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 charged FIFTEEN 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
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Estray, Caution, 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 ¼ 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 & MORROW, *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. MORROW.

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. jan27, 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, LERAYSVILLE, PA. has permanently located at the office formerly occupied by Dr. B. DeWitt, for the practice 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 Codding & Russell's. Residence corner of William and Division-sts., lately occupied by E. A. Parsons.

Towanda, April 28, 1867.—1y*

O. D. STILES, M. D., *Physician and Surgeon*, would announce to the people of Rome 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, (first 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.

EDW'D 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 Rueal 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 unpattented lands as soon as warrants are obtained. my17

W. HERSEY WATKINS, *Notary Public* is prepared to take Depositions, Acknowledge the Execution of Deeds, Mortgages, Powers 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.

Perticular 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.—y1.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAVE opened a Banking House in Towanda, under the name of G. F. MASON & CO.

They are prepared 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 Laporte, 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. REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER. **$2 per Annum, in Advance.**

VOLUME XXVIII. TOW

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, 3½ 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. 4696, 400 acres ; Wharton township, line of Appot, head-waters of Kettle Creek.

Tracts No. 5917, 1100 acres ; No. 5720, 1080 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, 837 acres ; 4924, 600 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 Wilkes-Barre, 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 $20 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 160 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.

26 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, furnish Briefs of Title, buy and sell Real Estate, collect rentals and liens, 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 of 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 validable real property ;

All who wish to obtain lease 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. U. Mercur, Towanda, Pa.
Hon. William Elwell, Bloomsburg, Pa.
C. L. Ward, Esq., Towanda.
M. C. Mercur,
G. F. Mason & Co., Bankers, Towanda.
J. D. Montanye, Towanda.
Lathrop, Luddington & Co., New York.
Dickson Brothers, Philadelphia.
Hon. John N. Conyngham, Wilkes-Barre.
Charles Parrish, Wilkes-Barre.
Hon. F. B. Streeter, Montrose, Pa.
Towanda, April 2, 1867.

Selected Poetry

MUSIC OF LABOR.

The banging of the hammer,
The whistling of the plane,
The crashing of the busy saw,
The creaking of the crane,
The ringing of the anvil,
The grating of the drill,
The clattering of the turning-lathe,
The whirling of the mill,
The buzzing of the spindle,
The rattling of the loom,
The puffing of the engine,
The fan's continual boom,
The clipping of the tailor's shears,
The driving of the awl—
These sounds of honest Industry,
I love—I love them all.

The clicking of the magic type,
The earnest talk of men,
The *toiling* of the *giant* press
The scratching of the pen.
The tapping of the yard stick
The tinkling of the scales,
The whistling of the needle,
(When no bright cheek it pales)
The humming of the cooking stove
The surging of the broom.
The pattering feet of childhood
The housewife's busy hum,
The buzzing of the scholars,
The teacher's kindly call—
These sounds of active Industry
I love—I love them all.

I love the plowman's whistle,
The reaper's cheerful song,
The drover's oft repeated shout,
Spurring his stock along :
The bustle of the market man
As he hies him to the town :
The halloa from the tree-top
As the ripened fruit comes down :
The busy sound of threshers
As they clean the ripened grain,
The husker's joke and catch of glee
'Neath the moonlight on the plain,
The kind voice of the drayman,
The shepherd's gentle call—
These sounds of pleasant Industry,
I love—I love them all.

Selected Tale.

ROSE OF SHARON.

It was a dull time in Wall street one sultry afternoon in August.—Business was over for the day, but Mr. Emmerson still lingered in his office, perhaps because no pleasant home called him away. Certainly the little room, with its piles of account books and swarm of flies, could have possessed no attraction for any but a homeless man.

