The Bradford Reporter.

E. O. GOODRICH, Publisher.

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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. 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, 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 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, 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. 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.—yl.

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 this 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.

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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. 4698, 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. 5913, 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 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.

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 valuable real property;

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

Are respectfully solicited to entrust such business to our Agency.

Farther 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.

THE SWING IN THE APPLE TREE.

The sunbeams come, the sunbeams go,
The boughs droop gently over;
I hear the breezes laughing low,
Among the bloomless clover,
A-swinging to and fro, I pass
Through leaves that Autumn dapples,
And watch, upon the faded grass,
The fall of russett apples.

I listen for the babbling creek
That stirs the noonday quiet;
Of Summer gone, its quavers speak,
Of flag flowers running riot;
O lonely creek, your shallow brink,
Another spring will grow them,
For flowers bloom full sweet, I think,
Where'er the angels sow them?

I hear across the meadow lots
The sheep bells softly tinkle—
They crop the tender daisy plots,
That frosts begin to wrinkle.
I cannot see one katydid
Of all that make this wrangle,
I wonder if they haven't hid
Among the love-in-tangle?

A kildeer cries above my head;
The branch beneath him quivers,
And downward through the sunlight red,
A golden apple shivers.
My swing goes up, my swing comes down
The zephyrs hurry after;
And hope and youth triumphant crown
The day with joy and laughter.

Miscellaneous.

THE DOCTOR'S BRIDGE.

Soon after receiving my diploma I went as a qualified assistant to an elderly practitioner in the north of Devon. The country in that part is most picturesque. Here and there lofty hills, upon whose summits are beautiful woods, rise in stately grandeur—beneath them lie lovely valleys resplendent in the Spring time with all nature's charms. Noble rivers flow through these flowery vales, causing the luxuriant foliage of the meadows to spring with redoubled vigor. Emptying themselves into these rivers are an innumerable quantity of little insignificant streams.—Oftentimes in the dry season these rivulets are so small as to be little else than sluices, and for the most part are traversed by means of a plank or log of wood thrown rudely across them. In some places, however, wooden bridges of inferior dimensions are erected for the use of foot passengers, but in no case, or but with a rare exception, is there any bridge built for the accomodation of animals or vehicles.

This want is severely felt in the winter, when the heavy rains cause these streams to swell to such a size as to render fording them impossible. Many serious results have thereby been occasioned, ordinary traffic has been completely suspended, mail coaches even being stopped by the force of the current. Too often a medical man having been absolutely unable to reach a patient in most imminent danger, the result has been death. About four miles from Farleigh, the town in which I resided, was Averil Castle, the seat of the Earl of Averil. It was an ancient warlike looking structure, standing upon the top of a hill, and commanding an extensive view of the surrounding country. The slope of the hill itself had been converted into a spacious lawn, while at the foot ran a small stream, which, owing to careful preservation, was well stocked with finny tribe.

Although so far distant from the castle, Dr. Hallett was the nearest surgeon, and consequently had the honor of attending at the castle.—Neither of the surrounding villages boasted a medical man, and, therefore, owing to the extensiqe practice that necessarily devolved upon him, and the failing state of his health, Dr. Hallett was compelled to have a fully qualified gentleman as an assistant, to relieve him in his arduous duties.

It thus happened that I had several times attended at Averil Castle, for the nobleman himself was at the time I am speaking of an elderly man and an invalid, though he had only recently married a lady many years younger than himself. His Lordship, though very proud, was really a pleasant man and greatly attached to his wife, who, on her part, was of a very amiable and pleasing disposition, and very accomplished, being the daughter of a neighboring peer. Residing at Averil Castle was Mr. Sidney Lascelles, a nephew of Lord Averil's, being the son of his Lordship's younger brother, who, dying when Sidney was quite an infant, consigned him over to the Earl's care. Like a father and son were the Earl and his nephew. Heir to the title of Averil, of which he was so proud, the old Earl viewed Sidney in a still dearer light, and considered that he had still dearer claims upon him, and being unmarried, gave young Lascelles a very handsome allowance.

