

The Reporter is published every Thursday Morning, by E. O. GOODRICH, at \$2 per annum, in advance.

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E. O. GOODRICH, Publisher. REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER. \$2 per Annum, in Advance. VOLUME XXVII. TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., DECEMBER 27, 1866. NUMBER 31.

Selected Poetry.

PERFECT REST. In the quiet of the churchyard, The weeping willows wave Their slender, drooping branches In the chilly autumn air; And the wither'd church-yard grasses, Above each lonely grave, Utter sad and mournful whispers O'er the dead who slumber there.

Selected Tale.

CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

I never can read an account in the newspaper of a gentleman of the Irish persuasion arrested at the suit of his wife, and safely lodged in the station-house, without a feeling of intense amusement that requires an explanation. Once, during the summer solstice, when everybody that was anybody (except myself) had gone out of town, I was left to my own devices during the day and Ben's society in the evening for what amusement I could find in hot parements, shaded houses, and libations of ice-water, for the space of two never-to-be-forgotten weeks. I had immolated myself on the shrine of sisterly affection, for Ben's downtown affairs could not possibly be wound up before the specified two weeks had expired; and a most comfortable feeling of self-righteousness accompanied the sacrifice. To be sure, a trip to Lake George was promised me as the reward of merit; and with this in prospect, my captivity became quite endurable. Besides, Ben and I were always excellent friends—the two cronies, in fact, of the family; and as the others had dispersed right and left on various summer pilgrimages, it behooved me to see that my favorite brother was not left to the tender mercies of Bridget. All the neighbors had deserted us; and I had watched trunk after trunk, and carriage after carriage, starting for various destinations. The newspapers afforded me, in the letters from water-gate, the delectable information that "Miss B. was charming in a dress of blue crepe with pink trimmings;" "Mrs. G., handsome and distinguished, in crimson moire antique;" "Miss L., like a sunset cloud in violet silk;" and so on through the alphabet generally. As I knew some of these people very well, I wondered if a transformation had taken place from change of residence; and hoped that, whatever it was, I might not fail to catch it when I, too, should pack up my tent like the Arabs, and glide in the darkness away. I fully expected to go in the morning when I did go; but I think there is something like this in one of Mr. Longfellow's poems. Our next-door neighbor, Mrs. Beverley, had gone with the two children, and faithful black Rose, at the very beginning of the summer fittings; and as Mrs. Beverley was my especial admiration, and the children my favorite amusement, I wondered how I could possibly get through the weary days without them. Little "Dory" (short for Theodore), the father's eyes had closed in this world without seeing the face of his little son, was an animated sculpture of the purest marble, lighted up by dark orbs that seemed to make whiter the ivory skin; and his sister, two years older, was the most bewitching little romp that ever spoiled white dresses, or set at naught all the rules of propriety. As for the gentle, sorrow-stricken mother, whom scarcely any one ever got a glimpse of, I had fairly stormed her into a sort of liking for me—scaled her castle on various pretexts, and carried off the children so frequently, that the fact of my existence became too apparent to be ignored. All the family landed at my passion for Mrs. Beverley, and all that pertained to her; every one acknowledged that she was lovely and attractive, but completely wrapped up in her children and the memory of a happy past. My feeling for her, however, amounted to perfect enthusiasm; and we had become very good friends some time before her departure. She had not gone among the "charming" Miss L.'s, and B.'s, and G.'s, with their rainbow-hued dresses; but off among the green hills of New Hampshire, where aunt and cousins wanted to welcome her and her children to pure air and green pastures. She ought to have gone last summer, and had laughingly requested me to keep an eye on "Dory" while I remained near it. It is no dress for me to say that I kept two eyes evereveringly fixed upon the domicile whenever opportunity offered; and held endless

