The Bradford Reporter.

ALVORD & CLAUSON, Publishers.

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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
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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.

LEWIS RHEBINE, *Fashionable Tailor:* Rooms over Aspinwall's Store, Towanda, Pa. oct.5, 69.

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.

PATENTS!

J. N. DEXTER, *Solicitor of Patents*, 73 BROAD STREET, WAVERLY, N. Y.

Prepares drawings, specifications and all papers required in making and properly conducting Applications for PATENTS in the UNITED STATES and FOREIGN COUNTRIES. NO CHARGES IN UNSUCCESSFUL CASES AND NO ATTORNEY'S FEE TO PAY UNTIL PATENT IS OBTAINED. Sept. 16, 1869-tf

NEW WHEAT FLOUR AT THE TOWANDA STEAM FLOURING MILLS!

sepl8 69. CROBATH, FULLER & CO.

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.

LE RAYSVILLE MILLS! The subscriber, having purchased the LeRaysville Mills, and refitted the same in good order, is now prepared to do good work, and to give general satisfaction. M. J. FRUTCHEY. LeRaysville, Sept. 22, 1869.—ly.

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 DYEING ESTABLISHMENT. The subscriber takes this method of informing the people of Towanda and vicinity that he has opened a Dyeing Establishment in Col. MEANS' new building, NO. 153 MAIN STREET, (opposite Gen. Patton's), and that he is now prepared to do all work in his line, such as CLEANING and COLORING ladies' and gentlemen's garments, shawls, &c., in the neatest manner and on the most reasonable terms. Give me a call and examine my work. HENRY REDDING. Sept. 23, 1869.

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 inquiring for farms, &c. H. B. McKEAN, Real Estate Agent. Rooms 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 found in this part of the country, which they sell at the most reasonable prices, and warrant [illegible]. All that doubt need but call and examine. [illegible] the wise is sufficient. April 1, 1869—6m. N. KINNEY & CO.

NEW FALL & WINTER GOODS. *MRS. E. J. PIERCE*, [illegible] from New York with a first-class [illegible] *MILLINERY GOODS* [illegible] of the latest imported styles of [illegible] BONNETS, RIBBONS, &c. &c. [illegible] would respectfully invite the ladies of Towanda and vicinity to give her a call before purchasing elsewhere. Work done in neat and fashionable style on short notice. ☞ Rooms over M. E. Rosenfield's Store, opposite Powell's, Towanda, Pa. September 30, 1869.

NEW FIRM! NEW GOODS AND LOW PRICES! AT MONROETON, PA.

TRACY & HOLLON, Dealers in Groceries and Provisions, Drugs, Medicines, Kerosene Oil, Lamps, Chimneys, Dye Stuffs, Paints, Oils, Varnish, Yankee Notions, Tobacco, Cigars and Snuff. Pure Wines and [illegible] of the best quality, for medicinal purposes. 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. [illegible], Pa., June 24, 1869—ly.

CHEAP PASSAGE FROM OR TO IRELAND OR ENGLAND. [illegible] LINE OF STEAMSHIPS FROM OR TO QUEENSTOWN OR LIVERPOOL. [illegible] Guion's old "Black Star Line" of Liverpool Packets, sailing every week. [illegible] Line of Packets from or to London, [illegible] a month. [illegible] to England, Ireland and Scotland payable on demand. For further particulars, apply to Williams & Guion, [illegible], New York, or G. F. MASON & CO., Bankers, Towanda, Pa.

G. S. PECK, MILLWRIGHT and MACHINIST, Towanda, Pa. Mills built [illegible] Engines and Boilers set in the best [illegible] call the attention of mill owners to [illegible] VORTEX WATER WHEEL, [illegible] all the elements of a first-class motter, [illegible] construction, accessibility, great strength [illegible] developing the greatest amount of power for [illegible] easily repaired, running under backwater [illegible] detriment to power except diminution of [illegible] requiring no alteration in mill frames or addi[illegible], will run under low head, and made of [illegible] capacity. These wheels will be furnished [illegible] than one-half the cost of any other first-class [illegible] market, and warranted to perform all that [illegible] for them. These wheels will be made for [illegible] with or without cases, on short notice, of the [illegible] market. [illegible] particulars address or enquire of the undersigned, G. S. PECK, Towanda, Pa. [illegible]—These wheels can be seen in operation at [illegible] Horton & Wells' Mill, Towanda twp. The [illegible] are wholly composed of Iron as now made. [illegible] 14 1869—tf

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 15, '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—ly.

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—ly.

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 usually 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.

Selected Poetry.

DRUNKARD'S MONUMENTS.

BY WALTER KIEFFER.

To die alone and quite forgot
By those who loved you ere the spot
Of drunkenness had grown so large,
That they would fain resign the charge
Of watching you with kindest care,
When they no longer could forbear,
By dying thus, (O, piteous sight!)
You can contribute your small mite
To rear a drunkard's monument!

