The Bradford Reporter.

E. O. GOODRICH, Publisher.

[illegible] FROM ANY QUARTER. $2 per Annum, in Advance.

VOLUME XXIX. TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., APRIL 8, 1869. NUMBER 46.

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.

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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.

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

EDWARD OVERTON Jr., *Attorney at Law*, Towanda, Pa. Office formerly occupied by the late J. C. Adams. March 1, 1869.

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

W. A. PECK, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Towanda, Pa. Office over the Bakery South of the Ward House and opposite the Court House. Nov. 3, 1868.

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

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.

DOCTOR H. A. BARTLETT, BURLINGTON BOROUGH, PA. July 29, 1868.

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

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.

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, 1868.

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.

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.

W. H. CARNOCHAN—*Attorney at Law*, (District Attorney for Bradford County,) Troy, Pa. Collections made and promptly remitted. Feb. 15, 1869.—tf

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.

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.

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.

PRICE LIST.—CASCADE MILLS.

Best quality Winter Wheat Flour per hundred	$5 00 @ $5 50
Best quality Rye Flour per hundred	3 50
Corn Meal and Rye and Corn Feed	2 00
Buckwheat Flour, per hundred	3 50

A fair margin allowed to dealers. Custom grinding usually done at once, as the capacity of the mill is sufficient for a large amount of work. H. P. INGHAM. Camptown, March 24, 1869.

AMERICAN HOTEL, EAST SMITHFIELD, PA. The subscriber having leased this house, lately occupied by A. C. Beatley, and thoroughly repaired and re-fitted it, is now ready to accommodate the travelling public. Every endeavor will be made to satisfy those who may favor him with a call. A. G. REYNOLDS. Feb. 1, 1869.—6m*

AMERICAN HOTEL, Cor. Bridge and Water Streets, TOWANDA, Pa. M. B CALKINS, Proprietor, assisted by L. T. ROYSE, formerly of "Royse House," Burlington, Penn'a. Feb. 24, 1869.tf

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].

RUMMERFIELD CREEK HOTEL, PETER LANDMESSER, Having purchased and thoroughly refitted this old and well-known stand, formerly kept by Sheriff Griffis, at the mouth of Rummerfield Creek, is ready to give good accommodations and satisfactory treatment to all who may favor him with a call. Dec. 23, 1868.—tf.

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

O. W. STEVENS, COUNTY SURVEYOR. Camptown, Bradford Co., Pa. Thankful to his many employers for past patronage would respectfully inform the citizens of Bradford County that he is prepared to do any work in his line of business that may be intrusted to him. Those having disputed lines would do well to have their property accurately surveyed before allowing themselves to feel aggrieved by their neighbors. All work warranted correct so far as the nature of the case will permit.—All unpatented lands attended to as soon as warrants are obtained. Feb. 24, '69.-1y O. W. STEVENS.

DOCTOR O. LEWIS, a graduate of the College of "Physicians and Surgeons," New York city, Class 1843-4—gives exclusive attention to the practice of his profession. Office and residence on the eastern slope of Orwell Hill, adjoining Henry Howe's. January 14, 1869.

Cards.

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

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.

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.

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.

MYERSBURG MILLS! The subscribers having purchased of Mr. Barns his interest in the MYERSBURG MILLS will carry on the business of Milling, and guarantee all work done by them to be of the very best quality. Wheat, Rye and Buckwheat Flour, and Feed constantly on hand, for sale at the lowest cash price. Also now on hand a large quantity of best Ground Cayuga Plaster for sale. MYER & FROST. Myersburg, Sept 24, 1868.

HARDING & SMALLEY, Having entered into a co-partnership for the transaction of the PHOTOGRAPHIC business, at the rooms formerly occupied by Wood and Harding, would respectfully call the attention of the public to several styles of Pictures which we make specialties, as: Solar Photographs, Plain, Penciled and Colored, Opaltypes, Porcelain Pictures, &c., which we claim for clearness and brilliancy of tone and Artistic finish, *cannot 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.

CHEAP PASSAGE FROM OR TO IRELAND OR ENGLAND! GUION'S CO.'S LINE OF STEAMSHIPS FROM OR TO QUEENSTOWN OR LIVERPOOL. Williams & Guion's old "Black Star Line" of Liverpool Packets, sailing every week. Swallow-tail Line of Packets from or to London, sailing twice a month. Remittances to England, Ireland and Scotland payable on demand. For further particulars, apply to Williams & Guion, 29 Broadway, New-York, or G. F. MASON & CO., Bankers, Towanda, Pa. Oct. 1, 1866.

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. 28, 1868.

