The

S. W. ALVORD, Publisher.

VOLUME XXXI.

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

THE BRADFORD REPORTER is published every Thursday Morning by S. W. ALVORD at Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

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

SPECIAL NOTICES inserted at FIFTEEN CENTS per line for first insertion, and FIVE CENTS per line for subsequent insertions.

LOCAL NOTICES, same style as reading matter, TWENTY CENTS a line.

ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted according to the following table of rates:

	1w	4w	2m	3m	6m	1yr.
1 inch	$1.50	3.00	5.00	6.00	10.00	$ 15
2 inches	2.00	5.00	8.00	10.00	15.00	20.00
3 inches	2.50	7.00	10.00	13.00	20.00	30.00
4 inches	3.00	8.50	14.00	18.25	25.00	35.00
column	5.00	12.00	18.00	22.00	30.00	45.00
column	10.00	20.00	30.00	40.00	55.00	75.00
1 column	20.00	40.00	60.00	80.00	$100	$150

Administrator's and Executor's Notices, $2; Auditor's Notices, $2 50; Business Cards, five lines, (per year) $5, additional lines $1 each.

Yearly advertisers are entitled to quarterly changes. Transient advertisements must be paid for in advance.

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.

The REPORTER having a larger circulation than all the papers in the county combined, makes it the best advertising medium in Northern Pennsylvania.

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.

C. M. TINGLEY, *Licensed Auctioneer*, Rome, Pa. All calls promptly attended. May9.1870

M. BLACK, *General Fire, Life, and Accidental Insurance Agent*. Office at J. Brown's Hotel, Wyalusing, Pa. jun2,'70-6m

W. WALLACE KEELER.

HOUSE, SIGN AND FRESCO PAINTER.

Towanda, Sept. 15, 1870-yr

CAMP & VINCENT, INSURANCE AGENTS.—Office formerly occupied by Mercur [illegible] one door south of Ward House.

[illegible] May 10-'70 W. S. VINCENT.

R. FOWLER, REAL ESTATE DEALER, No. 160 Washington Street between LaSalle and Wells Streets, Chicago, Illinois. Real Estate purchased and sold. Investments made [illegible] Money Loaned. May 10,'70.

DRESS - MAKING, PATTERN CUTTING AND FITING in all fashionable [illegible] on short notice. ROOMS in Mercur's New [illegible] Main-st., over Porter & Kirby's Drug Store.

MRS. H. E. GARVIN.

Towanda, Pa., April 13, 1870.

HAIR WORK OF ALL KINDS, such as SWITCHES, CURLS, BRAIDS, FRIZ[illegible]ETTS &c., made in the best manner and latest style, at the Ward House Barber Shop. Terms reasonable. Towanda, Dec. 1, 1869.

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. [illegible] Particular attention paid to jobbing in the country. april 9, '66.

JOHN DUNFEE, *BLACKSMITH*, MONROETON, PA., pays particular attention to [illegible] Buggies, Wagons, Sleighs, &c. Tire set and [illegible] done on short notice. Work and charges guaranteed satisfactory. 12,15,69.

AMOS PENNYPACKER, HAS again established himself in the TAILORING BUSINESS. Shop over Rockwell's Store. Work of every description done in the latest styles. Towanda, April 21, 1870.—tf

LERAYSVILLE WOOLEN MILL

The undersigned would respectfully announce to the public that he keeps constantly on hand Woolen Cloths, Cassimeres, Flannels, Yarns, and all kinds at wholesale and retail. HAIGH & BROADLEY.

[illegible] '70. Proprietor.

OH YES! OH YES!—AUCTION!

A. R. MOE, *Licensed Auctioneer*.

All calls promptly attended to and satisfaction guaranteed. Call or address, A. R. MOE, Monroeton, [illegible] County, Pa. oct.26,69.

GIFFORD'S NATIONAL PAIN Killer and Life Oil, are the Great Family [illegible] that find a welcome in every home as a [illegible] Remedy for more of the common ills of [illegible] than any other medicine in the market. Sold [illegible] in medicine generally. Manufactured [illegible] T. GIFFORD, Chicago, Ill., and 143 Main st., [illegible]VILLE, N. Y. March 10, '70-5*

C. S. RUSSELL'S

GENERAL

[illegible]RANCE AGENCY,

[illegible] TOWANDA, PA.

GOOD TEMPLARS MUTUAL [illegible] Association

[illegible] fee to secure at death $2,000 $10 00

[illegible] Assessment 2 00

[illegible] Assessment, age from 15 to 35 1 10

" " 26 to 45 1 60

" " 46 to 60 2 10

[illegible] F. JONES, Wyalusing, Pa.

[illegible] Local Agents

Sept 29 '70.

THE CONTINENTAL LIFE INsurance Company of Hartford, Conn. Pay[illegible] insurance to be made at [illegible] office, Main st., Towanda.

WILLIAM BRACKEN,

[illegible] General Agent.

BLACKSMITHING!

[illegible] new brick shop, near my [illegible] Main street, I am now prepared to do [illegible] branches. Particular attention paid [illegible] tools. Having spent many [illegible] in this community in this business, I trust [illegible] be a sufficient guarantee of my receiving a liberal amount of the public patronage.

HENRY ESSENWINE.

[illegible]

PATENTS!

[illegible] N. DEXTER, *Solicitor of Patents*,

73 BROAD STREET, WAVERLY, N. Y.

[illegible] drawings, specifications and all papers [illegible] in making and properly conducting Applications for Patents in the UNITED STATES and Foreign Countries. NO CHARGES IN UNSUCCESSFUL [illegible] ATTORNEY'S FEE TO PAY UNTIL PATENT [illegible].

[illegible] 1869-tf

DAYTON & BROTHER,

[illegible]

WOOL, HIDES, PELTS, CALF-SKINS, FURS, &C.

[illegible] the highest cash price is paid at all times. [illegible] M. E. Rosenfield's Store, Main-st.,

A. DAYTON,

[illegible] DAYTON, nov.14,'70 TOWANDA, PA.

