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MADILL & KINNEY, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. Office—Rooms formerly occupied by Y. M. C. A. Reading Room. H. J. MADILL. 3,18,80 O. D. KINNEY.

JOHN W. CODDING, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, TOWANDA, PA. Office over Kirby's Drug Store.

THOMAS E. MYER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, TOWANDA, PA. Office with Patrick and Foyle. Sep.25,'79

PECK & OVERTON, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, TOWANDA, PA.: PA. OVERTON, BENJ. M. PECK.

RODNEY A. MERCUR, ATTORNEY AT-LAW, TOWANDA, PA., Solicitor of Patents. Particular attention paid to business in the Orphans Court and to the settlement of estates. Office in Montanyes Block May 1, '79.

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W. H. JESSUP, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW, MONTROSE, PA. Judge Jessup having resumed the practice of the law in Northern Pennsylvania, will attend to any legal business intrusted to him in Bradford county. Persons wishing to consult him, can call on H. Streeter, Esq., Towanda, Pa., when an appointment can be made.

HENRY STREETER, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW, TOWANDA, PA. Feb 27, '79

E. L. HILLIS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, TOWANDA, PA. [nov11-75.

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

ELSBREE & SON, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, TOWANDA, PA. N. C. ELSBREE. L. ELSBREE.

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

J. ANDREW WILT, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Office—Means' Block, Main st., over J. L. Kent's store, Towanda. May be consulted in German. [April 12, '76.]

W. J. YOUNG, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, TOWANDA, PA. Office—Mercur Block, Park street, up stairs.

DR. S. M. WOODBURN, Physician and Surgeon. Office at residence, on Main street, first door north of M. E. Church. Towanda, April 1, 1881.

W. B. KELLY, DENTIST.—Office over M. E. Rosenfield's, Towanda, Pa. Teeth inserted on Gold, Silver, Rubber, and Aluminum base. Teeth extracted without pain. Oct. 24-72.

E. D. PAYNE, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office over Montanyes' store. Office hours from 10 to 12 A. M., and from 2 to 4 P. M. Special attention given to DISEASES OF THE EYE and DISEASES OF THE EAR

G. W. RYAN, COUNTY SUPERINTENDE Office day last Saturday of each month, over Turner & Gordon's Drug Store, Towanda, Pa. Towanda, June 20, 1878.

MRS. E. J. PERRIGO, TEACHER OF PIANO AND ORGAN. Lessons given in Thorough Bass and Harmony. Cultivation of the voice a specialty. Located at J. P. VanFleet's, State Street. Reference: Holmes & Passage. Towanda, Pa., March 4, 1880.

C. S. RUSSELL'S GENERAL INSURANCE AGENCY May 24-79tf. TOWANDA, PA.

EDWARD WILLIAMS, PRACTICAL PLUMBER & GAS FITTER. Place of business, a few doors north of Post-Office. Plumbing, Gas Fitting, Repairing Pumps of all kinds, and all kinds of Gearing promptly attended to. All wanting work in his line should give him a call. Dec. 4, 1879.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK, TOWANDA, PA.
CAPITAL PAID IN $125,000
SURPLUS FUND 66,000
This Bank offers unusual facilities for the transaction of a general banking business.
N. N. BETTS, Cashier. JOS. POWELL, President. April 1, 1879

HENRY HOUSE, CORNER MAIN & WASHINGTON STREETS FIRST WARD, TOWANDA, PA. Meals at all hours. Terms to suit the times. Large stable attached. WM. HENRY, PROPRIETOR. Towanda, July 2, '79-tf.

A FEW COPIES OF THE ROAD LAWS can be had at this Office.

THE MYSTERY OF THE HUMAN HEART.

BY OWEN MEREDITH.

Midnight past! Not a sound of aught
Through the silent house but the wind at his prayers
I sat by the dying fire and thought
Of the dear dead woman up-stairs.

A night of tears; for the gusty rain
Had ceased, but the eaves were dripping yet,
And the moon looked forth, as though in pain,
With her face all white and wet.

Nobody with me my watch to keep,
But the friend of my bosom, the man I love;
And grief has sent him fast asleep
In the chamber up above.

Nobody else, in the country-place
All round, that knew of my loss beside;
But the good young priest with the Raphael-face,
Who confessed her when she died.

That good young priest is of gentle nerve,
And my grief had moved him beyond control;
For his lips grew white, and I could observe
What speeded her parting soul.

I sat by the dreary hearth alone;
I thought of the pleasant days of yore:
I said, "The staff of my life is gone;
The woman I loved is no more.

