The Bradford Reporter.

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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.

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. 12,15,69.

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

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

BARTLETT & TRACY, (GENERAL *INSURANCE AGENTS* AND *REAL ESTATE BROKERS*,) ☞ TOWANDA, PA. Oct. 29, 1873.

THE UNDERSIGNED ARCHITECT AND BUILDER, wishes to inform the citizens of Towanda and vicinity, that he will give particular attention to drawing plans, designs and specifications for all manner of buildings, private and public. Superintendence given for reasonable compensation. Office at residence N. E. corner of Second and Elizabeth streets.

J. E. FLEMMING, oct5'71 Box 511, Towanda, Pa.

W. W. KINGSBURY, REAL ESTATE, LIFE, FIRE, & ACCIDENT INSURANCE AGENCY. Office, corner of Main and State Streets, March 13, 1872. TOWANDA, PA.

SASH, DOORS, AND BLINDS. I am prepared to furnish Kiln-dried Doors, Sash and Blinds of any style, size, or thickness, on short notice. Hand in your orders ten days before you want to use the articles, and be sure that you will get doors that will not shrink or swell. Terms cash on delivery. Towanda, July 15, 1873. GEO. P CASH.

INSURANCE.—The following reliable and FIRE TRIED Companies represented. LYCOMING, PHENIX, HOME, MERCHANTS. Mar 19 '74-tf. O. A. BLACK.

G. W. HEATH Has established his business of Manufacturing and Repairing all kinds of EDGE TOOLS, MILL PICKS, MADE AND DRESSED He also makes the best STRAW CUTTER now in use. All orders filled promptly. at MEANS, ROCKWELL & CO., TOWANDA, PA. Jan 14, '74-3m.

TO OUR PATRONS.

GEO. H. WOOD & CO., PHOTOGRAPHERS, TOWANDA, PA.

Grateful for the generous patronage of the past year, would inform all wanting Pictures that we are still adding to our establishment NEW AND IMPROVED INSTRUMENTS, And adopting tried and approved modes of printing and retouching in order to secure FINER PHOTOGRAPHS THAN HERETOFORE made outside of the cities, and that we make it a specialty to enlarge all kinds of Pictures to any size desired, and finish in Water Colors, India Ink, or in Oil, in the BEST STYLES AND VERY LOW PRICES.

We also endeavor to take all the time possible in making children's pictures, so as to secure the best results. We are constantly adding to our stock of FRAMES All new patterns and tasteful styles, and furnish them at a small advance from cost prices. May 14, 1873.

BARGAINS! BARGAINS! HURRAH! HURRAH! for the next 90 days, OF SPRING AND SUMMER CLOTHING, AT M. E. ROSENFIELD'S Opposite Tracy's New Block; Store formerly occupied by Wickham & Black, has just received and is constantly receiving new stock of Spring and Summer Clothing, for MEN AND BOYS' WEAR, Than can be found in any other establishment outside the cities, AT LOWER PRICES THAN EVER. Also, a full line of GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS, Hats, Caps and Silk Hats, all of the latest styles and novelties of the present season, which I am offering at the VERY LOWEST PRICES, all bought direct from the manufacturer, therefore I will make it an object to all cash buyers to purchase clothing of me this Spring. All goods warranted as represented. Thanking you all for your kind and liberal patronage formerly extended, I respectfully ask a continuance of the same. M. E. ROSENFIELD, April 23,'74. Towanda, Pa.

GO TO JACOBS' TEMPLE OF FASHION MAIN STREET, FOR LATEST STYLES IN SPRING AND SUMMER CLOTHING. GOODS RECEIVED EVERY DAY. Towanda, April 3, 1874.

STAMPING DONE AT MRS. HENRY KINGSBURY'S DRESS-MAKING ROOMS, No. 2, ARCADE BLOCK. Towanda, Dec. 11, 1873.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

SMITH & MONTANYE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Office—corner of Main and Pine Streets, opposite Porter's Drug Store.

DR. T. B. JOHNSON, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Office over Dr. H. C. Porter Son & Co.'s Drug Store.

