The Bradford Reporter.

S. W. ALVORD, Publisher. REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER. $2 per Annum in Advance.

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

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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 to. May9,1870

M. BLACK, *General Fire, Life, and Accidental Insurance Agent.* Office at J. M. Brown's Hotel, Wyalusing, Pa. jun3,'70-6m

W. WALLACE KEELER, *HOUSE, SIGN AND FRESCO PAINTER,* Towanda, Sept. 15, 1870-yr

CAMP & VINCENT, INSURANCE AGENTS.—Office formerly occupied by Mercur & Morrow, one door south of Ward House. T. R. CAMP. may10-'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 and Money Loaned. May 10,'70.

DRESS - MAKING, PATTERN CUTTING AND FITTING in all fashionable styles on short notice. ROOMS in Mercur's New Block, 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, FRIZETTS, &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. ☞ Particular attention paid to jobbing in the country.. apr19,'66.

JOHN DUNFEE, *BLACKSMITH*, MONROETON, PA., pays particular attention to ironing Buggies, Wagons, Sleighs, &c. Tire set and repairing done on short notice. Work and charges guaranteed satisfactory. 12,16,69.

AMOS PENNYPACKER, HAS again established himself in the TAILORING BUSINESS. Shop over Rockwell's Store. Work of every description done in the latest style. 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 hand-ple and retail. HAIGH & BROADLEY. wanu 10,'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, Bradford county, Pa. oct.26, 69.

GIFFORD'S NATIONAL PAIN Killer and Life Oil, are the Great Family Specifics that find a welcome in every home as a Sovereign Remedy for more of the common ills of life than any other medicine in the market. Sold by dealers in medicine generally. Manufactured by C. T. GIFFORD, Chicago, Ills., and 143 Main st., HORNELLSVILLE, N. Y. March 10, '70-5*

C. S. RUSSELL'S GENERAL *INSURANCE AGENCY*, may23'70—tf TOWANDA, PA.

GOOD TEMPLARS MUTAL Benefit Association.

Membership fee to secure at death $2,000	$10 00
Annual Assessment	2 00
Mortuary Assessment, age from 18 to 55	1 10
" " " " 56 to 45	1 60
" " " " 46 to 60	2 10

G. F. JONES, Wyalusing, Pa. General Agent for Bradford county. Local Agents wanted. Sept. 20, '70.

THE CONTINENTAL LIFE INsurance Company of Hartford, Conn. Payments and application for insurance to be made at Dr. STEVEN's office, Main st., Towanda. WILLIAM BRACKEN, Oct. 13,'70.-1y6m* General Agent.

BLACKSMITHING!

Having completed my new brick shop, near my residence on Main-street, I am now prepared to do work in all its branches. Particular attention paid Mill Irons and edge tools. Having spent many years in this community, in this business, I trust will be a sufficent guarantee of my receiving a liberal share of the public patronage. HENRY ESSENWINE. Towanda, Nov. 3, 1869.—tf

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 CHARGE IN UNSUCCESSFUL CASES AND NO ATTORNEY'S FEE TO PAY UNTIL PATENT IS OBTAINED. Sept. 16,1869—tf

DAYTON & BROTHER, Dealers in WOOL, HIDES, PELTS, CALF-SKINS, FURS, &c., For which the highest cash price is paid at all times. Office in M. E. Rosenfield's Store, Main st. W. A. DAYTON. A. E. DAYTON. nov.14.'70 TOWANDA, PA.

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 be aggrieved by their neighbors. All work warranted correct, so far as the nature of the case will permit. All unpatented lands attended to as soon as warrants are obtained. O. W. STEVENS. feb. 24, 1869—1y.

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.

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 a view of sale at this agency, as parties are constantly inquiring for farms, &c. H. B. McKEAN, Real Estate Agent. Office over Mason's Bank, Towanda, Pa. Jan. 23, 1867.

