The Bradford Reporter.

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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.

WARD HOUSE, TOWANDA, PA.
On Main Street, near the Court House.
C. V. SMITH, Proprietor.
Oct. 8, 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 2, '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. GIBBONS, 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.

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

BRADFORD COUNTY
REAL ESTATE AGENCY,
H. B. McKEAN, REAL ESTATE AGENT.
Valuable Farms, Mill Properties, City and Town Lots for sale.
Parties having property for sale will find it to their advantage by having a description of the same, with terms of sale at this agency, as parties are constantly enquiring for farms &c.
H. B. McKEAN,
Real Estate Agent.
Office Montanye's Block, Towanda, Pa.
Jan. 29, 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, as: Solar Photographs, Plain, Penciled and Colored, Ipalotypes, 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 Vies, 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.

A CARD.—Dr. VANBUSKIRK has obtained a License, as required, of the Goodyear Vulcanite Company, to Vulcanize Rubber as a base for Artificial Teeth, and has now a good selection of these beautiful carved Block Teeth, and a superior article of Black English Rubber, which will enable him to supply all those in want of sets of teeth, with those unsurpassed for beauty and natural appearance. Filling, Cleaning, Correcting Irregularities, Extracting, and all operations belonging to the Surgical Department skillfully performed. Chloroform administered for the extraction of Teeth when desired, an article being used for the purpose in which he has perfect confidence, having administered it with the most pleasing results during a practice of fourteen years.
Being very grateful to the public for their liberal patronage heretofore received, he would say that by strict attention to the wants of his patients, he would continue to merit their confidence and approbation. Office in Beidleman's Block, opposite the Means House, Towanda, Pa. Dec. 20, 1867.—3m.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS EXPERIENCE IN DENTISTRY.
J. S. SMITH, M. D., would respectfully inform the inhabitants of Bradford County that he is permanently located in Towanda, Pa. He would say that from his long and successful practice of TWENTY-FIVE 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 oftentimes 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 filled to last for years and oftentimes for life.—Chloroform, Ether, and "Nitrous Oxide" administered with perfect safety, as over four hundred patients within the last four years can testify.
Office in Patton's Block. Jan. 23, 1868.

CARRIAGES!! CARRIAGES!!
AT THE
BURLINGTON CARRIAGE EMPORIUM!
The subscriber would inform his friends and the public generally, that he has now on hand, and is prepared to build to order,
OPEN AND TOP BUGGYS,
Democrat and Lumber Wagons, at reduced prices. I have enlarged my shop, by adding a superior Paint and Varnish room. The different departments are under the charge of
FIRST CLASS MECHANICS.
I would inform the public that I have secured the services of Mr. JAS. W. SMISON, formerly of Waverly, who has charge of the Painting Department, we are now prepared to do all kinds of Painting, having just received the largest and best selected stock of paints and varnishes ever brought into the county. Orders solicited and all work warranted. Repairing done on the most reasonable terms
MORTIMER VOSBURGH.
April 25, 1868.—1y[illegible]

MISS GRIFFIN—Having enlarged her Millinery Establishment, is thereby enabled to furnish a larger assortment of goods than heretofore. Will the ladies please call and examine her present stock of Spring and Summer Bonnets and Hats.
Towanda, April 14, 1868.*

PITTSTON COAL.—The undersigned will deliver to order in Towanda, Pittston Coal at $6 per ton, or $5 per ton at his yard in Wyoxe. Orders left at Taylor & Co's store will receive prompt attention.
MORRIS COOLBAUGH.
Wyoxe, April 2, 1868.—1m.

CHOICE TOBACCO AND CIGARS
at *Brimhall & Cowell's Cheap Store.*

Cards.

GEORGE D. MONTANYE, *ATTORNEY AT LAW*—Office corner of Main and Pine streets, opposite Foster'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.
D. W. PATRICK. apl13 W. A. PECK.

