cription to the paper,
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(per year) \$3, additional lines \$1 each.
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chauges. Transient advertisements must be paid Yearly advertisers are entitled to quarterly changes. Transient advertisements must be paid for in advance.

All resolutions of associations; communications of limited or individual interest, and notices of marriages or deaths, exceeding five linesare charged five centrs per line, but simple notices of marriages and de tha will be published without charge. The Reforee having a larger circulation than any other paper in the county, makes it the best advertising medium in Northern Pennsylvania.

JOB PRINTING of every kind, in plain and dancy colors, done with neatness and dispatch. Handbills, Blanks, Cards, Pampheles, Bliheads, Statements, &c., of every variety and style, printed at the chortest notice. The Reforence 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

and at the lowest rates. TERMS INVARIABLY

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m R}^{
m odney}$ a. Mercur, ATTORNEY AT-LAW,

Solicitor of Patents. Particular attention pate business in the Orphans Court and to the settle office in Montanyes Block May 1, '79. OVERTON & SANDERSON,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. E. OVERTON, JR. JOHN F. SANDERSON

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Persons wishing to consult him, can call on H Streeter, Esq., Towanda, Pa., when an appointment HENRY STREETER,

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, TOWANDA, PA. mch9-76 H. L. TOWNER, M. D., HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. he he sidence and Office just North of Dr. Corbin's, on Main Street, Athens, Pa. jun26-6m,

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Agéney for the sale and purchase of all kinds of securities and for making loans on Real Estate All business will receive careful and promp W. H. THOMPSON, ATTORNEY

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O. D. KINNEY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Office-Rooms formerly-occupied by Y. M. C. A Reading Room. [jan.3178. McPHERSON, ATTORNET-AT-LAW.

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H. N. WILLIAMS. (Oct. 17, "77) E. J. ANGLE WM. MAXWELL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW TOWANDA, PA

Office over Dayton's Store. April 12, 1876. MADILL & CALIFF, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

TOWANDA, PA. Nati in Thank, up-stairs. H.B. CADILL. (jane-731y) J. N. CALIFF. TR. S. M. WOODBURN, Physirockery store. Towau ia, May 1, 19721y*.

WM. S. VINCENT, GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT,

B. KELLY, DENTIST.—Office over M. E. Rosenfield's, Towarda, Pa, Teeth inserted on Gold, Silver, Rubber, and Aluminum basa. Teeth extracted without pain.

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December 1

REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER.

acenorier.

VOLUME XL.

\$1.00 per Annum in Advance.

husband's plot against mine, proved

I kept my oath sacredly, and no

one, save John and I, ever knew that

Jim's wife, with a noble disloyalty,

spoke up agen her mon."—All the

POPULAR MEDICAL SCIENCE.—Clem

Berry, the sable philosopher of Car-

son, spent a few days in this city last

TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, JANUARY 1, 1880.

NUMBER 31

Hoetry.

COODRICH & HITCHCOCK, Publishers.

ST. MARTIN'S HYMN. Though flowers have perished at the touch

I hall the season loved so much, The good St. Martin's summer: O gracious morn, with rose-red dawn, And thin moon curving o'er it! The old year's darling, latest born,

More loved than all before it! How flamed the sunrise through the pines! How stretched the birchen shadows, Braiding in long, wind-wavered lines The westward sloping meadows.

The sweet day, opening as a flower Ecnews for us at noontide's hour The summer's tempered splender. The birds are hushed; alone the wind That through the woodland searches The red oak's lingering leaves can find

But still the balsam-breathing pine Invites the thought of sorrow. The earth's content can borrow. The summer and the winter here

Midway a truce are holding, Their tents of peace enfolding. The slient woods, the lonely hills Rise solemn in their gladness: The quiet that the valley fills ;

Is scarcely joy or sadness How strange! the autumn yesterday In winter's grasp seemed dying; On whirling winds from skies of gray And now, while over Nature's mood

There steals a soft relenting. Forecasting or lamenting My autumn time and Nature's hold A dreamy tryst together, And, both grown old, about us fold,

The golden tissued weather. I lean my heart against the day To feel its bland caressing ; I will not let it pass away God's angels come not as of old The Syrian shepherds know them : In reddening dawn, in sunset gold,

Nor need there is, in time like this Of wing or song as witnesses To make their presence clearer. O stream of life, whose swifter flow, Is of the end forewarning. Methinks the sundown afterglow

Seems less of night than morning

And warm noon lights I view them.

Old cares grow light; aside I lay The doubts and fears that troubled The quiet of the happy day That clouds must veil this fair sunshin-Not less a joy I fluid it;

That winter lurks behind it.

