TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

THE BRADFORD REPORTER is published every Thursday Morning, by S. W. ALVORD and E. J. CLAUSON, at Two Dollars 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 and Deaths, exceeding five lines, are charged TEN CENTS per line.

	1 Year.	6 Mos.	3 Mos.
One Column,	$1 00	$60	$40
Half "	60	35	25
One Square,	15	10	7½

Estray, Caution, Lost and Found, and other advertisements, not exceeding Ten lines, three weeks, or less,	$1 50
Administrator's and Executor's Notices,	2 00
Auditor's Notices,	2 50
Business Cards, five lines, (per year)	5 00

Merchants and others, advertising their business, will be charged $25 per year. They will be entitled to ¼ column, confined exclusively to their business, with privilege of quarterly changes.

☞ Advertising in all cases exclusive of subscription to the paper.

JOB PRINTING of every kind, in Plain and Fancy colors, done with neatness and dispatch. Handbills, Blanks, Cards, Pamphlets, Billheads, Statements, &c. of every variety and style, printed at the shortest notice. The REPORTER Office is well supplied with Power Presses, a good assortment of new type, and everything in the Printing line can be executed in the most artistic manner and at the lowest rates. TERMS INVARIABLY CASH.

BUSINESS CARDS.

R. FOWLER & CO., REAL ESTATE DEALERS, No. 70 Washington Street, opposite Opera House, Chicago, Ill. Real Estate purchased and sold. Investments made and money loaned.

R. FOWLER,
April 21, 1869. S. LIND.

B. B. HOLLETT, MONROETON, Pa., agent for the Hubbard Mower, Empire Drill, Ithaca Wheel Rake, and Broadcast Sower for sowing Plaster and all kinds of Grain. Send for circulars to B. B. HOLLETT, Monroeton, Bradford Co., Pa. june 24, '69—ly.

MYERSBURG MILLS!

The subscribers, having purchased of Mr. Barnes 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 and for sale at the lowest cash price.

Myersburg, Sept. 24, '68. MYER & FROST.

PRICE LIST—CASCADE MILLS.

Best quality Winter Wheat Flour ⅌ cwt.,	$4 50@5 00
Best quality Rye Flour ⅌ cwt.	3 50
Corn Meal and Rye and Corn Feed	2 25

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. B. INGHAM.

Camptown, July 12, 1869.

MYERS' MILL—SPECIAL NOTICE.

MYER, FOSTER & CO. will deliver Flour, Feed, Meal, Graham Flour, or anything 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.

NEW MILLINERY GOODS!

MRS. E. J. PIERCE

Presents herself to the ladies of Towanda with a very choice selection of goods, and is entirely confident of being able to meet the justly discriminating taste of such as may do her the honor of an examination of her stock. Thanking her former patrons for their favors, she solicits a continuance of the same. Fluting done beautifully and on the shortest notice. Rooms over Cohen & Rosenfield's Main Street.

Towanda, Oct. 5, 1868.

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 over Mason's Bank, Towanda, Pa.
Jan. 29, 1867.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAVE

opened a Banking House in Towanda, under the name of G. F. MASON & CO.

They are prepared to draw Bills of Exchange, and make collections in New York, Philadelphia, and all portions of the United States, as also England, Germany, and France. To loan money, receive deposits, and to do a general Banking business.

G. F. Mason was one of the late firm of Laporte, Mason & Co., of Towanda, Pa., and his knowledge of the business men of Bradford and adjoining counties and having been in the banking business for about fifteen years, make this house a desirable one through which to make collections. G. F. MASON,
Towanda, Oct. 1, 1866. A. G. MASON.

ATTENTION THIS WAY!

N. KINNEY & CO.,

WAVERLY, N.Y.,

Have on hand for the Spring trade, the largest assortment of

BUGGIES AND PLATFORM WAGONS

To be found in this part of the country, which they will sell at the most reasonable prices, and warrant all work. All that doubt need but call and examine. A word to the wise is sufficient.

April 1, 1869—6m. N. KINNEY & CO.

NEW FIRM!

NEW GOODS AND LOW PRICES!

AT MONROETON, PA.

TRACY & HOLLON,

Retail Dealers in Groceries and Provisions, Drugs and Medicines, Kerosene Oil, Lamps, Chimneys, Shades, Dye Stuffs, Paints, Oils, Varnish, Yankee Notions, Tobacco, Cigars and Snuff. Pure Wines and Liquors, of the best quality, for medicinal purposes only. All Goods sold at the very lowest prices. Prescriptions carefully compounded at all hours of the day and night. Give us a call.

TRACY & HOLLON.

Monroeton, Pa., June 24, 1869—ly.

CHEAP PASSAGE FROM OR TO IRELAND OR ENGLAND.

GUION & 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,
Oct. 1, 1866. Towanda, Pa.

G. S. PECK, MILLWRIGHT AND 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 VORTEX 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 diminution 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 delivery 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, Towanda twp. The wheels are wholly composed of Iron as now made.

Jan. 14, 1869—tf.

TOWANDA COAL YARD.

ANTHRACITE AND BITUMINOUS COALS.

The undersigned, having leased the Coal Yard and Dock at the old "Barclay Basin," and just completed a large Coal-house and Office upon the premises, are now prepared to furnish the citizens of Towanda and vicinity with the different kinds and sizes of the above-named coals upon the most reasonable terms in any quantity desired. Prices at the Yard until further notice:

Large Egg		$6 50
Small Egg		6 50
Stove		6 50
Chestnut		6 00
"Barclay"	Lump	4 00
"	Run of Mines	3 50
"	Fine or Blacksmith	3 00

The following additional charges will be made for delivering Coal within the borough limits:

Per Ton...50 cents. Extra for carrying in, 50 cents.
Half Ton..35 " " " " " 25 "
Qr. Ton...25 " " " " " 25 "

☞ Orders may be left at the Yard, corner of Railroad and Elizabeth Streets, or at H. C. Porter's Drug Store.

