The Bradford Reporter.

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

VOLUME XXVIII. TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., JANUARY 9, 1868. NUMBER 33.

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 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.

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One Column,	$100	$60	$40
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☞ 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, Patrick's block, Athens, Pa. They may be consulted at either place.
H. W. PATRICK, apl15 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, LEREYSVILLE, 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.

H. P. KIMBALL, Licensed Auctioneer, Pottersville, Bradford Co., Pa. tenders his services to the public. Satisfaction guaranteed, or no pay required. All orders by mail, addressed as above, will receive prompt attention. Oct. 2, 1867.—3m

JOHN W. MIX, *ATTORNEY AT LAW*, Towanda, Bradford Co. Pa. General insurance and Real Estate Agent.—Bounties and Pensions collected. N. B.—All business in the Orphan's Court attended to promptly and with care. Office first block south of Ward House, up stairs. Oct. 24, '67.

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*

PARSONS & CARNOCHAN, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Troy, Bradford Co. Practice in all the Courts of the county. Collections made and promptly remitted.
E. B. PARSONS, d13 W. H. CARNOCHAN.

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 Real 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. 5, 1866.—1y.

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 23, 1867.—y1.

DENTAL CARD. DRS. SMITH & TAYLOR, Would take this opportunity of thanking the friends who so kindly assisted them at the late fire, and would say that it has not seriously interfered with their business, which they will continue over Cross & Co.'s Book Store, in Patton's block.
Towanda, Aug. 12, 1867.

A SPLENDID STOCK OF GROCERIES, wooden, willow and stone-ware at *Brakhall & Cowell's cheap store.*

Cards.

I. O. OF O.F.—BRADFORD LODGE No. 167, I. O. of O. F., meets at Odd Fellows Hall, every Monday evening from the firs Monday in April to the first Monday in October at 7½ p. m., from October to April at 6½ p. m.
April 25, 1867. J. S. CAREY, Sec'y.

WARD HOUSE, TOWANDA, PA. On Main Street, near the Court House.
Oct. 8, 1866. C. T. SMITH, Proprietor.

AMERICAN HOTEL, TOWANDA, PA., Having purchased this well known Hotel on Bridge Street, I have refurnished and refitted it with every convenience for the accommodation of all who may patronize me. No pains will be spared to make all pleasant and agreeable.
May 3, '66.—tf. J. S. PATTERSON, Prop.

ELWELL HOUSE, TOWANDA, PA., JOHN C. WILSON. Having leased this House, is now ready to accommodate the Travelling public. No pains nor expense will be spared to give satisfaction to those who may give him a call.
☞ North side of the public square, east of Mercur's new block [now building].

NEW ARRANGEMENT AT THE NEWS ROOM AND BOOK STORE. The undersigned having purchased the BOOK STORE AND NEWS ROOM of J. J. Griffiths, respectfully invite the old patrons of the establishment and the public generally, to call and examine our stock.
S. W. ALVORD. ALVORD & BARBER. T. E. BARBER.

MRS. ALLEN & MISS CORWIN, *DRESS MAKERS*, Respectfully tender their services to the Ladies of Towanda and vicinity. All work guaranteed to give satisfaction. Particular attention paid to CUTTING AND FITTING. Rooms in Basement of James Elliott's residence, on Second Street. Towanda, Oct. 17, 1867.

FASHIONABLE TAILORING! LEWIS REHBEIN Respectfully informs the citizens of Towanda Borough, that he has opened a TAILOR SHOP, In Phinney's Building opposite the Means House and solicits a share of public patronage. He is prepared to cut and make garments in the most fashionable style, and the most durable manner. Perfect satisfaction will be guaranteed. Cutting and Repairing done to order on shor notice. Sept. 10, 1867.

