TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

THE REPORTER is published every Thursday Morning, by E. O. GOODRICH, at $2 per annum, in advance.

ADVERTISEMENTS, exceeding fifteen lines are inserted at TEN CENTS per line for first insertion, and FIVE CENTS per line for subsequent insertions. Special notices inserted before Marriages and Deaths, will be charged FIFTEEN CENTS per line for each insertion. All resolutions of Associations; communications of limited or individual interest, and notices of Marriages or Deaths exceeding five lines, are charged TEN CENTS per line.

	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.

GEORGE D. MONTANYE, ATTORNEY AT LAW.—Office corner of Main and Pine streets, opposite Porter's Drug Store.

MISS E. H. BATES, M. D. (Graduate of Woman's Medical College, Philadelphia, Class 1854.] Office and residence No. 11 Park street Owego. Particular attention given to Diseases of Women. Patients visited at their homes if requested.
May 28, 1868.

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, apl13 W. A. PECK.

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

HENRY PEET, *Attorney at Law*, Towanda, Pa. jun27, 66.

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.—Bounties and Pensions collected. N. B.—All business in the Orphan's Court attended to promptly and with care. Office Mercur's new block north side Public Square. Oct. 24, '67.

JOHN N. CALIFF, *ATTORNEY AT LAW*, Towanda, Pa. Particular attention given to Orphans' Court business, Conveyancing and Collections.

☞ Office at the Register's and Recorder's office—south of Court House. 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. 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. 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.

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

DRS. T. F. & WM. A. MADILL, *PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS*, Office and residence in Wysox, Pa. Dr. T. F. Madill can be consulted at Gore's Drug Store in Towanda, every Saturday. *Dr.* Wm. A. Madill will give especial attention to diseases of the Eye, Ear, Throat and Lungs, having made a speciality of the above diseases for the past eight years.
T. F. MADILL, M. D. WM. A. MADILL.
June 11, 1868.

BENJ. M. PECK, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Towanda, Pa.—All business intrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. Office in the office lately occupied by Mercur & Morrow, south of Ward House, up stairs.
July 16, 1868.

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. H. 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 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 '67.

The Bradford Reporter.

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

VOLUME XXIX. TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., OCTOBER 15, 1868. NUMBER 21.

Cards.

WARD HOUSE, TOWANDA, PA.

On Main Street, near the Court House.

C. T. 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 patronise 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].

PUBLIC DRAY.

The subscriber having purchased the *DRAY* formerly owned by O. W. Delano, respectfully informs the public that he is prepared to do all kinds of work in his line and will attend promptly to all orders. Household goods carefully handled. Charges reasonable.

G. B. ALVORD.
Towanda, June 1, 1868.

MYERS' MILL!

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Myer, Foster & Co., will deliver Flour, Feed, Meal, Graham Flour, or any thing else in their line in any part of the village.

Customers will find an Order Book at the store of Fox, Stevens, Mercur & Co. All orders left in said book will be promptly attended to.

Any inquiries in regard to Grinding, or other business of the Mill, entered in said Book, will be answered.

MYER, FOSTER & CO.
Towanda, June 24, 1868.—tf.

SOLOMON COOPER—Has removed from the Ward House and has opened a

SHAVING AND HAIR DRESSING SALOON

Two doors south of the National Hotel, and adjoining Patton's Block, on Main Street, in the basement. This shop is open constantly from 6 a. m., to 9 p. m., to accommodate all that will favor him with a call. Two experienced workmen in this saloon, always ready to wait on customers in a satisfactory manner.—Gents and Ladies Hair Cutting in the latest fashionable style. Razors honed and set ready for use and warranted to suit. Ornamental Hair Work, Switches, Waterfalls, and Curls, made to order. Wigs made and repaired.

Towanda, Aug. 18, 1868.—tf.

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 leaving 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, Pencilled and Colored, Opaltypes, Porcelain Pictures, &c., which we claim for clernness 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 Vulcinate Company, to Vulcanize 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. Choloform 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. 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*.

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

Selected Poetry.

(For the Bradford Reporter.)

LAMENT FOR SUMMER.

BY LOUISE A. DALLAS.

Sweet Summer's dead! speak softly o'er
Her silent place of rest,
Nor rudely tread the withered flower
That decks her slumbering breast.

How sad to think the blush and bloom,
Which she so lately wore,
Of leaf and blossom—all too soon—
Are faded evermore!

Not all unlike the transient joy,
That springs within the heart,
And smiles a moment o'er the waste,
To die of sorrow's dart.

No more the busy hum of bees
Resounds in leafless bowers,
Where late they sipped ambrosial sweets
Through all the languid hours.

