The Bradford Reporter.

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

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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.

	1 Year.	6 mo.	3 mo.
One Column,	$100	$60	$40
Half "	60	35	25
One Square,	15	10	7½

Estray, Caution, Lost and Found, and other advertisements, not exceeding 10 lines, three weeks, or less.....$1 50
Administrator's & Executor's Notices..2 00
Auditor's Notices.....2 50
Business Cards, five lines, (per year)..5 00

Merchants and others, advertising their business, will be charged $25. They will be entitled to ¼ column, confined exclusively to their business, with privilege of quarterly changes.

☞ 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.

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 Octobe at 7½ p. m., from October to April at 6½ p. m.
J. S. CARNEY, Sec'y.
April 23, 1867.

WARD HOUSE, TOWANDA, PA.
On Main Street, near the Court House.
C. T. SMITH, Proprietor.
Oct. 3, 1866.

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.
ALVORD & BARBER.
S. W. ALVORD. F. B. 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!
A. T. DAVIDSON,
Respectfully announces to the public that he has opened a Tailor Shop in Burlington Boro' and will cut and make Men and Boys Garments in the most substantial and Fashionable manner. CUTTING done on short notice and on reasonable terms.
Particular attention given to Cleaning and Repairing Clothes of all kinds.
Burlington, Sept. 3, 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.

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, makes is house a desirable one, through which to make collections.
G. F. MASON,
Towanda, Oct. 1, 1866. 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 & Rosenfield's Clothing Store, Mercur's Block.
Towanda, Nov. 16, 1867.

JEWELRY STORE AT DUSHORE
A. YOUNG,
Informs the citizens of Sullivan county that he has opened a Jewelry Store, in the building opposite Welles & Ackley's store, Dushore, where he will keep on hand an assortment of
JEWELRY, WATCHES, AND CLOCKS,
Which will be sold as low as at any other place in the country. Particular attention paid to Watch and Clock Repairing.
☞ Give me a call, as many years' experience will enable me to give satisfaction.
Dushore, Oct. 9, 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, world respectfully call the attention of the public to several styles of Pictures which we make specialties, as: Solar Photographs, Plain, Pencilled and Colored, Opaltypes, Porcelain Pictures, &c., which we claim for clearness and brilliancy of tone and Artistic finish, can *not be excelled*. We invite all to examine them 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 Passepartouts, Card frames, Card Easels, Holmes' Stereoscopes, Stereoscopic Views, and everything else of importance pertaining to the business. Give us an early call.
N. B.—Solar Printing for the trade on the most reasonable terms.
D. HARDING,
Aug. 29, '67. F. SMALLEY.

THE FIRST NATIONAL!
The First National Blacksmith Shop of Camptown, Pa., has this day declared a dividend on Horse Shoeing of 25 per cent., to be equally divided among customers, owing to the favorable patronage received in the past year. We are prepared to shoe your horses with shoes made from the best of N. Y. iron, on short notice, and we guarantee to your entire satisfaction, as we warrant all work at this shop.—Farmers and others from a distance will find it to their advantage to call at this shop, which they will find on Mech ic Street, between C. Avery's store and the Academy Building.
JOSEPH P. LEE.
Camptown, Nov. 20, 1867.—3m.

AUCTION AND COMMISSION
STORE!
MOE & CRANMER,
Permanently located in the south end of the Ward House. Goods sold on commission. Advances made on consignments. Regular sales Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays. All outside sales promptly attended to by
A. R. MOE, Auctioneer.
Address Towanda or Monroeton.
Jan. 13, 1868.—3m.4d.

BREAKFAST, DINING, EXTENSION, and Parlor Tables, at FROST'S.

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's, 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.
D. W. PATRICK, ap13 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.

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.—6m

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' 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, d12 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 Rural Architecture, such as laying out of grounds, &c., &c. April 1, 1867.—1y.

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. B. 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.—y1.

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 satisfaction in their department. Particular attention given to repairing clocks, watches and jewelry.
Towanda, Oct. 21, 1867.—3m*

Selected Poetry.

THE OUTCAST.
BY VELINA R. ROSE.

The mows are heaped with sweet, new-gathered hay,
It hides the rafters and the swallows' nest;
Long, waving lines of yellow sunshine play
Across the old man's breast.