NEW FIRM! *NEW GOODS AND LOW PRICES!* AT MONROETON, PA. TRACY & HOLLON, Retail Dealers in Groceries and Provisions, Drugs and Medicines, Kerosene Oil, Lamps, Chimneys, Shades, Dye Stuffs, Paints, Oils, Varnish, Yankee Notions, Tobacco, Cigars and Snuff. Pure Wines and Liquors, of the best quality, for medicinal purposes only. All Goods sold at the very lowest prices. Prescriptions carefully compounded at all hours of the day and night. Give us a call. TRACY & HOLLON. Monroeton, Pa., June 24, 1869—1y.

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

GOOD MOLASSES FOR 50 cents per gallon at FOX & MERCUR'S. Oct6,'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 Elnathan 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 24, '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 30, '68.

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

J. & D. C. DEWITT, *Attorneys-at-Law*, Towanda, Pa., having formed a co-partnership, tender their professional services to the public. Special attention given to EVERY DEPARTMENT of the business, at the county seat or elsewhere. JACOB DEWITT, D. CLINTON DEWITT. TOWANDA, Pa., Dec. 12, 1870.

A. W. ARMSTRONG, *Fashionable Barber*, near the Elwell House, Towanda, Pa. Public patronage solicited. dec14.70

JOHN N. CALIFF, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Towanda, Pa. Particular attention given to Orphans' Court business. Conveyancing and Collections. ☞ Office in Wood's new block, south of the First National Bank, up stairs. Feb. 1, 1871.

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, ATTORNEYS 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. spl 14'70 F. OVERTON, JR. N. C. ELSBREE.

MERCUR & DAVIES, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Towanda, Pa. The undersigned have 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.—1y

A. KEENEY, COUNTY SUPERINTENDENT, Towanda, Pa. Office with B. M. Peck, second door below the Ward House. Will be at the office the last Saturday of each month and at all other times when not called away on business connected with the Superintendency. All letters should hereafter be addressed as above. dec.1,'70

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. B. BROWN, Propr. Towanda, Jan. 12, 1870.—1y.

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

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., COR. MAIN AND BRIDGE STREETS. The Horses, Harness, &c., of all guests of this house, insured against loss by Fire, without any extra charge. A superior quality of Old English Bass Ale, just received. T. R. JORDAN, Towanda, Jan. 24,'71. Proprietor.

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.—1y

NOTICE TO CARPENTERS! The undersigned have made arrangements to insure Carpenter's CHESTS OF TOOLS, covering them WHEREVER THEY MAY BE. All desiring such insurance are respectfully invited to give us a call. CAMP & VINCENT, dec28'70 Gen. Insurance Agts., Towanda, Pa.

DRIED FRUIT OF ALL KINDS COWELL & MYER.

Selected Poetry.

THANK GOD FOR SUNDAY.

Now God be thanked! That He has given
Blest boon to saint and sinner—
A day of rest—one day in seven,
Where toil is not the winner;
Rest for the tired and jaded brain,
The wearied hand on Sunday,
That they might gather strength again
For toil renewed on Monday.

The merchant, in his counting room,
The clerk o'er desk and ledger,
The artisan, at forge or loom,
The ditcher and the hedger—
The laborer, whose must toil and slave
From early dawn of Monday
Until the week sinks in its grave,
All cry: "Thank God for Sunday!"

The day that lifts the weighty chain
Which all the week hath bound us;
That respite gives to heart and brain,
From thousand cares around us;
That in the toilsome march of life
So bids us take, for one day,
Rest from the battle and the strife;
Oh, God be thanked for Sunday!

If thus by all one day of rest
Be hailed, as respite solely,
How to the Christian doubly blessed
Must be the Sabbath holy;
As in faith's light, he lifts his eyes
To the bright world where, one day,
He longs to spend beyond the skies,
One blest, eternal Sunday!

Miscellaneous.

[For the REPORTER.]

MY VISIT TO ELKTON.