discussions with Ben as to whether all the doors and windows were properly fastened. For a constitutional dread of burglars was one of my idiosyncrasies; and I had frequently been remonstrated with for looking upon them as supernatural beings—inasmuch as, from the nature of my searches before a bureau-drawer, and expiring them to lodge in small boxes. Mrs. Beverley had frequently spoken to me of a brother whom, as the country people say, she seemed to "set great store" on; and who was now studying a profession in a distant city. He was to join her in New Hampshire, and return with her on a visit; and she had expressed a strong desire that we should see each other. I was quite persuaded that she hoped a great deal from this seeing; and I must confess that the fact of his being Mrs. Beverley's brother threw a halo of strange interest around Mr. Eselson. I often found myself thinking of him and wondering what he was like—or rather what he would strike me as being like; for, of course, his sister had drawn her own impressions of him for my benefit, and if these impressions were correct, he must be an uncommonly nice fellow. His photograph was decidedly handsome; and without ever having seen him, I felt pretty well acquainted with him in advance, and waited rather impatiently for October to bring Mrs. Beverley back to town. I had even decided how to "do" my hair, and what dress to appear in, on my first presentation; but I could not help wishing that something unforeseen and romantic would occur to bring about that first meeting in a way entirely different from the usual hackneyed course. I had my wish, as time will show. About half of the two weeks had worn away, when a very warm day and night, that called for experience and comparisons from all the oldest inhabitants, came down upon us with fury; and after gasping through the day in some sort of fashion, I left my couch at midnight in utter disgust at my folly in supposing that I could sleep with the thermometer high up among the nineties, and betook myself to the window. Certain sounds that proceeded from the next room convinced me beyond a doubt that Ben, though present in body was absent in mind; and with the pleasant consciousness of being the only person in the house at all alive to the affairs of this mundane sphere, I turned my attention to the glorious moonlight, that, as Hood enthusiastically says: "Makes earth's commonest scenes appear All poetic, romantic, and tender." But while engaged in vague speculations about the moon and stars, a sudden noise brought my thoughts earthward again; and glancing toward Mrs. Beverley's back premises, I actually saw a man on the upper verandah! opening one of the bedroom windows. My heart almost stood still with terror; but by a fearful effort, I restrained myself from screaming—for Ben was very hard to awaken, and both our throats might be cut before this was accomplished. Not venturing a second look, I retreated trembling from the window, and proceeded to the task of arousing Ben as quietly as possible. Having obligingly left his door unlocked for my especial comfort, there was no time lost in effecting an entrance; and had my brother been capable of appreciating the vision, he would have seen a wild creature in white drapery calling his name in a nightmare whisper of terror—but, of course without producing the slightest effect. Ben always slept with revolvers under his pillow, which made me chary of touching him—for fire-arms affected me as a drawn sword did James the First; but something must be done speedily, as I fancied that impudent man perhaps loading himself at that very minute with moveables. "Get up!" I shouted, waxing stronger, "Ben! Ben! Get up, this moment!" "Tisn't time yet," granted my provoking brother, now half awake, as he turned over like the sluggard. I never had any patience with people who almost require a charge of artillery to bring them back to their sober senses; and shaking him now with right good will, I screamed, "Thieves! Robbers! Fire! Fire! Get up!" A head that would have served for Medusa started from the pillow, and out came those horrible revolvers, pointing directly at me. A frantic yell, that I tried in vain to smother, issued from my lips; and Ben, now quite awake, shouted out at me: "Maria! What in the name of heaven is the matter? Do stop that confounded noise!" He had quite forgotten to call me "Minnie," as I always insisted on being called; being terribly in earnest, he had gone back to the hundred appellation that roused my intense disgust. I was too much taken up with the revolvers, just now, to remind him of his omission, and between my terror of the weapons, and his desire to use them immediately upon somebody, we seemed scarcely likely to come to an understanding. Finally, however, Ben was made to understand what I had seen; and being requested to retire while he donned a few articles of clothing, I waited in breathless suspense for his re-appearance. The fellow will not be in a hurry," said he, in answer to my fears that he would escape; "he knows the family are out of town. I shall get a policeman, and secure him quietly." And bidding me be of good courage, he closed the front door, and looked up and down the street. I covered in the parlor half disposed to rush after Ben, and insist upon accompanying him; but, I was not exactly in promenade costume, and it would take so long to "get myself up," that by that time, the affair would be over. Then, too, those dreadful revolvers might be used; and a bullet would be almost sure to lodge in my arm, or, perhaps, in some more vital point, should I chance to be within shooting distance. These considerations induced me to remain where I was; although wanting to know dreadfully how matters were progressing next door. I was obliged, however, to wait for Ben's return; and then to draw the desired information from him, piece by piece.