O. W. STEVENS, COUNTY SURVEYOR, Camptown, Bradford Co., Pa. Thank[illegible] employers for past patronage, would [illegible] inform the citizens of Bradford County [illegible] prepared to do any work in his line of business [illegible] may be entrusted to him. Those having [illegible] lines would do well to have their property [illegible] surveyed before allowing themselves to [illegible] by their neighbors. All work warranted, so far as the nature of the case will permit. All unpatented lands attended to as soon as [illegible]. O. W. STEVENS.

[illegible] 1869—ly

THE UNDERSIGNED HAVE opened a Banking House in Towanda, under the [illegible] 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.

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

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

BRADFORD COUNTY

REAL ESTATE AGENCY.

[illegible] McKEAN, REAL ESTATE AGENT.

[illegible] Farms, Mill Properties, City and Town [illegible] for sale.

Parties having property for sale will find it to their advantage by leaving a description of the same, with [illegible] sale at this agency, as parties are constantly [illegible] for farms, &c. H. B. McKEAN,

Real Estate Agent.

[illegible] Mason's Bank, Towanda, Pa.

[illegible]

NEW FIRM!

NEW GOODS AND LOW PRICES!

AT MONROETON, PA.

TRACY & HOLLON,

[illegible] 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] the best quality, for medicinal purposes [illegible] sold at the very lowest prices. Prescriptions carefully compounded at all hours of the [illegible]. Give us a call.

TRACY & HOLLON.

Monroeton, Pa., June 21, 1869—ly.

CHEAP PASSAGE FROM OR TO

IRELAND OR ENGLAND.

[illegible] LINE OF STEAMSHIPS FROM OR TO QUEENSTOWN OR LIVERPOOL.

[illegible] Black Star Line of Liverpool Packets, sailing every week.

[illegible] Line of Packets from or to London, [illegible] twice a month.

[illegible] to England, Ireland and Scotland payable on demand.

For further particulars, apply to Williams & Guion, 29 Broadway, New York, or

G. F. MASON & CO., Bankers,

Towanda, Pa.

[illegible] 1, 1866.

GOOD MOLASSES FOR 50 cents per gallon at FOX & MERCUR'S.

[illegible] 6,'70.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

JAMES WOOD, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Towanda, Pa.

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

WM. FOYLE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Towanda, Pa., Office with Elhanan Smith, south side Mercur's Block. April 14, 70

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

W. B. KELLY, DENTIST. OFfice over Wickham & Black's, Towanda, Pa. May 2d, '70.

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

L. P. WILLISTON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, TOWANDA.

South side of Mercur's New Block, up stairs.

April 21, '70—tf.

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

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.

C. H. WARNER, Physician and Surgeon, LeRaysville, Bradford Co., Pa. All calls promptly attended to. Office first door south of LeRaysville House.

Sept. 15, 1870.-yr

L. U. BEACH, M. D., *Physician* *and Surgeon*, Towanda, Pa. Particular attention paid to all Chronic Diseases, and Diseases of Females. Office at his residence on Weston street, east of D'A. Overton's. nov.11,69.

OVERTON & ELSBREE, ATTORNEY'S AT LAW, Towanda, Pa., having entered into copartnership, offer their professional services to the public. Special attention given to business in the Orphan's and Register's Courts. apl 14'70

E. OVERTON, JR. N. C. ELSBREE.

MERCUR & DAVIES, 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. W. T. DAVIES.

March 9, 1870.

W. A. & B. M. PECK'S LAW OFFICE.

Main street, opposite the Court House, Towanda, Pa.

Oct. 27,'70.

BEN. MOODY, M.D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Offers his professional services to the people of Wyalusing and vicinity. Office and residence at A. J. Lloyd's, Church street. Aug.10,'70.

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.

DR. DUSENBERRY, would announce that in compliance with the request of his numerous friends, he is now prepared to administer Nitrous Oxide, or Laughing Gas, for the painless extraction of teeth.

LeRaysville, May 3, 1870.—ly

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.

DR. D. D. SMITH, *Dentist*, has purchased G. H. Wood's property, between Mercur's Block and the Elwell House, where he has located his office. Teeth extracted without pain by use of gas. Towanda, Oct 20 1870.—yr.

Hotels.

GREENWOOD COTTAGE.—This well-known house, having recently been refitted and supplied with new furniture, will be found a pleasant retreat for pleasure seekers. Board by the week or month on reasonable terms.

E. W. NEAL, Prop'r.

Greenwood, April 20, 1870.—tf

WARD HOUSE, TOWANDA, PA.

On Main Street, near the Court House.

C. T. SMITH, Proprietor.

Oct. 8, 1866.

TEMPERANCE HOTEL!—Situated on the north-west corner of Main and Elizabeth streets, opposite Bryant's Carriage Factory. Jurymen and others attending court will especially find it to their advantage to patronize the Temperance Hotel. S. M. BROWN, Propr.

Towanda, Jan. 12, 1870.—ly.

DINING ROOMS

IN CONNECTION WITH THE BAKERY

Near the Court House.

We are prepared to feed the hungry at all times of the day and evening. Oysters and Ice Cream in their seasons.

March 30, 1870. D. W. SCOTT & CO.

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, 868—tf.

MEANS HOUSE, TOWANDA, PA., THOMAS R. JORDAN Proprietor. 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.

AMERICAN HOTEL,

BRIDGE STREET, TOWANDA, PA.

H. G. GOFF, Proprietor.

This Hotel having been leased by the subscriber, has been repainted, papered, and refurnished throughout, with new Furniture, Bedding, &c. His Table will be supplied with the best the market affords, and the Bar with choicest brands of Liquors. This house now offers the comforts of a home at MODERATE PRICES. Jurymen and others attending Court, will find this house a cheap and comfortable place to stop. Good stabling attached. aug,10,'70

NEW PLANING MILL!

MATCHING, RE-SAWING, MOULDINGS, &c.,

At the old stand of H. B. Ingham's Woolen Factory and Sawmill, in

CAMPTOWN, PENN'A.

