

APRIL JESTING.

I heard two robins singing in the wood, One April day, And what they said my heart well understood, That April day; "O, love is sweet through all the busy daytime! Oh, love is true in winter and in May-time!" But then, you know, the hour was Folly's play-time, 'Twas April day. And I, to keep in tune the merry birds, That April day, Sang with them thoughtlessly some foolish words— 'Twas April day; "My love is fair, I could not help but choose him, My love is wise, oh! what could I refuse him, This April day? "Yet should he hear me sing, let him beware— 'Tis April day, And if I say, "I love him," have a care -- 'Tis April day. The token that he sends—oh, yes, I kiss it; And if he sends it not, I sorely miss it; But promise, song or kiss, now pray what is it, On April day?" Singing and laughing through the woods I came, That April day, Until a clear, strong voice sang back again; On, April day! This girl of smiles and tears, this little rover, With pleasant jesting does her heart discover, Thy mirth is wisdom; I her happy lover -- Thou April—May. He clasped my hand and through the wood we went; That April day, Singing like robins in our glad content— That April day, Oh, golden sunshine, and, oh, silver raining! Oh, earnest jesting, and oh, sweet complaining, Two happy hearts stood watching, daylight's waning, That April day.

THE LITTLE BUSINESS WOMAN.

ON the steps of a wretched tenement house in New York, sat a slender, pale girl, sorting out some bits of ribbon which had been given her by a neighboring milliner, in return for doing some errands. Kate's father, Mr. Reed, was an industrious carpenter, who had always had a comfortable home for his family until a few months before, when he received a severe injury by falling from a building on which he was at work. Still, the physician spoke hopefully of his soon being out again, and all seemed going well, when the news that the man in whose hands he had deposited all his little savings had absconded, and left him helpless and penniless, caused a most dangerous relapse. Mrs. Reed sold articles after articles of furniture and wearing apparel, and struggled on until at last, everything being gone, they were obliged to take refuge in one room of a wretched tenement house. There they had been for weeks, when our story opens. Kate, always a rather delicate child, had grown thin and pale, and complained so much of headache that the doctor advised that she be taken from school. Time now hung rather heavily on her hands. She shrank from much intercourse with the rough, vulgar children in the house, and passed most of the day in her own room; but occasionally, as when we now see her, she would take advantage of their absence at school, and steal down on the doorstep for a short time. "I wish I could help mother," she thought sorrowfully. "I wonder if there is nothing that a little girl can do." Just then the milkman drove into the yard. He was an honest, pleasant-looking man, who always spoke kindly to the pale, gentle girl, so different from the noisy crowd that clamorously demanded a ride. He drove a fine gray horse, with which Kate had formed a great friendship, and she always stroked and patted him, or gave him a handful of grass if she could find any in the dusty street. So when the milkman had passed into the house with his cans she commenced patting her dumb friend and talking to him as usual when a bright idea struck her, and deftly knotting some of her ribbons together, she fastened them near the horse's ears. Just then the milkman came out. "Ah, Miss Kate," he said, "have you been trimming up my horse?" "Yes, sir," answered the child, rather timidly, "do you mind?" "Mind! Oh, no; I am much obliged to you, and so, I dare say, is Billy! See how proudly he holds up his head! He will have to come and take you out to ride, in return for your kindness." And with a friendly good morning, he drove rapidly away. She had sat perhaps half an hour longer, when an ice cart came lumbering by. Somewhat to Katie's surprise, it stopped, for in that wretched house no one could indulge in such a luxury as ice. The driver, a good humored looking lad, jumped out, and coming up to Kate asked, with a mixture of frankness and bashfulness, "Was it you, miss, who made some rosettes for Mr. Gray's horse?" "The milkman?" answered Kate wonderingly. "Oh, yes, I put some ribbons on him just now." "I met him down the street and asked him how he come to be so gay; for you see," he continued, "it just happened to take my fancy, as I've got a new set of harness for my horses, and want them to look as nice as anybody's. I think a heap of your horses and so I says to Mr. Gray, "do you suppose she would make me some?" And he said I'd better come up here and ask you."