No song-bird wakes the drowsy air,
For all are hushed or fled;
And sad winds chant through wood lands bare,
A dirge for Summer dead!

Ah! Summer's dead! speak softly o'er
Her silent place of rest—
Haste on, old Winter, bring the shroud,
And fold it o'er her breast!

—*South Creek, August*, 1868.

Miscellaneous.

A WORTHY SON.

Speech of Robert M. Douglass, son of Stephen A., at Raleigh, September 16—The Young Douglass Follows in the Footsteps of his Father.

At the great Republican mass meeting in Raleigh, N. C., Sept. 16, Robert M. Douglas made the following speech:

FELLOW-CITIZENS: Though it may appear presumption in one so young to attempt to discuss questions which task the energies and abilities of our greatest statesmen; yet, feeling in this vital struggle on which I believe the future prosperity, if not the very existence of our country depend, it is the duty of every one, young or old, to exert his utmost in defence of our sacred cause, I obey your call.

This is probably the first time in our nation's history that a young man has had the opportunity of appearing before a popular gathering as the advocate of a truly national party—a party that is governed by no sectional interests or partizan prejudices, but whose motto is our whole country, whose eternal principles are equal rights and equal laws. I do not look upon this as a canvass which will decide the manner in which the Government of the country shall be administered, but as an issue on which will depend the vital question, "Shall we have a country!"

Sincerely believing in this, I shall not attempt to deal with minor questions of domestic policy, but shall come at once to the main issues, Union or disunion, peace or war.

What satisfaction does the true patriot derive from the adoption of his dearest theories of government, if in the adoption of those theories, begins the ruin of the land he fondly hoped they would lead to greatness? Laws founded even upon Divine inspiration would be useless if there were no country for them to govern.

What theatre is there for the display of the energies of a young and aspiring citizen just entering upon the important duties of life, in a country torn by civil strife? Well has an eminent American statesman remarked: "There is no path of ambition open to me in a divided and distracted country."

To prove that the real issue is peace or war, we have only to refer to Frank P. Blair's letter, written with a view to his nomination, and subsequently endorsed by the very fact of his nomination by the National Democratic Convention.

Blair, in his letter, says:

"There is but one way to restore the Government and the Constitution and that is for the President elect to declare these acts null and void, compel the army to undo its usurpations at the South, disperse the carpet-bag State governments, allow the white people to reorganize their own governments, and elect Senators and Representatives."

Of course any attempt to subvert the government of these Southern States by force would lead to war, as the Governor and all other State officers, civil and military, are sworn to obey, support, and defend the constitution of the State of North Carolina; and we will defend it.

Further down Blair says:

"We must restore the Constitution before we can restore the finances, and to do this we must have a President who will execute the will of the people by trampling into dust the usurpation of Congress, known as the reconstruction acts. I wish to stand before the convention upon this issue, but it is one which embraces everything else that is of value in its large and comprehensive results. It is the one thing that includes all that is worth a contest, and without it there is nothing that gives dignity, honor, or value to the struggle."

On this issue he was nominated.

If any further proof were needed to show the revolutionary spirit of the Conservative party, it could easily be found in the violent harangues we daily hear around us, their bitter persecution of Union men, and their unrelenting hatred of the North and its loyal people.

The bitterness towards Northern men, who prove true to their principles, and who do not bow in selfish submission to the opinions of these haughty aristocrats, self-constituted judges of honor and morality, I know from experience. Though descended from one of the oldest families of this State, and born and partially raised in Rockingham county, upon my return nearly two years ago to my native place, I was denounced as a Yankee, and generally received with all the coldness and distrust due to one of that detested race. Notwithstanding my own nativity, and the position of my mother's family, they could never forget the Puritan birth of my father, whose native State, Vermont, with her thirty thousand majority, so nobly leads the van; and I may add, could never forgive his dying efforts in defence of his country.

Speaking of him, and feeling that whatever importance any words of mine may have is derived from the name I bear, and the affection many still feel toward one who through life proved himself the people's friend, a few words concerning my father may not be deemed inappropriate.—It was with feelings of surprise, and I must add of indignation, that I saw his name inscribed upon one of the transparencies borne in the late Conservative procession. I thought that common decency at least would have prevented them from dragging from the tomb the name of a man whom they had betrayed and denounced through life, and after his death, whose orphan children they had persecuted.

While gazing upon that name I remembered the time when those same men declared him a traitor to every principle of honor because he preferred his country to his party, and bitterly denounced him for his efforts to rally the people of the West for the defence of the Union.

