(Mr. Bonfig's Protege.—Continued from first page.)

One day Mr. Bonfig deemed the time had arrived to complete his plans for the education of Luigi. He would take him to Italy, where certain finishing lessons from a celebrated *maestro*, and a necessary course of dramatic and stage instruction, would render him fit to open his professional campaign, and reveal to the theatrical world a new tenor. Mr. Bonfig understood that the *maestro* in question had the talent of pushing promising pupils, and that his recommendation alone was sufficient to induce managers to come forward with brilliant offers. He spoke of his intentions to his portege, and then it was that he learned for the first time that Luigi had a sweetheart.

She was some little humble work-girl, whom the Italian had known and "kept company" with in the days when he was poor and friendless. His change of fortune had not altered his affections, and the two were now anxious to marry. Luigi would do nothing without the sanction and consent of his benefactor, but he pointed out respectfully that he was very much in love, that they had been waiting hopefully for a long while; and that now, with this journey to Italy before him, he felt emboldened to state his case, and to ask permission to be allowed to take her with him as his wife. She would be no additional expense; the sum that Mr. Bonfig paid over to him was liberal enough to maintain three wives, not to speak of one.

This was Mr. Bonfig's first touch of grief, after a long and uninterrupted period of happiness. He had never dreamed of Luigi being like other young men, subject to the affluence of blood to the heart, which is called love, and had formed pet theories of his own on the score of astists, and one of them was that celibacy was a desirable qualification. He looked rather grave, therefore, when his protege laid bare this new phase of his character.

'You desire to marry, my friend,' he said. 'The feeling is natural, very, natural at your age. I admit; but let me ask you, have you given this matter serious consideration?

Luigi replied that his affection for the young woman was the growth of years, and that one of the ambitions of his life was to make her his wife.

'Well, well," said Mr. Bonfig, 'I suppose I ought not to be surprised, though I confess you have given me something of a shock. You see, Luigi, my friend, your position is considerably changed now; you are in a fair way of becoming a somebody; your prospects in life are promising, exceedingly promising. Through your industry, good-will and natural capacities—which have surpassed my most sanguine anticipation—you are about to take a place in the world superior, far superior, I hope, to your past or present; and, and—don't you think now, that a tie of the kind you mention would—would—dear me! how shall I put it? hem! prejudice your future?'

Luigi, seeing that his patron scarcely approved of the contemplated union, bowed his head sadly, and looked the picture of misery.

'Far be it for me,' continued Ebenezer, who detested the thought of seeming unkind, 'to seek to influence you in any way, or to appear to exert an authority to which I distinctly wish to have no claim. You are at liberty to act as you please; and I—I am merely offering you the counsel of a friend. This—ahem!—this young person—a most lovable girl in all other respects, no doubt—is—is, I imagine, scarcely fit to take her place in the world to which you will have a right to belong; don't you think that if you could—if you could now, say, go to Italy alone, and see how you bear absence from her for a little while, come to a better and calmer experience of this affection?'

Mr. Bonfig was obviously getting a little entangled, and paused, relieved by the idea that he had contrived to convey his meaning.

Luigi still hung his head very low. 'I love her,' he said simply, 'and she loves me; I shall always love her, and she will always love me.'

'Yes, yes, no doubt,' said Ebenezer, trying to smile; 'that is how lovers talk as a rule, I believe. Well, let us drop the subject for the present, and consider that I have said nothing. I—I don't wish to influence you in the matter at all; you are free to dispose of yourself as you please. The news has come upon me rather suddenly, that's all, and that is why I have spoken. We can resume the conversation another time—another time, my friend.

In the evening Mr. Bonfig's laundress entered his sitting-room, and intimated, with matronly indignation, that there was a 'young person' waiting in the hall who desired to see him.

'Somebody wishing to see me?' asked Ebenezer.

'Yes, sir; a young person.' Ominous emphasis on the word 'person.'

'Dear me! who can it be?' said Bonfig puzzled, and positively blushing under the severe glance of his attendant. 'Are you quite sure there is no mistake, Mrs. Partington?'

'No, it ain't no mistake,' said the virtuous female; 'she asked for you right enough.'

'Dear me!' exclaimed Mr. Bonfig once more. 'Well, I—I suppose you had better ask her to come in.'

The laundress sailed out with a stately sweep, and in another moment led in a timid, poorly, but neatly clad young girl.

'Pray be seated,' said Mr. Bonfig courteously, though a trifle nervous and confused.

The new-comer seemed evidently in some sore distress of mind.