A HEAVY SIX ROLL PLANING AND MATCHING MACHINE

in charge of an experienced Mechanic and builder, the public may expect a

GOOD JOB EVERY TIME.

From the recent enlargement of this water power, work can be done at all seasons of the year and soon as sent in. In connection with the saw-mill we are able to furnish bills of sawed lumber to order.

STEWART BOSWORTH.

Camptown, May 23, 1870.—ly

McLEAN & HOOPER,

ELASTIC LOCK STITCH

FAMILY SEWING MACHINE,

Price, $35 00.

This Machine will stitch, hem, fell, tuck, quilt, cord, bind, embroider and gather in the most perfect manner, and will sew from the lightest to the heaviest goods

WITHOUT CHANGE OF TENSION.

It is not a "Cheap Machine," but in all respects equals the higher priced ones, while in simplicity, non-liability to get out of order, and ease of management IT SURPASSES ALL.

An examination is desired from all to test the truth of our assertions. ALL MACHINES WARRANTED PERFECT. MARY E. WATTS, Agent.

Towanda, Sept, 1, 1870.

PRICE LIST—CASCADE MILLS.

Flour, best quality, per sack	$2 00
" " " hundred lbs	4 00
" " " barrel	8 00

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 23, 1870.

Original Poetry

A REMINISCENCE.

DEDICATED TO MY BELOVED PUPILS.

Often in my dreams at night-time—
In my reveries in the day-time—
While I work with busy fingers
At my sewing, memory lingers
At the threshold, calling fancies—
Calling up the forms and faces
Of those smiling, happy children,
That would wait for me at school-time,
And with open arms would meet me!
Then with loving kisses greet me!
With their beaming eyes upon me,
They would tell how well they loved me!
I shall ne'er forget those faces!
In my heart, their youthful graces
Are forever mirrored there!
Often in my midnight dreaming
Comes that troop of laughing children,
And surrounds me as of yore.
How they throng me! how they press me!
How with gentle force caress me!
Then in triumph
Lead me to the school-room door.
I see them now: the graceful flitting!
And hear their merry voices, flinging
Echoes back from wood and grove;
While, anon, their glad notes trilling,
Every nook and valley filling
With their joyous melody.
And I hear again the humming
Of the lessons they are conning,
With such cheerful industry.
I will tell you what their names are,
If you'll listen, modest stranger:
There were gentle "Kate," and "Carrie,"
And "Ella," sprightly as a fairy;
Bright "Amy Bell," and "Alice" gay,
And trusting "Eva," sweet as May;
Fair "Ida," with the look serene,
And "Martha," peerless as a queen.
Modest "Lettie," too, and "Adah,"
With the meek and quiet "Sarah."
And tripping o'er the greensward lightly,
"Bell" and "Lucy," blushing brightly!
Now, half shyly—half demurely—
Comes "Annettie" with sweet Flora.
Charming "Maggie," too, is there—
"Maggie" with the soft brown hair;
And with a smile, so glad and winning,
Noble "Fannie" greets my coming!
"Chattie," with the modest mien,
And cheerful "Connie"—ever seen
With the sunshine on her brow!
But where is "Jessie?"—where is Mary?
Did their infant feet grow weary
Of life's pilgrimage so soon?
Yes, they're sleeping in the valley!
For the Saviour called them early,
Ere they felt sin's withering blight.
They were winning, lovely children!
And I trust that I shall meet them
In that land of fadeless light!

* * * * * * *

Then I had a group of maidens
Rivalling those in ancient fables,
Sung by bards of heathen lore—
Modest, lovely and respectful,
Of their duties ne'er forgetful,
I shall see their like no more!
In the schoolhouse by the brookside,
Where delighted boys, at noontide,
Waded in its waters cool,
Came to me those youths and maidens,
With an earnestness that gladdens
Even now my lonely hours.
Noble youths, of manly bearing,
Kindness in their faces wearing,
Gathered in the old brown schoolhouse,
Where of yore their sires had gathered—
Sat upon the very benches—
Whittled at the same old notches
Their progenitors indented
With their jack-knives years before.
Every generation whittled
At the luckless desk before him,
Till, at length, the board was severed
Into sundry, shapeless pieces!
(Judge not, blame not, too severely,
These were sons of Yankee fathers!)

* * * * * * *

Then they built a pretty cottage
In a grove across the wayside,
And invited us to enter,
At the heralding of winter.
And one bright November morning,
While with gems the trees adorning,
Pendent hung from leaf and bough,
Troops of merry, laughing children,
And a score of youths and maidens,
Issued from the old brown schoolhouse
To the red one o'er the way.
Then what bright and joyous faces!
As they gathered in their places
In that new and pleasant cottage,
Nestled 'neath the waving branches
Of a fragrant hickory grove.
I could tell you of their patience—
Of their industry and neatness;
How they kept the shining counters
Free from mark, or stain, or notches.
Had you time to hear my story,
I could tell you more about them—
I could call them all by name.
But if you would know them better,
You should see them all together—
You should see them as they were.

* * * * * * *

In a quiet, sheltered valley
(Sheltered from the blasts of winter
By two rugged mountain ranges),
Stretching north from classic Troy—
Near the village of the Wilsons—
In the district of the Manleys,
Of the Thomases and Freemans,
You may find them, you may see them—
You may see them as they are!
For it saddens me to tell you,
They are little ones no longer!
While my youths and maidens lovely
Have to men and matrons grown! (?)
And to-day may scarce remember
Scenes my memory loves to cherish
With a tenderness so yearning!
Forms and faces of my loved ones,
I shall see you nevermore!
Shall we meet beyond the "river"?—
Meet in heaven, no more to sever?
Grant it, Father! that an entrance
To those holy realms be given us,
Through the merits of Thy Son!

June, 1868. L. S. G. OSTRANDER.

Miscellaneous.

ESSAYS.

WHAT SHALL WE DO?

Read at Teachers' Association held at Frenchtown, Sept. 9 and 10, 1870, by LETTIE C. TAYLOR, of Rome.