The day had been one of unprecedented success even to Mr. Emmerson. A lucky bid on gold had resulted in a small fortune, an oil well had sprung into existence on a tract which its former possessor had sold for a song as a barren waste, and some railroad stock in which he held numerous shares advanced beyond all expectation. Yet no evidence of exultation was visible in his appearance, any farther than giving the little flower-girl who daily brought her choicest bouquets to the wealthy broker, a double price for her roses—he was guilty of no departure from his usual methodical ways. If any man in Wall street had cause for satisfaction and self-congratulation it was Mr. Emmerson, when he remembered the struggles by which he attained his present commercial eminence. It was well known among his acquaintances, that not many years before he had returned penniless to his native city after a short residence in Europe, which had proved neither creditable nor profitable. He was no misanthrope, but a cloud of care or sorrow seemed to hang around his happiest moments, and although his constant reserve secured him from the intrusions of the curious, rumor had generally assigned an unhappy marriage as the cause ; but beyond that of speculation society had no resource.

Young Harry Waltham stepped into the office on his way down town this afternoon, and was warmly welcomed.

"Well, Harry, how has the world used you to-day ?" Mr. Emmerson inquired, shaking hands with his friend.

"Business has been unusually dull at our place, thank you. I heard of your streak of fortune with genuine pleasure. When Atkins told me of it this morning, I said, if there is a man in New York who deserves success, it is my friend Emmerson !"

"You are wasting enthusiasm, Harry. I think we all get more than our deserts in this world, or we should be poor indeed," Mr. Emmerson replied gravely, but kindly, and glancing towards his friend he detected the absence of his usual gaiety.

"What has gone wrong with you Harry ; more obstructions in the course of true love ?" he asked with his pleasant humor.

Harry Waltham, manly fellow that he was, ordinarily cool and self-controlled, struggled with some emotion It was a moment before he could speak calmly.

"It has reached a crisis," he said at length. "Mr. Gordon was not content with shutting Rose up in a school in some out-of-the-way place, but he has sent his rascally son Gerald up there, to torment her with his attentions. Their motive is plain enough ; Gerald has squandered half her property in speculation, and means to marry Rose to prevent a settlement."

"Where is this school situated ?" Mr. Emmerson asked.

"In a small place called Sharon. Belle Landon, who is home on a visit, brought me a letter from Rose. She says the poor girl is very unhappy, although she is greatly loved by the whole school, who do all in their power to make her life more pleas-

ant. Belle named her Rose of Sharon, when she first went up there, and she is well known by it still, I believe," Harry said, his cheek glowing, and speaking with lovelike pride. "I do not object showing you her letter, Mr. Emmerson; you will see that it places me in a strange position."

Mr. Emmerson unfolded the perfumed sheet, delicately omitting to read the affectionate address, and commenced a little way down the page.

"Gerald's attentions are becoming positively unbearable. He intercepts all my letters, and has so prejudiced Mrs. Rivington against my friends that I fear no one could gain her permission to visit me; as my guardian's son, he, of course, has many privileges which would not be allowed any one else, and he uses them to make me unhappy. I am well aware, dear Harry, of all your scruples against marrying me before you have a fortune of your own, and much as I honor your consideration, I cannot think it reasonable or necessary to leave me longer unprotected. I have a plan which I think might prove successful, if the parties will all be agreeable. Mr. Emmerson was a friend of my dear father in the happy days of the past, and I can remember his visits at our house when I was quite a child. If he could be persuaded to assist us, I think by introducing himself as an old friend, he might gain Mrs. Rivington's consent to take me to ride. At some convenient place you could await us, when we could call upon our friend, the Rev. Mr. Arnold, and be married before our plan was discovered. I know you will not think me unmaidenly in speaking thus plainly, dear Harry, and you can judge how unhappy I must be to resort to such deception as a remedy. Let me hear from you soon – until we meet—I am as ever your loving Rose."

Mr. Emmerson's face was very smiling when he returned the letter to his friend. "So I am expected to enact the benevolent and chivalrous Mr. Pickwick in this little drama," he said in his quaint way.

"Something very like it, truly, minus the various blunders and accidents which invariably befel that worthy gentleman," Harry replied, appreciating the humor.

"I suppose your happiness would be incomplete, without this fair Rose and her fortune," Mr. Emmerson said musingly; "but this is certainly delicate business, gaining the friendship of a lady for the purpose of doing injury to her school."

"I have thought of that, and so has Rose. Consideration for Mrs. Rivington alone prevented her from taking this step several months ago."

"What name did you mention?" Mr. Emmerson questioned hastily.

"Mrs. Rivington; she is a widow, a beautiful and accomplished woman. I met her once in New York, and was charmed with her."