'Oh, sir!' she said, half inclined to burst into tears, "I hope I haven't done wrong in coming, but I couldn't stay at home any longer without easing my heart.'

'Try and collect yourself, my child,' said Mr. Bonfig, paternally.

'You are the gentleman who has been so good to Louis?' she asked. 'Oh, sir, I am his sweet-heart, and I have come to tell you whas a bad, wicked girl I am, and to ask you to forgive me and not to be angry with Louis?' She began to cry bitterly.

'Don't give way, my child,' said Bonfig kindly, 'tell me your sorrow, and if there is anything I can do—'

'It's all on my account that he's displeased you,' continued the girl. 'It's all my fault; it was I who pressed him to marry me; you see, sir, we've been waiting a long while, and his going away all those miles seemed as if he would forget me, and I should never see him any more, and I am so fond of him! I worried him into it, but I can see now that a poor ignorant girl like me isn't fit for him, and I've come to tell that I give him back his promise, and will never see him again! I hadn't the heart to tell him this afternoon, so I've come to tell you.' A wild fit of sobbing no longer to be restrained, seized her, and she broke down.

Mr. Bonfig had never despised himself so much as he despised himself now. He was a villain! a scoundrel! that's what he was; and, what is more. he had been trying to make villains of others. What right had he to interfere in the love affairs of these two young people? What right had he to break the heart of the pretty, decently-spoken girl, crying her eyes out before him? Did he think because he had been helping a man on a bit in life—actuated more by foolish vanity than any real honest motive—that he had the right to be the arbiter of two existences, to settle imperiously the fate of a strong and honorable attachment? Wasn't marriage a natural thing? Hadn't he, Bonfig, been married and happy? He thanked Heaven, however, that the girl had had the good sense to come to him in good time. He would set matters right at once.

'Don't cry any more, there's a good child,' he said, tenderly patting the girl's shoulder. 'I am not in the least angry with Louis; I never was, and you shall marry him to-morrow if you like, only don't cry any more, my dear, I can't bear to see you crying.' Extremely affected the old gentleman blew his nose vigorously. 'Dry your eyes like a sensible girl.' he continued; 'I shall ask Louis to-morrow to forgive me, and you shall both marry and go to Italy together. I alone am to blame in all this; I'm an old fool, and I know it, only don't cry any more.'

His persuasions by degrees had their effect, and the young woman soon recovered her spirit, and left with her heart full of gratitude and veneration for her sweetheart's benefactor. Luigi, whose whole being had been racked by the torments of love, and the consciousness of his obligations to Mr. Bonfig, nearly broke down the next day, at this further proof of his patron's goodness, and swore loudly that there was not a nobler man on the face of the earth. The two married, and Ebenezer, who had come down very handsomely, and insisted upon giving the girl a check representing four figures, as a wedding gift, accompanied them to Italy, and exerted himslf actively on his protege's behalf. In six months Luigi made his appearance in Milan, as *Edgardo*; caused a real genuine *furore*, and Mr. Bonfig's dream was realized.

IV.

From that day fame and success showered their sweetest smiles upon the ex-waiter. He sang in the principal Italian and French theatres, and Mr. Bonfig, who had returned to England, read of these triumphs in the newspapers with exulting eagerness—till a disaster happened which absorbed his whole thoughts and time.

The City of Glasgow Bank failed, and Mr. Bonfig, who was one of the principal shareholders, found himself a beggar. Not a beggar in a comparative sense, but a beggar in the fullest and sternest acceptation of the term. He was one of the 'one thousand ruins' brought about by that celebrated concern. He was the soul of honesty, and surrendered every farthing; he was the soul of pride, and morbidly shunned all his friends, hiding himself, and endeavoring to earn daily bread. But what could this poor old gentleman do, amidst the cruel press and strife of the coarser millions, fighting for a bare existence? He had been accustomed to the easy life of a man of means; he knew not one of the thousand practical forms of work by which money may be earned; he was timid and keenly sensitive, and he was getting very old. His spirit was broken. He became like a man in a dream.

Not even he himself could have told you how he contrived, day by day, to prolong an existence which had become a burden to him. It was a bitter dream to him, and he lived in it; and it must have been while his thoughts were in this Upas-scented dreamland, that he found himself one sunny June day in Regent-st., slowly walking, one of a chain of men, by the side of the curbstones, bearing strpped to his shoulders a flaming poster announcing a performance at the Opera House, and the appearance of a new singer.

