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M^{RS. E. J. PERRIGO,} TEACHER OF PIANO AND ORGAN. Lessons given in Thorough Bass and Harmony Cultivation of the voice a specialty. Located at A Suell's Main St. Reference - Holmes & Passage Towanda, Pa., March 4, 1880.

TOHN W. CODDING. ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, TOWANDA, PA

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TOWANDA, PA. Office with Patrick and Foyler TECK & OVERTON: ATTOBNEYS-AT JAW.

TOWANDA, UA.
N. BENJ. M. BECH D'A. OVERTON, $\mathbf{R}^{ ext{odney a. Mercur,}}$ ATTORNEY AT-LAW. TOWANDA, PA.,

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Office in Montanyes Block OVERTON & SANDERSON. ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

TOWANDA, PA. E. OVERTON, JR. JOHN F. SANDERSON W. H. JESSUP,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW, MONTROSE, PÅ. Judge Jessup having resumed the practice of the win Northern Pennsylvania, will attend to an legal business intrusted to him in Bradford county Persons wishing to consult him, can call on H Streeter, E.sq., Towanda, Pa., when an appointment HENRY STREETER,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOB-AT-LAW, TOWANDA, PA. Féb 27, 179

H. L. TOWNER, M. D., HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON Residence and Office just North of 'Dr. Cor-bin's, on Main Street, Athens, Ps. jun26-6m. L. HILLIS,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, TOWANDA, PA. f nov11-75. E. F. GOFF, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

WYALUSING, PA. H. THOMPSON, ATTORNEY

HIRAM E. BULL, ENGINEERING, SURVEYING AND DRAFTING Office with G. F. Mason, over Patch & Tracy, Main street, Towarda, Pa. 4.15.80.

E. H. ANGLE, D. D. S. OPERATIVE AND MECHANICAL DENTIST. Office on State Street, second floor of Dr. Pratits thee.

ELSBREE & SON,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. TOWANDA, PA. N. C. ELSBREE. McPHERSON,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, TOWANDA, PA. Dirt Att'y Brad. Co.

TOHN W. MIX, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW AND U. S. COMMISSIONER TOWANDA, PA. Office-North Side Public Square. CAM W. BUCK,

TOWANDA, PENNA AVIES & CARNOCHAN, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

SOUTH SIPE OF WALD HOUSE. TOWANDA, PA. ANDREW WILT, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

store, Fowanda. May be consulted in German.
[April 12, 76.] W. J. YOUNG,

TOWANDA, PA. Office-second door south of the First Na-Bank Main St., up stairs. WM MAXWELL

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. ce over Daytou's Store.

April 12, 1876. R. S. M. WOODBURN, Physi-

B. KELLY, DENTIST.—Office over M. E. Rosenfield's, Towards, Pa. Treth inserted on Gold, Silver, Rubber, and Al-

D. PAYNE, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
over Montanyes' Store. Office bours from
to 12 A. M., and from 2 to 4 P. M.
Special attention given to DISEASE

THE EYE G. W. R.YAN COUNTY SUPERINTENDE filee day last Saturday of each mouth, over Turner & Gordon's Drug Store, Towarda, Pa.

Towanda, June 20, 1878. C. S. RUSSELL'S

INSURANCE AGENCY TOWANDA, PA. THRST NATIONAL BANK, TOWANDA, PA.

This Bank offers unusual facilities for the tran action of a general banking busines N. N. BETTS, Cashier. JOS. POWELL, President.

MRS. H. PEET,

TEACHER OF PIANO MUSIC.

Aradford

REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER.

VOLUME XII.

TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 2, 1880,

He did not speak, a fact that Mrs.

"Some people can hold their

"Well, I don't mind calling you

"You have no boards to shake this

"I was careful to do that before

you came. You see I am not rude

deserves so much consideration?"

"My presence distracted you."

"I think it did. But the rest of

"Yes," he said slowly, looking at

several points carefully; "I saw all

"Can you suggest any improve

"N-o! It is impossible to improve

She almost regretted that he had

not pointed out some small defect.

"Yes. The drawing is wrong, and

Miss Vane held her breath in as-

"This column came in the way."

"If you paint down to ordinary

"And the coloring?" said Miss

Not that I am conscious of, and

to spoil yesterday's work."

your work."

"And that-

flattered and said:

"No. I do not"

right?" she questioned.

ment upon as she aaranged Miss

Vane's things.

it. madre?

\$1.00 per Annum in Advance.

UNSEEN INFLUENCES. A ship is floating into harbor now,

GOODRICH & HITCHCOCK, Publishers,

I cannot see its golden prov Draw near to land. A bird is singing in the holly-tree, But where I dwell I cannot hear its melody, Or rise or swell.

And so'lt is with many things. Of good around, We cannot see their hopeful wings, Nor hear their sound.

But they are with us everm And breathe ere long, A message from the Heavenly shore, An Angel's song. MINNIE C. BALLARD.

The Stone-Mason's Triumph.