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

HENRY PEET, *Attorney at Law*, Towanda, Pa. jan27, 66.

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

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

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. offers 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

DR. C. P. GODFREY, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, has permanently located at Wyalusing, where he will be found at all times. apl.16'68.6m.*

DR. T. B. JOHNSON, TOWANDA, Pa. Having permanently located, offers his professional services to the public. Calls promptly attended to in or out of town. Office with J. DeWitt on Main street. Residence at Mrs. Humphrey's on Second Street.
April 16, 1868.

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 with G. D. Montanye, corner Main and Pine Streets. Towanda, Pa., Jan. 14, 1867.

PARSONS & CARNOCHAN, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Troy, Bradford Co. Practice in all the Courts of the county. Collections made and promptly remitted.
E. N. PARSONS, GIT 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.—Of fice in Gore's Drug Store, Towanda, Pa. Calls promptly attended to at all hours.
Towanda, November 28, 1866.

DR. H. WESTON, *DENTIST.*—Office in Patton's Block, over Gore's Drug and Chemical Store. 1jan68

DRS. MASON & ELY, *Physicians & Surgeons.*—Office on Pine street, Towanda, at the residence of Dr. Mason.
Particular attention given to diseases of Women, and diseases of Eye, Ear and Throat.
E. R. MASON, M. D. HENRY OLIVER ELY, M. D.
April 9 1868.

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 Elwell & Co.'s Bank. Attention given to Rural Architecture, such as laying out of grounds, &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

F. B. FORD—*Licensed Auctioneer*,
TOWANDA, PA.,
Will attend promptly to all business entrusted to him. Charges moderate. Feb. 13, 1868.

W. B. KELLY, *Dentist.* Office over Wickham & Black's, Towanda, Pa. All the various styles of work scientifically done and warranted. Particular attention is called to the Alluminum Base for Artificial Teeth, which is equally as good as Gold and far superior to either Rubber or Silver. Please call and examine specimens.
Chloroform or Ether administered under direction of a Physician when desired.
Aug. 6, 1867.—tf.

REAL ESTATE AGENCY.
H. B. McKEAN, REAL ESTATE AGENT,
Offers the following Farms, Coal and Timber Lands for sale:
Fine Timber lot, 3 miles from Towanda, containing 53 acres. Price $1,325.
Farm in Asylum, containing 135 acres. Good buildings. Under a fine state of cultivation. Mostly improved. Price $6,000.
Farm in West Burlington—on the Creek.—New house and barn. Under a fine state of cultivation. 95 acres. Price $5,450.
Farms in Franklin. All under good cultivation. Good buildings. For sale cheap.
Several very desirable Houses and Lots in Towanda.
A large tract of Coal Lands in Tioga county. Towanda, July 18, 1867.

JEWELRY STORE AT DUSHORE
A. YOUNG,
informs the citizens of Sullivan county that he has opend 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.

Selected Poetry.

THE OLD ELM TREE.

O! the old elm tree is standing now,
Where it stood so long ago,
When in its shade we children played,
Till the sun in the west got low,
And its branches reach as far and high,
And the sky above is as clear,
But under it now no children play
In the golden day of the year.

The sunbeams creep thro' the rustling leaves
That fall on the moss-grown seat,
And tall grass waves where in other years
It was trodden by children's feet,
And the bees hum lazily in the shade,
Through the long bright summer's day,
And the soft wind murmurs with lonely sound,
Where the children used to play.

They are all gone from their childhood's home,
And wandered far away;
Of all the band of that dear old time,
There is not one left to-day.
They are parted now by many a mile,
And the waves and mountains high;
And one has gone to the home beyond,
Through the golden gates of the sky.

And many a weary year has gone,
And many a summers sun,
Has past adown the golden west,
When the long bright day was done;
And many an autumn wind has blown,
And many a winter cast
O'er hill and vale its shroud of snow,
Since the children met there last.