DR. C. M. STANLEY, DENTIST, successor to Dr. Weston. Office in Patton's Block, up stairs, Main Street, Towanda, Pa. All kinds of plate work a specialty. Jan.15'73

DR. S.M. WOODBURN, Physician and Surgeon, Office over Wickham & Black's Crockery store. Towanda, May 1, 1872.-tf*

FOYLE & McPHERSON, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Towanda, Pa. Will give prompt attention to all matters entrusted to their care. Orphans' Court business a specialty. W. FOYLE. [may21'73] I. M'PHERSON.

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

H. W. PATRICK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Office, Mercur's Block, next door to the Express Office, Towanda, Pa. July17,1873.

W. H. CARNOCHAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW (District Attorney for Bradford County), Troy, Pa. Collections made and promptly remitted. feb 18, '69—tf.*

WOOD & SANDERSON, *ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW*, TOWANDA, PA. JAMES WOOD. [may 27] JOHN F. SANDERSON.

W. B. KELLY, DENTIST.—Office over Wickham & Black's, Towanda, Pa. Teeth inserted on Gold, Silver, Rubber, and Aluminum base. Teeth extracted without pain. Oc23,72

MADILL & CALIFF, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Towanda, Pa. H. J. MADILL, J. N. CALIFF. Office in Wood's Block, first door south of First National Bank, up stairs. Jan.8,73-1y

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. apl 14'70 E. OVERTON, JR. N. C. ELSBREE.

JOHN W. MIX, *ATTORNEY-AT-LAW*, TOWANDA, PA. Special attention given to claims against Insurance Companies. Office, South side of Public Square. [Nov 18'73.

MR. D. L. DODSON, OPERATIVE AND MECHANICAL DENTIST. North Maine-st., opposite Episcopal Church, Towanda, Pa. All dental operations a specialty. Jan 14.

PECK & STREETER, *LAW OFFICE*, TOWANDA, PA. W. A. PECK. [Jan.15'74] H. STREETER.

E. C. GRIDLEY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, April 1, 1873. Towanda, Pa.

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.

PEET & DAVIES, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, MERCUR'S BLOCK, Apr 1' 4. Towanda, Pa.

HALE & PATTON, AGENTS FOR CONNECTICUT MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO. Office No. 3 Griffith & Patton's Block, Bridge Street. March 26, 1874.

P. A. QUICK, M. D., GRADUATE UNIVERSITY OF BUFFALO, N. Y., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, SUGAR RUN, PA. Office at Store of J. STOWELL. March 26,-1874-3m*.

Hotels.

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 Griffin, 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, '68—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.

MANSION HOUSE, LERAYSVILLE, PA. W. W. BROWNING, PROPRIETOR. This House is conducted in strictly Temperance Principles. Every effort will be made to make guests comfortable. Good rooms and the table will always be supplied with the best the market affords. Nov. 1, 1871.

BETHLEHEM, PA. "OLD MORAVIAN SUN INN," BUILT 1758. Rich in historical interest, it is the only building in the country except Independence Hall, honored by the sojourn within its walls of Washington, LaFayette, Lee, Gates and other patriots of the revolution. This popular hotel has recently changed hands, been improved, entirely refurnished, and the proprietor cordially invites his friends and travelling public to give him a call—no pains will be spared to render their stay comfortable. People en route for Philadelphia will find it convenient to spend the night here, reaching the city about eight in the morning. A sample room on first floor for accommodation of commercial agents. C. T. SMITH, Sept 4, 1873. Proprietor.

NEW ARRANGEMENT AT THE FIRST WARD BAKERY. MRS. MARY E. KITTREDGE Having purchased the stock and fixtures of H. A. Cowles' Bakery, has refitted the establishment and purchased an entirely NEW STOCK OF GOODS, Suited to the trade, such as GROCERIES, TEAS, COFFEE, DRIED FRUITS, CANNED FRUITS, CANDIES, CONFECTIONERY, FRESH BREAD, BISCUITS, BUNS, ROLLS, &c., DAILY. A neat and attractive ICE CREAM SALOON Will be opened in connection with the establishment where ladies and gentlemen can always find the best cream and other delicacies of the season. THE DINING ROOM Has been refurnished, and will at all times be supplied with substantial eatables, which will be served at reasonable rates. Farmers and others visiting town will find this a convenient place to supply the wants of the inner man. MARY E. KITTREDGE. Towanda, April 23,'74-tf.

FOR SALE OR RENT.—A desirable House and Lot on Fourth street, fifth house north of O. D. Bartlett's, convenient to Institute or Graded School. Enquire on premises. WM. S. MOSCRIP. Towanda, March 12, '74-tf.