G. S. PECK, *MILLWRIGHT & MACHINIST*, TOWANDA, PA. Mills built and Repaired, Engines and Boilers set in the best manner. I would call the attention of mill owners to my NEW VORTEXT WATER WHEEL, As combining all the elements of a first-class motter, simplicity of construction, accessibility, great strength of parts, developing the greatest amount of power for water used, easily repaired, running under backwater with no detriment to power except diminition of head, requiring no alteration in Mill frames or addition to flume, will run under low head, and made of any desired capacity. These wheels will be furnished at less than one-half the cost of any other first-class wheel in market, and warranted to perform all that is claimed for them.—These wheels will be made for dillvery with or without cases, on short notice of the best Iron in market. For full particulars address or enquire of the undersigned. G. S. PECK, Towanda, Pa. P. S.—These wheels can be seen in operation at Messrs. Horton & Wells' Mill, [illegible]. The wheels are wholly composed of iron as now made. Jan. 14, 1869.—tf

Selected Poetry.

WIND UP THE CLOCK.

Warden wind the clock again;
Mighty years are going on;
Through the shadow and the dream,
And the happy hearted dawn.
Wind again, wind again,
Fifty hundred years have gone.

Through the harvest and the need,
Wealthy June and dewy May,
Grew the new year from the old,
Grows to-morrow from to-day,
Wind again, wind again—
Who can keep the year at bay?

Four-and-twenty conjurers
Lie in wait on land and sea,
Plucking down the startled ship,
Bud-embroidering the tree,
Wind again, wind again—
We have neither ship nor tree.

Four-and-twenty kinds to come
Up the never-vacant stair—
Four-and-twenty dead go down;
Follow sacred song and prayer.
Wind again, wind again—
Warden, why delaying there?

To his interrupted dream
Comes the long-entreated day,
What are lesser words to him?
Sweet-pursuing voices say:
"Warden, wind, wind again—
Up the ever-golden way."

Other hands will wind the clock
While the frequent years go on.
Never noting need or name,
Nor the rapture of the dawn.
Wind again, wind again—
Ere the given year be gone.

Miscellaneous.

NOT AT HOME.

An elderly man fashionably attired, was seen walking through one of the fashionable streets in a large city one cold December day. His coat was of coarse grey, and had evidently seen hard service, though still perfectly whole and neat. The traveler walked slowly along, as I have said, examining carefully as he passed the names on the door-plates. He finally paused before a dwelling of showy exterior, which, if we may credit the testimony of the plate upon the door, was occupied by Alexander Beaumont.

"Alexander Beaumont! yes, that's the house," murmured the traveler to himself as he ascended the steps and rang the door-bell.

His summons was answered by a servant who, after a moment's scrutiny, which apparently was not of a very favorable character, said roughly,—

"Well, sir, what do you want?"

"Is Mr. Beaumont at home?" asked the old man, without heeding the intentional rudeness.

"No, sir, he is not."

"Then perhaps I can see his wife?"

"I think it very doubtful, but I will go and see."

The servant withdrew without asking the old man to enter, though the day was very cold, and his clothing seemed to be hardly sufficient to protect him from its inclemency.

Mrs. Beaumont was reclining on a fanteuil in a room handsomely furnished. The last new magazine was in her hand, and her eyes were listlessly glancing over its pages. She was interrupted in her reading by the entrance of the servant.

"Well, what now, Betty?" she inquired.

"There is a man down stairs wants to see you, ma'am."

"Man! a gentleman you mean?"

"No, ma'am," said Betty, stoutly, for she well understood what made up gentlemen in the conventional sense of the term; "it isn't a gentleman at all, for he's got on an old grey coat and he has not got any gloves on."

"What can he want of me?"

"I don't know; he inquired after Mr. Beaumont first."

"You didn't bring him in the parlor, did you?"

The girl shook her head.

"You did right, and you'd better tell him I'm not at home."

"Mrs. Beaumont is not at home," said Betty, re-appearing at the door.

"I suppose that means she is engaged," said the old man; "I think she will see me when she learns who I am. Tell her I am her husband's uncle, and my name is Henry Beaumont."

"That old rag-tag master's uncle," said Betty, wondering as she re-ascended the stairs.

"Good heavens!" said her mistress, "it ain't that veteran who strolled off years ago nobody knows where. I did hope he never would come back again. And now I suppose he is as poor as a rat and wants help. Well, he won't get it if I can help it; but I suppose I must see him."

The lady descended, fully prepared to give the visitor a frigid reception.

"I'm not mistaken," said the old man with feeling. "It's Alexander's wife."

"You are right, sir. I am the wife of Mr. Alexander Beaumont, and I suppose from your language you are—"

"His uncle Henry. Ah me! I have been gone so many years, and it does me good to return to my kindred."

The old man leaned on his staff, and his features worked convulsively as thoughts of the past came over his mind. Mrs. Beaumont stood holding the door as if waiting for him to depart. She did not give him any invitation to enter.

