The Bradford Reporter.

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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 Orphans' 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 [illegible] 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 & 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 last 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. 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 Aluminum 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:
Pine Timber lot, 3 miles from Towanda, containing 56 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.
Farm 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.

Cards.

WARD HOUSE, TOWANDA, PA. On Main Street, near the Court House. C. T. SMITH, Proprietor. Oct. 8, 1868.

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

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

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, A. G. MASON. Towanda, Oct. 1, 1866.

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 clearness and brilliancy of tone and Artistic finish, can not be excelled. We invite all to examine them as well as the more common kinds of Portraits which we make, knowing full well that they will bear the closest inspection. This Gallery claims the highest reputation for good work of any in this section of country, and we are determined by a strict attention to business and the superior quality of our work, to not only retain but increase its very enviable reputation. We keep constantly on hand the best variety of Frames and at lower prices than at any other establishment in town. Also Passepartouts Card frames, Card Easels, Holmes' Stereoscopes, Stereoscopic Vies, and everything else of importance pertaining to the business. Give us an early call. N. B.—Solar Printing for the trade on the most reasonable terms. D. HARDING, F. SMALLEY. Aug. 29, '67.

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. TUMISON, 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.

THE MORNING DEW.

BY G. A. SIMCOX.

The dewdrops vanish one by one
That seem to glisten everywhere,
Drawn by the kisses of the sun
Into the thirsty lap of air;
They vanish, and they do not die,
Although the thirsty road be dry.

The dew at night will fall in vain
On broken herbage by the way;
The dew will change to gentle rain,
And waken far off flowers to May;
Yet herbs and flowers in every sky,
In every land, are born to die.

The pleasant thoughts of dawning youth
Are parched away by toil and care,
And leave the dusty road of truth,
The trodden path of duty bare;
And yet our pleasant thoughts are true,
Although they pass like morning dew.

They pass from us, their light is shed
On broken works of weary hands;
They pass from us, their sweetness fed
Some nobler toil in happier lands;
Yet every man beneath the sun
Doth all his deeds to be undone.

Our pleasant thoughts are like the dew,
One half of heaven, one half of earth;
They seem to die, but they renew,
The sacrament of their sweet birth:
But fruitful plants are deeds of men
Are earth, and turn to earth again.

In thirsty fields of barren air
The dew is born to fall in vain;
Our thoughts go up to heaven, and there
They change to mists of golden rain,
Whereof the fourfold fountain head
In paradise is always fed.

Our thoughts, that seem to come and go,
Abide indeed in God on high;
For He ordains to water so
The only tree that does not die;
And angels in its shadow sit;
But who is he shall eat of it?

—Good Words.

Selected Tale.

HOW VIOLET GOT A BEAU.

I.—IN THE VALLEY.

Dear little Violet! They must have known the color of her eyes before they chose her name. Poor little Violet! Her mother had died years before we knew her; then there came a step-mother, one of the old-fashioned step-mothers, strict and exacting, caring much for her own sons, and little for the lonely daughter of her new home. Second mammas, in these days, if we are to believe in modern fiction, exceed in love and tenderness all other women; but Mrs. Ashley belonged to an earlier part of the world's history. She had no soft place in her heart for that tender, violet-eyed, motherless child; perhaps even a twinge of jealousy because Mr. Ashley loved her so well.

Mr. Ashley, in time, learned to repress his feelings, knowing that, if noted, they only brought trouble upon his darling. He was naturally of a reserved, peace-loving disposition, and eventually schooled himself into perfect quiescence. Thus there arose a barrier between him and his lone child, too. All this ended by her throwing her little foolish love-burdened heart at the feet of a certain penniless young German who gave daily lessons to her step-brothers and herself. Mr. Ott behaved honorably; he liked the child well enough, and he found out her queer little secret one day quite by chance. She had written no end of poems about it and him. Instead of taking advantage of his discovery, Otto imparted it to her father. Then Mr. Ashley came to us for help.

Will and I had a private consultation; then I drove over to Harley Street, and brought Violet away to our cosey home. She was a sweet little soul, but half frightened and quite at a loss in her new surroundings. I had seen her now and then, but knew nothing of her; my visits to Harley Street were of the most formal. Friendship there was only between the gentlemen of the families. Will and Mr. Ashley had been school fellows once upon a time.—Violet sat in the phæton besides me very grave and silent.