WATCHMAKERS, JEWELLERS, HUGNENIN BROTHERS. Recently from Europe, with a large assortment of Clocks and Watches, from the best manufactory in Switzerland, have located themselves, temporarily, at the Music Rooms of DeWitt & Dittrich, where they will be pleased to show their wares to the public. A thorough experience in European establishments enables them to offer assurance of complete satisfaction in their department. Particular attention given to repairing clocks, watches and jewelry.
Towanda, Oct. 24, 1867.—3m*

WHOLESALE MUSIC DEPOT L. B. POWELL, Scranton, Pa., Dealer in Chickering's Pianos, Decker's Pianos, Mason & Hamlin's Cabinet Organs, Treat, Lindsley & Co's Melodeons, and all of Musical Instruments, Sheet Music and Music Books. Orders from Dealers and Teachers especially solicited. Address, L. B. POWELL, 116 Pennsylvania Avenue, Scranton, Pa.
March 28, 1867.—3m

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 is house a desirable one, through which to make collections.
Towanda, Oct. 1, 1866. G. F. MASON, A. G. MASON.

MILLINERY & DRESS MAKING *WINTER STYLES! NEW GOODS!* MRS. SEAMAN, Desires to inform the ladies of Towanda and vicinity that she is now prepared to exhibit her NEW STYLES AND NEW GOODS. She has constantly on hand a full assortment, and is prepared to execute orders on the shortest possible notice. Also a great variety of patterns, just received. Particular attention given to dress and cloak making. Rooms over Cohen & Rosenfeld's Clothing Store, Mercur's Block.
Towanda, Nov. 16, 1867.

HARDING & SMALLEY, Having entered into a co-partnership for the transaction of the PHOTOGRAPHIC business, at the rooms formerly occupied by Wood and Harding, would respectfully call the attention of the public to several styles of Pictures which we make specialties, viz: Solar Photographs, Plain, Panelled and Colored, Ophthytypes, Porcelain Pictures, &c., which we claim for clearness and brilliancy of tone and Artistic finish, can *not be excelled.* We invite all to examine these as well as the more common kinds of Portraits which we make, knowing full well that they will bear the closest inspection. This Gallery claims the highest reputation for good work of any in this section of country, and we are determined by a strict attention to business and the superior quality of our work, to not only retain but increase its very *enviable reputation.*
We keep constantly on hand the best variety of Frames and at lower prices than at any other establishment in town. Also Passe-partouts Card frames, Card Easels, Holmes' Stereoscopes, Stereoscopic Views, and everything else of importance pertaining to the business. Give us an early call.
N. B.—Color Printing for the trade on the most reasonable terms.
D. HARDING, Aug. 30, '67. F. SMALLEY.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS EXPERIENCE IN DENTISTRY. J. M. Sauers, M. D., would respectfully inform the inhabitants of Bradford County that he is permanently located in Waverly, N. Y., where he has been in the practice of his profession for the past four years. He would say that from his long and successful practice of 25 years duration he is familiar with all the different styles of work done in any and all Dental Establishments in city or country, and is better prepared than any other Dental operator in the vicinity to do work the best adapted to the many and different cases that present themselves, adaptable to the Dentist, as he understands the art of making his own artificial teeth, and has facilities for doing the same. To those requiring under sets of teeth he would call attention to his new kind of work which consists of porcelain for both plate and teeth, and forming a continuous gum. It is more durable, more natural in appearance, and much better adapted to the gum than any other kind of work. Those in need of the same are invited to call and examine specimens. Teeth fitted to last for years and extractions by Chloroform, Ether, and "Nitrous Oxide" administered with perfect safety, to over four hundred patients within the last four years and totally.
He will be in Towanda from the 15th to 30th of every month, at the office of W. K. TAYLOR, (formerly occupied by Dr. O. H. Woodruff.)—Having made arrangements with Mr. Taylor, I am prepared to do all work in the *very best* style, at his office. April 25, 1867.

Selected Poetry.

"ARE THE CHILDREN COMING?"

BY MRS. M. E. M. SARGENT.

Each day when the glow of sunset
Fades in the western sky,
And the wee ones tired of playing,
Go tripping lightly by,
I steal away from my husband,
Asleep in his easy chair,
And watch from the open doorway
Their faces fresh and fair.

Along, in the drear old homestead
That once was full of life,
Ringing with girlish laughter,
Echoing boyish strife,
We two are waiting together,
And oft, as the shadows come,
With tremulous voice he calls me,
"It is night! are the children home?"