Selected Poetry.

WHO SHALL JUDGE?

Who shall judge him from his manners?
Who shall know him by his dress?
Paupers may be fit for princes,
Princes fit for something less.
Crumpled shirt and dirty jacket
May be lothe the golden ore,
Or the deepest thoughts and feelings—
Satin vest can do no more.

There are streams of crystal nectar
Ever flowing out of stone;
There are purple beds and golden,
Hidden, crushed, and overthrown.
God, who counts by souls, not dresses,
Loves and prospers you and me,
While he values thrones the highest
But as pebbles in the sea.

Man upraised above his fellows,
Oft forgets his fellows then;
Masters—rulers—lords, remember,
That your meanest kinds are men!
Men of labor, men of feeling,
Men of thought, and men of fame,
Claiming rights to golden sunshine
In a man's ennobling name.

There are foam-embroidered oceans,
There are little wood-clad rills;
There are feeble inch-high saplings,
There are cedars on the hills.
God, who counts by souls, not stations,
Loves and prospers you and me;
For Him all the vain distinctions
Are as pebbles in the sea.

Toiling hands alone are builders
Of a nation's wealth and fame;
Titled laziness is pensioned,
Fed and fattened on the same,
By the sweat of others' foreheads,
Living only to rejoice,
While the poor man's outraged freedom
Vainly lifts its feeble voice.

Truth and justice are eternal,
Born with loveliness and light;
Secret wrongs shall never prosper
While there is a shinny right.
God, whose world-wide voice is singing
Boundless love to you and me,
Heeds oppression with its titles
But as pebbles in the sea.

Miscellanous.

ELISIE ARNOLD'S HUSBAND.

I.

Two lovers were walking slowly one moonlight night along a solitary stretch of beach upon the shores of Lake Michigan.

They were married lovers; but those contrasts that we instinctively call "made for each other" were displayed in their figures and in their young faces turned to each other, dark and blonde. Even their voices shared this contrast, the one firm, deep-toned and measured, the other capricious in accent and tremulously sweet.

"The only trouble is," said Elsie, every one says this cannot last. It seems that after awhile the most romantic love—to be sure, no love could be *quite* so romantic as ours—either fades away, or settles down in a calm friendship. I should *die* of calm friendship. Even Aunt Marainna told me upon my wedding-day, 'You cannot expect the husband and the lover to be just the same.' But I do expect it; do I not, dear Fred?"

"You do expect it," answered her husband. "And you are right; that change will not come to us."

"And must any change," asked Elsie, musingly, "come to us? I suppose it must; sorrow and old age, perhaps. Very soon, no doubt, I shall have to tie up these curls that you like so much." She glanced ruefully at the long ringlets from which the straw hat was tossed carelessly back. "Fred," she said, reproachfully, "you might not love me so well if I should change."

"Do you suppose I would not know you through all change," he asked, "as certainly as I knew you in that black domino at the A—— mask? Love identifies to the soul's core; it would n't be worth living for if it did not. Besides, darling, you have something that time does not steal so easily as it steals the mere charm of youth, and that fascinates me more deeply: you have grace."

"Grace?" repeated Elsie. She lifted her eyebrows slightly, extended her arm thoughtfully to the length of the loosened hat-strings her dimpled hand held, and thrust one fairy foot daintly forward and back.

"Not for you own appreciation," said Fred, gravely, "but none the less for mine. Some one has remarked—I forget the precise language, but the idea I recollect—'If you love a woman for her beauty, you may love her for five years; if you love her for intellectual qualities, you will love ten years; but if you love her *for her ways*, you will love her forever.' Now, Elsie, these ways have nothing to do with complexion or curls, my dear."

"And you?" said the little wife. "For I am not sure that my adoration for my husband is founded strictly on his ways. Some of those ways are dark. How would it be if *you* should change? Let me see—if you should turn bald, just here," smoothing up from his forehead the dark locks she liked; "or if you should lose an eye, and could only look at me half—oh, don't!—or if you should grow stout—woefully stout—could you blame me if romance stopped? Hopeless incompatibility of square inches between affection and its object! for how could I put a wing or a bay-window on my heart?"

"Do not talk so even in jest," said Fred, really pained. "We may be thankful that we have the power to look deep."