"On her cold, dead bosom, my portrait lies,
Which next to her heart she used to wear,
Haunting it o'er with her tender eyes
When my face was not there.

"It is all set around with rubies red,
And pearls which a Peri might have kept;
For each ruby there my heart hath bled—
For each pearl my eyes hath wept.

And I said, "The thing is precious to me.
They will bury her soon in the churchyard clay;
It lies on her heart, and lost must be
If I do not take it away."

I lighted my lamp at the dying flame,
And crept up the stairs that cracked for fright,
Till into the chamber of death I came
Where she lay in all her white.

As I stretched my hand I held my breath;
I turned as I drew the curtain apart;
I dared not look on the face of death,
I knew where to find the heart

I thought, at first, as my touch fell there,
It had warmed that heart to life with love;
For the thing I touched was warm I swear,
And I could feel it move.

'Twas the hand of a man, that was moving slow
O'er the heart of the dead—from the other side;
And at once the sweat broke over my brow—
"Who is robbing the corpse?" I cried.

Opposite me, by the taper's light,
The friend of my bosom, the man I loved,
Stood over the corpse, and all was white—
And neither of us moved.

"What do you here, my friend?" The man
Looked first at me, and then at the dead.
"There is a portrait here," he began;
"There is. It is mine!" I said.

Said the friend of my bosom. "Yours, no doubt,
The portrait was, till a month ago.
When this suffering angel took that out,
And placed mine, here I know."

"This woman she loved me well," said I.
"A month ago," said my friend to me.
"And in my throat," I groaned, "you lie!"
He answered, "Let us see."

"Enough!" I returned: "let the dead decide.
And, whoever the portrait prove,
His shall it be when the cause is tried
Where Death is arranged by Love."

We found the portrait there, in its place;
We opened it in the taper's shine;
The gems were all unchanged; the face
Was—neither his nor mine.

"One nail drives out another, at least!
The face of the portrait there," I cried.
"Is your friend's the Raphael-faced young priest,
Who confessed her when she died."

SCENES IN OUR VILLAGE;

Or, The Pastor's Wife.

BY MISS AMELIA THROPP.

The romantic little village of N—— contained between one hundred and two hundred inhabitants. It was a manufacturing place, with a floating population. N—— was not disagreeable as a place of residence, being pretty and picturesque in its scenery, healthy, and with many conveniences on account of its being accessible to the large city of P——. Nature had favored it with a beautiful river, romantic hills for a background, and a deep, wide valley, in which the houses of the villagers nestled close together near the large works from which they obtained their livelihood, and whose proprietor had much influence over them. Their homes were pretty and picturesque, with their white walls, rustic porches, pretty gardens, and yards filled with gaily colored flowers, consisting of blue and pink morning glories, sun flowers, lady slippers, cockcombs, and so forth. Indeed, Mrs. Matson said to one of her neighbors, "N—— was just the place to come for a choice bouquet," or "bokay," as poor Aunt Polly called it—for everybody in N—— called her "Aunt Polly." She very often pronounced her words wrong, and when her friends would kindly remonstrate, would reply: "Laws-a-me! I'd jist like to know what difference it makes. Ain't one word jist as good as another?"

The flowers of N—— were something wonderful, and displayed their charms abundantly to all admirers, without timidity, like some pretty, bold maidens, who gaze at you as much as to say, "Look at me; ain't I handsome?" thus destroying the charm of the flower with the knowledge of its power.

One of the oldest and wealthiest families of N—— were the Thorntons. Mr. Thornton was an English gentleman who had married an American lady. They had a large family of boys and girls, blooming with their rosy cheeks and dark eyes in the valley of N—— like blossoming clover. A happy, well-trained little band, the pride of their father and the idols of their mother.

There was at N—— two churches, one a Baptist and one a Methodist. The pastor of the latter resided in the village, whilst the former gentleman came as a supply from another town. There was a great rivalry between the two churches which went so far that on one occasion of their extra meetings the Baptist had a great revival following the Methodist, and received many members, which so enraged one of the members, Mr. Smellsour, of the latter denomination, that he used profane language and declared that "the Methodist had shaken the tree whilst the Baptist gathered the fruit." But such little unpleasantness will occur sometimes in denominations, as well as amongst individuals.