"Yes, love," I answer him gently,
"They're all home, long ago;"
And I sing, in my quivering treble,
A song so soft and low,
Till the old man drops to slumber,
With his head upon his hand,
And I tell to myself the number
Home in a better land.

Sometimes in the dusk of evening,
I only shut my eyes,
And the children are all about me,
A vision from the skies;
The babes, whose dimpled fingers
Lost the way to my breast,
And the beautiful ones, the angels,
Passed to the world of the blessed.

A breath, and the vision is lifted
Away on the wings of light,
And again we are together,
All alone in the night.
They tell me his mind is failing,
But I smile at idle fears—
He is only back with the children,
In the dear and peaceful years.

And still as the summer sunset
Fades away in the west,
And the wee ones, tired of playing,
Go trooping home to rest,
My husband calls from his corner,
"Say, love, have the children come?"
And I answer, with eyes uplifted:
"Yes, dear! they are all AT HOME."

Miscellaneous.

THE CHAPEL CHORISTERS.

"Gloria in Excelsis!" rang thro' the little chapel in a clear volume of sound that rose above the accompaniment of the organ, and was just shaded and softened by the flute-like tone that accompanied that single female voice.

Many of the sunbrowned seamen who worshiped there knew the voice and the singer, and listened the more earnestly, because of her, to the chants and psalms, and the sermon that followed. It was "English Bessie," who came among their wives and children on many a kindly errand, and had always a cheerful word for the sick and desponding. The men called her a "hearty lass," and wished many a "blessing on her honest face." Their wives, in Sunday dress, and proud of the stalwart arms on which they leaned, "thought it a shame" that she had not chosen from among the rough and hardy wooers by whom she was surrounded.

Prayer and chant were over, and the still sermon-time, when Bessie's duties were ended; and she drew the crimson curtain aside to look and listen with the rest. The warm, summer sun came quivering from the water through the lance-shaped windows, and lighted up the pale, grave face of the clergyman in his pulpit and his strangely gathered audience.

Some were boatmen, or hands from coasting vessels, whose occupation allowed them leisure for home and its comforts. They were surrounded by their wives and little ones in all the smartness of their Sunday costumes, relieved by scarfs or shawls of bright foreign weaving, the gift of some successful relative on a return voyage. The children sat uneasily on the high benches, and looked at the flies on the window, or studied the pictures in their prayer books as children will. These were the more regular attendants of the chapel.—Beyond them, the trim blue jacket of a man-of-war's man was the contented neighbor of some "lubberly whaler"—in ordinary intercourse a special aversion. And there were men whose dress had no pretension to Sunday neatness, who scarcely knew one day of the week from another, except that the seventh was, in some sort, a day of rest even with the hardest captains under whom they sailed—who were there they scarcely knew how or why, from idle whim or vague curiosity, to hear the music or "what the parson would have to say," gathered literally from the highways and byways, and compelled to come in.

There were unusual sights and sounds for church-goers without. Now loud oaths or snatches of a sailor song from some groups strolling along the wharves, Sunday pleasure-boats left on their crowded hourly trips down trips down the bay.—Bells rang and dogs barked, men shouted, or laughed, with coarse, unseemly merriment, at coarser jests, the chapel rocked and swayed in the swell of some arriving or departing vessel, and a steady, glaring heat struck upon the small organ-loft, whose occupants were familiar with all this in the discharge of their self-appointed duty.

Heat and cold were alike to them so long as they could lead in the "common praise," and respond to the "common prayer" of those in whom they thus evinced untiring interest—to English Bessie, for the sake of the father and brother buried by one wave from the same wreck, and to the blind man at her side, whose white hands drew such noble music from the organ's keys, while he sang the pure, clear tenor of which we spoke.

He sat with his face turned toward Bessie, as if his sightless eyes longed to know the features of this familiar friend, whom he had never yet seen. His long hair, thrown backward from a forehead that had never known exposure, touched the broad linen collar, turned over a simple ribbon, tied carelessly about the throat. His dress was simple and far from new, but neat, so neat that you wondered to know a woman's hand had not arranged it.—Music was at once his passion and his livelihood. For the rest, he had no relatives and no dependence.