No wonder, therefore, would it have been if, when the Lady Adela Tracy became the wife of his benefactor, and a handsome settlement allowed her, the knowledge that such a marriage might perchance be the means of loosing his claim to the title, and dying, as he had been born, a wealthless commoner—no wonder if, under such circumstances, he had given vent to the feelings of disappointment and vexation that must almost necessarily have been produced. But no—not by a single sign, or look, or deed, did Sidney Lascelles show that the marriage was other than pleasing to him; on the contrary, he heartily congratulated his uncle, and expressed a hope that he might be blessed with an heir, who should succeed to the honors that his Lordship had so successfully bore. Every one praised him, and when, some short time afterward, he left Averil Castle for the metropolis, the golden opinions of all were showered upon him. Far different was the opinion in which, however uncharitable it might have been, I indulged.

I had never liked him, notwithstanding his extreme courtesy, and now my aversion to him was more than ever; for I felt assured that these very amiable feelings were feigned, and, in short, he was playing the part of a miserable hypocrite. Catch him in his natural mood, and you would see that the proud patrician lips curled with an unbecoming hauteur, and that the mien, though lofty, was insolent; the eyes, those never-deceiving characteristics, were dangerous ones. These jetty orbs would glisten with unnatural brightness, and roll with an almost fiendish leer. Despite his outward deportment, I was convinced that Sydney Lascelles was a villain.

On a wild and tempestuous night I was aroused by one of the Averil servants, who excitedly informed me that Lady Averil required my immediate assistance, adding that his Lordship was almost frantic, believing his wife to be dying.

Hastily attiring myself, muffling up in warm garments, in order to avoid, as much as possible, the inclemency of the weather, I mounted my horse, which had been saddled, and made at once for the castle, accompanied by the servant who had summoned me.

The night was indeed a fearful one; the wind howled with a sullen roar, and the rain came pouring down with terrific violence, whilst every now and then the lightning darted in vivid flashes, and the thunder rolled, deadening with its awful noise all other sounds.

"The brook is fearfully swollen, sir," the man servant said; "I had great difficulty in getting across.—Even yesterday, owing to the previous heavy rains, It was a considerable size, but to-night the water is past the 'Hollow Oak,'" alluding to a well known old tree on one side of the stream.

"Then," I said, "I fear it will be impossible for us to cross it now."

"I am afraid so, sir," he replied.

On we galloped, fast as the quivering steeds could go, and still there were two miles of hilly road to be accomplished, before we could reach the bank; on still we dashed through the angry storm, with the darkness ever around, save when a rapid flash of the electric fluid would, by its transient brightness, render the gloom more painful.

"Down this hill, and we reach it," the groom said. And as we reined back our foaming horses, I experienced a feeling of deep thankfulness, till the recurring thoughts of the danger yet to come dispelled by their gloominess the momentary calm.

It was reached at length, the peaceful stream of two days previous now changed into a surging torrent, and I knew by the excessive width what a fearful depth it must be in the centre.

Across on the other side was the glimmer of lanterns, whilst at times, above the noise of the waters, could be heard the shout of voices.

"Haste, haste, for God's sake, haste," I could at last distinguish to be their importunate voices.

"I will try it," I said, excitedly, and, despite the entreaties of the man, I spurred my horse into the seething stream; on I goaded him until the waters reached almost up to my knees, and the animal could hardly stand for the rushing of the current; in vain I spurred; the frightened steed would go no further, and in despair I reluctantly turned back.

I could hear the cries of disappointment rend the air, when at last one stentorian voice bawled forth, "Swim, swim across."

But for me to try and swim were madness; my knowledge of that aquatic science was scarcely sufficient to enable me to advance three successive yards, even though in the calmest waters, and in the present turbulent state to have kept afloat for even a couple of feet would have been for me impossible; but suddenly a thought struck me, and I at once gave utterance to it by shouting, at the top of my voice, "A rope! a rope!"