The human mind has been compared to a farmer's storehouse, where each thought, or class of thoughts, are gathered together, and like the various grains, are carefully arranged in different compartments, where they are to remain till the seed-time comes, when the broad fields shall call for the "golden grain" and the "sower shall go forth to sow."

In peering into the out-of-the-way corners of my mind, I found a handful of grain covered by the dust and cobwebs which time had left, and I felt a sort of pity that anything should be useless or lost; so I gathered it up, seed by seed, carried it into the light, and with care and attention have swept the chaff—and to reward me, here is the *grain*. Out of each of these little seeds shall spring a thought—a thought which, if properly matured and prepared, shall furnish a substantial loaf for this intellectual assembly.

Out of some of the compartments of the human storehouse every one

Bradford Reporter.

REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER.

$2 per Annum in Advance.

has drawn; and people have fed upon the bread till they have become tired of the sameness and long for something new—and what shall it be?

Trusting that you have keen appetites and a perfect intellectual digestion, I will present for your entertainment a slice off from the teacher's loaf, which has its peculiarities, and differs in many respects from other loaves.

First, let us examine more closely what ingredients are necessary to make this substantial loaf. A "golden grain," or one ingredient, is composed of the daily experience in a teacher's life, and thus we will proceed till we find perhaps other grains which will help to complete this loaf. The teacher's life! what is it? Is it a life of continued pleasure and ease, where nothing occurs to ruffle the even tenor of the disposition, or even to injure the feelings of the sensitive teacher?

It is so considered by many. They say, Well, what lazy lives the teachers lead! they are compelled to work only six hours a day, and all the rest of the time they have to themselves. After school they have the pleasure of taking an agreeable walk to some worthy residence, where they enjoy so bountifully the rich repast placed before them; they also have the exquisite pleasure of sitting in the best room, and of occupying the best bed. Of course, how easy it must be to visit from house to house, having nothing in particular to care for, nothing to worry about, nothing but to sit down amidst the smiles and kind hospitalities of the worthy patrons.

This may all seem very true and agreeable to those who do not know by actual experience. Now let us look a little into a teacher's life—the first day's experience, for instance. The earnest teacher leaves home with feelings better imagined than expressed—feelings that none can know but those that try the realities of teaching.

They are aware that a great responsibility is resting upon them. As they go forth daily dispensing knowledge, also of stamping those great features of intelligence and moral dignity on those tender minds in such a manner as shall prove pleasing as well as lasting.

The true teacher is early at the post of duty, where perhaps fifty or more different pupils have already assembled, enjoying their sports. Suddenly they discover the teacher coming, and quietness now reigns supreme. All eyes are turned to the new instructress, eagerly watching every look and motion.

The teacher at *once* is reminded of the responsibility of the position occupied, and thus the first care commences.

The day is passed and the hour for dismissing has come; *then* she begins to realize the pleasures of boarding around, and wonders where she will be invited to tarry during the night. The pupils pass out one by one till all are gone, not once thinking, perhaps, but what she has a home of her own to which she may resort.

No one has given her a friendly invitation to go home with them. She despairs and discouragingly says, "I have failed in making a pleasing impression to-day; here I am left all alone." The tears begin to fall, when one little girl comes running in. "Now she has come to invite me home with her"—but alas! she has only come for her dinner-basket. After awhile, with weary brain and body, she *dons* her "sundown," leaves the school room, going she hardly knows whither, till she finds herself approaching a fine-looking residence, and she ventures to call.

The lady speaks coolly: "I suppose this to be our teacher. I would be glad to see you at almost any other time, but I am cleaning house now, and would prefer you to come next week. Go to the next house and they, I think, will keep you."

With a new pang sent to the heart already full to bursting, she leaves for the place directed. After a walk of a few minutes, arrives. The lady has been washing, and several little children cluster around her, seemingly frightened to see a stranger. She says, "I am not prepared for company, having had an extra amount of work to do; besides, my little babe is not well, and has hindered me with my work." She then for the first time looks at the despairing face of the teacher, and her heart is moved with sympathy. "You may stay if you are willing to put up with all inconveniences. It will not be very pleasant, but I will try and do the best I can; we are glad to see you, and hope you will enjoy being among us. However, I would like to have had my house a little more orderly and tasteful."

The last sentence sounds more encouragingly; so she lays her "sundown" aside, and then tries to lull the sick babe to sleep while the mother is arranging the tea-table. During the mother's absence the children take the liberty to make considerable noise, and she steps into an adjoining room, where she indulges the hope of being unmolested and alone with her thoughts. Here she finds a very pleasantly arranged room, neatly furnished, and fancy articles displaying the taste of the housekeeper, scattered here and there. She raises the curtain and seats herself by the window, and what a lovely prospect meets her admiring gaze! It reminds her of home, and of her absent friends; and so absorbed is she in feeding on the scene before her, that she sits drinking in all the beauties of nature, and her mind for a season forgets the annoyance of the first day's experience. Suddenly one of the little girls comes in and says, "Ma *rather* you would sit out in the other room, as the flies will come in when the curtain is raised and soil all the pretty things."

Of course she obeys; but she has succeeded in quieting the babe, and laid it in the cradle "to its smiling rest." A little boy, whose acquaintance she has made, says: "Oh, teacher! come and see my little wee bit chickens, and you ought just to see how they run when they see me coming to feed them." She walks out with him to see the cunning little chicks, and laughs heartily with him, and apparently enjoys the sport as well as he. In doing *this* she has won the little fellow's affections, and he is ready to stand by her;—so pleased is he that his mother must know all about it, and as soon as his feet can carry him to the house he says, "Ma, I like that teacher; I think she is awful good; why, she went out to see my wee bit chickens, and laughed to see them eat."