"I do not wish to look deep," said Elsie, willfully; I prefer shallows. I never looked deep in my life but I saw something at the bottom of the depth *lying dead*, or something unspeakably sad, as pale as death. But there! we are talking nonsense, and it is growing late. I feel a chill of night air from head to foot, and we have almost quarreled, I think. Dear Fred, let us go home at once."

They followed the white curve of the inlet toward the glimmering lights of the town, and crossing a narrow field-path in the outskirts, entered the rudely-built and solitary cabin that they called home.

The moonlight shown broadly into a scantily-furnished dwelling room, under whose outer doorway a letter had been thrust.

"FRIEND ARNOLD.—I find, for reasons you will appreciate, a necessity for getting off at once. We start tomorrow—whole family—at daybreak. Expect you to join us next week at F——, goods and chattels complete.

My respects to Mrs. A. She is of the same calibre as my wife. Such women are a help. Hurrah for success, and Westward Ho! Doc."

This letter, meagre as it was, served to bestir the Arnolds at once.

More than a year had passed since Fred Arnold's imprudent marriage, that displeased not only his own friends, but those of the pretty school-girl, petted and portionless, who became his wife. Emigrating to the West, and waiting in an ill-chosen law office for clients that never came, he had nearly exhausted his small patrimony. The doctor, his companion from the East, equally unfortunate, failed to find in D—— the linked sickness long drawn out upon which he had founded his professional hopes. Nothing remained for them now but a removal to some more promising place.

Accordingly, the first bright morning of the following week found Elsie and Fred perched upon a huge baggage-wagon laden with household goods, slowly wending their way along the high-road that, girt with narrow prairies and charming oak-openings, stretches from the shores of Lake Michigan further west.

II.

Winter had passed, and the wild Spring winds had swept across the prairies tide after tide of fantastic bloom. In the town the gardens were at their brightest. Along the white-fenced streets the villa-like cottages were embowered in flowering vines. The air was fragrant with the delicious of breath roses and honeysuckles, and more than ever fragrant at the hour of the morning, when the owners were for the most part fast asleep, and the flowers themselves were heavy with dew.

At that hour a laboring man, whose clanking boots had sounded harshly along the pavement in a long approach, paused at the door of a lodging-house built apart from the gardened cottages, and asked a slipshod girl who was cleaning its doorstep, "Does Miss Arnold, the schoolma'am, live in here?"

"She lives here," answered the maid, "but you can't see her afore breakfast at this hathen hour."

"But I must see her," the man said, planting himself upon the step; it's bizness."

"An' I'm afther tellin' ye, bizness or no bizness—but sure here's the teacher herself."

"Is it for me?" asked a sweet voice; and into the doorway from a room adjoining the passage came a young creature in white morning robe and golden curls—Elsie Arnold. "Have you a message for me?" she asked.

"I cum to see, miss, if ye've anything direc' from the squeer."

"No news," said the wife, sadly. "No. I hoped, indeed, you had some word for me. I am expecting tidings every hour. The last were from 'The Pinery,' five weeks ago, when the rafts were ready to go down the river. They should have been long before this at St. Louis."

"Wa'all," said the man, "I've cum for my papers. I heerd accidental as heow Squeer Arnold, up in them pine woods, had took the measles worst sort, an' lay at the p'int of death. Ye see, neow, if he should drap off, my bizness might fall thro'."

The usual drawl in which this sentence was uttered broke at the last prolonged syllable into something like a whistle of dismay, for Elsie had fallen senseless to the floor.

"Ye've killed her entirely," cried the maid; and "What 'ave you done to Mrs. Harnold?" demanded the landlady, who in the one instant required to transfer violition from the key-hole to the latch appeared upon the scene.

"She dropped like a stone, an' I do n't know what fur," explained the man; and he considerately added, as the women lifted the slight burden and bore it away, "I'll leave them papers, an' sen' Billly fur 'em."

It was long before Elsie recovered from her death-like swoon, and then only to lie silently with closed eyes, while people of the house watched in turn by her bed. Two days had passed thus, when late in the afternoon the doctor's wife entered, and something in the tone of her voice aroused Elsie. She looked up with a faint smile.

"Are you strong enough," were the words that greeted her, "to hear good news?"

"If there can be good news," murmured Elsie, who during the long hours of day and night that had seemed to her an eternity of suffering, had looked at life as into an open grave.

