The Bradford Reporter.

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TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

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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.

Professional and Business Cards.

JAMES WOOD, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, mch9-76 TOWANDA, PA.

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

JOHN F. SANDERSON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, OFFICE.—Means Building (over Powell's Store). mch9-76 TOWANDA, PA.

D. D. SMITH, DENTIST, Towanda, Pa. Office on Park street, north side Public Square, next to Elwell House. [mch9-76

S. W. & WM. LITTLE, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, TOWANDA, PA. Office in Patton's Block, cor. Main and Bridge Sts. Towanda, Pa., April 18, '76.

H. STREETER, LAW OFFICE, aug20. TOWANDA, PA.

OVERTON & MERCUR, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, TOWANDA PA. Office over Montanyes Store, [may675. D. A. OVERTON. RODNEY A. MERCUR.

WM. MAXWELL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. OFFICE OVER DAYTON'S STORE, TOWANDA, PA. April 12, 1875.

PATRICK & FOYLE, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. Towanda, Pa. Office, in Mercur's Block. [jly17-73.

L. C. GRIDLEY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, April 1, 1875. TOWANDA, PA.

G. F. MASON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, TOWANDA PA. Office first door south of C. B. Patch Exp., second floor. Nov. 18, '75.

F. L. HILLIS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, TOWANDA, PA. Office with Smith & Montanye. [nov11-75.

GEORGE D. STROUD, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Office Second St. TOWANDA, PA. Refers to Philadelphia. Dec. 2, '75.

J. ANDREW WILT, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW, Office over Cross Road Store, two doors north of Smith & Co., Towanda, Pa. May be consulted in German. [April 22, '75.

MCPHERSON & KINNEY, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, TOWANDA, PA. Office in Tracy & Noble's Block. Towanda, Pa., Jan. 20, 1876.

W. H. THOMPSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, WYALUSING, PA. Will attend to business entrusted to his care in Bradford, Susquehanna and Wyoming Counties. Office with Esq. Patton. [6:49-74.

L. ELSBREE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Feb 1875. TOWANDA, PA.

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. D. A. OVERTON, JR. [apr14-76. N. C. ELSBREE.

MADILL & CALIFF, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, TOWANDA, PA. Office in Wilson's Block, first door south of the First National Bank, upstairs. H. L. MADILL. [jun6-73ly] J. N. CALIFF.

JOHN W. MIX, ATTORNEY AT LAW, AND U. S. COMMISSIONER, TOWANDA, PA. Office—North Side Public Square. Jan. 1, 1875.

DAVIES & CARNOCHAN, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, MERCUR BLOCK Dec 29-75. TOWANDA, PA.

H. PEET, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Is prepared to practice all branches of his profession. Office, MERCUR BLOCK, (entrance on south side) TOWANDA, PA. [jan6-76.

GEORGE W. BRINK, Justice of the Peace and Conveyancer. Also Insurance Agent, Leraysville, Pa. March 18-87.

DR. S. M. WOODBURN, Physician and Surgeon. Office over O. A. Black's Drug store. Towanda, May 1, 1872ly*.

DRS. JOHNSON & NEWTON. Physicians and Surgeons, office over Dr. Porter's Sons' Drug Store, Towanda, Pa. T. R. JOHNSON, M. D. D. N. NEWTON, M. D. [1-1-76.

M. D. L. DODSON, DENTIST. On and after Sept. 21, may be found in the elegant new rooms on 2d floor of Dr. Pratt's new store on State Street. Business solicited. [sep. 4-74tf.

W. B. KELLY, DENTIST.—Office over M. E. Rosenfield's, Towanda, Pa. Teeth inserted on Gold, Silver, Rubber, and Aluminum bases. Teeth extracted without pain. [6-1-72.

DR. C. M. STANLY, DENTIST, Having removed his Dental office into Tracy & Mercur's new block, next door to Wattross' store, is prepared to do all kinds of dental work. He has also put in a new gas apparatus. [apr13.

HALE & PATTON, Agents for CONNECTICUT MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY. Office, No. 3 Orwell's & Patton's Block, Bridge Sts. March 25-74.

C. S. RUSSELL'S GENERAL INSURANCE AGENCY, [jly6-71. TOWANDA, PA.

M. O. MOODY, BLACKSMITH. Does all kinds of work in his line. HORSE-SHOEING A SPECIALTY. Pleasant St. Towanda. Mountsburgs the celebrated CALIFORNIA PICK. Shop on Stephen's Corner, E. Temple, on Pinest. Towanda, Pa., Jan. 6, 1876.