I remember all these when I am declared a degenerate son; and for every quotation they give me from his speeches I will give them a dozen. When the *Sentinel* parades a sentence concerning a white man's government, I would remind them of his dying words. When the wife bent over the scarce breathing form of the expiring statesman, and asked if he had no message to send to his children, "Tell them," said he, in a voice rendered almost inaudible by the near approach of death, "to obey and support the Constitution and the laws of the land." This solemn injunction I intend to obey. When I see myself personally abused by the Conservative press, on account of my political sentiments, and called a traitor to the State in which I was born, I would recall to their recollection the times when I was declared an alien enemy. About the year 1862, a bill was filed summoning Thomas Settle (now Associate Justice of the Supreme Court) and R. A. Ellington to Greensboro, to show cause why they should not surrender the property of Robert M. and Stephen A. Douglas, alien enemies of the Confederacy; and when I am denounced as a Yankee and carpet-bagger, I would remind them of their efforts to drive me an exile from my native State, and render me a stranger to the soil that gave me birth; as, however, I have inherited my father's name, and his principles, it is natural that I should inherit their animosity. Nevertheless, it is strange that these men, his bitterest enemies in life, should now claim to be the truest exponents of his principles; but not more strange than that they should now assert themselves the best friends of the Constitution of the United States, and the infallible interpreters of its provisions, after they have sacrificed hundreds of thousands of lives and thousands of millions of treasure to trample into the dust that sacred instrument.

Such is their consistency, and such it is throughout all their political principles. If a white Republican addresses a crowd of colored men, expressing his honest sentiments, instructing them in their rights and duties, and advising them as a friend, that action involves social equality, and is disreputable.

High-born conservatives, however, can mingle promiscuously among colored men at barbecues, eat from the same sheep, and drink from the same bottle, and they deserve the praise of their fellow-citizens. If a colored man, following his honest convictions, votes for the best interests of his race, and as all his higher instincts prompt him, he is totally unworthy of the ballot, and is even unfit to dig a bare subsistence from the bosom of the common earth. If, on the other hand, that colored man proves a traitor to his race—votes to consign himself, his wife, and his children to a condition worse than slavery—for they all say that the condition of an old free negro was worse than that of a slave—he is respectable, and his swarthy hand is worthy of grasping the sweetest flowers plucked by the snowy fingers of Carolina's fairest daughters By reference to the columns of the *Standard* you will learn that in the town of Chapel Hill, of classic fame, the ladies, to testify their admiration for the eloquence of a colored Conservative orator, presented him with an elegant boquet of flowers. I have no objection to this. The flowers were their own, and they may give them to whom they please; but I claim the right, as long as I observe the restraints of public decency, of deciding upon the propriety or impropriety of my own conduct. The time has gone by when one man was better than another because he happened to be born in independent circumstances, and henceforth virtue and intelligence alone shall be the criteria of merit. Nothing more clearly shows the utter helplessness of the so-called Conservative cause, and the political degradation to which the party has descended, than the means employed to insure success; since they are afraid to leave the result with the unbiased vote of the citizens of the State and country.—Any man who, by refusing employment to all who will not swear to vote the Democratic ticket, and this is done openly all over the entire State, attempts to starve a colored man into voting against his deliberate convictions and the best interests of his race, is less worthy of the ballot than the negro whom he influences.

Consider, then, the difference between the candidates—Seymour, former Governor of New York, and Grant, the conqueror of the rebellion It is true that Seymour may be the more fluent speaker, that is, may find more to talk about; but when General Grant has anything to say, he is pretty generally understood; since, for instance, as his "immediate and unconditional surrender." The former I know by reputation, the latter personally. General Grant has not the qualities requisite in a hero of romance; but the very fact that his mind is so equally balanced that no one trait predominates, except, perhaps, his invincible firmness and devotion to constitutional liberty, fits him to calm the domestic troubles of the country which his sword has saved. But I have no fears of the result. I have too much confidence in the intelligence and patriotism of my fellow-citizens of North Carolina, and of the entire Union. With this implicit trust, I look forward to the 4th of March next, when Grant and Colfax will take their seats, as the inauguration of a new era, when peace and plenty will smile over the entire country, healing the breaches made by the late civil war, while the old flag will once more wave in triumph over a happy and united land.

IDEAS OF BEAUTY.—The ideas of beauty are as various as the philosophers who have written about or the people who have admired it. Plato would not admit its existence except in the mind. Leibnitz held that it consisted in perfection. Burke pretended that all objects which have the power of relaxing the nerves are beautiful. Sir Joshua Reynolds was of opinion that beauty was mediocrity; and Hogarth taught that it was nothing but a crooked line.