The mystery of the untried days His will be done whose darkest way Less drear the winter night shall be If memory cheer and hearten Its heavy hours with thoughts of the

Selected Wale.

John Greenleaf Whittier, in Atlantic Monthly

THE SILVER HORSESHOE. A STORY IN TWO CHAPTERS.

and sympathizingly look down upon his mother's lips, and made, as it scarcely a fortnight. the troubles of our neighbors.

Now, when I say "we," I mean John and I. This sounds "strongminded," you are ready to say. Well. I don't know what other people may choose to call it, but in truth I have been very proud and ried the owner of Otway Mills he I don't mean to say that he talks

any great anxiety came upon him. me a hint of it, and I'm sure I should to me as I pondered.

the least little shrug and draw her shawl about her as if she shivered whirr of the machinery was silent home; and when she shook hands to set it going again. with John she always managed to tact. These things hurt at the time;

woman than John's wife in all the good-by kiss had pressed my lips, as greet me. length and breadth of England? Yet he set off for Otway Mills. no life is without its day of trial, and the story I am going to tell you now!

The state of a general banking business.

The state of a general banking business.

N. N. Betters, Cashier.

1008, Powell L, President.

Artil, 1879

The state of the state o

and I think that was enough for John. lence. When I first saw Mrs. Ralph Ot-Then her hands! Why they were him had never seen him. such soft, white, womanly things, Otway Mills had stopped. The

sitting by her knee, I could not help were on strike. bending down and kissing them as they lay upon her lap. boyish days—stories that she never from possible tears. tired of telling or I of listening to;

of him as "honest Ralph Otway." gates from the Union." have so many hands under one head, yield an inch. and to be answerable for the welfare of the great mills where the machin- the town. ery whirred and buzzed all day long, and tender words, it was borne in little bay mare, Lassie, returning an inch." upon me that from his early boyhood with the groom. John had been trained in the best

ten the fact of being a South-country | to the room! woman. I found that there were coats; while, as for honest warmth

candle to the North. I was very happy during that to the mills to-day?" ng the one that followed, when I smiting me with despair. the clear gray eyes that had won my try to make a coward of me." irlish heart look up at me from my

might have fallen into the mistake dearer possession of my husbandle ompanionship slip from my hold.

might prowi about among our these things now; but in-those early with him at the foot of the stairs. hands," and never gain one single days I might have lost the freshness of John's sympathy for me, and mine rock. I thought we could calmly gentle word in season that fell from were, scales to fall from my eyes.

be ready to resent her counsel. she said. "Let no one ever have the he kept a trouble from me. power of taking that from you."

about baby's remarkable feats and a fixed, hard look, the look that to me about the price of yarns, or marvellous doings, and how weary comes from grief restrained from body, as sure as theer's a God above; John had looked—nay, how I had outward show by might or will. cotton market, though I think that if caught him in the loving hiding away of a yawn that would not be even of that kind, Jack would give wholly repressed, and wisdom came willing to work for the wages that yer little one fatherless."

young owl, and as if the ins and outs around us everywhere in the mercanto my inquiring and enlightened mind. | honest men astray, and wanton hands | You see, I have had such an exam- were sowing the seeds of dissatisfac-

Darker shadows crept into the pic-

Our hands seemed all right as yet.

The way that Aunt Denison and within reach of his hand, of an eve- prayers, or any outward acts of deothers of my own kith and kin be ning, or we would stroll down to votion, but with a close dependence | -may God forgive me for speakin' to the saddle. haved about my marriage naturally Mrs. Otway's.—John very silent, but on His care that became as the very agen my mon. Mistress Otway.—I put me "out in the cold" with them, yet I knew, by the magnetism of air I breathed. Nor was I without | wudna, but it's to hinder murder and threw me more completely upon touch, happy in the feeling of my comfort. The sympathy of those bein' done, and afore I tell thee, wilt the journey that meant life or death ohn's people than might have been hand resting on his arm. The mother dependent upon us is a beautiful thou swear that ne'er a word shall for him and for me-worse than death the case otherwise. And how good and son spoke earnestly together of thing in time of trouble—and there pass thy lips to hurt him? He's a if the worst befell. they were to me! the state of trade, and the dark mists was not a servant in our household bad mon, I know; but for a that he's I dare not hurry I had never seen Mrs. Ralph Ot hanging over the North country, and whose heart did not beat in sympa- my mon-and it's hard for any knew that the hedges had eyes and way, John's mother, until I came to well typified by the black smoke that thy with mine; not one who did not woman to speak up agen her mon!" the trees ears. How they signed the land of smoke and tall chimneys, came from the big chimneys and rejoice with me in the safe return of | In sorest anguish of impatience I above my head as the evening wind

a loud voice and had very red hands," fireless hearth to madness and vio-

This is what being "on strike way this saying at once darted into means to the wives and little ones of my mind, for never, among all the our mill hands. I say "our" because grand London ladies that visited at |-alas! that I should have to write my guardian's house, had I ever seen it-the day came when John returna woman so completely, beautifully ed from town looking as I had never