And weary years will still move on,
With their sunshine and their pain;
But there in the shade of the old elm tree,
They will never meet again.
But there is a haven of quiet rest,
And its portals are open wide;
May we one by one, at the Saviour's call,
All meet on the other side.

Miscellaneous.

PROPOSING BY LETTER.

BY SHIRLEY BROWNE.

Eleven o'clock—at least so said the golden tide of sunshine, creeping over the velvety turf of the village green, and losing itself in the murmurous foliage of the big maple trees; and so said the little clock in Judge Cornell's law office on the Main street, speaking in a sharp, melodious chime.

Harry Grover glanced quietly up at the uncompromising little dial, as he entered the doimain of "Coke upon Littleton."

"I'm late this morning," he muttered, hanging up his hat behind the door; "but, as good luck will have it, the Judge has not made his appearance yet!"

He was a straight, handsome young fellow, with curly brown hair, limped hazel eyes, and a healthy flush on his sunbrowned cheeks—a young man whom you instinctively felt you could trust, *at entrance*, as you looked into his frank, honest face. There was not many such; more's the pity!

"Whew—whew—whew!" whistled Mr. Harry Grover, turning over his pile of legal documents in a very immethodical sort of way. "Law and love were never meant to go together; of that I am certain. Pretty Ariel Browne's blue eyes are shining roguishly out at me from every bit of parchment or printed blank I touch. How lovely she looked last night—and who would ever suppose that the old cat with the false curls and grinning porcelain teeth, could be her aunt? Rich, too, they say; a good match for some desperate fortune hunter, who is willing to swallow the bitter old pill for the sake of the gold coating. Let me see—talking about old Experience Browne, I believe I have a business letter to write to her about that piece of land by the schoolhouse corners that she wants me to buy. Not I! When I purchase land for a building spot, it won't be a desolate pasture, where rocks and mullen stocks fight together to see which shall possess the staunch soil. The old lady must take me for a very unsophisticated character indeed. I wonder, now, if blue-eyed Ariel will ever be a wrinkled catamaran clutching after bargains. Pooh! I should as soon think of a white plumed little dove being transformed into a greedy vulture!"

He leaned back in his chair, with both hands clasped on top of his curly head, and looked out abstractedly into the slushing village street, humming an old tune under his breath—a tune whose burden was "love, still love."

Plainly, Mr. Harry Grover was very little disposed for work that morning. And when, at twelve o'clock, Judge Cornell came in, there was but a hopeless chaos of papers on the table to represent his young partner's matutinal labors.

"Why, Grover, you haven't accomplished a thing this morning," said the old Judge, glancing keenly around through his antique silver bound spectacles. "I am afraid that the pretty girls at Squire Dockthorn's party last night were too much for your mental equilibrium."

"Well, you see, sir, I've been rather sorting the papers over," said Harry, a little sheepishly, "and I've written two letters this morning!"

"Two letters!"

"Yes, sir."

"May I ask to whom?"

"One was to old Miss Experience Browne, about that lot she wanted to sell me—a regular clipper, giving the old hag a piece of my mind—and the other—"

"The other—"

"Ahem—that wasn't exactly a business letter. Now, Judge, suppose you and I look over the papers together!"

The Judge smiled slyly; he had an idea as to what the other letter contained! Every one in town knew how hopelessly Mr. Harry Grover was in love with pretty Ariel Browne. Judge Cornell had been young himself not so very many years ago!

"It's just as well for the lad to marry and settle down," thought the old gentleman, "and Ariel will certainly make as sweet a little wife as human mortal could wish for!"

Harry needn't have been so mysterious, sealing and directing his two letters at the tall desk behind the office door.

Judge Cornell knew just as well what was in them as if he had read every word with his own eyes. But young people have a mistaken idea that old people don't know anything.