Nations are as much at variance with each other on the subject as the philosophers The Chinese think that a woman who hobbles on a pair of club feet is the perfection of female beauty; and the fashionable Thibetan woman does not deem herself presentable until she has daubed her face with a thick black paste, "a good deal like conserve of grapes." The Hindoo dames stain their nails black with henna; and the Japanese their teeth with a dye of the same color. The Hottentot beauty is esteemed no beauty at all until she has fattened herself up to at least fifty stone, and has reached such a development that she can suckle her baby over her shoulders and carry the rest of the family upon her natural bustle. The Peruvian squaw is deemed of no account in society until she can show an ear with a hole in it big enough for her admirer to pass his arm through up to the shoulder.

As for the Americans—we do not allude to the indigenous tribes of savages—they reverse the Hottentot standard of beauty. With them thinness is in as high a repute as blubber with their African sisters, and they will pare themselves down to impalpable shadows with as much diligence as the latter will bloat themselves into oleaginous fulness. The Hottentot women are said to give their skin and flesh extensibility by constant kneading and to cram themselves with pounded maize soaked in mare's milk, in order that they may swell out to the desired fatness; and the Americans pinch their bodies even to the crunching of the bones, with jackets of steel or corsets, and drench themselves with a mixture of chalk and vinegar that they may be reduced to the fashionable tenuity.

A GREAT AEROLITE.—A very large and brilliant aerolite has recently fallen in Cheatham county, Tennessee. A party of men at work in the fields about 19 miles from Nashville, at about one o'clock, on the 12th of August, were startled by a pale red glare that seemed to overspread the clouds just north of the zenith, the rest of the heavens being at the time darkly overcast. Suddenly they saw a white object fall obliquely from a brilliant funnel-like aperture, the sides of which seemed to be a jagged clouds intensely luminous. The object descended at an angle of from 10 to 15 degrees from the perpendicular, and struck the earth near by with a terrific noise and with such tremendous force as to shake all the surrounding country, and to loosen and throw down trees from the rocky hillsides adjacent. It struck upon a seamless ledge of limestone about three feet in thickness—rending it for a distance of fifty feet and throwing the fragments in every direction for many rods. At the point of contact, the rock when first visited was covered with a fine, white, floury paste, and from the aperture steam ascended, and the place was so hot that no one could approach it for three days. At the end of that time, the ground having become cooled by showers, though a very high and dense column of steam continued to arise, a gang of men was set to work to dig out the celestial missile. After working through the ledge which had already been sufficiently "blasted," they found the aerolite at the depth of 20 feet in blue clay It was still hot, and covered with a film oxide (the flour paste was probably some of the oxide), and was of a conical shape, the point downward, with an altitude of about seven feet and a base circumference of ten feet. The Smithsonian institution has made a bid for it, and the Tennesseeans are also moving to have it kept at their own State capital. This body is one of the smallest that fill the interplanetary spaces, the comets being the largest. According to the latest astronomical theories, the sun is kept hot and luminous by the heat generated by collision with such bodies.

PARTING WORDS.—A lady parting from her husband a few days since in the cars at Albany was overheard by the passengers to utter the following paragraph all in one breath: "Good bye, Will. Write to me every day, won't you? I'll expect a letter three times a week any way. Take good care of my Sunday school class, for I want it when I come back. If Miss Smith calls don't give her more than fifty cents, for we have to support our own church, you know.—Don't forget to bring my silk dress and my other shoes. Come as soon as you can. Good-bye. Don't forget your cane, and let your moustache grow."

A gentleman on board a steamboat asked the man who came to collect the passage-money if there was any danger of being blown up, as the steam made such a horrid noise. "Not the least," said the sharp collector, "unless you refuse to pay your fare."

MOTTO for late euchre parties—burn the midnight Hoyle.

Mrs. Thompson's White Ware.

Mrs. Thompson stood by the kitchen table paring potatoes for dinner. Something was evidently wrong with the little lady, for there was an unmistakable air of "spite" in the way she tossed the potatoes into the pan of cool spring water, waiting there to receive them. It was a sultry July day, and through the open window came the sound of mowers whetting their scythes, blended with the call of the robin, and the faint notes of the cuckoo in the shaded wood. But it only irritated Mrs. Thompson, indeed, everything irritated her that day. Looking out from the back door, one saw a lovely landscape, with broad reaches of meadow land, fringed with graceful belts of birch, and softly rounded mountains lifting their velvet foreheads to the white, fleecy clouds that went sailing across the exquisite ether, like huge drifts of thistle down. But this also irritated her; everything could be beautiful save her life, and that was cold, and rude, and barren.

But to commence at the beginning; Jane Lawrence had been an unusually romantic girl. She had always fancied she would marry some famous artist or scholar, who would take her to Rome and Venice, where she would live in a perpetual dream of beauty. She so loved beautiful things! Perhaps all women do, and perhaps that is the reason so many barter love for gold.