The people of N—— were hard to please with a pastor. For instance, when parson Jones came to the Methodist church, he was not greeted with favor. Some of the young ladies declared he squinted; others said he had crooked limbs; another, that he had red hair. While they did not admire his wife, as they had heard before she arrived she was aristocratic and proud. There are a certain class of people who have an envious hatred for those who happen to occupy a little better position in life than themselves. The minister's wife was a large, dark-eyed, superior looking lady, much loved, much loving; too refined and cultivated for the general circle of N—— by which she was surrounded. Her father was a man in good circumstances. Added to her natural mental gifts, she had many advantages; this enraged and excited the jealousy of her inferiors, who gave way to their petty spite in all kinds of false assertions. Mrs. Stubbs, the elder's wife, declared she had "five spankin' new silk dresses, and dear only knows how many bonnets. Now I'd like to know if that is becoming in a minister's wife in N——? She has come here to show off her fine feathers to make us think she is something! She might have saved herself the trouble, for we are not the kind to make account of such tomfoolery." "Did I ever hear the like," replied Mrs. Dawson. "Poor brother Jones! the Lord has afflicted him sure! Why she plays the pianny, paints pictures in oil, makes wax figures, jist as if we hadn't natural flowers enough, that she must disgrace herself by making artificial ones; and worse than that—why what do you think? I must tell you—I cannot keep it to myself any longer—she writes for the newspapers!"

Mrs. Stubbs raised her little grey eyes up to Heaven, with a look of utter despair. "The Lord save us and preserve us!" she exclaimed. "Poor brother Jones! I tell you it would look better for her to go to the wash tub; he'd be a clever man if it wasn't for her; she jist rules him," replied her neighbor, sighing so loudly and violently that she almost blew her tall skinny listener away.

"Another thing," said Mrs. Cheat, who kept the village boarding house and was never known to tell the truth, being above such a small accomplishment, "they are boarding with me until they can get their house ready for them; she is called good looking, but don't I know a thing or two! Don't I know she paints, blackens her eyebrows, colors her hair, uses the 'Bloom of Youth,' and all such things to make herself appear purty, and after all is not!"

"Friends," said the sweet, low-voiced Mrs. Thornton, "I have heard your remarks while passing, and I think it my duty to inform you that I have known our new minister's wife, Mrs. Jones, since she was a child. She is not of an age to render it necessary to use the 'Bloom of Youth,' or color her hair, and would not disgrace herself by painting her cheeks. In fact, she uses no art whatever. She is refined, amiable, generous to a fault, a kind-hearted lady, always ready to do any act of kindness in her power, conscientious to a fault, and we should not persecute her on account of her superiority." Gentle Mrs. Thornton's eyes had filled with the dew of feeling whilst vindicating her lovely friend, and unwilling to wait for any excuse she bowed coldly and passed on.

"She's no judge," said Mrs. Stubbs; "she's just an angel, that's what she is; anyone can deceive dear sister Thornton; she is so good she can't think anybody is different from herself. But I pity brother Jones."

So the parson and his wife commenced life under difficulties at N——.

Mrs. Cheat, as already stated, kept the boarding house of the village, and no one ever left her without being the worse off in purse for their stay. She had a cunning trick of borrowing without committing the folly, as she considered it, of returning, and never stooped to pay her baker or grocer, or in fact any one she could trick out of their money. She was a woman whom Mrs. Jones treated with great kindness, assisting her out of many difficulties; she had cheated the tender hearted lady like every one else, then slandered her. Alas! poor Mrs. Jones!

There was another lady greatly vexed about the young minister's wife. This was Mrs. Spriggins, or "Aunt Sally," as everyone called her; even the little children, which pleased her. Aunt Sally, or Mrs. Spriggins, was greatly exercised over Mrs. Jones' extravagance. The old lady was a widow, residing in a little stone house upon the hillside, the land of which she cultivated for a garden. At the base of the hill was another old house, in which she did all her rough work, such as washing, ironing, etc. When occupied at this place she would leave the door of her house unfastened, trusting to the honesty of the public, marking in chalk upon it—"Not at home; down at the old house." She kept a little cigar and tobacco shop, with candies and nuts by way of variety. The little Thorntons, on their way to and from school, took great pleasure in calling to see Aunt Sally, and depositing all their stray pennies with her. She was very fond of the little group, and put as much confidence in them as if they had been grown people.

When the pastor went to housekeeping, after leaving Mr. and Mrs. Cheat, his wife's father sent her some furniture, among which was a hat-rack with a mirror inserted. The day it arrived the wind blew the tall, frail structure over and broke the glass, as it stood upon the porch after being taken out of the furniture car.

