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
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Business Cards, five lines, (per year) 5 00

Merchants and others, advertising their business, will be charged $25. They will be entitled to a 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.

WARD HOUSE, TOWANDA, PA.
On Main Street, near the Court House.
Oct. 8, 1866. O. 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, '68.—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.

FASHIONABLE TAILORING!
LEWIS BEHRENN
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 Real Est.
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, Opalytypes, 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 to pay 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.

ACARD.—Dr. VANBUSKIRK has obtained a license, as required, of the Goodyear Vulcanite Company, to Vulcanise Rubber as a base for Artificial Teeth, and has now a good selection of those 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 Beldleman's Block, opposite the Means House, Towanda, Pa. Dec. 20, 1867.—3m.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS EXPERIENCE IN DENTISTRY.
J. S. BUTTS, 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. TUNISON, 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.—6m*.

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 $3 per ton at his yard in Wysox. Orders left at Taylor & Co.'s store will receive prompt attention.
MORRIS COOLBAUGH.
Wysox, April 1, 1868.—1m.

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

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, esp13 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.

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 the Orphans' 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. 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

DR. C. P. GODFREY, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, has permanently located at Wyalusing, where he will be found at all times. ap1.'68.5m.*

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.
S. E. PARSONS, d12 W. H. CARNOCHAN.

DR. PRATT has removed to State street, (first above S. 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.

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 Russell & Co.'s Bank. Attention given to Rural Architecture, such as laying out of grounds, &c., &c. April 1, 1867.—1y.

J. J. NEWELL,
COUNTY SURVEYOR,
Orwell, Bradford Co., Pa., will promptly attend to all business in his line. Particular attention given to running and establishing old or disputed lines. Also to surveying of all unpatented lands as soon as warrants are obtained. my17

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 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 $1,725.
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 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 county. 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.

MY CHILDHOOD'S HOURS.

My childhood! O, my childhood!
Where are those happy hours
I spent in joy and gladness,
Within thy fairy bowers?
Where are the friends that sported
With me in life's young day,
And danced in youthful pleasure
Those sunny hours away?

Long dreary hours of sorrow
Have slowly glided by,
Since last I played and sported
Beneath thy genial sky;
And yet, in dreams, I see thee,
Far down the silent past;
As fair, and e'en as lovely,
As when I saw thee last.

And those I loved in childhood,
Come thronging round me now;
Which steals away the sadness
That sits upon my brow.
Once more we join in playing,
Upon the level plain;
While our hearts are beating
With love and hope again.

O yes, these hours when memory
Falls gently on the breast;
Are like a summer evening,
Which lulls the soul to rest.
They waft the thoughts from sorrow,
To scenes of fairest bloom;
Then leave them gently musing
Beside time's early tomb.

Miscellaneous.

SISTER THERESE.

The operatic season was at its height in Paris, and the new prima donna was taking all hearts by storm. Her beauty, her wonderful genius, and above all, her magnificent voice, had created a marked impression even on the gay capital of France, where that which is false either in science or art, soon loses its glitter, and stands out in its true colors. But the Signora Fonti had genius and merit enough to stand a dozen such tests, and she went through the ordeal without suffering.

Of course she had many admirers, but among them all she had not a single lover. The men said she was cold and heartless, that she was incapable of loving, but one glance at her lovely face was sufficient to refute this slander, for one could read there the tokens of a warm and loving heart. But the signora's heart was a proud one, also, it had been steeled in a school of adversity, and she was cautious how she gave people a claim even to her friendship, a caution very necessary to a woman in her position. But that claim once given, she was a true and loyal friend through good and evil fortune.

She had just adopted her profession, and this was not only her first season in Paris, but also her first season on the stage. The director of the Grand Opera had engaged her merely as an experiment; but her success had been so marked, and she had taken such a firm hold upon the Parisians, that she had been retained as first prima donna; and a fortunate engagement it proved, for the receipts of the treasury were larger than they had been for years, and upon the nights when the signora appeared, there was no such thing as an empty seat in all the vast theatre.

Among the admirers of signora was a certain Colonel Dufour, a gallant officer of the army, who had won his way in Algeria and the Crimea from the ranks to his colonelcy.

He was a quiet man, and was not given to much talking; but he was one of those rare specimens of the Almighty's handiwork who make their way into our esteem and friendship as irresistibly as they overcome their way through life.