"Do you like driving?" I asked, whipping my ponies well together.—We were out on the high road now, speeding homewards

"Yes, thank you, I like it very much," she said, demurely.

"This sort of talk won't do," I thought; "we must come to a better understanding, in some way. I must win her confidence; after that we shall get on." So I turned and looked into her pretty face.

"Violet!" I said, "have you ever thought anything at all about me?"

"Yes,—often, because I liked you."

"That was kind. If you thought about me, and like me, did you ever pity me?"

"Pity you, Mrs. Bell! No, certainly not. Why ever should I?"

She was puzzled and somewhat interested. I did not answer, and presently she spoke her thoughts aloud.

"You have carriages and horses, and a beautiful house, and you can do just whatever you like, and—and—you have a husband who is good to you, and whom you love,—why ever should I pity you?"

"You seem quite sure about my loving my husband."

"Of course you do,—any one can see that; besides, he is so nice, you know, you couldn't help it."

The little maid was getting cheerful now, and spoke in a chirpy, pert way that I thought delightful.

"Well," I said, "that being settled between us, and granting all your ideas of my possessions to be correct, I think you would pity me if you knew how I have wished for something for years and years, and it has been denied to me."

Violet said, "O!" and she made her eyes and her little mouth quite round to suit the letter and the astonishment it conveyed. We were crossing the bridge now, and one of the ponies was troublesome; so a little time went by before I asked,—

"Do you know what I have wanted so long, my dear?"

"I think so. Some one to call you mamma, and to be your own, own, own pet, and Mr. Bell's, too. Is that what you mean?"

"Yes. Now you know my trouble. I know yours, too, Violet, and am sorry for you, and I think we can do one another good. That is why I asked you to come and stay with me. Do you know what we are going to do together."

"To read, and work, and drive, do you mean?"

"Something nicer than that. To travel."

"O, Mrs. Bell! and am I to go, too?"

"Yes, indeed. You shall do anything and everything you like. This day week we are going abroad together; your papa knows all about it, and is quite willing."

That day week, accordingly, saw us leave London; and after a glimpse of Paris, very hot and dusty, but not the less amazing to our little *protege*, we went on to Spa. It was very early, long before the Spa season, when we first arrived; but we proposed spending three or four months there, and found June sunshine sweet and pleasant. Nor was there any heat to complain of in the long midsummer days that we spent in the woods there abounding.

What a sweet little nest is that Spa! What delightful walks, and rides, and drives! what glorious breeze and view from the heights, and what pleasant winding paths up to them! How pretty, too, is the one gayly busy street and the glorious avenue into which it spreads, when its attractions are at an end! Its principal feature is the "Redoute" (now superceded by a few handsomer buildings further down.) Opposite that centre of attraction, cunningly placed indeed for him who has won, or for those desirous to lose, crowd the shops of banker, tobacconist, hairdresser, ladies' fashions, jeweller, and specially tempting, the repositories for stained and painted wood articles peculiar to the place. Thus the fortune winner, sauntering out of the Rooms, is tempted in every possible way to invest a portion of his hoard; while the banker will, for a consideration, change any kind of money under the sun into a five franc piece, to enable any unfortunate speculator to go and try again. One end of the queer little street leads into the much-sought avenue, as I have said; the other opens upon the miniature market place and town-hall.

Violet was very much amused by the men in big blouses who stand in the square from morning till night. Some are guides, others possess carriages or saddle-horses, at the service of excursionists; others, again, simply stand there looking on, smoking long pipes, and making slow observations upon all going on around them. Violet's *naive* expressions of astonishment and delight were a kind of "continual feast" to Will and me; and the child soon became quite familiar and at her ease with us two old people. We must have seemed so very ancient to her! We were staying at the Hotel d'Orange, and had spent a very quiet, happy month, when some friends arrived, whose coming brought about various little adventures that have led me into this telling of Violet's proceedings. She had by no means forgotten Mr. Otto, and in confidential moments would tell me of his perfection and her admiration.

"Oh! I did like him so very, very much," she said one day; "so would you, if you knew him. He is very handsome, you know, bright blue eyes, and such a beautiful mustache! Then he used to be so patient and kind to me, and I did love to hear him talk. At last I could not bear to be away from him,—I used to cry and feel so wretched; at least, not really wretched, you know, but such a nice, new, strange feeling. You know I have read all about being in love. And when he came it used to make me start, and when he touched me I used to tremble. But now it is all over, quite over. He laughed at me! It was very cruel. You know he found my book of verses, and Otto was so difficult to rhyme to. Ah! Mrs. Bell, I never could have stayed on at home, and I am so thankful you took me away. I dreaded coming at first, though."