In a short time one was produced, and I called out, "Hold fast one end and throw the rest across," and almost immediately the end came whistling past.

"Now help me to secure this end," I said to the groom, and presently we succeeded in fastening it to a tree that was standing near.

"As you value my life, firmly hold fast your end," I shouted out, and the answer "all right" being given, I pulled off my great coat and other inconvenient appendages, and commenced the attempt.

Keeping close to the rope, I walked through the shallow water with tolerable ease, but as the stream grew deeper, I grasped the rope with both hands, for the current was so strong as to almost wash my feet from under me, and once, owing to the slackening of the rope, I was for a moment completely submerged.—"Hold tight, for God's sake!" I cried as, with an effort, I regained my footing; and as I felt the tightening strain of the cord I battled on with redoubled energy. And now the worst was past, a few steps more and I should have triumphed, when suddenly before me I perceived some object standing in the water. I reached out one hand to try and touch it, when, with a fearful noise, the rope snapped asunder, and the impetus again cast me off my feet; as I fell I instinctively clutched at the figure I had seen, and my blood turned cold as I found I was grasping a human hand, and the hand held a knife.

All of a sudden the truth rushed over me, and exclaiming "villain," with an almost superhuman force I dragged him toward me. Once more I was back in the boiling waters, down in the trough we rolled, and I grasped convulsively at him, and tried, with frantic effort, to regain the bank in vain. We rose, however, to the surface, and, at that moment a flash of lightning revealed to me the demon-like countenance of Sidney Lascelles.

With a dreadful shudder, half unconscious though I was, I released my hold, and he reeled away from me. Now that my burden was gone, an instantaneous feeling caused me to exert my little powers of swimming, and for some time I succeeded in keeping myself afloat; but my strength gave way, my brain whirled and my heart grew still, as I felt myself sinking once more, and probably for the last time, beneath the stormy tide. I was lost—by me rushed all the events of the past; all my previous life was set vividly before me. The sensation was maddening, and now, as I felt the last breath leaving me, my foot pitched into something across the stream.—Merciful Heavens! it was a tree blown downward from the bank. I grasped it; hope gave life; one more pull and my head was above water. How I reached the bank, to this day I know not; but the agonies endured as I lay in a kind of stupor, on the wet sward, I shall never forget. Once more I endured the horrors of the late fearful scene; once more I felt myself drowning in the brook, and experienced all the terrible reality of that fearful death.

I now lost all consciousness. How long I remained thus I know not.—Brandy being poured down my throat I soon rallied under its revivifying influence, and now perceived several men standing around me testifying their joy at my wonderful deliverance. Another drink of the brandy, and I felt myself considerably recovered. It was morning; the storm had abated, and to my great joy I perceived the castle at a short distance. The men assisted me, and I succeeded in reaching its walls. Sincere were the congratulations I received; but the faces of all bore a mournful look, and entering the hall, I was solemnly informed it was too late. I knew at once the sad cause of their dejection. Still a sense of duty impelled me to visit the chamber, and there laid out upon an elegant couch, were the lifeless forms of Adela, Countess of Averil, and her new-born child.

As I was leaving the room I encountered Lord Averil, his haughty head bowed with grief. He grasped my hand, and in a voice thick with emotion, said: "May the Lord bless you for what you have done to-night." I was compelled to stay at the castle for a short time until the brook should be sufficiently small to admit of my recrossing it. His Lordship would insist upon my going at once to bed, himself ordering and seeing that everything was done to make me comfortable. I slept, and the next morning I awoke in a burning fever.—The events of the previous night had proved too much for me; I became delirious, and Dr. Hallett was obliged to be sent for.

For upwards of a month I lay on that bed of sickness, the Earl paying me every attention. Though now tolerably convalescent, I was quite unable to resume my professional duties and change of air was strongly advised for me.