Martha Chelton and I were cousins; having been brought up together from childhood we were really as sisters. She having lost her parents when a mere babe, and being the only child of my mother's sister, she willingly accepted the charge, and endeavored to be a mother to her. There was but a few months difference in our ages. As we grew on from infancy to childhood, and on to riper years, we were almost inseparable; and it was with no pleasant sensations I discovered Dr. Newton, the handsome young physician, so assiduous in his attentions to her. But I was forced to submit when she honestly confessed his love was reciprocated; and, finally, when she announced her intention of marrying him, I thought she was the most ungrateful creature alive, and plainly told her so. I felt we ought never to be separated; but upon calmly reflecting on the subject, I made up my mind it was all folly to feel so, as I had no desire to remain in a state of single-blessedness; and with no prospect of finding a man suited to my taste who would be willing to marry both of us, finally concluded she was acting a sensible part, Dr. Newton being considered a desirable match for any young lady—and by *morning* I had gained my usual good humor, and offered my assistance in making all preparation for a hasty marriage.

The Doctor having just located in a distant town, was anxious to become settled; so they were quietly married, and she left the home and friends of many years amid the tears and congratulations of friends, all wishing them well, myself feeling most miserable and forsaken—for who has not felt that sense of utter loneliness when parting with their bosom friends?—and such we had been for years: all the little trials, annoyances and vexations of life had been declared to each other, always with a return of a due amount of sympathy. But as time passed on I became more reconciled,—letters were frequently exchanged between us. I felt sure she was happy—therefore was content.

One morning the maid of all work entered the sitting-room, bearing a letter for me. At a glance I saw it was from Cousin Martha. I hastily opened it and perused its contents, and was surprised by the very tone of the missive. There was something wrong, but what it was I could not define; and it ended with an earnest invitation to make her a visit, and that speedily. I sat and pondered over it a long time; the more I thought of it the more inexplicable it all appeared; what should I do in the matter? But I decided it would be best to be guided by my mother's counsel: so I went to her room, gave her the letter, quietly waiting until she read it through.

"Why, Marion, what do you think of the style in which this letter is written? It looks to me as if Martha was in some kind of trouble."

"Well, mother, that is just the way it impressed me; and the more I think of it, the more I feel I ought to go to her at once."

"Well, Marion, I think your decision a wise one. You have nothing to hinder your going immediately—say to-morrow, if you like."

"I think I will." So I hastened up to my room and packed my trunk, and had all preparations made before teatime. After tea, the evening was spent talking of my projected visit, and with many injunctions from mother to not fail to inform her of anything I might discover amiss either in the Doctor or Martha, and with many promises to remember all her commands and requests, I retired early in order to be refreshed for a long day's journey.

I arose at an early hour in the morning, partook of a hasty breakfast, and bidding all goodbye started off, silently wishing it the end instead of the beginning of my long ride. So anxious was I to arrive there, and for the first time since her marriage, to see her, that I thought the cars never dragged along so slowly. I grew impatient and nervous; but as all things will have an end, so did that day—and as night closed in dark and sombre, the cars glided into a station, the conductor called out "Elkton!" I hastily arose, thoroughly aroused from a deep revery, and left the cars, feeling lonesome indeed. There were but few persons around the depot. I called a cab, entered, directed the driver to Dr. Newton's, then settled back to my thoughts.

It was but a short drive from the depot. When we stopped before a large, handsome dwelling, the cabman rang the bell, which was answered by a servant girl, and I was ushered into the drawing-room. I was not long alone, when I heard light footsteps descending the stairs, the door opened, and Martha entered. When she beheld me she rushed toward me, and with a quick, sharp cry fell into my arms. I was amazed; it was so unusual for her to display so much emotion, her disposition being naturally very cool and collected. It seemed as if some great sorrow were weighing heavily on her mind; but she immediately recovered her self-possession and expressed herself overjoyed at seeing me, and fearful lest she had betrayed herself in her excited manner towards me when I arrived, she forced herself to be unusually gay and lively. But I had discovered under that gay exterior a source of grief unfathomable. I determined to set my wits at work to find the real cause.

"Come, Marion, you must be tired and hungry. Come to the dining-room and take some refreshment—then I will show you to your room."

"Tired I am, but I cannot say hungry; nevertheless I will try and eat something. But, Martha, where is the Doctor?—he has not made his appearance yet to welcome his little cousin who was so angry at him for falling in love with you and taking you away from me."