Colonel Dufour was thirty-six years old, and the signora twenty-seven—They were well suited in age, but entirely opposed to each other in personal appearance, for he was as homely as she was beautiful. This was unfortunate for the Colonel, as the signora was an ardent lover of manly beauty but it was perhaps atoned for by the fact that she looked for something more than beauty in a man.

Towards the close of the signora's engagement, the energy of the metropolis was directed to the all absorbing topic of the approaching war with Austria for Italian liberty. The gauntlet had been thrown down, and France was about to take it up.—Colonel Dufour was, of course, keenly alive to the situation, for his regiment was one of the "First Corps," and was already under orders to march towards the Alps. He was a true soldier, and was resolved if the war came, to seek still higher promotion in it; but, for the first time in his life, the thought of being called into a tive service made him sad. The reason was that the Colonel was in love.

The signora, also, was sad at the thought of her friend being called away. She did not love him; but with a woman's tact she had discovered his secret and she knew that he loved her better than he could ever love any woman again. She valued his friendship as one of her dearest treasures; and it pained her deeply that he should love her, when she could not return his passion.

The night before he left Paris was a holiday to the signora, and she refused to see any one but the Colonel, saying to him, with a sad smile, that she would not permit the world to come between them and their parting.

"For you know," she said gently, "we are very good friends to each other."

The Colonel's heart beat fitfully.—It had never even so much as fluttered when the enemy's bullets whistled round his ears in battle, not even when with his heroic regiment he drove back the last Russian effort to retake the Malakoff, but it trembled now at the tender voice of this woman he loved so well, and who, alas loved him only as she would have loved her brother. Almost before he knew it, he told her all his passion, and begged her to be his wife, if he came back safe from the war. The simple, manly offer of the brave soldier touched the signora deeply, and she was almost tempted to give him the promise he asked for; but her inate truthfulness rebelled at this, and she told him frankly the true state of her feelings for him.

"I do not love you as a wife should," she said, "and I will not wrong you by marrying you. I love you only as a sister might love a brother. You will some day learn to be satisfied with this; and then you will find another woman who you can make happy; and I shall be your sister, and be happy in and proud of my noble brother."

The Colonel's face was very sad, but it was calm and tranquil, and as the signora spoke a smile passed over it.

"That day, signora, will never come," he said. "I must rest satisfied with your decision now, but I will not resign the hope that you will yet be my wife, for, I assure you, I shall never marry any other woman."

"I wish I did love you," she said, softly, "for I desire above all things to make you happy."

"That is a good beginning," Colonel Dufour exclaimed, brightening. "I love you too well to fail to win you."

The signora did not contradict him. Indeed, she did not think it unlikely that his prediction might be realized; and so she answered him only with a blush. As they parted, the Colonel asked her for some token to carry with him.

"I shall not need it to remember you," he said; "but when I am far away, marching and fighting, or perhaps dying; it will make me happy and contented with my lot to have with me something that has been yours."

And as he spoke the signora drew from her finger a plain gold ring, and slipped it on his.

"Wear this, she said, "for my sake."

The next morning, Colonel Dufour set out with his regiment for the frontier of Savoy, to join the army of the Alps. He reached his destination in due time and in the course of a few weeks shared in the famous march across Mount Cenis to Lusa. Then came the concentration upon the line of the Po, when the army of France, led by the Emperor Napoleon the Third, confronted its enemy upon the classic soil of Italy.

At Magenta the fighting was hot and heavy, and the Seventeenth and Colonel Dufour rose high in the estimation of all in the army; and when the Emperor came to reward the brave deeds performed on that memorable 4th of June, it was found that Colonel Dufour had been given a general's epaulet. He wrote regularly to the signora and it was with a proud heart that he sent her news of his promotion.

His letters were generally answered quickly but this one received no reply. This surprised him; and as the time passed on and no word came from the signora, he began to fear that she was ill. But he had little time to think of this; for the army was advancing towards the Mincio, and every moment was taken up with attending to his duties. The roads were to be mended, and the bridges repaired; so thoroughly had they been destroyed by the retreating Austrians; and there was scarcely an instant to devote to his personal matters.