INSURANCE AGENCY. The following RELIABLE AND FIRE TRIED Companies represented: LANCASHIRE. PHŒNIX. HOME. MERCHANTS. March 18, 1872. O. A. BLACK.

FREDERICK TAFT & CO., GENERAL PRODUCE COMMISSION MERCHANTS, NO. 9, 8th WATER STREET, PHILADELPHIA. REFERENCES: HON. JUDGE TAFT, Secretary of War. HENRY SANFORD, Esq. Supt. Adams Express Co., New York. JEREMIAH WALKER, Esq., Philadelphia. HON. D. S. BENNETT, Buffalo, New York. JNO. H. BATES, Corn Exchange, New York. [jy22-yr.

Immense Success! 50,000 of the Genuine LIFE AND LABORS OF LIVINGSTONE, *already sold*, and demand increasing. The only complete COMPLETE Life of the Great Explorer. Full of thrilling interest and crowded illustrations of thirty years strange adventures, also the CURIOSITIES and WONDERS of a MARVELOUS country; the millions are eager for it, and *more good* agents *are needed* at once. Unprecedented SPLENDID. For particulars and Circulars, address HUBBARD BROS., Publishers, Philadelphia, Pa. [jun1-6m.

Evans & Hildreth.

CALL ON EVANS & HILDRETH, AT THEIR NEW STORE, ON MAIN STREET, AND SECURE SOME OF THE GREAT BARGAINS, THEY OFFER IN PRINTS, SHEETINGS, SHIRTINGS, CASSIMERES, DRESS GOODS, WHITE GOODS, EMBROIDERIES, LACES, NOTIONS, &c., &c., &c., &c. &c. EVANS & HILDRETH.

Towanda, March 2, '76

Taylor & Co.

TAYLOR & CO! WE ARE RECEIVING OUR NEW SPRING GOODS THIS WEEK WE HAVE BOUGHT THEM AT THE LOWEST PRICES OF THE SEASON, AND WILL SELL THEM AT PRICES NEVER BEFORE EQUALED. TAYLOR & CO.

Towanda, April 20, 1876.

Selected Poetry.

UNREST.

There is a chord in Memory's lyre,
Whose music thrilled my soul,
And wakes to life a slumbering fire
That kindled dares control.
The spell that rests upon my heart
Is yielding to that chord,
And memories of the buried past
Are by its breathings stirred.

Each face that I have mourned in tears,
In fancy greets my sight,
And voices hushed for long, long years,
Are calling me to-night.
Again I clasp the clinging hands
Whose pressure thrilled of yore,
And feel the lingering touch of lips
That I shall kiss no more.

My soul is tossed with wild unrest
Upon a stormy sea,
And memory, with its visions blest,
Is all that's left to me.
Where waves of sorrow surge and roll,
Without a depth or shore,
Wanders my weary, troubled soul
In darkness evermore.

Yet though my barque is on the sea,
With naught to guide its way—
Tho' billows dark rush over me
With unrelenting sway—
The visions of those vanished years
That haunt my heart to-night,
May lift the veil of storm and tears,
And lead me to the light.

Miscellaneous.

A TRUE STORY.

My cousin Benjamin Foster and I sit together in the old-fashioned porch of an old-fashioned country house. Through the brightness of the June twilight lingering round us the early roses flame redly and smell sweetly. A full moon, bright and saucy, mounts on her golden steed up the broad highway of Heaven, while a few stars, twinkling merrily, cantered behind her like a guard as she goes.

My cousin Benjamin, wrapped in his purple silk dressing gown in the gray and rosy twilight, quotes pensive passages from Wordsworth as he looks out upon the sylvan scene, and talks of evenings passed in wandering by silver Shannon and the sounding sea; of summer afternoons dreamed away in the shadow of the cloud-kissing Appennines; while I, listening, draw my scarf about my shoulders and answer absently, keeping up an undertone of—

"When the young May moon is beaming, love," words redolent of airs that have blown from the days that are no more.

Now, after reading the above paragraph over, I take it all back. I wrote it just for fun. My cousin Benjamin and I are no such sentimental noodles. He wears, as he always does in the evening, a cashmere dressing gown of a great sprawling oriental pattern, and one foot, wrapped in flannel, is extended on a footstool before him, for he had a touch of unpoetical gout. As he leisurely smokes his evening pipe, he nurses his invalid foot, and tells me that Jenny, the sorrel colt, has a swelling on the knee which will most likely unfit her for work through the summer.

I, who am five years younger than my cousin, sit opposite him in the covered porch with a thick gray shawl folded round my shoulders to ward off possible attacks of rheumatism.