When the Earl heard this he at once proposed making a foreign tour in which I was to accompany him.

"It will be better for you to get away from this place," he said, "as soon as possible, fraught as it is with such painful recollection." His Lordship had indeed, sustained bereavement. Not only was there the loss of his wife, but on the morning following that calamity there was picked up, some half mile down the stream, the blackened and disfigured form of his nephew, Sydney Lascelles.

'Noble boy!" the nobleman would often say to me, as he recounted the painful story, "he tried to save your life, and lost his own in the attempt."

Poor doting old man how could I undeceive him. How could I tell him that "noble boy" was little else than the murderer of his wife; how could I inform him that it was while trying to take my life not to save it, that he met with his untimely end. God knows that he had sorrow enough to bear without my merciless adding to it; so he always believed in his nephew's honor, and carried the false opinion of him to the grave.

We went on our tour, selecting the East as an interesting part. There amidst the historic scenes for a while his grief was lessened, while the balmy breezes strengthened his attenuated frame. After a few weeks my health was perfectly restored, and the Earl proposed returning.

The change had improved him, tho' his constitution was too shattered to hope of his ever being restored.

"I shall never forget you," he said, as we parted, after our return, and he kept his word.

A short time afterward, I received a letter from him, stating that in a large provincial town in which he was at the time staying with a relative, there was a practice vacant, which he had secured for me, and, as he possessed great influence in that part, he doubted not but that I might do extremely well there.

With many regrets I left Dr. Hallett, and accepted his Lordship's generous offer, and I am now enjoying a very extensive practice.

The Earl always visited me whenever he was in town, and I noticed with sorrow the rapid decline in his health. A few years afterward, and the Right Honerable Sydney eight Earl of Avrell breathed his last. But long before his death, he had caused to be erected a substantial bridge over the spot that had been the death-place of his unfortunate nephew, and in which I had passed such a night of horror." And even now, commemoration of that terrible adventure, it is known by the name of the "Doctor's Bridge."

KIND INQUIRIES.—Cousin Kate was a sweet wide-awake beauty of about seventeen and she took it into her head to go down on Long Island to see some relations of hers who had the misfortune to live there. Among these relations there chanced to be a young swain who had seen Kate on a previous occasion, and seeing, fell deeply in love with her. He called at the house on the evening of her arrival, and she met him on the piazza, where she was enjoying the evening air in company with two or three of her friends.

The poor fellow was so bashful that he could not find his tongue for some time. At length he stammered out:

"How's your mother?"

"Quite well, thank you."

Another silence on the part of Josh, during which Kate and her friends did the best they could to relieve the monotony. After waiting about fifteen minutes, for to begin to make himself agreeable, he again broke the spell by—

"How's your father?" which was answered much after the same fashion as the first one, and then followed another silence like the other.

"How's your father and mother?" again put in the bashful lover.

"Quite well, both of them." This was followed by an exchange of glances and a suppressed smile.

This lasted some ten minutes more during which Josh was fidgeting in his seat and stroking his Sunday hat. But at length another question came—

"How's your parents?"

This produced an explosion that made the woods ring.

WE are passing toward that rest ourselves. Do not regret it if the eyes grow dim. You will see better by and by. If the ear is growing heavy, do not be sorry. If your youth is passing, and your beauty is fading, do not mourn. If your hand trembles, and your foot is unsteady with age, be not depressed in spirit. With every impediment, with every sign of the taking down of this tabernacle, remember that it is the striking the tent that the march may begin, and that when next you pitch your tabernacle it shall be on the undisturbed shore, and that there, with eyes unwet with tears, through an atmosphere undimmed by clouds, and before a God unveiled and never to be wrapped in darkness any more—that there, looking back upon this world of ignorance and suffering and trouble, and upon the hardships of the way, you will, with full and discerning reason, lift up your voice and give thanks to God, and say, "There was not one trouble too much; there was not one burden too heavy; there was not one sorrow too piercing." And you will thank God, in that land, for the very things that wring tears from your eyes in this. Look, then, to that better land, out of all the trouble of the way, sigh for it, pray for it, prepare for it, and enter into it.