"Laws, ah me!" said Aunt Sally to little Emily, the youngest of Mrs. Thornton's daughters, who had stopped to purchase on her way to school, "did you hear the news?"

"No! Aunt Sally, what is it?"

"Well, yesterday, as I was passin' Parson Jones' house, they had just been gettin' new furniture, which they had standin' on the porch to show off; of course her doin's. There was a grand pianny, and the wind blew it over and smashed its glass. Now, you see, in olden times they worshipped the golden calf and the like; now the Jonses 'll worship that pianny; no more devotin' themselves to the church."

"Aunt Sally," said little Emily, "that was their hat-rack; you see, you never saw a piano."

"There's some talk about my Pamilla gittin' married agin," resumed Aunt Sally; "you know her first husband's in jail; but she'll never marry, she's too much of a coquoy."

Poor Pamilla attended a store in the city of P—— and considered herself very much of a belle. After her husband, for his crimes, had secured a home for life, his fair wife was on the lookout for another; and although she considered herself a great coquette, the young men were not at all afraid of this very coquettish but not dangerous young lady. The fair Pamilla was home on a visit and tried hard to captivate Thomas McFarlin, an admirer of her mother's. There is certainly no accounting for tastes, for he married Aunt Sally, preferring her to the daughter, tho' twenty-five years younger than his bride. This trifling disparagement was accounted for by Pamilla in this business-like way: "Everybody knows that Thomas never married mother for love; it was for her money."

When Aunt Sally died the house and lot were sold, and it was found that everything was covered by mortgages to more than three hundred dollars, being its full value.

Poor Mr and Mrs. Jones tried hard to conciliate the people of N——, but the task was difficult. Mrs. Thornton was always her friend, as, indeed, were all the refined and cultivated everywhere, and tried hard to assist the lovely creature to bring order out of chaos. "Now, my love, she said, after hearing Mrs. Stubbs' remarks about her spankin new silk dresses, "I think it would suit some of the good people of N—— if you would dress more simply; we are a plain class, my dear, and you must make allowances for us."

Mrs. Jones thanked her kindly as she turned away to conceal her tears. "Now see," said Mrs. Thornton, apologetically, her eyes filling also, as she threw her arms around her neck and kissed her wet cheek, "you must not allow trifles to grieve you; it will all be right in time; the better class of N—— are good and kind, and the others will be convinced by and by."

"God bless you, Mrs. Thornton," she replied; "you are a true friend, and if all the faults that the good people accuse me of are true, you will find I have at least one virtue—grattiude."

After she had gone Mrs. Jones buried her face in her hands and burst into tears. She never reproached others so much as her own noble self—"the fault must be surely mine; they would like me if they could, I am sure. I must be an awkward blunderer, although I try to be good, and do a noble work in life, but it seems my life in N—— is to be a failure."

Kind, unselfish human being, thus her tortured heart accused itself. She was so sensitive and loving; she wanted to love them and win their love. She was an orphan, just having lost her surviving parent—her indulgent father, whom she idolized; at her home a household pet, and there, though all tried to spoil her, she had come out of the fiery furnace unscathed, with a heart pure and warm, tender and loving; although sometimes a little quick tempered, her anger passed away as quickly as it came. "I will try to do right," she said; "perhaps they will learn to endure me for George's sake, for no one can help loving him. I will consult with sweet little Mrs. Thornton; she must have had difficulties to contend with, for she is so superior to me, and with my dear husband."

Determined to please, the next Sunday at church she dressed in the plainest attire. This now annoyed the good people, affecting them in a different way. "It is a reflection on us to have our minister's wife dress that way. It looks as if we did not pay salary enough to have her look decent," said Mrs. Cheat to her husband. "She is a miser, and wants to get rich off of us; she has just got money from her father's estate, and if we could not afford to dress her there is money enough of her own to do it with."

"Well, Elizabeth," replied her meek husband, never being known to differ with her, "I reckon she thinks, with her big-bug airs, and elegant ideas, we are such common folks we are not worth putting on fine clothes for."

"Well, we'll teach her better, I guess. The people of N—— are not so green as they are green looking."

The summer passed, followed by the autumn; then winter, severe and icy. The parson and his wife were happy in good works and the society of each other. One evening he was called out after tea to see a sick woman. Mrs. Jones sat in her little drawing-room by the cheerful hearth-fire. The light fell cheerily on the pretty white and crimson carpet and dark red covered furniture, from mantle and table, whilst a handsome shepherd dog stretched himself at length upon the rug before the fire. Choice flowers adorned the windows, and a pet canary slumbered upon its perch.