The doctor's wife was cautious in bestowing what she had brought. She proceeded to deliver messages from school-girls, and to strew the counterpane of Elsie's bed with the bouquets her little scholars had sent. By-and-by, however, a package of letters was produced, and at last a missive of more recent date. He had already reached a village only twenty miles distant; he might be in F—— to-night.

"Coming to-night!" These were the words that lifted the prostrated Elsie, as if some potent magic had made them a staff of strength. "Coming to-night!" she repeated to herself, and refusing all help she glided to and fro in loving preparation, arranged everything in order, decorated the room with flowers, and put on the blue dress that was Fred's favorite. All his letters she had read; many of them she had read twice.

"Coming to-night!" she had said to herself for the hundredth time, and hardly could believe its full truth yet, when she became aware of an unusual commotion in the passage leading past her room to the front steps. There, after tea, to enjoy the Spring twilight that lingers so long across the prairie plains, loiterers were grouped. She heard the commotion of the arrival, voices of welcome, his voice! The door opened, and she was clasped to her husband's breast.

Minutes of perfect happiness, long as they may last, are brief. Fred had whispered to his wife, "We must never be parted again," and Elsie had said in her tremulous delight, "Life has come back." And then she lifted her head from her husband's shoulder to take one look at his loved face. And then—

There was—never to be recalled, never to be forgotten—a start of horror, a cry of pain.

Elsie crept back into her husband's arms, cold as an icicle, shivering like a frost-bitten leaf.

"Speak to me, dear Fred, that I may know it is you; speak to me. Let me hear your *voice*."

A sealed letter lay upon Elsie's toilet-table the third day after her husband's return. She found it when, drearily languid from the reaction of an intense excitement, she had arisen too late to be punctual at school, too indifferent to care for the fault. It was as follows:

"ELSIE—I shall have left F—— for St. Louis before you awake and read these lines. I shall walk to R——, and, taking the cars there, journey rapidly, so that by Monday I may be in my place at the law office of——

"That I had planned differently, I need not tell you. And now one word in justification for all the pain I have occasioned. I did not realize how much I had changed. My preoccupied thoughts kept me from knowing that my eyes were still reddened beyond recognition, and my face so rough and sunburned as to mask me to my wife. No friend had mercy enough to tell me.

"Not until I saw your gaze of horror, and felt, in spite of all your efforts to conceal your detestation, that I was no longer lovable in your eyes, did I become aware of the hideous fact.

"I should have left the house that night but for the fear of arousing unhappy remark. By remaining here these three days, I think I have prevented the slightest suspicion of the truth.

"I have said to people interested that you felt in honor bound to continue teaching until the end of the term. You will know I did not intend it to be so. I meant to stay until a substitute could be found, and then take you with me.

"But now do not come to me, Elsie, until I send for you. Do not write. Send me every other day a blank page by mail, the semblance of a letter. I will send you the same, so that no heartless eyes or busy tongues may meddle with our—"

Here a word was erased, but Elsie deciphered it "misery." "Affair" had been substituted.

"Remember, if you are tempted to write, I shall not read a word so written, and I make this resolve in good faith, and for your protection as for mine."

No name was signed.

How would it have been possible for Fred to write "your husband," after a cold, hard, repellant address like this? But for the *erased word*, Elsie would have torn it into fragments and scattered it to the winds. For the sake of "our misery" she kept the scrawl; kept it through all the miserable weeks that followed, when every semblance of a letter, "following close and following faster," more clearly defined those wretched words.

IV.

The journey required twenty miles by carriage to the railway station at R——.

"Fred has given special directions," said Elsie, upon whose cheeks burned in two hectic coals the fever of excitement, "that I should stay at R—— over night, and be rested for to-morrow's journey. He is to meet me at the train that reaches St. Louis at evening.

So far as R. she was attended by friends, and early the next morning, amidst a throng of affectionate adieux, started onward alone. She saw no face in the car that she knew. Without, the landscape, dulled by clouds that ere long descended in drizzling rain, had no interest. The old lady with a hundred bundles, that came in at the next station and pounced upon the unengaged seat by Elsie's side, and asked as many questions as she had bundles succumbed to monosyllables. And Elsie gave herself to reverie.