We had walked up to one of the famous wells to breakfast,—the Sauviniere, that boasts of a greater attraction than its mineral spring. We had taken our meal out under the fine old trees, and found the cotelettes and omelettes well deserving of their wide spread fame. My old gentleman had walked away with his cigar, and we two were still sitting in lazy enjoyment, very cozy and confidential. There now drove up to the inn-door a queer old rumbly tumbly chariot, drawn by two small Spa horses, belonging decidedly to the aborgiual species common there. I looked on in the contented, apathetic way in which people resting at ease generally watch the movements of active travellers.

Out of the nondescript vehicle sprang briskly a bright-faced laughing youth, with an unusual quantity of thickly curling hair, which I noticed all the more because in jumping he lost his hat. Him followed, more soberly, a somewhat older man, who impressed me by his composed manner.

"He looks like the light-haired one's schoolmaster," whispered Violet.

The merry youth ran after his hat, and the other stepped back to the chaise, and held out both hands to help a lady in the difficult descent.—She was a very tall, broad-shouldered person of middle age, and had about her an air of severe propriety. This expression went into all the details of her sad-colored attire; her very bonnet-strings were cut into rigidly-straight lines at the end, and the tips of her stiffly extended fingers were clothed in square-cut gloves. I do not say that I discovered such details in these first moments, but they came to be so associated in my mind with Miss Prudence Herbert, that I cannot speak of her without noting them.

Last, but by no means least, there came forth a very imposing gentleman, with a grand face and air, and a long silvery beard. All my apathy was at an end; I started to my feet, and approaching the strangers. Certainly there could be no doubt, this was our dear old friend, the General. I had been telling of him and his brave deeds but yesterday. Then I spoke of him as though there were thousands of miles between us; now he was here! I had seen him last twenty years ago, yet I knew him again instantly. He was a gallant young captain then, and had stood in my dead father's place when I became Will's wife. Then I bade him a long farewell, but I had heard of him ever since; first from his wife, then from mutual friends, once or twice from himself. I met him now with outstretched hands. He gave me a kiss, and said I looked just as young as when he left home. Then he turned, in his courteous way, towards little Violet, who had crept up with her eyes full of curious questions.

"And this fairy?" said the General; "surely I should have heard,—I cannot have forgotten?"

"No, she is not ours," I answered, cheerfully. I saw our old friend was distressed by having spoken his surmise; "But we are taking care of her."

"Very pleasant care you find it, Missy, I should say. And where is Mr. Bell?"

He came up at the moment. Then there was much introducing. Miss Herbert was the General's sister-in-law, and had met him at Southampton with his younger sons.

"Miss Violet took you for your brother's school master," I said, at this part of the introduction; on which poor little Violet emulated the deepest-dyed rose with her blushes, and when we were alone scolded me well for being so very, very wicked.

The elder had gone out to his father some years before, and had just returned from Canada with him. So these great fellows were the babies I had cooed and crowed with; and this fair haired, laughing Lionel was the chubby cherub that had rivalled even Will in my affections and attentions; and HE was the elder, after all! I fancied I could detect some some of the aunt's schooling in grave Herbert, who was certainly very solemn for his years. A very handsome fellow, now that I looked more closely at him, and much more like his father than my old pet, Lion. Whether from old association, or for the sake of his laughing face and merry way, I don't know; certainly it is that Lion immediately regained his hold on my affections, and that I was as enthusiastic in his praises as Violet herself, in whose thoughts he quickly usurped the place of Mr. Otto. Pray, do not think that Violet was giddy or heartless; far, far from it; the little soul was all love, and had given of her tenderness to the very first man whom she could justly admire. It was only a child's feeling then; now, I thought, or came to think shortly, the woman was arising, and the child passing away. I said to Will, when we were alone after that meeting at the Sauvinier, that between Lionel and Violet had arisen a case of love at first sight; Lionel's admiration had been so plainly visible in his delighted face, and in his cheery words when he took Violet's hand in his Then again, when we all went to the well, and Violet had been persuaded to put her foot into the legendary hollow stone, and wish, it was Lion who held her hand to steady her; and he chatted all the time. He said how he wished that *he* might wish; and would not she wish his wish for him? "I must not wish my wish myself," he added; "don't you know that we men are not to have any extra chance of fulfilment given to us, like you of the privileged sex? Well, I grant you any and every privilege under the sun cheerfully."