RICH POOR PEOPLE.—There are such and we have seen them. They are, in our judgment, the profoundest philosophers, and the happiest fellows on the planet. We have been in the modest houses of those who never will be over-supplied with the wealth of this world, and there witnessed what wealth could never buy—scenes of happiness that were real, because they grew out of contented and disciplined hearts. It is easy enough to be rich—misfortunes excepted. Let a person elevate his thoughts, developing his intellectual and spiritual parts more than the qualities that have to do with nothing but material and earthy existence and he will be astonished to find what a shrinkage his income is capable of undergoing. He will find that he is obliged to labor for others less, while he can do for himself more and more. There is many a man intelligent and refined, who dwells in apartments of moderate dimensions, yet gets vastly more happiness out of existence than any millionaire. It makes a great difference whether one is comfortably situated, and with slender means at that, or is perfectly wretched with the care of accumulated means in the shape of stocks and bonds.

STRENGTH OF IRON.—It has been a question whether the strength of iron improves with age. It is known that repeated fusion greatly increases the strength of cast iron, and it is beginning to be held that old castings are stronger than new ones.—Eight-inch guns, tested 30 days after casting stand but about 72 charges; 64 days, 80 charges; 100 days, 730 charges; six years, 2,580 charges. If the particles of iron disturbed and strained by cooling, properly adjust themselves in the course of time to the positions most favorable for tenacity, it is a question well worth the attention of mechanics, of railroad men, and of all who use machinery, as well as of the great gun controversialists of the day, how long after leaving the foundry castings of all kinds may advantageously be withheld from work.

A Minister was sleeping in church when the minister repeated his text emphatically, "How are the mighty fallen!" "How are the mighty fallen?" Our friend looked up inquiringly at the preacher, and in the meekest possible tone of voice replied: "I give it up."

There is nothing like letting the sunshine into other hearts, to open the way for it to pour into our own.

EARNING A WIFE.

"And so you want to marry my daughter, young man," said farmer Blifkins, removing his pipe from his mouth, and looking at the young fellow sharply from head to toe.

Despite his rather indolent, effeminate air, which was mainly the result of his education, Luke Jordan was a fine looking fellow, and not easily moved from his self-possession; but he colored and grew confused beneath that sharp, scrutinizing look.

"Yes, sir. I spoke to Miss Mary last evening and she referred me to you."

The old man's face softened.

"Molly is a good girl, a very good girl," he said, stroking his chin with a thoughtful air, "and she deserves a good husband. What can you do?"

The young man looked rather blank at this abrupt inquiry.

"If you refer to my ability to support a wife, I can assure you—"

"I know that you are a rich man, Luke Jordan, but I take it for granted that you ask my girl to marry you, not your property. What guarantee can you give me, in case it should be swept away, as it is in thousand of instances—that you could provide for her a comfortable home? You have hands and brains—do you know how to use them? Again I ask, what can you do?"

This was a style of catechism for which Luke was quite unprepared, and he stared blankly at the questioner without speaking.

"I believe that you managed to get through college—have you any profession?"

"No, sir; I thought—"

"Have you any trade?"

"No, sir; my father thought that with the wealth I should inherit, I should not need any."

"Your father thought like a fool, then. He'd much better have given you some honest occupation and cut you off without a shilling—it might have been the making of you. As it is, what are you fit for? Here you are, a strong, able bodied young man, twenty-four years old, and never earned a dollar in your life! You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"And you want to marry my daughter?" resumed the old man, after a few vigorous puffs at his pipe. "Now I've given Molly as good advantages for learning as any girl in town, and she hasn't thrown 'em away; but if she didn't know how to work, she'd be no daughter of mine. If I chose, I could keep more than one servant; but I don't, no more than I choose that my daughter should be a pale, spiritless creature, full of dyspepsia and all manner of fine-lady ailments, instead of the smiling, bright eyed, rosy-cheeked lass she is. I did say that she should marry no lad that had been cursed with a rich father; but she's taken a foolish liking to ye, and I'll tell ye what I'll do; go to work, and prove yourself to be a man; perfect yourself in some occupation—I don't care what, so it be honest, and then come to me, and if the girl is willing, she is yours."