She began by taking a look at the miniature which she forever wore, and by giving a mental thrust at the *bete noire*, which a contrast, born of association of ideas, had attached to this miniature of Fred, a thrust of deadly envy at the miracle Desdemona, who saw her lover's "visage in his mind," she passed to thorny "ifs" of her young life. If we had never been separated, the change would have been gradual, and have given me no shock! If I had only made him know that night it was not him, but that which was not him, that forced me in such terror to cry out! If I could by dying for it take back that cry! Ah, Fate's acoustics are so hard, no cries are ever taken back. If I could but know whether to him, looking deeper than I looked, there was not in my earthliness of vision, something which masked my soul from his love more effectually than the marring of his dear face masked him from me! If I could but gather from out the air, as now I rush to him, one word to say, "You are forgiven! If—" and so on, and so on.

Day declined, the rain ceased; the setting sun sent a glistening sheen across the meadow pools; the cleared atmosphere transmitted upon the infinitesimal sparkles a sense of hopefulness and peace. Elsie's reverie glided into sleep.

She was awakened by what seemed to her a piercing shriek.

Darting a glance along the car, she saw two children who, entering a few stations back in gala dress, had caught her notice; saw one of these, the girl decked in tinsel and tarlatan, wringing her hands with grief; the other, the boy, lifted in men's arms, wounded, and bleeding at the mouth. She looked out from the car window, and saw two men, savagely hurt, staggering beside a ditch, and near them a sight too dreadful for the light. She heard the piercing shriek that had died away, return, shattered into innumerable moans. A sudden pain made her think to press her hand against her temple; her arm was powerless to obey the impulse. With the effort came a sensation of faintness, followed by unconsciousness complete.

At whatever time afterward she became conscious, she found herself in a large room, the broad entrance hall of a hotel, lying upon a sofa. People, a number of prostrate people, on litters, on cots, on floor-spread blankets, were around. Among these prostrates moved an anxious crowd, presently dimmed by an overspreading distance, and in that distance clear and perfect, and oh! not strange, Fred's face bending over her, Fred's voice saying, with an intensity such as nothing gives but the long-pent agony of love wrestling with fate, and treading fate under foot at last.

"My wife! my darling wife!"

V.

Two ladies in the rustling silks and clouding lace of visiting costume came down the flower-vased steps of a spacious house upon the most famous avenue of the West. They entered the carriage that awaited them, and drove in silence to the many blocks.

At last, and with a sigh, the younger lady said, "You had hardly prepared me for such a wonderful interior."

"It is a wonder," said the elder, with an accent of real enjoyment; "so exceedingly rich in details, yet with such quiet unity as a whole! The arrangement of the series of drawing rooms opening upon a central one is something new with us."

"And significant in this case," suggested her friend, in a tone like pity.

"Yes; and the draperies, especially those portieres in three shades of velvet; and the management of light is a study, at evening as well as by day. You should be here, my dear, at one of their exquisite musicales. The objects of art, too!—that one picture by Church is enough in itself to memorize a house. Then the marbles! the rare flowers! those great arches of Australian ferns, how can they be kept growing so? And the bronzes! I was perfectly carried away by the bronze of Gerome's Cleopatra. Could there be a more complete embodiment of Shakspeare's 'Serpent of the Nile?'—a more perfect epitome of the subtle, electric grace of fascination?"

"But to think," said the young lady, "of a superb man like Frederick Arnold tied to a hopeless invalid,—a crippled wife! How long did you say? Ten years?"

"Yes; but he adores her. I suppose there is not a happier woman. With the exception, too, of that calamity, their life has been a romance of good fortune. And do you know, I think she is singularly interesting.

I can understand how a man like Frederick Arnold, standing all day in the vivid arena of his time, using that eloquent voice of his at some strain above all the conflicts—I can understand how he may come home at night to that enshrined wife—"

"'Enshrined,' you may well say," exclaimed the other. "And I am not sure that I ought to pity him. But upon my word, all the beauty lavished in that house vanished from my eyes, it was so utterly subordinate to that one central couch where his wife lay. I was just impressed with the vague idea that all the joys of life had been knitted into a wreath to hang around—a dying image. Ten years? Well, let me never say again there is no constancy in man."

To which commentary Elsie might have added: "And in all these ten years of devotion, not a word has crossed my husband's lips of that dark night when he came home, loving, and his wife shrank from him as from a stranger."