At this Violet put on her little pert pout, and replied—

"No doubt the saints won't give men any encouragement, because they are unreasonable in their desires, and don't deserve to have them fulfilled."

"I don't know about the reason; but I do know about the strength and good will of my desires. Perhaps some day I will tell you, and let you judge for yourself."

I can see all the pretty picture before me still.

Glimpses of very blue sky and fleecy floating cloudlets, through the rich foliage overhead, fantastic shadows swaying on the sward beneath, air all about us. The brave old General opposite, leaning on his younger son's arm; Aunt Prudence a little further back, holding the glass of disagreeable water at stiff arm's length, my dear Will persuading her, in his droll way, to try its salutary effects. Then—between them all and me; and some steps below us—Violet, as lovely a type of maidenhood as I have ever had the good fortune to see. Her arched brows raised, her sweet lips parted in a smile of protest, her long soft curls taken off the smooth brow, and falling gracefully over her shoulders, and her trusting look and hand given childlike to the care of her bright-faced companion. Her whole attitude—even the soft blue folds of her muslin dress—adding to the inexplicable charm that an innocent girl has in the eyes of all beholders. Of course Lionel had his share in the making of the pretty picture. His merry face and strong figure; his tawny—I was going to say mane, and it would be correct—well, then, his tawny mane and beard, and the admiring interest with which he regarded "the child of wishes," as he talked his nonsense—all these things impressed themselves on my mind's eye, and enable me to-day to give you a faint idea of a bygone but very brilliant reality.

The meeting of that morning made a new era in our Spa life. Where we three had formerly gone, there were now mostly seven of us, and many happy days we spent together. As for Violet, what with sunshine, happiness and love, she was growing absolutely beautiful; so I saw, and needed not the constant telling of the two old gentlemen whom I voted far more impressionable than the young ones. As for the General, he put himself entirely at Miss Violet's feet, and led her away into an enthusiastic flirtation, which often called for my severest criticism as chaperone.—Lionel's admiration was evident enough; but Herbert seemed to heed the child's loveliness as little as Aunt Prue; but then Herbert was altogether so quiet and unimpressionable. With his godmother, Miss Herbert, I had to fight many small battles about the liberty granted to the young people in the disposal of their time and the choice of their amusements, especially on the occasion of a particularly nice ball. Lionel had entreated so for Violet's *debut* at this entertainment, that I at last yielded.

"You give way to the young people too much—far too much," said Aunt Prue, severely. "The idea of encouraging—I may say, leading them on to think of nothing but pleasure, appears to me almost sinful.—Surely we are not sent into the world on such account. Life has sterner thoughts and duties."

"But we are here for the holidays."

"I greatly fear, Mrs. Bell, you would have all the days of the year devoted to dances and junketings, and leave none for sober works. I cannot but say that the idea of this ball is extremely distasteful to me, and I misdoubt me much that the effect of such dissipation will not tend to the improvement of the youthful minds of which we have undertaken the charge."

"I am sorry you don't approve.—We must not disappoint them now; Violet and Lion have quite set their hearts upon it."

"There, my dear madam, you put my worst fears into words. As for my beloved Herbert, I shall certainly exert *my* influence in withholding him from these thoughtless pastimes."

And so on, and on. My bluff old Will voted Miss Prudence a bore, and a muff, and all sorts of naughty names; but I knew that, though fussy in words, she was always ready for a kind and generous action. This much debated ball was the first "select" one of the Spa season, and it had been settled that we should all go. As for Miss Herbert and her godson, of course we should miss them; but they were not absolutely indispensable. I had dressed my little Violet in snow-white, and crowned and garlanded her with silvery leaves. Over her curls, too, I had shaken a silvery shower, and Will had, with some difficulty, procured corresponding ornaments for her neck and arms. I thought her perfection, and kissed the laughing lips with—I think, almost a mother's pride. Will led our pet into the room, while I leaned upon the General's arm. Lionel, tired of waiting, had gone on; but in the pretty rooms we looked for him in vain. He had claimed Violet's promise for the first two dances.