"What a night!" said Amy, as she went to look out to see if there was any sign of her husband coming. "I do wish George was here." She went back again and seated herself, after placing his dressing gown upon the back of a chair to get warm, and his slippers upon the rug. She listened; the clock in the hall struck ten. "Will he never come? and he with such a cold! Dear George! If there ever was a good man, he is one."

Just then the dog sprang up with a bark. Some one had opened the garden gate and opened the door of the hall. She flew to meet him; she felt him tremble as he supported her.

"George," said she, anxiously, "what has happened?"

"Poor Mrs. Harvey has gone home, my love—gone to her eternal home! You must go to see her family."

"Indeed I will! Let me see, how many children has she left?"

"Four girls and a boy. Poor Willie is the youngest; a bright little fellow, but too young to be of any assistance yet; then Sallie, the eldest, a widow with two little girls to support. But they all live together, and have carefully and kindly attended to and maintained themselves and their invalid mother, earning a living by the needle, maintaining a thorough respectability and untarnished reputation amidst all their privations and sufferings. Their mother was a lovely woman, patient and kind, who had seen better days, and, in her husband's time, was surrounded with every comfort."

"Dear, unselfish, human being!" exclaimed Amy with feeling, "I trust she has been taken to a better land than this."

"There is no doubt of it, my love," replied her husband.

"How comfortable it looks, wife, in this pretty hall!" said he, looking proudly around. It was neither narrow nor long—resembling more a small room; the floor was covered with a white and grey oil cloth in a diamond pattern, a large, old-fashioned eight-day clock stood in the back corner—a relic from Amy's home—whose loud striking could be plainly heard throughout the entire house.

"Yes, it is comfortable and cheerful looking here," replied Amy, blushing with pleasure at his compliment, as she assisted him to remove his great coat. If the hall was inviting, more so was the pretty little square parlor, inside of which the cheerful wood-fire crackled and blazed upon the hearth, whilst the brass tender fairly glittered in lamp and firelight. A few choice books adorned the crimson covered centre table, where Amy's work basket stood filled with gaily covered zephyrs, for she never allowed herself to be idle, and was now busily employed in some delicate fancy work for the village fair.

"You see, George, I mended the socks first," said she, pointing to a pile of his neatly mended hose upon the table, "the useful before the ornamental, you perceive."

He laughed as he seated himself in a great crimson arm-chair, which she had placed for him, placing his slippered feet upon the fender. The dog jumped around him for a few minutes, then stretched himself again before the fender. Amy, with her soft black cashmere dress, carefully fitting her figure, with a snowy frill ornamenting her neck, whilst a crimson bow was pinned at her throat, corresponding with a similar one in her hair, looked lovely, so at least the pastor thought as he watched her quiet and graceful movements, as she walked through the room.

"I don't know which was most pleased to see you, Leo or I," said she, bending over the back of his chair and kissing him.

"Amy," said he, fondly, "how happy you make me; our home is a miniature Eden. I often wonder at my good fortune in getting you."

"I married you out of pure compassion," she replied, laughing mischievously, "for of course no one else wanted you."

"And," he replied, laughing also, "that was my case, too. But seriously," he continued, "you know what rivals I had, and at one time you were engaged to Charley Lee, besides your other admirers, Frank Ellegood and Harry Levering."

"And relinquished them all," she replied, "for Parson Jones, or poor brother Jones, as Mrs. Stubbs says."

"George," said his wife, changing the conversation, "I think if people understood the real secret of happiness, and would make home life more attractive, there would be less wickedness in the world. Wives are often to blame; a man often finds so little comfort in his home. Sisters, too, are at fault. I have visited young ladies whose brother's comfort was nothing to them. Just before I married I spent an evening with Fannie Green; her brother came in and asked her to play for him on the piano. 'I don't want to!' she said. He coaxed and persuaded in vain. Presently a gentleman friend came in, making the same request; she complied at once with great sweetness."

The clock in the hall struck eleven. "I had no idea it was so late," said the parson.

Just then the village bells rang loudly upon the air, and noisy footsteps were heard over the frosty roads. The parson went quickly and opened the hall door. The words "Fire! fire!" rang out upon the misty night air. Looking toward the village they beheld great volumes of fire issuing from the largest factory of the place. "I must go, my love," said he, hurrying on his overcoat. And his wife, with her husband's consent, followed, accompanied by Margery, the servant.