"Our turn has come at last; it is vered and looked up to by everybody, They know they have been fairly fingers. until at last his name became a sort dealt with. That blackguard Jim Well,

of Otway Mills be as stubborn as or two. The strain of anxious, lov "It is a great responsibility to they might, the master would not ing thought for her son had told of them all: it needs wisdom to rule earth to me—the fairest, too, in spite baid.

kind," she would say to me, speaking | centre—was some three miles out of | us as ever. and the "hands" came rushing out and out, to and from the mills, but to the wrong and make reparation, when the dinner bell clanged its noisy sometimes he rode his big black my darling said. "Some hands have

school to make a man good and true. the strike I lay wide eyed through fashion, but I cannot help it. I give He had wanted his mother to live all the long, long hours, hearing each you the memories of those days as with us—and you may be sure that I one strike below stairs, and thinking they rise one by one before me. had no will apart from his—but she those thoughts of mingled love and The illness of Mrs. Otway kept her but we would not let her go far from when her nearest and dearest are couch and talk of John, and of scarce said, so that we could run across of ness of night is a terrible magnifying and true can give sweet store of coman evening, and she could come to medium; possibilities take gigantic fort to each other in time of trouble

plenty of art lovers among the peo | that were almost prayers—and pray- dearest! ole whom Aunt Denison once told ers that were only like thoughts that | Baby, on the day which I now

pitality, I soon came to the conclu- lips, like a spring that must well up the deepening twilight for once. sion that the South couldn't hold a to the light: strange new year; happier still dur- The answer came, calm and clear,

"I did not think my wife would He did not speak harshly; I could have borne it better if he had. He kissed me a moment aftersuch a sweet, new, precious joy that held me very fast and close—then. was ready to be over-anxious. I before he went, he kissed me again "That is for the youngster up

that so many young wives make, and stairs," he said, with a tender smile in my love for baby let the even softening the set look of his mouth "give it him when he wakes." The groom, an old and faithful However dearly a man loves his servant of the Otways, looked grave

sure that delegates from the Unions better than a nursemaid. I know all even baby's face as nurse met me from the spirit-world. That night and morning formed

the initial letter of a time of anxious I had seen only the day before lying I thought our safety founded on a for him, if it had not been for the foreboding that seemed long to me, Threatening letters - missives o She spoke with her hand on my that most cowardly character called arm in a wild, convulsive grasp, this as I stood there, and had to hive, came pouring through them, but little, and refused one dish after shoulder, and her dear beautiful face anonymous - came at intervals. gasped out something I could not crush back a cry that rose to my all a quiver in the dread lest I should Many husbands would have hidden understand, "are you mad?"

such things from a wife, but I think "Don't let baby keep you from John knew that of all trisls I could ing her fever-bright eyes to mine, low, soft whinny came from Lassie's being the heart of John's life, child," have least endured the thought that and wiping the sweat from her poor stable. Then I knew. Mrs. Otway's face grew pallid with Then I remembered how the night a more transparent whiteness every before I had been chattering away day; her eyes, always tearless, had

was all the masters could give in

Times were bad; trouble was those biting times-were spoken of. Wrath that had simmered now seeth- terrible force. of the trade were familiar subjects tile world; evil counsel was leading ed; scowling men gathered in groups about the narrow streets that sur- poor creature's lap, I wrestled with a ple in John's mother; and then- tion in the hope of reaping harvests muttered curses made starved and it now, after long years, it seems to one moment, to steal to my darling's well, my family thought that I ought of advantage to themselves. First frightened women hurry by; clench- rive my heart again. to have done better than marry a one class of operatives would strike, ed fists threatened the world for Lancashire mill owner, and they said and then another. The "hands" at grievances brought about by the bad bowed head with her, shaking hands; cheek flushed in sleep, and lying in good many bitter things. Aunt this mill or that refused to go on counsel of wicked men and the brute "yo' munna greet-yo' mun be strong such sweet repose upon the tiny open Denison used to give her shoulders working except under the spur of resolve and stubbornness of uncultured natures.