"I want to get her well used to the slippery floor and the size of the rooms, you know," he had said, half apologetically. When I looked on her now, I thought the dear boy needed no excuse. But where was he, and why did he not gladden his eyes with the sight of our fairy? Meanwhile Herbert was leading her away. He had been standing half hidden behind one of the pillars near the entrance, and I caught sight of his watchful eyes as we came in.—But he did not join us until the music began, and Violet looked on with a wistful disappointment. She rewarded her unexpected cavalier with a beaming smile, and was swiftly carried away amongst the dancers, while we elders looked on.

"How well the lad dances!" said the General; "upon my word, I did not expect it of him."

"Such a partner would put life into any man," said Will. "I am going to have a turn myself presently."

The next quadrille saw Mr. Bell and Violet standing together, with Herbert and me as *vis-a-vis*. *Then* I felt almost thankful that Miss Prudence was not looking on. Of course we had all wondered—first privately, then to one another—as to what had become of Lionel. At last I became uneasy, and deputed Herbert to go and seek his brother, and not to return without him.

"Do you really not know what keeps him, Mrs. Bell?" he asked, looking straight into my eyes.

"No,—indeed, do you? I am anxious because he was dressed and waiting, and said he would come on here. Do you know?" But Herbert was gone before he had time to reply: he had muttered, "I will find him," and had drawn his brows somewhat sternly, I thought; but then Herbert was so peculiar, and might have meant nothing.

We had met some English friends, and we had made some foreign ones, during our stay, and Violet had more dancing offers than she could accept. There was a certain Mons. Dejazet, who had put his heart, verbally, at her feet and at my feet, all the evening, and who was excited by *cette beaute virginale* to a frantic pitch of gesticulation. The little man looked altogether like a lively note of admiration. He capered and figured about our pet, and brought her *refraichissements* innumerable. She took all his attentions in excellent part, and was grateful and amused. Before we left Spa Mons. Dejazet had demanded our permission to pay his addresses to cette charmante jeune personne Mees Vi-o-le. I made some allusion to her about her French suitor, and her answers were quite sufficient to warrant Mr. Bell in humbly declining the proffered honor. Mons. Dejazet, with his cinquante mille livres de rentes, was astounded, and went his way in wonder, but in peace.

Herbert soon came back to the ball-room. "Lionel will follow me directly," he said, and gave his impatient partner his arm. A few minutes later our truant appeared waltzing away with a certain Miss Noble. That dance over, he came to me.

"I am so sorry, Mrs Bell; I really could not help it. I quite intended to come straight here, but was detained, and, seeing me come in, Mr. Noble begged me to dance with his daughter, so I could not come straight to you. Where is our sweet Violet?"

"There is MY sweet Violet," I said, a little coolly; "and she is enjoying herself amazingly." Then I looked well into his face. "You are strangely flushed, Lionel, after one dance."

"Am I?" he said, and bit his lip. "I am very warm."

"You can rest at your leisure now."

"No, by Jove. I am going to make up for lost time." Just then he saw Violet standing opposite.

"O, Mr. Bell, how delicious she she looks to-night."

But Violet did not come over to our part of the room, as he had expected, and, as soon as the music began again, whisked by with Mons. Dejazet.

"I can't stand this," muttered Lionel, and hotter blood came into his face. He left me, and watched his opportunity; with the last chord he lifted Violet's hand in his, and walked her off, uncermoniously. They went into the further room; I followed swiftly, and was in time to hear him say,—

"But you must not, must not be angry with me; I am so savage with myself."

"But, Lionel, I will know what kept you. Tell me; then I will forgive you, and dance with you again."

"O, do. Dance pretty with me, and don't pout and look so bewitching, or you'll make me say more than I ought."

"You must tell me first, sir."

"I cannot tell you first or last, miss."

"Then I will not dance, at least not with you. It was worth Herbert's while to come to me."

"He is such a calm chap, nothing tempts him."

"Maybe I was sufficient temptation."

"Oh you daughter of Eve!"

"Don't abuse my dear first mother, sir. I never will acknowledge that she was so much to be blamed as people make out. Why did not Master Adam sensibly and kindly point out to her the error of her ways? She might have been led aright with very little trouble."

"In your opinion, then, Adam should have reasoned with—with a woman. Poor logic I sad would have been thy early fate."