After an interminable time, he made his appearance, saying: "Well, the fellow's safely lodged at the station-house for the night; and let's go to bed little girl." And this was all, was it, after such an excitement? Brevity may be the soul of wit, but it is not the soul of satisfaction when one is hungering for information. "Now," said I, planting myself on the stairs in a decided attitude, "just please to remember that he is my burglar; if it hadn't been for me you would never have seen him, and I insist upon hearing something about him. Begin at the beginning, and tell me what you did first, after you left me." "Looked for a policeman," replied Ben hopefully. "What next?" "Found one." "Next?" "Told him I had a little job for him." "What then?" "Ben do you happen to know that you are particularly disagreeable and tormenting animal? Why can't you not give me a spicy and graphic account of your adventure, (which is one that you certainly do not have every night of your life), so as to present it clearly to my mind? If I had gone in your stead, you would have heard all about it from beginning to end, as a matter of course. I don't see why men need be so miserably stupid as unsatisfactory." "Well," rejoined Ben with a fearful yawn, "I believe a woman can start up as bright as a lark at any hour of the night, and talk upon any subject in the universe; but a fellow can't be spicy and graphic at two o'clock in the morning. Wait until tomorrow, and I'll tell you all about it." As he made a movement to ascend, I exclaimed tragically, "If you advance it will be over my body!" and finding that something of an obstacle, he retreated. "Now," said I triumphantly, "what was the man doing when you found him? Was he rolling up the carpets, or what?" "I had just been reading of a deserted house entered by thieves, who coolly rolled up the carpets, and other desirable articles nearly for transportation, carrying them away, as it was convenient, and I thought how pleasant it would have been for Mrs. Beverley to return to a home in this condition!" "He was not doing any thing in particular," was the reply, "I found him comfortably lodged in the back bedroom sound asleep." "I was filled with amazement to find that my burglar had only wanted a night's lodging." "That does not follow at all," said Ben authoritatively, "he was sure of his house before he began, and being just then in need of comfortable rest, he concluded to take it, and other things, at his leisure." He seemed determined not to wake until he had turned on the gas full blast; when he sprung up and caught me by the hair. A pistol, however, showed some quietude, so, saying nothing, of the policeman's appliances. He's too nice-looking a fellow to be engaged in such work, and he carried it off with a high air—protesting against being disturbed, and assuring us that he had a perfect right to lodge at Mrs. Beverley's as he was a relative of that lady's." "A relative?" I repeated with breathless interest. "That is what he said; but the policeman coolly replied, with a grin, 'You see it ain't exactly the fashion for relatives to visit folks in your off-handed way—climbing in at their windows when they are out of town; and as you seem to be in want of a night's lodging just put on your duds and I'll accommodate you at the station-house.' 'How dare you mention such a place to me?' stormed the grandiloquent burglar. 'I tell you I have just arrived in the city tired out with my journey, and can't care for the request of my sister, to canvas some business for her in this very house.'" "His sister?" I exclaimed in great excitement; but Ben went on regardless: "'I took a burglar?' he asked, striking an attitude. 'All the burglars I ever see were much like other people,' said the unimpressible policeman, 'some better, some worse, and 'cause you happen to have a straight nose and be personable-looking, ain't no reason why we should let you off. So, just you come along quiet-like, and I'll be the better for your invitation,' replied the burglar who seemed more disposed to laugh than he had been yet, 'which appears to pressing to be declined; but I can assure you that I have a perfect right to be here. 'A difference of opinion, mebbe,' returned the guardian of the public peace; but when I see folks breaking into other folks' houses, my orders is to nab 'em.'" "But you didn't see me doing any thing of the kind," returned the culprit. "You saw me peacefully sleeping, and made an unwarrantable assault upon me." "Well, this gentleman's sister saw you any how," said the policeman, determined not to be baffled. "Then," observed the robber, with rather a comical smile, "it is to a lady that I am indebted for these polite attentions? So, take care little sister, that he does not wreak his vengeance on you. My experience of burglars is not extensive, but this fellow doesn't look at all like his business—just the kind of man I'd like to smoke a cigar and have a good talk with." "Now," said I, severely, "don't you feel a little ashamed, after this long story of trying to put me off with a sentence? But Ben," I continued, with a strong conviction that the burglar had truth on his side, notwithstanding the fact that Mrs. Beverley's brother was supposed to be recreating among the New Hampshire hills at that identical time. "Mrs. Beverley really has a brother—she has talked to me about him often, and I do believe that man was telling the truth." "Pooh!" said Ben, incredulously, "such a story is easily manufactured; it is very natural for people to have brothers, and I suppose that was the first idea that presented itself!" "Well," I replied, my conviction growing stronger from opposition, "you must go with me to the station-house to-morrow morning; and if I can identify this man as Mr. Eselson, from the photograph that Mrs. Beverley has shown me, of course they will let him go. As I have gotten him into a scrape, the least I can do, if he is innocent, is to get him out again."