Presently tea was announced, and the teacher being a temperate person refused tea. The kind lady insisted. Thus two or three embarassing minutes passed of earnest solicitations and vigorous refusals, which were ended by sending one of the boys to the spring. But no pail could be found, and a pan he thought would be the best substitute; so he hurried on to the spring, which is some distance from the house. The mother stood in the doorway urging him to make haste, which he did at a rapid rate. But alas! "The more haste the less speed." While returning he fell and spilled the contents. The result of this was, by the time he returned the teacher had finished her repast, and was making her way from the table. If you had known her thoughts just then, it would have been an eulogy on the tea question.

Some of the neighbors are anxious to see the *new teacher*, and after tea come in to make her acquaintance. She is tired with the duties of the day, but she must make herself sociable, or else she is *proud* and *overbearing*. During the conversation they refer to their children. "My children are real good at home. I never punish them and think you will find no occasion to at school; but if you *do*, I rather you would punish in any *other way* than by using the rod. There are many ways of correcting that are preferable, and I think more effectual than to use severe means."

Another says, "If *my* children need correcting, I prefer you to take the rod and give them a 'respectable dressing out,' and I will not find one word of fault; but if you undertake to punish them by pulling their hair or ears, or *even to shake them*, *I* shall find fault." Thus they talk on till the hour of ten arrives. She is glad to seek her own room, where she hopes to find rest. The head reclines on the downy pillow, and her mind reflects on her day's work. Thus she soliloquizes: "And this is my experience the first day. Oh dear! I hope sleep will refresh me, and better prepare me for the duties of another day." "I am only a teacher," is the last thought as "tired nature's sweet restorer" comes to her relief.

Only a teacher! But *remember* you are following the footsteps of Him whose great mission on earth was that of a teacher. Was there ever a more responsible position than that held by the teacher? Think of the immortal minds entrusted to their care, and their example, whether good or evil, has its influence on those easily impressed minds. There are many who are trying to rise in the scale of education, whose chief aim is to secure a certificate, and their greatest ambition seems to be in procuring one, not once thinking of the responsibility that awaits them in the school-room. Are such persons capable of assuming the *title* of teacher? Are they duly prepared to enter upon so delicate a mission, whose principal object is to obtain a certificate whereby a limited sum may be earned?

Nature has dealt very bountifully with us, and has placed us high in the ladder of existence; and shall we degrade the dignity of our calling by being immoral, or unjust in the least of our duties? Teachers should be as *perfect* as any class of beings in the world. *They* educate the immortal mind, and fit us to battle with the realities of life, and to exert its power through all coming time. Should not teachers be strictly moral persons? for where there is a lack of moral principle the loftiest efforts of the mind lose their purity. The talents of the immoral teacher may shine like the stars in the firmament, and thus exercise a vast amount of influence, but is it not sad to think the possessors of these shining intellects are uninfluenced by morality, casting a shadow over their brilliant talents?

"The moral disposition of the teacher acts upon the moral nature of the child." Who, then, can tell the consequence of an error, or a wrong impression? It will be like the wave which ceases not till it reaches the shore. The error will continue to grow till it becomes a part of the mind, and influences that mind more or less during life. If the heart is right all its efforts will be identified by the principles of morality, and purity, like the pure fountain whose streams partake of the same nature.

"Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

Let us, as a band of teachers, look upward for Divine assistance to purify our hearts, and fit them for the positions we occupy; and may we each day put forth an effort to be more faithful in our honorable callings, knowing that we shall be rewarded *only for what we have done.*

May we work *so diligently*, that when the Great Master shall call us from our "fields of labor," we shall go willingly—bearing in our arms the *sheaves* of the "golden grain," and in joy lay them down in the great storehouse above!

STEP BY STEP.

Read at Teachers' Association, Frenchtown, Sept. 10, 1870, by Miss MARY GOODELL.

The world is on the scale of ascendency. The hand of Progress is visible in every department of life. And it lies in the power of each individual to *improve* and make himself a man of *worth*, if he choose, even if bad training, and the society of the *vicious*, has hitherto dimmed the star of his destiny. It is getting to be entirely useless for people to attempt to *conceal* bad motives and corrupt hearts. The only way for them to *appear* well in the eyes of the world is to *do* well, and properly train themselves to things of merit. But however idle and worthless one's past life may have been, he may rise higher in the scale of being if he *choose*. If

he will but struggle away from the gloom and darkness which has encompassed him, and go out into "the sunlight," *hasten* to some field of *improvement*, and with truth, justice and *duty* for a goal, and energy and perseverance to animate, he may climb all the difficult steeps of life, and reaching the terminus of his toils, sink quietly to his resting-place, honored, and rejoicing that his life is closing in so regretless an issue.

But we must remember that we cannot reach by a single *bound* the acme of all our hopes. *We* are to *make* the ladder by which we rise, and step by step we must ascend—

If the goal we would gain
And the prize attain.

In life's great work-shop all is *action*. We can *accomplish* nothing, we can *fulfil* nothing, without *working*. If, then, we *would* "rise higher"—if we would live for *something*—let us *work* for some *good*, be it ever so *slowly*. It is only *idle* hearts the dark future frightens; and that our feet may not *stumble* upon "the dark mountains," we must *first* act (in accordance with the golden principles of morality) toward *others* as we would wish others to act toward us. In whatever station of life we are placed there is always *something* to do, and we should never lose an *opportunity* of making ourselves useful. We find all along our life-path many who need our *aid*. Let us "*lend* a hand to help them." "A cup of cold water may be given," a kind word spoken which may rouse a desponding soul and inspire it with a new energy. A word of kind *encouragement* has imparted to latent powers an impetus that made some shrinking soul expand with the sense of its *own* undeveloped capacities, the consciousness of what it *might* achieve, the prescience of what it would *become*.

Oh! who can *tell* the power of a kind word or look? These little acts and little words may seem but *trifles to us*; but *trifles* make *perfection*, and perfection is no small *trifle*. *Small* things are all-important—for they make up the mass of great things; they form the bulk of the incidents of our lives; they are the starting point from which great events begin their course. The life of each individual is a *battle*, and we must meet its many trials with true patience and fortitude.