"He is out; I hope he will be in soon—it is now near ten," she said, as she glanced at her watch; "he surely will soon come."

But I noticed she appeared anxious and constantly listening. I soon got through supper, and we went up to my room and sat there and talked a long time. Finally I retired and slept soundly, until the sun streaming in the window and in my face suddenly awoke me. I arose, dressed, and descended to the drawing-room, and was there met by Dr. Newton. He expressed great delight at having me there, and was extremely kind and attentive. Martha appeared gay, but the sad look was not entirely obliterated.

I made up my mind my eyes should perform their intended functions, and accordingly I would keep them wide open to discover what should cause unhappiness between a couple who had always appeared so supremely happy since their marriage. Conversation flowed on in a lively strain during the meal. When the Doctor left the table he proceeded directly to his office, and we did not see him again till dinner-time. So it was from one meal to another: he was always absent, but all kindness and attention while at table—sometimes gay and witty, at others quietly polite

On the second night of my stay, after having spent a quiet evening in the sitting-room with Martha, I went to my room to retire. I felt uneasy and could not sleep; and not having heard Martha go to her room, or the Doctor return, I resolved to go down to the sitting-room again. So I got up, threw on a wrapper, and went down stairs. It was a late hour of the night. Martha sat by the table with her head on her hand, her eyes fixed on vacancy; and the tears, coursing down her cheeks, were rapidly falling on the pages of the book opened before her. So deeply was she absorbed in thought she did not hear me enter, and was not conscious of my presence until I advanced towards her, and placing my arm around her neck begged her tell me what caused her great grief. She only noticed me by a fresh burst of tears.

"Come, Martha, tell me your trouble! You know I will be your friend now, as well as in days gone by."

I sat down on a low stool at her feet, entreating her to confide in me.

Directly, looking up with a tear-stained face from long weeping, she spoke: "Marion, you know nothing of my mental distress and anguish. The suffering I have endured for several weeks past well nigh maddens me! And who but you should I go to for consolation?—our confidential days are not passed yet. Marion, you surely have noticed the change in the Doctor's manner lately,—how abrupt and absent-minded he appears at times, and other times so silly and ridiculous; and how little time he spends with me; and farther than that, I frequently detect the smell of liquor in his breath—and all this in less than one year since I left my home, the happy, envied bride of Dr. Newton. Say, Marion, is not this enough to blight my happiness and make me a miserable creature?"

She arose and walked the floor in the frenzy of a maniac. I felt utterly incapable of offering any consolation; and while we were sitting there silently, there was a hurried ring at the door-bell. The servants having all retired, I went to the door fully expecting to admit the Doctor; but it was a messenger for the Doctor to attend a man dangerously ill. I could give no information as to where he might be found, and the man departed. I went back to the sitting-room and found Martha standing in the middle of the floor, reminding me of an apparition, her face was so deadly pale.

"Marion, I am sure there has something happened to the Doctor, or he would have been here before this!" and she walked the floor in an agony of suspense.

Just then I heard some one ascend the steps. I hastened and opened the door as he was about to use his dead-latch key. The moment he entered my worst fears were realized—for I saw he was badly intoxicated. Without noticing me he passed on into the library, and in a reproachful tone asked her, "Why are you not in bed? I do not want you to sit and wait for me, and when I come home look at me as though you expected me to kill you."

"I have never known you to stay out so late before, and I felt anxious about you."

"Well, Martha, hereafter I wish it understood I do not want to be watched like a child. I know it is late; but the club boys had a special jollification over one of the members just returned from abroad—and, as I said before, do not sit up for me again." And with that he went to his room.

Martha and I sat silent a few moments, each busy with our own thoughts, and then separated and retired for the night.