Many cases of low fever, the result slightly when I alluded to my future until stranger hands could be found of insufficient food and fuel, occurred among the wives and children of our rebellious operatives; and my time convey to me an affected misgiving ture after this; men an hour ago was soon taken up by ministering to "Ay, I say Amen to that, lady," Who, watching a sleeping infant that she rather feared her delicate hale and hearty were maimed, blind-the necessities of the sick. In this said-Lizzie, catching my hand and has not seen that sudden, ineffable fingers might be soiled by the con- ed, beaten almost out of life; and work, John never strove to hinder pressing it against her bosom. smile that, like a sunbeam playing these crimes were done in the dark. me; not yet, in the want-stricken though they lost their sting quickly The masters did not escape; one homes of the people, was one word 'ull mind that now and help yo'." enough when I got him all to myself, was fired at, the cowardly bullet of reference to the strike ever uttered and he held me close in his arms and coming from no one knew whither. in my hearing. The people were me the whole truth, Lizzie. See, I'm told me how hard he would strive to I grew fearful, and in spite of strug- kindly and grateful to me in their strong and hale now; God has helpmake me happy. Happy! well, well, gles after courage, more than once I own rough way, and I crossed no ed me already. He has put courage! Heaven's angel, in my hour of need, wonder does there live a happier had to turn my head after John's threshold that a welcome did not into my heart."

in those days of darkness! He was all barriers of class, for pain, the is of one of those dark times that cloud deepened on my husband's life, for "in the day of my sorrow I side by side, just two sorrowing,

through its horror and its anguish. "CHAPTER IL The days were beginning to shortnot sorry to welcome the soft dusk a refined in look, voice and manner, seen him—as the mother who bore wee bit earlier each day. Baby liked it, too, I think, for twilight makes and closed over one's own with such men, whose relations with their mas tosshim up and down and listen to the a tender, faithful clasp, that once, ters had been a proverb in the trade; merry music of his crows of pleas-

idle fingers, and I had more time to lent spirits like himself would be led John did not say much. He was other times, I always managed to never a man of many words, and si- cheer up when baby made his appear-She used to tell me stories of Jack's lence is natural to men as a refuge ance in my sitting room; and, oh what comfort I found in the touch of his velvet-soft cheek cuddled up

and sometimes she spoke of her dead hardly the men's fault; this sort of against mine, and his little pinkhusband, and of how he had been re-thing is as catching as the plague, palmed hands clinging round my Well, one day or rather afternoon of proverb, and people in the busi- Stevens is at the bottom of it; he -as the shadows were lengthening ness world had been heard to speak was seen talking to one of the dele- out, and robin was piping the first notes of his plaintive even-song, I You could hear a tremor in her voice That was all John said. His moth-sat alone in my cosy, morning room. when she spoke of things like these, er and I listened; and, noting the set My mother (I call her thus because, and see a faint flush, like the pink in line of his lips and the stern look in in my creed, John's belongings were the inner side of a seashell, rise to his eyes, we knew that, let the men mine, too) had been ailing for a day

upon that fragile frame, wearing it Our home, the dearest spot on as the sharp sword wears the scabthem well, and to be just as well as of its nearness to a manufacturing | For our troubles were black aroun-

"If I had dealt unfairly by a sin-John used generally to drive in gle man in my employ, I would own summons, like bees swarming from horse, King Cole, and now and again just cause to complain of the masters their hives. Listening to her wise I would ride by him on my pretty mine have none. I will not budge

It seems to me that I am telling Well, the night after he told me of my story in a strange, desultory

said, "No; married folks are best fear that gather about a woman's a prisoner to her own home, and day left to themselves." She had her way, heart like a flock of ill-omened birds by day I went to sit beside her us; only a "step or two," as John threatened with danger. The still- aught else. Women who are leal proportions seen through its voice- by community of sympathy, even if By the end of the first year of my less quiet. How glad I was when they be but close friends; how much married life I seemed to have forgot faint lines of light began to creep in more, then, could we two, to each of whom the man upon whose head sor-It was past—that night of thoughts row had fallen was the best and

Breakfast over, the passionate pro- had seen fit to take his sleep at an of heart, and true, ungrudging hos- test in my heart bubbled up to my unwonted hour; so I was alone in blood; they'd shoot yo' down look a The house was very still just then, I had hurriedly fetched a glass of "Jack! oh, Jack! you will not go for the servants were at their tea, wine, and now held it to her drawn my whip; she tossed her pretty head, and a thick, green-baized door shut lips.

off their premises from the rest of the rooms. It was so quiet that master," she said when she swallowthrough the open window I could ed it, "and happen I'll get whoam hear Lassie whinny softly in her the better for that. Good-bye, my stable across the yard; so quiet that lady." the sound of my own name, spoken hurriedly and almost in a whisper, made me start, and seemed as it were to tear the mantle of silence that ed against Lizzie's sunken cheek, was brooding overthe earthly autumn anp her tears and mine mingled. We evening.