"Now you are talking nonsense, and only to lead me away from the questions I WILL have answered. What kept you, Lionel?"

"Will you come and see?"

"Nothing I should like better."

"Come then."

"Oh! what can it be? Would Mrs. Bell let me, do you think?"

"Never mind Mrs. Bell. Trust yourself to me, I love you, sweet little Violet, and mean to make you my wife some day. Come with me now."

She looked straight into his face for a moment, then gave a low laugh.

"I will come with you now," she said, "for the fun of the thing, and because I am curious; but as to that other proposal of yours, I have nothing to say to that." She had a very determined, quiet air when she chose, and now said her words so resolutely that they startled me. Lionel laughed aloud.

"Time will prove, my dear, and I can wait. We must fetch your cloak, and muffle you up well. Now you can come."

I, very near them, though hidden, had heard much of what passed, and now resolved to follow. I had no longer any doubts as to where our pet was to be taken. I left them to go their own way while I went back to my husband, and whispered hurriedly to him. Then I put my shawl over my head, went back to my hotel, fetched a bonnet and veil, and rejoined Mr. Bell at the entrance of the Rooms.

II.—ON THE HEIGHTS.

When I put my hand upon my husband's arm, we walked up the stairs, but did not go amongst the dancers this time. We went into a lofty, well lighted saloon, in the center of which stood a crowd. That it was an eager, anxious crowd was my first observation; the next, its strange component parts. I had seen such places before; I had watched the green table of danger with its wierd numbers; I had heard the monotonous call of the croupiers; and watched them raking up the lost money. But I had never looked with such intense interest on all these things as now, on this night, when I wished to note the effect upon our darling and her admirer. By this time we had all begun to think of them as belonging together. Their suitability had been beyond doubt from the first. Age, faces, and fortunes would be well mated, so we wise elders had agreed. A little to our right they now stood, far too much engrossed by the gambling operations to heed us. Now and again Violet would turn with inquiring look or word to her protector, to whom she clung timorously, then back to the table and those nearest and most interested. Her lips were parted, and all her powers of keen observation shining from her wondering eyes. Lionel had not forgotten her presence, but his thoughts were chiefly with the game playing before him. Mechanically his hand moved towards his pocket, and he brought forth small gold coins.

"I must try again," he said, "your presence must change my luck. Do. Only mention one, just one."

"It is wrong Lionel?"

"No, no, very kind; quite right."

"Thirty-six," said Violet, and Lionel hurriedly pushed three ten-franc pieces upon the chosen number.

In another minute thirty-six times that sum lay awaiting him.

"Shall I leave it?" he asked

"No, no, take it, take yours,—anything. But come away, please, come away," said Violet, not in the least understanding the transaction, but quite aware of the hungry and envious eyes that followed the money as it came back into her companion's hand. And then the eyes were turned upon her, and I could see the blood mounting into her very temples. Some of the eyes so attracted were not speedily withdrawn. One swarthy, black-bearded man, with eyes like a hawk, rose, and invited our pet by look and gesture to take his chair.

"Mees has all the favor of ze god-like Fortuna," he said, grinning.

"Do sit, Violet; you will not be noticed so much; do, there's a dear girl, and tell me what to play."

"I shall unite to your ventures," said the foreigner, evidently understanding the purport, though not the words of Lionel's entreaty. And he backed quite out and offered his chair to our poor confused pet. I was just coming to the rescue, when Herbert (who had a knack of appearing at the right moment this evening) stepped forward.

"You have forgotten that I was to have the last waltz, Violet," he said; "I have been seeking you; come." He took her unresisting hand; gave his brother, who was about to interfere, a look that Will called a "silencer," and led her away. They did not go back into the ball-room. When I reached the hotel, I found my Violet in tears.

"You are over-excited, my dear," I said, and began to take off her ornaments.

"I am in such trouble, I don't know how to tell you. Will you ever forgive me?"

"Dear child, you have done no harm."

"Do you know, do you really?"

"Yes I was there, watching you. We quite, intended to show you the Rooms some evening, and Mr. Bell would have explained the game to you. There was no harm in your going, but Lionel was to blame for taking you in your ball-dress."

After this the little soul sobbed all the more. I put her into bed and sat beside her, holding her trusting little hand in mine, until her breathing became regular, the tears dried on her face, and she slept. Perhaps another tear fell upon it as I kissed her, but I know that I thanked God for his mercies, and for the beauty and brightness in this pleasant world.