☞ Orders must in all cases be accompanied with the cash. WARD & DIVEN.

Towanda, July 26, 1869—tf.

BEST PUMP IN THE WORLD!

C. B. GILLS' DOUBLE ACTING NON-FREEZING

FORCE PUMP!

Patented July 30, 1867. This Pump is warranted not to freeze in any climate. It has no leather or rubber valve, nor bolts or screws to wear loose. It works with such facility that a child can operate it with ease. It is so arranged that a hose can be attached to it, making it just the thing for washing wagons and windows, watering gardens, &c. An examination of its merits will satisfy any one of its superiority over any other Pump in use.

J. R. COOLBAUGH, of Rome, Bradford county, Pa., is the authorized agent, for the sale of county and township rights in and for the State of Penn'a, and who is also prepared, and will put up pumps, on short notice. All orders for pumps or rights, addressed to me at Rome will receive prompt attention.

REFERENCES:

J. E. Piollet, Wysox; James Brown, Warren; J.W. Maynard, Rome; C. M. Manville, Towanda; Werkizer & Co., Orwell; Powell, Saffer & Co., Rome; Reuben Bennett, Towanda; Mr. Tingley, Herrick.

J. R. COOLBAUGH.

Rome, Aug. 2, 1869.—3m*

The Bradford Reporter.

ALVORD & CLAUSON, Publishers.

REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER.

$2 per Annum in Advance.

VOLUME XXX.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

W. H. THOMPSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Towanda, Pa. Office with W. C. Bogart, Esq., No. 5 Brick Row. All business entrusted to his care will be promptly attended to.
July 1, 1869.

HENRY PEET, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Towanda, Pa. june 27, '66.

EDWARD OVERTON, JR., ATTORNEY AT LAW, Towanda, Pa. Office formerly occupied by the late J. C. Adams. march 1, '69.

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, '68.

W. H. CARNOCHAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW (District Attorney for Bradford County), Troy, Pa. Collections made and promptly remitted. feb 15, '69—tf.

JOHN N. CALIFF, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Towanda, Pa. Particular attention given to Orphans' Court business, Conveyancing and Collections. ☞ Office at the Register and Recorder's office, south of the Court House.
Dec. 1, 1864.

BENJ. M. PECK, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Towanda, Pa. All business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. Office in the office lately occupied by Mercur & Morrow, south of Ward House, up stairs. july 16, '68.

MERCUR & MORROW, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Towanda, Pa. 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.

JOHN W. MIX, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Towanda, Bradford Co., Pa.
GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT.
Particular attention paid to Collections and Orphans' Court business. Office—Mercur's New Block, north side Public Square. apr. 1, '69.

H. B. McKEAN, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Towanda, Pa. Particular attention paid to business in the Orphans' Court. july 20, '66.

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.

W. B. KELLY, DENTIST. OFfice over Wickham & Black's, Towanda, Pa. Particular attention is called to ALUMINUM as a base for Artificial Teeth. Having used this material for the past four years, I can confidently recommend it as being far superior to Rubber. Please call and examine specimens. ☞ Chloroform administered when desired. may 20, '68.

DR. H. WESTON, DENTIST.—Office in Patton's Block, over Gore's Drug and Chemical Store. jan 1, '68.

T. B. JOHNSON, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Towanda, Pa. Office with W. B. Kelly, over Wickham & Black. Residence at the Means House. apr 16, '68.

DR. H. A. BARTLETT, *Physician and Surgeon*, Sugar Run, Bradford County, Pa. Office at residence formerly occupied by Dr. Ely.
aug.10,1859,tf

J. STEVENS, M.D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Residence at N. Tidd's, Esq., corner of Second and College Streets. Office over Rockwell's Store, opposite Means House.
Towanda, May 25, 1869—tf.

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. jan 14, '69.

T. B. CAMP, INSURANCE AGENT.—Office formerly occupied by Mercur & Morrow, one door south of Ward House.
July 22, 1869.

F. B. FORD, LICENSED AUCTIONEER, Towanda, Pa., will attend promptly to all business entrusted to him. Charges moderate.
Feb. 13, 1868.

FRANCIS E. POST, PAINTER, Towanda, Pa., with ten 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, '66.

J. K. VAUGHAN, ARCHITECT AND BUILDER. All kinds of Architectural Designs furnished. Ornamental work in Stone, Iron and Wood. Office on Main Street, over the Post-office. Attention given to Rural Architecture, such as laying out of grounds, &c., &c. apr. 1, '67—1y

A. W. AYRES' MARBLE SHOP,

ELMIRA, N.Y.

You will find Granite Monuments, both Quincy and Concord, Marble and Slate Mantles, and Coal Grates to fit. A large assortment constantly on hand, cheap as the cheapest. Aug. 10, 1868—1y.

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 entrusted 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. O. W. STEVENS.
Feb. 24, 1869—1y.

J. V. DOOLITTLE, PRACTICAL JEWELER, would inform the people of Bradford and surrounding Counties, that he has opened a new Jewelry Store in Canton, where will be found constantly on hand a nicely-selected stock of goods in his line, consisting of Ladies' and Gents' Gold and Silver Watches, of American, English, and Swiss manufacture, Clocks, Jewelry, Gold Pens, and all the articles uyually found in a first-class Jewelry Store. All goods sold as reasonable as in any of the surrounding cities, and warranted as represented. Repairing and jobbing done on short notice, and on the most favorable terms. A liberal share of patronage is respectfully solicited.
Troy Street, Canton, Pa., May 12, 1869.

Hotels.

AMERICAN HOTEL, CORNER of Bridge and Water Streets, Towanda, Pa. M. B. CALKINS, Proprietor, assisted by L. T. ROYSE, formerly of "Royse House," Burlington, Pa.
Feb. 24, 1869—tf

WARD HOUSE, TOWANDA, PA.

On Main Street, near the Court House.
C. T. SMITH, Proprietor.
Oct. 8, 1866.

AMERICAN HOTEL, EAST SMITHFIELD, PA. The subscriber having leased this house, lately occupied by A. C. Bentley, and thoroughly repaired and refitted 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*

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.