Among the shining straw his fingers twist;
Beneath the grizzled hair his eyes grow bleared;
So heavily he draws his breath, I wist
It scarcely stirs his beard.

There is a handbreath of September sky
That looks upon him from the broken roof;
He sees the clouds like ships go sailing by,
The sunset's rainbow woof.

For him, one star with steady lustre burns,
And nightly shrouds his way-worn feet with light;
The steel-blue swallows, when the morn returns,
Toward it take their flight.

Sometimes he hears the feet of autumn rain
Go up and down, along the shingles old;
He hears the farmers whistling in the lane,
The black-birds in the wold.

Threescore the years for him since life began,
"Threescore," he whispers huskily,
"threescore,"
And has a dream of laughing boys, who ran
Along a shelly shore.

Fond lips grew tremulous with tender words
For him, but that was many years ago;
All day, among his jasmines, humming birds
Went whirring to and fro.

Ah, well-a-day, then followed sin and shame;
They filched the peace and glory from his days;
He fled, to hide him from his evil name
In dreamy country ways!

The brindle heifer stands within her stall
And watches him, with mutely pitying eyes;
A mournful cricket pipes upon the wall;
How still the old man lies!

The blue-winged jays are singing at the door
Among the sumach torches kindling red:
Still lies his breath beneath the beard so hoar—
Hush, the old man is dead!

Selected Tale.

PLAIN ELIZABETH.

It was always a mystery to me why there should be such a marked difference between two children of the same parents as there was between Elvira and myself. But nature, tho' frequently called to account for such freaks, has never given any satisfactory explanations, and the human face is not a thing calculated to make experiments upon. The thistle, under all possible care and culture, will not change into a rose.

The Nelsons and Trevenors, as far back as could be remembered, were celebrated for their physical beauty; and that added additional mystery to my case, and was probably the reason why I was christened Elizabeth.

We all know how suggestive a name is, and there was nothing about mine calculated to arouse the imagination. It was plain and uncompromising. No one ever thought of calling me Lily, or Lizzie even; that would have destroyed my individuality altogether.

It must have been a source of great delight to my parents, when another daughter was given them, with all the fairness of face and beauty of form which had been the especial pride of their ancestors. It made amends for all the disappointment they felt in me: for among the earliest of my recollections are the remarks of the visitors, who would contrast, with a never-to-be-forgotten emphasis, on the adverb, "How very pretty!"—and "How very plain!" I remember the lighting up of mamma's face, and the answering reflection from the baby's, whose pink and white loveliness seemed not made for contact with the world.

Aunt Trevenor, my mother's relative, lived some fifteen miles from us on a large estate—the "bonne bouche," for which many a mouth was watering. She lived entirely alone, as far as companionship went, for she was too proud to associate with those beneath her, and her servants were too well drilled to venture beyond their proper sphere. I never saw any one so independent and self-reliant, as Aunt Trevenor. She had not even a cat, or dog, to pet or keep her company; and her heart must have become as petrified and yellow as the gold she idolized—for if there was anything she loved, it was money. It cost an immense amount to keep the estate in order, and her pride extended to everything connected with the name of Trevenor.—I suppose that was the reason why she never married, as "Miss Trevenor, of Trevenors," was a title of too much distinction to be relinquished for plain Mrs. Somebody or other.

The fame of my little sister's beauty must have gone abroad, though fifteen miles was no great distance; for when she was three, and I was six years old, there was a wonderful stir in the household, and a general furnishing up, for Aunt Trevenor had actually condescended to visit one of the name who had so far disgraced herself as to marry a Nelson, who had nothing to recommend him but his good looks.

The baby—for she was a doll of a thing—had never been named; but was called Pink, Posey, Angel, Pet and Darling, to the extent of the calendar, though never having the limits of our affection. Mother looked upon it as a special interposition of Providence, as with a flutter of pride and anxiety she put the little beauty in her aunt's lap, and christened it "her namesake." Miss Trevenor's cheek blushed at the compliment, for she well knew the advantages of a handsome face in a woman, and kissing Elvira Trevenor Nelson, which mother said was as good as a legacy, any day, and inviting us all to Trevenor, the stately lady rustled her satin dress through the hall, and disappeared among the cushions of the shining coach, which mother declared had been the envy and admiration of the neighborhood.