The morning of the 24th of June came at last; and in the dim mist of the morning the brigade of Colonel Dufour was thrown forward to open the village and heights of Solferino. It was warm work, for the Austrians who are no children in battle, resisted stubbornly. The battle soon became general along the whole line; and for fourteen hours the French struggled with heroic valor before the prize of victory was yielded to them. The brigade of General Dufour was conspicuous for its gallantry. Its leader was everywhere where danger called him. When the final charge which carried the cemetery and drove the Austrians into the village, was made, five color-bearers had been shot down in the General's old regiment, and his whole brigade had suffered terribly. Seizing the colors, as the signal given to move forward, he tore them from the staff, and wrapping them around his body placed himself at the head of his troops.

"We'll make sure of the colors this time, comrades," he shouted, as they rushed forward, and a wild cheer answered him.

The colors and their intrepid bearer were always in the advance that day. The Austrians were driven from the position; and the terrible hand-to-hand fight through the streets and from house to house at Solferino began. It was tough work, but it was well done; and when the hour of two o'clock sounded, a rousing French cheer, rising high above the crash of battle, told that the key-point to the field had been won.

But it was won at a fearful price; and when the order was passed along the line to reform for a fresh advance upon the Austrian centre, it was found that General Dufour was missing. The battle swept on, and when night came the French bivouacked on the hard-won field.

The next day the official gazette was made out, and it announced that the gallant General Dufour, whose brigade had rendered such good service, was among the severely wounded and that the Emperor had promoted him to the grade of lieutenant general.

But the brave man himself was utterly unconscious of all the honors that were bestowed upon him. He had been conveyed to the hospital at Milan, and he now lay there hovering between life and death. He was not alone, however, for he had the best nurse in the whole establishment—She was a "Sister of Mercy"—one of that noble band whose tender ministrations to the wounded, form one of the most touching features of the great struggle that gave Italy her freedom. The woman had been four times on duty at the hospital; and when General Dufour was brought in, she sought out the surgeon in charge, and begged to be allowed the privilege of nursing him. He was an old friend, she said, and she would feel a more than ordinary interest in seeking to restore him to health again.

The surgeon looked at her sharply, as he granted the desired permission, and as she turned away, muttered, with a wise shake of the head, "An old lover, doubtless, and this is the final drama. Well, well, it is the way of the world, women will love, and they must suffer the penalty."

For many weeks General Dufour hovered between life and death; but the Sister Therese nursed him faithfully. She would suffer no one to relieve her, and bore the trying strain upon her health and strength with a firmness that was heroic. All through the long hours of the summer nights she would sit by his bedside bathing his fevered brow, and soothing his delirium of pain with her soft touch, and her low tender words. The surgeon, who had been interested in the case, watched her closely.

"Ma foi," he would mutter, with a sigh, "what would I give for my wife to love me as that poor woman loves that man."

At last he had to inter ere. The task of nursing one so dangerously wounded as the General was too severe for one woman, and the sister herself was growing pale and thin. The kind-hearted surgeon declared that she must have an assistant, and secure for herself more rest. If she went on in that way she would kill herself.

"I care not, so I save him," she said, softly.

The surgeon winked hard to hide the moisture in his eyes, and returning to the task to which he had set himself, finally conquered. Sister Therese consented to share her duties with an assistant; and, as, if to reward her the General himself all at once began to grow better. Soon he recovered his consciousness and tho' he was very weak and feeble, he was on the way to health and strength again.

Sister Therese now relinquished her charge entirely to the assistant; and as the war was over, and her services were no longer needed she announced her intention of going back to France. The surgeon urged her to stay and receive the General's thanks, but she refused gently, but firmly. General Dufour no longer needed her, she said. He was doing very well, and the assistant was very faithful in attending to him. She had other work in France and she must go look after it. In vain the surgeon protested against this; Sister Therese was firm; and after the General recovered his consciousness she saw him no more.

One day, about a fortnight after Sister Therese's departure, General Dufour, who was now rapidly recovering, was lying in his cot thinking of the dear woman he had left behind in France, and wondering how she had passed the months that had elapsed since he had seen her. He had not thought of her parting gift since his convalescence began; but now he remembered it, and he raised his hand to look at the ring, when, to his surprise he found that it was missing. The surgeon was passing through the ward at the time, and the General called him and stated his loss.

"Do you know whether it was on my hand when I was brought here?"

"Yes," replied the surgeon, "I remember the ring distinctly, for I at first thought of taking it off your hand, least it should be troublesome while you were suffering from your wound; but I decided to let it remain."

