The Bradford Reporter.

GOODRICH & HITCHCOCK, Publishers. REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER. $1.00 per Annum in Advance.

VOLUME XLII. TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 25, 1881. NUMBER 13

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

The BRADFORD REPORTER is published every Thursday morning by GOODRICH & HITCHCOCK, at One Dollar per annum, in advance.

Advertising in all cases exclusive of subscription to the paper.

SPECIAL NOTICES inserted at TEN CENTS per line for first insertion, and FIVE CENTS per line for each subsequent insertion, but no notice inserted for less than fifty cents.

YEARLY ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at reasonable rates.

Administrator's and Executor's Notices, $2; Auditor's Notices, $2.50; Business Cards, five lines, (per year) $5, additional lines $1 each.

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 lines are charged FIVE CENTS per line, but simple notices of marriages and deaths will be published without charge.

The REPORTER 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 fancy colors, done with neatness and dispatch. Handbills, Blanks, Cards, Pamphlets, Billheads, Statements, &c., of every variety and style, printed at the shortest notice. The REPORTER office is well supplied with power presses, a good assortment of new type, and everything in the printing line can be executed in the most artistic manner and at the lowest rates. TERMS INVARIABLY CASH.

Business Cards.

DAVIES, & HALL,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
SOUTH SIDE OF WARD HOUSE.
Dec 23-75. TOWANDA, PA.

SAM W. BUCK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Nov.1379. *TOWANDA, PENN'A.*
Office—At Treasurer's Office, in Court House.

W. H. & E. A. THOMPSON,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, TOWANDA, PA.
Office in Mercur Block, over C. T. Kirby's Drug Store. All business intrusted to their care will be attended to promptly. Especial attention given to claims against the United States for PENSIONS, BOUNTIES, PATENTS, etc.; to collections and to the settlement of decedent's estates.
W. H. THOMPSON,
Apr.7'81-yl EDWARD A. THOMPSON.

A. BEVERLY SMITH & CO.,
BOOKBINDERS,
And dealers in Fret Saws and Amateurs' Supplies. Send for price-lists. REPORTER Building.
Box 1512, Towanda, Pa. March 1, 1881.

F. L. HOLLISTER, D. D. S.,
DENTIST.
(Successor to Dr. E. H. Angle). OFFICE—Second floor of Dr. Pratt's office.
Towanda, Pa., January 6, 1881.

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,
WYALUSING, PENN'A.
September 23, 1879.

PECK & OVERTON
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
O. A. 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 decedents.
Office in Montanye Block May 1, '79.

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

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 entrusted 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—Mercur Block, Main-st., over J. L. Kent's Store, Towanda. May be consulted in German. [April 12, '76.]

W. J. ... NG,
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, 1878.

W. B. KELLY, DENTIST.—Office over M. F. Rosenfeld's, Towanda, Pa. Teeth inserted on Gold, Silver, Rubber, and Aluminum Block. Teeth extracted without pain. Oct. 31-72.

F. D. PAYNE, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office over Montanye's 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

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

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

C. S. RUSSELL'S
GENERAL
INSURANCE AGENCY
May28-76tf. 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..... 75,000
This Bank offers unusual facilities for the transaction of a general banking business.
N. N. BETTS, Cashier.
JOS. POWELL, President.

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 9, '79-tf.

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

THE LOST KISS.

I put by the half-written poem,
While the pen, idly trailed in my hand,
Writes on—'Had I words to complete it,
Who'd read it, or who'd understand?'
But the little bare feet on the stairway,
And the faint, smothered laugh in the hall,
And the eerie-low lisp on the silence,
Cry up to me over it all.

So I gathered it up—where was broken
The tear-faded thread of my throne,
Telling how, as one night I sat writing,
A fairy broke in on my dream,
A little inquisitive fairy—
My own little girl with the gold
Of the sun in her hair, and the dewy
Blue eyes of the fairies of old.

'Twas the dear little girl that I scolded—
"For was it a moment like this,"
I said—"When she knew I was busy,
To come romping in for a kiss!
Come rowdying up from her mother,
And clamoring there at my knee
For 'One little kiss for dolly,
And one little uzzer for me.'"

God pity the heart that repelled her
And the cold hand that turned her away!
And take from the lips that denied her
This answerless prayer of to-day!
Take, Lord, from men's try forever
That pitiful sob of despair,
And the patter and trip of the little bare feet,
And the one piercing cry on the stair!