It was a singular friendship that had grown up between these two, who met not elsewhere; and when the sermon was done, it was pleasant to see the sisterly care with which she handed him his hat and staff, and led him down the narrow stairs, where he must have groped slowly but for her hand.

"Here is the still, Richard," she said, "and here the door, and there is the rector waiting to speak with you."

But the quick ear of the blind man discovered another step, and, though he listened to the kindly words of the grave rector, he heard an invitation given and refused where Bessie stood at the door of the vestibule.

"What did he want?" asked Richard, in a quick, manner peculiar to him, as his hand was once more placed in that firm, reliant clasp, and she led him over the swaying plank to the shore.

"Steady! There now you are on the wharf," Bessie said, as she might have soothed an excited child.—"Who? What? Allen?"

"Yes, Allen. I heard his voice when Mr. Storey was talking. When did the Bessie come in? He has had a quick trip."

"Not very; the usual time. There now, you do not need my hand any longer."

"Why do you take it away, Bessie? There is a crossing yet, and those piles of lumber."

"Yes"—and she laughed pleasantly—"but you know them as well as I do. You could lead me here."

"I wish I could," he answered below his breath, for the blindness was still a dark horror to him. "But Allen?"

"He only asked about to-night, if I should go to chapel, and——"

"If he could walk with you.—When are you going to be married?" he added, abruptly.

But Bessie only pointed out a loose round stone in the crossing, as if she did not hear the question.

"Mother's not so well to-day, and I cannot go as far as usual," she said, as they entered a narrow, crooked street. "How bright and pleasant it must look out at the asylum now, with all the roses in bloom!"

"Yes, if one could see them."

"Richard, you are not thankful to-night for what you can enjoy," said the young girl, earnestly. "You have a cheerful home and fresh sweet-scented air and cheerful society."

"Go on, Bessie. You mean while you are shut up in this close street with a sick mother, and your bread to gain by your needle. But then there is Allen!" and the gloomy tone came back again.

"Let him *be* there," Bessie answered, decidedly, pausing at her own door-stone. "Richard, you sang "Benedice anima mea" this afternoon; remember it on your way home. I shall, so long as my mother has a shelter, and I have health and strength to work for her. Take care now, and look out for the carriages and the crossings. I shall have time for a practice hour on Wednesday evening. You may come to tea if you like."

The blind man's staff rang upon the pavement as he went on his lonely way, not knowing that she stood upon the door-stone, and watched for his safety as long as he was in sight. He did not know what should make him so restless and disturbed about this marriage. It was right and natural and what he could have wished for Bessie. They would be finely paired—the high-spirited, energetic woman and her sailor lover. He so tall, bronzed, and stalwart, as Bessie's husband ought to be; frank and generous, as sailors ever are.

Richard Langdon, the blind music teacher, still lived at the asylum where he had studied his beautiful art, with the love and confidence of pupils and teachers. The rooms were of noble proportions, the grounds fragrant with sweet-scented shrubbery, and cool with the shadow of heavy foilage. Here he walked, that still Sabbath afternoon, and thought upon his aimless, joyless childhood, and what if he had a sister like Bessie to cheer it. There were many hours when his mind preyed upon itself; it had always been so in the pauses of study, but never so much as now.

So he wandered down the rose-walk, listening to the murmur of voices that rose from the play-ground beyond the garden, and envying the children their Sabbath rest and peace But his mind would go back to Bessie and the first acquaintance, when she came to offer her fresh, strong, but untrained voice to assist him to lead in the chapel music. His nature was so gentle that her quick, stirring way was not pleasant to him at first; it was not his idea of womanliness. He liked her better when he found how much in earnest she was to prove this one talent, and how grateful for his instructions. Now when they were together he laid aside the timid uncertainty of step and manner, trusting to her guidance When she was married these pleasant walks and rehearsals must end, for she would have new duties and companionship and pleasures. No wonder he was restless and disturbed.