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.

MEANS HOUSE, TOWANDA, PA., JORDAN & HORTON, Proprietors. This popular Hotel having been thoroughly fitted and repaired, and furnished throughout with new and elegant Furniture, will be open for the reception of guests, on SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1869. Neither expense nor pains has been spared in rendering this House a model hotel in all its arrangements. A superior quality Old Burton Ale, for invalids, just received.
April 28, 1869.

WAVERLY INSTITUTE.

The Forty-eighth Term of this Institute opens August 18th, 1869, under the charge of A. J. LANG, A.M.

It is one of the best LITERARY INSTITUTIONS of the country, accessible from all parts, and is situated at

WAVERLY, TIOGA CO., N.Y.

The departments are complete. The "Classical" embraces all those studies required for admission to our best Colleges. Also, a thorough drill in the Modern Languages.

The English Course comprehends both the common branches taught in Elementary Schools, and many of the higher branches usually pursued in the Colleges. In the Commercial Course the instruction is as thorough and complete as in our most successful Commercial Colleges.

Instruction upon the Piano and Organ by the old method; also by "Robbins' New American Method," by which pupils can acquire a knowledge of music in one-third the time which it hitherto required.

The rates of tuition are very moderate. Board obtained at reasonable prices; a limited number of pupils can be accommodated in the families of the Instructors. Rooms can be procured in which students can board themselves and lessen the expenses one-half.

Normal class, as usual, organized at the beginning of the Fall Term, in which twenty of the first applicants will receive free instruction for fourteen weeks.

For particulars address the Principal at Waverly, N.Y. Information in reference to Rooms and Board can also be obtained at Waldo & Tracy's Drug Store, 86 Broad Street.

A. J. LANG, A.M., Principal.
NEWTON KINNEY, President of Board of Trustees.
July 15, 1869.

Original Poetry.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

BY D. D. FASSETT.

Rise and prepare for the Battle of Life!
There's something for each, and forever, to do;
Quick fling thine armor on, ho for the strife!
Vanquished are many, victors are few!

Know we no poverty, wealth or degree,
Hateful is title, empty and vain;
Nature's nobility, true, bold and free,—
These are the welcome ones joined to our train.

Who would go back to the dust unknown,
Let him fall back from this battle of life;
This is no place for the coward or drone;
War is the motto—war to the knife!

Error and wrong have their legions arrayed,
Red are their sabres with innocent blood;
But charge to the war-cry of Justice and Truth,
And they fly like the autumn leaves blown from the wood.

Shall life be effortless? Go ask the wise.
Burst all the bonds that thy soul would enthrall!
Rise like the towering pine, if thou shalt rise,
Fall like the riven oak if thou *must* fall!

Miscellaneous.

A Boarding-House Romance.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

The clock had just struck nine. Hugh Dyson and his friend, Mr. Carhart, were enjoying a snug little bachelor *tete-a-tete* by the light of the shaded gas-burner. They were a curious pair; similar, and yet not alike; fond of one another's society, and yet constituted very differently. Hugh was a tall, strongly-made Saxon, with fair hair, clear blue eyes, and a fresh, healthy complexion; while it would have required only a mantle, a plumed hat, and a rapier to convert Selwyn Carhart into a Spaniard of the days of the Inquisition.

"Then you're really determined to make a change in your quarters," observed the latter, as he listlessly turned over the uncut leaves of a newly-arrived magazine. "Why, I thought you had struck root here like a thrifty young geranium!"

"I can't stand it," said Dyson, ruefully. "I'm the only old bachelor in the whole house, and everybody preys on me. The girls make me buy their concert tickets, the men borrow money of me, and the matrons regularly victimize me with their babes, and their errands, and their country cousins. Besides, the servants use of my cologne before I can fairly get a sniff at it myself, and make free with my hair brushes; and the landlady brings all the odds and ends of half-used soap to my cup, and puts me off with the ragged towels, and bent tongs. And that isn't the worst of it, either, old boy. I could endure all that, with only an odd grimace now and then; but when it comes to entomological specimens in the jelly, and a mouse's leg in the mince pie—"

"Nonsense!"

"It's a fact, I tell you! These eyes have seen it, and this countenance has paled with speechless horror. No, I shall have to pull up stakes, to change my base, as the antediluvians say!"

"Hugh, why don't you get married?"

"Why don't I go to Heaven? One event is about as probable as the other!"

"No; but really, Hugh, you're just the sort of person to enjoy a bright hearthstone and a pretty wife of your own. Did you never think of it?"

"Why, yes, I have thought of it—there's no law against thinking, you know."

"I wish you would speak seriously for once in your life."

"Didn't I? I am sure it is a sufficiently serious subject. I *was* in love once, Selwyn, and engaged to be married."

"You?"

"Yes, I. Seems rather improbable, don't it? but nevertheless it is true as fate.

"Who was she?"

"A little black-eyed divinity, with cheeks like two red velvet peaches, and hair that wasn't so much black as it was purple. Native State, Connecticut; age, eighteen; name, Janie; surname—well, as long as it didn't become Dyson, it is not a matter of so much vital importance. Cause of misunderstanding, a tall fellow by the name of Packer. Don't know what's become of 'em, and don't care!

"The dream is past, and with it fled
The hopes that once—'

all that sort of thing, you know. Now you've heard all about it, and I hope you feel better. Look here—see what a lot of advertisements about 'desirable board for unexceptionable parties' I've cut out of the papers! Some of them ought to suit, I should imagine. I say, Selwyn, I wish you'd cut that stiff old hotel, and come and room with me. You won't? Very well, then, stay where you are!"

And Mr. Dyson poked the fire vigorously, and contemplated the worsted roses on the toe of his slipper with dreamy earnestness.

"I like the rooms very much. Only twenty dollars a week, you say?"

"Yes, sir," answered the tall Scotch house-maid, whose red hair fairly illumined the apartments; "that's inclodin' foire and loights."