"You will return in two hours time, that will be half-past twelve, said Miss Vane, looking at her watch.

" Yes, miss," said the man-servant.

touching his hat. Miss Vane stood watching her pretty ponies until they, with the phæton, turned the corner of the High street; then, with a quick, vithe half-open door.

cern, as she said: "I don't know how a mere mason, and that made her an- and gave a little cough that he might you'll go on with your paintin' this gry with him; now willingly she en- be undeceived. He took no notice; morning, Miss Vane, for that Mr. forced Mrs. Champ's opinion that he he did not cease his monotonous Chipstone, the mason, have sent to was a rude man, and that his pres- humming, his continual hammering,

"A rude man?" "Yes, Miss Vane. When I told to-day, he replied that it would be inconvenient to be sure, but he must try and put up with it, which was, as I told him, a piece of sarcasm unecoming a person of his station." Miss Vane laughed.

objecting to me, I shall not fear for nim in the least. I will bring down your casel, and paints, and things, at once, and if you like, miss, I will walk up and After all, why should she regard to with this disinclination to study.

I will bring down your casel, and knew she could do no good work points, and things, at once, and if you like, miss, I will walk up and After all, why should she regard close. Only give Martha the colored company with a single glove for the an occasion. And perhaps it will be down, and----" = "Oh, no, please do not; I can

"If his rudeness consists only in

you may bring my easel." tomed place in the aisle, drawing off His back was to her, and tshe saw approach, and paused in his work to

"That's right, mother; you've young lady out of mischief." "Mother, indeed! I should

down the campstool with a thump. The mason turned to reply, saw Miss Vane, and, without any appearance of confusion, took off this hat ance of confusion, took off this and bowed. Miss Vane received his silent apology with calm indifference, and looked at the man without moving a muscle, until he resumed his to paint."

Mrs. Champs, having administered to repair this masonry. It is a question of impudence in the face of to all the young lady's wants, withdrew, passing close by the mason to work for a week or so-you, who

lating.!" Mother, indeed!" in a tone stone for my living." of withering contempt. It is comparatively easy to forgive not moved to pardon this man, tho his appearance was strikingly good. with the white dust from his work. which, making his skin appear particularly soft and fair, lent lustre and

darkness to his fine eyes. His simple gesture of apology was more eloquent and appropriate than words could have been in the circumstances, and by the strangely familiar yet easy showed that he had good taste as assurance of the man. well as good features: but his claims to an equality with herself, asserted self what this man had done that nature in her tone: could not be forgotten as quickly as He had called the paraphernalia of freedom

sider whether the sting of the sar, now I look at your work, why should asserted? And if he was indeed an been drawn two or three yards from do but to pack up and go, and slow- thought touched the heart of Miss gregation, and again within the build-Laura Vane was not merely a beau- dom? You are an artist." tiful girl. She had desires beyond He spoke these last words im- These and other speculations occuand higher than the drawing-room conquests and picnic pleasures of her the picture, and Miss Vane's face drove homeward, looking before her habits. I never saw a pillar come in | ing to say something about her gratsex. Her face and figure was in na- flushed with pleasure. She felt that abstractedly, and quite regardless of lany one's way yet, awhile You itude for his valuable criticism, and lane, where the horses were forced to shocked. She worked hard, but did ture's hands to mould as she would; the greatest compliment she had re- the sunny cornfields she had longed mean that you began work in the add something more about the pos- slacken their pace to pass a foot pas- not find forgetfulness in art; rather but the soul within her was for her ceived had been offered to her by to enjoy but a short time before. She wrong place." ly to make that admirable. Not that bed quickly with delight. Her ela- her morning's work, it was so bad, would be unnoticeable to ordinary she was neglectful of her appearance, tion was as inconsistent as her pre- And yet she wished he had shown perceptions. or unsuscentible to admiration of her vious dejection had been. To be further interest in her picture. That personal charms-indeed, no. Her placed on a level with a man little he thought highly of it she had no perceptions, you must always be deliess was unexceptionable; she did above an ordinary mechanic was not doubt, for had he not, looking at it, fective." not adopt the style of costume in in itself a compliment, but it was acknowledged she was an artist? which intellectual girls-poor, plain another thing to be recognized as a She exulted in the thought that her Vane, with a despondent sigh. things !-usually display their eccen- fellow-worker by one whose quiet as | work had undeccived him, and felt ! "You painted these lights with a tricities; she was not a dowdy; on sertion proclaimed him an artist, sure that he would not allude to it as cloudy morning, and these with a the contrary she was as tastefully and conscious of the respect his po- play, or to her tools as playthings chear sky." appareled as though she had nothing sition in a noble profession entitled again. She was almost ashamed of petter to think about. She gave the him to. greater part of her time to the culti- He had implied his approval of and tried once and again to dismiss vation of artistic tastes. She played her painting, and she thirsted to his tall figure, his handsome face, his You are not making bonnets when arms and kissed her, she would not

latterers was one who painted better dress." han she, and the less the eulogiser

self-deluded, dilettanti dabbler in art. this turn, and did not get on half so raised this cloud, and over-sensitive work. Mrs. Champ, the berger's wife, met Miss Vane was quick to feel its presently gave place to a look of con- for being influenced by the words of not know I am here," she thought,

take my own part quite well. But man? No, she would not attempt workman's dinner hour; on a small, made him the most formal and distion, and this is good, indeed!"