I put by the half-written poem,
While the pen, idly trailed in my hand,
Writes on—"Had I words to complete it,
Who'd read it or who'd understand?"
But the little bare feet on the stairway,
And the faint, smothered laugh in the hall,
And the eerie-low lisp on the silence,
Cry up to me over it all.

—*J. W. Riley.*

A BISHOP'S CONFESSION.

(CONCLUDED.)

Unfortunately, Rigobert's influence, as soon as it was definitely established, did not work to the ends which Euphrasius and his comrade Babolinus were pursuing—much the contrary. Rigobert had at first settled under the missionaries' protection, begging them respectfully to befriend him; but as soon as he could shift for himself, he proceeded to set up what he was facetiously pleased to call a constitutional opposition. He left off going to church on the ground that he was a free-thinker, and amused himself by indoctrinating the minds of his Chinese customers with republican and materialistic ethics, because, said he, the clergy ought not to have things entirely their own way. In all this Monsieur Rigobert intended to be funny rather than mischievous; to tease the missionaries rather than to grieve or damage them, but he did not know the country in which he was living, and one of the earliest results of his foleries was to breed schism in the village. All the most cunning and worthless characters, who found Euphrasius's spiritual yoke too heavy, became customers of M. Rigobert's drink shop, and imbibers of his doctrine. Then the silly fellow added a roulette table to his other attractions, and opened a regular casino, where drunkenness and gambling ran riot, terminating not unfrequently in fights and murders. Thereupon the native officials found an excuse for saying that 'these Christians' (for they confounded the good and the bad together) were fomenters of discord and trouble; and by way of showing impartiality between what they termed the 'two sects,' they fell into the habit of bamboozing two or three well-behaved converts every time that a like number of Monsieur Rigobert's friends had deserved punishment.

All this was a heavy trouble to Euphrasius and Babolinus, but their expostulations with their raffish fellow countrymen were of no avail. Babolinus had tackled the man jovially, appealing to his sentiments as a good fellow, and urging him that Frenchmen ought to make common cause in a foreign land so far from home; Euphrasius had remonstrated more severely, pointing out to Rigobert that he was guilty of criminal folly which might lead to bloodshed, in which case a weighty responsibility would rest upon him.

Babolinus, perceiving how impatient Euphrasius grew at Rigobert's misdeeds, tried sometimes to offer consolation, and in so doing spoke in a truer spirit of Christian philosophy than his friend, though it was far from his intention to speak in a tone of reproof. 'Brother, our work must not be made too easy for us,' he used to say, 'else we might despise it and perhaps undertake more than we can satisfactorily perform. So long as this wolf is amongst us we shall not be tempted to abandon the sheep of our little flock, and this, perhaps, will be a mercy to them.'

'Everything was going on so well before he came, muttered Euphrasius mournfully.

'And everything will go on well though he is here. Assuredly an occasion will come for worsting him. Let us remain patient in our work, and we may be judged worthy of sharper trials than any that have befallen us yet.'

'Would that some sharper trial would come!' exclaimed Euphrasius fanatically; then, becoming aware of his presumption, he added humbly, 'if strength be vouchsafed us to meet it. What I mean, Babolinus, is that this man seems too mean a foe to cope with. It is like wrestling with a viper, and wasting one's time and strength over it, when one has gone out to meet lions.'

'Patience, brother! we shall encounter our lions in time,' replied the elder monk.

'I wonder how soon,' answered Euphrasius with a faint smile.

'Oh! soon enough for me,' said Babolinus laughing. 'I only hope I may not be like the prophet who met the lion in the way, and was slain outright, without any fighting on his part, from what I can make out.'

The lions—that is, the sharp trial which Euphrasius had invoked—did come, but not in the manner, or at the time, when the young monk had expected.

Once a month an *estafette* used to come from the nearest European settlement, bringing letters and parcels from Europe to Seiho. One day, in fine spring weather, the courier arrived whilst Euphrasius was busy with his classes in the school, and Babolinus presently came running into the school-room, flourishing a large open document with a seal to it.

'Father! Father!' he cried, and, with tears of joy starting to his eyes, flung himself at his friend's feet, 'let your first episcopal blessing rest on me, monseigneur!'

'What means this?' inquired Euphrasius amazed.

'The Holy Father has constituted Seiho into a see, and appointed you its first bishop,' answered Babolinus, still on his knees. 'I may say now, like Simeon, *Nunc dimittis*, and rejoice that this has been in part my doing, though we shall, alas! be separated.'