Admit that Dame Fortune can be brutally cynical when she likes. She had so willed it, that by a strange fatality the man who had been the declared friend of a host of past celebrites, and the constant and liberal supporter of the opera, should be turned, in his declining years, into its 'sandwich!' Yes, that is to what the poor old gentleman had come. Reduced to the verge of starvation, there soon came the moment when he did not know how to procure even the hardest of crusts, without seeking the cold charity of a work house. One day, whilst lingering—taking good care, however, to avoid observation—near the door of the Opera House, he noticed a motely group of ill-dressed men shambling in and out of the dark and narrow side entrance. They went in free from burden and came out again loaded with huge placarded boards. Bonfig timidly ventured to question one of these men, and, such as the freemasonary of sorrow, got to be in a very brief time on the confidential terms of a fellow 'mate' with him.

'I'm a sandwich man, that's wot I am,' said his newly-formed acquaintance in a hoarse, foggy voice. 'And I gets a shillin' a day for the carrying of this yere board. Its' a 'ard life, mate, but it's better nor the workus, and I can allus get my two penworth of rum, and a blow out o' taters."

It was indeed, a hard life as Bonfig himself experienced, when, driven by absolute despair, he placed himself under the the tutelar guidance of his not unkindly companion in misfortune, and just kept body and soul miserably together day after day, Bonfig with his white hair streaming from under his battered hat; his shabby clothes showing, in spite of their decay, a feeble attempt at tidiness and cleanliness, was still recognizable, and he trudged along, one of a crew of broken-down, loafing, drunken, abject-looking men, with that stony expression on his face which intense suffering and misery have that power of imparting to the bravest and best resigned.

As a contrast, there came walking on the same side of the way, a big, stout, good looking, well-dressed, swarthy, bearded fellow—a foreigner, you could tell by the cut of him—seemingly glad to ascertain, as a matter of fact, that England could boast of one day of sunshine, at least; and pleased with the world at large, and with himself in particular. Such a happy, prosperous person, every fold of whose coat seemed to proclaim in large letters the word 'success,' could have no possible reason for starting at the sight of a poor old ragged sandwich man, and yet he did.

He not only started, but he went close up to the man, and looked straight into his face.

'*Ciclo!*' he exclaimed, 'can it be he? It is'!'

Bonfig looked up in mute surprise. 'Luigi,' he said, calmly and gently, as though a few hours instead of years had separated them.

'Yes, Luigi,' answered the other, tearing, in a frantic state of excitement, the poster from Mr. Bonfig's back, and kicking it into the road—a doubly meritorious act, since it was his own name he was hurling in the dust. 'This is why my letters have never been answered! This is how my inquiries have all led to nothing! *Maria Madonna Santa*! have I lived to see this?'

He hailed a passing cab, and lifted Bonfig bodily into it.

Povero amico! Crema dei galantuomini! Cuore d' oro!' he exclaimed; unable to express his feelings in anything save his native language, and all but weeping over his old patron. 'Have I, Luigi, *una cosa du niente!* lived to see my benefactor in such a state? Oh! you bad man to do this!' He shook his fist at him in downright good anger.

They drove to a substantial-looking house in Bloomsbury, and Bonfig soon found himself on a sofa, in a pleasant room, surrounded by the loving glances and affectionate caresses of Luigi and his wife. He listened to their story, his old smile gradually finding its way back to his lips. His protege had gone on progressing more and more; and now England was at last anxious to hear this marvel, and he had come.

In time, Mr. Bonfig rose mechanically to go.

'Where are you going?' asked Luigi, fiercely.

'Back to where you found me,' said Ebenezer, feebly.

'*Maledizione!*' cried the Italian, with real fury. 'You shall not stir one step! I forbid you! I will not let you! What should I have been but for you! You my saint! my benefactor! This is a debt, a sacred debt. Look! you see me, if you do not consent at once to stay here; I will go break my engagement, and never sing one more note. I will become Luigi the *comciere* again! *Sacramento! Logiuro!*'

Luigi's wife threw her arms round Mr. Bonfig's neck, and implored him with a daughter's warmth to stay.

Ebenezer, weak from waning strength and want of food, sank exhausted on the sofa.

'I must not stand in the way of art,' he said, smiling his old smile, yet with a real tear swimming in his eyes; 'England shall hear you.'—*Times.*

News from the army: The lieutenant was badly bitten, about three inches from the end of his vertebræ and twenty-five miles from the mouth of the Rio Grande, where he was stationed.

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FALL AND WINTER
1881

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CARRIAGEMAKERS AND
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HARDWARE,
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Towanda, Oct. 31st, 1881.