When they arrived the windows had fallen in; the flames shot out through them like fiery serpents, kissing and cracking as they leaped upward into fantastic shapes, then lost themselves in smoke. The building stood like a great furnace with its mass of heated masonry. The scene was grand and terrible; the night was intensely dark, but lighted by the flames. They were endeavoring to remove the machinery, and as they did so a portion of the building fell in. The shrieks of the women and the groans of the men were fearful; the excitement was intense. The parson risked his life to extricate the men from the burning mass. No lives were lost, but a number of persons were injured, among them five single men, boarders of Mrs. Cheat's.

Amy sought her husband, and said, "My dear, why not send them to our house; I am afraid they will not get the proper attention elsewhere."

"Are you equal to the task, my love?"

"Certainly."

"Very well then; it shall be as you say."

"I will go and prepare for them."

Away she went followed by her faithful Margery. The house was ready in a short time, beds were remade, rooms lighted, fires made. The great greasy, bleeding men were placed upon her snowy couches; but she murmured not—only too anxious to relieve suffering humanity. All night she and her husband, and the good Dr. Linwood waited and tended the suffering creatures.

The building was partially destroyed, but much of the machinery was saved. The people from the fire were all entertained with an abundant breakfast at Mr. and Mrs. Thornton's.

The next day groups of men in their shabby working clothes visited the ruins, standing listlessly viewing the scene, as if in their almost penniless condition they were helpless to act. "We must do our best for them, gentlemen!" said Mr. Jones to Mr. Thornton and Bennett, the proprietor. Every effort was made to obtain employment until the building could be rebuilt. In the meantime, Amy and Mrs. Thornton were not idle. Amy organized a sewing society in which a good price was paid for all who assisted. In order to do this she visited the city of P——and obtained the work of several large establishments, superintending the cutting out herself, for the poor women were mostly inexperienced, then taking the made articles herself to the city, receiving the pay, and dividing it out fairly to all as their labor merited. She also gave her entire income to the poor, always advising carefully with her husband, and carefully relying upon his judgment.

When Mr. and Mrs. Jones' time at N—— was ended and according to the rules of the Methodist Conference they were to be sent elsewhere, the people of N—— had become so attached to him and his lovely wife, that they sent in a petition to that body to have their time extended, and when at last they were really obliged to go elsewhere they parted with them with the greatest reluctance. But Mrs. Cheat in her own heart was still jealous of Amy, but was afraid to express herself so on account of that lady's popularity, consequently was forced to keep her thoughts to herself; and Mrs. Stubbs also, although she would whisper very softly to her daughter Sophia for fear of being overheard, "My opinion of her is not changed and if she deceives others, she don't me. Poor brother Jones."—*Norristown Herald.*

The Lime Kiln Club.

"At midnight last night," said the old man in a solemn voice as he looked up and down the aisles, "at midnight last night de speerit of Brudder Charles Climax Goshport, a local member of dis club, passed from y'arth to de unknown. Only a week ago he sat in dis hall, to-night he am dressed for de grave. What ackshun will de club take?"

"I 'spose, sah," said Rev. Penstock as he rose up, "dat it am in order to present resolushuns to de effect dat he was a man of de highest integrity, liberal-hearted, high-minded, and dat his loss am a sad blow to de hull city."

"Yes, such a resolushun am in order, Brudder Penstock, can you remember dat you ever took Brudder Goshport, by de hand an' gin him one word of hard praise for his hard work an' honest ways?"

"I—I—doan' remember dat I ever did, sah?"

"Am dar a person in dis hall who kin remember dat he ever put hisself out to favor Brudder Goshport?"

Not a man answered.

"Kin any of you remember dat you took any partickeler interes' in how he got along?"

Not a word was heard in reply.

"To be a little plainer," continued the President, "am dar one single pusson in dis hall who ever felt five cents worth of anxiety for Brudder Goshport's worldly or spiritual welfare?"

The hall was so quiet that the sound of Elder Toots rubbing his back on the sharp edge of a window casing gave every body a start.

"Not a man in dis hull club—not a man in dis hull city, so far as we know, ever put hisself out to do a favor for or speak a word in praise of our lamented brudder, and yet we have de cheek to talk of a resolushun settin' forth his many vartues and our heartfelt sorrow. No, sir! We doan' pass no sich bisness heah! I should be ashamed to look his widder in de face, if we did. It am de way of de world to let men alone jist when a leetle help would give 'em a broad and easy road. We h'ar of dis man or dat man havin' de gratitude of de people, but we doan' h'ar of it until he am dead. When a man has gone from y'arth de papers and de public suddenly diskiver how honest he was, what a big heart he had, how much he was always doin', an' what a loss to de world his death will prove.