As the old man said this, he deliberately knocked the ashes out of his pipe against one of the pillars of the porch, where he was sitting, tucked it into his vest pocket, and went into the house.

Pretty Mary Blifkins was waiting to see her lover down at the garden gate, their usual trysting place. The smiling light faded from her eyes as she noticed his sober discomfited look.

"Father means well," she said, as Luke told her the result of his application.

"And I'm not sure but what he is about right," she resumed, after a thoughtful pause, "for it seems to me that every man, be he rich or poor ought to have some occupation."

Then, as she noticed her lover's grave look, she added softly:

"Never mind; I'll wait for you, Luke."

Luke Jordan suddenly disappeared from his accustomed haunts, much to the surprise of his gay associates. But wherever he went, he carried with him in his exile these words, and which were like a tower of strength to his soul, "I'll wait for you Luke."

One pleasant, sunshiny morning, late in October, as farmer Blifkins was propping up the grape-vine in his front yard, that threatened to break down with the weight of its luxurious burdens, a neat-looking cart drove up, from which Luke Jordan alighted with a quick, elastic spring, quite in contrast to his formerly easy leisurely movements.

"Good morning, Mr. Blifkins. I understand that you wanted to buy some butter tubs and cider barrels. I think I have some here that will just suit you."

"Whose make are they?" inquired the old man, as opening the gate, he passed by the wagon.

"Mine," replied Luke, with an air of pardonable pride, and I challenge any cooper in the State to beat them!"

Mr. Blifkins examined them critically one by one.

"They'll do," he said, coolly, as he set down the last of the lot. "What will ye take for them?"

"What I asked you for six months ago to-day—the hand of your daughter, sir."

The roguish twinkle in the old man's eyes broadened into a smile.

"You've got the right metal in you after all," he cried. "Come in, lad—come in! I shouldn't wonder if we made a trade after all."

Nothing loth, Luke obeyed.

"Molly!" bawled Mr. Blifkins, thrusting his head into the kitchen door.

Molly tripped out into the entry. The round, white arms were bared above the elbows, and bore traces of the flour she had been sifting. Her dress was a neat gingham, over which was tied a blue checked apron; but she looked as winning and lovely as she always did wherever she was found.

She blushed and smiled as she saw Luke, and then, turning her eyes upon her father, waited, dutifully, to hear what he had to say.

The old man regarded his daughter for a moment with a quizzical look.

"Molly, this young man—mayhap you've seen him before—has brought me a lot of tubs and barrels, all of his own make—a right good article, too. He asks a pretty steep price for 'em; but if you are willing to give it, well and good; and hark ye, my girl, whatever bargain you make, your old father will ratify."

As Mr. Blifkins said this, he considerately stepped out of the room, and we will follow his example. But the kind of bargain the young people made can be readily conjectured by the speedy wedding that followed.

EVERY DAY MAXIMS.—Remember that every person, however low, has rights and feelings. In all contentions let peace be rather your object than that of triumph; value triumph only as the means of peace.

When you meet with neglect, let it arouse you to exertion, instead of mortifying your pride, set about lessening those defects which expose you to neglect, and to improve those excellencies which command attention and respect.

Keep up the habit of being respected, and do not attempt to be more amusing and agreeable than is consistent with the preservation of respect.

Don't be too severe upon yourself and your own failings; keep on, don't faint, be energetic to the last.

Two wrongs never make one right. It is better to repay evil by good deeds, than by wrong doing.