But contrary to all her preconceived notions, she married Robert Thompson, a plain, practical farmer; and instead of Italy, she went to the old homestead which had been the abode of the Thompsons for generations.—And instead of lounging in elegant studies, or gliding down storied rivers in picturesque gondolas, she made butter and cheese, raised poultry, cooked dinners in the long, low ceiled kitchen for three or four great, brown handed men, quite a contrast, you will admit.

If she could have had things a little different, she wouldn't have minded the work so much. If she could have had soft carpets, and tasteful furniture, and books, and pictures, and flowers, to be sure, she had a little strip under the south window, where a sweet briar grew, and pinks, sweet-william grew, and marigolds blossomed in their season. But they were so old fashioned; and she pined for the rare and elegant plants she had seen in conservatories and public gardens. But Robert Thompson would as soon think of buying the moon, as flowers. And though his wife earned them a dozen times over it never entered his heart that she did. Indeed, he gave (?) her twenty-five dollars fall and spring, to buy her clothing, and wondered vaguely where it went to, and if she had not got some hoarded away somewheres.

As to books, there was the Family Bible, with the records of all the Thompsons for three generations.—Then there was Fox's Book of Martyrs, and Pilgrim's Progress, and an English Reader, which her Thompson had when he was a boy and went to school in the little red school house upon the "pine barrens." Besides, there was the Report of the Board of Education, Law, and Resolves, Patent Office Reports, and a pile of the Farmer's Almanacs for twenty years, besides any amount of documents upon the best and most improved breed of cattle, the theory of under draining, rotation of crops, grass and forage, culture, etc., etc.

What could any reasonable person ask for more than that? And as for pictures, there was "From the Cradle to the Grave," an allegorical pictured, printed in colors, with a descriptive couplet attending each particular stage of the journey; a sampler which his mother had "worked at eleven years of age," and a very affecting scene illustrative of "The Lovers' Parting," wherein a very red cheeked damsel in puffed sleeves, short waist, and a very low neck, dissolved in the arms of her departing swain.

Certainly Mrs. Robert Thompson must have been very hard to please. but this particular day it was quite another thing that troubled her. The Esterville Sewing Circle and Ladies' Benevolent Society" were to meet at the farm house the next Friday, and Mrs. Thompson had set her heart on a new set of white ware on this occasion, and that morning had broached the subject to her husband.

"What's the matter with these dishes?" he asked, pointing to the "mulberry and white" plates, which Mrs. Thompson was washing.

"They are all out of date to begin with, and half of them are cracked, or broken; besides there isn't anywhere near enough of them to set the table."

"What has become of the china? Mother used that when she had company."

"It won't look well on the table, with the mulberry cracked as it is."

"I guess the victuls will taste just as well out of 'em, anyway."

"But we really need the dishes, Robert. There has not been a dish bought since I came here, twelve years ago, and—"

"They'll do just as well for twelve years to come. You wouldn't have thought of it, if it hadn't been for the Sewing Circle. If they can't come and eat out of such dishes as we've got, they are welcome to stay away." And he took down his hat to go back to his mowing.

There were tears in Mrs. Thompson's eyes, but she crowded them bravely back, and tried hard to steady the tremor of her voice, as she said, pleadingly:

"Please to give me the money to get them, Robert. Grover has got some real pretty ones—and cheap, too; I can get all I shall need for four dollars."

"Well, I guess Grover 'll keep 'em for all me. I've got no four dollars to spare," turning to go out. "By the way," looking back from the door, "Jones and Lee and Hubbard will be here to dinner, and perhaps to supper. We want to get down all the south meadow to-day, if we can. Grass is stout this year, there's a third more on the meadow than there was last year. And oh, Hubbard wants six pounds of butter to-night, don't forget to have it ready; and with these words he went out, leaving his wife to her long, weary day's work, darkened and made distasteful by disappointment. She was both grieved and angry. It was a little thing, perhaps, but it is the little things of life that delight and annoy.

Life looked very bare and homely to Jane Thompson that summer day. With all her love of ease and beauty, and symmetry, how rude and coarse and hard looked all her surroundings. It was only one long, montonous round of homely toil, unrelieved by any of the little sweetness and graces that might make even toil pleasant. She did not often think of it; but remembered that day, with the faintest little stir of regret, that she might have been far differently situated; and as she looked up to the pretty French cottage on the hill embowed in a perfect forest of blossoming vines, and caught the cool gleam of urn and fountain, something very like a sigh trembled on her lips.—"Squire Burnham's wife didn't have to beg for a paltry four dollars, that she might be able to set a table decently," she thought bitterly.