Fortunately the call was short, and by the time the rumble of the wheels had left our ears, the quiet of the place was restored. Only in our own house was the event talked of and commented upon; and its effect was felt in the nursery, kitchen and parlor.

I don't think my father or mother hated me, although they were very indifferent to my well-being; but they lavished so much extra care on Elvira, to my entire neglect, that if I had been a sensitive child it would have killed me.

Once a month we spent the day with Aunt Elvira at Trevenor. I could not tell what sort of a reception she gave to her relatives, who owed their forgiveness entirely to beauty, for as soon as my feet touched the ground, I was off wherever my fancy led me, only coming to the house for my meals, which were served me in the kitchen, as I paid no regard to the hour of my returning.—The estate was large, and I explored every nook and corner in it, until I might have ventured through it blindfolded, without running any risk of falling into fish-ponds or ravines. I did enjoy rude health, a sort of compensation for an unattractive face, and if I did not win the admiration of the world, I had learned to scorn it; I had formed an acquaintance with nature, and preferred the society of birds and inanimate things. They would not wound me with cold looks, nor tell me how very plain I was.

I would have liked Elvira for a companion in my wanderings, but she was watched so carefully, and dressed so exquisitely, that a walk up and down the piazza was all that could be ventured on. If I attempted to transgress the rules, and escape with my (not too willing) companion, a rap on the window, or a sudden exclamation, would cause me to turn and deposit my precious charge in a place of safety, where her delicate bloom would not be injured by exposure, nor her delicate robes suffer from contact with an impure soil.

She was a picture to look at; one that, no matter what the surroundings, could not lightly be passed by; but to those who saw the golden frame in which she was to be set, how inexpressibly beautiful she became!

Thus we grew, not together, for no sisters were more completely estranged; she with her handsome expectations, and I with nothing to look forward to; for, what prospects can possibly illuminate the future of a girl with a plain face, and no expectations whatever?

I don't think I ever built an air-castle—how could I?—but I led a contented, matter-of-fact sort of a life, and was satisfied if I got thro' the day without a quarrel with Vira; for we never could agree—our natures were so different.

We lived in a manufacturing place; and father was the owner of the largest flouring-mill in it. He did a good business, and we lived in a style that was comfortable, without being calculated to make any one envious.

I was sixteen when Aunt Trevenor was taken with such a severe attack of rheumatism as to confine her to her room, and our regular family visit was, of necessity, postponed. It was all I ever looked forward to, and I felt the disappointment keenly; so I persuaded father to drive to Trevenor with me, and leave me in charge of the house-maid. It was a bold move for me, and only my plain looks saved me from the imputation of being a fortune-hunter. But it won favor at last; and I was never more happy in my life than when I stepped out of the carriage before the Trevenor mansion, and felt free to do as I liked.

I introduced myself in the kitchen, among my old acquaintances, that they might know I was on hand for whatever was good in their department. Afterward I went singing through the great hallway, and up the wide staircase, dropping my voice as I neared aunt's door. She was all alone, in a great room, warmed by a blazing wood-fire, whose rays leaped over and under the couch on which she lay, and yet left her always in shadow.

"What are you doing here?" she asked, in her deep, gruff voice, as I opened the door softly and peeped in.

"I was so lonesome," I answered, closing the door behind me, and coming nearer to her.

"Lonesome! You don't look as though you knew the meaning of the word. But you will find out if you stay here long," and she sighed.

"Oh, may I stay? I am always happy here!"

"Stay, and welcome. Why didn't you bring Elvira?"

"Mother was afraid you might be troubled." I did not dare to say that her favorite had no inclination to come, nor mention how unwillingly consent had been granted to me. It was only fondness for the place, not the society of the owner, that had prompted the desire on my part; and I think she knew it. However, we got along well together; she was independent, and so was I, and the visit was extended to weeks then months—and I never went home at all.

Mother's health was infirm at this time, and nothing had proved so beneficial in similar cases as the climate of the south of France. Accordingly, father sold out his property and business, and made arrangements for a trip to Europe. Aunt Trevenor approved of the plan, and made it feasible by taking charge of Elvira, and retaining me—who had already become part of her household. I would have gone as mamma's maid rather than have missed the sights of the Old World; but the family pride would not admit of this.