"Mistress Otway! Mistress Ot sake coom round to 't door and let women, and thenme in. I'm nigh drooping!" children, he does not always want to as he led up King Cole and gave the be hearing about them; least of all bridle into his master's hand. Then porch, opened the door, and was half-do, the tall figure, with the shabby bles that were overwhelming others when he comes home tired with the John rode away and I went into the supporting, half-leading a figure so shawl gathered snood-like over its as quiet and respectable as we could. in the manufacturing world would day's work; nor yet does he like to house, seeing nothing clearly for the ghostly, so deathlike, that it might head, had glided away among the As we passed through the narrow that hung like ropes of gold about never touch us! We had been so see his wife gradually become little mist that gathered round me, not almost have been taken for a visitant trees, and I was left alone to think.

haggard and fever-wasted, and whom mills? Scarce an hour. weak and wan, with her two-days old baby by her side. "Lizzie!" I cried, as she staggered

into my room, and still holding my "Av. a'most;" she whispered, raisthin face with a corner of her shawl. "Listen, lady," she went on; "i they miss me fro' my bed' and Jim great haste, I told him to saddle the in a voice that did not sound like own stummick."—London World. but I dunnot care. Yo've bin a good At length, negotiations for the em- friend to me, and the like o' me, and house, fearing some expression of

ployment of alien "hands"-men I woant see yo made a widder, and surprise upon the man's part. felling me where I stood with their On my knees, with my head in that

> and hale-for the sake o' him as palm. loves yo'. If summat ain't done he'll be carried whoam to yo' dead | head upon my hands as I knelt. ". this neet, wi! bullet in his bress." gering to my feet, "help me !" "Ay, I say Amen to that, lady," "What can I do? Tell me-tell swiftly as it came?

God knows how full my heart was Lizzie, forgetting in her cager trouble

which we turn and look back, to on his knees. The furnace of hate, marvel again and again how we lived | heated seven times with the fuel of drink, seethed like a mighty cauldron, just as we were near the thickest Jim stirred it with bitter, angry part of the bush and trees something words. He had been at fault more stirred, while Lassie gave a sudden

than once, and at last dismissed; he start, and then a bound. en. I love the gloaming, and was had wrongs to revenge, he said—they all had. Thus the evil tongue tried to stir up strife; but only one or two turbuinto plotting against the master. These then had laid a foul plot—the ure. However sad and anxious at plot that poor, faithful Lizzie had strength comes from at such times.

warn me of... "You know," she said. "the big I went along. wood wheer t' two roads meet, half way 'twixt here an t' mills? Weel, they're to watch for him passing by theer on his black horse, and, oh, my

lady! the shot 'ull coom from behind "When-when?" I almost shrick-"To-neet," she whispered hoarsely as though she feared the very walls would tell Jim of her great treach-

ery. "Theer's no toime to lose. Thee must go theesel'; they'n know summat's up if ony other body goes by. Which o' the roads does the meester coom by ?" she added, with a sudden look of dread in her eyes that was mirrored in my own. "Sometimes one, sometimes the

which !" "It's hard on thee," she said, with wonderful, pitiful lovingness. "How the mill? Would Heaven be so wilt thou knaw which way to gang?" "How, indeed?"

"One_two_three-four" rang out ever the road, gleaming palely white the little clock upon the bracket by before me in gathering dusk, seem so the window. We both started, and long before? The night, like a soft curtain, was falling upon the world; Lizzie gathered her shawl about her. "I must gang my way," she said, I saw a single star glimmering above her head drooping on her breast.
But she lingered a moment more, the robin sang no more. holding my hand close, and peering passed no more dwellings where eagerly into my face. ights twinkled through the trees,

"If Jim ketches me," she said, and seemed to speak of human com-"if he murders me, if I see thy face panionship and happy homes. Alone in the twilight two solitary figuresno more, dunna forget my little 'un, for heaven's love!" my little mare and I. "No, no," I cried; "but do not speak such words! they break my 'Faster, faster!" heart! God keep you from harm. He will! He will! iung the town, though now-ominous

She shook her head, and a tear trickled down her cheek. "Tell thy I could have cried aloud for joy. errand to none," she said earnestly. "The men love the sight of thy little mare—we have not an instant me went into society with little fluffy I trusted to God to read the mean- write, and from which I seem ever bonny face, even the roughest of 'em; loik wild beasts mad wi' the taste o' rat if they guessed yer errand."