I am knitting socks of bright crimson wool, and while I give one ear to the ailments of Jenny, the colt, with the other I listen anxiously for the footsteps of Alice and young Benjamin, who have gone for an evening stroll.

It is now many years since my cousin (by-the-by, although we call ourselves cousins, the Foster blood in my veins has been so diluted with allen stock that the original fluid is hardly recognizable) offered me the shelter of his great warm heart and brown brick house, left vacant by the death of Mrs. Benjamin. I, who was poor and homeless, gladly accepted the home so kindly proffered, and have never but once left for a protracted absence.

Three years after that I journeyed hundreds of miles westward, for the sole purpose of rescuing from the cold charity of the almshouse Alice Ford, the infant daughter of John Ford, convicted felon, lying in a prison cell under the ban of penal servitude for life.

I had been the betrothed wife of John Ford in my youth, and we had been very fond of each other in those days of romance and roses, in those evenings of song and sentiment, "when the young May moon is beaming, dear," when we had dreamed of love in a cottage with nothing a year to support it; but that day when he groveled at my feet, kissing my hands and dress, and blessing me for giving this baby girl the blessing of a Christian home, I was not sorry to think I was an old maid.

I had not concealed from my cousin Benjamin the antecedents of Alice's father. I had even offered to go out into the world and begin the battle of life over; but he only opened his great warm heart and brown brick house the wider, bidding us stay and welcome.

Ah! you do not know how many wanderers a house will hold when Charity opens the door. The roof seems to go up and the walls to widen and lengthen, warmth and light flow thro' the rooms, and manna seems to come in through the windows, spreading the table with bountiful feasts. If you do not believe me, just you try it once.

So the children grew up together; and as I watched them sitting and walking side by side, I should be perfectly happy but that I, in my turn, have kept a little secret from my cousin Benjamin.

A few weeks after my return home I read in the newspaper that the corpse of a man, shockingly mutilated, but supposed to be that of John Ford, the escaped convict, had been taken from the shallows of a western river and given prison burial. The words haunted me. Supposed to be John Ford! What if it were not him! What if he were still living, and one day should come back and claim Alice!

Thinking of such possibilities, I tremble with dread, and forget those other sweeter times when John Ford was an innocent lad, "When the moon was beaming, love," and he walked by the calm Beneomere. But this is nonsense, and I take it all back again.

While I am explaining these things—or rather, while I am going round on the crimson wool sack—cousin Benjamin has finished his pipe, and is growing tired and hungry.

"Where can the children be?" he says, peeping out into the dusk. "It is time we had our tea."

I do not answer, for just then we hear the click of the garden gate, and sweet Alice comes up the walk. Her pale gold hair shows bright yellow in the open air, her white dress gleams, and her little high-heeled boots make a pretty tack-tack, tack-tack, as she runs up and seats herself at play at my feet.

"Mercy, child, where have you been!" exclaimed I, passing my hands over her damp curls. "You will have a cold, with fever to-morrow, and there is not a stem of pennyroyal in the house to make hot tea for you."

"It isn't a case of pennyroyal tea at all, mammy," she answered, rubbing her little nose against my knee. "I think it will require a dozen of thoroughwort, at the very least. Isn't thoroughwort good for blighted hopes, mammy—with hot flannels and a good deal of petting?"

This smart speech trips glibly forth, but under its swaggering braggadocia air, Love, whose name should sometimes be Fine Ears, detects the sigh of a hidden pain, the sob of a wounded heart, quivering and skulking lest it be betrayed by a quiver of the fresh, sweet voice.

"Where is Benjamin, my dear?" asks my cousin. "I thought he went with you."

"He walked into the village," replies my Alice. "I left him at the bridge and came back by the river path. I think he will be here soon."

There is a moment's silence and then the gate clicks again. This time they are man's steps that come up the walk—quick, eager, heavy steps, whose music, Fine Ears decided, is jangled and out of tune.

Young Benjamin's face is pale and eager as he comes up and seats himself by Alice's side.

"Have I kept you waiting?" he asks. "I went into the village and was detained a few minutes waiting for a friend at the depot. Here are the evening papers," and he lays a package on his father's knee.

"*Times, Tribune, Telegram*," says my cousin, sorting them over. "No letters; no letters," echoes young Benjamin, loking down at his dusty boots. Ben is six feet high, and handsome.

"We shall not have the trouble of answering any, then," says his father, cheerfully. "However, I thought the Rochester company would have written about those trees before now. Remind me to send them a line to-morrow. Now, let us have tea."