work—she would quietly retire, and napkin beside him lay several very tant bend in returning his salute.

brought some playthings to keep the fly," said the mason, turning about looked at her. to face Miss Vane. "Oh, this is very provoking!" exvery sorry to be your mother, young claimed the young lady, losing at ing, with a yet more uncertain hand. man," retorted Mrs. Champ, setting once the little composure gained but the moment before. "Cannot you shake your boards when I am gone?" "Certainly, if you will be good enough to go now," replied the man,

with the most annoying suavity. not. I have come here on purpose the mason's shoulder.

paint for amusement, or I, who cut mother, I suppose it must be so."

"No, I am not-at least, not invate your discomfort. Let me light- and hoped she had not been annoved Vandyke beard He was powdered peace and good-will toward all men. When you hear me chipping away

again, you may consider yourself free from further inconvenience for at least one hour." "I can move my utensils myself,"

said Miss Vanc, somewhat mollified "You had better do as I advise."

The mason had advanced to the in his manner, made it impossible for easel and was looking at the work her to feel that cold indifference to upon it as he spoke. Miss Vane was bonnet and mantle she inclined her his affront which she assumed. She annoyed now by the equality assert- head to the mason, whose eyes, to the coloring is not right, and there was angry with heiself for being ed in the man's behavior, and she her consciousness, had been fixed is no idea in it at all." vexed by such a trifle, and asked here said, with a touch of sarcastic good upon her, and he, rising from his

the gaucherie of an ordinary servant. speaking to me with unwarrantable Had he lived in Italy ? Was he Ital- "To begin with, her art toys to amuse a child-that "It did not occur to me to give suggested that. Was he a real artist, was all; but it compelled her to con- the matter a thought before; but and holding that position his manner pattiwith his chisel. "This part has

pressively, as he carefully covered pied Miss Vane's thoughts as she

knew of art the more enthusiastic were a child," thought Miss Vanc. was his praise. The Royal Academy In the cloisters she regained all her pation of subduing this man to ab. The mason continued: of Arts had rejected her pictures, usual happiness of temperament, solute admiration of herself and all and she could not believe sincerely whether by the influence of the place she did. Then again she was asham- want of education; from your youth" that her friends were right in ascrib- itself, or by the restored confidence ed of herself; of thinking of herself (she remembered his speaking of a ing the rejection to professional jeal- in herself and the newly-awakened in conjunction with him-she, an in- child); "perhaps from your happiousy on the part of the hanging interest, she could not determine; dependent young lady with £20,000, ness. committee. She had remarked that but she listened impatiently for the he with nothing, perhaps, besides the meed of praise layished by gen-chipping to begin again, and was his tools. But surely he could not to do with it?" tlemen upon young ladies was strict sorely tempted to pass into the aisle be a mere artisan; he might-well, beauty; and with the knowledge her work. At the first blow of the was praised for her pictures with as face and expectant eyes. Her apa- for to-morrow. little discrimination as was the lovely ratus was restored to its original presented it to her mind that, in fact, the serious business begun. Miss herself took the reins, and also the the truth. Now, I'll tell you how a unknown disappointments. she was no artist at all, but only a Vane was a little disappointed by whip, as the ponics found to their poet would paint this picture. He

"Perhaps he thinks I have done her with a courtesy and a smile, that shadow. She was angry with herself -playing-for the day, and he does respectable and humble as men in grand picture, and he makes this ca- she did was constantly hers. repair Sir Geoffrey's monument, and ence was extremely inconvenient until the big bell struck twelve miss, it's quite close to where you sit." her customary gratification in the upon her work, and would not permit ceasing to deaden lesser sounds, she clouded or not." contemplation of the work before her glance to turn from the canvas detected the sharp "clink, clip, clink" her. She felt inclined to remove her in his direction. Probably he would of the chisel upon Sir Geoffrey's feeling herself lower than the dilet- ly done. She wished to be a child him as I didn't know as it would be apparatus at once, and walk home come and criticise her picture; possi- tomb. convenient for him to do his work without her pony-carriage; but the bly he was now at her elbow looking "Is that man here again!" she

idea that she was playing, and not tion of her imagination so confused pretty eyebrows and trying to look working, determined her to perse her that her painting became reckless despondent. vere, unpleasant as the prospect and bad. This he certainly would "Oh, lor', yes, Miss Vane, and seemed. She took up her palet and detect, and know she was only as- worse than ever. What do you think proceeded to dress it. The constant suming unconsciousness of his prox- he says now?" chipping at her side irritated her. imity. Every moment this idea in "I can't tell!" Miss Vane only She paused, and, looking along the tensified, and with it her brush hoped he had said nothing disparag-"Just so, miss, and I'll be bound sunlight and cheerful cornfields that until at length, unable to keep up