"I'd be very much obliged to you, if you would, miss," he added, and will pay whatever you like. "I should be very glad to make them," said the child, "but," blushing deeply, "I have no more ribbon." "Oh, buy whatever you want, and I'll make it all right," said the lad, carelessly. "Yes—but I have no money," said poor Kate stammering, as if her poverty were something to be ashamed of. "Oh, yes, I understand," he said, with a look at the miserable building. "Well, let me give you the money—if you will be kind enough to buy the ribbons," he added, with natural politeness, and he produced his pocket-book and handed Kate a bill. "What colors will you have?" she asked, as if in a dream. Was it possible that after all she could be going to earn some money and help her poor mother a little! "Whatever you like; only be sure they are bright. When can I have them?" he asked, preparing to resume his seat. "I will have them ready to-morrow." "All right," he answered, and drove off. The rosettes were quite ready when the ice-man called the next day; and he paid liberally for them and promised to send other customers. He was as good as his word, and for a few days Kate was almost constantly engaged in making rosettes of different hues, to fill the various orders brought her by the ice-man and Mr. Gray. With the proceeds of her work Mrs. Reed had bought more nourishing food for her husband, who was now gaining rapidly, and declared that he should soon be able to earn almost as much as Kate. One day, when she was finishing the last set which had been ordered, and was thinking how much she hoped to be able to sell more, the doctor entered. Kate was an especial favorite of his, and after examining his patient, he turned as usual to a chat with her. "What are you so busy about this fine morning, Miss Kate," he asked, "when you ought to be out in the bright sunshine?" Kate readily explained her new business, to which the doctor listened attentively. "And so that is your last order?" he said, musingly. "Well, well, I hope you will soon have more;" and he hurried off. A few days passed, and only one more application for rosettes had come in. Kate began to fear that all her work was done, and felt quite discouraged. One morning, however, the doctor rushed in, somewhat to Mr. Reed's surprise, as it was sooner than he had expected another visit. "Ah, good morning, Mr. Reed," cried the doctor, cheerfully. Getting along nicely?" And he hastily felt his pulse, and asked some few questions. "Famous! We shall have you out soon! But where is my little friend?" he asked, looking about. "I came to see her to-day." She will be back in a moment, doctor," said Mr. Reed. "I sent her on an errand. Here she is now," he added, as the door opened, and Kate came in. "Well, Kate, how's the rosette business? Flourishing as ever? The color don't rub off your ribbons on to your cheeks, any way," he added, with a pitying glance at the child's pale face. "I wish I could turn you and your father out to grass. It would be the best thing for both of you." "Well, never mind that now," he added hastily, as he saw the wistful look in Kate's eyes at the thought of the country. "I am in a tremendous hurry, but ran in to tell you that I mentioned your rosette-making to a friend of mine, who is the captain of a company of soldiers. There is to be a grand parade in a few weeks, and he wants all the horses in the company decorated for the occasion. See, he has sent you the materials;" and the doctor, opening a package, displayed rolls of ribbons, which to Kate's eyes seemed enough to stock the shop of her friend, the milliner. "Oh, doctor, I thank you so much!" she began, with glittering eyes, but the doctor cut her short with: "There, there, never mind that; I am in a hurry, and so are you," and was leaving the room, when he suddenly pulled something from his pocket. "Oh, I forgot, there is a pattern of what he wants," and he disappeared. Great was the rejoicing in that poor room and busily Kate worked. All was complete by the time her friend returned, bringing with him the Captain Stearns of whom he had spoken. The captain was entirely satisfied with the work, and much pleased with the little girl who so modestly answered his many questions. "I've little girls of my own," he said, "but I should not like to see them as pale and thin as you are, little one. When you grow stronger, you must try to find country quarters," he continued, turning to Mr. Reed.