I am sorry to have to tell you that my old favorite, Lionel, did not behave himself very well during the next month. Miss Prue was in a state as nearly boarding on distraction as propriety allowed her.

"The young man must have his fling," said the kind general; "he has never seen anything of the sort before. He'll soon come straight again. Don't worry him, Prue; he is a good lad."

"Worry him! What expressions, brother! Counsel, advice, are now to be spoken of as men speak of—of aggressive dogs. Worry indeed!"

At last however things were getting too bad. Lionel took his seat at the green table as soon as the doors were opened, and scarcely left it again until they closed for the night. We all besought the general to interfere.

"Our little plans for Violet will all be ruined by his present thoughtlessness," I urged. Then the father told his son he must either give his word not to re-enter the gambling saloon or return with them all to England, and at once. Lionel chose the former alternative. He must have felt grateful to his father, who had allowed him to run on in his own way, and given him all necessary moneys without a word of complaint, until a check was absolutely necessary. So Lionel acquiesced with a good grace, and now sought to pass his time, and forget his craving for play in a fresh burst of love making.

But in Violet there was a change that chilled these thoughts of his.—She did not turn from her merry-faced friend; that might have augured hope in the winning of her back; but she met him without any of her wonted interest and sprightliness.—She did not care if he came, stayed, or went. She did not mind walking with him, but she showed neither liking nor disinclination when such walking was proposed. We all saw the change, and I acknowledged that I had been too hasty, and that the woman's feelings still slumbered in the little breast.

"Perhaps she will never care for any one," said Will. "This is the second lover in six months."

"She has never been loved yet," I answered, fearing to say more, as I had been so manifestly wrong in my former ideas. My husband shook his head.

"You are very queer creatures, you women, very queer, and not for me to say which. How some girls would have clung to that handsome young fellow all the more pertinaciously, just because he was thoughtless and foolhardy, and turned his back upon them a bit, and hankered after forbidden pleasures!"

"That would have been so if a girl—if Violet had loved him. But indeed, matters went too fast and too smoothly; we might have been sure they could not all end in rose-color."

"The old theory about its being unfortunate to win the first rubber? Cards and love have something in common."

"Have they though? Then I will thank you for some information about it."

But that led us on to another subject, with which Violet has nothing to do. That young person was altogether in a somewhat contradictory and unsatisfactory frame of mind for weeks after the ball at the Redout. She made desperate love to the dear old General, and turned her back, as Will says, on all her other friends. I never found out what passed between her and Herbert when he led her home on that eventful night; but I know that she shunned him, could not be induced to take a walk with him, alone, and scarcely answered if he spoke to her. And yet I caught her eyes earnestly fixed upon his face sometimes, and I knew that she heard, ay, and eagerly listened to, the few words he spoke. He was not much with us; he liked walking, and would often start away with his knapsack on his back, for two or three days' tour.

October was coming upon us now, and we began to speak of going home. I had resolved that nothing but absolute necessity—or a good husband—should take our darling from us again. She was such a blessing and comfort, and so constantly reminded us, by her very name even, of spring and sunshine, and all that is sweet and pure in Nature's day of promise.

How long might she be with us? I thought. I held a letter from Mr. Ashly in my hands. I had told him wishes and opinions honestly, and he had responded with all possible kindness. *He* would not take her away.

How about that handsome lover with the tawny name?

We elders were sitting out in the beatiful avenue, listening to the energetic band, and the two in my thoughts were walking up and down. Lionel's arm had been offered and rejected, and he had folded his hands upon his back. Violet, a little pouting, a little trifling, wholly charming, toyed with her parasol, looked provokingly into his face, and gave him pert answers in her own pert way. At last he grew impatient of her nonsense, and must—I judge from later confessions—have said something like—

"You are making fun of me, Violet, I am in earnest, and will not be laughed at. I tell you plainly, once for all, I love you, and want you to be my wife, I am tired of all this play. Let there be an end to it."

"I don't think I made the beginning?"

"You did. I thought you beautiful that very first day, when I placed your little foot in the wishing-place. I wished *then* that you might have put it upon my neck instead, and called me your slave. I would have done your bidding fast enough."

"Now you know me better, you want me to be yours. Thanks; I don't care about a master at present." And she laughed merily enough. Then he stood still, fronting her.