The next morning when I went into the breakfast-room, the Doctor and his wife were already seated at table waiting for me. Doctor began joking me on my tardiness—was unusually pleasant and lively during the meal. He looked thoroughly ashamed of himself, and as far as kindness and politeness were concerned, he endeavored to atone for the past. Cousin Martha forced herself to be lively; but I could plainly see it was all pretense. I well knew from the pale, haggard expression of her countenance, that she felt very much depressed in spirits; but she did not utter one word of censure or reproach. When we were through breakfast, Doctor took his paper and went into the office, and Martha and I went to the sitting-room.

"Oh! Marion, you saw for yourself last night why I am so unhappy. What can I do to stay the tide of evil that I fear is sweeping over me?"

"Is this the first time he has come home intoxicated?"

"Never so much so as he was last night, and it is the first time he ever spoke unkindly to me."

"My dear cousin, I pity you! and I do hope something may wake him up to see the error of his course."

"I believe he loves me as fondly as ever; but the influence of his club associates is more than he can resist. If he would just break off from them altogether, I think he would be a different man; but his lively, genial disposition makes him a great favorite, and he is sought after when he otherwise would remain at home."

"Certainly, Martha, he must see the ruin it will bring upon him and his family. He will lose his practice; for who would employ a physician that would enter a sick-room intoxicated?"

"Indeed, Marion, I tremble to think of the end of it all——"

We were suddenly interrupted by the hasty entrance of the Doctor. "Martha, I am called away in a hurry to visit a man who is ill twenty miles distant, and will not be back till tea-time. Now make yourself comfortable, and with Marion for company you will not be lonely;" and he withdrew to the hall to get his wrappings. Martha followed him to the door, and eloquently plead with him to not taste a drop of liquor. He laughingly promised, and drove off.

We both felt depressed and anxious for night to come, and still dreaded its approach. The hours dragged wearily by till tea-time. We waited a long time for him to come, but in vain. We went to the table, ate a few mouthfuls, then went to the parlor where we were soon joined by visitors coming in to spend the evening with us; and with music and pleasant conversation the time passed quickly to me, but I could see by Martha's sad countenance that the moments seemed like hours to her. It was quite late when our visitors left, but we had not been alone long when we heard the Doctor shuffling up the steps, and fumbling a long time with his key, entered the library. One look was sufficient; he could scarcely keep his equilibrium; but he staggered to the sofa and threw himself down, without a word to either of us, and fell into a deep, drunken sleep.

Oh! the anguish of that night!—it needs to be experienced to be understood.

So things went on from bad to worse. He neglected his practice; people employed more steady, sober physicians. Martha was the picture of despair. He seemed to fully understand his condition, but appeared unable to retrace his steps. He grew morose and gloomy. I still remained a visitor. Martha would not hear to my leaving her in her trouble.

One chilly afternoon I was sitting alone in the library reading, when Doctor entered and enquired for his wife. I told him she was not feeling well and was lying down; and well he knew why she was not well, for he had come home the night previous in a worse state than ever, and she had toiled all night administering to his comfort, when he would try to drive her from him; but she would plead so hard to be permitted to stay beside him, that she finally gained the day and remained with him all night.

He soon returned to the library. I saw at once something was wrong, for he was very pale. I quickly asked Doctor, "What is the matter? Is Martha really ill?"

"Yes, Marion, very ill; she has a terrible fever. I wish you would go to her immediately, and remain with her while I prepare some medicine for her."

I hastened to her room, and found Martha lying on the bed, delirious, talking incessantly to the Doctor, begging him not to drink any more, in such sweet, plaintive tones. The idea occurred to me, Perhaps that would wake him to his good sense and be the means of doing him good and saving him from becoming a common drunkard. I quickly summoned him to the bedside. As he approached she rose up with superhuman strength, grasped him by the hand, and such eloquent pleading I never heard. The Doctor was deeply humiliated; he looked as if he would sink through the floor. The subject of his drinking had never been referred to in my presence, and he felt mortified that I should hear his wife urge him so hard not to drink.

Martha was very low for a number of days, and the Doctor proved to be a faithful nurse as well as physician, allowing no one to wait upon her or sit by her but himself, except as he was obliged to snatch a few moments' sleep; and even then would not leave her room, but would lie on a sofa by the bedside, where the least stir of the invalid would awaken him. Finally the fever abated, and she began to recover slowly; and when she was able to sit up, Dr. Newton was truly a happy man.