Aunt Trevenor's rheumatism improved when Spring inaugurated warmer days, and she was able to take us out driving, and interested herself in our amusements, more than I ever thought she was capable of doing. It was a study to watch her face as we drove through the town, in the suburbs of which stood her estate, as her keen eyes took in the expressions of admiration bestowed on the fair girl beside her. I used to look at Elvira myself and wonder if all that beauty was real; if it would vanish from our eyes, as some light cloud we had watched at sunsetting. But not more real and tangible was her beauty than the pride—the old Trevenor pride—which might not have been my sister's had they given her any other name. Was it her fault that it had been fostered since her birth; that wealth and station had been held up as prizes for beauty to win? Having come into possession of the one, the others were a natural consequence. So she honored her teachers by believing.

I was always on the lookout for some fine bit of scenery, for which the country was remarkable, and the notes of admiration fell unheeded on my ear; not so however the tramp of a coming steed, which I felt sure, by a sort of spiritual magnetism, was bringing good or evil to us. Horse and rider came in sight, passed our carriage, and turned, faced Aunt Trevenor, whose right hand was extended in greeting, while her left signaled the coachman to stop.

He was a Trevenor. We knew that before he was introduced, and we judged he was an especial favorite by aunt's ordering the carriage home and bidding our cavalier to follow.—We were two unsophisticated girls, Vira and I, and knew nothing of society, and the idea of being thrown into the company of such a splendid-looking man as Gilbert Trevenor, quite took away our breaths, and sent a thrill of pleasure to our hearts. How we did enjoy the days that succeeded this interruption of our usual quiet! After the first excitement of his return had passed over—for he had been in his distant lands for many years—Aunt Trevenor kindly gave him into our keeping, and retired to her wonted seclusion.

There was something exquisitely enjoyable about those walks and drives, which we three took in company—something so strangely at variance with our accustomed routine of daily life—that Elvira and I were fairly intoxicated by it. Neither of us realized the danger we were in.—If Aunt Trevenor cared, why did she not warn us?

Elvira's sweet face seemed to take on a new beauty; and I could see Gilbert's heart in his eyes, as he sat watching her as she spoke, or looked pensively away into the far future. For she had dreams.

We had but little opportunity to confide in each other; and in fact there was little desire on my sister's part, as she had inherited all the peculiarities of the Trevenors, and secretiveness was not the least of them. Gilbert was as kind and attentive to me as to Elvira, when we were together; but one evening I had a revelation.

I had been busy all day writing up accounts for my aunt, who had yielded that duty to me, since her infirmities prevented her attending to them, and at night I was too weary to sleep. The whole multiplication table seemed to have entered into a conspiracy to rob me of my slumbers and the figures had joined a demon dance, resisting every attempt to bring them to order. There was a method in their madness most aggravating; and in a terrible effort to drive them out of my thoughts, I aroused to the consciousness of the sound of a human voice. It was low, and delicately modulated—my sister's voice, beyond a doubt. Only she and I slept on that side of the house.

I stepped softly to the window and listened. Too well also I recognized the tones of the deep bass voice, as every word smote my heart like a barbed arrow, and I sank to the floor lost to everything but a sense of my own misery. Why did I not discover this before? Why had the days gone by, in such a bewildering blaze of beauty as to leave me unconscious of my position, and in danger of complete shipwreck? Never before had I realized the power of beauty, and while I strove to overcome my bitter feelings of disappointment the cry of agony would burst through every prayer. Unloved and unlovely!—Could a greater curse fall upon any human being?

But in the silence and solitude of my own room, I buried whatever hopes had budded in the beauty of that summer.

I sat with Aunt Trevenor all the next day, and resisted all her appeals to join Gilbert and Elvira. I used every plea that ever a woman invented when her inclination was against submission, and tried to appear unconscious, although I felt the keen eyes of my aunt piercing through the very joints of my armor. I even took my meals with her, as arrangement she evidently enjoyed, slight continued from that forth. But I was paid for every sacrifice, for I loved my sister, and the brightness of her face was such that a glory seemed to cover it; and when I considered how incapacitated she was for anything else, I thought it was God's will that she should be forever shrined in the tenderest depths of a strong and loving heart.