"Do you know how long she has been in that place?" Mr. Emmerson questioned, with changing color.

"I do not; my interest in the school dates from the time Rose went there; but Sharon is so insignificant a place, one might be buried there for several years, and few if any know of their existence. Is the lady a friend of yours?"

"No; oh no, it is merely a coincidence of names," was the reply. "I will think about this matter, and let you know my decision, Harry. I have an engagement yet this afternoon;" and Mr. Emmerson rose hurriedly. His whole manner seemed altered, and young Mr. Waltman, intent upon his own troubles interpreted the change as augering ill for his cause.

"Mr. Emmerson," Harry interrupted hastily, "I will detain you but an instant, yet I cannot let you leave me, uncertain of your opinion of the course I ought to take in this affair. Is it possible you disapprove of my marrying Rose under such circumstances?"

"No, Harry, I do not see that you could be expected to refuse such tempting proposals; not every young man has such at his disposal. The fortune is of course trifling in comparison with other considerations; but Harry," and Mr. Emmerson spoke with an earnestness which amounted almost to solemnity, laying his hand upon Harry's shoulder and looking gravely into his face—"have you weighed well the importance of this step? Have you considered that marriage is something more solemn than a pleasant acquaintance, that it is a stern reality, requiring much forbearance and self-renunciation, and if lacking these elements may be of all existence the most wretched and intolerable?"

Mr. Emmerson paused, as if unable to say more. Harry had never seen his friend thus agitated before, and while it recalled to his memory floating rumors of his early life, it touched his young heart to know how deeply he must have suffered.—He was equally earnest when he spoke again.

"If Rose had been devoid of wealth she would have been my wife before this, and I should have rejoiced in each struggle with fortune for her dear sake. That her love is equal to mine, her letter can prove. When I can truly say that it will be the aim of my life to cherish and guard her, may I not reasonably hope that our future may be one of happiness?" he would have said, "that we may escape the misery and unhappiness which falls to so many," but delicacy checked his words.

"God grant you peace!" was the fervent reply. "You have done much to cheer my lonely life, Harry, and when you have a wife and home to gladden your own, you must not forget your old friend, Harry, nor allow the obliging and convenient Mr. Pickwick to be laid neglected upon the shelf," he added pleasantly.

"Mr. Emmerson, you do me great injustice by the thought, and it is not like you to doubt your friends.—You must know how warmly Rose and I will always welcome you to our home, and how sacredly we will cherish the remembrance of this kindness," Harry answered with emotion.

"It is little to remember; if your happiness is secured I am well repaid. In regard to others—I am quite indifferent to the opinion of Rose's guardian or his son; but I must confess some scruples against such a design upon the Preceptress, Mrs. Rivington, I believe you called her," and Mr. Emmerson spoke with hesitation. "I fear such a scheme against an unprotected lady is scarcely consistent with the character of Mr. Pickwick," he added, laughingly, as he parted from his friend.

If Harry Waltham, with the elasticity of a youthful nature, buried his troubles in the sweet oblivion of slumber that night, he was more fortunate than his friend. Long after the stones in the street below ceased to echo the footsteps of the passing crowd, Mr. Emmerson paced his lonely room. The incidents of the afternoon had disturbed his thoughts from their usual quiet course, and now, after hours of struggle, he still battled with an army of long buried hopes and affections;—each bitterness and transgression of the past standing forth like an accusing foe. He paused at last before an antique cabinet of rare value and workmanship, unfastened the locks, and throwing open the doors, disclosed a portrait set something after the manner of an ancient shrine.

The beauty and life of the picture alone were sufficient to betray a careless observer into admiration; but standing as the only visible link between the desolation of the present and that past, of which a part at least had been one of bewildering happiness, it was more than priceless to the lonely man who guarded it with miserly care. The canvass bore two figures. A woman, young and lovely, but little beyond girlhood; a roguish smile encircled her small perfect mouth, but a tender light in her violet eyes, as she gazed upon the dimpled laughing child in her arms. It was difficult to recognize the imperturbable broker, in this sad agitated man, over whom these pictures possessed such painful but irresistible fascination. The long years of the past, which he had so jealously guarded from prying eyes, memory with unsparing hand spread plainly before him, and after years of repentance, it was more than he could bear unmoved.