Cuticura

Geo. W. Brown, 48 Marshall St., Providence, R. I., cured by Cuticura Resolvent (blood purifier) and Cuticura and Cuticura Soap (the great skin cures) of a Ringworm Humor got at the barber's, which spread all over his ears, neck and face, and for six years resisted all kinds of treatment.

SKIN HUMOR.

F. H. Drake, Esq., Agent for Harper & Bros., Detroit, Michigan, gives an astonishing account of his case (eczema rodent), which had been treated by a consultation of physicians without benefit, and which speedily yielded to the Cuticura Resolvent (blood purifier) internally, Cuticura and Cuticura Soap (the great skin cures) externally.

SCALD HEAD.

H. A. Raymond, Auditor F. W., J. & S. R. R., Jackson, Mich., was cured of Scald Head of nine years duration by the Cuticura Remedies.

ECZEMA.

Hon. Wm. Taylor, Byston, Mass., permanently cured of a humor of a humor of the face and scalp [eczema] that had been treated unsuccessfully for twelve years by many of Boston's best physicians and most noted specialists, as well as European authorities.

MILK CRUST.

Mrs. Bowers, 143 Clinton St., Cincinnati, speaks of her sister's child, who was cured of milk crust which resisted all remedies for two years. Now a fine healthy boy, with a beautiful head of hair.

FALLING HAIR.

Frank A. Bean, Steam Fire Engine 6, Boston, was cured of Alopecia, or falling of the hair, by the Cuticura Resolvent (blood purifier) internally and Cuticura and Cuticura Soap (the great skin cures) externally, which completely restored his hair when all said he would loose it.

TREATMENT.

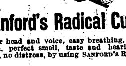
The Cuticura treatment consists in the internal use of the Cuticura Resolvent, the new blood purifier, and the external use of Cuticura and Cuticura Soap, the great skin cures.

CUTICURA

Remedies are for sale by all druggists. Price of Cuticura, a Medicinal Jelly, small boxes, 50c.; large boxes, $1. CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, $1 per bottle. CUTICURA SOAP, (the queen of medicinal and toilet soaps), 25c. CUTICURA MEDICINAL SHAVING SOAP, 15c. Principal depot,

WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Mass.

CATARRH



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Clear head and voice, easy breathing, sweet breath, perfect smell, taste and hearing, no cough, no distress, by using SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE.

Sneeze until your head is ready to fly off, eyes and nose running water, throat parched and blood feverish or take SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE for Catarrh and be cured.

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dec16-

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Jan 11-tf

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EVERYTHING BELONGING TO THE HAIR TRADE

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nov18-6m MRS. D. V. STEDGE.

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FINE AMERICAN AND SWISS
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Clocks, Watches and Jewelry promptly repaired by an experienced and competent workman.

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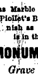

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Grave Yard Posts, Railings, &c.

And I sell fifteen per cent. cheaper than traveling agents do. Good satisfaction guaranteed, and all jobs put up properly.

I can furnish all kinds of American and foreign marble. I am enabled to sell very much cheaper than any other firm because I do my own work. Those wishing anything in my line are invited to call and see for themselves.

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Feb. 16, 1882.

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Dec 15—1yr

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Original Contributions.

[FOR THE REPUBLICAN.]

TO A WAVE.

Dost thou seek a star with thy swelling crest,
O wave, that leavest Thy mother's breast?
Dost thou leap from the prisoned depths
below
In scorn of their calm and constant flow!
Or art thou seeking some distant land,
To die in murmurs upon the strand?

Has thou tales to tell of the pearl-lit deep,
Where the wave-whelmed mariner rocks in
sleep:
Cans't thou speak of navies that sunk in
pride
Ere the roll of their thunders, in echo died?
What trophies, what banners, are floating
free
In the shadowy depths of that silent sea?

It is vain to ask, as thou rollest afar,
Of banner or mariner, ship or star;
It's vain to seek in thy stormy face
Some tale of the sorrowful past to trace;
Thou art swelling high, thou are flashing
free,
How vain are the questions I ask of thee.

I too am a wave on the stormy sea;
I too am a wanderer, driven like thee;
I too am seeking a distant land,
To be lost and gone ere I reach the strand,
For the land I seek is a waveless shore,
And they who once reach it shall wander no
more.

The Peace of the Church.

BY MRS. JENNIE F. SNELL.

We are commended by our divine Master to follow after those things that make for us eternal welfare. We are to "depart from evil and do good, seek peace and persue it." We are not only commanded to seek that spiritual peace that the Holy Spirit gives unto all those who by sincere repentence and an humble faith in His name, are brought from nature's darkness into the glorious light of the gospel of truth, and who show by their lives and by their good works, that they seek a city, an Heavenly city "whose foundation and builder is God."