And "let us have peace," I supplement, inwardly, for while we were talking sweet Alice had risen, and is standing with her back to us, leaning over the rail and looking into the distant night.

When my cousin Benjamin rises, groping for his cane, she runs forward and slips her hand through his arm, not waiting to fall behind and chat with young Benjamin, as is always her pretty habit.

My cousin does not see anything out of the way in this action. He stumbles on with my own brown-eyed Alice; but I feel the shadow of a cloud, and involuntarily turn to look at young Benjamin. His face is serious and set with a certain firmness that draws a deep wrinkle across his noble forehead.

He and Alice are to be married this day fortnight, and I do not like these symptoms of lover's pouts.

What if anything were to happen at this late day, when everything is in readiness for the wedding!

My cousin has made over his farm for young Benjamin to manage, and I propose to transfer to them a considerable property which has been laying on interest for years in the Bank of Universal Love.

"Property!—what, have you got property, mammy?" says my cousin, when I spoke it.

"Ay, millions on millions! I tell you in confidence, my dear friends—and you need not all get up and begin to whisper, saying that I am not sound on the money question—if you once make friends with the directors of this bank you can draw on it for incredible sums, and its promises to pay are always good. Good Will is the president, Faith is the cashier, and Trust is paying-teller; while of messengers you can have your choice between Truth and Charity. One thing, however: unless you approach them in the right spirit, your paper will be accepted only at an immense discount."

We were rather a silent party at the supper table. The tea is as good as boiling water and pure Oolong can make, the bread is sweet and the butter unexceptionable. But we dawdle, and finally Alice, finishing her cup, says, "Good-night." She is tired, and goes to her room.

I make little, uneasy remarks about my garden, about the strawberry and asparagus beds; vague and senseless speeches, that waste their sweetness on the silent air, eliciting neither attention nor interest.

At last young Benjamin, drawing back from the table and putting his hands in his pockets began to whistle "Champagne Charlie."

My cousin turned to him with a look of rebuke in his fine old eyes.

"Whistling, sir, here?" he says.

Young Benjamin flushes redly all over his handsome face.

"I beg your pardon," he replies, getting up out of his chair and coming up close to us. "The fact is, I have something disagreeable to say, and I have been hesitating how to begin. But I might as well tell you now that I have a journey to make. I am going west to-morrow."

I drop my tea-cup, and my cousin falling back in his chair, sits helplessly staring up into his son's face. Then he recovers his presence of mind.

"Going on a journey—west to-morrow!" he says. "I don't understand you. Perhaps you have forgotten that you were to have been married in a few days?"

"No, sir, I have not forgotten it I have told Alice and asked her to wait, and she is offended; perhaps just as she ought to be. She will not be reasonable, but she *must* be reasonable. If she is to be my wife she *must* trust me fully and unreservedly."

"What is the cause of this sudden journey, and how long are we to be gone?" asks my cousin, quietly.

"That, sir, I cannot tell you," answered young Benjamin. "I have a reason for going which I cannot at present tell you; only you may be sure if it were not a serious one I should not go now. I may be here in time to be married on the day appointed. I hope I may; but if I'm not, our wedding must be postponed. It will not be but a few more days at the farthest."

"Well, well!"

My cousin is staggered; he is half angry, half amused. But I can see that, through it all, he is proud of his boy, proud of his firmness and quiet decision. Once assured that nothing is amiss, he will trust him under any circumstances to do what is right and stick to his work.

Young Ben turned to me.

"Dear mammy," he said, "won't you talk to Alice? I must go to-morrow, cruel as it seems, and she will not see me again, she will not bid me good-bye. I suppose it is no more than natural that she should be hurt at my going away now, but all I have to say is she must trust me, and believe me when I say I am acting under the spur of a great necessity."

So it is all settled. John, the head man of all work, is told to be ready to accompany his young master to the station at five in the morning; I go up stairs to help the lad to pack his port-manteau.

He has rather a lonely leave-taking in the morning, for Alice did not appear. She comes down late in the forenoon with a sad white face. She does not ask if Benjamin is gone, but I doubt not she was standing at her window in the early morning, straining her eyes out into the dawning light to catch a parting glimpse of her lover before he was out of sight, she believes, for the last time. Her poor little heart is torn with vague fears, and my own heart grows sad in watching her.

Now follow some uncomfortable days. Kind-hearted people drop in to talk over the wedding, for which invitations have already been profusely issued, and I am obliged to explain awkwardly that Ben has gone away, and it is uncertain when he will be home again. We are not sure whether the wedding will take place on the day appointed or not.