That word goaded stone bottle, constituted his meal. Champ felt it her pleasure to comher; and, setting her lips firmly, she He was drinking from the stone botcuriosity at "the rude man." Her went onward with the mixing of her the when Miss Vane looked, and she winationed step was light, and the mason, intent colors. Was it true that she was averted her eyes with a spasm of playing with art? Was it not true? intense disgust. Nevertheless, she Did her painting serve any other was presently impelled to look again; ties," said she, loudly. only a tall figure, in a white loose purpose than to occupy her idle time, this time she found him with a ragblouse, and heard him humming soft- and produce flattery for herself? ged little book in one hand, and a ly as he chipped away the decayed Still tormenting herself with these pencil in the other, sketching. This marble. By the time she had re- questions, she uncovered her picture. was more interesting, and Miss Vane moved her hat and mantle, Mrs. Indeed, there were good points in regarded him with curious eyes. He Champ came bustling up The ma- the painting, and she looked with shifted the pencil from his right to son, still unconscious of Miss Vane's satisfaction at certain little bits of his left hand, and taking up a huge proximity, perceived Mrs. Champ's careful study and conscientious work. sandwich, bit out a semicircle; then "I must trouble you to cover your he laid down the hunk of bread and

did not quite like that he should put materials for a time; I am going to ment, transferred the pencil again. move these boards and the dust will opened his book, and, still munching, wife, bantering her thus. She was which makes the praise valuable. It I never knew a good workman as glad when the old woman went away. "He is sketching me," thought She broke the subsequent silence. Miss Vane, and resumed her paintmorning?"

"Thanks f" amuttered the mason through his food, as if he thought Miss Vane had resumed her position this morning, and I would not like to suit him. "Well, I do call that impudence,"

exclaimed Mrs. Champ, coming up "But I can not go now, and I will two minutes later, and looking over "Do you?" sail he. "Well, I call

"And I have come here on purpose it devotion. 'I don't see any sugges tion who can best afford to give up beautiful girl who is studying art. "I beg you won't call me 'mother," replied the berger's wife,

tentionally. Come, we are both los- and then going to Miss Vane anhandsome people, but Miss Vane was | ing time to no purpose but to aggra- | nonfeed that the carriage had arrived, | he might look at it. en your inconvenience as well as I by Mr. Chipstone's "laborer." This appellation, pronounced very audibly, this yesterday." terizes ill-bred people in the presence (self), "and do all my dirty work mock agony; as he groaned he held ments?" of their superiors. His face was long while you have a walk in the clois- up his sketch and looked at it with and thin, with well-sunk eyes, a profeers. One can not walk there on a contracted brows. Miss Vane was this work." nounced, yet delicate nose, and a morning such as this without feeling clearing her pallet, with an amused smile on her face.

"May I ask you to resume your man addressing her. "Yes, that will do; thank you."

She looked at him; he bowed his acknowledgment, thrusting the sketch book in the pocket of his blouse, and | Miss Vane said, with a little tinge of then lifted the stone bottle to his sarcasm: ips again.

When Miss Vane had put on her out the defects?" seat, took off his felt hat and bowed tonishment for a moment, and then "Does it strike you that you are with the easy grace of an Italian, said: ian by birth? His face and bearing drawing faulty?" I not speak to you with perfect free- artist, how came it that he pursued the point of view taken in the rest of ly and reluctantly she finished her Vane. The quick movement of the ing one Sunday, seated in a distant the vocation of an ordinary mason? the_thing." was glad he had not asked to look at

the place he took in her thoughts, I tried to make the colors match." and sang, she worked tapestry, she know all that he thought of it, but free speech, now pleasing, then an you sit down in the sacred name of have telt outraged, so high above TERMS 40 per PIANO MUSIC,
TERMS 40 per PIANO modeled a little, and painted a good he had set the canvas aside, and the noying, from her memory; but they art to depict nature."

vinced that she deserved all the mischievous smile. "And now go been followed by a woman's thirst tist in the world, but he was unfeel- asked Mrs. Champ, who was sented ulogy she received. Among her sway; the dust will spoil that pretty for conquest. Certain passages in ing and uncharitable, and she would outside the cathedral door in the Boccacco's story of Cymon and ask his opinion never again. These "But he talks to me as though I Ephigenia came to her mind, and she were the thoughts of the moment, blushed with the pleasurable antici-that made her silent and dejected, will send for my things."

"These errors arise from your

"My happiness! What has that "Much. Sorrow makes poets, and

cost-a lady holding the whip uses would be filled, I will say, with melan-

Miss Vane was silent for a time, tanti dabbler she had sometimes felt herself, to be-and without that hope-longer. A favorite brush was missnies self-depreciation.

the picture?" she asked. "Cut it up." "I might as well give it to Mrs.