'Why should we be separated?' asked Euphrasius. Then, when he had laid his hands on his friend, and assisted him to rise—when he had appeased the tumult that had arisen in the school-room by dismissing all his cheering, hallooing little pupils for a half-holiday (after they, too, had clustered round him for a blessing)—then he sat down, in considerable agitation, to read the instructions that had been forwarded to him from Rome along with his letters of appointment. The document stated that, owing to reports which had come to Rome (they could only have been sent by Babolinus) of Euphrasius's zeal, courage and piety, owing also to his success as a missionary, it had been resolved to appoint him bishop, and to send out twelve new missionaries to Seiho to undertake parish work under his directions. Meanwhile—that is to say, as soon as these missionaries arrived—the new bishop was to delegate Brother Babolinus as his coadjutor *pro tem.*, and to proceed to Rome for his investiture and for further orders. On his return to China he might, if he deemed it expedient, take out an additional staff of missionaries and school-teachers with him, so that the new Christian vineyard which he had planted in what had once been a wilderness might not suffer from want of laborers.

'And it is too thee I owe all this!' exclaimed Euphrasius, quite overcome, and embracing Babolinus in a transport of gratitude. 'But what possessed thee to send such reports in my favor without informing me?'

'Because I knew you would not have written in your own praise,' answered Babolinus with an honest laugh. 'For all this is your doing, brother—these schools, this church, could not have risen above ground without you; and yet, I confess, I did not think my words would so soon have borne fruit. The Holy Father has paid me a great compliment in believing me thus readily.'

'The bishopric should have come to you, Babolinus. I could well afford to wait,' said Euphrasius, sincerely meaning what he said.

'No, Father; I am an old man, having none of your genius, and I should have made a poor bishop.' Then, with a good-humored twinkle in his eye, 'But now, Father, you will be better armed against the lions than I, for you will have a crozier to defend yourself with.'

'What lions?' asked Euphrasius absently.

'Why, the lions who were to relieve the monotony of our existence—the lions who were to come under the form of new trials to test our strength and faith.'

'Ah, yes,' answered Euphrasius as absently again, and he did not smile at the joke.

Poor Euphrasius! his ambition would have been cruelly curbed if he could have known that he owed his bishopric mainly, if not solely, to the untiring efforts which Angele and her husband had made with the French government and with the Vatican on his behalf. The kindly offices of the good Babolinus would have gone but a small way toward getting him a mitre.

IV.

It was some two or three months after this that tidings reached Europe of a new and treacherous massacre of Christians by the Chinese. It was reported that a popular rising had taken place at Seiho-Tchin; that the missionary church and schools had been burned; that two hundred native converts, including children, had been put to the sword, and that the newly-appointed Bishop of Seiho, along with twelve lately disembarked missionaries, had also perished, after having been subjected to horrible tortures. That was the first account that arrived—an account which made Angele de Rosenheim's blood run cold when she read it in a newspaper which her husband handed to her. For several days the poor lady mourned over her martyred lover with an anguish all the more terrible as she had to keep it secret. But then intelligence came that the Bishop of Seiho had not been killed—that, in fact, he alone had survived the general massacre. And with this news was flashed the story of how the Bishop owed the preservation of his life to the fact of his having evinced such a sublime courage as had shamed his persecutors into admiration of him. He had been put to torture, his limbs had been racked, his feet and hands had been thrust into the fire, and molten lead had been poured upon him; but though these barbarous cruelties had been carried on for three days, no recantation could be wrung from him, so that at length his tormentors let him go with his life out of sheer wonder and respect. By and by ampler details arrived from the pens of newspaper correspondents at Shanghai, and it appeared that the catastrophe at Seiho had been brought about through the misdoings of the publican Rigobert. A party of Chinamen, having lost their money over that man's roulette table one night, swore that they had been robbed, and commenced destroying the furniture of the casino. The publican drawing a revolver to protect his property, there had been bloodshed, after which the rioters set fire to the casino, and then a cry had arisen of 'Down with the Christians!' The missionaries rushing out to render assistance in extinguishing the fire that had spread to some cottages, were either slaughtered out of hand, or taken captive and put to death subsequently in tortures. Meanwhile the murderers, drunk and infuriated, had pursued their work of extermination by going from house to house and slaying all the native converts who refused to trample on the crucifix. Some two hundred men, women and children had thus died, confessing their faith; and of the European residents not one had escaped, save the Bishop Rigobert, the author of the mischief, perished with the rest.