thoughts reverted to first principles, "and talk about the station-house to-morrow." "Let's go to bed, Sleepy head." was my retort; but Ben was in earnest, this time, and to bed we accordingly went. I was visited by such troubled dreams, though, in which Mrs. Beverley's brother climbed into our window, and tried to strangle me, that I gladly welcomed the morning sun. I gave Ben no peace until he had agreed to accompany me to the station-house; and packing up my head and face in a double green veil, I started bravely for the scene of action. The premises were not inviting; and several poor unfortunates were lounging about awaiting their sentence. Sitting bolt upright in a very uncomfortable chair, with an air of injured innocence, was an extremely handsome, gentlemanly-looking young man, whose features seemed familiar. "The burglar," whispered Ben, by way of introduction. "Oh Ben!" I exclaimed, quite conscience-stricken, "do make them let him go! I am sure he is Mrs. Beverley's brother!" "Does he look like the portrait?" asked Ben with considerable interest. "Yes," I replied, scarcely daring to look at him, "I am almost sure it is the same face. But let me get outside, and then tell them that we made a mistake." I did not know what was passing inside, but my face burned painfully; and when Ben joined me, I walked away at a racehorse pace. "That was a great idea of yours," said my brother laughing, "and placed me in a rather queer position—just the next thing to apologizing to a man for shooting him because you took him for some one else! He really is a nice fellow though, and shook my hand as gratefully as though I had never disturbed his slumbers. He said that, in future, he never would even enter his own home unless he could go in through the door, and at an orthodox hour. He is coming back with his sister in the autumn, and then I hope we shall see something of him." "I never wish to see her for fear of her again!" said I, wrathfully, "and I only wish he would go somewhere among the cannibals, and be eaten up as soon as he landed!" Ben offered me his knife in default of a tenpenny nail; but the condition at which I had arrived demanded a two hours crying in my own room before I was sufficiently composed to take up the burden of the day. Of course, I wrote immediately to Mrs. Beverley, telling her of my ridiculous mistake and intense mortification, and begging her to explain to her brother just how it had all happened; and I soon received a reply that was characteristic of her own sweet self. "If I could put a good, hearty laugh on paper," she wrote, "you should certainly have it as some faint representation of the cachinations of Harry and myself over your proceedings. To think that one whom I have always looked upon as a well-disposed young lady, should make such an unprovoked attack on such an inoffensive young man, and actually lodge him in the station-house! Oh, Minnie! Minnie! I could not have believed it of you!" "But, seriously, my dear child, I beg that, instead of giving yourself any uneasiness, you will accept my grateful thanks for watching my premises so faithfully; and you certainly had every reason to suppose that a man who would enter my window at two o'clock in the morning, could not possibly be a respectable member of society. I really did send him, though, to spend the night there, and to get me some valuable papers; and I told him, moreover, how to open the window. Harry seems far more impressed with your kindness in getting him out of the station-house than with your unkindness in getting him in; and he is so anxious to express his thanks in person, that I am afraid he will succeed in worrying me home some weeks sooner than I intended."