Miss Ariel Browne sat in her room, busy with a complicated piece of bright-colored web-work that ladies call "crochet," when Bridget tapped softly at the panels of the door.

"Please, Miss Ariel, a letter!"

"A letter! and for me! Dear me, Bridget, and who can it be from?"

"Fair, then, and its myself doesn't know, but Lawyer Grover's office boy brought it, and an impudent young spalpeen he is, for—"

But here Bridget became conscious that her young mistress was paying no attention to her, and withdrew into her department of the kitchen, there to nurse her griefs in solitude.

Ariel's cheek had turned as pink as the inside of a wild rose bud, as she read the superscription of the letter, and her heart beat, perhaps a pulse or two faster than was its wont, but she broke open the missive with a resolute hand and read:

"MY DEAR MISS BROWNE: [Rather cold beginning!" she pouted.] I must beg to decline all further negotiations with you. As you cannot for a moment suppose I care to possess anything so utterly worn down and good for nothing, it is useless to waste either of our time in any more preliminaries.

"I will call this afternoon and return to you the papers you so unnecessarily took the trouble to send me.

"Yours, very truly,
H. GROVER."

Ariel threw down the note and burst into tears.

"The told-hearted, presumptuous villain!" she sobbed. "Papers, indeed! I suppose he means the note I wrote him about the picnic. Oh, how foolish I have been, how absurd and I am rightfully punished for my folly!"

But still Ariel wept on; when a girl of eighteen has built up a glittering castle in the air, whose foundations are laid in her own heart, she cannot see it dashed ruthlessly into ruins without a few natural tears!"

Meanwhile, Experience Browne, *extat* fifty well ripened autumns, was reading with no little astonishment, the letter which Bridget's enemy, the post-boy, had brought for her.

"U-pon my word!" exclaimed Miss Experience, slowly and emphatically. "The impertinent young fortune-hunting hussing! Does he suppose I'm a born fool, to swallow such a pack of sentimental flattery as this?—'Lovely eyes—dimples!' If he'd have said spectacles, he'd have been considerably nearer right. No you don't, my fine fellow—*no—you—don't!* Experience Browne hasn't lived fifty-five years in the world to fall into such a trap as this at last. "He'll call this afternoon to receive the answer that is to decide the whole current of his future life,' will he?—Well, let him call. I'll be ready for him, and I warrant me he won't be in a hurry to call again."

And Miss Experience chuckled to herself until all the false curls quivered, as she folded the letter neatly, and put it back into its hurriedly directed envelope.

"I never had an offer of marriage before," she thought, viewing her autumnal countenance in a pier-glass, and adjusting the little puffs of ribbon in her cap border, "and it *does* make one feel kind of queer! It's something to tell of anyway. Bethuar Jones needn't go to saying *now* that I was an old maid, because I had never had an offer! I just wonder what Ariel would say—I guess I won't tell her; she would only laugh at me!"

Miss Experience drew herself up as grimly as if her spinal column were a bar of iron, that afternoon; when Bridget announced:

"Mr. Grover, mem!"

"Show him in, Biddy—I am quite at leisure to receive him."

And our hero, entirely innocent of the impending storm that awaited him, walked into Miss Experience's awful presence, with a bundle of title deeds in his hand, tied with the official red tape of his profession.

"Good afternoon, Miss Experience!"

"Ain't you ashamed of yourself, Harry Grover?" ejaculated the spinster, in a deep, stern voice. "Get along with yourself, makin' love to an old woman mor'n twice as old as you be, just because she's got a little money! What do you take me for, hey? Don't stand starin there!—Walk out of this room, quick, or I'll throw the big dictionary at your head? *No!* no! no! *Now* have you got your answer plain enough? I wouldn't marry you if there wasn't another man in the whole town!"

Harry Grover was a little appalled at this charge of horse and foot, but he stood his ground manfully, not even quailing at the big dictionary!

"But, Miss Browne—will you hear me a moment? I don't want you to marry me! What has put this strange fancy in your head?"