These horrible tidings came to France at a moment when Parasian society had not much to talk about. It was in 1865; Europe was quiet, and the Second Empire in its heyday. Society having no wars or political sensations to distract it, was in its humor to give its undivided attention to a story which made every Catholic lady thrill as she read it, and which drew even from hardened cynics on the Boulevards the confession that the age of dauntless martyrs was not gone yet. When it was known that Monsieur Garderoy (as he was now called) was on his way back to Europe, and would probably come to Paris after passing through Rome, public curiosity was stimulated in a marked degree; when it was reported at length that the stout-hearted Bishop had actually arrived in Paris, every man and women who had perused the wonderous record of his life became eager to see him and hear him preach.

If such were the sentiments of the public, one may imagine what were those of Angele de Rosenheim. She had spent some days in sickening sorrow, while she thought Henri de Garderoy dead, and afterwards she had pored with streaming eyes and throbbing heart, over the narrative of his heroism and endurance. When he returned to France, she resolved that she must see him at any hazard. To be despised of such a man was more than she could bear. If only for his own sake, that he might think no worse of human nature, as he had known it, than it actually deserved, she must tell him that she had not deserted him for the sordid motives which he had imputed to her. After that she would be at peace with herself, and she would be enabled thenceforth to see him face to face without fear, and to think of him without sin.

For some days Angele hesitated as to whether she should not relieve herself of her heart's burden by seeking an interview with Henri at once. But she learned that he had gone '*encretraite*' into the Franciscan monastry at Caen, where he had spent the first years of his monkhood; so she was fain to wait until he should return to Paris, to preach his promised course of sermons at Notre The Lenten season was approaching, and it had been arranged that the missionary Bishop should preach in the cathedral, in aid of the foreign missions, on every Friday throughout Lent. But first he was to preach a Sunday sermon, in the private chapel of the Tuileries Palace, before the Emperor Napoleon, the Empress, and Court. This was by the Empress's special desire, and invitations to the mass and sermon were issued by her Majesty's Chamberlain as for a Court reception. As a Senator, the Baron de Rosenheim obtained one for himself and his wife; and a few days before the solemnity the Minister of Public Worship, accosting the Baron in the lobbies of the Senate, congratulated him on the signal manner in which Monseigneur de Garderoy had justified the encomiums which M. de Rosenheim had passed upon him, in recommending him for a bishopric.

How high his name stood in men's estimation, Henri de Garderoy could measure for himself when he returned to the Franciscan monastery, which he had left more than three years before. Modern monks are no flatterers. The mere elevation of their old comrade to a bishopric would not have been sufficient of itself to compel their respect; but before the steadfast missionary, before the martyr, they bowed down with startled loving reverence.

The old Superior, who had said to him at parting: 'I have a presentiment that I shall see you again, Euphrasius,' knelt down to crave his blessing, and faltered as he did so. 'God be praised that I read your destinies aright, Monseigneur. I felt that if your life was spared, you would only live to Christ's glory.'

'Don't call me Monseigneur,' said the Bishop, taking the old man's arm and leading him away. 'Call me "son" once more, and conduct me to my old cell.'

'Your cell; nobody has occupied it since you left,' said the Superior. 'You will find it just as it was. Does it bring back happy memories to you, my son?'

'Very happy,' answered the Bishop with a sigh. 'Memories as of childhood. My conscience was almost at rest here; at least so it seems to me now.'

As he uttered these words almost inaudibly the Bishop entered the small cell so bare of furniture, and sat down at the little table where he had spent so many hours in study. Then it was that the Superior had a good full view of his features for the first time and recoiled at the alterations which he noticed in him. Henri was no longer attired in monkish habit, but in a priest's black cassock, with the violet buttons which denoted his rank, a cassock which added to the thinness of his appearance. He had allowed his hair to grow, and it was all gray. One of his hands—the left—was in a sling, the other was covered with a black glove which, on being removed, disclosed fingers and palm all scarred with the marks of scorching. But what affected the Superior even more than these fearful traces of physical suffering was the look of unutterable melancholy stamped on the Bishop's features. It even seemed to him that a strange expression, almost as of fright, had crept into the Bishop's eyes. These eyes no longer had the steadfast, unquavering glance as of yore. The light of youth had gone out of them, nay, it looked almost as if hope had fled from them too. Occasionally they opened wide and gazed for a moment with a horror-stricken expression into space, then suddenly closed, as if the vision they saw was too shocking to be borne.