"What can have become of it? I value it highly. It is the gift of a dear friend," said General Dufour.

"I can't imagine," the surgeon said, thoughtfully, "unless Sister Therese took it away with her."

"Sister Therese?" asked the General; "who is she?"

Then the surgeon told him how the "Sister of Mercy" had asked permission to nurse him, and how nobly and devotedly she had battled with fate for his life. The general listened with surprise, and seemed entirely at a loss to comprehend why Sister Therese should be so much interested in him or who she could be; and the surgeon was still more perplexed and mystified by the affair.

"If you wish to recover the ring, General," he said at length, "I will ascertain where Sister Therese can be found"

"No," was the reply, "let her keep it. If she took it she will doubtless return it to me, as I see no reason why she should wish to keep it; but if she cares to retain it, let her do so for what she has done for me."

This settled the matter so far as the surgeon was concerned; but it only raised his curiosity (and he had a fair share of that quality) to the highest pitch. He was not, however, more curious or more at loss to penetrate the mystery which hung over the affair than General Dufour himself. The latter personage could not form any idea as to the identity of the Sister of Mercy who had manifested such an interest in him, and he racked his brain in vain to think of some definite reason for the affair.—The surgeon had suggested that the woman might have been an old sweetheart; but this was negatived by the general most positively. Pierre Dufour had never given his heart to but one woman, and he had never trifled with any. The woman beloved was far away, and did not love him sufficiently well to give up her comfort and ease, and voluntarily take upon herself the hardships and trials of a hospital nurse. It was useless to try to solve the riddle, and he gave it up in despair.

In three weeks more the surgeon told General Dufour he might return to France as soon as he pleased. The general had written to the signora several times during his convalescence; and her replies had come to him regularly. She rejoiced at his promotion and the fame he had won, and sympathized with him in his sufferings. She would visit him, could she follow her own inclination, but that was then an impossibility. She hoped he would soon be well enough to return to France, for she longed to see so true a friend as she believed him to be. But not a word of love did the letters contain. They were written quietly—the general almost thought coldly—and he would have suffered twice the danger, and the bodily torture he had passed through, to have gained from her one word of the tenderness his heart craved so fiercely.

Yet he was not discouraged. He had made up his mind to win the beautiful signora for his wife, and he was not a man to fail in matters upon which he set his heart.

When he was pronounced well enough to travel, he lost no time in making his arrangements, and was soon *en route* for Gezoa, from which place he proceeded to Marseilles, and thence to Paris, as he was not yet well enough to hazard the fatigue of the journey over the Alps.

In two hours after he reached Paris he was in the presence of Signora Fonti. She received him joyfully, and with a warmth that made his heart thrill with happiness. She was as beautiful as ever, but she was somewhat paler and thinner than usual. She had not been well, she said, and was now just getting back her strength. She made him tell her everything that concerned himself; and when he spoke of the mysterious Sister of Mercy, and her strange devotion to him, and the loss of the ring, the signora looked at him with a singular smile, and said, "I wonder who she was. Some one that loves you very much, I suppose."

He started as he spoke. He held her hand in his, and his eyes were fixed upon it, while a happy smile stole over his face

"Yes I believe so now," he said, earnestly. "It was some one that I loved very dearly, and I believe now that she loved me then, and loves me still. Do I err, dear Sister Therese?"

There were tears in his eyes as he spoke; but he smiled happily, and pointed to the missing ring, which now glittered on the signora's hand. I do not know her exact answer to his questions, but I do know that it satisfied him, and that she told him she loved him well enough to marry him.

"I loved you," she said, tenderly, when you went away, only I did not know it. But when I thought of the danger to which you were daily exposed, I saw how dear to me you were, and for your sake I determined to do my duty to my country. I disguised myself as a Sister of Mercy, aided by the Superior of the Order here, who is my friend, and went to Milan to nurse the wounded. I was happy in being there, as I was nearer to you. When you were wounded and brought to Milan, I asked permission to nurse you because I loved you. I would have given my life to save you, and Heaven blessed my efforts and restored you to health.—When you recovered your consciousness, I went away because I did not wish to be recognized by you. I wanted you to know that I loved you; and as I could not tell you, I took with me the ring I had given you, knowing that when we met again you would recognize it and that would explain everything."

