Smith. They were signed by "Marvin & Hopper, attorney's for the plaintiff," and required the "above-named defendant" to answer the complaint in the case within twenty days after the service of the summons upon him, and that in default thereof, the plaintiff would apply to the court for the relief demanded in the complaint." This, very naturally, was all Greek to our captain. He turned the three papers round and round between his fingers, and finally asked the clerk where the complaint was which he was called on to answer.

"Your counsel, sir, will advise you as to the mode of procedure. Good day, sir," and bowing, he left.

The rest of the dinner was dispatched in silence. Neither the captain nor the otherwise loquacious dame did relish this turn of affairs very much, and both were quietly ransacking their brain, what was best to do. Dinner over, the dame found the use of her tongue again.

"Captain John," said she, "these scamps want to frighten us into paying some money. It's that rogue Jones, that's behind it. I see it all as clear as print before me. He's stirred them others up into it. That Dutch woman nor that brat would ever have gone the length of this; n't they. They have'nt got a farthing to pay a lawyer for dipping his pen in ink; no, it's Jones, and I tell you, he'll yet pay dearly for it. Now, don't Captain, I tell you, don't think of settling. It won't do. You shan't. I'd rather sink this house with all that's in it to the deepest bottom of Lake Michigan, before I hear the first red penny of ours jingle in their pockets, and see them laugh and sneer at us. It would be the death of me. I could never bear it. Don't Captain promise me you won't, that's a dear!"

The Captain, however, had his own ideas about it. He had a wholesome horror of the law. As master of vessels, he had, on several occasions, in the interest of his shippers and owners, to face it, and his experience of the law's proverbial delays and costliness left but an indifferent opinion of it in his mind. He recollected that once, in the case of a wreck, an abandonment to the insurers as for a total loss, the lawyers' bags and the bills of costs were capacious enough to swallow up nearly the whole of the rescued ship and cargo, leaving but a mere mite, a very slight taste of the proceeds to the contestants themselves. He also remembered having once seen a carricature which he thought was truth itself, representing a cow, milked by both the opposing lawyers, while the litigants in rage, held the animal for them, the one by the horns, the other by the tail, and he felt as if his very substance was already being drawn out of him, as defendant, by his own lawyers, who were sedulously assisted in the work by their professional colleagues, Marvin & Hopper, the lawyers of Jones and of the other plaintiffs. He was, in his mind, firmly resolved, not to be the milchcow of any of these costly word-fencers, but how to evade it was yet not very clear to him. So he replied to the appeal of his wife:

"Mary Jane, this is a serious matter, and needs to be thought about. I'd much rather be on my beam ends, or be struck amidships by the bow of a propellor, than have anything to do with these scaly chaps of the law. But we are in for it, and we must put on our best canvass to get out of it."

"Captain John, that'll never do. It won't, never. Don't talk so foolish. Get out of it! No. Face them, I say, fight them, but don't give in, never. I couldn't outlive the disgrace, Captain John. I tell you, that set of rogues want our money, that's all; and they shan't have a penny of it. I won't allow it, not I. Why, they'd walk in the new clothes they would buy with our money, every blessed day, up and down before my windows, and they'd make the captain bethought himself for awhile, and with a deep sigh he drew his chair for the account and handed it to Mrs. Smith, who, after a brief glance, wrote a check for two hundred and thirty five dollars, signed Martin Hopper on the back of the check, resigned it to Mr. Jones, bringing the receipt for the money, and stipulation of discontinuance in all three cases, which the captain carefully folded up and pocketed.

On this day our friend did not reach home till very late at night. He was ready, in fact, at noon; but the Captain, as a surprise, had invited some friends to meet the lawyer and at two hours, and a little sight of her husband.

At first she was fearful that some accident might have befallen him; then she was infuriated at this mere lect, and with shrewd womanly instinct she connected his absence with the lawsuits and their quarrel in the morning, and determined to have revenge for what she considered a gross outrage not only, but also an insult to herself.