To see, before your death-knell comes,
Most wretched misery in your homes;
To see your mother's hair turn grey,
Thro' anguish lest you go astray;
Your sister's face suffused with shame
At simple mention of your name;
To see your noble, manly brother,
Vainly try your shame to cover;
Your aged father, bent with years,
His eyes bedimmed with sorrow's tears;
By seeing these, and even more,
You can contribute, tho' you're poor,
To rear a drunkard's monument!

To spend your money and your strength,
That you may lay your form at length
Upon the pave or cellar-door,
Where others oft have lain before;
To spend your all, and then be thrown,
At risk of neck and every bone,
Upon the street, by rudest hands
Which care not for these Cain-like brands;
Be made to suffer this humility,
E'en snubbed by those who think gentility
Consists in drinking poisoned drink,
(Poor imbeciles who never think!)
By suffering these, young man, you will
Contribute largely to the till
That rears a drunkard's monument!

These monuments on every hand
Are seen, throughout our glorious land!
They look not like the marble towers,
Surrounded by the sweetest flowers,
Reared by living, loving hands,
To mark the spot where those, whose bands
Uniting them to earth, are broken,
Gone, at summons of Death's token!
No! no! the ones of which *we* speak
Are reared by selling, week to week,
The damning draughts of fatal drugs
Which even drunkards drink with shrugs;
These make the living evidence,
Of how a kindly Providence
Will suffer men to sin and thrive—
A lesson that may prove to them
A bright star in their diadem!
It warns them timely to beware
Of sin's alluring, tempting snare;
It points unerring to the place
Prepared for those who *would* disgrace
Mankind, and all that's good on earth,
By brewing at a single birth
Heart-misery and poisoned drinks,
To sell to him who never thinks!
Consigned to everlasting woe,
Must be the men who make a *show*
By rearing drunkard's monuments!

Miscellaneous.

THREE NIGHTS.

A THRILLING STORY.

It is now several years since I was returning from the Northwestern District of Lake Superior. Winter with all its winds and deep snows had already set in, and instead of the usual lake voyage, my journey to the land of civilization had to be performed in a sleigh. Each day I took my way over roads whose ruts the snow had filled, while my horses' bells rang gaily out through the snow clad forest whose pendant icicles flashed in the sun's rays like a fruitage of gems.

We had passed Lake Superior and were threading the forests bordering on Lake Huron, when one evening we came to a better cultivated farm than usual, where the scraping of fiddles and the echoing of the music announced one of those blithesome frolics with which the settlers at intervals lighten the monotony of backwoods life.

But it soon appeared that this was an extraordinary festival, being for the bridal of our host's daughter, whom all these friends, who came from many miles around, were to accompany to see the knot tied on the morrow. What a joyful scene it was.

The sun shone on our unwearied revels, ushering in the wedding day, and then one and all—for I deferred my journey in honor of the occasion—prepared to escort the bride on her way.

Through many of the backwoods settlements clergymen have never passed, and troth are lawfully plighted before the nearest magistrate. But on the present occasion it chanced that a clergyman was visiting his brother-in-law at a farm some twenty miles distant, and the marriage was hurried that the bride might have the advantage of a "parson wedding."

My two-horse sleigh being the best appointed vehicle in the company, I placed it at the bride's disposal, and we were soon speeding through the forest, followed by a bevy of sleighs and trains filled with a laughing crowd; and while the sleigh-bells rang out the merriest bridal peals the young settlers played wild choruses upon their horns, until the woods echoed with their minstrelsy.

About midday we reached our destination. Our fair bride seemed almost scared to find how solemn were the words which bound her to share the burden as well as the joys of her bridegroom, though she plighted her vows in a trembling but earnest voice and smiled happily as he handed her into the sleigh for the return journey.

Again we swept through the bush with laugh and jest. My high-bred horse, fresh as when we started, soon outsped the heavy steeds of the other travelers, and left them out of sight and hearing. "Let us go by the lake shore," cried the bridegroom, "then you'll see the 'tumble,' and we will be home before the others are."

The idea was highly approved by the new made wife, and as I was somewhat weary of the monotony of the woods, I readily agreed. Between us and the shore was a winding gulley filled with frozen snow, which soon brought us to the broad belt of ice bordering the land. Beyond was the lake, which, as far as we could see, stretched a vast expanse of blue, refreshing to the eye wearied by the universal whiteness. Troubled by a recent gale, the lake heaved and rolled in heavy swells, whose very action was cheering amid the dead stillness.

Meanwhile we bowled merrily along over the wavy ice, which flashed and sparkled in a thousand blinding and gorgeous rays beneath our horses' feet.