"Drink's a good servant, but a bad gathered on her bridle, and sprang

sight, we are getting near him now, Lassie: we shall save him yet!" I have always; been impulsive—at least I believe so; at all events, in I knew not what wild words I another moment my lips were pressstood thus, hand in hand, no longer now, as the goal of my desires was ble dinner table, at which I happendivided by any thought of class or way!" said the voice, "for God's caste, only two sobbing, troubled my arms aloft; I could have shrick- was a Chicago banker, so enormous-

Like a shade that thad come and gone, as a strange apparition might Time, precious time, was passing It was Jim Steven's wife; a woman by. I had-how long to reach the How should I go? By which of led into the mill yard were closed. the two roads would John come? I

stood out on the green, velvety lawn

where of an evening he smoked his

Just at that moment once more a The groom was crossing the yard and speaking measuredly, as one in

learns I've coom oop here, I'm adead | little mare. "I am going to ride to | minc. woman; he'll brak every boan in my meet your master; you need not Then I turned hastily toward the I remembered what Lizzie had The words struck me like blows, said: "Let no one know thy errand."

To fly rather than to walk to my cond whitewashed passages, and so to the hands of all young ladies who looking on felt too sad to ery, "Viva it was a wonder mortal fingers could rounded the mills like a labyrinth; pang so awful that as I write about achieve the task, and then, just for little bed; not to weep, tears weaken "Nay," said Lizzie, lifting my at such a time, but just to kiss the

> "Oh, baby!" I said bowing my "My God! my God!" I cried, stag- for me!" And I sobbed, though my eyes were dry. Who, watching a sleeping infant, Yo've helped others: happen God on the petals of a flower, parts the sweet milk-bedewed lips, and passes

> > I chose to take that smile as

taller than his mother; and owns a good omen; I chose to think sister whose inches reach well nigh to his stalwart shoulder. John still stood by me, and the closed violets of my darling's eyes saw the minisevening, while I sit by but I tell tering presence. I heard the clatter of Lassie's hoofs Yet I saw, day by day, how the teaching me the deepest lessons of great leveller, set us for the nonce upon the stones of the yard. I staid one fleeting instant at the nursery face. I used to sit very quiet, just sought the Lord. Not with long timorous women, and nothing more. door, and then down the stairs, out son altogether. "It's Jim as is at t' bottom o' it all through the pretty porch, one spring

I dare not hurry much at first:

Oh, it did not take long, and we

My heart beat so thick and fast I scarce could draw my breath; and too much for her feeble frame.

"Steady, steady, little one," I said, speaking out loud; "it is but a poor silly sheep that has strayed into the wood." Lassie trembled, as I could feel out she stepped on quietly enough, and—Heaven knows where a woman's

merciful as that to me?

Three miles! three miles! Did

We were in the open country; we

"On, Lassie, on!" I cried to her.

I saw the smoky canopy that over-

forward with added life and spirit.

sie! see, the tall chimneys are in

to spare!"

neath us.

come message!

ions of amaze.

he doorway.

the North country tongue.

and not without some curt express-

from my saddle, and left Lassie

standing there panting and foam-

Perhaps the moment of relief is

nore trying than the suffering we

met my husband's eyes—as I saw

John there before me-as I realized

the mighty truth that he was saved,

rithout sense or life at his feet.

gave a great cry, and fell down

ago. People have forgotten the year

Baby is a young giant now, a head

Our mother rests now from all

week. He was sorry to find his old friend Marcus Aurelius Johnson, confined to his bed when he called. left her bed of weakness and pain to I let the reins drop loosely on her "Why, Marcus, what on erf's de shining neck, and sang to myself as The ears that listened could not

matter wid-ju?" "Dunno, Clem-dunno 'zactly. Doc Bronson sez de disease hasn't think a woman rode a race of life. gone 'long 'nuf ter make a c'rect and death for the sake of the man she loved, could they? de roomytism or the newralzy. We had reached the fork of the two roads; the dark shadow of the iest know how ter fix you. Seen lots

wood lay behind us. A touch, and of it cured down der in Cabson. Der the mare stood still. was Guv'nor Kinkead, an' ole Jasper | For unto him who views the years "Which? which? O, my Babcock, an' Farmer Treadway, an' . The new is old, the old is new !" help me! guide me!" I prayed. a lot o' dem kind o' feller—all had Then I let the rein drop on Lassie's de roomytism, or de newralgy, or neck, closed my eyes, and gently some udder mighty reliable disease a wrench from loving hands that urged her on. She took the way that of de same gin'ral nature—an' I've might account for the sudden attacks lay to the left. The cho ce was made. seen all dem cured. You jes' send of spasms the day after, or for hours Maddening thoughts throbbed in fo' yo' doctor, an' tell him to cut a of fretfulness that no coaxing seems my brain. Was John, even now, as button-hole in yo' hide whar de pain to soothe and no medicine appears Lassie's willing hoofs rang out on does de mos' work, an' to take a to reach. Falls from little perambuthe hard road, coming along the seeringe an' squirt bout half pint lators while in charge of nurses, tho' almost parallel route, each step of mawfeen in dar. Dat's what'll cure they leave no outward and visible other," I wailed. "Oh, I cannot tell his trusty steed leading him nearer death? Or had some blessed chance delayed him? Should I find him at