We find many *obstacles* in our path, and how *many* times do we feel the need of a saving power we cannot behold yet *know* exists, and then if but perfect *trust* is borne, how narrow and easily spanned seems our bridge of sighs.

Let us *ever* "do with our might whatever our hands find to do," and for the true performance of our life duties may we *hope* our names will be inscribed on the tablets of endless glory. Knowing, therefore, that the life of each individual is a battle, we must remember also that the *battle* is to those who fight with faith and undespairing devotion.

[For the REPORTER.]

FROM WYALUSING.

WYALUSING, Nov. 21, 1870.

MR. EDITOR: No stronger evidence of the rapidly increasing importance of our town need be given, than to allude to the vast number of newspaper correspondents that have suddenly sprung up in our midst. Like a field of mushrooms on a foggy summer night, and like a swarm of locusts that consume every green thing, so they as voraciously devour all the locals and interesting items, and then, instead of moving on, like the abovementioned insects, to localities better calculated to subsist their intellectual greatness, they attempt to sustain their literary calling by pitching into and abusing each other, and throwing slurs at many, who, in a scribbling way, are purely non-combatants. But they should not be blamed for this; for genius should be developed, fostered and sustained, even though quiet, well-disposed citizens have their feelings lacerated by vulgar, unpointed jokes and humiliating slurs that reflect upon their families, their characters, or their occupations. In fact, the feelings, interests and opinions of the commonalty should be willingly sacrificed to the higher claims and advancements of these scribbling, would-be wits. Like the old gent in the old story, whose olfactory protuberance having become thoroughly fastened between the jaws of a juvenile specimen of the canine family that his young masculine progeny had in training for future usefulness, was encouraged by an exclamation from "young hopeful"—"Grin and bear it, dad! 'twill be the making of the pup"—so should our citizens be encouraged to bear the mangling for the sake of the future glories of these glowing aspirants for newspaper fame. But alas! humanity is so blind, weak and selfish, that some of our citizens actually object to being the victims.

One year ago we had only our favorite, much-esteemed "Jay Bee" to remember our interests and advancements in the columns of the BRADFORD REPORTER; but when the fields began to smile in the verdure of spring, and flowers to awaken from their long winter's sleep, and the swelling buds of the forest trees to give promise of a summer foliage, our genial friend had flown to another field of labor, and we supposed our town to be without a local correspondent. But soon a mighty buzzing awaked our citizens to the fact that "Shoo Fly" was noticing us in the local items of the *Argus*. Then came the fleet-footed "Guess," who is now running a foot-race with "Shoo Fly" up the dangerous dugroad of fame for a wreath of soiled laurels that the presiding goddess of that thoroughfare is anxious to dispose of as cheaply as possible.

"Yamer" has been helping himself to a plate or two of unseasoned glory in the Tunkhannock *Republican*. "Barkis" "touched his harp," and lo! (not the "poor Indian") his "dog-growl," machine-mangled stanzas throw an unpleasant reflection upon a scribbling brother. And next

"Bring forth the horse! the horse was brought.
In truth he *was* a noble steed—
A Tartar" of the up-hill breed—
"Who looked as though the speed of thought
Were in his limbs."

Upon which "Mazeppa" strides
"And deals from side to side his awful blows"—

And starts off in pursuit of the receding bauble at a breakneck speed that defies all competition from this quarter. When he reaches the goal of scribbling notoriety, no doubt he will slacken speed and cast a pitying thought—nay, look—to those so far in the rear, who are envying him his wild horse's wilder speed. But don't become discouraged, ye knights of the rusty pen! Push on! If any attempt to impede your progress—by objecting to your slang—hit them a stunning blow with that mighty instrument, the pen. If you miss and hit the wrong party, don't stop to apologize—call it a joke and move on. The Temple of Fame is far beyond you (probably always will be). Go for it! If you fail, allege it to opposing fortune, not to want of genius. You may still be able to carve your names with an old jack-knife upon a shingle, and trust it to the ever-surging billows of time. If future generations do not pick it up for preservation, 'twill be engulfed in oblivion. No matter which—you've done your duty; so rest in peace.

NOMINIS UMBRA.

* * *

THE ROSE—LEGENDS CONNECTED THEREWITH.

The Catholic "rosary," which the Germans call Rozenkranz, or rose-wreath, suggests that originally the worshipers may have counted their prayers with roses; at any rate, it seemed certain that for a long time the larger beads were called roses. But this was the case in Germany before the introduction of Christianity. The rose was held to be the favorite flower of the maternal goddess Holda, who, as we have before seen, was often called "Frau Rose." It was partly transferred, with all other symbols of Holda, to the Madonna, who is frequently called, "Marienroschen." Mary, it is said, dries her veil on a rose bush, which thenceforth bears no more roses. But there has been a tendency to associate the white rose particularly with the Virgin Mary, that being chiefly chosen for her *fete* days, while the warmer and more earthly feelings assocated with "Frau Rose, and still represented in the superstitions connected with the red rose. If a white rose bloom in autumn it denotes an early death; if a red, an early marriage. The red rose, it is held, will not bloom over a grave. In Posen the "rose-apple" is carried by the country maiden in her breast to keep her lover true. In Thuringia, she who has several lovers may name rose leaves after them and scatter them on water; the leaf that sinks last is that of her truest lover, or predestined husband. Some of the superstitions concerning the rose in Germany are singular; as for instance, the custom found in some places of throwing rose leaves on a coal fire for good luck, and the saying that rose-bush pruned on St. John's Day will bloom again in the autumn. The relation of the flower to blood is widely believed. Thus one may find in France and Italy, as well as Germany, the saying that a drop of one's blood buried under a rose bush will bring rosy cheeks. The rose is also associated with an ancient charm once universal in Germany, still frequent in Swabia and Westphalia, against nose-bleeding, and indeed all kinds of hemorrhages. This formula in Westphalia, runs thus: "Abek, Wabek, Fabek: in Christ's garden stand three red roses—one for the good God, the other for God's blood, the third for the angel Gabriel: blood, I pray you cease to flow!" In Swabia it is said: "On our Lord Jesus' grave sprang three roses—the first is Hope, the second Patience, the third God's Will: blood, I pray you be still!" Sometimes again it is "In God's garden bloom three roses—Blood-drop, Blood-stop, and Blood still," etc. These rules have peculiar modifications. In St. Louis, Missouri, a German named Stretger last year committed murder, and afterward suicide. In his room was found the following charm against hemorrhage: "At the grave of Christ bloom three flowers—the first is Jugend, the second is Tugend, the third is Gubel (Uebel). Repeat three times and the blood will cease to flow." I have somewhere met with a legend that the thorn crown of Christ was made from the rose-briar, and that the drops of blood that started under it and fell to the ground blossomed to roses; the fable has been recalled to me, though I can not trace it, by the fictitious lines of the most gifted American poetess (Mrs. Howe):

"Men saw the thorns on Jesus' brow,
But angels saw the roses!"