And then, as people do when they feel aggrieved, she remembered a score of other things equally needful, and equally within their means—for Robert Thompson was not a poor man—which had been churlishly refused. There was the parlor carpet, it was half cotton, and faded and threadbare at that, and the paper on the wall had been there ever since she was a child, and was stained where it had leaked down last winter, and yet Robert said it "was well enough for what little they used it," and absolutely refused to get either. And so of scores of other things which she remembered that morning as she toiled through all the long sultry forenoon, with an aching head and discouraged heart:

What did it matter to her if the grass *was* heavy, and butter up to forty cents a pound? It only brought her more a harder work, and no recompense save her board and clothing. She could earn more than that in any other man's house.

"Well, she had no business to marry Robert Thompson," she said moodily, to herself, her slender wrists aching from beating over the butter for Hubbard, "everybody always said he was close and shrewd, and prophesied that he would be rich some day—what did she care for riches, if they didn't do her any good—didn't make her life any fairer and softer? —She was not fitted to be a farmer's wife—and yet she *had* loved Robert Thompson!" She said this savagely, as if she was disgusted and angry with herself for it.

And yet Robert Thompson was not an unkind man—only thoughtless.—He was a type of a large class of men—more especially farmers—who do not feel in themselves the need which a woman's more æsthetic nature demands. Absorbed in his stock, his crops and his politics, he did not realize that his wife needed, and had a right to, a few of the things that, with her peculiar organism, were as much a need of her being as the food she ate.

And so, as the years ran on, they grew further and further apart, he getting more and more absorbed in grain, and growing more careless of looks and culture, and more thoughtless and less tender in regard to his wife's tastes, or toils, while she grew bitter, and despondent, and irritable.

Robert Thompson was a little inclined to fault finding and not being at all of a sensitive temperament himself, he did not know how keenly he wounded his wife; and when, sometimes, she gave back a bitter retort, he wondered what it was that soured her disposition so, for he remembered she used to be called unusually sweet tempered.

All through the long forenoon Mrs. Thompson had nursed her wrath.—Robert was selfish, and unreasonable, and she did not care who knew it.—She *would not* "have the 'circle' meet there, and set the table with that old fashioned china, and that stained and cracked mulberry—no, not for twenty Robert Thompsons. The rooms were shabby and out of date enough mercy knew; and her thoughts reverted to the pretty, tasteful homes of her friends, where she had met on 'circle' day.

Fifteen minutes before noon, and full that time before dinner would be ready—for they were usually a little behind, and Mr. Thompson always wanted his dinner boiling hot—Mrs. Thompson saw four tired, hungry looking men coming up through the orchard. The table was not set, and she hurried quickly about it. Just then Frank and Charlie, her two boys, came rushing in from school, each shouting "Mother, mother," and each wanted something "right off." She felt tired and wearied, and out of temper, which was not helped by her husband's impatient—

"Why isn't dinner ready? I told you we were in a hurry to-day. If I hadn't anything to do all the forenoon but get dinner, I'd try to get it before night."

A bitter retort sprang to her lips, but just then Charlie cried out—

"Oh, mother, mother! just look at my new copy. I ain't going to write a, b, ab's any more; I'm going to write sentences just like Frank.—Just you read it, mother. The teacher said I must get it by heart, and always remember it."

Mrs. Thompson glanced up, laying the plates as she read, "A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger." It was not that it was new, she had read it scores of times, but something in its appropriatness that fell like a cool hand upon her heated pulses.

"I will have it ready in a moment, Robert," she said, quietly.

He looked up; evidently he had not expected just that reply, for if the truth must be told, he had thought more than once that forenoon of his wife's request; not that he thought of granting it, but that he expected that she would, as he termed it "sulk over it."

"I say, boys," he said, as they went into the cool north room for their dinner, "it don't seem here as it did down in the meadow. A woman has an easy time of it; she don't know what hot weather is."

Mrs. Thompson, waiting on the table with a scarlet face, did not reply; but Hubbard gave Jones a queer look out of the corner of his eye, as he half glanced at her.

"Why didn't you set the butter in the stove? You might as well. I do not believe there's any need of having the butter like this, if it is warm weather," he growled.

"I took it out of the cellar since you came in; but I will go down and get some more, if you think I had better," was the pleasant reply.

"No, never mind. Well I declare! why didn't you boil this meat? It is as hard as a rock. Not much like that I had at your house, Hubbard. *Your* wife knows how to cook a dinner that's fit for a king."

"I tried to have it nice, Robert," Mrs. Thompson said, struggling hard to choke down a rising sob as well as an angry word.

The men did not speak, and Mr. Thompson finished his dinner with a thoughtful face. By and by he grew to watching his wife's face; there was something in it he could not understand. He looked down at the "mulberry and white," it *did* look old and dingy beside the white tablecloth, he wondered he had never noticed it before. He went out into the kitchen, how hot and stifling it was! A vague idea that it wasn't such a comfortable place, after all, flitted through his mind. He went out towards the barn, the sun was hot, but there was a fresh breeze blowing from the south, and the men were lounging in the shadow of the barn.