When Mr. Emmerson warned Harry of the solemnity of marriage, his mind was full of the memory of his own suffering; and he feared to see his friend place his happiness in the hands of a young and undisciplined girl. Very like Harry Waltham had Mr. Emmerson been ten years ago.—At that time he was the unrestrained master of his own destiny, and also a liberal fortune; well calculated by his generous, unsuspicious nature, to become the tool of craftiness and design. Three years of student life in Paris and Germany was fast corrupting him, teaching him recklessness and desperation, when his heart was taken captive by Helen Rivington, a pure and lovely girl, the daughter of an English clergyman. From that time he led a different life; forsook his gay companions, and filled with honor those positions for which by nature he was so well qualified. He became the kind son of the aged clergyman, the devoted husband, and the tender father of the little girl he fondly called his "Pearl." Four years of happiness passed in the quiet foreign town where they lived, when Mr. Rivington was gathered to his fathers, and Mr. Emmerson resolved to travel with his wife and child. They settled at Paris for the winter, and there occurred the errors he had now to repent.

In the happiness of his married life he had forgotten the exciting pleasures of former days, or supposed the taste which craved them supplanted by one of purer nature; that it only slumbered to burst forth again upon the renewal of familiar scenes and acquaintances, was not the evidence of a depraved heart, but the scars which a course of transgression and waywardness invariably leaves. Helen was conscious of a change in her husband, but her pure, refined nature could have no sympathy with his temptations, and she met his excuses and apologies with coolness and reproach. Each day increased the estrangement, and one night when Helen, unable to sleep, awaited her husband's return, he was brought home insensible, flushed with wine, and wounded in a duel over a French actress, who brought him in her carriage, and then hung around his bed, weeping and wringing her hands. Helen stood motionless, gazing on with an aching heart, but when the actress, with natural kindness, would have poured out her explanations and pity, she pushed her away like something unclean, and gathering up her skirts, swept from the room. She was told her husband's wound was trifling, that he would soon recover, and, waiting to hear no more, she fled with her child, leaving no trace of her course.

The remorse which came to the young husband upon the return of consciousness, may be imagined. It was in vain that he employed every means to discover his deeply injured wife; at length, finding search useless, he placed the remnant of his fortune with a friend; to be held in trust for her, hoping that she might come forward and claim it, when no

longer pursued. But all these years had given nothing but struggle and discipline; in loneliness and sorrow he had achieved a noble manhood, though to-night the light from the overhanging chandelier betrayed many a silver hair, and his broad white forehead was seamed by many lines of care. In the prime of life, Mr. Emmerson stood alone, uncheered by affection, bereft of the ties which make life a pleasure, haunted by remorse and the memory of happy days; the sole remnant of the past the pictured resemblance of those he had so fondly loved and deeply wronged.

Whatever scruples Mr. Emmerson entertained against the part he was solicited to undertake for the benefit of his young friends must have been happily overcome, for not many days after the proposal was made to him, he embarked for the scene of action. The delightful freshness of the country scenery and the bracing mountain air were invigorating to the city business man,who saw so little of nature; his spirits rose rapidly, and when the little village of Sharon was reached, which lay basking in the sunlight blissfully, unconscious of any design upon its peacefulness,he felt equal to the performance of any task,however difficult. Just enough of day remained for Mr. Emmerson to acquaint himself with the location of the principal features of the place, including of course the young ladies' seminary. A conversation with mine host of the hotel, made him familiar with most of the residents of the place.

Pretty Rose Lawrence had received due notice of Mr. Emmerson's intended arrival, and when that gentleman sallied forth the next morning, a short walk brought him in contact with a young lady to whom the encounter was no surprise. But even the pretty face of Rose did not prevent him from gazing in a puzzled, eager way upon the little girl who accompanied her. It was the way we often gaze upon a face which recalls a lost or absent friend. Rose was puzzled by his abstraction; half fearful of mistake, she advanced to meet him, the color fluttering in and out of her cheeks.

"I cannot be mistaken, I think.—You are my father's friend, Mr. Emmerson," she said, timidly.