A few evenings after this, Martha and I were sitting alone in her chamber, when the Doctor came in smiling, kissed his wife, and handed her a large envelope. She hastily tore it open and drew from it a paper, which, upon opening, she discovered to be a temperance pledge signed by Dr. Newton. The gratified look she gave him was more expressive than hosts of words would have been.

From that day forth Doctor was a different man, and one of the strongest advocates of temperance in Elkton. Cousin Martha regained her health, and as years rolled on was very happy in the companionship of her devoted husband and children, which are two wild, romping boys. I staid with her until her recovery, then went back home; but have visited Elkton frequently since, and a happier family I never saw than Dr. Newton's.

IMPORTANCE OF SLEEP.—The cry for rest has always been louder than the cry for food, not that it is more important, but because it is often harder to get. The best rest comes from sound sleep. Of two men or women, otherwise equal, the one who sleeps the best will be the most moral, healthy and efficient. Sleep will do much to cure irritability of temper, peevishness, uneasiness. It will cure insanity. It will restore to vigor an overworked brain. It will build up and make strong a weary body. It will do much to cure dyspepsia. It will relieve the languor and prostration felt by consumptives. It will cure hypochondria. It will cure the blues. It will cure the headache. It will cure a broken spirit. It will cure sorrow. Indeed, we might make a long list of nervous maladies that sleep will cure. The cure of sleeplessness, however, is not so easy, particularly in those who carry heavy responsibilities. The habit of sleeping well is one which, if broken up for any length of time, is not easily regained. Often a severe illness, treated by powerful drugs, so derranges the nervous system that sleep is never sleep—is never sweet afterwards. Or perhaps, long continued watchfulness produces the same effect. Or hard study, or too little exercise of the muscular system, or tea and spirit drinking, and tobacco using. To break up the habit are required: First, a good, clean bed. Second, sufficient exercise to produce weariness, and pleasant occupation. Third, good air, and not too warm a room. Fourth, freedom from too much care. Fifth, a clean stomach. Sixth, a clear conscience. Seventh, avoidance of stimulants and narcotics. For those who are overworked, haggard, nervous, who pass sleepless nights, we commend the adoption of such habits as will secure sleep, otherwise life will be short, and what there is of it sadly imperfect.—*Boy's Journal.*

TRUTHFULNESS.—Of all happy households, that is the happiest where falsehood is never thought of. All peace is broken up when once it appears there is a liar in the house. All comfort has gone when suspicion has once entered—when there must be reserve in talk and reservation in belief. Anxious parents, who are aware of the pains of suspicion, will place general confidence in their children, and receive what they say freely, unless there is strong reason to distrust the truth of any one. If such an occasion should unhappily arise, they must keep the suspicion from spreading as long as possible, and avoid disgracing their poor child while there is a chance of its cure by their confidential assistance. He should have their pity and assiduous help, as if he were suffering under some bodily disorder. If he can be cured, he will become duly grateful for the treatment. If the endeavor fail, means must of course be taken to prevent his example from doing harm; and then, as I said, the family peace is broken up, because the family confidence is gone. I fear that, from some cause or another, there are but few large families where every member is altogether truthful. But where all are so organized and so trained as to be wholly reliable in act and word, they are a light to all eyes, and a joy to all hearts. They are public benefits, for they are a point of general reliance; and they are privately blessed within and without. Without, their life is made easy by universal trust; and within their home and their hearts they have the security of rectitude, and the gladness of innocence.—*Harriet Martineau.*

PRAYING FOR RAIN.