"De time to praise a man is when he am livin' beside us. Praise hurts nobody, but many a good man has grown weary for de want of appreciashun. Here am seventy-two ot us in dis hall to-night, an' we have to own up dat not one of us ever went outer our way to prove to our brudder dat his gentle ways, his squar' dealin' an' upright life war' any mo' 'preciated by us dan as he had bin a hoss-thief! An' to pass a resolushun would be to brand ourselves hypocrites. Let no man dare offer one."

"SENATOR ALFRED PERKINS" has kept out of the newspapers in this country, but a French journalist indentified him on his arrival in Paris." "This Yankee," says *Figaro*, "is celebrated on account of a duel which he had some years back with an Indian chief, also a Senator, whose feelings he had wounded. The arms chosen were unusual, being two barrels of dynamite, on which the two adversaries were placed, and to which two slow matches of equal length were attached. These were set on fire by the seconds. Ten minutes after the Indian Senator was blown into the air, and then Mr. Perkins was immediately delivered from his perilous position by the seconds, who declared the aims of honor satisfied."

A Temperance Story.

Governor St. John relates in one of his speeches the following incident:

"A poor woman with a baby in her arms came to me with a petition for the pardon of her husband, who was sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary for homicide. After examining her papers, he said to the woman: 'I am bound by my official duty, and must not consider my personal feelings.' The poor woman standing, with the child in her arms, made the following plea: "Hear me, I will tell you the true story We were married seven years ago. My husband was sober, industrious and thrifty. By great exertions and self-denial we finally got our home paid for, and were happy and prosperous. In an evil hour the State licensed a saloon between our happy home and his workshop. He was solicited to enter the saloon and weakly yielded. Hour after hour he spent there playing cards. One day he became embroiled in a drunken quarrel, and, fired by drink, struck a man and killed him. He was tried and sent to the penitentiary for ten years. I had nothing to live on; and by and bye the Sheriff turned us out of our comfortable home into a rough shanty, neither lathed nor plastered. The cold wind came in through the walls and ceiling. My oldest boy took sick and died. Then little Tommy, my next, fell sick and died. Now this babe in my arms is sick, and I have nowhere to take it. The State licensed the saloon; the murder my children; and now, in God's name, I want you to set my husband free.'

"I said I would, and I did."

"If I Only Had Capital."

"If I only had capital," we heard a young man say, as he puffed away at a ten-cent cigar, "I would do something."

"If I only had capital," said another, as he walked away from a dram-shop where he had paid ten cents for a drink, "I would go into business."

The same remark might have been heard from the young man loafing on the street corner. Young man with the cigar, you are smoking away your capital. You from the dram-shop are drinking away yours and destroying your body at the same time; and you upon the street corner are wasting yours in idleness, and forming bad habits. Dimes makes dollars. Time is money. Don't wait for a fortune to begin with. If you had $10,000 a year, and spent it all, you would be poor still. Our men of power and influence did not start with fortunes. You, too, can make your mark if you will. But you must stop spending your money for what you don't need, and squandering your time in idleness.

About Five Young Men.

In the darkest year of the war, five young men were sworn in as newly elected representatives in the Thirty-eigbth Congress. James A. Garfield was 32 years of age, and born in Cuyahoga county, Ohio; James G. Blaine was 33, and born in Pennsylvania; Wm. B. Allison was 34, and born in Perry, Ohio; James F. Wilson was 35, and born in Newark, Ohio, and Wm. Windom was 36, and born in Belmont, Ohio. Mr. Windom alone had served before; all the others then entered Congress for the first time. Four were born in Ohio, though the five then represented four different States. They came to know each other well. The fierce struggle of civil war, the glories of victory, the anxieties and doubts of reconstruction, they shared together. To-day, the youngest of the five is President. The next in years, his former Speaker, becomes Secretary of State. The oldest in years and service becomes his Secretary of the Treasury, because the third in years declined. And the fifth member of this group, Mr. Wilson, of Iowa, will probably take the seat in the Senate vacated by Iowa's War Governor, Kirkwood, who becomes President Garfield's Secretary of the Interior. With two in the Senate, two in the Cabinet, and one in the White House, the little party of five young men of 1863 will have some part in the government.—*N. Y. Public.*

Out-Door Air and Exercise.