"Is your husband well?" inquired the visitor, looking in, as if he expected an invitation to enter and refresh himself after his walk by an interval of rest.

"He is. If you have any message for him you may leave it with me, and I will deliver it," said Mrs. Beaumont, desirous of ridding herself of the intruder as speedily as possible.

"You may tell him I have called," said the visitor in a disappointed tone, "and that I would like to have seen him."

"I will tell him;" and Mrs. Beaumont was about to close the door.

"Hold! there is one question more. What has become of Alexander's sister Anna?"

"I don't know much about her," was the rather [illegible] reply; "but I think she married a clerk, [illegible] or some such person. His name is Lowe, and lives in Norton street. Is that all?"

"That is all."

The old man turned his steps towards the street indicated, with many forebodings lest his second visit might be as unwelcome as his first appeared to be.

"Betty," said Mrs. Beaumont, as she closed the door, "if this old fool comes again, be sure and not to forget to tell him I am not at home."

Norton street was not a fashionable street, nor was the two-story dwelling occupied by William Lowe handsome or costly. It was marked, however, by an air of neatness which indicated that its tenants were not regardless of outward appearance.

We will take the liberty of introducing you into a little sitting-room, where Mrs. Lowe and her three little children were even now seated. A plain, serviceable carpet covered the floor, and the remainder of the furniture, though of a kind which would hardly be selected for a drawing room had a comfortable, homelike appearance, which simply satisfied the desire of those who derived their happiness from a higher and less mutable force than outside show. Mrs. Lowe was seated in a rocking chair, engaged in an employment which I am aware is tabooed in all fashionable society. I mean darning stockings.

Emma, a girl of ten, was brushing up the hearth, which the ashes from the grate, in which a blazing fire was now burning, had somewhat disordered, while Mary, who was two years younger, was reading. Charley, a little rogue of five, with a smiling face which could not help looking roguish, was stroking the cat the wrong way, much to the disturbance of Poor Tabby, who had quietly settled herself down to the pleasant dreams upon the hearth rug.

All at once a loud knock was heard at the door.

"Emma," said the mother, "you may go to the door and see who it is, and invite them in, for it is a cold day."

Emma immediately obeyed the mother's direction.

"Is Mrs. Lowe at home?" inquired Henry Beaumont—for it was he.

"Yes, sir," said Emma; "please walk in, and you may see her."

She ushered the old man into the comfortable sitting-room.

Mrs. Lowe arose to receive him.

"I believe," he said, "I'm not mistaken in thinking that your name before marriage was Anna Beaumont?"

"You are right, sir, that was my name."

"And you have no recollection of an uncle that wandered away from home and friends, and from whom no tidings have come for many a long year?"

"Yes, sir, I remember him well—my uncle Henry, and I have many times wished I could hear something from him. Can you give me any information?"

"I can, for I am he."

"You my uncle?" said Mrs. Lowe, in surprise, "then you are indeed welcome. Emma bring your uncle the arm chair and place it close to the fire; and Mary, bring your father's slippers, for I am sure your dear uncle must long to get off those heavy boots. And now, uncle, when you are quite rested, I must demand a recital of your adventures."

"But your brother, Alexander," interrupted Mr. Beaumont, "let me first inquire about him. He lives in the city now, does he not?"

A light cloud came over Mrs. Lowe's face.

"Yes," she said, "he does live in the city; yet, strange as it may appear, I seldom or never see him. He has succeded well and is wealthy; but ever since he married a wife with a small property and greater pride, he has kept aloof from us. I do not blame him so much as his wife, who is said to have great influence over him. I have called once, but she treated me so coldly that I have not felt a disposition to renew my visit."

"I can easily believe it," was the reply, "for I, too, have been repulsed."

"You repulsed? Did you give your name and inform her of your relation to her husband?"

"I did, but she did not invite me to enter; and she was evidently impatient for me to be gone; I took the hint, and here I am."

"At least, uncle," said Mrs. Lowe, smilingly, "you need not be afraid of any repulse here?"

"Of that I am quite sure," said the old gentleman, looking affectionately into the face of his niece. "But you have not told me of your husband. Let me know whether you have a good husband," he added playfully.

"That depends upon what is meant by the term. If it implies a rich husband, then I failed, most certainly, for William's salary is only eight hundred dollars a year, and that is what we have to depend upon. But for all that I care not, for a kind, affectionate husband is of far more worth than a magnificent house and the most costly furniture."

"You are right," said her uncle warmly, "and I infer that your husband is of such a character."

"He is in truth."

"Still," continued her uncle, "there must be something which your limited income will not permit you to obtain, but which would be desirable, is there not?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Lowe, "I am anxious to give Emma and Mary a musical education, but William's means will not allow of such extravagance as the purchase of a piano; so that is one of the things we must be content to deny ourselves."