Champ." "Much as I respect and like the cold gray aisle; thought of the warm grew more and more unmanageable, ing of herself.

sunlight and cheerful cornfields that until at length, unable to keep up "He says he shall tell my husband sel you to be so generous. No, cut to show this impulsive, natural offers us, that we may accept without to show this impulsive, natural offers us, that we may accept without to show this impulsive, natural offers us, that we may accept without to show this impulsive, natural offers us, that we may accept without the says he shall tell my husband is a shown to be so generous. No, cut to show this impulsive, natural offers us, that we may accept without the says he shall tell my husband is a shown to be so generous. There are a day of the says he shall tell my husband in the says he shall tell my husband is a shown to be so generous. There are a day of the says he shall tell my husband is a shown this impulsive, natural offers us, that we may accept without the says he shall tell my husband is a shown this impulsive, natural offers us, that we may accept without the says he shall tell my husband is a shown this impulsive, natural offers us, that we may accept without the says he shall tell my husband is a shown this impulsive, natural offers us, that we may accept without the says he shall tell my husband is a shown that the says he shall tell my husband is a shown that the says he shall tell my husband is a shown that the says he shall tell my husband is a shown that the says has a sho you will give him as good as he sends, lay beside the homeward path; she the pretence longer, she looked if I get talking to him. Ther's for it up and keep it. There are a doz- girl as she was for her follies must injury to others. And I have no what was thought of herself and her Geoffrey's monument; there sat the when she approached the mason; portion that you tried to match. right hand, carefully folded, black, better for both of us if we forget all employment by a common mason's mason cating his dinner. It was the but she composed her features, and Here is a piece of masterly execulalmost new, but marked in white about our five-minute's chat, for I

delight the criticism afforded her. his eyes still upon the painting: "I have discouraged you."

tongues in the presence of third par-"It's a pity all people can't; isn't "My names's not Marjery, sir. I "Especially the favorable ones, was christened Martha, I'll let you hey?" he asked, with a quiet laugh. heard such a gentle and kind voice

Martha, if you prefer it; and Mr. as this man's, and his smile was as Champ doesn't object." Miss Vane | tender as a woman's.

as you suggest." " And so your work here ends." gfet in his voice she thought.

Lam a child." "You are a child, and, happily "Do you think my amusement not a precocious one. Your field of "L would not willingly spoil even vour amusement. But I spoke of "You want me to tell you what I think of it?" he asked, drawing near. "My work yesterday was execra-

been one of disappointment." the work?" She stood aside, that pointmets to know what sadness is? He penetrated her soul with his Champ to stay when she had taken deep-seeing eyes, searching there for her refreshment.

the feeling of the artist.

"Then you think it is-is-all Here was an unexpected reverse. And now to my work" He left her standing still and si-"Perhaps you may be able to point

the stones again. "He does not know me, he does she land no sincere wish for. Hownot know how decide I feel," she ever, these graver thoughts were thought, as she slowly repacked banished when she sat in Lady Tipthe colors she was to use there no ton's barouche, with an agreeable Sir more; and she believed it was sym- Somebody at her side, and every-

"Here," he replied, indicating a her own account. arrangements. When all was done, horses excited her; her eyes spark- seat, but in such a position as to comeven to the buttoning of her gloves, led with pleasure; she looked the mand a view of her profile. She was she stepped up to the mason, intend-prettiest picture of happiness. They sure he was sketching her, but her "It doesn't look locomotive in its She suggested that the defect

> might never see him again, so she utterly confused, and turned her eyes artisan in feeling or education, she She held out her hand, and he took it without hesitation in his dir-

his, so earnest and grave. "Good-bye, you beautiful child, "But they would not be matched. he said. Had he taken her in his her, so grand and pure did he look

agreeable shade, knitting. "Yes. I shall walk home, and

undisguised disgust. "I am afeared that young fellow's I will follow quite soon, and I shall been annoying you, miss; you look be able to explain my reason." quite down-hearted like."

that she should see this strange man he had trudged on and was half a no more was uppermost in her mile distant by this time. thoughts, and all time looked blank Miss Vane was faint with excitey in proportion to their personal again and see if he were examining he was an anomaly, and it was im- only poets can paint pictures, except and miserable before her. What ment, and regretted the course she possible to think anything more for ordinary perceptions.' All these should she do to-morrow, and the had taken. Her second mistake was that she was herself beautiful came mallet she reentered the building and definitely of him. Nothing was cer- defects of color and drawing arise next day, and the next? How des- only less pardonable than the first. the unpleasant suggestion that she walked to her work with a bright tain-except that she was impatient from your starting without an idea. titute of hope was her life. Oh, now She tried to run and catch a glimpse for to-morrow. You walk into this aisle, and you indeed she could paint her picture, of the felt hat. She reached the stile

Th next morning she did not keep say: 'Oh, how pretty! this will and put into it all that pathos he in the hedge where he stood, and still Miss Armitage—a young lady whom she canvas was covered, and she cordially detested—for her execute mason was humming over his she was on the steps as it drove up, crable performance on the zither. The state of the canvas was covered, and her man-servant opened his has not the claim to respect that a she had imagined all that feeling due they hurt her feet terribly, and this And the suspicion had once or twice about her; the romance was over, round eyes in astonishment. She photograph has—that at least tells to her sympathy with the mason's pain and her distress fairly overcom-