At length a deep reverberation announced the tumble—a succession of foaming cascades by which the water of a lofty river found its way into the lake, and whose picturesque beauty was enhanced by the glittering lines of icicles which fringed the overhanging rocks, and the glacier-like cone of ice the spray raised before it.

This admired, we passed on, for the day was fast drawing to a close. As the sun sank behind the pine crest of a distant headland, we came to an estuary, whose farther point it formed. Beyond was the farm, and we urged the horses to a swifter pace, for the sun's departure came a greater increase of cold.

The estuary, some eight miles wide, stretched deep into the land, and to save time, we drove straight across it. Night fell as we proceeded, but though the moon had not risen, the misty reflection of the snow lighted us on our way. We had reached the centre of the bay, when a report like a discharge of artillery filled the air, and rolling back over the ice was repeated by the thousand echoes.

It was the unmistakable sound of ice.

Without a word I put the horses to their speed.

The next moment a yet louder and sharper concussion broke on the stillness followed by a third, which sounded as if it rent the air asunder.

My companions peered eagerly into the dark. The horses stopped suddenly, and looking before them we perceived a dark belt of heavy waters. The crack was too broad for our horses to leap, all left us, therefore, was to turn landward, hurry on and outstrip the danger. But each step the gap beside us widened, until it resembled a river, and to our consternation we discovered that the ice had parted on either side, leaving us floating on a large cake of ice, which the swift current of the river was driving rapidly out upon the lake.

What a sudden dismay came over us as we gazed at the increasing chasm!

The bridegroom was eager to swim the space, and bear tidings to the farm, but it would have been a useless sacrifice of life.

There was one chance left—that we might hit upon some projecting point upon the lake shore. But as our raft floated steadily further and further out from land, that last hope vanished, and before long, we who had lately been so joyous, stood sadly watching the white outline of the hills fade into the night with the sorrowful knowledge that we should perish miserably upon our frozen resting-place, or be swept into the ice cold waters of the lake.

It was a terrible prospect.

The remembrance that we had, in a measure, brought this upon our heads, increased its bitterness. Had we but apprised any one of our route when we diverged from the usual track, we should undoubtedly have been sought for in canoes, and most probably rescued; while, as it was, in the blind path by which we turned into the shore, would put them all at fault. The bridegroom's self-reproaches were the keenest, for he felt himself the destroyer of the bride so lately committed to his care; while the poor girl wept in utter abandonment of spirit, not only for the blighting of her bright hope and for the life she must render up, but for the sudden parting from the beloved ones she should never see again.

The moon rose in the deep blue sky, making night beautiful, and flooding our ice craft with its silvery light, quivering in broken rays on the broad lake which now rolled in waves around us, and shining like a glory on the distant hills, giving us one more glance at earth.

The cold was becoming intense. The wind, straight from the frozen North, swept over the lake in gusts, and seemed to pierce us like icy arrows, and though wrapped in heavy sleigh furs, and crouched within its narrow limits, we could scarcely endure the rigor of the night, and, worse than all, our fair companion had to share these hardships, with no protection save the most sheltered corner of the sleigh and the warmest wrapper. Yet she never murmured.

Day at length broke on this long night of misery. The current of the lake had swept us out of sight of the land.

We told ourselves we had no hope of rescue, yet long and anxiously we watched the circling horizon for some sign of coming aid, and it was with deep despondency we discovered that as far as the eye could reach, there was nothing but lake and sky, save on the spot some five miles distant, where floated a fragment of our raft, which cracked from the commencement, had parted during the night, bearing away with it our horses. And as the day wore on another hardship was added—that of hunger. Since the preceding morning we had eaten nothing, and our long exposure made the want sorely felt. Though many birds flew over the lake, not one came within reach of our rifles.

Two days passed, and no words can tell the intensity of our sufferings as we floated on our frozen prison, and when the third day broke upon us, cold and exhaustion were fast doing their work, and we lay helplessly in the corners of the sleigh. But the young bride still bore up. Whether it was the unbroken vigor of her youth sustained her, or that marvelous endurance of her sex which has so often carried them through wreck and tempest, I know not, but she was still comparatively strong, and while she drew our covering closely around us she earnestly entreated us still to hope and trust.

I began to think with horror that a time would shortly come when the unhappy girl would be left alone upon the ice!

Thus another night closed.

As the hours passed a furious storm arose upon the lake, lashing its waters into foaming billows, which dashed against our raft, tossing it wildly among the waves. Clouds black as ink rolled over the sky. Our hunger was succeeded by raging pains almost beyond endurance. It was well nigh maddening, and many times as we sat cowering within the sleigh listening to the rushing of the waves did we pray that they would overwhelm our raft and end our misery. At length this desire seemed granted. There was a sudden crash and a violent concussion as though we had struck upon a rock, and the billows beat and roared more wildly than ever. While we waited, the dawn crept slowly over the sky, and our indomitable bride, springing up, uttered a cry of joy. Before us, rising in hills and valleys, lay the snow-clad land, and against its icy borders our raft was tightly moored.