They were very cosy little rooms, a bedroom and sitting-room carpeted with crimson, and possessing three south windows, through whose ruddy draperies the sunshine streamed cheerily in. There was no display of costly furniture or expensive upholstery, but everything was deliciously neat and orderly.

"I don't believe they have mouse's legs in the mince pies *here*," thought our hero.

"I say, Janet—"

"My name is Mary Ann, please sir!"

"Mary Ann, the—it'll all be the same a hundred years hence. Who keeps the house?"

"Miss Jefferson, sir."

"Jefferson, eh?" Hugh Dyson started a little, "What Jefferson?"

"I don't know, sir."

"An unmarried lady?"

"Oh, aye, sir!"

"An old maid, probably," thought Hugh, with a sidewise screw of his visage, "with a false front, and a

black bombasine dress foxy about the seams. I know the race of 'em—came out of the Ark with Noah, and won't be extinct till the last day. I suppose they must have been created to keep boarding-houses, for I don't know what else they're good for. Well, Janet—Mary Ann, I mean—I will take these rooms. There's a week in advance, and I'll send my trunks immediately. But mind, I only come here on one condition. I don't want to be bored!"

"Wha's tat, sir?"

"Disturbed, annoyed, asked questions about, meddled with! I'll not stand it! There's my card; give it to your mistress, and tell her I'm to be let alone."

"Yes, sir!"

And Hugh Dyson went away swinging his umbrella, and congratulating himself on having found such a cozy little altar of refuge!

The table was neat as the rooms, the attendance prompt and sedulous, the other boarders not addicted, apparently, to prying, and, best of all, the landlady never made her appearance. Up to this period, in Hugh Dyson's experience, the word landlady had been synonymous with a sort of private detective, a meddling gossip, a smooth-tongued harpy, and this new state of things was infinitely satisfactory.

"It's too good to last long," sighed our hero. "Something will certainly happen. The house will be burned down, or there will be an earthquake, or Miss Jefferson will have a fit of apoplexy. If she's the fat old lady in black I saw trundling down the basement stairs yesterday, she's exactly the sort of subject for a good, tearing stroke of apoplexy. And really that would be a public loss, for she's the only boarding-house keeper I ever knew who had a proper idea of the dressing for lobster salad! And then her cranberry tarts—they're just sublime!"

For Hugh Dyson, like all bachelors who board, was beginning to think a great deal too much of what he ate and drank!

His surmise proved to be correct. Something *did* happen, although it was not exactly what our hero had apprehended. There was no earthquake, nor yet a fire, neither did the fat old lady who "trundled" up and down the basement stairway indulge in a fit; but Hugh Dyson himself fell sick.

"It's nothing," he said, a little pettishly, when Carhart advised him to send for a doctor. "Nobody ever yet died of a cold. I'll get the Scotch girl to brew me a jug of catnip tea, and I'll go to bed early; that'll set me up all right."

But neither catnip tea nor bed produced the desired result. And finally, when he was stricken down by the fierce and relentless hand of fever, our hero was unwillingly obliged to confess himself seriously ill.

Through the delirium that was gathering over his poor confused brain, Hugh Dyson caught here and there a connected sentence of the doctor's talk at his bedside.

"You see," said Dr. Fane, solemnly, "it is very sickly just now throughout the entire city, and it is almost impossible to obtain a good nurse at any terms. Indeed, I don't know of a single professional one who is disengaged."

"But I should think there might be enough to come, if you pay them well," suggested Selwyn Carhart.

Dr. Fane shook his head: "Typhoid fever is an ugly disease, sir."

"Yes; but in the name of Christian charity, is—"

"Not much of that element left in the world, I'm afraid!"

"We might send for the landlady—"

"I don't want her," interrupted Dyson, breaking feebly into the conversation. "She's fat and she trundles, and—"

"There, there!" soothed the doctor; "it's all right, my poor boy. Go to sleep!"

"But you know, doctor, how it is," pleaded Hugh, catching at the hand which was laid on his pulse. "They wear false fronts put on one side, and dyed dresses, and—and foxy about the seams, you know!"

"Exactly so—foxy about the seams! Yes, yes!" and Dr. Fane went away.

Fifteen minutes afterwards, Carhart jerked the bell-wire vehemently.

"Send your mistress up here at once. That gentleman is raving, and some woman *must* be here."

Presently a tall, slight lady in black entered. Carhart stared vaguely at her.

"Are you the landlady?"

"I am Miss Jefferson, sir."

"Oh!" And after a minute's hesitation, Carhart told his story and pleaded his request. The landlady assented at once; but her softly spoken words were interrupted by the high-pitched voice of Hugh Dyson:

"Janie! Janie! you've come back to me—my own little jewel! I knew it would all be made clear some day, and I loved you all the time—I did, Janie; upon my soul, I did! Put your hand on my head, Janie! Oh, it feels so cool! so cool!"

Miss Jefferson colored and hesitated; so did Carhart.

"It is only the ravings of fever," he said, reassuringly. "He fancies you some one else. Perhaps it will be better to humor the whim."

So Miss Jefferson sat down by the bedside, her soft dark garments rippling noiselessly around her, and laid her hand on Hugh's forehead, with velvet-soft touch.

"I can go to sleep now," he murmured. "Cool, so cool—like a rose-leaf that has been out all night in the rain. There was always a magnetism in *your* hand, Janie!"

He went to sleep; and Mis Jefferson sat there, pale and motionless as a figure of marble, while Carhart looked curiously at the landlady.

She was perhaps some four or five and twenty, very delicate looking, with straight Greek features and deep long lashed eyes, as black and melting as those of an Israelitish Rebekah, while the dazzling fairness of her skin was relieved by her black dress and a jet necklace that she wore around her neck, rosary fashion.

"Can it be possible that *she* keeps the house?" thought Carhart; and then, as Miss Jefferson's casually uplifted eyes met his earnest gaze, he colored and looked down. It *was* embarassing!