> didn't happen in Elmira, but the ap visible to the eye, but which made plication is just as binding: A little shoeblack called residence of a clergyman of this city, and solicited a piece of bread and some water. The servant was di- handling their little ones and looking rected to give the child bread from after them personally, rather than the crumb-basket, and as the little trusting so much to hired nurses. fellow was walking slowly away and A child is a tender thing, and a hurt shifting the gift between his fingers which leaves no surface scar may lay for a piece large enough to chew, the the foundation of an early death or minister called him back and asked him if he had ever learned to pray. On receiving a negative answer he directed him to say, "Our Father," but he could not understand the sign!—it was less dense than its wont.

injecshin, an' don't you forget it.".-

Virginia (Nev.) Chronicle.

familiarity. "Is it our father—your father—my "Lassie! Lassie! make good speed. father?" "Why, certainly."

holding up his crust of bread, and "Quicker! quicker! make good exclaimed between his sobs. speed! make good speed, little mare!" "You say that your father is my I touched her flanks lightly with your little brother such stuff to eat friend," ask God to aid you in playflung off the white foam that had things for yourself?" "Lassie! dear Lassie! bonnie Las-

cago.-A downright vulgar Amerfor 'Tartruffe.'" could meet with anywhere, and peruttered in my mad excitement; hith- haps the flower of American vulgaria erto I had managed to keep the curb ty is to be found in the thriving city upon my terror and my pain; but of Chicago. The lion of a fashiona-Learly reached, I could have tossed ed to be present the other evening, was made to the Flying Dutchman ed out to the night; I could have ly 12th that he might have said with been guilty of any mad thing.

ly 12th that he might have said with Mr. Anson in "Courtship," Wealth At the entrance to the town I drew I woller in it." He carried the outrein, and Lassie and I tried to look ward signs of it about him in several streets, where men stood about in his waistcoat. He was tall, lean, little groups, and women, with poor and yellow, and abominally overstarved-looking children clinging to dressed; but mothers with marriagetheir petticoats, stared at me and my able daughters could not make panting steed. The great gates that enough of him. He did not talk much, and would have got through How strange a contrast to when dinner well enough but for one unthey stood widely opened, and a lucky slip into which the kindness of leigar while I sat by. I remembered swarm of men, like bees out of a his hostess betrayed him. He ate while the great bell, that meant another; and the hostess, after trying work is over," clanged out its wel- in vain to tempt his appetite, said she believed she must give him up. A man looked through a grating, "Wal, yes, ma'am, I believe you'd

"Has the master gone?" I asked, topcoat; but I guess I'll boss my Women.-The Archbishop of Canterbury heartily approves of universithe recent distribution of the prizes to some who were wounded. The flecked. Gathering my habit in my of the Oxford local examination he wife threw herself into his arms, and hand I went up the steps into the declared that he was glad to think To fly rather than to walk to my cold whitewashed passages, and so that first-class instruction was ready Louis Blane was waiting. Those desired to avail themselves of it: He was writing at a table, and the and he spoke in commendation of flaring gas above his head showed the opening of these examinations to me his face, grave and anxious, young women, "whose education, change to a look of uttermost sur-

best," said the banker. "You know

I'd trust you with my purse and my

after a comparatively-early age, was prise as he saw his wife standing in | left entirely unattended to, and they had no stimulus to continue it." Another distinguished gentleman, Sir loss or suffering, or affliction, each, like Alexander Grant, at the recent open- the fluishing strokes of the sculptor, here have waded through to reach it I ing of the session of the Edinburgh strikes off an excresence and there brings Association for the University Edu- out a beauty of form or feature, till at cannot tell; but I know that as I cation of Women, spoke heartily in favor of the higher education of women. He characterized the old system of education in boardingschools as mechanical and dry, and said that the proposed substitution was not longer hours of study, but a