Still there was the restlessness of uncertainty in my heart; and those early autumn days were a fitting type of the desolation that waited on the steps of Time.

Of course my aunt could not fail to discern how matters stood; and one morning she broached the subject in her quick, significant way.—"Elizabeth, it ought not to be! I was a fool! You should have told me!"

"I? Aunt Trevenor."

"Yes, you. There is something wrong. I feel it. But you shall be righted, Elizabeth."

In what way, I wondered, for if Aunt Elvira knew anything of woman's pride—and she did, I was certain—she could not imaging that I would accept the hand of any man whose heart was another's. Gilbert was her only nephew, and it was an understood thing that he was to be her heir, and I thought how well my handsome sister would adorn the stately dwelling, when its stern, cold mistress had passed away.

Strong natures break suddenly; and with scarcely a moments warning, Aunt Trevenor was seized with a violent illness, and expired in my arms before the physician arrived.—Short, sharp, and decisive. Such had been the character of her life, and thus suddenly it ended. She looked up in my face, with more love in her eyes than I had ever supposed lodged in her heart, and whispered, "I never promised," drew herself closer to my breast, and was gone.

My senses were so benumbed by the blow, that I had only a faint recollection of what transpired up to the reading of the will, in which I took very little interest, except on Elvira's account. But I was unprepared for the *denouement*, which proved me to be heiress of Trevenor! Gilbert and Elvira, conjointly with their mother, being left with legacies sufficient to keep them above want for the remainder of their lives.

Gilbert was the first to congratulate me, and astonished me by an unlooked for display of disinterested generosity.

Before matters were fairly adjusted, word came that the steamer that was bringing my dear parents home, had foundered at sea; and in this greater sorrow, I forgot the lesser grief.

I own to a feeling of delight when the disposition of my aunt's wealth was made known, for I determined that a generous heart should pay the debt of a homely face, and the plans I had formed on a sure foundation, as I thought had proved to be castles in the air.

Trevenor must be my home henceforth; but Elvira should be no less a sharer in its beauty and bounty.—Gilbert ceased to be a guest, when I became hostess; but removed himself to comfortable quarters in the neighborhood, and we saw him daily. Everything went on as usual, for I had learned many of my aunt's ways.

Poor Elvira! She did not feel the disappointment as keenly as my mother would have done; and to her, wealth had proved itself scarcely equivalent to love, though her tastes were such as to require a handsome competency. I understood now what Aunt Trevenor meant by saying that she had "not promised."

Gilbert's manner vexed me; it was both deferential and depreciating.—If I had not already formed so good an opinion of him, I should have felt suspicious; for I had not such an exalted opinion of the sex, in general, as not to know what money would do, weighed in the scale against beauty.

It came at last—that eventful morning—when I discovered the treachery of the man's heart. Elvira had complained of a headache, and retired to her room. I sat in the parlor, drumming over some familiar airs on the piano, which had become sadly out of tune for want of use.

"I am glad to find you in this mood," said a voice at my elbow.

"Why so?" I asked, still running my fingers over the keys.

"You are thoughtful, and tender, and I know you will listen to me."

"I deny the soft impeachment, though I promise to be all ears," I replied, laughing.

"Give me your heart instead, Elizabeth;" he said, with passionate vehemence; "you must have seen it was that I wanted."

I think my face must have looked the impersonation of all the passions combined, as I turned on the piano-stool to meet Gilbert Trevenor face to face.

"It is you I want, Elizabeth. Your avoidance of me has but strengthened my regard. From the first I admired your character, and Aunt Trevenor knew it."

This must have been what she meant when she expressed her sentiments in regard to the attachment between Gilbert and Elvira. I relented a little, and grew less stony while my lover continued his pleading; oh; forgive me. If I yielded to his ardent protestations, and for a while forgot everything but the luxury of being loved.

When he left me I went to my room, flushed with the glory of the new beauty; and my mirror reflected the character it had always had in my estimation, by reflecting the beautiful face of Elizabeth Nelson.