But the doctor's time was too precious to admit of a long visit, and after a few more kind words, the two gentlemen departed, leaving Kate in ecstasies over the amount of money the kind hearted captain had paid her. "Now, mother, let me take one dollar and go and buy father a real splendid dinner, and you shall lay away all the rest, and," she said beseechingly, wouldn't you please give up working for to-day, and take a nice walk as you used to? Then, perhaps, you would not look so very tired." "Yes, Mary, do," urged Mr. Reed. "I'll tell you what we will do," he added, in a more cheerful tone than his wife had heard for many weeks. "The doctor said I might go out a little. The day is very fine, and we might celebrate Katie's having earned such a fortune, by getting in the horse cars after dinner and riding out of town a short distance." With a scream of delight, Kate caught the dollar from her mother's hand, and rushed off for dinner. A happier party was seldom seen than that poor family on their unwonted holiday. The fresh air seemed greatly to revive Mr. Reed, and they ventured quite into the country, where Kate could gather wild flowers, and a faint color came into her cheeks. "Oh, father, if we could only live in the country," she exclaimed that evening, as she sat arranging her flowers over and over again. Not many days after Captain Stearns' visit, the doctor appeared again. "Well, really, Katie you are becoming quite the rage," he said gaily. "Captain Stearns was so much pleased with you and your rosettes, that he has persuaded the colonel of his regiment to have every company decorated in the same way; and the captain will be here to-day with an order, and materials for I don't know how many rosettes." "But what has brightened you up so, Mr. Reed?" he asked, turning to the invalid. "Having such a good child, I fancy," answered Mr. Reed, smiling fondly on Kate. "Oh, no, doctor! going into the country," cried the child, and seizing her precious flowers she continued, "did you ever see anything so lovely, doctor?— And we went where such lots of them grew away to the end of the car route, where there was such a lovely little house, all buried in vines, and no one living there. I don't see how any one who had ever been there could bear to leave it! Do you know where it is?" as the doctor looked up with a strange expression. "I should think I did," he answered slowly, and as if thinking aloud. "The very thing! What a fool not to think of it before." "Yes, Kate," he continued "that is the house where I was born and lived many years. Since my mother died it has been shut up, and sadly needs some one to take care of it. I don't like to have it go to ruin, and have often wished I could find some good tenant—some one I could trust. Suppose I let it to you, Kate?" he added, playfully. "You are getting so rich, you can well afford to rent it. I have got to go out that way now, and if you will put on your hat you may go too, and see if it suits you." "May I mother?" and seeing the answer in her mother's eyes, she was on, and Kate in the chaise, in a twinkling. A few hours later she came home radiant. The house was lovely—perfect, and furnished, too! And the doctor said there were to be a great many buildings erected near there that fall; and there would be a fine chance for her father to get to work as soon as he was strong enough." The doctor confirmed her statements; and amid the heartfelt thanks of Katie and her parents, produced a formal lease of the place, made out in Katie's name, which she with the most intense gravity signed; and the next week saw her as happy a girl as any in the land, in her new home.

Four Revolutions in a Day.

The Mexicans, like all their Spanish-American brethren, are skilled in getting up revolutions. Some political leader fails of an election. He straightway issues a pronunciamento—Spanish for a proclamation—gathers a hundred or two of ragged, half-starved loafers, a lot of rusty muskets and bayonets, and a worn-out cannon. He marches to the public square, deprives the citizens of a night's rest, and in the morning there is to be a revolution. The fighting is generally carried on in the night, so that the brave men may not hurt each other. During the summer of 1863, a Southern gentleman happened to be in Matamoros, the capital of the State of Tamaulipas, Republic of Mexico. One morning his black servant failed to put in an appearance until two hours after his usual time. "What's the matter, Ben?" exclaimed the master, as the negro, in great excitement came running in. "Don't know, massa. Spec dar's a revolution going on. I've been in de calaboose dese two hours." Going out to get his breakfast, the gentleman saw Gov. Rozi making excellent time down street, bareheaded, and pursued by a file of soldiers. Knowing that the first act in a Mexican revolution was to lock up all persons found out, the gentleman retired to his room. After waiting two hours, he ventured out, and was told that since the previous night, Matamoros had had two chief magistrates, and that the third, one Serna, was now to be inaugurated. Having a slight acquaintance with Serna, the gentleman went to his office to obtain a passport, that he might leave Matamoros before the dawn of another revolution. He reached the office to find the officials engaged in a vigorous discus-