"You don't want to marry me?—Then what the mischief does this letter mean, I'd like to know."

"May I look at it?"

Harry took the letter, and glanced at it—its contents threw a new light upon the unaccountable state of affairs.

"Good Cupid! what a blockhead—what an unmitigated, inexcusable, incomparable donkey I have been! What could I have been thinking about?"

"Hey?" demanded the puzzled spinster.

"Excuse me, ma'am, but there has been a mistake—a—"

And without stopping to complete his fragmentary sentence, he rushed out of the room to the little bay-windowed parlor, where Ariel usually sat.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Miss Experience, as the door banged unceremoniously in her face.

"Ariel! Miss Browne!"

But Ariel turned haughtily from the pleading eyes of her lover.

"Your letter is quite sufficient, sir; I need no further exponent of your meaning."

"Ariel—darling—there has been an absurd mistake; this is the letter that was intended for you. The other was written to your aunt on business, and by some unaccountable blunder, got into the wrong envelope! I have been a fool—a blockhead, but I love you, dearest, with all my heart! Ariel! you will not send me away!"

No—Ariel did not send him away, for the sky smiles and the rosy bloom were beginning to come back to her face as she read the real letter!

"But Harry!" she said, with a roguish dimple at the corner of her mouth, "you must confess that aunt Experience's note had rather an unpleasant style."

"I was a careless reprobate," said Harry, frankly, "but you see Judge Cornell was watching me, and—"

And that was the end of all misunderstanding between Harry Grover and Ariel Browne, thenceforth, forevermore.

Miss Experience was rather disappointed in two things. She would like to have sold the school house "corner lot," and she would like to have said that *once*, in the course of her fifty-five years of life, she had had an offer of marriage.

"However," said Miss Experience, "Ariel is very happy, and may be things are best as they are!"

THE FIERY DOVE—CURIOUS RELIGIOUS CEREMONY AT FLORENCE.—Yesterday the annual ceremony of the fiery dove came off with much *eclat* in the beautiful cathedral of Santa Maria del Fiore. This is a very ancient and curious usage, dating from the 11th century. It is best known as the *scoppio del carro*, or explosion of the cart. According to tradition a certain M. Pazzo del Pazzi—a name signifying, when literally translated, "madman of madmen"—was the best lance among the Italian paladins in the crusade just 780 years ago, and was the first to plant the Christian banner on Jerusalem's blood-stained walls. To reward his prowess Godfrey de Bouillon presented him with three small fragments of flint chipped from the Holy Sepulchre. Brought to Florence, these were carefully preserved in a golden pyx, and since then, on every succeeding Saturday, in Passion week, a spark has been struck from them to light the altar candles in the cathedral. A lofty car, or rather a tower upon wheels, hung with fire works, and around the basement of which are old paintings, dim and blackened by time, of episodes in Pazzo's campaigns, is stationed opposite the chief entrance to that magnificent church, and is connected with the choir by a tightly strained rope passed up the centre aisle at about seven feet from the ground. At a certain moment of the mass a match is applied to a tin dove, which is a sort of firework, and which flies along the rope, spitting out showers of sparks as it passes a little above the heads of the congregation, until, oh reaching the car, it ignites the wheels and squibs and crackers fixed about it, and there is forthwith a prodigious crackling and fizzing, attended by much smoke, but little visible fire, for all this occurs about noon, and nothing is tamer than fireworks in broad daylight.—The explosion at an end, four great white oxen, wreathed and shaded with branches, as in Leopold Robert's pictures, are yoked to the tower, which they drag off, slow and tottering, to the Palazzo Pazzi in a neighboring street, where more fireworks are let off, and the performance is over for the year. It appears that its cost used to be borne by the Pazzi family until a very recent date, when declining fortunes, or perhaps increasing taxation, made them desire to discontinue it on account of the expense.—But the announcement of this intention caused quite a ferment in the surrounding country. With the flight of the dove, the peasantry for miles around connect the prospect of a good harvest. What the prompt and perfect liquefaction of St. Januarius's blood is to the Neapolitan, the uninterrupted flight of the tin *colombina* is to the Tuscan. If it sticks on the way, the prospect is bad, and hail or drought or some other disaster must be expected. The Florence municipality thought it expedient to keep up the usage as its own cost. It is to be hoped it found its reward in the gratification of the multitude of peasants, uncouth but gentle, who, with a sprinkling of Florentine idlers and curious foreigners, yesterday filled the cathedral and crowded about it. All went well enough to satisfy the most superstitious. At the appointed time the pigeon started from the altar and shot along the rope, scattering sparks around, and, in spite of a drizzle of rain, the fireworks crackled off merrily. The gentle mob (Italian crowds are generally extremely well behaved) gradually streamed out of the church, and all was over until next year. The brown-visaged rustics who swarmed in the cathedral have returned to their hamlets with hearts at ease, confident of a first-rate vintage and copious corn crop. Italy has just now great need that the anticipations should be fulfilled.—*Florence Cor. London Times.*