"I never pitied a woman so in my life," Hubbard was saying; "she works like a slave, and don't even get 'thank ye' for it."

"She'd never ought to have married Rob. Thompson," replied Jones; "delicate, sensitive little thing like her. However, he won't make money out of her blood and bones many years I don't think. I never saw a woman run down so fast. She looks as faded as the old house that hasn't seen a drop of paint since old grandfather Thompson had it fixed up for his second wife."

"And Jennie used to like to have things nice so well! She'd better have married Squire Burnham—I wonder if she isn't sometimes sorry."

"*Was she?*" The thought came crushing like a bolt of fire through heart and brain of Robert Thompson.

She might have married Burnham, he knew, and then he remembered how proud he had been that she had turned from the handsome young squire, to marry him, and came to the old homestead to take care of his invalid mother. And how tenderly she had done it too! He stole noiselessly away from the unconscious talkers, and started at a quick pace down the street.

Mrs. Thompson had washed and put away the last dish, when the sudden sound of wheels coming into the yard, sent her to the door.

"I've brought down that ware, Mrs. Thompson," said the brisk voice of Grover, as he sprang to the ground, and lifted a large basket carefully from the wagon.

"But I didn't order them, Mr. Grover," she gasped, in a frightened voice. "I only said perhaps I—"

"Oh, It's all right. Mr. Thompson came up this noon and ordered them. I thought you didn't send him, for he didn't seem to know what he wanted, only he gave me ten dollars, and told me to bring what was necessary. I have brought you a tea and dinner set, including three dozen plates. If there is anything you don't like, I'll take it back, and make it all right."

"Oh, I shall like them, I know," she said, trying hard to control her voice.

"Well, I'll leave the basket, and Robert can bring it up some time," he said, springing into the wagon and driving off.

Then Jane Thompson sat down on the floor beside the basket of crockery and cried as if her heart would break. They were magical tears, too, for they washed all the weariness and despair from her face and the shadow from her eyes and heart. She forgot that she was tried, or that the day was hot,—but went to unpacking and washing her new treasures, singing softly to herself the while. She put some nice clean papers on the shelves, and then she folded some and cut them in scallops and put them over the edges, and then she arranged her beautiful ware, with its falling sprays of convolvulus and fuchsias, standing off every few minutes to admire it. I doubt if Mrs. Squire Burnham was ever so entirely happy in her life!

She had got everything arranged and stood in the pantry door with a bright happy smile in her eyes and on her lips, when a voice—it was a trifle husky—said, close beside her:

"What is it Jennie?" (he used to call her that in the old days, before the hardness or indifference came between them.)

"O, Robert!" taking a step toward him. He opened his arms and drew her close to his heart, kissing her as fondly and tenderly as he ever had in the days of his courtship.

"Forgive you? O Robert! I never was so happy in my life! I have been to blame too; I haven't—

"Yes you have," he interrupted.—"You've been an angel compared with me. I've made a slave of you, but you shan't work so any more. Jones' Laura is coming up to-morrow, to help you till after haying, and then I'll make permanent engagement."

"O, Robert, I can get along *now*, I feel just as light as a bird."

"And you are almost," he said, smiling a little sadly into her eager face. "No; I am able to hire some one to help you, and I am *going* to.—And, by the way, I saw Leeds this noon. It's a dull time just now, and so I thought I'd give the poor fellow a job."

"O Robert! You ain't going to—"

"Ain't I?" he said teasingly, laughing at her enthusiasm.

"Are you really, Robert—going to have the house painted?"

"Every square inch of board, Jennie, inside and out. And when you get over the summer's work, you can be looking up something to brighten up the old place a little."

Tobacco by a Small Boy.—Tobacco grows something like cabbages, but I never saw none of it boiled, although I have eaten boiled cabbage and vinegar on it. I heard men say that cigars was given to them on election day for nothing, was cabbage leaves. Tobacco stores are mostly kept by wooden Injuns, who stand at the doors and try to fool little boys by offering them a bunch of cigars, which are glued into the Injun's hands and is made of wood also. Hogs do not like tobacco; neither do I. I tried to smoke a cigar once, and it made me feel like Epsom Salts. Tobacco was invented by a man named Walter Raleigh. When the people first saw him smoking they thought he was a steamboat, and as they had never seen a steamboat, were frightened. My sister Nancy is a girl. I don't know whether she likes tobacco or not. There is a young man named Leroy who comes to see her. He was standing on the steps one night, and he had a cigar in his mouth, and she said, "Leroy, the perfume is agreeable." But the next morning when my big brother Tom lighted his pipe, Nancy said: Get out of the house, you horrid creature, the smell of tobacco makes me sick." Snuff is Injun meal made out of tobacco. I took a little snuff and then I sneezed. The end.