The gale had driven us back to the shore of the lake, and thus saved our lives!

Not far off the ascending smoke announced a dwelling, but we had no strength to reach it, so we fired our rifles, a signal which quickly brought the inhabitants to the shore. They proved to have been members of the late wedding frolic; and nothing could exceed their astonishment and joy at our discovery. Every possible care and kindness was lavished upon us, and we soon recovered from the effects of our "THREE WILD NIGHTS."

A MINISTER WANTED.

Thriftyville wants a minister. They are looking far and near to find one; but they want the "right man." Thriftyville is none of your old, effete, worn out places. It is a place grown up quickly on Rapid River, in the beautiful valley of Eureka. It is a very important place, standing directly over the centre of the earth. It has a growing population and boasts of a "circle of very intelligent people." Moreover, it seems to be "the centre of a great moral influence," and now it wants a minister second to none. They want to get the society out of debt, to repair the house, to gather in the young, to "draw a full house," and to make the concern every way prosperous and respectable, and easy to support.

Now for the qualifications desired. They are so few and simple, that "the right man" probably stands at your elbow.

ITEM.—He must be a man mature in intellect, and ripe in experience; and yet so young that all the young people will rush after him.

ITEM.—He must have power to awaken and arouse the church; and yet must let them be quiet and look on, while he does all that is done for Christ.

ITEM.—He must be strong and original in the pulpit, and bring none but beaten oil there; and yet be at leisure to receive any call, any interruption, be prepared for every occasion, ane like the town pump, never sucking for water or giving out dry.

ITEM.—He must have health, so that his body never wearies, his nerves never quiver—a real specimen of muscular Christianity—and yet a hard, severe thinker, a close reasoner, and a most diligent student, getting his books from any quarter.

ITEM.—He must be poor in this world's goods to show that money is not his object, and so that he can sympathize with the poor, and so that he can't help feeling human and dependent; and yet his family must be the most hospitable and entertain more company than any other in town, his children must be second to none in education and training; they must be respectably dressed; he must give away more, and more cheerfully, than any man in the place, not even excepting Squire Rich himself; and his family must all be models, in all respects, for the community.

ITEM.—He must be able to live in a glass house, always acting in public, coming in contact with all sorts of men and of prejudices, so original that all will respect and fear him; and yet never odd, eccentric, morose, repulsive or awing in manner. He should have the lofty attributes of an angel, with the sympathies, the gentleness and softness of the child.

ITEM.—The minister must be sound in doctrine, able to lay his hand on the naked foundations of truth, to fortify and defend the hill of Zion; and yet must never preach the old-fashioned doctrines. They are not spicy. They are not taking. They will never "draw" a full house.

ITEM.—It is rather desirable that he should be a pious man, and one who loves his Master; and yet, as this article *piety*, has not acquired great value in Thriftyville, it would be well for him not to make that too obtrusive.

ITEM.—His wife must be the model of all models. She must be young and handsome, but not indiscreet or vain. She must be worthy of the admiration of all the people, and yet think she is the humblest of them all. She must watch and discipline, and prune and lead, and make her husband the embodiment of all excellence, but she must never be aware of her power, lest she become overbearing. She must be the model of a lady, have a fair face and white hands, though compelled to do all the work of the family. She must be ready to meet everybody with a smile, take her hands from the flour at any moment, wear a checked apron, and still be dressed like a lady. Her face must never be otherwise than cheerful; her head must do its aching in secret, and she must give none occasion to call her extravagant, or to call her mean. She must be able to alter the same dress four times, turning it thrice and fitting it to a small child each time. She will be expected to be the very life of the Dorcas Society, the most zealous member of the All-Labor Society, the very backbone of the Maternal Association, the warm leader of the Female Prayer Meeting, the head and mover of the Reading Circle, and the Visitor General of the poor. She will be expected to be at the prayer meetings, and, let how many soever brethren be present, be looked to set the tune for each hymn. As she receives no salary, of course her qualifications are not so important, though the above are essential.

Such, in a few words, is the man they want for Thriftyville. If they can light on him they will pay him *five hundred dollars* annually, and let it not run behind unreasonably. This is not, to be sure, half what their clerks receive; but they think that the minister, if he be only the "right" man, can "manage" to live on it. Who is ready?

N.B.—All applicants must put an extra postage stamp on the letter or it will receive no attention.

COME, IN BEAUTIFUL DREAMS.