'Oh, my son, how you must have suffered!' exclaimed the Superior, clasping his hands.

'It is over now,' muttered the Bishop hoarsely. 'They are in Heaven now.'

'They? Your companions, you mean; poor Babolinus and the others, and your little school children. Yes, certainly they're in Heaven.'

'They did so nobly,' murmured the Bishop, as if he were speaking to himself. 'Little children of six and seven, with their mothers, who refused to trample on the crucifix to save their lives, and as they were sweltering in blood they called on the name of Christ.'

'What faith!' ejaculated the Superior with emotion. 'And to think, my son, that it was you who planted it in the bosoms of the women and children who are now with the angels.'

'But Rigobert died well, too,' cried the Bishop, proceeding with the soliloquy. 'Oh, yes, right well, like a man.' Then a shudder passed over him. 'You have heard of Rigobert, Father? He was the publican whose conduct led to the massacre. Well, they brought him a crucifix and said to him, "Spit on it," not doubting that he would. He refused. They forced it to his lips, and he kissed it. "I shall not buy my life by debasing myself at your bidding. Besides, my old mother used to pray to the crucifix, and I kiss it for her sake." These were the words which this publican and sinner uttered, and died for them. Can you realize that, Father?'

The Bishop had raised his voice, and now stood up with a flashing glamour in his eyes, and a shiver shaking his whole body. The Superior trembled to see him in such agitation, and endeavored to soothe him. 'Be sure, my son, that God has had mercy on this unhappy man, and received him as he did the penitent thief.'

'Yes, I believe that,' faltered the Bishop; 'but oh, Father, if you could know what is on my mind,' and burying his head in his hands he burst into tears, and sobbed, not like a child, but with the appalling grief of a man.

He sojourned for a fortnight in the monastery, leading the same life as the friars, eating of their food and joining in their labors, and by degrees a certain amount of composure was restored to him. But often he would walk alone in the garden of the monastery, pacing with feverish strides, and talking to himself as it seemed to those who observed him; and if he happened to encounter the Superior after one of these walks he would eye him wistfully, and open his lips as if he had something to say. One day he went so far as to murmur, 'Father, I must make my confession to you,' but then he suddenly checked himself, and when the Superior gently encouraged him to speak, he repelled these advances suspiciously, almost roughly: 'No, I must be a man, and not conjure up phantoms to scare myself with,' he said, and his stay at the monastery came to an end without his having taken the Superior into his confidence.

'I trust he leaves us in better health than when he came, remarked the old man as he saw him depart. 'But surely God has tried his very heart and reins. I would not have thought that physical torments could have wrought such a change in any man. Holy Mary! how he must have suffered.'

V.

The Sunday had come when the Bishop of Seiho was to preach before the Court. The frivolous society of the Second Empire had its gayest and fairest representatives packed in the handsome but small chapel of the Tuileries, where scarcely standing room could be found for statesmen, senators and foreign ambassadors who were crowded into all the corners. The Emperor was present, ensconced in his arm-chair, and stroking his mustache with a reflective look; the Empress was there, too, and the Prince Imperial; and the Empress, with a true Spaniard's fervor, leaned forward and signed herself as the martyr-bishop passed her, preceded by the verger, on his way from the altar to the pulpit.

It is not easy to preach before a Court, so many are the things that must be left unsaid, but Monseigneur de Garderoy acquitted himself of his duty better than any preacher had ever done before in that chapel.

He spoke from the text, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do,' and having the work of the Church missions in view, he dwelt on the services which the propagation of the Christian faith was rendering to the world. Taking that faith from its cradle he showed what it had done, and tried to prophecy what it would do. Then by rapid transitions (for he knew that he would bore his hearers if he spoke for more than half an hour) he came to the drama which had been enacted at Seiho, when women and children, almost babes, had died, confessing their Redeemer, and of these he gave a stirring picture. Of himself he said nothing except in this one sentence: 'When my own turn came for being put to the proof, I felt how little I was beside those women and children.' Thereupon a long murmur of sympathy ran round the chapel. It was felt that this man who had survived his tortures had really suffered much more than those who had succumbed under theirs; but Henri de Garderoy checked the outburst that was declaring itself in his favor by waving his hand and crying firmly: 'God sends us no more sufferings than we can bear. The endurande of physical pain is a question of temperament, but the touchstone of courage is the willingness to die—to take that plunge into the dark abyss of eternity about which we know so little, but which yet frightens us all.'