"Quite right; and you are,or rather were, my little friend Rose," Mr. Emmerson returned, with sincere pleasure at the meeting,looking down with something of tenderness upon the pretty girl he had promised to befriend in such a strange way.

"I remember too well the happy days when I was your little Jose,and searched your pockets for the *bon bons* your were sure to bring me," she replied tears welling up in her dark eyes. "And you will be the same kind friend now, Mr. Emmerson,when I have no dear father to guard and protect me. Will you not?" she asked, prettily.

He pressed her little hand kindly, answering in his quaint way,althugh his heart was tender for the orphaned girl, "I cannot refuse my little friend her wish, though she asked me for a husband instead of *bon bons*," he added, softly.

She was a blushing Rose by this time,answering him only by the tears in her dark eyes.

"Maggie," she said, after a moment, addressing the child to whom Mr. Emmerson's eyes wandered frequently, "do you not want to buy some caromels at the confectioner's? Our box is quite empty, I think, I will wait for you at the corner."

"Who is your little companion?" Mr. Emmerson asked as the child ran away.

"Maggie Rivington, the daughter of our Preceptress. The poor child is fatherless as I am, but she has a loving mother to care for her."

Mr. Emerson seemed upon the point of questioning farther, but checked the impulse. "My dear Rose," he said, and his voice was grave, almost stern.

"I cannot give my encouragement and assistance to this scheme, until you assure me that you have not decided upon it without much thought and consideration. Your happiness as well as Harry's is very dear to me, and I should grieve to see you rashly take a step which might bring sorrow and wretchedness to both."

"Please, Mr. Emmerson, do not think me childish or frivolons; I love Harry too sincerely to urge him to an act which I did not think would be for his happiness,as well as my own," she answered,with womanly earnestness. "I have but a moment to explain our plans," she continued, hurriedly, "for I see one of our teachers coming. Fortunately, Gerald Gordon had an imperative business engagement in New York, and has left me unguarded for once; and this morning Mrs. Rivington was unexpectedly called from home. It will not be difficult to gain the consent of Miss Fuller, the assistant teacher, to take me to ride. Harry is awaiting us at the clergyman's a few miles from here, and the absence of two sentinels is too favorable an opportunity to be lost, although I had not expected to elope until to-morrow," she added, laughing. Rose had only time to assume a careless air, when a number of the young lady pupils and their teacher approached.

"May I detain you a moment, Miss Fuller?" Rose asked, in her sweet persuasive way. "I have just met a gentleman who visited my father's house when I was a little girl. May I not introduce him to you?" adding before she could remonstrate.

"This is my friend and instructress, Miss Fuller, Mr. Emmerson. Your mutual experience of my waywardness ought to make you friends," she said, gaily. "I doubt not Mr. Emmerson could tell you terrible stories of my childhood."

"I am not inclined to believe you were ever very terrible, my dear," the teacher replied, looking fondly at her pretty young charge.

"If I remember rightly, Rose was quite a faultless little girl, with the exception of a great fondness for confections, in which respect I perceive she has not changed," the gentleman returned pleasantly, pointing to the package Maggie Rivington was at that moment placing in her hands.

"She is the good fairy of the school, and as generous of her gifts as the goddess of plenty," Miss Fuller remarked, smiling.

"I was in the act of inviting Rose to ride with me, as you came up, Miss Fuller; I wish to see something of this beautiful scenery, and it would add to the enjoyment if my young friend could accompany me. I shall have an extra seat in the carriage, if you will accept it," Mr. Emmerson hastened to add, seeing her hesitation, anxious to avert suspicion, and yet trembling for his invitation.

"You are very kind to include me, but I should be unable to leave my scholars," Miss Fuller replied, reluctantly, for such indulgences were rare in her monotonous life, "but I see no reason why Rose may not enjoy the pleasure, provided you take a third person, which is one of Mrs. Rivington's rules."

Mr. Emmerson was silent in despair, but Rose came to the rescue.

"Maggie has been longing for a drive; may she not be indulged now?"

"Oh, please say I may go, dear Miss Fuller," Maggie pleaded in her childish way.

"I see no further objection, except to limit your drive between the hours of two and five o'clock," Miss Fuller said finally.