GEORGE D. PRENTICE has written many pretty things, but never anything more quietly beautiful than the following:

Come, in beautiful dreams, love,
Oh! come to me oft,
When the white wings of sleep
On my bosom lies soft;
Oh! come when the sea
In the moon's gentle light,
Beats soft on the air,
Like the pulse of the night—
When the sky and the wave
Wear their loftiest blue,
When the dew's on the flower,
And the stars on the dew.

Come, in beautiful dreams, love,
Oh! come and we'll stray
Where the whole year is crowned
With the blossoms of May—
Where each sound is sweet
As the coo of a dove,
And the gales are as soft
As the breathings of love;
Where the beams kiss the waves,
And the waves kiss the beach,
And our warm lips may catch,
The sweet lessons they teach.

Come, in beautiful dreams, love,
Oh! come and we'll fly
Like two winged spirits
Of love through the sky;
With hand clasped in hand,
On our dream-wings we'll go
Where the starlight and moonlight
Are blending their glow;
And on the bright clouds, we'll linger,
Of purple and gold,
Till the angels shall envy
The bliss they behold.

THE CROCODILE.

It does not attack its prey openly, neither, as some have said, does it go on shore for that purpose. It watches to see whether any animal comes to drink, and then, sinking beneath the surface of the water, moves rapidly, rises unexpectedly beneath the unsuspecting victim, seizes it with a sudden snap, of its huge jaws, and drags it beneath the water. Should the intended prey be too far from the water to be reached by the mouth, or so large that it may offer a successful resistance, the Crocodile strikes it a tremendous blow with its tail, and knocks it into the water. The dwellers on the Nile bank say that a large Crocodile will with a single blow of its tail break all the four legs of an ox or a horse.

These cunning reptiles even contrive to catch birds as they come for water. On the banks of the Nile the smaller birds drink in a very peculiar manner. They settle in numbers on the flexible branches that overhang the stream, and when, by their weight the branch bends downwards, they dip their beaks in the water. The Crocodile sees afar off a branch thus loaded, swims as near as possible, and then dives until it can see the birds immediately above it, when it rises suddenly, and with a snap of its jaws secures a whole mouthful of the unsuspecting birds.

Sir S. Baker, in his travels on the Nile, gave much attention to the Crocodile, and has collected a vast amount of interesting information about the reptile, much of which is peculiarly valuable, inasmuch as it illustrates the Scriptural notices of the creature. He states that it is a very crafty animal, and that its usual mode of attack is by first showing itself, then swimming slowly away to a considerable distance, so as to make its intended victim think that danger is over, and then returning under water. It is by means of this manœuver that it captures the little birds. It first makes a dash at them, open-mouthed, causing them to take to flight in terror. It then sails slowly away, as if so baffled that it did not intend to renew the attack. When it is at a considerable distance, the birds think that their enemy has departed, and return to the branch, which they crowd more than ever, and in a minute or two several dozen of them are engulfed in the mouth of the Crocodile, which has swiftly dived under them. On one occasion, Sir S. Baker was walking near the edge of the river, when he heard a great shrieking of women on the opposite bank. It turned out that a number of women had been filling their "gerbas" (water-skins) when one of them was suddenly attacked by a large Crocodile. She sprang back, and the reptile, mistaking the filled gerba for a woman, seized it, and gave the owner time to escape. It then dashed at the rest of the women, but only succeeded in seizing another gerba. A short time previously a Crocodile, thought by the natives to be the same individual, had seized a woman and carried her off; and another had made an attack on a man in a very curious manner. A number of men were swimming across the river, supported after their custom, on gerbas inflated with air, when one of them felt himself seized by the leg by a Crocodile, which tried to drag him under water. He, however, retained his hold on the skin, and his companions also grasped his arms and hair with one hand, while with the other they struck with their spears at the Crocodile. At last they succeeded in driving the reptile away, and got their unfortunate companion to land, where they found that the whole of the flesh was stripped from the knee of the leg downwards. The poor man died shortly afterwards. These crafty reptiles also try to catch the baboons by laying in wait for them at their drinking places; but the baboons are generally more than a match for the Crocodiles in point of cunning and quickness of sight.

WILSON, the celebrated vocalist, was upset one day in his carriage near Edinburgh. A Scotch paper, after recording the accident, said: "We are happy to state that he was able to appear the following evening in three pieces!"

"BRIDGET, what have you done with the cream? Those children cannot eat skimmed milk for breakfast."

"Shure, marm, and it isn't meself that would be afther giving the scum to yees. I tuk that off and give it to the cats."

A LACK OF KNOWLEDGE.—A stump speaker exclaimed: "I know no north, no south, no east, no west, fellow citizens!" "Then," exclaimed an old farmer in the crowd, "it is time you went to school and larnt jography."

A REMINISCENCE OF PINE CREEK.