Nevertheless, his influence upon This self-doubting mood is com- well with her work as she had antici- it, a remark which applies not alone choly, and upon his tempered mind her was lasting, it seemed as though mon to every artist, and is hopefully pated. If he had praised her only to the management of ponies. Like would steal the memory of a cathe- he had created in her that deeper significant of the power to improve; slightly she knew she could have other anxious people, she expected dral aisle, gray and cold, and sad in sentiment which he had prognostivacious step, she ran up the cathedral it is in the passing cloud in a sunny worked better; but he chipped on to be disappointed; probably she tone, and the evening light shining cated. She began to think, and persteps, and entered the building by life. Unintentionally, the man had and on, and never turned from his should find another man at work through an open door tells of a dy- ceptibly altered. She did not grow upon the masonry, and it was no ing day, and heightens the pathos of particularly wise in a fortnight, but gratification to think he would be as the place. Here he conceives of a the desire to be true in everything his station should be; possibly the thedral the model by which to work this idea of truth she associated him pipe; over her bent the beautiful, work was finished, and no one in the out his conception; but he fixes the __the mason__the man whose name cathedral to interfere with her. That point of view whence his idea may was even unknown to her. And so suggestion failed to afford her pleas, be realized, and he is careful that he dwelt continually in her mind.

ure; so contrary and changeable are the light shall be in harmony with She idealized him, making him her you sitting there with my proud the moods of young ladies at the age his subject. A column will not get standard of excellence, and controllthere's a nasty, rude man a hammer- She sat down at her painting with Then be laid down his chisel and of 20. It was an acknowledged re- in the way of this man, and he will ing her actions in the direction she then I was ashamed of myself, and in' away at it now, and, as you know, distaste, and failed entirely to derive mallet. She, now, kept her eyes lief of her mind when, the wheels be conscious whether the sky is thought he would counsel. She did so I would get out to tell you of my not get through much work, but fault and say-how-how do you do what she effected was conscientiousno more, and behave childishly no reflection that this would justify the quietly at her. This latter sugges asked of Mrs. Champ, raising her ful gleam which generally accompating from her box, and probably it the mason's; to him this matter had had been left in the cathedral; but the greatest, the most pathetic sig-"Then what had I better do with she would not go there to find it, lest nificance. She held out her little

of her search, and laugh at her weakness. Still, she hoped he would find it; but Mrs. Champ was the medium ing," he said, still holding her hand; en pieces of excellent work here- be confessed-she had laid aside in claim upon your recognition which dust with the pressure of a hand. She am only a mason, and people might He looked directly upon the work insisted on Mrs. Champ taking some be very hard upon me, and think unspeak, being quite over come with al questions, asked if the mason still a mere accident to claim acquaintance worked at the cathedral, and wheth- with a young lady of your position. Noticing her silence the mason said, er he had been more or less annoy-

ing of late. "He's finished the job and gone, "No, no; oh, dear, no! I am very miss; ended the work last night. He grateful for your discriminating re- was more quieter after your going, marks; they are all true, quite true." and spoke very pleasant to my sister, who's got the gout, going out to the chemist's himself to get a prescrip-Miss Vane thought she had never tion made up for her as he'd got sation leading he feared whither. wrote down in that very sketch book he drawed your face in, and wouldn't take a farthing. However, I thought "No. I think I like your censure I'd give him a turn, seeing he was a himself on a level with the berger's as well as your praise. It is that good workman, though saucy-and

will please me to cut this picture up | wasn't faulty sometimes !-- so I told him he might come and repair my in wondering admiration could only sink in his spare time, and I'd pay look upon her in silence. As he There was the slightest tone of re- him a fair price for the job, so he looked, a smile began to dawn about came and did it, and charged me a her lips, and the yearning of her eyes "You think I am too happy to shilling for it, which I think was was mingled with adoration. He feel the poetry of sadness; you think | very reasonable, considering he took | looked away from her with an effort,

two hours over it, and swept the place up clean after him. Poor Miss Vane felt a little shudnoetry lies outside these walls. The der run through her, hearing of her bright phases of nature, you could ideal artist mending a sink and takdepict and impress them with all the ing a shilling for his work; and then these fields. Do you mind my smokjoyful sunlight of a child's nature was vexed with herself for her reling?" at least I think so, looking at your pugnance to the man's doing nonest face. Your eyes say that I am not work. Mending sinks is mason's old to have much experience of sad- work, and he never pretended to be ness. I am old enough-my life has more than a mason. The higher estimate of him was of her own work-"And must one experience disap- ing; she must get to think of him as she asked, looking at him with swim- her. She sighed, and asked no further ming eyes of sympathizing sorrow. questions, nor did she press Mrs.