Thereon he concluded his sermon, and the collection bags that were sent round in aid of the Church missions were filled with bank notes and gold.

The congregation broke up and filed into the apartments of the palace. Here the Bishop presently appeared, led by one of the Almoners in Ordinary, to make his bow to the Emperor before going away. Napoleon III., with the Empress and the Prince Imperial by his side, approached the Bishop and flung the collar of the Legion of Honor Commandantship round his neck, then thrust his letters of appointment as Bishop of St. Cloud into his hand, saying, 'Monseigneur, we shall all remember your sermon.'

The Bishop bowed profoundly, but made no reply. Then he turned to leave, and the whole throng of statesmen, courtiers, and fair women bent low before him as he went out. If ever there was a man who could have tasted at that moment the full cup of bliss resulting from earthly triumphs, it was Henri de Garderoy.

* * * * *

Yet a few hours later the Bishop was sitting alone and miserably brooding in a small room of the Church Mission College in Paris. It was here that he intended to lodge during Lent whilst he delivered his sermons at Notre Dame. All the priests and neophytes in the college were ready to worship him as a living saint who would assuredly be canonized hereafter; but to one and all he showed a stern face and would tolerate no homage. He was sitting alone in his room, at 7, having supped off a crust of dry bread, when a young monk entered and announced that a lady wished to see him. At the same time he handed a card bearing the name of the 'Baroness de Rosenheim.'

'Show her into the chapel, and have the chapel lighted,' said the Bishop; and for a few minutes he stood resting his chin in his hands and meditating, whilst a series of flashes, quick and wild, passed through his eyes and over his features.

Now had come the hour of his greatest triumph on earth, Angele was going to kneel at his feet!

He doffed his black cassock and put on his richest ecclesiastical vestments which the college could afford—a surplice bordered with lace, a golden cope, an albe of satin embroidered with pearls, and a mitre. Then he descended to the chapel; and as he entered saw a woman lying prostrate, in deepest abasement, with her brow on the altar steps.

* * * * *

An hour later Angele had made her full confession to Henri de Garderoy, and he lifted up his hands to give her episcopal absolution. Then of a sudden he took off his mitre and laid it at her feet, saying in a tone of unimaginable energy: 'And now I have to make my confession to you, Angele. Listen to me, and I will tell you what I have told no living creature before.'

'No; you are going to accuse yourself falsely,' cried Angele, starting back in terror at the expression on his countenance; 'tell me only the truth, Henri, once and for all; let us have no secrets.'

There shall be no secrets,' replied the Bishop with an awul sob. 'You think I am a martyr, Angele, but in the hour of my trial my fortitude gave way, and I trampled on the Cross! I wished to see you once again; I could not bear to die. Rigobert, the publican, let himself to be killed; I, the Bishop, recanted. I defiled the crucifix, and escaped with my life because my persecutors despised me. What do you say to that?'

'How you must have loved me!' exclaimed Angele, thrilling all over.

'Yes, I did love you and I do,' murmured the Bishop still on his knees; 'but now tell me what I am to do, for I know not?'

'Love me to the end,' said Angele, 'but with a better and purer love than before. Love my children and husband, and remain among us to preach to us the sad trials of the weak, and the hopes that remain to them when they have been tried above their strength!'

'I could have no peace, Angele,' said the Bishop with a desparing groan, 'if I had thought that you continued to think of me as better than I am. Your husband is a nobler, honester man than I, and I wish you to feel it.'

'I love you better than ever,' answered Angele clasping her hands, but our love can be that of a sister and brother. Is your conscience clear now?'

'Not yet, till I have confessed to the Superior of the Franciscans, and to all others who have looked upon me as a hero. I must confess my infamy everywhere.'

'No,' replied Angele ecstatically, 'you must not cause scandal in the Church. You have confessed to me, let that be enough. So bear yourself in future that you shall have nothing more to confess. I give you absolution.'

And the woman laid her forgiving hands on the head of the kneeling Bishop.—*The Cornhill.*

WAGONS are tired.

OUT of season—An empty spice box.

THE retired star is always an ex-acting creature.

A LOVER is like a tug-boat when he goes out with a toe.

"LOVE lightens labor," as the man said when he saw his wife doing his work for him.

WHEN a man applies for a situation as a policeman, it is supposed he has a taste for a club life.