sion as to what one was Secretary of State. It was summarily decided by the one having the worst of the argument being marched off to prison between two bayonets. The gentleman obtained his passport, and, if he had left at once, all would have been well. But going back to the hotel for his horses and buggy, and baggage, brought him in conflict with another revolution. Driving to the suburbs, he met a party of cavalry, and at once showed his passport. The officer began its attentive reading, upside down. As the operation seemed likely to last for some time, the gentleman remarked that it was all right, as Gov. Serna himself had granted it. With a lowering brow, the officer replied that the passport was useless, as Serna was no longer governor of Tamaulipas, but Cortina was. Here was a pretty fix—the passport's signature scarcely dry, and the man who wrote it deposed! At this rate two or three revolutions would occur before the horses would trot out of Matamoros. A bright thought came to the gentleman's aid. He drew out five bright Mexican dollars. The brow of the officer relaxed—but he held on to the passport. The gentleman drew out five dollars more. The officer's brow was clear, and with a cordial smile of farewell, he gracefully handed back the passport, saying, with Mexican politeness, "Bueno, adiós senior." No grass grew under those horses' feet until they had crossed the Rio Grande and got into Texas. How to Detect Counterfeit Half Dollars. As counterfeit half dollars are being imposed on the unsuspecting, a few simple directions for detecting them may be useful, especially in stores and shops. Counterfeiters generally content themselves with the cheap and quiet process of casting from moulds, though sometimes they strike the pieces from dies. The mould is made from the genuine coin and yields a fac simile. They use a type metal, somewhat hardened and sonorous by the addition of copper, the whole being slightly silvered over in a battery, and the gate neatly ribbed out on the edge. Such a piece may pass while fresh and new. They are, however, rather too white and too thick, or if of the right thickness, too light. There is something about the genuine coin that ordinarily puts it above suspicion, particularly after the new white surface has given place to the inimitable and permanent nine-tenths tint. It may be abused by heating or staining, or by contact with gum-elastic bands. It has been disfigured with tin-foil for the small purpose of provoking a bet. In rare cases it may have a flaw on the edge, or sht in, which destroys the ring. But generally it speaks well for itself as to color and sonority. The genuineness of a half dollar is something worth looking after, to any of us, and especially to storekeepers, taking them often through the day. It is, therefore, worth the trouble to have on the counter one or two witnesses easy to be had. First. A balance, which need be no more than a thin strip of wood eight or ten inches long, neatly poised. Place a good piece on one end and the suspected one on the other and have a weight of three grains at hand. If the difference is more than that decline taking the piece. Second. A liquid test, composed as follows: Twenty-four grains of nitrate of silver in crystals; one gramme (say 15 grains) of nitric acid, and one ounce of water. Any druggist can put this up, in a small bottle with a pointed glass stopper, made for lifting drops, taking care to use pure ingredients. Remove a little of the surface of the coin with a knife, and then touch the place with a drop from the stopper. If good, there will be no action; if bad, it blackens at once. The Rev. W. H. Murray says in the Golden Rule: "Invent every possible amusement to keep your boys happy at home in the evenings. Never mind if they scatter books and pictures, coats, hats and boots! Never mind if they do make a noise around you with their whistling and hurrahing! We would stand aghast if we could have a vision of young men gone to utter destruction for the very reason that, having cold, disagreeable, dull, stiff firesides at home, they sought amusement elsewhere. The influence of a loving sister is incalculable. Like the circle formed by casting a stone into the water, it goes on through a man's whole life. Circumstances and worldly pleasure may for a time weaken the remembrance, but each touch upon the chord of memory will waken the old time music, and her face, her voice, and her loving words will come up before him like a revelation. The time will come, before you think, when you would give the world to have the house tumbled by those very boys. Man is generally pleased with any little attention that any of his kind can or may offer him. He likes his wife to find his hat and bring it to him, he is pleased when his sister fastens on his collar, and charmed when his daughter helps him on with his overcoat, but it does make him powerful mad when he is walking down street to have a boy come coasting along behind him and take off his overshoes with a hand sled."