A similar idea pervades the story of "Dornroschen," known to English readers as the "Sleeping Beauty," or "Rose-bud," who, it will be remembered, sleeps in a palace surrounded by formidable thorn thickets, in which all who approached perished, save the true prince, to whom the thorns were all roses, through which he passed with ease. There is, by the way, in the same legend, as it originally appears in the Edda of Sæmund, a curious remembrance of the Oriental symbolism which connected the rose with silence and sleep. When Sigurd there enters the castle and arouses Brynhilda, she tells the story of her trance in these words: "Two kings contended; one hight Hialmgunner, and he was old but of mickle might, and Odin had promised him the victory. I felled him in fight, but Odin struck my head with the sleepy thorn, and said I should never again be victorious, and should be hereafter wedded.—*M. D. Conway in Harpers' Magazine for December.*

* * *

THERE is a good deal of condensed wisdom in the following little paragraph, in the last installment of Mrs. Stowe's serial, "Pink and White Tyranny:" "There comes a time after marriage when a husband, if he be anything of a man, has something else to do than make direct love to his wife. He cannot be on duty at all hours to fan her, and shawl her, and admire her. His love must express itself through other channels. He must be a man for her sake, and, as a man, must go forth to a whole world of interest that takes him from her. Now, what in this case shall a woman do, whose only life lies in petting and adoration and display?"

A COMMON MISTAKE.

Many a man seems to regard the household duties of his wife as not to be compared for a moment with those which engross his attention. He expects, if business has perplexed or made him anxious, to have his wife's sympathy when he comes home at night, but he never imagines that during the day anything could have occurred to trouble his wife. He returns from his workshop or counting-room soured, perhaps, by some bad bargain, annoyed by a stupid workman or an unreasonable employer, morose from some ill-spoken word, and expects to be received with smiles; it matters not how surly may be his looks, his wife must be in dress, in countenance, in word, all sweetness and amiability. He may have no pleasant word, may take his place moodily at the table, but his wife's words must be affectionate, and his wife's looks full only of gladness. What, he thinks, has she to trouble her? And this when the poor wife has, through a long and weary day, been toiling with family work and vexatious care till her head is aching, and foot, and hand, and heart are sore with the worry. The tea is dispatched, silently very likely, with sombre complaints over the trials he has had during the day, or the badness of the times; and then the evening paper is taken in hand and pored over until the advertisements are devoured, or the reader's face is bowed upon the crumpled page in sleep. Or, if he be not weary enough for that, he seizes his hat, and rushes for the reading room, or more probably for that lounging place where such as he do congregate; there with a fragment of segar in his hand and desultory talk from his lips, he lingers until the noise of the closing shutters warns him to leave. He goes home again because he can go nowhere else. Meanwhile the wife has, with heavy heavy heart and tired step, got the little ones into bed, and as best she could, has worn away the long hours of the evening in silence and loneliness. Should a thought of his selfish injustice cross the mind of the husband, he responds with self-complaisancy, "I require relaxation and must see my friends." The night is witness of the same or greater lack of sympathy. Perhaps the babe is not well, and is restless. It matters not that the poor, pale wife has had the child in her arms thro' the long day—a day's work with a sick babe, one of the weariest of mortal toils—he must not be disturbed. I have known such a husband to provide a distant sleeping apartment that he might not be disturbed, and he snoring in leaden unconsciousness, while a frail wife, with swollen eyes, and limbs that almost refused to obey an iron will, was walking to and fro with his child.

* * *

"ENGAGEMENTS."

We think "engagements" should be considered more in their true light—as periods of probation merely on both sides, inasmuch as it is better that fifty engagements should come to naught than one unhappy marriage should be celebrated. Too much stress and indignation are often expressed at the contemptible reasons assigned in the Court. The fact is, generally speaking, there is no definite reason that can be properly assigned, save the all-important one of "incompatibility of temper," and this is rarely brought forward. Everthing, then, points to the very greatest care and caution being exercised before an engagement is sealed. If the good sense and affections of a girl lead her to the choice she is making, she stands a fair chance of securing a good husband. If her choice proves to be wrong, and she has been deceived by the one she trusted, or should he find he cannot love her as he ought to, it is more honorable that he should declare it; and we do not approve of the argument being brought forward, as in a recent case, in which the damsel strongly desired that the quarrel might be "made up" only in effect, adding to her cry of "Marry me! marry me!"—"and if you do not I'll make you suffer!" which she did, the gentleman in the case referred to having to buy his freedom at the cost of $5,000. Ladies, when they are fairly engaged, generally stand an excellent chance of being held to the bargain they have made; and if they are let off it is only because they are not cared for. In such an event they should see reason to congratulate themselves that they have found out the truth in time, and have the philosophy to exclaim, "Better to have been once loved (though not married), than never to have been loved at all;" and, so saying, cast their net of charms and loveliness again into the sea. And it is hard if their dearly bought experience does not enable them this time to bring their prize safely to land.—*Young Ladies' Journal.*