We are also commanded to follow after charity, and peace with all men, and holiness without which no man can see the Lord; looking diligently lest any man fail of the grace of God lest a root of bitterness springing up, trouble, and thereby many be defiled.

The apostle Paul in his affectionate epistle to the Roman churches, gives them this beautiful exhortation. "I beseech you therefore brethren by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy receptable unto God, which is your reasonable service. And be not confirmed to this world, but be ye transformed, by the renewing of your mind, that ye may have what is that good and acceptable, and perfect will of God." For the kingdom of Heaven is not in meat and drink, but righteousness, and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost.

When the dear Masters was about to leave his beloved diciples and they were partaking with him for the last time the Passover supper, a new commandment, give He unto them. "That ye love one another, as I have loved you, that ye also love one another," and He comforted them with the promise of the Holy Spirit, which the Father would send in His name, that it would teach them all things, and bring to remembrance all that He had taught them on former occasions when they enjoyed ed sweet intercourse with him, on the beautiful shores of Jordan—in sweet Galilee—on the Mount of Olives, in the upper chamber, and at the house of Lazarus, where Martha served the dear Lord, and Mary sat in reverence at his feet, to learn the blessed truthes that His infinite wisdom revealed.

And in the last communion with them before His crucifiction, He pronounced this beautiful and touching benediction. "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your hearts be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

Then if we follow in the footsteps of the blessed Redeemer, we are to follow in the rugged paths that lead up to the Gethsemna and Calvery of self-sacrifice if needs be, as well as in the pleasant communions with the dear friends assembled on the shores of Jordon, on the Lake of Galilee in the upper chamber and on the Mount of Beatitudes, where was given that immortal sermon—which lives and glows and burns in the heart of every sincere Christian since it was first promulgated to the world, which gives us rules whereby to guide our lives, that He who runs may profit thereby. What heavenly teachings! How favored the early church, to hear such words from the lips of the Great Teacher, who spoke as never man spoke. Apples of gold, in pictures of silver. Did he open his mouth—pearls of wisdom and truth fell from his Divine lips—did he sit among the publicans and sinners he taught them "He was the way, the truth and the life" and converted them. Did he unite to his beloved disciples—He confirmed them, in the like precious faith, and instructed them. Did he visit the poor—He fed them—not only ministered to them temporal wants; but gave them them the "Bread of Life" the spiritual Manna that came down from Heaven that they hunger no more. If with the sick—he made them richer in wisdom, in knowledge of himself—"Teaching them all things, that whatever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye unto them." How favored that company where he condescended to sit, and that church that heard the Divine mandate of his will! He, the great giver of all good, hath called us to peace. "For God is not the author of confusion; but of peace in all the churches of the saints."

"When a man's ways please the Lord He maketh even his enemises to be at peace with him."

"Behold how good and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity. It is like the precious ointment upon the head that ran down upon even Aaron's beard; that went down to the skirts of his garments. As the dew of Herman, and as the dew that descended upon the mountains of Zion; for there the Lord commanded the blessing even life forever more.

Was there ever kindest Shepherd
Half so gentle, half so sweet,
As the Saviour who would have us
Come and gather around his feet?

For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

If our love were but more simple
And our lives would be all sunshine,
We would take him at his word;
In the sweetness of our Lord.

MILAN, Pa., Jan. 13th, 1882.

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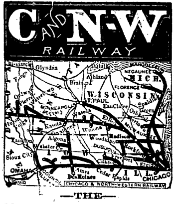

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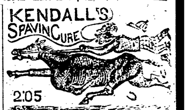

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Youngstown, Ohio, May 10th, 18

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Very Respectfully,
L. T. FOSTER.

Kendall's Spavin Cure

ON HUMAN FLESH.

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Yours truly,
REV. M. P. BELL.
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Is sure to cure Spavins, Splints, Curb, &c. It removes all unnatural enlargements, DOES NOT BLISTER. Has no equal for any lameness on beast or man. It has cured hip-joint lameness in a person who had suffered 15 years. Also cured rheumatism, corns, frost-bites or and bruises, cut or lameness. It has no equal for any blemish on horses. Send for illustrated circular giving POSITIVE PROOF. Price $1. ALL DRUGGISTS have it or can get it for you. Dr. B. J. Kendall & Co., Proprietors, Enosburgh Falls, Vermont. H. C. PORTER, Agent, Towanda, Pa.

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