And Fred might have added, in the simplicity of his loyal heart, "Strange that a woman like my wife, of a soul so infinitely graceful that whatever comes near her is moulded into harmony, and who inspires the homage of the most gifted minds, should be as unconscious of her charm as a little child. I shall never forget—it was a few weeks after we had brought her home, and while there was still some hope of recovery—I heard her say to her physician, "Can't you possibly, dear doctor, make we well enough to move about? Can't you restore to me a little of a woman's gracefulness? My husband loves me for *my grace*.'"—*Harper's Weekly.*

THE END OF LIFE.—We shall come down to the time when we have but ten days left, then nine days, then eight days, then seven days, six days, five days, four days, three days, two days, one day. The hours: three hours, two hours, one hour. The only minutes left: four minutes three minutes, two minutes, one minute. The only seconds left: four seconds, three seconds, two seconds, one second! Gone! The chater of life is ended! The book closed! The pulse at rest! The feet through with the journey! The hands closed from all work! A word on the lip. No breath in the nostrils. Hair combed, to lie undisheveled by any human hands. The muscle still. The nerves still. The lungs still. The tongue still. All still. You might put the stethoscope to the breast and hear no sound. You might put a speaking trumpet to the ear, but you could not break deafness. No motion. No throb. No life. Still! Still! —*Talmage.*

GREAT MISTAKES.—To set up our standard of right and wrong, and judge people accordingly.

To measure the enjoyment of others by our own.

To expect uniformity of oppinion in this world.

To endeavor to mould all dispositions alike.

Not to yield to immaterial trifles.

To look for perfection in our own actions.

To worry others and ourselves with what cannot be remedied.

Not to make allowances for the infirmities of others.

To consider everything impossible which we cannot perform.

To expect to be able to understand everything.

[For the REPORTER.]

THE PRESIDENT'S FINANCIAL VIEWS.

President Grant is an exceedingly able man, but unlike many great men, has a modest opinion of his own ability. He has a policy, but differs from Andrew Johnson in not desiring to force it on the country in opposition to the will of a majority of the people. Naturally firm in his opinions and persistent in his undertakings, he has never shown any spirit of "Cæsarism," or the tyrannical determination to rule or ruin. On the contrary, in publishing his financial views to the country, instead of sending them to Congress as a message, he expressly declares that discussion may modify them; and it is evidently his desire to *invite* discussion, in order that he may be able to discover their weak points; and those editors and politicians who applaud, merely because they are the views of the President—not caring whether he is right or wrong,—like the flatterers of Canute, will only be despised by the man they attempt to flatter.

As the writer of this has voted for Gen. Grant on two occasions, and never asked him for any favors nor been refused, it cannot be inferred that his criticisms are inspired by any unfriendly feelings.

The President's first proposition is as follows: He would like to see the legal-tender clause, so called, repealed, the repeal to take effect say the 1st day of July, 1875. Second, he would like to see a provision that on a certain day, say July 1st, 1876, the currency issued by the United States should be redeemed in coin on presentation to any assistant treasurer, and that the currency thus redeemed should be canceled and never again be re-issued.

We cannot but believe that the second proposition was intended to be first, and that by some means they have got misplaced. The value of the legal-tender notes depends, in a great measure, on their legal-tender character. Every one believes that the government will redeem them sometime; but whether it ever does so or not, so long as they remain a legal-tender they will answer every purpose of money, except the payment of duties on imports and interest on public debt. To destroy their legal-tender character next year, without any provision to redeem them until the year following, could not fail to greatly impair their value, as it would stop their circulation as currency and render them perfectly useless except for two purposes—to pay old debts and to hold for a whole year without interest, and without faith on the part of the holder in the ability of the government to redeem them when the appointed time arrives. To repeal the legal-tender clause, without at the same time offering to replace these notes with coin, would be an act of flagrant injustice.

The legal-tender clause is a part of the printed contract between the borrower and the lender,—between the government which issued these notes, and the soldiers and people who received them in good faith in payment for their services and their property; and the government has no more right in equity to repeal this clause, than it has to repudiate the whole three hundred and eighty odd millions of dollars in these notes now in circulation as money.

Let us put one of them on the witness stand and hear what it says: "This note is a legal-tender at its face value for all debts, public and private, except duties on imports and interest on public debt." They all declare the same thing, and there is no disagreement in their testimony. They were printed strictly in accordance with law, and the legal-tender clause is just as much a part of the bond as the promise to pay, and can no more be repealed than that can.