Mr. Lowe then entered, and being informed of the character of his visitor, he extended a hearty welcome.

A comfortable repast was soon spread of which Mr. Beaumont readily partook. His spirits rose, and he seemed to grow younger as he saw the cheerful faces around him. Soon after the evening meal he arose to depart.

"Surely, you are not going?" said his niece, "you must henceforth take up your abode with us."

"We will see about that, and, if you don't think you will get tired of me perhaps I will come. But I have hired a lodging and must undoubtedly remain in it for a few days."

"But you must call in every day and make yourself perfectly at home even before you come here to stay," persisted his niece.

"Be assured of that."

In accordance with his promise Mr. Beaumont made his appearance next day at eleven o'clock, and was received as cordially as before. He had hardly been in the house a quarter of an hour when a loud rap was heard at the door. She beheld two men, who had just driven up in a wagon.

"Where is the piano to be put ma'am?" said they inquiring.

"Piano! You have made a mistake; we have not purchased a piano."

"Isn't your name Lowe?"

"Yes."

"Then it is all right. Jim bear a hand for it's confounded heavy."

"But I am quite sure there must be some mistake," still insisted the perplexed Mrs. Lowe.

"Not at all," said a loud voice behind her.

She turned around in amazement.

"You know," continued the uncle, "that I am going to come and live with you, and I thought I would pay my board in advance, that is all. As you expressed a wish yesterday for a piano, I thought it would be as acceptable a way as any."

"You, uncle! Why—excuse me—but I thought from—from—"

"You mean," said he smiling, "that you thought from my appearance that I could not afford it. And I confess that my dress is not in the extreme of the fashion, and in fact I was obliged to look some time when I called at the second-hand clothing store before I could find these. However, as I have got all the service I wished out of them, I shall throw them aside to-morrow, and appear more respectably clad."

"What! are you wealthy, uncle?"

"Depend upon it, Anna, I did'nt spend ten years in the East Indies for nothing," was the reply, "I had a mind, however, to put on the appearance of a poor man, and so test the affection and disinterestedness of my relations. One of them, however, is not at home; I am happy to find myself at home with the other."

Let us turn to the aristocratic Mrs. B——, who, in a few evenings succeeding the events here recorded, was in her drawing room receiving calls.

"By the way," said a fashionable visitor, "I am to have you relatives the Lowe's for my next-door neighbors."

"Next-door neighbors!" exclaimed Mrs. Beaumont in amazement, "what do you mean?"

"Is it possible you have not heard of their good fortune? Mrs. Lowe's uncle has just returned from the East Indies with an immense fortune."

"He has taken a house in the same block as ours, and when they have moved into it, will take up his residence with them. Meanwhile, he is stopping at the R—— House."

"What! Henry Beaumont?"

"The very same, but I thought you knew it."

When the visitor withdrew, Mrs. Beaumont ordered a carriage, and immediately drove to the hotel where her husband's uncle was stopping. She sent up her card and requested an audience.

The servant soon returned with another card on which were traced the significant words:—

"NOT AT HOME."

A YOUNG MAN'S CHARACTER.—No young man who has a just sense of his own value will sport with his own character. A watchful regard to his character in early youth will be inconceivable to him in all remaining years of early life. When tempted to deviate from strict propriety of deportment he should ask himself, can I afford this? Can I endure hereafter to look back upon this?

It is of amazing worth to a young man to have a pure mind; for this is the foundation of a pure character.—The mind, in order to be kept pure, must be employed in topics of thought which are themselves lovely, chastened and elevating. That the mind has in its own power the selection of its themes of meditations. If youth knew how frightful were the moral deprivations which a cherished habit of loose imagination produces on the soul, they would shun them as the bite of a serpent. The power of books to excite the imagination is a fearful element of moral death when employed in the services of vice.

The cultivation of an amiable, elevated, and glowing heat, alive to all the beauties of nature and all the sublimities of truth, invigorates the intellect, gives to the will independence of baser passions, and to the affections that power of adhesion to whatever is pure, good and grand, which is adapted to lead out the whole nature of man into those scenes of action and impression by which its energies may be most appropriately employed, and by which its high destination may be most effectually reached.

The opportunities for exciting these faculties in benevolent and self-denying efforts for the welfare of our fellow-men are so many and great, that it is really worth while to live. The heart which it truly evangelically benevolent may luxuriate in an age like this. The promises of God are unexpressedly good, the main tendencies of things so manifestly in accordance with them, the extent of moral influence is so great, and the effect of its employment so visible, that whoever aspires after benevolent action and reaches for things that remain for us, to the true dignity of its nature, can find free scope for his intellect, and all inspiring themes for the heart.

A MAIDEN lady, alluding to her youthful accomplishments, said that at six months of age she went alone. A malicious individual present remarked: "Yes, and you have been going alone ever since."