That night General Dufour wrote to the surgeon that he had solved the mystery of the ring, and found out the true name of the Sister of Mercy.

"Indeed," he added, "the discovery I have made is a very pleasant one, and if you can be spared from your duties, I shall be glad to have you visit me one month from to-day, to witness my marriage with this self-same Sister Therese."

COURTSHIP AND LOVE.—There's a bit of sentiment uttered by the heroine in the play "Under the Gas Light" on the subject of Courtship and Love, that seems to reach every womanly heart, which may be as welcome to readers as to hearers. As lovers are discontented and unhappy, so as you would be happy all the years of your life, listen to the voice advising you:

"Let the woman you look upon be wise or vain, beautiful or homely, rich or poor, she has but one thing which she really gives or refuses—her heart! Her beauty, her wit, her accomplishments she may sell to you—but her love is the treasure without money and without price! She only asks in return that when you look upon her your eyes shall speak a mute devotion, when you address her your voice shall be gentle and loving. That you shall not despise her because she cannot understand all at once your vigorous thoughts and ambitious designs, for when misfortune and evil have defeated your greatest purposes, her love remains to console you.

"You look to the tree for strength and grandeur—do not despise the flowers because their fragrance is all they have to give. Remember Love is all a woman has to give—but it is the only earthly thing that God permits us to carry beyond the grave."

THE *Columbus* (Ohio) *Journal* tells the following of General Sherman: "At one of the Connecticut towns, where he was brought out on the platform to be seen by his fellow-citizens, just before the train left he observed a tall awkward looking fellow approaching the cars, elbowing the crowd in the most excited manner, and bellowing "Sherman! Sherman! don't you know me?" The General intimated that he did not, at the moment, recognize his questioner as a familiar countenance. "Don't you remember down in Georgia, stopping one day on the march where there was a crowd of fellows looking on a chicken fight?" The General laughed. Yes, he did remember. "Well," said the fellow, with a grin of ineffable satisfaction and modest triumph "that was my rooster what whipped!"

LITTLE Daisy's mother was trying to explain to her the meaning of a smile. "Oh, yes, I know," said the child, "it is the whisper of a laugh."

A DUTCH woman desired to advertise her pony, that had lost himself, mit a tall frisky very much; and strike ver hard mit his hind feets.

"You here Jones? How the mischief did you find your way out?" "*Find my way out!* what do you mean?" "Why, the last time I saw you, you were lost in slumber." "Ah, well, I rode out on a nightmare!"

ADDRESS.

On laying the Corner Stone of the First Free Will Baptist Church Edifice in Tuscarora, Pa., by Rev. H. S. Ball.

We have met to lay the corner stone of a new Church building. By none can this event be viewed with entire indifference. No doubt your emotions will be varied; some will speak of it as the corner stone of *a* Church, others as the corner stone of *that* Church, others still as the corner stone of the *Baptist* Church, while others, with a sectarianism, which may beget indifference, if it does not ripen into open hostility, will say, *their* Church; while a few faithful and tried souls—old men and women, who have long hoped and prayed for this day, and young men and women who have nobly and bravely worked for it—will say *our Church*,—the corner store of *our Church*, while a tear opens a door for the word, and a silent prayer closes it after. Varied as your emotions may be, the occasion makes appeal to a range of sympathies wide enough to enrich all.

The event of to-day—the laying of this corner stone—does not claim attention for itself alone. It is more important as a promise of future good. On its own account it would pass unnoticed, but connected with that which is sure to follow, it gathers into itself something of the importance of a train of truths that are unending in their influence. Incidents in the early history of nations are earnestly sought for; not from any intrinsic value of themselves, but because there is added to their real importance, something of the greatness of the after life. The discovery of America by COLUMBUS, has, by its results, been lifted into immortality. The wealth, the honor, the power of a mighty nation, rise upon that discovery, consecrating forevermore, the name of the bold navigator. So this event, viewed of itself, is of no great weight, but viewed as a promise of results that shall inevitably flow from it, no part of our nature is omitted in the appeal.

On this stone shall rise a Church beautiful in its proportions, and an ornament to the place. And by enhancing the value of property, and securing a higher moral culture, while it cultivates a love of the beautiful, the good, and the true, appeals directly to that public spirit that delights in making this lovely valley the centre of a circle of influences which shall elevate and save the community.