Perhaps there is no class of professional gentlemen more given to telling anecdotes "on themselves" than the clergy. Who, for example, but a minister could be so thoughtful of the public hilarity as to preserve for "the general joy of the whole company," as Macbeth saith, the following:

The long drought of this summer recalls some of the quaint, and, as we should think in these days, over-familiar expressions of our fathers when praying for rain. In 1812 a genial company were traveling in a stage-coach from Albany to Niagara Falls. Rev. Jedediah Morse, Edward Everett, Col. T. H. Perkins and Chandler Starr with Mrs. Starr, made up the party. The dry weather of that season called from Mr. Morse the following anecdote: A Cape Cod clergyman had one Sabbath prayed most earnestly for rain. He entreated the Lord to "uncork the bottles of heaven, and send down the refreshing showers." The drought had lasted through August and a part of September. Tuesday morning the rain storm began, and continued with great violence till Friday, flooding the country and sweeping off bridges in all directions. Saturday night it set in to rain again, and Sabbath morning it was still pouring down. This time the prayer was as follows: "O Lord, we recently took occasion to entreat Thee to unpack the bottles of Heaven, and send down the refreshing showers, but we *did not mean that the corks should be thrown away!*" Mr. Starr followed with a story of "Parson Howe," of Milton, Connecticut. On a similar occasion, if not during the same drought, he petitioned for relief in these words: "O Lord we want rain very much. The rye is suffering prodigiously. Of corn we shall not have a crop. As for the potatoes, it is all up with them; and there's that grass of Deacon Comstock's, it is as red as a fox's tail."

WHERE ARE THE YOUNG MEN?

There are curious facts, noticeable in the Eastern States, to which occasional allusion is made in conversation and the newspapers—facts which illustrate the scarcity of young men of a certain class. At every fashionable summer resort, the small number of young men and the comparative plentifulness of young women are matters of notoriety. If there should happen to be, in such a gathering as this, half a dozen young men, of unexceptionable position, to six times that number of young women in a corresponding position, the thirty-six women would account themselves peculiarly fortunate. The ladies of a traveling party in Europe are, as a rule, in an overwhelming majority. The fact that beaux are scarce in all public places, is one with which the young women of the Eastern States are painfully familiar. There are many good reasons to be offered for this disproportion of the sexes in such places—the pressure of work or of study upon the men, at a period of life when their time is not wholly at their disposal, being the principal one.

If it were only in the resorts for summer recreation that young men are scarce, the fact would not be noteworthy particularly. They ought to have something to do, and enough to do to keep them from spending a great deal of time in the pursuit of pleasure. It is a startling fact, however, that the young men of the first class, or those regarded as belonging to the first class, are as scarce in the towns as they are at the summer hotels. The marriageable girls among Eastern families of the best position are in overwhelmingly larger numbers than are the marriageable young men in the same position. Something of this is due to the ravages made by the late war among the ranks of the young men. Something more is due to the emigration westward of great numbers of them, so that, in some of the Western States, the men outnumber the women. Whatever the causes may be, they are sufficient to establish a marked inequality in the number of the sexes in the class to which we allude. There are many social circles, in every Eastern city and considerable town, embracing great numbers of beautiful and well-educated young women, in which there cannot be found a brilliant or even particularly desirable match among the men.

Now to us this is one of the most sad and serious things connected with our social condition; and it has a world to do with the uneasiness of women, manifested in various ways—the universal seeking for something with which to fill up life, and make it significant.

But we have a practical reason for calling attention to this matter; and this we propose to present in a statement relating to a large number of young men, usually assigned to the second class in society. While our fine young girls are bemoaning the lack of young men, and the scarcity of beaux who are marriageable and who mean marriage, there is a class of young men whom they do not recognize at all, yet who will furnish to the next generation its men of enterprise, of power, of position, and of wealth. It is not the sons of the rich who will, as a rule, remain rich. The sons of the poor will get rich; and there are to-day, drudging in offices, and counting-rooms and store-houses, and machine shops, and printing establishments, the men who, in twenty-five years, will control the nation, socially, politically, and financially. Every man of them means to be married; they will, as a rule, make excellent husbands; they are all at work trying to win success. They are men who would be easily improved by recognition, and by bringing them into good intelligent society; yet they are as little noticed as if they were so many dogs. Virtuous young men from the country go into the city, and live for years without any society, and are regarded by the fashionable young women with indifference or contempt; but those young men have a hold upon the future; and when their success is won in whatever field of en