THE bachelor has to look out for number one, the married man for number two.

ASLEEP AT HIS POST.

A STORY OF THE LATE WAR.

Mr. Owen, a plow farmer in Vermont, gave his eldest son, Benjamin to the Federal cause in the late fearful struggle. One day a message arrived, which fell like a thunderbolt upon the anxious, yet hopeful family. The lad had been found asleep at his post, and was condemned to be shot.

The terrible news spread in the village, and the good minister, Mr. Allen, came at once to see if it were possible to administer consolation to the heart-broken parents.

"Oh, sir!" cried the sorrowing old man, "such a dear, precious, noble boy! I thought when I gave him to his country, that no father in all this broad land made so precious a gift—no; not one. God forgive me if my grief is sin. Mr. Allen, the dear boy only slept a minute—just one little minute—at his post; I know that was all, for Bennie never dozed over a duty.

"How prompt and reliable was he! Why, he was as tall as I, and only eighteen! and now they shoot him because he was found asleep when doing duty." Mr. Owen repeated these words very slowly, as if endeavoring to find out their true meaning. "Twenty-four hours—the telegraph said only twenty-four. Where is Bennie now!"

"We will hope with his Heavenly Father," said Mr. Allen, soothingly.

"Yes, yes, let us hope, God is very merciful, and Bennie was good. Oh! Bennie, Bennie!"

The mother raised herself as she heard his name called, and turning, said with a smile:

"Don't call so loud, father. Bennie is not far off, he will come soon."

"God laid his hand on both, you see," said Mr. Owen, pointing to her without making any direct reply.—"She has not been herself since. It is a merciful thing she is sort of stunned, it seems to me; she makes no wail."

The daughter, a fair young girl—Blossom as they called her—had sat near them, listening with blanched cheek. She had not shed a tear to-day; and the terror in her face had been so very still that no one had noticed it.

Now she answered a gentle tap at the kitchen door, and opened it to receive from a neighbor's hand a letter. "It was from him," was all she said.

'Twas like a message from the dead. Mr. Owen could not break the seal for his trembling fingers, and held it toward Mr. Allen with the helplessness of a child.

The minister opened it, and read as follows:

"DEAR FATHER:—When this reaches you I shall be in eternity. At first it seemed awful to me, but I have thought about it so much now that it has no terror. They say they will not bind me nor blind me, but that I may meet my death like a man. I thought, father, it might have been on the battle-field for my country, and that when I fell it would be fighting gloriously; but to be shot down like a dog for nearly betraying it—to die for neglect of duty! Oh, father! I wonder the thought does not kill me! But I shall not disgrace you. I am going to write you all about it, and when I am gone you may tell my comrades—I can't now.

"You know I promised Johnny Carr's mother I would look after her boy, and when he fell sick I did all I could for him. He was not strong when he was ordered back into the ranks, and the day before that night I carried all his luggage besides my own, on our march. Toward night we went in on double quick, and though the luggage began to feel very heavy, everybody else was tired too; and as for Jemmy, if I had not lent him an arm now and then, he would have dropped by the way. I was all tired out when I came into camp, and then it was Jemmy's turn to be sentry, and I would take his place. But I was too tired, father. I could not have kept awake if I had a gun at my head; but I did not until—well, until it was too late!

"They tell me to-day that I have a short reprieve, given me by circumstances—'Time to write to you'—our good Colonel says. Forgive him, father; he only does his duty; he would gladly save me if he could. And don't lay my death against Jemmy. The poor boy is broken-hearted; and does nothing but beg and entreat them to let him die in my stead.

"I cannot bear to think of mother and Blossom. Comfort them, father. Tell them I die as a brave boy should, and that when the war is over they will not be ashamed of me, as they must be now. God help me! it is very hard to bear. Good-bye, father! God seems near and dear to me; not at all as if He wished me to perish forever, but as if He felt sorry for his poor, sinful, broken-hearted child, and would take me to be with Him and my Saviour in a better, better life.

"To-night, in the early twilight, I shall see the cows coming home from pasture—Daisy, and Brindle and Bet, Old Billy, too, will neigh from his stall, and precious little Blossom stand waiting for me; but I shall never, never come. God bless you all! Forgive your poor Bennie!"

* * * * * * *

Late that night the door opened softly, and a little figure glided up and down the footpath that led to the road by the mill.

Two hours later the same young girl stood at the Mill Depot, watching the coming of the night train, and the conductor, as he reached down to lift her in, wondered at the sweet, tear-stained face that was upturned towards the dim light he held in his hand.

She was on her way to Washington to ask President Lincoln for her brother's life. She had stolen away, leaving only a note to tell her father where and why she had gone. She had brought Bennie's letter with her. No good, kind heart like the President's could refuse to be melted by it.

And so in a short time Blossom reached the Capital, and hurried at once to the White House.