Miss Prim calls and sits so long and stares so stonily, looking about her as if she expected our poor, miserable little secret to jump out of a corner like a Jack-in-the-box, that I feel like sticking pins and needles into her.

I begin to wonder, too, if anything is wrong in our house. It seems to me that never so many people went by before. Women in groups of twos and threes, men with hands in their pockets, and they all walk slowly and look us over from roof to basement with lingering, eager eyes.

Once or twice I step out and take a surreptitious look at our brown brick house, half expecting to see some anathema written in flaming letters on the wall, or some strange banner or beacon waving on the roof.

But no; everything is as usual without. It is only within that things are changed.

The wedding cake which had been ordered, comes beautifully decorated, from the confectioner's in the village, but Alice cannot bear to look at it. The misty white dress and veil are sent home fresh from the city, and Alice puts them away without trying them on, or so much as touching them.

Thus the time goes by, and as no letter or tidings come from the absent Benjamin, sweet Alice's face grows paler, her eyes prouder and more helpless.

"He will not come back! He did not mean to come back when he went away!" she sobs.

And such is the contagion of despiring grief that I too begin to waver in my faith, though my natural good sense should have told me better.

My cousin Benjamin wears a stern face, indicative of the displeasure in his heart.

"The boy should have written us," he says; "he should remember not to try our patience too far."

And he looks with tender eyes at my Alice.

So the evening preceding the wedding day, that was to have been, comes round. We are all in the parlor, pretending that it is not quite time to have our tea. We are not exactly waiting—but hoping.

When John came in with the evening papers, Alice looks up from her low seat in the window, with a half expectant face, but immediately drops again, seeing there is no letter.

Then, as the darkness gathers, I rise to light the lamps, but before I have succeeded the door opens softly, and without warning our wanderer stands among us. Ben has come home again.

He does not speak, but looks around him. Then, as a little white figure starts up out of the gloom, he runs forward and catches it in his arms.

"Oh, Ben! Ben! I am glad you have come back. I thought you were never coming back again. Oh, Ben!"

And Alice's little head goes down on her brother's breast.

He gave her a gentle shake.

But he kisses her over and over.

He kisses me, too, when my turn comes to welcome him. And I am not sure but he would salute his father, if there were not so many eye-witnesses present. As it is, they shake hands with an affectionate "How are you, dad?" "Home again, eh?" and gaze at each other benignly from their different stand points.

I made haste to get tea ready, while my hands trembled with very joy.

Alas! the poor people of the earth who have no speech of their deep emotions! Who have to employ the words of other and more fortunate ones when they wish to express suitably their own overwhelming joys or sorrows.

Thus I, moving from the parlor to the kitchen, and from the kitchen to the parlor back again, and moved to sing my song in such appropriate terms as—

"Little Betty Prindle had a little pig—
It was n't very little and it wasn't very big."

interspersed with variations of "When the young May moon is beaming, love!" and "merrily the hours go by."

While we are still lingering round the table, John comes in, and with a face indicative of awful and abject shame, lays a letter—Benjamin's missing letter—by my plate.

"I got it on Wednesday, ma'am," he says solemnly. "But comin' back I found that cussed red steer broke loose and a runnin' wild in the streets, and in a-chasing him I forgot it."

So the last cloud disappeared from sweet Alice's face.

After we were left alone that night, young Ben tells his father and me the object of his sudden journey.

First he hands us a letter to read—a letter closely written in fine characters and signed "John Ford."

"I got it the day before I went away," said young Benjamin. "I suppose it was meant for you father, and I opened it by mistake. I suspected something like this about Alice, father, and after thinking it all over, I made up my mind that for her sake I ought to go and see what sort of a man and in what condition he was. I found him lying at the point of death in a little village in the southern part of Kansas. He seemed to be very grateful that I came to him, and he asked a great many questions about Alice and about you, mammy. He died the night I got there."

"Poor John! come to life and dead again! Poor John!"

"He gave me this," said young Benjamin, taking a small leather case from his pocket. "He declared they were diamonds, which he had found in the mountains in Mexico. He wore them in a belt about his waist, and to please him I promised to bring them to Alice, though I don't believe they are worth anything. Crystals, most likely."

"Poor John! Was he comfortable? Did you get him everything he needed? Ah! he used to be such a bright fellow—a favorite with all the girls. Was he changed much?"

"I got him everything he needed, but he was too far gone to want much. He was changed, I should think, a good deal. Had he lived I should have given him money to go to Australia. I had three thousand dollars mother, left me, you know. But as it was, I invested in land in Minnesota. Splendid lots—right in the centre of a thriving village. They will double their value every year I live."