MONEY TALKS! These are prices — THAT HURT (not the customer), but other dealers who find fault because it spoils their profits. They assert that I cannot sell goods at prices named, these prices are not for a bit, but are genuine and will be fulfilled in every particular. Call and see for yourselves. MONEY SAVED IS MONEY EARNED! WEBSTER THE CLOTHIER'S PRICE LIST For FALL & WINTER 1876-7. Good heavy business suits \$7.00 Diagonal silk mixed suits 8.50 Heavy cassimer suits 8.00 Basket worsted suits 10.00 French plain cassimer suits 11.00 English Diagonal suits 17.00 French basket suits 17.00 All wool Broad cloth coats 7.50 Heavy fleeced gray overcoats 4.50 Chinilla overcoats 7.00 Fur Beaver overcoats 12.00 Fine diagonal overcoats 12.00 Union Beaver overcoat 12.00 French Beaver overcoats 7.00 Boys' Clothing—3 to 10 years. Heavy mixed school suits 3.50 Cassimer suits 3.00 Diagonal and basket suits 3.50 Stout overcoats 4.50 Cape and Ulster overcoats 6.00 Boys' Clothing—9 to 15 years. Heavy mixed school suits 5.50 Heavy cassimer suits 5.00 Diagonal and basket suits 7.50 Heavy every-day overcoats 8.00 Chinilla overcoat 3.75 Beaver and Fur Beaver overcoats 8.50 Cape and Ulster overcoats 8.50 Youths' Clothing 16 years to men's sizes. Good undershirt or drawers 20 Good knit jackets 25 Good wool shirts 10 Good cotton socks 15 Cloth covered folded end collars 15 And all other goods in proportion. The highest price paid for prime butter at WEBSTER'S. C. H. WEBSTER, JR. 63 and 64 Court Street, Binghamton, N. Y. Sept. 20, 1876. NEW STORE. B. E. LYONS & CO. Have opened a store in BIRCHARDVILLE. DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, HARDWARE, TRUNKS & SATCHELS, PAPER HANGINGS, FLOUR & SALT, BOOTS & SHOES, RUBBERS, and most kinds of goods that are wanted. Dr. Jayne's Family Medicines, &c. All are invited to call and see how well they can do by buying of J. WESLEY HUBBARD. Birchardville, Pa., Dec. 20, 1876. CORRECTION! Rumor has it that having been elected County Treasurer for the ensuing three years, I am to discontinue my Insurance business. Rumor is UNTRUE, and without foundation, and while thanking you for kindness and appreciation of good Insurance in the past, I ask a continuance of your patronage, promising that business entrusted to me shall be promptly attended. My Companies are all sound and reliable, as all testify who have met with losses during the past ten years at my Agency. Read the List! North British and Mercantile, Capital, \$10,000,000 Queens of London, 2,000,000 Old Franklin, Philadelphia, Assets, 3,700,000 Old Continental, N. Y., nearly 3,000,000 Old Phoenix of Hartford, 2,000,000 Old Hanover, N. Y., 1,000,000 Old Farmers, York, 1,000,000 I also represent the New York Mutual Life Ins. Inst. of over 30 years standing, and assets over \$20,000,000. Also the Masonic Mutual Benefit Association of Pennsylvania. Get an Accidental Policy covering all accidents, from the Hartford Accident Ins. Co. Policies written from one day to one year. Only 25 cents for a \$100 Policy. Please call or send word, when you take a trip. Very respectfully, HENRY C. TYLER. Montrose, Pa., Jan. 19, 1876.—if IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT C. & A. CORTESY DRY GOODS —AND— MERCHAND TAILORING AT OUR NEW STORE. BINGHAMTON BOOK BINDERY P. A. HOPKINS & SONS, PROPRIETORS No. 41 Court Street, 3d Floor, Binghamton, N. Y. ALL STYLES OF BINDING AND BLANK BOOK MANUFACTURING AT REASONABLE PRICES. Binghamton, May 24, 1876. P. J. DONLEY, FURNISHING UNDER TAKER BINGHAMTON, N. Y. The latest Improved Coffins and Cases on hand. Urge to order. Shrouds, etc. April 19, 76. Undertaking. The undersigned has opened up a business, ed with all the latest and best material, and is prepared to do all kinds of business, including the funeral and the dressing of the dead. All needing their services will be promptly attended to. Satisfaction guaranteed. P. & B.M.A. 117578-11-11 Binghamton, Pa., April 7, 1876.