The President had just seated himself to his morning task of overlooking and signing important papers, when, without one word of announcement, the door softly opened, and Blossom, with eyes downcast and folded hands, stood before him.

"Well, my child," he said, in his pleasant, cheery tone, "what do you want so bright and early in the morning?"

"Bennie's life! please, sir!" faltered out Blossom.

"Bennie! Who is Bennie?"

"My brother, sir. They are going to shoot him for sleeping at his post."

"Oh, yes!" and Mr. Lincoln ran his eye over the papers before him; "I remember. It was a fatal step. You see, child, it was a time of special danger. Thousands of lives might have been lost for his culpable negligence.

"So my father said," said Blossom gravely. "But poor Bennie was so tired, sir, and Jemmy so weak. He did the work of two, and he was too tired."

"What is that you say, child?—Come here; I don't understand," and the kind man caught eagerly as ever at what seemed to be justification of an offense. Blossom went to him; he put his hand tenderly on her shoulder, and she turned up the pale, anxious face toward his. She told her story simply and straightforward, and handed Mr. Lincoln Bennie's letter to read.

He read it carefully, and then, taking up his pen, wrote a few hasty lines and rang the bell.

Blossom heard this order given: "Send this dispatch at once."

The President then turned to the girl and said: "Go home, my child, and tell that father of yours, who could approve his country's sentence, even when it took the life of a child like that, that Abraham Lincoln thinks the life too precious to be lost. Go back—or wait until to-morrow. Bennie will need change after he has so bravely faced death; he shall go with you."

Two days after this interview the young soldier came to the White House with his little sister. He was called into the President's private room; and a strap fastened upon his shoulder. Mr. Lincoln said that one who could carry a sick comrade's baggage, and then die for the good act so uncomplainingly, deserved reward. Then Bennie and Blossom took their way to their Green Mountain home, and a crowd gathered at the Mill Depot to welcome them back.

That night Daisy, Brindle, and Bet came lowing home from pasture, for they heard a well-known voice calling them from the gate. Bennie, as he pats his old pets, and looks lovingly into their great brown eyes, catches through the still evening air his Puritan father's voice as he repeats to his happy mother these jubilant words: "Fear not, for I am with thee; I bring my seed from the East, and gather thee from the West; will say to North 'Give up,' and to the South, 'keep not back;' bring my sons from afar and my daughters from the ends of the earth, even every one that is called by my name, for I have created him for my glory; I have formed him; yea, I have made him."

SEALS.—The talents of the seal are manifold, from the agility which he displays in catching fish for his master, to the capacity he has shown in learning actually to speak. More than one seal has been taught to utter distinctly the word Papa, and several animals of the kind are reported to have gone even beyond, and to have pronounced several words at a time. Nor must their love of music be forgotten, which is so great that they will rise from the water and remain nearly standing upright as long as the instrument is played, to which they listen with unmistakable pleasure. It is not so very long since one of this remarkable race came every day for six weeks from the waters of the Mediterranean, to take her rest under the divan of a custom-house officer in Smyrna. The latter had tamed her, and placed a few rough planks at the distance of about three feet from the water's edge under his couch, and on these boards the seal loved to rest for several hours, giving vent to her delight, oddly enough, in a profusion of sighs like those of a suffering man. She ate readily the rice and the bread which were offered her, though she seemed to have some trouble in softening the former sufficiently to swallow it with ease.—After an absence of several days, the affectionate creature re-appeared with a young one under the arm, but a month later she plunged one day, frightened, into the water, and was never seen again.

Nearly about the same time, another seal appeared suddenly in the very midst of the port of Constantinople, undisturbed by the number of caiques dashing to and fro, and the noise of a thousand vessels with their crews and their passengers.—One day the boat of the French legation was crossing over to Pera, loaded with wine for the ambassador. A drunken sailor was sitting astride on the cask, and singing boisterously, when all of a sudden the seal raised himself out of the water, seized the sailor with his left arm, and threw himself with his prey back into the waves. He re-appeared at some distance, still holding the man under his fin, as if wishing to display his agility, and then sank once more, leaving the frightened, sobered sailor, to make his way back to the boat. Surely, nothing more than one such occurrence was needed to give rise to the many romances of former ages; if the same, even, had happened in earlier days, the seal would have been a beautiful Nereid, who, having conceived a passion for the hapless sailor, had risen to take him down to her palace under the waves.—*Putnam's Magazine*.

THE young men of Chicago are are said to be classified according to their skill as velocipedists into the "timid toddlers," the "[illegible]," the "[illegible]," and the "fancy [illegible]."

LETTER FROM CALIFORNIA.

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 8th, 1869.

LOS ANGELES—WHAT DOES IT LOOK LIKE?