A PARADISE.—A writer in *Putnam's Monthly Magazine* thus sums up the happy lot of the Japanese:

"Take the Japanese as a whole, high and low, rich and poor, they are the best fed, best clad, best lodged, least overworked and most genial and happy people on the face of the earth.

"Food is abundant and cheap—imaginary wants rare; and thus temptations to crime are less than with us, though the land is no Utopia.

"There is no such thing as squalor to be seen in Japan. In the house of the very poorest, a Fifth Avenue belle might sit upon the matted floor without soiling her dress. The streets are admirably sewered; all offal and garbage are removed for manure.

"There is no bigotry. The people are wonderfully op a-minded. There is no hatred of Christianity as such; only it is feared as an engine to cause political change."

IF Adam had asked Eve for a kiss, could the latter, without profanity, have replied, "I don't care, Adam, if you do."

USE OF STIMULANTS.

Dr. Willard Parker, in a recent address before the Young Men's Christian Association of New York, discussed the subject of stimulants at some length. He said;

The five chief stimulants are: tea, coffee, alchohol, opium, tobacco.

Stimulants when taken in a liquid form, go at once into the blood, and of course operate promptly upon the tissues of all parts of the body. Tea and coffee *stimulate*; alchohol, opium, and tobacco *poison*.

Some persons can use both tea and coffee with impunity; a few coffee, but not tea; a good many tea, but not coffee. Tea and coffee used in moderation do not shorten life; used in excess they do, however, producing great nervous irritability and exhaustion.

Milk and sugar ought to be used with both tea and coffee. Their nutriment appears to protect the system against over stimulus.

Man will have something to drink besides water. He is a drinking animal. The drink required; therefore, is only that he drink what shall not harm him. There need be no quarrel with pure lager beer and pure light wines, used in moderation. California wines are from very sweet grapes, therefore fermentation (which changes sugar into alchohol) makes them strongly alcoholic and intoxicating.

The liquors now drank are poisonous. I have not seen a case of delirium tremens in hospital for years.—There used to be such, but now such patients come in crazy—raving; from the effects, not of alchohol, but of adulterated liquors.

As between tea and coffee on one hand, and alchohol on the other, a certain good man in New York used to say that "he was always glad to find that a young man liked tea and coffee, because then he was not likely to become fond of alchoholic drinks." Again, tea and coffee retard the processes of waste in the system, and thus enable the too nervous systems to furnish working power to the body for a longer time. Alchohol has no such power.

Opium eating rapidly increases in America. The effects of it are well known, yet its use does not necessarily shorten life. Opium used as a stimulant gives very pleasurable sensations for the time, but these are followed by a corresponding depression, slough of exhaustion and misery which continues until the pleasure is brought back by the use of a little more opium than before.