"I shall always remember your kindness, in not dooming me to a solitary afternoon," Mr. Emmerson remarked to the teacher, as he wished the ladies good morning, and turned away with a slight misgiving for his intended deception, while the unsuspicious Miss Fuller departed unusually happy, satisfied in the performance of her duty toward the pupil, and rejoicing that circumstances enabled her to oblige the agreeable gentleman, whose image lingered in her memory, and became strangely mingled among arithmetical examples and geographical boundaries the remainder of the day.

At the appointed time Mr. Emmerson assisted Rose and her little friend into his carriage, and they drove away the envy and admiration of the school. Rose was too sensible to attempt the removal of any baggage, but her pretty summer suit of gray poplin, while it excited no suspicion, was suitable for travel, with the additional advantage of being very becoming. The poor girl was nervous and excited, although she tried bravely to conquer her emotion. Maggie did the talking for all. Seated by Mr. Emmerson, holding the whip or reins, the child was supremely happy, her sweet voice ringing out in the unrestrained glee of childhood. They were at the destination before Rose could believe half the distance traversed.

"Mr. Emmerson," she called hastily, but his quick eye had detected Harry before she spoke. Rose sprang out of the carriage without assistance, and ran up the walk.

"Where is Rose going?" Maggie asked, somewhat alarmed.

"To see a friend of ours. Would you be afraid to sit alone in the carriage a few moments, if I fasten the horses?" Mr. Emmerson asked of his little companion.

"I shall not be afraid' she answered, courageously; "but please do not stay very long, or we shall lose half our ride," she pleaded.

Mr. Emmerson found his friends awaiting his presence. He gave the fair bride away, and in a few moments, Rose was no longer alone or unprotected. After the conclusion of the ceremony, they returned to the carriage, as it had been arranged that Mr. Emmerson was to drive them to the depot and then return with Maggie, to meet alone the surprise which would follow the discovery of Rose's flight.

Maggie had scarcely noticed the addition to their party in her delight to be in motion, but when the depot was reached, and she understood that she was to lose her friend, her grief was uncontrolled, and she clung to Rose, begging her to stay, amid tears and caresses.

Mr. Emmerson thought his hands were full by this time; Maggie's distress quite disturbed his composure, but to his great relief the train came at last, and Rose was bidding them good-bye from the car window.

"We shall be in New York in a week, and then you will come and let me thank you for your kindness," Rose was saying, when a gentleman, satchel in hand, sauntered along the platform, and, attracted by the voice, glanced up at the window. It was a mutual recognition,and each changed in color. Rose felt very secure in her new position, and could not forbear giving her old enemy a thrust.

"Good-bye, Mr. Gordon, that unfortunate engagement prevented your presence at my wedding, but I must beg Mr. Emmerson to make my excuses," she said, in a low but significant tone, as the train moved away, leaving the gentleman speechless from astonishment.

"I demand to know by what right you have interfered in this affair, since I am referred to you for explanation?" he said, angrily addressing Mr. Emmerson.

"We are upon equal ground, then, as I shall demand an explanation of your singular conduct toward your father's ward, as well as a strict account of her property," Mr. Emmerson returned coolly.

"What explanation do you intend to give Mrs. Rivington of this infamous business?" he asked, insolently.

"Should I fail to justify my conduct in that lady's opinion, I will call upon Mr. Gordon for assistance," his companion replied, firmly, and placing the little girl in the carriage, he turned his horses to the Seminary. Mr. Gordon drove in the same direction, evidently determined to give his account of the affair before Mr. Emmerson could offer any explanation of his conduct. It was a sharp race for a few moments, when Mr Emmerson checked his horses, wisely concluding it best to allow his opponent to receive the first shock of the surprise, shrewdly guessing the commotion his announcement would create. As he had expected, he was himself an object of interest to the young ladies, who were gathered in groups around the grounds, eagerly discussing the elopement.

"Mamma is home, I hear her talking," Maggie exclaimed, as they entered the house. "She is in the library. Come, Mr. Emmerson, I will tell her what a nice ride we have had, and she shall not blame you," she was saying, as she led the way into the room.

"The most astonishing piece of rascality and impudence!" Mr. Gordon was saying angrily.

"Oh, mamma, you must not blame this nice gentleman!" Maggie burst forth.