Let what you do, be done with a will. Energy and perseverance will accomplish wonders.

Give strict attention to your own affairs—and consider your wife one of them.

Say what you mean, and perform what you promise.

Do well, but do not boast of it, for that will lessen the commendation you might otherwise have deserved.

Better have a nest of wasps, or bumble-bees, or hornets in your bosom than a stinging conscience.

Let nothing affright you but sin.

MEEKNESS.—How difficult it is to be of a meek and forgiving spirit, when despitefully used. To love an enemy, and forgive an evil speaker, is a higher attainment than is commonly believed. It is easy to talk of Christian forbearance among neighbors, but to practice it ourselves, proves us to be Christians indeed.—The surmises of a few credulous persons need not trouble that man, who knows his cause is soon to be tried in court, and he is to be openly acquitted. So the evil language of the times need not disturb me, since in the day of judment "my judgment shall be brought forth as the noon-day."

FUN, FACTS AND FACETIÆ.

"NOBODY ever lost anything by love," said a sane-looking man. "That's not true," said a lady, who heard the remark, "for I once lost three nights' sleep by it."

JOSH BILLINGS correctly remarks: "Success in life iz very apt tew make us forget the time when we wasn't much. It is just so with the frog on the jump; he kant remember when he was a tadpole—but other folks can."

"Is the gorilla to be seen here?" "Yes, sir." "I want to see him." "Very well, sir." "It is fifty cents, isn't it?"—"One dollar, sir. Fifty cents for servants." "Well, I'm a servant." "You a servant?" "Yes, sir." "Whose?" "Yours, sir—your humble servant." "Walk in and take a seat." The joke is worth the price of admission."

WE cannot all of us be beautiful, but the pleasantness of a good-humored look is denied to none. We can, all of us, increase and also strengthen the family affections and the delights of home.

WHEN Franklin was ambassador to the French court, a lady, who was about being presented to the king, noticed his exceedingly plain appearance, and asked who he was. On being told that he was Dr. Benjamin Franklin, the American ambassador, she exclaimed:

"The North American ambassador so shabbily dressed!"

"Hush, Madam, for Heaven's sake!" whispered a friend, "he is the man that bottles up thunder and lightning."

THE bulletins of fashion state that "some of the ladies now wear long ribbons on their bonnets, to the ends of which tiny bells are attached." This is doubtless to notify their admirers that they have no objection to a *ring*.

"I wonder where the clouds are going?" sighed Flora, pensively, as she pointed with her delicate finger to the heavy masses that floated in the sky. "I think they are going to thunder," said her brother.

IT is a good thing to have utility and beauty combined, as the poor washer-woman said when she used her thirteen children for clothes-pins.

THE great object to smart children is, that when they commence having whiskers they leave off having brains. By forcing children, you get so much into their heads that they become cracked in order to hold it.

AN old bachelor remarks that though the Scripture says "the glory of a woman is in her hair," it nowhere says that "the glory of any woman is in any other woman's hair."

A correspondent writes to ask if the brow of a hill ever becomes wrinkled? The only information we can give him on that point is, that we have often seen it furrowed.

An honest dame in the town of Rome, standing beside the corpse of her deceased husband, bewailing in piteous tones his untimely departure, observed, "It's a pity he's dead, for his teeth are as good as they ever were."

A little ragged urchin, begging in the city the other day, was asked by a lady who filled his basket, if his parents were living?

"Only dad, marm," said the boy. "Then you have enough in your basket now to feed the family for some time," said the lady. "Oh, no, I haven't neither," said the lad, "for dad and me keeps five boarders; he does the house-work, and I do the marketing."

ONE of those wonderful children who are continually astonishing their mothers—in print—is represented by the Boston *Journal* as exclaiming, "Mamma, where did they hatch the first hen?" The reporter came away before mamma made reply.

GRATITUDE for kindness shown, acknowledgment for favors received, are unerring remarks of good breeding, and indications of Christian character.