The moderate use of tobacco does not necessarily kill; but it cannot be said that the moderate use of it is harmless.

Perhaps tobacco is not quite so bad as rum, but they are twin brothers, and tobacco makes men drink. Tobacco depresses, and the user then craves liquor to stimulate him. It is found impossible to cure inebriate patients of the use of liquor so long as they are allowed to use tobacco. The French public revenue from tobaccco from 1812 to 1832 was annually $5,600,000, of late years it is $36,000,000. During the former period there were in France at any given time 8,000 lunatics and paralytics, now there are 44,000.

It will be seen that the two totals increase in nearly an even ratio—six and a half times as much tabacco, five and a half times as much lunacy and paralysis. Those who live out doors may use tobacco without feeling it so much; but not men of sedentary life. There have died in New York within a few years three excellent clergymen, all of whom would now be alive had they not used tobacco. The difference in the operation of tobacco and alchohol is this, while alchohol causes tangible changes in certain organs, tobacco gradually lowers the vital tone of the whole system, so that the life ends sooner than it ought to.

INITIATING A CANDIDATE INTO THE Good Templars.—The method of initiating a candidate into the Good Templars is but a slight improvement upon the same programme so long in vogue by the ancient and honorable fraternity of the "Sons of Malta." A chap who was taken from a lager beer saloon, where he got tight without knowing that lager would intoxicate, was put through a course of cold water treatment by the Good Templars a few evening since. He peaches on the Templars and gives the following *expose* of their initiation ceremony, for which, no doubt, he will be put through another course of cold water "sprouts" at the next meeting of the lodge. In the first place the victim for initiation is blindfolded, bound hand and foot, and thrown into a cider press and pressed for five or ten minutes. This is done for the purpose of clearing his system of "old drinks." He is then taken out of the cider press and by means of a force pump gorged with cistern water, after which a sealing plaster is put over his mouth and he is rolled in a barrel four or five times across the room, the choir at the same time singing the cold water song.

He is now taken out of the barrel and hung up by the heels till the water runs out through his ears. He is then cut down and a beautiful young lady hands him a glass of cistern water. A cold water bath is then furnished him, after which he is showered with cistern water. He is then made to read the water works acts ten times, drinking a glass of cistern water between each reading, after which the old oaken bucket is hung around his neck, and fifteen sisters with squirt guns deluge him with cistern water. He is then forced to eat a peck of snow, while the brothers stick his ears full of icicles. He is then run through a clothes wringer, after which he is handed a glass of water by a young lady. He is then again gorged with cistern water, and his boots filled with the same, and he is laid away in a refrigerator. The initiation is now almost concluded.—After remaining in the refrigerator for the space of half an hour, he is taken out and given a glass of cistern water, run through a clothes wringer, and becomes a Good Templar.

CROQUET is called grass-billiards out West.

SPRING.

How sweetly on the balmy air
Steals in the mellow breath of spring!
The breeze is full of——I declare!
Heap on the coal here! don't it sting!

I hear the robin's cheery song;
The Phebe calls th' awakening flowers,
And fast they flock,——ugh; how this strong
North-easter rattles at the doors!

The dewy hearted Violet
Sweetly to Hyacinthus tells
Her love in odorous——Well you bet!
By dose rads so it dover shells!

All blooms the new-born year renews,
And warms to life the very stones;
The sky's blue deepens,——Faith the blues
Have struck me to my marrow bones!

Pure incense of the earth once more,
Warm effluence of the clods that yearn
To perfect greenness,——shut that door!
What ails the fire? Will't never burn?

Hail hopeful Advent! Prophet, hail?
Hail, happy hours when green hills laugh!
All flowers that blow—There, what a gale!
There's too much blow and hail, by half!

Dear Spring! the tenderest child of Time,
Thou whole delight of soul and eye,
Stay!—Hang the minx! if I must rhyme,
O Spring, I'll wait till next July!