An Alarming Theory.—From the annual occurrence of rains, meteoric showers, and the explosions of steam boilers in various parts of the country, Professor Loomis suggests a very uncomfortable theory in regard to the safety of the earth itself. He thinks it not impossible that sufficient steam might be generated in the burning centre of the world to blow the whole globe to pieces. A volcanic eruption under the sea, or near it, like that of Vesuvius, now in progress, may at any moment convert the earth into a huge steam boiler, by letting the water in upon the central fires, to be followed, for aught we know, by an explosion that shall rend it apart, and send the fragments careering through space as small planets or meteors, each bearing off some distracted member or members of the human family, to make, perchance, new discoveries and acquaintances in other parts of the planetary system now revolving with us. So that the final catastrophe may, after all, be only a boiler explosion on a magnificent scale of grandeur and destruction.

Think.–Thought engenders thought. Place one idea upon paper—another will follow it, and still another, until you have written a page. You cannot fathom your mind. There is a well of thought there which has no bottom. The more you draw from it, the more clear and fruitful it will be. If you neglect to think yourself, and use other people's thoughts, giving them utterance only, you will never know what you are capable of. At first your ideas may come in lumps, homely and shapeless; but no matter—time and perseverance will arrange and refine them. Learn to think and you will learn to write; the more you think, the better you express your ideas.

A very little boy, after giving everybody a good-night kiss, kneeled at his mother's side to say his evening prayer. His mother had that day been teaching him the piece commencing: "You'd scarce expect one of my age," &c., and these verses were running through his mind. He commenced the prayer as follows: Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep, if I should chance to fall below Demosthenes or Cicero, don't view me with a cricket's eye—" "Stop, stop," said his mother, "that isn't a part of the prayer." "Yes it is," the little fellow replied; "Yes it is, mamma; don't view me with a cricket's eye."

FUN, FACTS AND FACETIÆ.

Heat can travel faster than cold; anybody can catch cold.

It is both better and safer to grow in love than to fall in love.

Stealing nutmegs may be a small crime, but it might lead to a grater.

Some ladies use paint as fiddlers do rosin—to aid them in drawing a beau.

Most of the shadows that cross our path through life are caused by our standing in our own light.

A writer in the Paris *Figaro* says all women are devils. They are devils most men like to be passessed of.

Goldsmith must have been thinking of the "Grecian bend" when he wrote: "When lovely woman stoops to folly."

A clergyman, after marrying a couple, made a prayer over them, concluding: "Forgive them, Lord, they know not what they do."

A young man generally gives a lock of his hair to his sweetheart before he marries her.—After marriage she sometimes helps herself—and don't use scissors.

"My opinion is," said a philosophical old lady of much experience and observation, "that any man who dies upon washing day does it out of pure spite."

Josh Billings was not ten miles out of the way when he flung this off: "Men who have a grate deel to do with hosses seem to demoralize far more than the hosses do."

A well-known author hung up his stocking in jest last Christmas Eve, and his wife, very much in earnest, put a baby in it; whereupon the author said, "My dear, darn that stocking."

"I say Pat," said a Yankee to an Irishman, who was digging in his garden, "are you digging out a hole in that onion bed?" "No," says Pat, "I am digging out the earth and leaving the hole."

The following advertisement appears in a Canada paper: "Will the gentleman who stole my melons last Saturday night be generous enough to return me a few of the seeds, as they are a choice variety?"

Jerrold went to a party at which a Mr. Pepper had assembled all his friends. Jerrold said to his host, on entering the room: "My dear Mr. Pepper, how glad you must be to see all your friends musterd."

An elderly Pennsylvania woman, with her daughter, looking at a marble statue of Girard in the college building, the other day, startled the bystanders by exclaiming: "La! Sally, how white he was!"

The pulse of young ladies generally beats stronger in the palm of the hand than at the wrist. This curious fact in physiology has been frequently observed by young men of an investigating turn of mind.

A cotton thread manufacturer, who, by accident, got a cut across his nose, having no court-plaster at hand, stuck on his proboscis one of his gum tickets on which was the usual information, "Warranted 350 yards long."

The clerk of a cockney church recently made the following announcement to the congregation: "You are desired to attend a meeting in the vestry, at four o'clock, to consider on the best means of eating the church, and to digest other matters."

To be free from desire is *money;* to be free from the rage of perpetually buying something new is a certain revenue; to be content with what we possess constitutes the greatest and most certain of riches.