Six weeks afterward, Hugh Dyson sat up for the first time in a pillowed arm-chair by the open window, where the May sunshine hung all the hyacinth bells with fringes of gold, and spun glimmering webs of brightness round the purple plumes of the blossoming heliotrope, and Miss Jefferson herself brought a tiny velvet foot-stool to place under his feet.

"That's right, Janie; now come and sit down by me," he said, smiling, as he met the wistful sparkle of her eyes. "My dear little nurse, how shall I ever thank you for the devotion you have shown me?"

"I do not wish to be thanked, Hugh."

"But you can't help yourself, *mia cara*. Married women can't expect to have their own way—and you're to be married to me a week from Tuesday."

"Oh, Hugh, not so soon!"

"Yes, just exactly so soon. I have been deprived of you too long already. I can't afford to wait any longer. Janie, what a curious story our lives would make. It seems so strange that I should come here to board, where you, my little Janie, were struggling to earn your bread, and never knew whither I had been directed by fate. And *you* knew it all the while, and hid away like a frightened fawn until death came to my bedside; and then you gave him battle, like a heroine as you are."

Janie Jefferson's eyes filled with tears as she hid her face on her lover's shoulder. Perhaps she was thinking of the deadly warfare she had waged with the destroyer, perhaps they were tears of happiness. For Janie was happy and so was Hugh Dyson.

It *was* a strange story, but life is full of just such stories!

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[For the Reporter.]

NOVELS AND NOVEL-READING.

Ulster, Sept. 20, 1869.

Mr. Editor—*Dear Sir:* While perusing the columns of your most excellent and widely-circulated paper, my ambition was animated by the arguments of two very exquisite logical disputants, whose views in regard to the impression and effects of novel-reading produce the discrepancy in which I have determined to engage if allowed the necessary space in your paper. But before executing this resolution, I beg leave to insert a few apologetic remarks. I am no academical disciplinarian or experienced debater, and therefore do not pre-suppose my argument will convert or enlighten anybody. But my willingness to try will be exemplified, and Ulster will be represented among a number in which she can boast of but few precedents. Novel-reading to me appears one of the most farcical employments of the human mind. From it nothing that ennobles or purifies the operations of mankind is obtained, nothing that moralizes or christianizes the human heart is produced, nothing that elevates the youth or alleviates the aged is ever transmitted through these chimerical thoughts of romantic men; and for the purpose of substantiating these assertions, I desire no better evidence than common sense, than the close observer of the effects of fantastical novelty. By it the youth's mind is engulfed in all the fanciful pursuits of mankind. Those scientific and historic books he once scanned with eagerness, to imbibe their contents, now appear to him but a secondary object. Those evenings he used to sit by the kitchen lamp and pencil on his slate the solution of some intricate problem, are now exchanged by the inducements of novel-reading, for the recreations of illuminated ball-rooms and the pleasures of romantic societies. These remarks are no imagery, for I have seen it displayed among my schoolmates; I have seen the lad that once entered the school-room with flushed cheeks and eyes that bespoke intelligence, reduced to paleness and dimness; I have seen his aspirations for eminence in knowledge and virtue, actuated by the perusal of novels, cease pursuing the path that leads to substantial happiness, and follow the bubbles of folly.

This is my experience of the effects of novel-reading. They are a demon in our midst, and were I empowered and granted the privilege of selecting one evil from the great catalogue that are detrimental to individuals and nations, to be exterminated from the land, I would quickly notify the novel authors that the continuation of novel circulation would be punished by imprisonment for life. Associates of Ulster, please reflect upon these remarks of your friend and associate, and give them their just dues, judging from motive not words. *Primum mobile.*

F. M. Nichols.

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Curious Marriage Custom.—A curious marriage custom is reported by an Austrian paper as being still practiced by the inhabitants of the Western Hochgebirge, between Bohemia and Moravia, and is a primitive custom with the Transylvania Roumanians. On the 11th and 12th of July the annual "maiden market" was held in Ralinydaza, in the aforenamed mountains. On such an occasion it is customary for some thousands of people to assemble there from the surrounding villages, in order to look at the girls "in the market." The fathers drive their daughters with them in their best team; while their complete outfit is loaded upon carts, or cart, as the case may be. Arriving at the market-place the fortunate possessor of a daughter commences to cry out in a loud and distinct voice: "I have a daughter ready for marriage; who has a son that wishes to engage with her?" With whomsoever steps up to say he would have her the bargain is first haggled about, and finally the trade is concluded with drinks all round. The father returns home all alone, and his daughters and their outfit are taken to their new homes.

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The latest undergraduate joke at Yale College was the transfer, at midnight, of a florist's sign—"New Haven Nursery"—to a conspicuous position on a flourishing young ladies' seminary.

THE SPREADING RUMOR.

Says Gossip One to Gossip Two,
"While shopping in the town,
Old Mrs. Pry to me remarked—
Smith *bought* his goods of Brown."

Says Gossip Two to Gossip Three,
Who cast her eyelids down,
"I've heard it said to-day, my friend,
Smith *got* his goods from Brown."

Says Gossip Three to Gossip Four,
With something of a frown,
"I've heard strange news, what do you think?
Smith *took* his goods from Brown."

Says Gossip Four to Gossip Five,
Who blazed it round the town,
"I've heard to-day such shocking news—
Smith *stole* his goods from Brown."

TRIP TO WATKINS GLEN.