The town is inland from the coast 25 miles. There is no landing for steamers. You are taken off in boats, or in a small steamer, when she can get over the breakers, and thence by swift stages, over level roads and through a vast expanse of flat country, unrelieved by a tree or a bush, till you arrive in the suburbs of the town. The town consists principally of two nearly parallel broad streets, with one-story squat buildings, relieved at far intervals by a second story. It has many shops and generally an air of business. There are three hotels, of which the Bella Union is the best. The buildings are inferior; but the fare and attendance are excellent. The soil is sandy loam, which dries quickly after rain. The town has some charming features.—It is snuggled among undulant hills, with a broad opening towards the seaward plain. In winter, the hills wear the richest verdure.

The gardens and the outside lots for two miles around are forever green, by reason of summer water supplied by the Town Council to every cultivator. Vineyards cover a very extended area, all on the flat land. The peculiar features are the graceful pepper-tree, giving evergreen shade and picturesque beauty to the highway, and the rich groves of lemon and orange trees, that are ever either fragrant and flowery or covered with extraordinary profusion of fruit. They are now (February) gathering the ripening orange harvest, and some early-sown wheat fields are in full head. The bee finds flowers 365 days in the year, and garden vegetables, including tomatoes, know no time of dearth.

The castor bean, which elsewhere is an annual plant, is here a tree, ever green and ever covered with the peculiar matroon seed-capsules, which make it a marked object of striking beauty everywhere. The tree grows twenty feet high, fifteen inches in diameter, and the wood is firm and suitable for cabinet work. The lemon verbena is also a small tree here. Here and there the palmetto and the stately date palm give an oriental air to the landscape. Unlike all other towns in California, Los Angeles has multitudinous drives and promenades of rural attraction, extending some two miles out. The various vineyards are separated by roads lined with willows and other green plants, which are kept forever alive by current water at their roots. Promenading through these pleasant by-ways one thinks of the sweet scenes of Atlantic childhood. Fair comparison awards to this soft climate and exuberant wealth of aborescent glory the palm of unquestionable excellence.

WATER COURSES AND WATER WORKS.

The wealth of beauty would have been too rich for earth had the river been embanked and adorned with shaded walks along the city front.—But the fashion of streams in all California—land of great extremes—denies us forever such luxuries. The Los Angeles River in its summer mood is civil enough; but in the season of rains it is an angry stream, that besets the land on its borders and wages war of destruction against all embankments, presuming to impose restrictions upon its mad career. Therefore is Los Angeles divorced from its rivers that it may have peace and single blessedness.

Los Angeles will soon extend its buildings over the undulant hills that wave in green beauty close by; then, dotted with cottages and ever flowing gardens, and adorned with groves of lemon and orange, with vineyards and stately palms, we cannot imagine a city of more fairy-like enchantment. The heights can be supplied with ample water-flow, to realize all that dreamland ever presented to our fancy.

WHAT OF THE CLIMATE?

The spring time is now here. On February 8, 1869, the almond tree is all in flower; oranges and lemons, still full of rich fruitage, are sending out new leaves and new flowers and fragrance for another rich harvest.—Alfalfa clover is nearly knee-deep, the early wheat is in full earing.—The air is all melody with the music of innumerable birds. Through the long and rainless summer, vineyards carry their green foliage and mature their clustered grapes; and when the vintage is over, and bare stems alone remain, winter grain spreads its rich green over the land. What more can grumbling mortality ask of bounteous Providence? Yet, may not summer's heat oppress, if winter's cold be unknown? From sun well-up to sometime past mid day, there is heat in summer a shade or two beyond the borders of comfort. Then comes from ocean the fanning of light breezes, cooling the moist brow and dealing gently with the children of men. Before nightfall, the coolness reaches the full measure of one's desires; and through the night blankets are demanded. Considering all things, where away o'er the broad earth shall we look for climate so tempered to man's enjoyment?

How about health? The water is sweet and the soil is free from alkali. To those who take no care the changes of temperature at evening bring bronchial affections, torpid livers and febrile retributions. Animal food overmuch, brain worriment and intoxicant indulgence court disease everywhere on our coast, and the penalty is perhaps most severe where Providence gives such climatic superiority as should induce men to refrain from ungrateful abuse of its bounty.

If there be a spot on earth where constitutions broken and spirits weary may seek for restoration, thank Heaven it is in our favored land.—Come hither all ye who are bowed down in affliction of body, in despair of the spirit, and if an earthly paradise may wean you back to health, you will find it in this country of the Angels.

SILK.

Hitherto wine has been the leading and almost the only marked product of Los Angeles County. Another and more important industry, especially from a national point of view, is about to bring this place into prominence, and a splendid reputation over the world. It is the cultivation of silk.