Evening came and supper time, but still no Captain. This was too much. She never felt as she did this night. She walked the room, she stamped her foot, and bit her lips; she sat down and got up, she cried, moaned, toited the door to look him out, opened it again to see whether he was not yet coming; fretted and fumed as women only can, till bed-time, and still the Captain was out.

Midnight came and one, two o'clock, and it was just nearing three—not an eye did the dame close that night, nor did her ears miss a sound around the house—when heavy footsteps came up the stoop approaching the door. It was the Captain at last but in what condition? Drunk as any man could well be?

Leaving his lawyer early in the afternoon, he thought he would take a drink to quiet his excited nerves. He met a friend, and then another; soon his lawyer chanced to come in, and shortly after Marvin & Hopper, who stepped up to "take a smile," joined the party.

After several rounds, the hospitable host provided them lunch, which, out of mere politeness, required a few more drinks, and thus time sped on until midnight was long past.

At about ten, the Captain thought of going home. But this resolution, weak as it was, at first, was soon overcome by the convenient remark of one of the company:

"Pshaw! the old woman will scold anyhow, whether you come home now or a little later. It will be all the same, and one may as well be killed for a sheep as for a lamb."

"Let her scold and be d——d," replied Smith, with a heavy tongue.—"She and her pets cost me a round sum of money to-day, and I will have a carouse for my share. Let's go it, friends."

And at it they went again.

When two o'clock was past, the proprietor of the saloon and his bartender volunteered to see the captain home; for, left to himself, he was unable to walk. In this condition he was confronted by his dame at the door.

What passed that night in the house, which, up to this, was the repose of conjugal unity, let that remain unrecorded.

Suffice it to say, that early next morning the dame walked out, hired a cart, packed a number of trunks, not forgetting her numerous birds, upon it, and ordered the carter to drive to a well known boarding house, at some distance, while she walked thither.

The whole neighborhood was agog with surprise. Especially Mr. Jones was amazed at this unexpected, and in reality, astonishing occurrence.

He went to the house, and finding the door open, entered. In the waiting room, on a lounge, he saw the captain, in a deep, drunken sleep. His clothes, even to his undershirt, hung in loose rags about him. His face bore evident marks of finger nails. On the carpet lay the table cloth in shreds, and a mass of broken crockery, and amidst it a paper, which, on taking up he found to be a receipt and an acquitance from his lawyer for money paid in settlement of the suits.

My narrative is drawing to its close. Mary Jane Smith sued for a divorce from her husband on the ground of inhuman treatment, and for alimony during her life time. In consideration of their old age, the court granted a separation from bed and board, and allowed her a sufficient sum out of her husband's income for her support. The two never spoke to each other again.

That is what came of a dog bite.—Let no one look at trifles with contempt, for in them may be the seed of serious consequences.

A John Bull, conversing with an Indian, asked him if he knew that the sun never sets on the Queen's dominion.

"No," said the Indian.

"Do you know the reason why?" asked John.

"Because God is afraid to trust an Englishman in the dark," was the savage's reply.

A lover who was slighted by the females, very modestly asked a young lady if she would let him spend the evening with her.

"No," she angrily replied; "that's what I won't."

"Why," replied he, "you needn't be so fussy; I didn't mean this evening, but some stormy one when I can't go anywhere else."

Love is the shadow of the morning which decreases as the day advances. Friendship is the shadow of the evening, which strengthens with the setting sun of life.

Our lives are truly at an end when we are beloved no longer; the chillness of the graves has been passed through.

It ill-luck befall you, think that it may be a blessing to somebody else, and that your turn may come next.

THE mostest of fun for the leastest of money—having a pretty girl kiss you on both cheeks and then say she thought it was Cousin Tom!

A WIFE remarks that she has seen a couple of sisters who had to be told everything together, for they were so much alike, that they could not be told apart.

MRS. PARTINGTON has been reading the Health officer's weekly reports and thinks that "total" must be an awful disease since as many die of it as all of the rest put together.

A LECTURER dilating upon the powers of the magnet, dared any one to show or name anything surpassing its power. One hearer demurred, and instanced a young lady who attracted him fifteen miles to church every Sunday.