ON a child being told that he must be broken of a bad habit, he replied, "Papa, hadn't I better be mended?"

SORE financial distress—When you have not got money enough to buy ointment for a wound.

A CANAL differs from most things in one respect—it is always filled before it is opened.

SPEAKING of corn planters, Jones says he has a pair of new boots that he will put against the world.

GATE posts should be set out firmly. A great deal may hinge upon them as your girls grow up.

Funkelnagelnyebilder

THE PARABLE OF THE WEDDING GARMENT ACCORDING TO THE RE-REVISED EDITION.

The kingdom of heaven is like a certain railroad king who made a marriage for his son.

And sent forth his servants to call them that were bidden to the wedding, and they would not come.

Again he sent forth other servants, saying, tell them which are bidden; behold I have killed the old hen, and prepared the wedding dinner, and opened a keg of nails, and all things are ready for the blowout.

But they made light of it, and went their ways, one to his farm, another to his drug store, and another to his grist mill, and the remainder took the servants and entreated them spitefully and put a tin ear on them and frescoed them with Michael Angelo eggs.

But when the railroad king heard of it, he bounced the entire outfit and shut off on their passes and raised their freight tariff and busted them up in their business, and smote them sore on the gable end of their intellects and made it red-hot for them.

Then said he to his servants, the wedding is ready but they which were bidden were not worthy.

Go ye therefore down to the sidetracks and into the roundhouses and the watertanks and cabooses and the gravel trains and gather together as many as ye shall find and tell them to come over to the wedding feast and fill themselves up.

And the servants went forth and rounded up as many as they could find, both bad and good, and bade them to the feast.

And when the king went to the reception room he found there a man who had not on a spike-tail coat and low-necked shoes and clocked socks.

And he saith unto him, "Pardner, how cometh it that thou art here without any store clothes on, and wearing instead a linen duster and jim-crow raiment generally?"

And the man was speechless at first, but he answered yet again:

"O, railroad king, live forever. I know that I am here without a wedding garment; but, behold I am a conductor on thy line, and have reformed and have ceased to 'knock down,' and behold thy servant is poor, for he is trying to live on his salary."

And the king was very wroth, and he took the usher to gather him in and to take him by the slack of his raiment and to cast him over the outer wall, and there was weeping and gnashing of teeth.

And while the wedding guests made ready and whooped it up, the man who was cast out did steal around to the back door and become solid with the cook, and filled himself up with the wedding feast on the side.

And it came to pass that when he had eaten of the fatted calf and the wedding cake and absorbed all the champagne that he could carry away he crawled into a haymow and slept till the cock crew.

And when the morning was come he journeyed over the railroad track toward Salt Lake, for he was a tramp.

Surratt Not Acquitted.

Hon. Edwards Pierrepont writes to the New York *Tribune* as follows: Various journals in discussing the propriety of surrendering Hartmann to the Russian government, stated that John H. Surratt was given up the United States without an extradition treaty, and that on trial he was acquitted. He was not acquitted. The trial commenced early in June, and on the 10th of August, 1867, the twelve jurors addressed the following to Judge Fisher, who presided at the trial.

SIR: The jury in the case of the United States vs. John H. Surratt most respectfully state that they stand precisely now as when they first balloted upon entering the room, *nearly equally divided*, and they are firmly convinced that they cannot possibly make a verdict. We deem it our duty to the court, to the country, and in view of the condition of our private affairs and situation of our families, and in view of the fact that the health of several of our number is becoming seriously impaired under the protracted confinement, to make this statement, and to ask your honor to dismiss us at once. Most respectfully submitted.

Each of the twelve signed the paper, and they were discharged. Long after, Surratt was set at liberty, but he never was acquitted by the jury.

New Way of Sending Money by Mail.

Postmaster General James, it is said, has devised a plan for sending small sums of money through the mails at a cheap rate. The device consists of a card having three columns representing dollars and cents, and the amount to be drawn is designated by punching out figures. Two denominations will be issued, one for all sums within $2.50 and the other for sums within $5. The orders will be payable to bearer, and the post office will not be responsible for their safe delivery any more than for fractional currency, for which they are a substitute. The orders will be finely printed on bank note. The postmaster will sell the $2.50 card for two or three cents premium, the $5 card for four or five cents premium, and will himself punch out the amount paid, the buyer will simply enclose the card in his letter, and the receiver can cash it at any office. The postmaster will enter the amount of the order on a stub, which will be the only check the department will need, as the name of the sender and payee are not entered. In order to prevent the use of the postal cards as currency they are to be redeemable only for three months from the date of issue.