A correspondent of the Williamsport *Daily Gazette*, who has recently paid a visit to the "Glen," gives the following interesting description of it:

The question has been asked repeatedly, "What is Watkins Glen like, and where is it?" &c. The first question is more easily asked than answered. It is not an easy question to answer within the limits of a single letter, neither is it an easy question answered under any circumstances. Watkins Glen is a strange and wonderful place. It is not Niagara in its grandeur, and yet it is more strange, more wonderful than Niagara. It is not the cataract above the falls, in its wild and mad career, plunging headlong towards the great leap, and yet the Glen has in places a wildness, and an awe-inspiring look, that causes the visitor to exclaim, "How wonderful!" I might call it a vast ravine, that has been, through past ages, growing deeper and deeper by the action of a stream of water. It is a chasm, and more, it is a gorge on the most extensive scale. It is a wonder in Nature, one of those wonders you seldom meet with, and its curiosities and "startling demonstrations" have been growing greater for years and years past. Under this vague realization of what the Glen could be compared to, how can I convey to your mind, kind reader, a correct idea of *what it really is*, and what appearance it presents? You enter it with exclamations of surprise. You gaze upon its sides of massive rock, towering more than one hundred feet above you, and on the summit the hemlock and pine reach apparently to the clouds. It is a mighty cleft in the mountain made by the rush of water to-day passing through it. From the point we entered to the terminus, I think it is about one and a-half miles, and in this journey through we stood at times upon the smooth, level rock by the side of a gently flowing stream, and again we dabbled in a tiny lake as transparent as glass; a few rods from you this same placid stream, like a young Niagara, foamed, and dashed, and thundered down a precipice fifty feet in height, and at the base, falling upon the rock, had worn out for itself a perfect trough, as smoothly and nicely done as if worked out by the hand of a skillful mechanic. Again you cross tiny bridges hung high in air, like swinging things of life, connecting projecting rocks on either side. From the bridges we ascended or descended, as the nature of the Glen demanded, and the passage-way opens before you. Then along narrow shelves—all rock—rock above, rock below, rock all around! Some of these ledges are not more than eighteen inches wide. At times, up you go, step by step in the rock, or from ledge to ledge by stairway, or down by almost hand-made steps. Right before you find a flight of steps—up, up—very steep, 40 or 50 feet, and then down, down, 20, 30, or 40 feet. Oh! what a funny trip was this. Again the water thundered from above, right overhead, and dashes right over you. Now crowd the rocky side of that towering wall and let the water dash; for it has been doing so in the ages of the past, long years before you gazed upon this sparkling beverage—you will be dry enough from the overhanging cliff. Now follow the little path before you carefully, for the ledge is slippery and the pathway narrow. Again the Glen opens into a vast amphitheatre with scenery grand, striking and bewildering all around you. Looking up the Glen from this point you see the visitors

Winding their way
Through close defiles
While all around
The cascades play.

Along the shelvy sides, up and down the stairway by the side of the clear stream, some bathing their foreheads, for the day was hot, others in frolic and fun splashing the water about, and full of life and each contributing to the general enjoyment. There is a certain point in this Glen at which you will witness a beautiful rainbow spanning the whole width, provided you are there just at the right time, about 5 p.m., we think; the place, the upper end of the Glen just below a waterfall. There is a place on the summit called the "Mountain House," about one-third of the way up the Glen; ice water, ice cream, and lemonade may be had here. When you leave the Mountain House on your way back to Watkins, you go by the way of "Point Lookout," we believe it is called. From this point you have a very beautiful view of Seneca Lake and the town of Watkins. The lake is forty miles long with an average width of about three miles and a depth of from three hundred to a thousand feet. Geneva is situated at the foot and Watkins at the head of this beautiful sheet of water, and from the bold bluff on which we stood the prospect before us was indeed very beautiful. As far as the eye could reach the lake was in view; right at our feet lay the pretty town of Watkins, stretching out to the right, a beautiful valley, with the town of Havana in the distance. There was nothing grand, nothing sublime, nothing imposing about this view. It was simply beautiful, and as the ladies said, "oh! how pretty."

A word of advice to those visiting the Glen. If you go as a party, a number together, do not take your baskets with you; either take your lunch in the car before you leave, or

at one of the public houses in Watkins. Your clothing should be of dark material, calico for the ladies, good heavy shoes and something that will stand the wet and tramp, tramp upon the rocks. Gentlemen should be provided with heavy soled boots, and clothing that will not be injured by being soiled. C.

THE FATHER'S LESSON.

I had been married fifteen years. Three beautiful daughters enlivened the domestic hearth, the youngest of whom was in her eighth year. A more happy and contented household was nowhere to be found. My wife was amiable, intelligent and contented. We were not wealthy, but Providence had preserved us from want, and we had learned that "contentment without wealth was better than wealth without contentment."

It was my custom, when returning home at night, to drop into one of the many shops that are constantly open in the business streets of the metropolis, and purchase some trifling dainties, such as fruit or confectionery, to present to mother and children. On one occasion I had purchased some remarkably fine apples. After the repast, half a dozen were left untouched, and my thrifty companion forthwith removed them to the place of deposit, where it was her custom to preserve the remains of our knick-knacks. A day or two after, when I had seated myself at the table to dine, she said to me smilingly, "So father has found the way to my safety-box, has he?" I was at a loss to understand the meaning, and desired her to explain.

"Have you not been at my drawer?"

"What drawer?"

"The upper drawer in my chamber bureau. Did you not take therefrom the largest of the pippins I had put away from the girls?"

"No, I did not."

A slight cloud passed over the countenance of my wife. She was troubled. The loss of the apple was in itself nothing; but we had carefully instructed our children not to appropriate to their use any article of family consumption, without permission; when the demand was at all reasonable, it had never been denied them. She was loth to suspect any one of the offence; we had a servant girl in the family, but as she was supposed to know nothing of the apples, my wife hesitated to charge it upon her. She at length broke the silence by saying: "We must examine the affair. I can hardly think one of the children would so act. If we find them guilty we must reprove them. Will you please look into it?"

The girls were separately brought into my presence—the eldest one first.

"Eliza, did you take from your mother's drawer an apple?" "No, sir."

"Maria, did you take from your mother's drawer an apple?" "No, sir."

"Mary, did you take from your mother's drawer an apple?" "No, sir."

"It must have been taken by the servant; call her to me," said I, addressing my wife.

"Nell, how came you to take from the draw of your mistress, without permission, the largest of the apples she had placed there?" "Wot apples?"

"Did you not take apples from the drawer of your mistress?" "No, sa."