"Violet," he said, "I ask you for the last time, will you be my wife? I know Mrs. Bell would like it, so would my father; he wants me settled; and surely your father could not object. Violet, may we write and ask him?"

"No!" she said, and I saw her plant her foot and parasol firmly down into the ground. "No, no, no! ten thousand times no! And I tell you, Lionel, you will never change me, not if you worry me all the few days we stay together, you will never change me. I don't love you, and I don't love Mr. Otto, though you have picked up that silly story, and choose to say so, and—and—and—I don't think I know what love is,—and—and—I don't wish to. There!"

"Let me teach you. I can and will."

"From you I could never learn it. Let us be friends. Shake hands, and have done with the nonsense, once for all."

Of course he would not shake hands, but went away from her with hasty and angry steps.

She told it all to me afterwards, and silenced all comments of eulogy.

"Dearest and kindest of mothers—and you do seem to me like a mother," she said, with her eyes full of tears, "you love me, and you love dear Mr. Bell, and you know how nice that is, and we are all so happy. Let us go on so. I am sorry if he cares for me; I know it won't last; but I do assure you I can never care for him in the right way, you know." And she would say no further word in the matter.

After that walk Lionel did not come near her. He was a somewhat spoilt and vain young man, and his vanity had received a smarting blow, which he could neither ignore nor forgive.

The last morning of our pleasant stay had come. Violet had hurried away to her mineral bath, from which she was wont to return like Hebe, or Aurora, or any one famous for rosiest health. Herbert had been away for a day's walking, but had promised to be home in time "to see us off."

After her bath, Violet walked away along the winding path up to the heights that tower over the town.

"I wanted to take a last look at the dear old place," she told me afterwards, "and I marched away, up and up, till I came to the brightest point for the view. I took my hat off, and stood panting and looking down, when all at once, Herbert stepped out of the wood. He startled me so! And I was so warm, and so out of breath, and my hair all untidy! I was so ashamed! He said he had been walking since before sunrise, on purpose to—to—to see us again before we went, and to offer me a little flower that he had found. He said, 'Was it not a very strange time of year for a—for this?' Then he showed me a forget-me-not. It seemed to come in answer to his thoughts and wishes, he said, just as now came the Violet in whose hands he wished to lay that other blossom. Then he gave me the flower, and held my hand, and—and—somehow, all at once, he held me too, and I cried, and I think he cried, but I don't know. He said he was too happy. Dearest of mothers; I do know that I do love him, and that I am too happy, and that it is—so nice?"

So the woman had risen at last. It was not very long, before I had to give into another's keeping the flower that had come so young and guileless a blossom into mine.

It is only a sketch, you see, a little jotting down about sunshine and love, perhaps a rain or a storm cloud, but it speaks of a time that has led to a very beautiful summer in two human lives now one.—*London Society.*

THE child's idea of a smile "is the whisper of a laugh." Some folks' idea of a "smile" is something that comes out of a black bottle.

RIND-ERPEST—Throwing watermelon rinds on the pavement.

"THE cradle is woman's ballot box!" Yes some of them deposit two ballots at once. Now, isn't that illegal?

CHILDREN would'nt cross their parents so often when they are grown up, if they were to cross their parent's knees a little oftener when they were little.

"How long did Adam remain in Paradise before he had sinned?" asked an admirable cara sposa of her loving husband. "Till he got a wife," answered the husband, calmly.

"I WISH, Sally," said Jonathan, "that you were locked in my arms and the key was lost."

'TIS little trouble to brew beer, but beer often brews much trouble.

THE salad of the solitary man is, lettuce alone.

MOTTO for a journalist—"Do-write, and fear not!"

OUR good feelings have their seasons as flowers have.

A BAKER should feel complimented if called a big loafer.

THE world has a million roosts for a man, but only one nest.

"TIME is money," as the man said when pawning his watch.

WHEN intoxicated, a Frenchman wants to dance, a German to sing, a Spaniard to gamble, an Englishman to eat, an Italian to boast, a Russian to be affectionate, an Irishman to fight, and an American to make a speech.

"I have passed the greater part of my life," said Simon, the son of Gamaliel, "in the society of the wise, and found nothing more becoming in the man of wisdom than silence."

MYTHOLOGISTS tell us that Io was turned into a heifer, but a doctor's prescription has the following piece of information respecting the doom of that young person: "Io died of potassium."