"MY watch is a perfect treasure," said A. the other day. "It never varies a second." "It must be like my thermometer," replied B. "That never varies a particle."

GENTLE INFLUENCES.

Violets, in the leafiest shade,
By their odors are betrayed;
Soft winds, over flower fields blown,
By their fragrant breath are known;
Dew, by freshened leaves confessed,
Wets unseen earth's slumbering breast;
Rills, from out the bleak hillside,
Swell to rivers, deep and wide;
Rivers, flowing fast and free,
Widen to the boundless sea.
All great things that move the earth
To gentle issues owe their birth;
And soft influences still is best,
Bringing comfort, love and rest.
Sweet domestic love is strong—
Leads to right and warns from wrong;
Kinder whispers mightier prove,
And to loftier action move,
Than the fretful voice of scorn,
Of contempt and anger born.

—*Chambers' Journal.*

DOT FRITZEY.

I kin saw you, you shly leedle raskel,
A beckin' ad me drough dat shair;
Come here righd avay now und kiss me—
You doughd I don'd know you vas dere,
You all der dime bide from your fader,
Und sighose he can'd saw mit his eyes;
You vas goin' to fool me—eh, Fritzey—
Und gafe me a grade big surbrise?

Dot boy vas a reckiar monkgey—
Dere vas noding so high he don'd climb;
Und his modder she says dot his drousers
Vants new bosoms in dem all dere dime.
He vas shmard, dough, dot same leedle feller,
Und he sings all der vile like a lark,
Frow vonce he gids up in der mornin',
Dill ve drofe him to bed afder dark.

He's der bissiest von in dere family,
Und I bed you der louder he sings
He vas raisin' dickens mit some von—
He vas up do all manner of things,
He vas beckin' away, dot young raskel,
Drough de shair—Moly Hoses! vot's dot?
Dot young son-of-a-gun mid a sceesors
Is cut all der dall off der cat!

—*Oofty Goofty in New York Telegram.*

Comets and their Tails.

BY PUCK'S OWN P. ROCTOR.

The hypothesis held by astronomers in the early ages that a comet traversing the heavens was simply the dog-star with an ignited coal-oil torch appended to its tail, as plausible as it appeared, was exploded in the latter part of the fifteenth century. Since then the study of the heavens has become so simplified, and carried to such a degree of perfection, that in our day, when a comet makes its appearance, no two astronomers entertain the same opinion in regard to the composition of its tail, albeit they may not vary more than ten millions of miles as to its length. To the unclothed eye, the tail of a comet may not appear more than thirty feet in length, when in reality it is more than thirty millions of miles long. This, however, is not as marvellous as if it looked to be more than thirty millions of miles long to the naked vision, and was really only thirty feet in length.

In ancient times the appearance of a comet was regarded as a forerunner of some great calamity. The superstitions believed that it heralded a National Greenback victory, an eruption of another English comic opera company, an international walking match, or some other dire event; but, in this enlightened age, these erratic monsters of the heavens create no other alarm than to impel weak-minded people to commit suicide to escape an imagined catastrophe, and thus lighten the labors of the fool-killer. This illustration of the rapid progress of science is very encouraging.

By a singular coincidence, some of the most sanguinary wars of ancient and modern times have been preceded by a flaming comet in the skies, and the inference is irresistible that if the American Peace Society, whose members are engaged in the commendable work of establishing white-winged Peace throughout the length and breadth of the land, were to adopt measures to abolish comets from the firmament, or at least to prevent them from appearing to the people of our world, the grand object of their endeavors would be achieved. To bring such a laudable undertaking to a successful fruition would entail a vast amount of labor, but not as much, certainly, as to accomplish the same end by the means the Society is now employing.

It was a debatable question with some of the ancient scientists whether a comet's tail was provided with hair, the same as a dog's. Those who accepted the theory that the tail was as hot as molten metal, argued that such a degree of heat would singe all the hair off of the most healthy tail in existence. This belief has become quite general.

Frequently a comet appears very unexpectedly to astronomers, and they fail to recognize it, owing to the fact that its first discoverer forgot to put his trade-mark on it, or engrave his initials on its back, or it may thoughtlessly have permitted itself to be born without a strawberry-mark on its left arm.

Thousands of tailless comets are floating through space, and occasionally one is seen with the aid of a telescope; but, as a general rule, a comet without a tail is