OUR ONE LIFE.

'Tis not for man to trifle! Life is brief, For each man has his here. Our age is but the falling of a leaf, A dropping tear. We have no time to sport away the hours, All must be earnest in a world like ours. Not many lives, but only one have we, One, only one; How sacred should that one life ever be, That narrow span! Day after day filled up with blessed toil, Hour after hour still bringing in new spoil. Our being is no shadow of this air, No vacant dream; No fable of the things that were, But only seem. 'Tis full of meaning as of mystery, Though strange and solemn may that meaning be. Our sorrows are no phantom of the night, No idle tale; No cloud that floats along a sky of light On summer gales. They are the truths of mortal earth, Friends and companions even from our birth. O life below! how brief and poor and sad! O life above! how long! how fair! how glad! O life to be done with daily dying here! Oh to begin the living in your sphere!

NASBY.

THE AMNESTY PROPOSITION—THE INHABITANTS OF THE CORNERS HOUSE—THE VICTIMS OF A CRUEL AND HEARTLESS HOAX.

CONFIDENT X ROADS, [which is in the Statist Kentucky, December 31, 1866.]

I never wuz so elevated nor never so cast down in my life ez last nite, and the entire Corners wuz ditto. The circumstances of the case wuz ez follows: Me and a party wuz friends wuz a playin draw poker with a Noo York comersher traveler, I believe they call em, a feller with a mustash and side whiskers, which comes South a talkin secesh and sellin goods. He made some inquiries about the standin uv the dealers at the Corners, and wuz, after said inquiries, eggetreemly anxious to sell em goods for cash. They wanted em on ninety days' time, and on this they split. He agreed with em in principle—he drank to Jeff Davis, and damned Lincoln doolyent; but on the cash question he wuz inflexible and immovable. To while away the rosy hours, a knot of choice sperrits, him included, gathered in the Post Office, to enjoy a game uv draw poker. There wuz me and a Square Gavitt, and Deacon Pagram and Elder Slaters, and the Noo York drummer. We played till past the witchin hour of 12 M., when grave yards wuz and goats troop forth—when the Noo Yorker suckt'n. His innocent, unseasoned bowels hadn't been eddicated up to the standard uv Kentucky whiskey, which, new ez we drink it, is pizen to foreigners. The Deek-in and Elder grabbed the stakes wuz on the table, and rifled his pockets on the suspition that he wuz a Abolishment, and rolled him out, and while in the very act, Pollock, the Illinois storekeeper, cum ruslin in, askin us ef we'd heard the news. We answered yooanously that we hadn't. "I'm jist in from Louisville," sez he, "I jist rode over from the atashen, Louisville is in a blaze uv glory!" "Wat," sez I, "hez Sumner killed Thad. Stevens, and immedejitly committed suicide?" "Nary," sez he, "but Johnson and Congress hez come together on the basis uv yooaniferous amnesty, which wuz proclaimed yesterday, to be tolled by yooaniferous suffrage ez soon ez the South kin conveniently do it. They hev met and embraced on Horace Greeley's plan." Deekin Pogran bust into a hysterical laff and in his joy handed me the proceeds uv his explorashen uv the pockets uv the Noo Yorker, and like a blessed old lunatic broke for the meatin house. In a moment or two the bell pealed forth its joyous notes, and in a minit more the half dressed villagers wuz seen emerge from their respective domiciles in all styles uv attire. A few minits sufficed to make them understand wat wuz the occasion uv the uproar, and a more enthusiastic population never woke the eck-ers. Afore five minits bed rolled off into eternity, there wuz a boufire blazin on the north side uv the square, the said boufire bein a nigger house wich the Freedmen's Commission hed erected, and wich our enthusiastic citizens hed in their delirium uv joy set fire to. It wuz emblematic. The smoke ez it rolled to the South methaww assumed the shape uv a olive branch—the cry uv the nigger children wich coodent escape, symbolized their deserted condition, and the smell uv em ez they roasted wuz like unto incense, grateful to our nostrils. An informal meetin wuz to wuzt organized by the lite uv the burnin skool house, to wich Deekin Pogran addressed himself. He remarked that this wuz a solemn occasion, so solemn, indeed, that he felt inadequate to express the feelins wich filled him. His mouth wuzn't big enough to give vent to his sole, though ez he didn't hev bust. "Wat are we met fore to nite, my friends," sez he, "wat calls us together? I wherefore these sounds uv joy—wherefore this fire, and wherefore is Bascom sellin liker at half price? Becoz we are rehabilitated—that's wat we are. Becoz the North hes gone into the olive branch business agin, and we hev wunst more our rites. We are amnestied. We kin vote—we kin go to Congress—we are again citizens uv the grate Republic!" Pollock, the Illinois store keeper, riz and begged permishin to say a word. He protested agin these doins. He understood, akkordint to Horace Greeley's plan, that universal suffrage wuz to follow universal amnesty—why then this makin John Rodgers uv the niggers? Wuz the South a gin to act in good faith? Deekin Pogran replied: "The South never yit broke plighted faith save when she cood make sutbin by so doin. At this present junctur uv affairs he presoomed the South wud extend, not recisely universal suffrage to the niggers, but the way wud be opened to em. Such a mass uv ignavance cood never be trusted with the ballot wunnt preparation, and to prepare em wud be an overturn in the Kentucky theory, that the nigger is a beast, and the Northern Democratic idea that the nigger wuz east-