Pine Creek rises in the Sweeden hills, and flows west and south for fifty miles, where it joins the West Branch of the Susquehanna, at Jersey Shore. It is fed along its entire course by trout streams, and is famous for the quantities of the timber from which it takes its present name. Its Indian name was TIADAUGHTON, which is said to mean "beautiful scenery." And the scenery is beautiful. Standing on the piazza of the Isaac Walton House, in Gains township, and gazing up the stream, you will see no church spires; nor homely old stone barns; nor the ivy covered gables of ancient farm houses, gray with the storms of a hundred years; nor hawthorn hedges, all in blossom; nor horse ponds in the near distance, commonly called "lakes;" nor impossible trees, in the foreground, stretching over impossible cows; nor any other of the "accessories" which make up the landscapes which girls are taught to paint at boarding schools. On the contrary, you can have the pleasant sensation of looking, for once, at the natural scenery in all its grandeur—miles of high, towering hills, crowded with the wealth of a thousand years.

About twenty rods down the road towards Wellsboro from this spot there stood, twenty years ago, a tavern called "Barse's." It was burned down, years ago, and as for Barse, the place that knew him then knows him no more. I remember my first visit to Barse's. It was in the winter, and one of the bitterest and coldest days of the season. I got there before noon, and the bar room and the room abjoining were both crowded with people. Although wintry out of doors, it was warm inside, as there was an "arbitration" going on. I soon got to know that the defendant had sold the plantiff a dog, and had warranted the article as a first class deer dog. The dog had not been made fully acquainted with the terms of the contract, and hence the dispute. On account of the storm, the lawyers from Wellsboro had not come, and "counsel" was improvised from the crowd. The fun had commenced long before I got there. Thirty odd witnesses had been examined and cross examined, and the court adjourned for drinks and dinner before the summing up.

I will not weary your readers with a report of the speeches. They are neither able, learned, eloquent, nor elegant. One of the arbitrators was B. Rohrabacher, a man who weighed 225 pounds, without any extra flesh, with a fist like a sledge hammer, and a voice and a smile as genial as a woman's. Rumor said he had once been a clergyman; at any rate, he was full of Scripture, and Shakspeare, and whisky, and fun, and the assembled crowd had the full benefit of his anomalous mixture. The dog on trial rejoiced (by wagging his tail) in the suggestive name of Danger. The counsel for the plaintiff undertook to quote in his speech some miserable poetry which he thought would apply, but was immediately interrupted by "Rohry," who told him that no such *doggerel* would be allowed there; "but," continued the Court, "if you desire to quote poetry to help your case, dive into the classics. Don't you remember that

Danger knows full well
That you are far more dangerous than he.
You were two lions littered in one day,
And you the elder and more terrible. For man
Is of few days and full of trouble.
His bones are marrowless—his blood is cold—
There is no speculation in his eyes;
Go on with your case and cut it short;
The court is getting cussed dry."

This quotation (?) was delivered with the greatest drollery imaginable, and you may well believe the last verse brought down the house. After three mortal hours of slang-whanging, the court gave an award *for the dog.*

By this time, considerable feeling began to be manifested on either side of the question, and a tall, raw-boned chap, from the vicinity of Cathead, swore he could lick any man from Pike Mills who would say Danger was a poor dog. To complicate matters two young lawyers arrived from Wellsboro' and these were followed soon after by "the learned gentleman, Barrister Skinner, from Westfield," of counsel for the defense. The whole proceedings of the forenoon were pronounced illegal, and the trial proceeded *de novo*. After three wearisome hours, the award was rendered *against the dog.—Lewisburg Chronicle.*

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON lately addressed a great temperance meeting in Framingham, Mass. He is thus reported: "The anti-prohibitionists said that prohibition did not prevent men drinking; that it injured the cause of temperance, that it stirred up rebellious opposition, and made men drink the more. If that were true, why did the anti-prohibitionists band together to overthrow a law that they alleged was in itself null and void? If so, why did they raise money to carry on an election campaign against a law which worked exactly as they wanted it, in order that they might promote the cause of temperance? [Laughter.] What audacity in such men to assert that the veterans of the cause of temperance did not understand their business, and that they were much disturbed lest the temperance cause might be seriously damaged! * * After speaking of the baneful nature of alcohol, he said that he regarded the fact that John Quincy Adams, the grandson "of the old man eloquent," was the nominee of the Democratic party, who had once sought his grandfather's life, was a proof of degeneracy from the parent stock. Whatever was corrupt gathered to that party by natural affinity. He deeply regretted that women did not vote. If they could, as right and justice demanded, the question of prohibition would soon be settled. If the women of the commonwealth went in grand array to the legislature to support prohibition, he did not think that the legislators would dare to disregard their petition.

A YOUNG LADY engaged to be married, and getting sick of the bargain, applied to a friend to help to untie the knot before it was too late. "Oh, certainly," he replied, "it is very easy to untie it now, while it is only a beau knot."