Now it was evident that falsehood existed somewhere. Could it be that some of my children had told me a lie? The thought harassed me. I went to the store but soon returned again. Meanwhile, the servant girl had communicated to her mistress that she had seen our youngest go into the garret with a large apple the morning before. On examination, the core and several pieces of rind were found upon the floor. I again called Mary to me, and said to her affectionately:

"Mary, my daughter, did you go into the garret yesterday?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you go there with an apple?"

"No, sir."

I was unwilling to believe my sweet child capable of telling me a falsehood but appearances seemed against her. The fault lay between her and the servant, and while I was desirous to acquit my child, I did not wish to accuse unjustly the negro. I therefore took Mary into a room alone. I spoke to her of the enormity of lying—of the necessity of telling the truth,—of the severe penalty I should be compelled to inflict upon her, it she did not confess the whole to me, and with tears in my eyes urged her to say that she done it, if indeed she had. Gradually I became convinced of her guilt; and now I felt determined she should confess it. After weeping and protesting her innocence, and weeping and again protesting, my threatenings seemed to alarm her; and falling on her knees, she said, "Father, I did take the apple."

Never shall I forget that moment. My child confessed that she was a liar in my presence.

Suppressing the emotion, I retired, and Mary, rising from her position, ran to her mother, and in a paroxysm of grief cried out: "Mother, I did not take the apple, but father has made me confess that I did."

Here was a new aspect of affairs. Lie multiplied upon lie? Could it be possible? My dear Mary, who had never been known to deceive us—so affectionate, so gentle, so truthful in all the past—could it be possible that she was a confirmed liar? Necessity was stronger than the tenderness of the father. I chastised her for the first time in my life—severely chastised her! It almost broke her heart—and may I add, it almost broke mine also.

Yet Mary was innocent! After-events proved the negro the thief. She had conjured up the story of the garret, knowing that Mary would not deny having been there; and to make the circumstances stronger against her, had strewn apple rinds on the floor. I never think of the event without tears. But it has taught me a useful lesson and that is, never to threaten a child into a lie when it may be she is telling the truth.

The only lie I ever knew Mary to tell me, I forced upon her by threatenings. It has also fixed in my mind the determination to employ no servant in my family whom I can possibly do without.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

A FEARFUL PICTURE.

THE VICE THAT IS SAPPING THE FOUNDATIONS OF SOCIETY.

The Philadelphia *Ledger*, one of the most conservative of newspapers on all questions, draws the following fearful picture of the vice of intemperance—a vice that is desolating the land. We commend the remarks of our cotemporary to our young men especially, that they may see the fearful abyss upon which they stand:

The great problem before philanthropists, in this country and in Great Britain, is the check or removal of the ruinous habit of intemperance in the use of intoxicating drinks. The time has gone by when a publicist, of no less reputation than Edmund Burke, could argue against the disuse of spirituous and malt liquors, because a falling off of their consumption would diminish the public revenue; for a fairer view of the subject shows that a very large proportion of the criminal business of our Courts comes, directly or indirectly, from the use and abuse of stimulating beverages. One year's national abstinence would pay the national debt.

It is nothing to argue that the thirst for stimulus is universal, and that savages and the ignorant people are as fond of strong drink as the civilized. So the thirst for blood is a savage propensity. And the devouring of coarse and bloody food is another. Laws and government have been sufficient to keep violent and murderous natures under control. The customs of civilized life have refined our diet in the matter of food. But neither law nor custom has been sufficient to cure the savage propensity for strong drink. We have only made such beverages more palatable, and substituted for occasional orgies, habitual use. The recent report of an eminent physician, whose specialty is the treatment of inebriates, maintains that they are the victims of disease. It is a great misfortune, granting this theory to be the true one, that civilization and refinement have made that disease chronic in the educated and Christianized, which in the savage is only occasional.

Whether intemperance be a physical disease, the misfortune of the stomach or the nerves, or whether it be a moral or mental weakness, one thing is certain, that the appetite "grows by what it feeds on," and, that, once acquired, it is next to impossible to shake it off. But it is not quite impossible. Neither, let the longing for the poison be as great as it may, is there any man who cannot by a determined exercise of his will, conquer himself of the indulgence. There is no man to whose existence, or even to whose health and comfort, the stimulus is indispensable. Our prisons are full of persons whose incarceration is due to indulgence in drink; and yet the prisoners live without it, and are in better physical health while in durance than they are when at liberty.

Murder, theft, robbery, lust, dishonesty, indolence and poverty, hardness of heart, and contempt for the comforts and claims of those who are nearest and dearest, are among the fruits of intemperance. Every scaffold adds its testimony. Crimes, the most revolting, grow out of the dethronement of reason by inordinate drink. And the moral sense may be blunted, and the mental faculties impaired by what is considered only the moderate use of a class of luxuries, the only effect of which is to destroy the intellectual and moral balance, and make whoever indulges less a man than he would be without them. The medical men in England and in this country, who have been betrayed into the prescription of alcholic stimulants, are retracting from that practice. Grant that the use of alchohol does; in certain diseases, promote recovery. The danger remains that the habit of drinking may be fastened on the patient—a disease worse than any which wine may cure. The regular faculty having in a great measure abandoned the use of alchohol in their practice, irregular venders have taken it up, and millions of bottles of poor trash are sold, being simply bad liquor doctored with drugs; but not to such a degree as to make the dose disagreeable.

The safe course is, for all to beware of enervating their manhood, by the reduction of their bodies and minds to such a condition of weakness, that the false strength of the cup is necessary to bring them up even to ordinary order. And, whoever has entered so far upon the custom, that daily potations seems to be a necessity, should discontinue forthwith. There may be a day or week of languor, but if this seems insupportable, any honest medical friend can prescribe a harmless tonic. But in ninety cases in a hundred, no tonic is required but the honest pride of self-conquest and the study of self-respect. Let a man keep his own counsel; let him rest, if he cannot work, for a day or two, amuse himself if he cannot apply to serious business, and keep before him the restoration of his health and happiness, and the victory is certain. We have seen many such cases of reformation, and could point to-day to men who were once despaired of, but now are respected and prosperous, who have quietly abandoned what their certain experience told them was ruining them. To the young we say, touch not, taste not. And to those who have commenced, we urge the relinquishment at once and forever of a gratification which brings no positive good, and may work infinite evil.