The pale, gentle widow had a welcome for him when the appointed evening came; and he sat down near her, in the open door, until Bessie should come in. He could *feel* the neatness of all around him, and heard the cat purring on the door-sill, and the kettle singing its pleasant song in the outer room. It was all so still and homelike to him—though he had never known a home but in his dreams; so different from the clatter of feet through the corridors of the asylum, the opening and shutting of doors, the hum of children conning their lessons, or the discordance of the tortured instruments under the hands of unskillful pupils. He wondered if the gay blusterous sailor would appreciate this quiet rest, so dear to him, and Bessie's invalid mother, with her delicate tastes and instincts.

When tea was over and the household duties were ended for the day, though it was pleasant to hear Bessie go so easily about them, she came, for the first time and sat down by him on the door-stone, for the house was one of those low old fashioned tenements where you step from the street into the dwelling-room at once. The street was still and deserted, save now and then a solitary footstep echoed along the pavements, and died away in the shadows beyond. A massive, but long disused warehouse, built when this narrow street had its great commercial fame and influence, loomed opposite to them, the iron-bound doors and shutterless windows gleaming in the moonlight, an old, decayed, but to Bessie a pleasant neighbor. It was better to sit by her window and imagine the days of the ancient bustle and opulence, than to watch the bad management of some thriftless house-keeper, or her neglected children quarreling on the pavement. To-night, it was especially pleasant to see it so softly shadowed; and she described it to the blind man as she would have drawn the picture of a friend.

And yet she could not draw a portrait of herself that satisfied him.—She always turned away with some jest upon her stout figure and heavy features, which displeased and annoyed him, for he never could make her anything but beautiful in his mind.

"I will ask her now," thought Richard, "before any one has a claim upon her;" and, with quick impulse, he preferred a long-indulged but unspoken request.

"If you will only let me touch your hair—your face, one instant, Bessie, as I do when I wish to know my friends and pupils better, I shall be more contented when you are Allen's wife. You have been such a dear, true friend to me!"

She took up both his hands, and, stooping, laid them on her bowed head.

"As I thought," he murmured rather than spoke; and his hands shook and trembled, though she was quiet beneath their touch. "Soft, wavy hair; it is brown, I know, brown and silken as a child's. The broad, open forehead, that belongs to you Bessie. I know how your eyes look now, honest and fearless and very truthful; such long lashes, and your cheek so round and smooth! How could you tell me that you were not beautiful!"

"Because I am not," she said, taking his hands again. "And feel how hardened my hands are, while yours are soft and white. It is an ugly contrast, and so are our faces and characters and dispositions," she added, persently.

"I know—but Allen is manly and hardy and cheerful. I was not always so gloomy, Bessie; truly I was not. But I grew so restless and dependent and home-sick—I cannot describe it any other way—yet I never have had, and never shall have a home such as other men win for themselves, who do not know how to prize it as I should."

"It is almost time for the rehersal," said Bessie, as if to lead him from this hopeless mood, "and mother has fallen asleep there upon her pillows.—Come, let us go, Richard."

She drew his arm within hers as they rose, and they walked on toward the river, for the chapel was scarcely a stone's throw. He longed to say more, to tell her all that the touch of that bowed head had revealed to him how passionately he loved her, how doubly solitary his life would always be for having known her and for her care over him; but he struggled with this stormy mood bravely, for he knew he had no right to lay the burden of his misfortunes at any woman's feet, even if she were free to take it up and bear it onward for him.

So they walked on in silence for a little time until they began to hear the soft splash of the incoming tide against the wharves and the sides of the vessels lying at anchor. It recalled the trim schooner Bessie and her captain to his mind.

"When are you to be married?" he asked, abruptly. "Soon, I hope."

"Do you, Richard?"

"Yes, it is better to be soon;" and again the strong tide of feeling rushed to his lips. He pressed his teeth into them, so that he should say no more.

"Well, then," said Bessie, her voice trembling a little—he had never known this before—"I am going to make you a strange proposal; not strange, for it is right and best; mother thinks as I do. You are to be my husband, Richard, when I do marry, for you love me as Allen does not, and cannot, and you need me more than he, as I told him when he asked me to be his wife."

"I, Bessie? Poor and blind! I your husband!"

He reeled as if a sudden blow had been struck, but she upheld him steadily.