TO BREAK DOWN A CHURCH.

The following, which may not be new to all our readers, is given by request of a correspondent who thinks it "to the point:"

HOW TO BREAK DOWN A CHURCH.

To do this effectually, you must,
I. Discourage the pastor.
II. Discourage your fellow members.
III. Destroy the confidence of the community.

I. To discourage the pastor:

1. Absent yourself from one service every Sabbath, or miss at least one in three; if he is not very strong, one in four times may answer.
2. Neglect prayer and class meetings.
3. Criticise your minister freely—praise him sparingly—find fault plentifully—pray for him little or none.
4. If he proposes to hold extra meetings, withhold your co-operation.
5. Give yourself no concern whether his salary is paid or not.
6. Never call on him socially, or allow him to think that his comfort or that of his family is a matter of any importance in your eyes.

II. To discourage your fellow members:

1. Observe the directions given above.
2. Complain about everything they do and don't do.
3. Contrive to make yourself the head of a clique, and by their assistance and your industry to keep the church and hot water generally.
4. While doing this, lose no opportunity to complain of the bad treatment you are receiving.
5. Be as much like Diotrephes and as little like Paul as you can.
6. Discard charity and candor, take distrust to your bosom, and make scheming your specialty.

III. To destroy the confidence of the community:

1. Observe the foregoing directions.
2. Tell the people that you are in the Church by force of circumstances, but have no respect for the way in which business is conducted.
3. Publish the faults of your brethren, taking care to magnify them.
4. Make no effort to induce people to attend the church.
5. Take no part in the labors of the Sunday-school.
6. Publish on all occasions that you have no confidence in the concern—predict that it must fall—go down—blow up, and can never succeed.

By observing these directions faithfully, you may have the satisfaction, if the church is not unusually vigorous, of witnessing the fulfilment of your predictions.—*Southern Ex.*

AN INSULT TO MR. GREELEY—DIMMOCK'S GREAT MISTAKE.

Years ago Mr. Dimmock, the keeper of one of the hotels now conducted by his son, was a leading member of Whig party in Milford, Pike county, Penn. He used to attend to the most of the party machinery, and like our fathers fond of "smiling" occasionally. About 1850 Horace Greeley started from New York for that village. By some means he missed the stage at Middletown. Coming on to Port Jervis, eight miles from there, he likewise missed the stage at that point. Now it so happened that the "host" had been "smilin" that afternoon and felt unusually salubrious. As Horace entered the bar room, looking very seedy, he walked up the counter and pointing to his dusty garments, requested Dimmock to give him a pail in which he might bathe his feet. But the latter, in his exhilarated frame of mind, mistook our *Tribune* phiosopher for a beggar, and roughly replied: "You d—d old hog, go and wash in the water trough there." Dimmock never heard the last of that unfortunate response—made to one of the leaders of his own party—not even after he went into the Democratic organization. To the day of his death he used to be plied with reminiscenses of Greeley and the trough story. Since then Mr. Greeley has hated Pike county with honest hatred.

EAST WIND.

Why should the wind, coming from the east over the ocean of the water, depress the human body, while that which comes from the west across the continent, elivens the spirit and gives courage and vigor? Be this as it may, it seems as if some people never felt any wind that was not east. They are always "out of sorts."

The weather is always just what they don't want. I met one of these men a while ago, a farmer, who raised all manner of crops. It was a wet day, and I said:

"Mr. Nayling, this rain will be fine for your grass-crop."

"Yes, perhaps; but it is bad for the corn, and it will keep it back. I don't believe we shall have a crop."

A few days after this when the sun was shining hot, I said:

"Fine sun for your corn sir."

"Yes pretty fair, but it's awful for the rye. Rye wants cold weather."

Again, on a cold moring, I met my neighbor, and said:

"This must be capital for your rye, Mr. Nayling."

"Yes, but it is the very worst weather for the corn and grass. They want heat to bring them forward."

And so the man lived in perpetual east wind.

Nothing suits him, and it would be impossible for Providence to give him weather about which he would grumble. I know one man that feels that our country is on the very brink of ruin, the government a curse, and everything to be destroyed. And he has felt and talked thus for at least thirty years, and yet his property has been increased in value all this time, amid this gathering ruin. The fact is, the man lives in an unchanging east wind. And there Mr. Slow, who lives in the hollow under the Long Hill; he has been mourning for many years over the degenerancy of the times, and always telling what wonderful lawyers, and doctors, and ministers there were when he was young! He can sleep under any preaching he now hears, and the lawyers seem to be young upstarts or too old to practise. He longs for the good old times. Ah! Mr. Slow does your weather vane ever point anywhere but to the east.—*Rev. John Todd, D. D.*

HOW TO STOP DRINKING.