Whether we consider the [illegible] period of [illegible] to the silk worm, or the attention of [illegible] mulberry [illegible] orange trees, [illegible] and garden [illegible] to the soft skies of Los Angeles for the best silk, and the largest profit from making it. And commend me to the various industries connected with silk culture for [illegible] light [illegible] to give pleasant and profitable exercise to every inhabitant, male and female, from tender youth to decrepid age. There is no such industry to cover the land with people, to diffuse wealth equally and to foster a spirit of contentment.

Messrs. Tilleston & Emery are putting out 60,000 multicaulis trees, as a first instalment, towards making silk on a very extended scale. They have a beautiful ranche at San Gabriel Mission, nine miles above Los Angeles. They have hired forty families of Chinese skilled silk workers, who are now coming from China and are engaged for four years at convenient wages. They will be comfortably housed in adobe cottages, with ample gardens, and seeds and plants will be supplied to encourage home attractions.

At the expiring of the four years' term of faithful service, each family will be entitled to a deed of ownership for its house and garden. This system and good treatment will bind them to the place. It is to be understood that the various process of silk making, from reeling to the perfect fabric, require skilled labor from some foreign country. And it is a question, which is best for us, to have our silk grown and made in China, or to bring Chinese labor here, and grow and make our own silk? The great majority has emphatically pronounced against proscription on account of race. It has also determined that as the negro was good enough for God Almighty to make, it is the duty of Christians to receive him from the hand of Providence and turn him to usefulness in the broad expanse of country which heaven has given us, to nuture the seeds of universal freedom. Who so believes in elevating the negro must still more believe in doing as much for the Mongolian; and it is not unreasonable to predict that our public school Caucasians, who practice temperance and economy, may, by having cheap Mongolian labor at their service, be also elevated from workmen to masters. Providence has ever wisdom in its purpose, and this advent of Chinese toilers may be accepted as a mission alike for their elevation and our advancement.

JOSH BILLINGS ON LIVE MEN.—The live man is like a little pig—he is weined young and begins fer tew root airly.

He is the pepper sass of creation—the allspice of the world.

The man who kin draw New Orleans molasses, in January, thru a halt inch augur hole, and sing home sweet home while the molasses is running may be striktly honest, but ain't suddent enough for this climat!

The live man iz as full of bizziness as the conductor of a street car—he iz often like a hornet, very bizzy, but about what the Lord only knows.

He lites up like a cotton factory, and ain't got any more time tew spare than a school-boy has Saturday afternoons.

He iz like a decoy duck, always above water, at least eighteen months during each year.

He is like a runaway hoss—he gets the whole of the road.

He trots when he walks, and only lies down at night because everybody else dus.

The live man is not always a deep thinker; he jumps at a conclusion just as the frog dus, and don't always land at the spot he is looking at.

He iz the American pet, a perfekt mystery to foreigners; but has done more (with charcoal) to work out the greatness of this country, than any man in it.

He don't always die rich, but always dies bizzy, and meets death like an oyster, without any fuss.

A COUNTRY school teacher preparing for an exhibition of his school, selected a class of pupils, and wrote down the questions and answers to the questions that he would put to them on examination. The day came and so did the little hopefuls, all but one. The pupils took their places as had been arranged, and all went glibly until the question for the absentee, when the teacher asked:

"In whom do you believe?

The pupil who sat next to the vacant seat, without noticing whose question it was, answered—

"Napoleon Bonaparte."

"You believe in the Bible, do you not?"

"No," said the pupil, amid roars of uncontrollable laughter, "the boy what believes in the Bible hasn't come to school to day, he's at home sick abed.

A LESSON FOR TEACHERS.—A distinguished teacher writes: After I saw Mr. Rarey breaking a colt I learned the secret of governing my boys. I found it was not by irritating appeals and nervous commands but by being calm and resolute.—The calmer I got, the more perfect self-possession, the more I governed and controlled my school. Many teachers spend nearly the whole time in trying to govern their schools, and do not succeed then, because they have not learned the great truth that Rarey taught us so impressively, that you can govern a horse's legs by getting hold of his brain. They should know that the controlling power is in the mind, the will, and not in the whipping power, or the scolding power.

A WORD FOR BOYS.—Truth is one of the rarest gems. Many a youth has been lost to society by allowing it to tarnish and foolishly throwing it away. If this gem still shines in your bosom, suffer nothing to displace or tarnish its lustre. Profanity is a mark of low breeding. Show us the man who commands the best respect; an oath never trembles on his tongue. Read the catalogue of crime. Inquire the character of those who depart from virtue. Without a single exception, you will find them to be profane. Think of this and let not a vile word disgrace you.

IN one of our large cities, a short time ago, a western editor was met by a friend who, taking him by the hand, exclaimed:

"I am delighted to see you. How long are you going to stay?"

"Why, I think," said the editor, "I shall stay while my money lasts."

"Oh! I am sorry," said the friend, "[illegible] going [illegible] a day or two."