Does love make us all selfish for a time? I think so, for I scarcely thought of Elvira during the remainder of the day. I sat by my window at twilight, looking across the fields to my own property, and the woods, sacred to those early walks with Gilbert—and wondered that I had been so reconciled to my fate, when I discovered that no heart beat responsive to my own. What unmistakable bliss is there in loving and being loved!

If for me, why not for others, and I looked up at the stars that were breaking through the blue, and prayed that there might shine in upon every heart, this radiance, so akin to heaven. Then I thought of Elvira—and a sharper pang overcame the ecstacy of the moment. Was I a true sister? Could I so wreck her happiness, and have her curse me forever?—No, no!—God forbid! And there, on the very spot where I had made the sacrifice some months before, I again renounced my hopes, and reburied them. Not without tears and agony almost insupportable; but pride had conquered love before my day, and should duty be less valiant?

As soon as I could command myself I penned a note to Gilbert, and left it on the piano, where he would be sure to see it when he called later in the evening.

Elvira was able to join me at supper, and I thought I had never seen her look more beautiful and more *spirituelle*. My own face was one that seldom betrayed the heart by change of expression or color; but those who have passed through the same trial, know what the effort to control my feelings cost me.

That night I did not sleep. I thot I heard voices outside my window, but I would not listen. I was glad when morning came, that I might resume my duties, and find in employment some escape from the pressure of disappointment. I waited breakfast for Elvira, but she did not make her appearance. It was nothing unusual, as she was subject to attacks of sick-headache, and frequently kept her room for several days. But some premonition of evil drew me thither, and there I learned the perfidy of those whose love had made the fragrance of these latter days. It was all swept away now, and a desert where nothing grew that could charm my solitude, seemed to stretch out to life's horizon.

At this time of trial I took Ann Gray, the housekeeper, into my confidence; and she, good, faithful creature, stood my friend as well as counselor. How impoverished I was, to be obliged to seek sympathy from one so far beneath me in social position! But it did me good, and in this particular I differ from my aunt; though in other respects I felt as though her mantle had fallen upon me. I visited among the poor people of Trevenor, and made friends in many an humble home.

Three years passed by, and I never heard from my sister; though I frequently conjectured her fate—for I now believe Gilbert Trevenor to be capable of any villainy.

Ann Gray kept her eyes and ears open, and if the gossips of the place had let slip any loop of knowledge, she would have seized upon it at once.

I had often been haunted with visions of my early home, and the desire to visit Pemberton; so one pleasant day in June, I ordered the coachman to turn the horses' heads in that direction.

I was anxious to see how the place looked to me after so long an absence; but instead of feeling a revival of youthful emotions, as I neared my birthplace, I was only conscious of the terrible change that time had wrought for it and me. I returned from my drive, weary and dispirited, and retired to my room, to gaze on the pictures that gleamed so vividly from the walls of memory.

Ann came to my room very early the next morning, her face and figure bulletining "very important news!"

"If you please, miss—it's awful! I can't tell it!" and the good woman sank into the nearest chair, and buried her face in her apron.

"Ann!" I exclaimed, in a voice so unnatural I hardly recognized it as my own; "is it anything about my sister?"

"It is, miss," she replied; endeavoring to control her sobs.

"Then think of my anxiety and try to be calm."

"I will, miss; but, oh if you had seen her."

"Seen her! Have you seen her?" I almost shrieked, grasping her by the arm. My own passion hushed hers; and I listened with my heart in my ears, to what she had to tell.

"I was down to Mrs. Morse's yesterday for a moment and she mentioned having been to see a sick lady who had been brought to Mrs. Runyon's. She said it was enough to make one's heart ache just to see her, and so young and so beautiful. Her saying that made me feel all in a quiver, and I stopped in at Mrs. Runyon's on my way back. Oh! Miss, Elizabeth, it was a sorry sight. Her hair was as white as the driven snow, and her eyes like two balls of fire. She looked at me and seemed to want to recognise me, but couldn't. I haven't closed my eyes all night for wanting to tell you as soon I could this morning."

"Order the close carriage; we will bring her home." I said in a hoarse whisper.

Ann threw her arms about my waist, and mistress and maid wept in sympathy!

We brought her back, delirious as she was, laid her on her own bed, in her own room, where nothing had been disturbed since she treated so lightly my jealousy of every moment that she received the care of strangers.