Witness this Church from Sabbath to Sabbath: friends shall meet for social worship; an hundred households shall be represented here weekly, and the social feeling cherished around an hundred firesides in this vicinity, by the daily duties of home, shall here be consecrated to the worship of GOD. Here, together, they shall join in prayer; here they shall unite in songs of praise; here childhood and old age, and youth and manhood, shall meet and mingle. And this event thus appeals to all social feeling, and all religious sensibility. Within this Church shall be promulgated those principles of civil and religious liberty for which our fathers fought, and which have become a thousand fold dearer by the six hundred thousand brave men who gave their lives to perpetuate them; so that patriotism comes within the circle of this appeal.

Glad processions shall enter here. Young maidens decked in white shall lead the way for the strength and beauty that shall be united in holy bands, (for who does not wish to see the good old custom of being married in church revived again?) And processions, sad and slow, shall go out from here, on their way to the churchyard, while the solemn toll of the bell symbolizes the sorrow of mourning hearts. Thus does the laying of this corner stone link itself with all the noblest sympathies of our nature.

Poverty that needs succor and help, Wealth that needs the protection of the law, Virtue that needs defense, and Morality that needs guarding, Old Age that needs comfort and sympathy, and Youth that needs direction, are all appealed to by the event of this day. When this spire is raised, it will stand as a sentinel, guarding the virtue and morality, the life and the property of this community. Watchmen tire and sleep at their post. This one is sleepless. Fathers and mothers grow weary, and pass away. This one shall not grow weary through many generations. Elders and good men, speaking words of hope and cheer, shall be heard often within this Church, but they shall speak with feeble voice, and their hands soon fall by their side. But this Church shall stand, a preacher, lifted high above the throng, whose voice shall be heard day and night, and whose finger shall ever point heavenward. It shall stand, a preacher, a witness, a counsellor, a watchman, to extend the circle of your vision, for this event encircles all friends and neighbors within the circumference of those two words—*our Church*.

The circle narrows a trifle, as I speak to our brethren of other denominations, but the ground of appeal grows broader while it increases in intensity. Brethren, our Church building will be a help to you, and we bespeak your good wishes and sympathy. It may be that on some corner stone will be found written the word *Baptist*; but over the front shall be written in unmistakable characters, "This is the LORD'S House." It may be that our desk will be of different fashion from yours; our slips may be made after a different pattern; our doors may be hung so as to open in a different way from yours; but the door shall be as broad for the entrance of any of you, as it is for ourselves. And if at any time, any of our people should think your way the pleasanter, we will send them to you with our blessing and our prayers. We do not propose to live like the mistletoe, upon the life of another tree, but hope rather to stand a fruit-bearing tree in the garden of the LORD. We do not wish to take the sheaves you may gather, but we propose to enter the great harvest field of the world, to gather from the plenteous harvest that awaits the faithful reaper. As laborers in GOD'S vineyard, we are co-workers, and we care not who gathers in the sheaves if the grain be safely stored. As travellers to Mt. Zion, we care not in whose company we walk, if only our SAVIOUR walks with us in the way. As Christian soldiers, we care not in what column of the grand army we fight, be it only that CHRIST is our captain, and his cause triumph. For in them there is neither Jew nor Greek; there is neither Methodist, nor Baptist, nor Presbyterian, nor Episcopalian, nor Congregationalist, but all are one in CHRIST JESUS

And now, brethren and sisters of our circle, what can I say that will add interest to this occasion in your eyes? Many of you will look back with tearful eyes to the little Church which for many years has been your home. *Your home!* How many cherished memories cluster around that word *home!* There, in your infancy as a church, you gathered time and again to renew covenant vows; and there, many a time, and oft, has the HOLY GHOST come down—

"—Your souls to greet,
While glory crowned the Mercy Seat."

No associations are more permanent than those that bind remembrance to the House of GOD. They cling to us amid all life's changes, and leave us not to our dying day. The little chapel where our fathers worshipped, and whose aisles our feet in childhood trod, will never be forgotten; its form, and size, its desk and seats, are hung in the halls of memory, and always rise to view on the slightest recurrence of the mind to scenes of earlier days. And these associations often bring back to us the instructions which fell from the lips of GOD'S servant, and amidst the follies and waywardness of after-life, they are sometimes brought to our recollection with a vividness and power that arrests our downward course, and brings us penitently to the Cross. Cherish these memories—