"If you do not wish it, Richard, it ends here. You know me well enough these three years to know that I mean all I say, and that I had only to assure myself of your love before I allowed mine to be seen. You would never have asked this of me; *but here I am*, I offer myself, my love, and care, and companionship to you, if you will take it. Richard, let me be home, and strength, and *sight* to you always."

It was well that they had reached the chapel for the courage with which she had nerved herself was fast forsaking her. By the dim light she saw their rector bending over his books in the vestry, as was his wont when he expected them there. The blind man heard the advancing step and kindly welcome, as he came forward to the chancel, and the sound of other voices in the loft above them.

"Make it real; it is all a dream," he said, and they knelt down together for their pastor's blessing, for he knew all that was in their hearts, and that henceforth the chant of thanksgiving would come from the innermost depths of Richard Langdon's soul—

"Who crowneth me with mercy and loving kindness."

AN UNDERGROUND RIVER IN OHIO.—A GREAT NATURAL CURIOSITY.—It is not generally known that there exists, about a mile west of Fremont, a remarkable underground stream, with a swift current, and an outlet above the surface of the ground this side of Lake Erie. It was discovered several years ago on a farm north of the Four Mile House, now owned by widow Sheffer, by a man who was returning from a day's chopping in the woods. In walking over a slightly sunken place, he noticed a hollow sound and turning, struck the ground with his axe. The axe broke through and disappeared and never has been heard from since. Further investigations showed a rock about six feet below the surface, with a crevice a foot or more wide, in which water could be seen several feet below.—By tracing its course further down and breaking through the crust, the same phenomenon appeared again, and by dropping a piece of wood or other floating substance in the upper aperture, it was soon seen to pass the lower one, showing a strong current. A lead and line, let down to the depth of seventy feet, found no bottom.—The supply of water is only slightly effected by drouth, and a pump set up in one of the places above mentioned, has furnished the purest water to the whole neighborhood during the late dry season. It is certainly quite a remarkable stream.—*Fremont (O.) Journal.*

BEAUTIES OF SHADOWS.—The shadows all day long play at silent games of beauty. Everything is double, if it stands in light. The tree sees an unrevealed and muffled self lying darkly along the ground. The slender stems of flowers, golden rods, wayside asters, meadow daisies and rare lilies, (rare yet abundant in every nice level meadow) cast forth a dim and tremulous line of shadow, that lies along all the morning, shortening till noon, and creeping out again from the root all the afternoon until the sun shoots it as far eastward in the evening as the sun shot it westward in the morning. A million shadowy arrows such as these spring from Apollo's golden bow of light at every step. Flying in every direction, they cross, interlacing each other in a soft network of dim lines. Meanwhile, the clouds draw shadow-like anchors, that reach the ground, but will not hold; every browsing creature, every flitting bird, every flitting bird, every moving team, every unconscious traveler, writes itself along the ground in dim shadow.

CHEERFULNESS AND MOROSENESS.—If we are cheerful and contented, all nature smiles at us; the air seems more balmy, the sky more clear, the ground a brighter green, the trees have a richer foilage, the flowers a more fragrant smell, the birds sing more sweetly, and the sun, moon, and stars appear more beautiful.—We take our food with relish, and whatever it may be, it pleases us.—We feel better for it—stronger and lovelier, and fit for exertion. Now what happens to us if we are ill-tempered and discontented? Why, there is nothing which can please us. We quarrel with our food, with our dress, with our amusements, with our companions, and with ourselves. Nothing comes right for us; the weather is either too hot or too cold, too dry or too damp. Neither sun, nor moon, nor stars have any beauty the fields are barren, the flowers are lustreless, and the birds silent. We move about like some evil spirit, neither loving nor beloved by anything.

THERE was a dry old fellow out in Jefferson county, in this State who called one day on the member of Congress elect. The family were at breakfast, and the old man was not in a decent trim to be invited to sit by; but he was hungry, and determined to get an invitation.

"What's the news?" inquired the Congressman.

"Nothing much, but one of my neighbors gave his child such a queer name."

"Ah! and what name was that?"

"Why Come and Eat."

The name was so peculiar that it was repeated.

"*Come and Eat?*"

"Yes, thank you," said the old man, "I don't care if I do," and drew up to the table.