For days and weeks we tended her with unremitting devotion, but it was to be hopeless care on our almost hopeless patient.

For a while the events of the past few years were completely blotted from her memory, and she talked of the happy days of her childhood, when her mother was living, and of her father's fondness for her, and how he would take her on his knee, and call her his pet lamb, and his little prattler, and how he would tell her stories of the good people who lived in the moss-covered cottage down in the valley, and how they would come out and dance on the green when she was asleep, and how they would hide from her the ugly people who were coming to take her away to their dark home in the mountains, if she was not a good girl. Then she would ask us if we knew why her father had left her so long alone in the world, when she was so lonely and had no one to love her as he had done, and why her mother had left her, when she had promised never to leave her little girl, and why we had come to take her away from her home, when she was happy there, and had never done any thing to make us angry with her, and why we looked so sorrowfully upon her, when she was so happy and had no sin on her soul to make her feel as we looked. But with the rain she became quiet, and could sit by the window and enjoy the delicious breezes that swept through the woods, and over the flowers until they were filled with fragrant odors, she seemed to gather up the links of her broken thought, and fit them again to her past life.

I watched her that she did not grow morbid, and carried her into all my plans, taking her feel that she had a part in them, and she began, insensibly, to manifest an interest in them, trifling enough though they were.

"Elizabeth," she said to me one afternoon, when the shadows were heavy, and I could not see the expression of her face, "Elizabeth, have you really forgiven me?"

"I had nothing to forgive," I replied, carelessly.

"You had, though I did not realize it, until it was *too late*. I wish you had told me."

"What was there to tell, Elvira. Don't distress yourself needlessly."

He—she never mentioned his name—he told me you was trying to win him; were artful and designing; and I, fearful of losing him, listened to his proposal to leave you without a word of explanation. It was cruel—I always wanted to return to see you; but he would not let me. I was young and giddy, and he extravagant. He cursed me, because I refused to beg money from one we had both wronged, and said but for my pretty face he would have been master of Trevenor. Elizabeth! thank God, your face has brought you no such anguish as mine!"

Our tears filled the silence, until Ann came in to light the lamp, when Elvira would have continued, but I hushed her; the recollections were to painful for both. We laid the memory of the past away, as one may lay the blood-stained armor worn in battle, reverently, and with tears, never desiring to gaze upon it, or recall those scenes which were marked with death and desolation.

My sister's white hair—her crown of suffering, which added to, rather than detracted from her beauty was to me a constant reminder of the agony she had passed through.

Aunt Trevenor must have known her nephew's habits, and felt averse to to having her property squandered by one who had so little pride in the name he bore. Why she did not leave it to Elvira, must ever remain a mystery. I know it was not love alone that prompted its bestowal on me, but diplomacy as well, for she doubtless read the destiny written on the face of "plain Elizabeth."

She knew that I was too independent to ask favors of others, and she made it unnecessary. I thank her for it; and I thank God he has made it possible for me to do the good deeds my heart dictates.

I do not care to know the fate of Gilbert Trevenor, though there is a satisfaction in thinking that "the mills of the gods grind slowly;" and for the injury he has done my sister, I hope and pray that he may be pursued by a Nemesis as unrelenting as fate, till he shall repent of his great sin, and find forgiveness of God.

FUN AT HOME.

Don't be afraid of a little fun at home, good people! Don't shut up your houses least the sun should fade your carpets; and your hearts, least a hearty laugh shake down some of the musty old cobwebs there. If you want to ruin your sons, let them think that all mirth and social enjoyment must be left on the threshold without when they come home at night. When once home if regarded only as a place to eat and drink and sleep in, the work is begun that ends in gambling houses and reckless degredation. Young people must have fun and relaxation some where; if they do not find it at their own hearthstones, it will be sought at other and less profitable places. Therefore, let the fire burn brightly at night, and make the homestead delightful with these little arts that parents understand.—Don't repress the buoyant spirit of your children. Half an hour of merriment round the lamp and firelight of a home blots out the remembrance of many a care and annoyance during the day; and the best safguard they can take into the world is unseen influence of a bright little domestic sanctum.

We heartily endorse the foregoing sentiments, and hope it will create smiles and rays of sunshine where the shadows of a cold formality now makes an atmosphere which chills the very soul.