Mrs. Rivington rose to receive her singular visitor, waiting in a cool, haughty way for him to speak, but, receiving no explanation, she glanced up to see the gentleman leaning heavily against a table for support, evidently struggling with some emotion. Their eyes met in one gaze, which revealed more than words. Striving to retain her composure, she grasped the child, and would have fled from the room, had not Mr. Emmerson detained her.

"Can you leave me thus, after all these years, Helen? Have not my suffering and sorrow atoned for the past?" he asked, passionately, holding her fainting form, and pressing kisses upon her cold lips, regardless of the astonishment of spectators; then lifting his insensible wife in his arms, and bidding Maggie lead the way, he carried her to her own room.

The hours which passed in pleading and explanations, that brought these long divided but loving hearts together, belong not to the world. Sharon lost its beloved Preceptress, but Miss Fuller filled her place with honor. Mr. Emmerson has grown every day since the time he enacted Mr. Pickwick for the benefit of his young friends, and his wife laughingly declares she notices a growing resemblance to that benevolent and chivalrous gentleman. He is happy in the fullest sense of the word; there is perfect confidence and sympathy between him and Helen now, and in Maggie's opinion there is not another such a man in the whole world as her dear papa.

Harry is as much in love with his "Rose of Sharon" as on their wedding day, and Mr. Emmerson has no reason to look for clouds in their future. The day after their marriage, Mr. Gordon received a letter from his dutiful son:—

"My Dear Father:—My game is all up here. Rose has eloped with that fellow, Waltham. I sail for Europe in the first steamer; if you are not ready with a hundred thousand, I advise you to follow my example, for Waltham will be hard on you for the money."

In which opinion Mr. Gerald Gordon was wrong, for neither Rose nor Harry could add to the old man's sorrow when he confessed to have lost half of her fortune in an unlucky speculation, in which his rascally son had involved him.

FUN, FACTS AND FACETIÆ.

A man with money never lacks friends, and man without never lacks somebody to help him down hill.

Why should young ladies make good rifle volunteers? Because they are accustomed to "bare arms."

"A Distressed Mother" writes to the Allentown (Pa.) *Democrat* for advice, which she gets thusly: "The only way to cure your son of staying out late of nights, is to break his legs, or else get the "calico" he runs with to do your housework."

An editor whose name was Fry took unto himself a "fifth rib." His neighbor of the quill, being very kindly disposed toward him and his better half, wished "success to Mr. and Mrs. Fry and all the small 'fry,'"

A colored preacher at the South recently said in a prayer: "O Lord, be pleased to shake your great tablecloth over your hungry children dat dey may be fed wid de crumbs of your love."

Greely says the man who pays more for his shop rent than for advertising, don't know his business.

The newspaper is a sermon for the thoughtful, a library for the poor, and a blessing to everybody. Lord Brougham called it the "best public instructor."

Pat, said Judge Sniff to his neighbor, in a sleeping car, you would have remained a long time in the old country before you could have slept with a judge. Yes, yer honor, and ye would have been a long time in the ould country before ye'd been a judge.

A dying West India planter, groaning out to his favorite negro servant: "Ad, Sambo, I am going a long, long journey!" "Never mind, massa," said the negro, consolatorily, "him all down hill."

In one of Josh Billing's late papers, he says: "The sun was a-going to bed, and the hevins far and near was a blushing at the performance!"

There is said to be a lady in New York, who, when she is unable to attend church, sends her card.

An Irish captain in the army, newly appointed to drill his company, vociferated loudly his first order to show his authority: "Advance three steps backwards; and those mens without arms, hold up your hands."

A man of sense should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying, he is wiser to-day than he way yesterday.

The Turks made an expedition into Persia, and because of the strait jaws of the mountains of Armenia, the Bashaws consulted long which way they should get in.—One, hearing the debate, said: "Here is much ado how you shall get in; but I hear nobody take care how you shall get out." Which in fact they never did.

A printer in Texas, whose first son happened to be a very short little fellow, named him Brevier Fullface Jones.

"As diamond polishes diamond," says a German writer, "so man is formed by man." Truly. And we may add, as diamond cuts diamond, so man is fleeced by man.