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fore we are required to.

WHAT MAKES "BLUE WATER."

Anyone who has made a veritable sea-voyage, says Chambers' Journal, cannot have failed to notice the intensely blue colors of the water in certain parts of the ocean. In the vicinity of land, he will observe the water of a bright green color, which will fade to a pale green, and finally soundings cease to be struck. In the deep unfathomable parts of the ocean, he will have seen the water of so deep a blue as to be fully as dark as the strongest solution of blue vitrol, and even in the regions where deep blue water is the general color of the sea, he may have seen, if he have been in the Gulf stream, or gone "down the Trades," a deeper blue than the deepest in certain localities. There is a current in the China Seas that washes the Aletian Islands, and is so dark as compared with the other waters of the ocean, that the Japanese call it the Black Stream. Other ocean streams there are, and particular portions of the ocean itself, which are more blue than their neighbors. Every West India voyager knows the marvelous blue of the Trade wind waters. The true cause of this blue color of the ocean is; and in the case of the West India waters, to the absence of those causes which are a full operation in more northern latitudes, and such as clearly mark the seas of those regions to be different from those more southerly, as their respective climates are distinguished by different degrees of heat and cold. It is observed in the pools or brine-vats of salt works that the more concentrated the water the bluer the color of it, the saltiest of all being of a hue nearly as deep as that of the intertropical waters. The light green color of the North Sea and the Polar Sea is to the blue or the more southerly waters what the middle brine-vat is to the vat in which crystallization takes place; and the Gulf Stream, off the coast of the Carolina, and the waters of the Trade-wind region, are to the other waters of the Atlantic what the last vat is to the penultimate vat, that is to say, the dark blue is saltier than the light green sea, and the deeper the blue the saltier the water.

A YEAR'S TROUBLE.—Sometimes I compare the troubles we have to undergo in course of a year to a great bundle of log-logs far too large for us to lift. But God does not require us to carry the whole at once. He mercifully unites the bundle, and gives us first one stick, which we are able to carry to-morrow, and so on. We might easily unmanage, if each day, but we choose to increase our trouble by carrying to-day's trouble over again to-day, and adding to-morrow's burden to our load before we are required to.