The only honest way to get these notes out of circulation, if they stand in the way of resumption, is to pay them first and then blacken their character afterwards.

But aside from the injustice of the measure, if adopted as a step towards resumption of specie payments, it has not the slightest promise of success; and, in our opinion, would result in a worse failure than the attack on the rebels at Cold Harbor. If the government demoralized three hundred and eighty millions of dollars of notes in the people's hands, destroying their value as a circulating medium, and did this a whole year before it was ready to redeem them, it might make certain calculations on having every dollar of it presented at the treasury for redemption when the appointed time came. The debtor who takes the stay of exention, do n't expect any lenity from his creditor after that.

The vast amount of coin needed for the redemption of these notes, the President proposes to borrow or procure by the sale of bonds. It is well known that the government, by its sales of gold for years past, has forced down the premium, and is still keeping it down, to a point much below the one it would occupy were it not for such sales. Few have realized the great benefits the country has received from this supervision and control which the government has been able to hold over the gold market, thereby maintaining a steadiness to values which makes our situation tolerable. What do you suppose the premium would be on gold when the government, instead of being a seller went into the market as a buyer of enormous sums, bidding against people who must have it to pay duties on imports and debts contracted after the repeal of the legal-tender clause? There can be but one answer to the question: the price would be just what the gold gamblers thought it to be their interest to ask; and there would probably be an excitement in the gold market, in comparison to which the "Black Friday" would be as a quaker meeting. If all the bullionists in the world had combined their cunning to concoct a scheme for their own profit and the country's ruin, they never could have conceived a measure surer to accomplish their purpose than this.

We believe the effort to resume in this manner, after upsetting values, deranging business and causing incalculable distress, would utterly fail; and that our last estate would be worse than the first. The experiment of withdrawing all bills of a less denomination than $10, is said to have been tried in the State of New York and found wanting. When the government and the banks shall have resumed, the people will have coin if they want it; and if they don't want it, why force them to use it?

The proposition of the President to provide an excess of revenue over expenditures, for the purpose of constantly reducing the national debt, is sensible and sound; and he can no more be driven from that impregnable position than he could be driven from Vicksburg. Let the government increase its tariff duties and internal revenues, applying the surplus in paying its gold interest bearing debt, which is chiefly held in Europe, and is drawing the gold out of the country like a huge vampire sucking out our life blood; and when this debt is all paid and the balance of trade in our favor, as it will be, there can be little demand for gold, and resumption will come like a willing bride, of its own free will and accord; and having come then, it will come to stay. CASTELAR.

SEDENTARY HABITS.

A man may be healthy without being strong; but all health tends, more or less, toward strength, and all disease is weakness. Now, any one may see in Nature, that things grow big simply by growing; this growth is a constant and habitual exercise of vital or vegetative force, and whatever checks or diminishes the action of this force—say, harsh winds or frost—will stop the growth and stunt the production. Let the student, therefore, bear in mind that sitting on a chair, leaning over a desk, poring over a book, cannot possibly be the way to make his body grow. The blood can be made to flow, and the muscles to play freely, only by exercise, and if that exercise be not taken, Nature will not be mocked. Every young student ought to make a sacred resolution to move about in the open air at least two hours every day. If he does not do this, cold feet, the clogging of the wheels of the internal parts of the fleshy frame, and the various shades of stomachic and cerebral discomfort will not fail in due season to inform him that he has been sinning against Nature, and, if he does not mend his courses as a bad boy, he will certainly be flogged, for Nature is never like some soft hearted human masters, over-merciful in her treatment. But why should a student indulge so much in the lazy and unhealthy habit of sitting, often not a little better; and as for reading, in these days, when the most weighty books may be had cheaply, in the lightest form, there is no necessity why a person should be bending his back and doubling his chest, merely because he happens to have a book in his hand. A man will read a play or poem far more naturally and effectively while walking up and down the room than when sitting sleepily in a chair. Sitting, in fact, is a slovenly habit, and ought not to be indulged. But when a man does sit, or must sit, let him at all events sit erect, with his back to the light, and a full free projection of the breast. Also, when studyidg languages, or reading fine passages of poetry, let him read as much as possible aloud; a practice recommended by Clemens, of Alexandria, and which will have the double good effect of strengthening that most important vital element, the lungs