HOW PORK IS PACKED AND CURED.—The Cincinnati *Enquirer* says: Although this city has received a world-renowned reputation for superior pork packing facilities, very few of our citizens understand the *modus operandi* pursued in this business.—Chancing to drop in the packing house of Messrs. Beninger, Ireland & Bailey, yesterday afternoon, a firm who did their own killing, we witnessed the whole process, and propose to give a detail of each branch of the business. The hogs are driven through a schute into a small box some twenty feet square; a stout chap then enters the pen with a hammer, and proceeds to kill those inside by crushing in the skull, and so experienced have they become that generally one blow suffices to kill the stoutest animal. The gate is then opened, and a couple of men with long hooks haul them on a slated platform, where another chap cuts their throats; sometimes operating on a dozen without getting blood on the knife. Another gang rolls them into a large vat filled with boiling water, where they are kept until the hair will pull off from the ears, after which they are raised out of the vat by a contrivance resembling a cradle, and deposited on the bench, where they are cleaned in an incredibly short time, and lifted on a revolving pivot, from which after being rinsed down, they are hung up until the animal warmth hav left the carcass. They are then carried on to a large block and cut up, each part being separated and placed in a pile to itself. The trimmings are thrown into the yard pile, and the ribs are sold to the citizens living in the vicinity, and every day the pork houses are crowded as thick as the public markets. After the meat has been properly cured and salted it is pickled in suitable casks ready for shipment to any point on receipt of orders.

CONCEIT.—Hardly anything is more contemtible than the conceit, which rests merely upon social position—the conceit of those who imagine they are divorced from the clay of common men, of those who shrink with horror from the idea of work, as something which degrades by its very contact, and yet who, very likely, owe their present position to some not remote ancestor, who, recognizing his call to work, lived more honestly in the world than they do, and was not ashamed of soiled thumbs. It is one of the meanest things for people to be ashamed of the work from which they draw their income, and which glorified their ancestors more with their soiled aprons and black gowns than themselves with their fine ribbons and flashing jewelry. It might be a fine thing to be like the lilies, more gloriously clothed than Solomon, and doing nothing, if we were only lilies. Advantageous position is only a more emphatic call to work; and while those who hold the advantage may not be compelled to manual drudgery, they should recognize the fact that manual drudgery may be performed in the same spirit as that which characterizes their own work, and therefore that is equally honorable.

ONLY A PEBBLE.—Only a pebble! Oh, man, that stone which you thrust so contemptuously out of your way, is older than all else on this earth.—When the waters under heaven were gathered together unto one place, that pebble was there. Who can tell us the story of those first days, when the earth was in sore travail, her heaving bosom belched forth torrents of fire, vast avalanches of hissing, seething water, and volums of deadly vapors? When glowing blazing streams of lava threw a blood-red glare on the silent, lifeless earth; and amid a trembling and thundring that shook the firmament, a thousand volcanoes at once lifted up their firey heads, when out of the foaming waters there rose suddenly the rocky foundations, of firm land, and greeted the light that God had created? That pebble was Life's first offspring on earth. The spirit of God moved on the water, and life was breathed in the very gases that were hid in the heart of the vapory globe. They parted in love, they parted in hate; they fled and they met. Atom joined atom; loving sisters kissed each other; and this love, the great child of the Spirit on each, brought forth its first fruit, the pebble.

FADING ROYALITY.—Queen Victoria, it appears, is fast losing her popularity with the English people. She is now commonly spoken of by persons of all ranks, and of very different political views, in language which contrasts most painfully with the terms in which we Americans have for years been accustomed to allude to a Queen whom we had been taught to regard as a "model of the domestic virtues." If the Prince of Wales was capable of forming a political party, Marborough House might very well now become what Leicester House used to be in the days of George II, and Frederic—a "pouting place for princess." But the Prince of Wales has no hold of his own on any party, perhaps none on any party, perhaps none on any class in England; and if the cloud which at present unquestionably rests over the Queen darkness instead of being dispersed, the Prince is at least as likely to pay the penalty of his mother's loss of influence as he is to redeem the monarchy from that "disrepute" which in our days kings can only brave at the cost of their crowns.