more rational employment of a short-

Some Queen Thinds. Take, for example, the following genuine notice on an Irish church door: "This is smokes upon the lawn of a summer's to give notice that no person is to be buried in this church-yard but those him he is growing fat and lazy. At living in this parish. Those who wish which he laughs, and says he shall to be buried are desired to apply to soon turn Otway Mills over to his me, Ephraim Grub, parish clerk." "Notice.-The churchwardens will earthly sorrow, and her memory is hold their quarterly meetings once like a beautiful presence among us. in six weeks, instead of half-yearly. On the table in my own sitting as formerly." In April of 1806, the room is a little hoof, shod in a silver following bill was stuck up: "This shoe. The relic is kept under a glass house to be let forever, or longer if a lovely sentiment for a successful lanshade, and I always dust it with my required," Such a house would quite own hands. I am sure you will know | match the gown mentioned by Miss without my telling you that it is held Edgeworth. "which would wear fordear for the sake of Lassie, the little ever, and might be converted into a to escape having a monument erected on mare. You will divine that it is one petticoat afterward." Another pe-

and the

OLD AND NEW.

The old year sat beside the hearth brought's wealth of joy for those

He said, "and for unnumbered woes Furnished the cordial of relief. Sweet panales and forret-mass o some the cypress, and the tomb, With love I tarried for a white, Breathing the sweet elysian air and bidding hope serenely smile

entered on my natal hour Burdened alike with bliss and bane, oned by my Lord to dower Some hearts with ease, and some with pai

here happiness had rich increase, I shall be honored long, I know: But those I robbed of joy and peace I've followed many a bridal train : Have watched many a lonely bler; Made up the record of the year. And now beside December's gate

Where hangs the year's alarum bell, pause to scan the past, and wait Two! Some will ween with sore regret: Four! Some good I might accomplish yet

live! An angelic song swoke!

Seven I Soon I shall hear the final stroke-Eight! Chime sweetly with the clock of heaven. Nine : I am nearer to my goal ! Ten! Time must eternity begin!

Eleven ! Awake, immortal soul! Farewell! Farewell! and let the new year in oggyneses of it, but he believes it's 1 come the old year's debt to pay I come his promises to keep; "Well if dat's what de matter. I To walk upon the world's highway, . And deck the graves where the dear ones sleep Where he gave smiles I may give tears, Life's path with good or ill bestrew;

you, Marcus—you hear me. I'm sign in the shape of cuts or bruises, a talkin, chile-cure you shuah. may have inflicted something worse Dat's what we call the sutterranean by far than cuts or bruises would have proven to me. Cases have occurred frequently where infants have had falls of which nurses have not AN EXCELLENT SERMON - This told, and no marks from which were the child unaccountably fretful for weeks, until curvature of the spine told its frightful story. For this reason mothers cannot be too careful in future deformity.

AN Acron's Prayers. - It is scarcely creditable, but nevertheless. true, that on the morning of the day on which he is to appear in a new piece, M. Lafontrine goes to offer up a prayer that he may be successful. "Why, certainly." Some years ago, when he belonged to the Comedic Française, a friend commenced crying, at the same time met him and his accomplished wife coming out of the same edifice. 'The Française," said the actor, explanatorily; "revives 'Tartuffe' this father; aren't you ashamed to give evening." "What!" exclaimed the when you have got so many good ing a part which the clergy hold to be inimical to religion?" "Gently," replied M. Lafontaine; "we prayed A VULGAR AMERICAN FROM CHI- that we might be protected this evening, but we did not say that it was

> AT SEA IN THE CLOUDS.—A young woman who is visiting friends at Chipoem on the subject. "Burns' poem?" echoed one of the company: "I never knew that Burns had written a poem about phantom ships." "There s hardly a school girl in Boston? said the young woman from the Hub, he was the author of the Brigs of etired to peruse Mr. Joseph Cook's fascinating work on "The Cosmogony of Theodolitic Crepusculism."

> old man, the senior of the band, was bling with a cold fit of ague. A sharp proceeded from Mme. Roques, who recognized in one of the yellowvisaged, gray-bearded spectres her husband, who was a most respectashe led him to the saloon in which

To the Christian the little events of ished for the upper temple.

"Thiz iz gouse greze; melt it. and rub on the bridge of yore noze THERE is to be a lawsuit over "Baby

Mine," in which the author sues Ditson & Co. for \$20,000. There was a similar of Solomon, in which—but our readers are of course acquainted with the Old THE fact that a man is a member of an anti-profamity society, which fines its members for using bad language, will have no weight with him when he finds

that the cat curled up and went to sleep Josu Billings has discovered that "it z a good deal ov a bore to have others luv us more than we luv them. " That's

It appears that the only way for a man his account after his death is for him to