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"CAN you draw, young man?" inquired Quilp of an applicant for private tutorship. "At ten years of age I could draw beer; at twelve a picture; at fifteen a truck loaded with cabbage; at sixteen, an inference; at twenty, a bill of exchange. If I were an actor I believe I could draw the largest kind of a house; but being a teacher, I am content to draw a salary, the bigger the better."

IRISH DROLLERY.

An amusing story is related of Daines Barrington, the eminent jurist, and Recorder of Bristol. Having to appear for a plaintiff in a case at Clonmel, he let into the defendant in unmeasured terms. The individual inveighed against not being present, only heard of the investives.—After Barrington, however, had got back into Dublin, the defendant, a Tipperary man, named Foley, lost no time in paying his compliments to the counsel. He rode all day and night, and covered with sleet, arrived before Barrington's residence in Harcourt street, Dublin. Throwing the bridle of his smoking horse over the railing of the area, he announced his arrival by a thundering knock at the door. Barrington's valet answered the summons, and, opening the street door, beheld the apparition of the rough coated Tipperary fire-eater, with a large stick under his arm, and the sleet sticking to his bushy whiskers.

"Is your master up?" demanded the visitor, in a voice that gave some intimation of the object of his journey.

"No," answered the man.

"Then give him my compliments, and say Mr. Foley—he'll know the name—will be glad to see him."

The valet went up stairs, and gave his master, who was in bed, the early visitor's message.

"Then don't let Mr. Foley in for your life," said Barrington; "for it is not a hare or a brace of ducks that he has come to present me with."

The man was leaving the bed-room, when a rough wet coat pushed by him, while a thick voice said, "by your leave," and at the same time Mr. Foley entered the bed-room.

"You know my business, sir," said he to Barrington. "I have made a journey to teach you manners, and it is not my purpose to return until I have broken every bone in your body;" and at the same time he cut a figure of eight with his shillaleh before the cheval glass.

"You do not say that you will murder me in bed!" exclaimed Daines, who had as much honor as cool courage.

"No," replied the other; but get up as soon as you can."

"Yes," replied Daines, "that you might fell me the moment I put myself out of the blankets."

"No," replied the other; "I pledge you my word not to touch you till you are out of bed."

"You won't?"

"No."

"Upon your honor?"

"Upon my honor."

"That's enough," said Daines, turning over, as though he meant to fall asleep; "I have the honor of an Irish gentleman, and may rest as safe as though I were under the Castle guard."

The Tipperary salamander looked marveously astonished at the pretended sleeper, but soon Daines began to snore.

"Hallo! said Foley, "aren't you going to get up?"

"No," said Daines; "I have the word of an Irish gentleman that he will not strike me in bed, and I am sure I am not going to get up to have my bones broken. I will never get up again. In the meantime, Mr. Foley, if you should want your breakfast, ring the bell; the best in the house is at your service. The morning paper will be here presently, but be sure and air it before reading, for there is nothing from which a man so quickly catches cold as reading a damp journal," and Daines affected to go to sleep.

The Tip had fun in him, too, as well as ferocity; but he could not resist the cunning of the counsel.

"Get up Mr. Barrington, said he; "for, in bed, or out of bed, I have not the pluck to hurt so droll a heart."

The result was, that in less than an hour afterward, Daines Barrington, and his intended murderer were sitting down to a warm breakfast, the latter only intent upon assaulting a dish of smoking chops.

Walk When You Begin.—When Chief Justice Oliver Ellsworth commenced the practice of law, he lived in Bloomfield; and as his pecuniary means were not large, he was accustomed to come from his office on foot. There was, at the time, a dashing merchant in the city—Mr. H., who rode in a showy vehicle, drawn by a pair of showy horses; and as he often rode to Bloomfield, he frequently met Mr. E.—Meeting him one morning, he reined up his team, and saluted him with "Good morning, Mr. Ellsworth, what are you walking for; why don't you ride?"

"Because," was the reply, "I have found that persons must walk at some period of their lives, and I choose to walk when I begin."

It would be well if all who are setting out in life were of this opinion; but they are not. Hence such numbers, determined to ride when they are young, are forced to walk when they are old.

A few years having elapsed, Mr. H. failed in business, and was obliged to go afoot; while Mr. E., ascended from small beginnings, became Minister Plenipotentiary to France, and rode in his coach.

Walk when you begin.

Origin of Methodism.—Methodism originated in Ireland, at Cork, in 1748. In August of that year, Mr. Charles Wesley preached a famous sermon in the open air to more than one thousand people, and in the following month incorporated in church fellowship some souls whom he had won for Christ. As in other places the planting of Methodism in that city was followed by fierce persecution. In May, 1750, Mr. John Wesley preached a sermon in Cork, and was burned in effigy by a frantic mob. But "none of these things moved" him, and within six years a chapel was opened by him in Hammond's Marsh. In September, 1772, Cork was enriched by the dust of one of the pioneer Methodist preachers in North America, Richard Boardman, who rests under the shadow of the cathedral in hope of the resurrection of the just. Mr. Wesley's last visit to Cork was only two years before his death. Methodism is now strong and influential in that city.

A little girl, attending the Sunday-school for the first time, was asked who went into the lion's den? "Oh, I know," she said, "it was Dan Rice."

Why are young ladies, at the breaking up of a party, like arrows? Because they can't go off without beaux, and are in a quiver until they get them.

Enamored writing master to a young lady pupil: "I can teach you nothing; your hand is already a very desirable one, and your I's (eyes) are the most beautiful I ever saw."

The editor of a Yankee newspaper says that he never dotted an i but once in his life, and that was in a fight with a contemporary.

What did our first parents do in Eden? Adam kept the garden and Eve raised Cain.