"Well, well; speculating in land, hey?" says my cousin, amazedly. "Go to bed, young man. You are ahead of my time altogether."

"But I can see how proud he is of Ben.

"I thought you and Alice were contented to stay here with mammy and me in our old age," he continued, half pathetically. "But going west! That is too far. I was just making the farm over to you to manage in your own way."

"Oh, I will take the farm too," says young Ben, cheerfully. "Alice and I shall always be with you and mammy. I only bought the land in Minnesota for a sort of playground, in case we got too big for this country."

And rising he stretched himself to the full height of his splendid six feet.

"Go to bed—go to bed you young speculator!" is my cousin's answer. Then as the boy lights his candle, "Mammy," cries out cousin Benjamin, "isn't this the first time you ever heard of a bridegroom making his wedding journey beforehand all alone and coming back just in time to be married?"

"The very first time," I answer, sweetly. "Coming back by way of Niagara, too." (He told us that at the table.)

"Ah! what a fall is there, my countrymen!" says young Benjamin, oratorically, as he disappears up the stairs.

And my cousin and I are left alone again, doubtful if we were most sorry or most glad.

So we have our wedding after all, and there is happiness and dancing and feasting, and merrily the world goes round. For it is true that love moves it and makes it whirl so smoothly.

P. S.—It chanced that a few weeks after the wedding, as I was going to the city, I bethought me to take the box of poor John's crystals to Jacquard the great jeweler. He told me that there were some pure diamonds "in the rough" among them. Young Ben went down to see about it, and came home with a check of fifty thousand dollars in his pocket. I doubt if he got the real value of them, but as he and Alice are satisfied, I suppose I ought to be.

P. P. S.—I have just discovered, at this late hour, that my story has no moral, and hardly any point. Must every story have a moral in order to be entertaining? There is not so much as a shadow of one in mine, unless, indeed, there can be perceived in it a cloudy indication of warning young men to exercise their own will before marriage as well as after; in which case the bride will not be too much disappointed when the honeymoon has lost its sweetness. However, my couple have lived happily forever after, which is a good point gained, even if it is not a moral.—

Too Much.—"Ain't forty dollars rather high for lodging and breakfast?" was what a departing stranger by the stage inquired of the clerk at one of the San Antonio (Cal.) hotels, on being told that was the amount of his bill. "Yes, it is a little high, but we might as well have it, as the stage robbers," was the placid answer of the clerk as he receipted the bill.

NASBY.

The Sage of the Cross-Roads Opening the Campaign—A Few Words of Admonition to his Party Friends—The Rallying Cry of the Democracy, "Reform and Purity in Official Position."

CONFEDRIT X ROADS, WICH IS IN THE STATE UV KENTUCKY, May 17.

Another campaign is well nigh onto us, and I feel the blood a bilin in my vanes. Like the war-hoss turned out to grass—wich litterall I hev bin ever since the bustin ov the Onlimited Trust and Confidence Company—I heer the blare of the trumpet, and I prick up my ears and tale, and cry ha! ha! to the carnage. I smell the smoke of the conflict, and I smell likewise, the plunder underneath the smoke. I see in the distance, success, Post-Offis! Post-Offis! Post-Offis! Deceitful words! Wat Democrat is ther that woodent get enthoosiastic over that prospeck! I shall go into this campane with my sleeves rolled up.

This is our last chance for a complete success. Success is wat we must hev, and that we may attain that success I shall throw out a few words of admonishun, wich will be apples uv gold sot in pictures of silver. We hev bin pastrin on barrin feelds too long, and the fat bottoms uv offisih patrinage kin only come into our hands by acoote and skillful management.

But there is difficulties in the way no matter wher we turn. Dimocrosy is a curious combinashun—a curious and singular mixter. In the East to be a Democrat is to be a hard money man, uv the hardest possible stripe—in the West to be a Democrat is to be a soft money man, uv the softest possible stripe. Tilden, uv Noo York, who would like to carry the Democratic banner to victory proposes to put onto its fold "hard money." Allen, uv Ohio, who was resurected from his twenty years' sleep, on purpus to embarrass the party, proposes to put on the banner, ef it is given to him, "soft money, and no end on't." Ef we put up Tilden and hard money, Allen and soft money kills him—ef we put up Allen and soft money Tilden and his friends hev the sweetest kind uv a knife for his innocent throte, and when we come to tariff and banks ther is an ekally onreconcilable differens uv opinyun.

To reconcile these differences is impossible. There aint no yoose in tryin it, and I aint a goin to. Dodgin is now, ez ever, the Democrats best holt. The man wich can lift just 200 pounds shows mity little discreshun. We must hev nuthin to do with the questions on wich anybody differs. Ignorin is wisdom.