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THE DYING AUTUMN.—There is something grand as well as sad in the death of autumn. The spring, in which nature so beautifully and gloriously develops herself—through the buds, leaves, blossoms and flowers, has something grand for our contemplation and enjoyment. Autumn is our season of abundance. What we love most comes to us thro' her golden days. The pale sun, shining when the almost wintry wind visits its death-like sting upon every flower, bud, and leaf, shines as beautiful then as when its mild rays in the coming spring causes the buds to peep out to see if they will not be molested by the chilly winds upon them. And as they come forth, laughing, sipping the morning dew, and kissing the morning light, developing into perfect fulness, charming and making us glad, there is then something which inspires us to love nature's noble works, and with upturned eyes thank God for the joy and happiness He sends to us thro' these His works of perfectness and beauty. There is something significant, too, as well as sad, in the dying autumn. Significant, because it warns us we are passing away like the leaves, the grass, and the flowers. It seems but yesterday we were amid the mild hours of spring, amid the fragrance of blossoms and flowers, while to-day we are snuffing the frost-freighted winds. It seems as but yesterday we were wandering in the valley, following some serpentine rivulet to the mountain's base, cooling our heated brows and wetting our parched lips from the gushing waters of some cold spring beneath the giant roots of the sturdy oak.

A farmer said the other day, "I like your paper, but you print too many advertisements." And this is the complaint of many. He, we found, read at least a few of those same advertisements. He had a Meadow King Mower, of which he first learned by the notice in this paper; his wife had a sewing machine, brought to her notice by an advertisement in a newspaper; and the gentleman talked of buying an improved harrow, which he thought would be just the thing, from the newspaper description he had just read. We all look for information and it matters little whether we get it from the reading or advertising columns of a paper. In this case it was plain to be seen that the farmer had gained from the advertisements which he had read, many times the cost of his paper saved in labor and trouble. Another thing which readers do not understand—this is, that nine out of ten of the newspapers of the country would speedily go out of existence did they attempt do without advertising in their columns. A subscriber pays but little more for his paper than would purchase the blank sheets of the mills which manufacture it. To pay for type-setting, advertisements must be inserted. Were the subject better understood we feel certain that there could be no grumbling about it. No portion of a newspaper, especially a home paper, is more interesting and profitable to its readers than the advertising columns.

The Growth of Licentiousness.—It is a shocking commentary upon the public taste that an indecent play full of coarse *double entendre*, nudity and licentiousness, should actually attract more people and pay better as a theatrical venture than the finest drama in the language performed by the same persons. It shows a horrible craving in the minds of the masses, and even among people with some pretensions to position and refinement for the vilest and grossest performances. Unfortunately the tendency to this kind of thing is not confined to the stage. Go where you will—at the theatre, on the street, and in the ball room,—you see an amount of artificialty, powder, rouge, and low necked dressing, which is the result of the imitation of a certain style of French women not necessary to mention. The effect of all this is to break down all barriers which surround young womanhood, and cultivate a freedom and abandon of manner which is fatal to propriety if not morality. Unseen charms have a thousand times the fascination of those so liberally displayed. Modesty and nudity of dress are impossible in a ball room and cannot long keep company.

Be Social at Home.—Let parents talk much and well at home. A father who is habitually silent in his own house may be in many respects a wise man; but he is not wise in his silence. We sometimes see parents who are the life of every company which they enter, dull, silent, uninteresting at home among the children. If they have no mental activity and mental stores sufficient for both, let them first provide for their own household. Ireland exports beef and wheat, and lives on potatoes; and they fare as poorly who reserve their social charms for companions abroad and keep dullness for home consumption. It is better to instruct children and make them happy at home than it is to charm strangers or amuse friends. A silent house is a dull place for young people, a place from which they will escape if they can. They will talk or think of being "shut up" and the youth who does not love home is in danger.

Two years ago, while "Brick" Pomeroy was one day in his sanctum he was visited by a Baptist clergyman, who had just returned from an ocean voyage. The clergyman had lost the most of his hair, and the sun reflecting on the salt-water had made his face of a scarlet color, and produced a fine crimson blister on his nose. Pomeroy was called from his room a moment, and the clergyman took a seat at the vacated desk to write a note. While he was thus alone and busy, a Democrat from Pennsylvania entered the room in search of Pomeroy. Mistaking the clergyman for the editor he brought his open hand with a heavy thud on the polished skull before him: "D—n you, "Brick," old boy, how are you?" he exclaimed; "I never saw you before, but I knew you by your d—d old bald head and red nose! Nobody but a good Democrat could get up such a color as that." The clergyman blushed as red as possible, and assured the stranger of his mistake. Both were a good deal embarrassed.

Beautiful Thought.—There is but a breath of air and a beat of the heart between this world and the next. And in the brief interval of a painful and awful suspense, while we feel death is with us, that we are powerless, and he all-powerful, and the last faint pulsation here, is but the prelude of endless life, we feel in the midst of the stunning calamity about to befall us that earth has no compensating good to the severity of our loss. But there is no grief without some benificent provision to soften its intensity. When the good and lovely die, the memory of their good deeds, like the moonbeams of the stormy sea, lights up our darkened hearts, and lends to the surroundings a beauty so sad, so sweet, that we would not, if we could, dispel the darkness that environs us.

"Man wants but little here belo, nor wants that little long," is a libel; man wants everything he can see, or hear ov, and never is willing to let go of his grab. Whenever you find a man who is thoroughly saitafied with what he has got, you will find either an ideot, or one who has tried hard to get some more and couldn't do it. The older a man grows, the more watchful he bekums; as his hold on life slackens, his pinch on a dollar grows grippy.—*Josh Billings.*

☞ A two-legged squirt-gun, constantly charged with tobacco juice, is, next to a barn-yard, the nastiest thing I know of. The kind that perambulates around stores, and public halls, and cars and passenger depots, where ladies have to use their dresses to mop up after them, will please take this remark and tell the store-keeper to charge me.

A smart boy was asked by his father what business he would follow. "The candy business and I want ten cents to buy stock."

Josh Billings says: "I hev found that tite butes is a luxury, inczmuch as they cause one to forget all his other miseries!"