the motive of her present grief, just | Miss Vane had aristocratic friends as he had looked into her work for and was not above the weakness of reverencing a title, and when she was "All beautiful and good natures asked by Lady Emily Tipton to take a green, he stopped, and in a light tone are capable of true sympathy with place in her carriage and accompany the sorrowful; but the sentiment is her party to a picnic in the Tipton She wished him to be the artist she transient. Only our own sadness woods, she consented; but in preparposition for one minute?" said the had hoped he was. Still she felt endures. Little as I have watched ing her necessary toilet for the occayou, it has been sufficient to see the sion she was afflicted with certain grave and gay expressions following conscientious pangs, which grew as each other in your face like the the day approached. In her heart, lights upon an April hill. Deeper | she did not wish to go to the picnic, feelings will commence soon enough. only her fear of displeasing Lady Tipton prevented her declining the invitation. Appealing to her imaginlent by her easel, and began to chip ary counselor, she heard him say she was wrong in accepting a pleasure

> pathy with his misfortunes that alone thing around her gay and bright. made her wretched, but one-half of Lady Tipton had complimented her her dejection arose from regret upon on her bonnet, the agreeable Sir Somebody had complimented her There was nothing now for her to bonnet on her, and not a sombre leaving the cathedral with the consibility of meeting him on some fu- senger. He stood backens the car- each new endeavor seemed to bring ture occasion; but these society riage aproached, and Miss Vane, him closer to her heart. She did phrases went right out of her mind, looking that way, saw that the pedes- not, she could not conceal from herand the society tone right out of her | trian was her friend, the mason, with | self that her feeling for him was

> Shame filled her heart the very next moment, and she said quickly: "Oh, Lady Tipton, will you allow ty palm, and met her sad eyes with the carriage to be stopped? I wish if he loved her. She was grown

friend of mine." workman ia a white blouse." "That is he, my friend." "Oh, you know, we really cannot

NUMBER 14 "Be good enough to tell the driver at once," said Lady Tipton to the agreeable Sir Somebody, in a tone of

"It is not far to the Tipton woods. Lady Tipton bowed very coldly, "No, he has not annoyed me in and presently Miss Vane found her thought that she was pleasing the the least, and my picture is finished." self in the road alone. There was old woman.

On her way home the reflection not a sign of the mason. Probably

they hurt her feet terribly, and this ing her she sat upon the top of the stile, and, putting her hands upon the top bar, her face in them, she burst into tears. No one was likely to hear her, and she indulged her grief to the full, sobbing bitterly.

"What is the matter, my child?" said a soft soothing voice at her ear. She looked up hastily; on the basket of tools, a stone bottle, and tender face of the mason. "What is the matter?"

"I-I was ashamed to acknoledge friends until we had passed you, and but I didn't want to go to the picnic, indeed I did not."

Any one must have smiled who bad a heart less sympathetic than he should suspect the dearest object hand; he took it, and held it very

gently in his own. "But it is good to go to picnics it, and bring it to her. He did find with friends of our own social standkindly of me if I took advantage of I'll be bound Mr. Chipstone would turn me away, and then where am 1 to get bread and cheese, they?" "I will never forget the cathedral

Every word you said has been the text for a sermon to me." "I don't like sermons," said the mason, wishing to break up a conver-"I do; and you think me weak and silly, and-and a child. But I am trying hard to think, and be true to myself; to be a woman and good.

and an artist." She looked full into his face, with such a yearning in her eyes that he. and laid her hand down asking:

"Are you going after your party?" "Oh, no. I cannot, take me to the village?" Yes-the nearer way is across

She shook her head. He helped her over the stile, and taking up his possessions was careful to distribute them upon both hands, and so they walked along, these incongruous two. The mason made observations upon the surrounding landscape, and moked the whole way. The lady spoke little; but serene enjoyment of the past moment was in her heart. to the boots that pinched her feet. When they came to the end of the lane that abuts upon the village

said: "Now I must run away to my work." "Good-bye," she said, looking in

heart was real. "Good afternoon." "You said 'good-bye' last time;" "Then good bye how." She lingered.

his face to read if his lightness of

"I wish you would try to think of ne as a woman." "We are to try and forget." "Is that easy? Where do you find forgetfulness?" "In art," he replied, looking with

compassion upon the pained, sweet

face. Then they parted.

Months passed away, and Miss Vane did not meet the mason. were driving along a lane, a narrow religious sentiment was not greatly

voice, as she looked into the frank, a basket of fools in one hand, and a love. That love was keener because ingenious face, and felt that she stone bottle in the other. She was of its hopelessness. He was no simple away as the carriage passed him. knew, and that was sufficient, he being poor, to keep them asunder. would not accept one from her—even to get out; we have just passed a wise enough to know that a marriage of that kind was impossible. Nearly "My dear, we passed no one but a a year had gone before she knew more of him, and then through Mrs.

Champ's kindty offices. "I've got a pleasant surprise for you, Miss Vane," said the good wo man, entering the young lady's studio one morning. Mrs. Champ was dressed in her Sunday clothes, and was radiant with excitement.

"What is it?"