Ther aint only one ishoo on wich the Democrasy kin plant itself, with any hope uv success—only one question on wich ther can be perfect yoonanimity—and that ishoo is Reform! On that we are a yoonit—on that we kin agree ez sweetly as a spring morning.

It is not on my judgment alone that I depend onto this matter. I hev consultid all the leeders uv the party onto it—that is all the actooal leeders, them az actilly control things. I write to that gileless patriot, Willynm Tweed, Esq., who is now a pining on a forrin shoar in consekence uv a corrupt joory, wich inquired az to what he hed done with ten millons uv the public munney, and was not content to take his word fur it that he hed spent it legally. His answer wuz so striking in accordance with my noseuns uv things that I give the heart uv it:

"By all means go into the next canvass on the ishoo uv reform. The corrupshens uv the present Administrashen, and I may say uv the Republikan party in general, is such az to appal the heart uv any luver uv his country. In my lonely eggsile I frequently shed teers wen I think uv the stealin that's goin on.

"Let our watchword be Reform and Puritin official posishun. Ef my lawyer kin get them indictments agin me squashed in time, I will kum home and help in campane. I kin git control uv over two hundred saloons in the lower wards uv the city, and ef I kin git back I kin organize my old forse, and restore Tamany to its old posishen, ez the controler uv the Democrasy. The trick uv repeatin hez not bin forgotten, and I kin handle them fellurs ez well ez ever I cood. Reform and purity ez my watchword."

Peter B. Sweeny who is yit in Paris, livin rather quiet than otherwise, wuz still more emphatic. He seys—but I will give his own words:

"Reform is wat we want. I am tired uv livin abroad, and I wasn't to git back to Noo York. I want a hand in the comin campane, for I hev just ez much power ez ever, ef I kin only git the cussid republikins out uv the way. The repeeters aint dead yit, and ez ship loads uv patriotic Irishmen, who are willin to take offis ez soon ez the land, are a comin every day, I ken help to govern Noo York ez well es ever I did. But wat yoo want to do is to make this fite on reform and purity. Do this and git me and Tweed back, and we will make things hum. There is Noo York and its tax levies for the victors, and of the currency, tariff, and all them minor questions are squelched, and the battle is fought on the simple question uv reform and personal purity in offishel posishen we kin win it. Reform is our watchword, and that is wat I insist upon. I am absent but not forgotten."

Connolly, who is residin in Belgium, where there is no extradition treaty, and consekently where the United States fortunately cant reech him wich makes him entirely independent uv the country, wich he hez adoptid, writ me a letter in wich he gives me his views as to the situashen, wich ez as follows:

"I hev only wun interest in the ensooin elecshun—only wun. A lonely eggsile on a forrin shoar, I cast my eyes longingly to my native land, and yearn fur it. Sence me and the rest uv old Tammany left Ameriky I hev observed with more disgust than I kin put language into the corrupshens that hev eaten out the hart uv the country uv my adopshun. I will take hold uv it in earnest and reform it. What we want is purity. Owing to circumstances—wich the same is indictments—I can't kum back personelly to assist in the shindy, but I pledge to yoo the use uv my old and stanch repeaters in the lower wards uv Noo York, wich, ef they kan depend onto hevin their expenses paid and their whack in the offises, and in contrax after the elecshuns, kin be depended on to do the work jist ez good ez ever they did. Let the platform be heavy and solid fur purity and reform."

Oakley Hall wants reform and purity, and in such a coz he is willin to give a forth uv the forchoon he made when he wuz the astoote rite bower of Tweed.

I hev heered from them all. The Democrasy of the Sixth Ward, uv Noo York, wher I wunst kept a little grosery, are to a man for reform. Pendleton wants reform, and every man wich was turned out of offis when Johnson went out is a clamorin for it.

The Southren Democrasy wants reform. They say in their letters to me, "Give us a Reform platform, and we'll put away our shot-guns and keep our hands off the niggers till after the elecshun sure. We won't insist on our rites to kill niggers, and keep them from hevin anything to do with matters, until the elecshun of a Democratic President gives us a rite to do as we please." Their constant remark is, "Go in heavy for reform, and make that the one ishoo."

The dooty uv the party is clear. Give us a platform based entirely upon Reform. We kin carry it. It is a great many years sence we wuz in power, and by this time the people have forgotten us and they will take us easy. If we do this, we kin succeed beyond a question. The Millineum aint cum yit, nor hez ther bin any especial change in things. We hev the Doggeries, the Catholic Church, and all the lower elements. They are alluz ours, and they are as strong ez ever. Until sin goes out of the world there will be a Democratic party. Humanity in the United States is divided into two clases—them ez wear clean shirts and sox, and Democrats. And so long ez this division is observed we are sound.