THERE'S our grandmother, says a cotemporary, a striking instance why woman should vote. She's paid taxes on a dog for the last 10 years, and now declares she won't stand it any longer—she'll either vote or kill the dog!

HAD THE SYMPTOMS, BUT NOT THE DISEASE.—The Janesville *Gazette* tells the following good one of Lute Taylor, of the Prescott *Journal*:

Last winter Lute was travelling in the Stage with a party of gentlemen, among whom was a noted Democratic politician from Minnesota, now a candidate for a State office. The day was intensely cold and the company were obliged to stop occasionally to warm up. Halting at a little inn by the roadside, the Democrat invited Lute up to take a drink of whisky, to which he readily assented, and as Lute was both thirsty and cold, he turned out a pretty stiff "horn," swallowed it instanter and repaired at once to the stove to thaw out. Lute's free and easy style suited the Democrat to a dot, and after freely imbibing himself, he walked up to Lute and said: "I'll bet any man ten dollars that you are a good Democrat."

As Lute is an awful radical, this touched his pride and he replied in his usual stammering style: "I-I advise you n-not to bet more m-m-money than you wish to lose. I acknowledge I h-h-have all the symptoms, but not the d-d-disease."

FORGIVENESS.—Imagine that you saw some malefactor led along to the place of execution wailing and weeping for his misspent time, for his bloody acts, for his heinous crimes; and that his wailings and weepings were so bitter that they were able to force tears from others, and to make all eyes shoot and water that did but look upon him. But then, if this man, in this case, should suddenly see his king running and riding toward him with a pardon in his hand, what a sight would this be! Surely, none like it. Thus it is with man; sorrowing and repenting for sin, whilst he is weeping over the sadness of his condition, and confessing what a little stop there is betwixt him and damnation, as if he were even dropping into hell). In amaze he looks up unto Christ, whom he sees with a spear in his side, with thorns in his head, with nails in his feet, indeed—a most pleasant, ravishing, heavenly sight—such as not all the rich and curious sight on earth, nor all those glittering spangles in Heaven, could afford the like.—*Isaac Ambrose.*

STRIKE THE KNOT.—"Strike the knot!" said a gentleman to his son, who, tired and weary, was leaning on his axe over a log which he had in vain been trying to cleave. Then looking at the log, the gentleman saw how the boy had hacked and chiped all around the knot without hitting it. Taking the axe he struck a few sharp blows on the knot, and split the log without difficulty. Smiling handed the axe to his son, saying:

"Always strike the knot!"

That was good advice. It is good for you, children, as it was for the boy to whom it was given. It is a It is a capital maxim to follow when you are in trouble. Have you a hard sum to do at school? Are you leaving home to live for the first time? Strike the knot! Look your trouble in the eye, as the bold lion hunter looks in the face of a lion. Never shrik from a painful duty, but step right up to it and do it. Yes strike the knot! Strike the knot, boys and girls, and you will always conquer your difficulties.

DANCING THEIR RAG OFF.—Two unsophisticated country lasses visited Niblo's recently to see the "Black Crook." When the short skirted, gossamer nymphs made their appearance on the stage they became restless and fidgety. "Oh, Annie!" exclaimed one, *sotto voice.* "Well Mary?" "It ain't nice. I don't like it." "Hush." "I don't care. It ain't and I wonder aunt brought us to such a place." "Hush, Mary. The folks will laugh at you." After one or two flings and a pirouts, the blushing Mary said: "Oh, Annie, let's go—it ain't nice, and I don't feel comfortable." "Do hush, Mary," replied the sister, whose own face was scarlet, though it wore an air of determination. "It's the first time I ever was at a theatre, and I suppose it will be the last; so I am just going to stay it out, if they dance evry rag off their backs!"

FUN, FACTS AND FACETIÆ.

A correspondent writing from Brazil says that the ladies, on being introduced to a stranger, insist on being embraced.—Ho, for Brazil!

A philosopher has discovered that men don't object to be overrated, except by the assessors.

ONE boasting to Aristotle of the greatness of his country—"That," said Aristotle, "is