"Well, miss, that's my secret, and tortoise shell, probably on account of the old fable, in which the tortoise was alleged to have got away with the hare.—New York Graphic.

A TEMPLAR from Coldwater died at Chicago. Before the beer drinkers have time to point out the dangers of water drinking, it should be stated that the man who died was from Coldwater, Mich.

you shall find out by your own eyes you'll come along with me." You are very mysterious, and my curiosity is roused to its utmost intensity, I assure you, but really I cannot leave my work just now." Mrs. Champ's countenance was

overcast at once, and she said, remonstratively: "Don't say that, Miss Vane. The chance won't occur again, and I am certain you will be delighted beyond all expectation if you come with me. It won't take you half an hour, and I shall be that disappointed if you don't take advantage of the opportunity, as I can't tell you. Now, do

Miss Vane looked at the berger's vife in amused preplexity. "Will it give you pleasure if I accept your invitation?"

"Indeed, it will, miss, and me not more 'an vou." "Then I will leave my work for one hour-but mind, not more." Then Miss Vane put on her walking-dress, and tried to console herself for her loss of time by the

In the quietest part of the old town, Mrs. Champ led the young lady to a small cottage, where at the door they were received by a second old lady who appeared not less excited than Mrs. Champ.

"I thought you were never com-ing," said she, " and I'm afraid every moment he'll return, though he said he wouldn't be back until nightfall. This way, miss, if you please." She took a bundle of keys from a

shelf, and preceding them, with much stealth led the way through a trim little garden to a wooden building wit a glazed roof. She opened the door and admitted her visitors. Miss Vane looked around her, saw plaster casts hanging upon the walls; a box and modeling stools stood here and there... Before her was a block, some five or six feet in height, covered with a sheet.

Mrs. Champ brought a stool and bade her sit down, adding: "Now, miss, open your eyes, and you shall see something that will surprise you out of your senses almost. It did

Then she gave the signal to her friend, who slowly drew the sheet away from the object before her, and Miss Vane's eyes rested on her own portrait in pure white marble. She saw herself as he had seen her, with adoration in her tearful eyes and the sweet features moulded with tender yet intense earnestness. But as vet she knew not who had seen her so; her thought, quick as it was to apprehend good of him she loved, had not yet time to credit him with so lovely a work. She sat in silent wonder, choking with the emotional vision of

her own love created. "And who do you think cut it?" asked Mrs. Champ, enjoying the scene and prepared for a vet greater event.

She shook her head. "Why, the man — the mason. Good God, she's fainting! Come, come, my pretty, pretty!" "I am quite strong," she said presently. Then she tottered over to the marble, and kissed the work of his hands, and dropped her heart's tears upon the name cut at her feet.

But the romance does not end here. John Ford's work was in the Academy exhibition of 18—, and was deservedly recognized as the finest piece of sculpture, the purest work of art, exhibited that year. The sculptor, asked to put a price on it.

"It is customary to fix a price, said the agent charged with its delivery. "Put a prohibitive price upon it, if you like.

"Very well, if it is necessary-sny ten thousand pounds." The price was entered in the book tion he received a letter telling him that his statue was sold. He let the

paper drop from his hands with a "Curse the money," he said. "It has robbed Pygmalion of his Gala-

But suddenly he sprang to his feet, animated with an idea that had never efore entered his unbusiness-like "Ten thousand pounds!" he cried. Why, I am a rich man now, and this divide money shall turn my Ga-

latea from cold marble to flesh and blood and a human soul. O. my God. Thou art good!" Then in his sculptor's blouse, with the white clay still in the quick of his nails, he ran to the house where Miss Vane dwelt, and unannounced walked into her presence. Seeing him she grew pale, for her face was marked with strong agitation.

Words failed him. Holding her hand closely within his own he gasped: "I am a rich man now. I need no onger break stone for my subsistence. I can afford to be an artist. But I cannot live without you. I carved a figure that to me was a lead love; but they have taken it away from me, and I am alone in the world with nothing to teast my hungering soul upon. Will you take compassion on me? Do you love

me? Will you be my wife?"

ery of delight she flew into his arms; and her eager lips sought the longloved face. "Your wife? Oh, yes, yes, yes." After a while she said: "Nothing

Like a swallow, with a quick, short

now can separate us, my love." "Nothing on earth." "And you will not on my account etract?" "Retract!" "You do not know how small my

lowry is; I have not half the fortune

I had when you were poor." "Thank God!" "But suppose I had more than ever I possessed before more than the richest prince on earth can boast of would you retract then?"

And then he had learned that she had bought his statue.— Temple Bar.

HE was a great bore, and was talking o a crowd about the coming local election. Said he: "Jones is a good man; he is capable, honest, fearless and conscientious. He will make the very kind of an officer we need here in Galveston. He once saved my life from drowning.' you really want to see Jones elected?" said a solemn-faced old man. "I do, indeed. I'd do anything to see him elect-ed." "Then never let anybody know he saved your life." The meeting then adjourned. - Gilveston News. Some Indians use scalping knives