It is a good time for us. Everything is in our favor. It hez bin a cold spring—the farmers are all behind with their work. Ther hez bin frosts in places, wich hez destroyed the froot, and ther is a joyful prospeck uv a short crop uv everything. The people is dissatisfied about it, and uv course they will charge every thing to the Administrasiun. A failyoor uv the potato crop is worth thousands of votes to the Democrasy any time. It is only when things is just as bad ez they can be that anybody ever thinks uv goin to the Democrasy for a change.

Wat we want is a good mouth-fillin platform—a platform wich looks well, and the people will be satisfied with. Troo, wat is promised afore elecshuns and wat happens afterwards is 2 things, but let to-morrow take care uv itself. Wat we want now is success.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY.
(Wich hopes to be Postmaster.)

THE following historical anecdote may not prove uninteresting at the present time, when we have just received a visit from the Emperor of Brazil, and it may account for the interest he takes in Jewish affairs:

It is well known that the Jews of Spain and Portugal were a highly intelligent race, and that they rose to great honors in the Peninsula, both under Christian and Mohammedan rulers, but after the final overthrow of Calips, the Catholic sovereigns, no longer requiring Jewish assistance, relentlessly persecuted the Hebrews, and eventually expelled them. During these persecutions many Israelites left or pretended to leave the religion of their fathers, and were known as "New Christians." These New Christians married freely with the highest nobility, and to-day there are but few Spanish or Portuguese families in the highest circles but what have a mixture of Jewish blood. A certain king of Portugal becoming alarmed at the power wielded by individuals of Jewish descent, issued a decree that every person with Jewish blood in his or her veins should appear at court distinguished by a white badge, the King hoping by this edict to banish all such persons from his court, as he believed no one would be willing to acknowledge his Jewish blood. On the day named he was surprised to see more than three-fourths of his court wearing the white badge, and he was astounded when the Prime Minister entered, himself wearing in a conspicuous manner the same emblem. He asked him furiously what his business was? His answer was: "I have come to carry out your Majesty's orders. Here are two white badges (at the same time producing them); one is for her Royal Majesty, your august sponse." "And for whom is the other?" thundered the King. The reply was: "For your Royal Majesty!"

It is needless to say that the edict was immediately recalled. If this anecdote be true—and there is no reason to doubt it—the Emperor of Brazil, who is a lineal descendent and true representative of the Kings of Portugal, must have a large quantity of Jewish blood in his veins.

THE carpenter may look with pride upon the technology of his trade, for it is used everywhere. To say nothing of old saws, we have heard of a case where a lawyer split a hair, shaved a note, got up a case, made an entry, framed an indictment, challenged the jury panel, put twelve of them in a box, bailed a witness, hammered the judge and bored the whole court. And what adze to his offence he chiseled his client and turned carpenter himself.

PEOPLE are always talking of perseverence, and courage, and fortitude; but patience is the finest and worthiest part of fortitude, and the rarest, too. I have known twenty persevering girls to one patient one, but it is only the twenty-first who can do her work, out and out, and enjoy it. For patience lies at the root of all pleasures as well as of all powers.

NOTES ON THE INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.

JULY 2, 1876.

I Chron. 28:1-10.—GOLDEN TEXT: 1 Chron. 28:9

THIRD QUARTER. LESSON I.

The first chapter of I Kings should be carefully read as an introduction to this lesson. We see there how every obstacle to the accession of Solomon was taken out of the way. David had grown old; he had reached that stage of life when the grasshopper is a burden. His vital force was about exhausted; "he gat no heat." Admonished that his end was near, and feeling the utter unreliableness of subject fidelity, he determined to secure the dominion of Solomon beyond reversion, by the solemn ratification of a public assembly of the people. It will be well to read in this connection the two groups of Psalms which evidently were composed during this season of infirmity and decline, viz, Ps. 38-41 and Ps. 69-71.

Two points are worthy of consideration in this lesson: I. The Assembly; and II. David's Address.

I. The Assembly, v. 1. Consider (1) *the time*. It is certain that the assembly must have convened some time after the anointing of Solomon as recorded in 1 Kings 1 ch. David had so far recovered from the severe indisposition there spoken of, as to be able to endure the fatigue of a day's sitting and a lengthy address in the Convention. But we search in vain for any definite note of time.

Consider (2) the *Place* of meeting.