THE OLD RED SLEIGH.

After mother had gone to bed I went up stairs and brought down my writing desk. There were some sheets of paper and some delicate envelopes which had been there for months, stored within, and a silver pen and pen handle which had been a birthday present in my school days.

I took them out and the ink bottle also. The ink was thick, for we did not write much—either of us—and I brought the vinegar cruet from the closet and thinned it to my liking.—Then I sat down and looked at the paper. Then I went to the stairs and listened to see that mother was not coming.

Then I actually seated myself, squared my elbows, and began to write. This is what I wrote:

DEAR MISS MARION:—I am a coward. Not I hope, in one sense, but certainly as regards you. For a year I have loved you. Yet, I no more would have dared to say so than I would had you been a queen. Perhaps because I do no not cherish a hope that you like me.

"To morrow you and I will ride together. To-morrow I had made up my mind to try my fate, but I know I shall not dare to speak, so I write. I will give you this letter to read at home. If the answer be, "No" it will be easier for both of us. Will you try to think well enough of me to be my wife one day?

"I love you better than I do my life, and I will do all man can to make life happy for you. With a little hope I can make my way in the world as other men do. I am young and strong, and not utterly ignorant. If I am to have that hope, give me some sign—give a line, your name only, anything to show me what you mean. If I am to be miserable—well, then make me no answer. Silence shall mean "No." I could not bear to see you or speak to you after that.

"This is an awkward love letter, no doubt, I am not used to writing letters of any kind of late. I never wrote or said a word of love to any one before. That must be its excuse. But were it ever so elegant it could not mean more. For I offer all the love in my heart. The only love I have ever felt, or shall ever know.

ALMON CRAIG.

I sealed this note in the daintiest envelope I possessed, and wrote Hepsey Harrow's name on the back, and hid it in the desk from mother's eyes; sharp eyes, that looked after me anxiously as I drove away with old Dobbin and the little red sleigh the following evening.

She was ready for me. My mother's hint was in my mind, and I looked at her dress. All I discovered was that it was blue; but her furs were good, and I could judge of furs.

"She must marry a rich man or one on his way wealthward," I said. "She shall too. I've more to start with than Washington had." And I tucked her into the sleigh and drove off to the meeting.

It was a pleasant drive, and a merry dance and supper; but as the time went on, I felt glad that I had written the letter. For I could not have said what it said for me. It was at the last moment when we were driving homeward that I mustered courage to ask her for the little reticule she carried, as the other girls did, with a brush and some flowers in it, I think, for they had to touch up the curls and braids after the windy ride before the dance.

"Why do you want it?" she asked.

"To put something in it, which you must not look at till you reach home, I said.

"You arouse my curiosity," she said, "I shall look the instant I have a lamp."

And as she spoke I had dropped the letter in and snapped the clasp.

Not a word more could I speak.—But at the door I tried for the first time to kiss her. Her lips eluded mine and I dared not repeat the attempt.

I took the red sleigh home and waited hopefully as I knew afterwards, for an answer. None came, a week, a month. Then all the hope was over. I had seen her. She had given me a little cold smileless bow. I was rejected.

"Mother," I said that night, "we must have some one to farm the place. I am going to some city."

"Why?" she asked.

"To make my fortune," I said.

"For that girl—the school ma'm?" asked my mother bitterly.

"No," said I, "never for her."

Mother knelt down beside me as I sat on a low stool. She put her hands on my shoulder and looked into my face.

"She didn't dare refuse you," she said. "Boy, I know you are in trouble. I'm your mother. Tell me."

"She did not accept me?" I said.

"The naughty minx!" said my mother. "I—" Then she burst into tears.

"And that's to part us?" she said.

"Not if you'll go with me," I answered.

But she would not leave her home, and I went alone. In the frosty morning, as I turned to look back at the village, from the top of the stage