To all men suffering from the use of intoxicating drinks, and who feel inclined to become sober, respectable and honored members of society, we respectfully offer the following true plan, which cannot fail in a single case:

At the usual drink time in the morning, instead of going over the way, or up to the corner, to satisfy your craving for the alcoholic stimulant, don't go, but drink about a half pint, or even a pint of fresh water. This, of course, you have at home, and costs nothing. But if you desire to be on "the make" also, give the money which you have thus saved to your wife, or some other reliable friend, for safe keeping or more profitable investment than by dropping it in the money-drawer of a nasty, filthy body and soul destroying rum shop. During the day, whenever you feel like drinking, repeat as above, but don't go to the saloon or rum shop. At the close of the day you will have some money in your newly institnted bank; you will be sober; the fumes of whisky or lager beer will not annoy your wife, and your little ones will be very happy to know that daddy is sober! Before retiring for the night, get down on your knees, and, in your own way, thank God for this, your first glorieus and all important victory over the great "destroyer of millions."

On the following morning, in all probability, you will wake up earlier than usual, and feel very strongly inclined to drink something. If so, get out of bed, and make up your mind that the devil is after you—to get you back, if possible, to the rum shop. Get on your knees, and simply, but earnestly, pray God to give you strength, nerve, resolution and firmness to prevail against him. Then do as you did on the preceding day; don't go the drinking shop, but drink water, and every time pay for it into your own bank.

Stick to your work or employment all day. In the evening call on one of the Good Templars and give him one dollar—if necessary, draw on your new bank for the amount—and get yourself proposed, elected and initiated. You will be received and welcomed most cordially to a new fraternal home. Brothers, and Sisters, and true friends, will surround you and congratulate you, and encourage and strengthen you in your good effort to be a man!

GIVE WILLING BOYS A CHANGE.

The lesson inculcated in the following brief sketch is worth studying:

A green, rustic lad came years ago to the metropolis from a Connecticut village. At home he had done well in an honorable way, but he had read and heard of the wonderful city. He made up his mind he could do something in it. When he reached the city no place seemed open to him. Day after day he hunted for business. Want starred him in the face. He would not go back to his friends. Dropping into a large dry goods house one day in search for work, he chanced to come face to face with the proprietor.

"We have nothing for you to do, sir," this great business man said in reply to his inquiry, "but stay, what can you do?" he continued, "you seem to be an honest looking lad."

"Oh, sir, I can do anything—only try me. Only give me a chance to do something!" And the tears came out and trickled down the cheeks of the almost discouraged, forlorn boy, though he tried as hard as he could to repress them. "I will take the poorest place and do my best."

He was engaged and set to work. He was sent down to the cellar, and commenced his business career in New York by pounding bent nails, which had been thrown in a pile beside the packing boxes, so they could be used. This was his work for two weeks, and he barely kept body and soul together on the pay he received. Then he was put in a better place. Then he rose to be a clerk, and no clerk was so hard-working, so faithful, so interested in this great house as himself. He saw his chance and counted up in his own busy brain every point in the game.

In five years from that time he sat on the manager's seat and hammered the crooked ins and outs of the business straight.

During his clerkship he never missed a day; and no morning went by without reporting promptly at seven o'clock. He saved money and prospered as the years went by. Go up Broadway to-day, and you will see his name in golden letters over the entrance to one of the largest and finest establishments. In that building there are seventeen million dollars worth of stock. His trade extends all over the land. His fortune is princely. And even now, though the great merchant is getting gray, and the old time energy is waxing slow, a new light will come into his eyes, and a new life to his form, when he tells of those past days of striving, and says to the young men around him:

"Work, if you would succeed. Be a true, faithful, earnest clerk, if you would become a merchant of position and importance."

HOW TO KEEP POOR.—There is no man but who would rejoice to have a way pointed out by which he might honestly attain riches. No one would thank us for a prescription to insure poverty, and yet there is many a man who keeps himself poor by indulging in the following: Two glasses of ale a day at ten cents, seventy-three dollars; three cigars, one after each meal, one hundred and nine dollars and fifty cents; board for a big dog, thirty dollars—all in one year, two hundred and twelve dollars and fifty cents—sufficient to buy six barrels of flour, one barrel of sugar, one sack of coffee, and a good coat, a respectable dress, a frock for the baby, and half-a-dozen pairs of shoes.

PAST TROUBLES.—Don't harp on past troubles.—When we see a pale, nervous woman in the midst of her friends preferring to entertain them with a list of the racking pains she has suffered to a saunter in God's free air and sunshine, we cannot wonder that the rose returns not to her blanched cheek. Why is it that to some these memories are very meat and drink? They consume them—the bitter agony is acted over and over again, the tears thrice shed, the place cherished where such a dreadful thing occurred—the scar fondly petted that tells of the most fatal knife. They gasp over and yet cling to them.