The surest of all natural prophylactics is active exercise in the open air. Air is a part of our daily food and by far the most important part. A man can live on seven meals a week, and survive the warmest summer day with seven draughts of fresh water, but his supply of gaseous nourishment has to be renewed at least fourteen thousand times in the twenty-four hours. Every breath we draw is a draught of fresh oxygen, every emission of breath is an evacuation of gaseous recrements. The purity of our blood depends chiefly on the purity of the air we breathe, for in the labratory of the lungs the atmospheric air is brought into contact at each respiration with the fluids of the venous and arterial systems, which absorb it and circulate it through the whole body; in other words, if a man breathes the vitiated atmosphere of a factory all day and of a close bedroom all night, his life blood is tainted fourteen thousand times in the course of the twenty-four hours with foul vapors, dust, and noxious exhalations. We need not wonder, then, that ill-ventilated dwellings aggravate the evils of so many diseases, nor that pure air should be almost a panacea.

Out-door life is both a remedy and a preventive of all known disorders of the respiratory organs; consumption, in all but the last stage of the *deliquium*, can be conquered by transferring the battle ground from the sick-room to the wilderness of the next mountain range.

AN honest tradesman hung out the motto one day "*Mens conscia recti.*" His rival in business, not to be out done, hung out the next morning the sign "*Men's and women's conscia recti.*"

(For the REPORTER.)

PLAYER.

BY MRS. HANNAH VANLOON.

Player, play that olden tune,
That sets the merry faces
Back in the happy places,
Back in that golden June.

Player, send those blithesome feet
Down thro' the meadows roaming,
Down thro' the tender gloaming,
Out in the woodlands sweet.

Player, play just soft and light,
Like summer morn unclosed
In the sweet month of roses;
Just tender, pure and bright.

Player, now try each fond tone,
Wooing the very rarest;
In eyes the shyest, fairest,
Brown ones are questioning down.

Player, now just touch the chords
Your tenderest and sweetest,
For love—when love completest—
Is never set to words.

Player to thine art be leal,
Such lays await thy winning:
Just paint those fair eyes shining:
"Thine ever—woe or weal."

Player, now ring joyous peals;
Careful to suit thy timing
Into the tender chiming
Of merry wedding bells.

Player, now the funeral keys:
Low are the mourners weeping;
Brown eyes and fair are sleeping,
Under the lone Yew-trees.

Party Primaries Regulated by Law.

One of the most important laws passed by the late Legislature, is the act to prevent bribery and fraud at nominating elections, approved by Governor Hoyt on the 8th instant. The following is the law in full:

AN act to prevent bribery and fraud at nominating conventions, returning boards, county or executive committees and at election of delegates to nominating conventions in the several counties in this Commonwealth.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted, etc., That hereafter if a candidate for any office within this Commonwealth shall directly or indirectly give, offer or promise to give, or procure any other person to give, offer or promise to give to any elector any gift or reward, in money, goods or other valuable thing, or any security for the payment or the delivery of money, goods or other valuable thing, or any office, emolument or employment on condition expressed or implied that such elector shall cast, give, retain or withold his vote or use his influence at a nominating election or delegate election, or cast, give or substitute another to cast or give his vote or use his influence at a nominating convention for or against the nomination of any particular candidate for nomination so as to procure such person to be voted for at any election to take place, the person so hiring, procuring, influencing, abetting, endeavoring or offering either directly or indirectly through others, their aiders or abbettors to procure the person to be voted for by such electors, shall be sentenced to pay a fine not exceeding three hundred dollars and be imprisoned for a period not exceeding three months.

SEC. 2. If any elector authorized to vote at any public election afterwards to take place within this Commonwealth for any office shall, directly or indirectly, accept or receive from any person desiring to be nominated as a candidate for office, or from the friends of any such person, any gift or reward in money, goods or other valuable thing, or any office or employment under an agreement of promise, expressed or implied, that such elector shall give or withold his vote for the nomination of such a person as a candidate for office at such election, or shall accept or receive the promise of any person that he shall thereafter receive any gift or reward in money, goods, position or other valuable thing if he will vote for the nomination of such a person as a candidate for office, and shall thereafter vote for the nomination of such person, he shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and, on conviction, shall pay a fine not exceeding three hundred dollars and be imprisoned for a term of time not exceeding three months.

SEC. 3. If any elector shall directly or indirectly offer to give his vote or influence at any nominating election, delegate election or nominating convention to any person desiring to be nominated as a candidate for office, or to the friends of any such person, in consideration that for such vote or influence he is to receive any gift or reward in money