

# THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

VOL. XIX.—NO. 31.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AT TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., BY E. O'MEARA GOODRICH.

## TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, January 6, 1899.

1899.	1898.
Jan 1	10
Jan 2	11
Jan 3	12
Jan 4	13
Jan 5	14
Jan 6	15
Jan 7	16
Jan 8	17
Jan 9	18
Jan 10	19
Jan 11	20
Jan 12	21
Jan 13	22
Jan 14	23
Jan 15	24
Jan 16	25
Jan 17	26
Jan 18	27
Jan 19	28
Jan 20	29
Jan 21	30
Jan 22	31
Jan 23	1
Jan 24	2
Jan 25	3
Jan 26	4
Jan 27	5
Jan 28	6
Jan 29	7
Jan 30	8
Jan 31	9

## Selected Poetry.

### THE JOLLY MARINER.

It was a jolly mariner  
As ever hove a log;  
He wore his trousers wide and free,  
And always at his prog,  
And blessed his eyes, in sailor wise,  
And never shirked his prog.  
Up spoke this jolly mariner,  
Whist walking up and down—  
"The briny sea has pickled me,  
And done me very brown;  
But here I go, in these here clothes,  
A-cruising in the town!"  
The first of all these curious things,  
That chanced his eye to meet,  
As this unadorned mariner  
Went sailing up the street,  
Was tripping with a little cane,  
A dandy all complete!  
He stopped—that jolly mariner—  
And eyed the stranger well;  
"What that may be," he said, says he,  
"Is more than I can tell;  
But ne'er before, on sea or shore,  
Was such a heavy swell!"  
He met a lady in her hoops,  
And thus she heard his hail—  
"Now bow me tight—but there's a sight  
To manage in a gale!  
I never saw so small a craft  
With such a spread of sail."  
"Observe the craft before and aft—  
She'd make a pretty prize!"  
And there at that improper way,  
He spoke about his eyes,  
Which mariners are wont to use,  
In anger or surprise.  
He saw a plumber on a roof,  
Who made a mighty din;  
"Shipmate, ahoy!" the rover cried,  
"It makes a sailor grin  
To see you copper-bottoming  
Your upper-decks with tin!"  
He met a yellow-headed man,  
And asked about the way;  
But no word could he make out  
Of what the chap would say,  
Unless he meant to call him names  
By screaming "Nix furstay!"  
Up spoke this jolly mariner,  
The man said he:  
"I have 'at called these thirty years  
Upon the stormy sea,  
To bear the shame of such a name  
As I have heard from thee!"  
"So take thou that!"—and laid him flat,  
But soon the man arose,  
And beat the jolly mariner  
Across the jolly nose,  
Till he was faint, from very pain,  
To yield him to the blows.  
Twas then this jolly mariner,  
A wretched jolly tar,  
Wished he was in a jolly boat  
Upon the sea afar,  
Or riding fast, before the blast,  
Upon a single spar!  
Twas then this jolly mariner  
Returned unto the ship,  
And told unto the wondering crew  
The story of his trip,  
With many oaths and curses, too,  
Upon his wicked lip!  
As he sailed—so this mariner  
In fearful words harangued—  
His timbers might be shivered, and  
His leeward scuppers damaged,  
(A double curse, and vastly worse  
Than being shot or hanged!)  
If ever he—and here again  
A dreadful oath he swore—  
If ever he, except at sea,  
Speaks any stranger more,  
Or like a sea-—something—went  
A-cruising on the shore!

## The Blacksmith; or, My Wife's Cousin.

Some time ago, I called on a cousin of my wife who resided in the City of Philadelphia. I had not seen him for a long time, but having understood that he was in affluent circumstances, I was but little prepared for the condition in which I found him. Through information derived from a Philadelphia Directory, I went to one of those alleys with which that city abounds, and found his name on a signboard, associated with that of another man, over a dark and dingy shop. The sign purported that they were locksmiths and bell hangers; also that locks were repaired and keys fitted. Without ceremony, I walked into the gloomy recess, where there was a blacksmith's forge, and where among several muscular looking men, up to their armpits to work, was "my wife's cousin." He received me most cordially, and for a moment intermitted filing a huge key on which he was engaged, and the shake of my own dexter by one of his broad, brawny hands, I can liken to nothing nearer than the shock of a young earthquake. "Take a seat, take a seat," he observed, "and just as soon as I finish this key, we'll make tracks for home."  
"I, of course, replied that I was in no hurry and at once became interested in the facile manner in which he was metamorphosing a rough casting into a finished key. As soon as it was completed, he washed the worst of the dirt from his hands, hung up his work apron, and then putting on his coat and hat remarked in a cheerful tone:  
"Come, now Cousin Aleck, let's go and see whether wife has got any tea for us?"  
After we were in the street, our conversation insensibly ran on business, and I took occasion to say to him that I had been of the opinion that he had retired from his trade on a handsome competency. "Don't say a word about retirement," he replied, "it nearly makes me sick to think of it. People talk of retiring from business while they are healthy and able to work; why, I tell you Aleck they don't know what it means. I didn't know what it meant until I tried it, but now retirement and misery sound, to my ears, like words of about the same meaning."  
Perceiving that he had struck a subject on which he could easily be communicative, I looked inquiringly, when he rejoined, "Perhaps you never heard the particulars of my retiring."  
On my replying that I had not, he proceeded:  
"You see, Aleck, it is about three years ago, that having as you would say, a competency, I made up my mind to stop work, and move into the country. So I sold out my share of the business to my partner, spent a year or more looking at two or three scores of country places, and at last found one that my wife and myself were considerably pleased with. Fine double house, four acres beautifully shaded, vegetable garden not to be beat, and soil of a superior quality. The place is still in my possession, but before I would go and live on it, I'd give it away; yes, Aleck, I'd sink in the middle of the Dead Sea. But I am getting a little ahead of my story. For two or three months matters and things went on well, because I had something to attend to in making a few little improvements about the house, and in furnishing a number of the doors with locks of my own invention; but as the whole premises were in excellent repair when I bought them, I soon came to a point where there was nothing to look after but the cultivation of the garden. I was not long though in making the discovery that I had no genius or taste either for digging around roots, or pulling up weeds, and so as wife didn't wish the garden to run to waste, I employed a regular English gardener to carry the thing handsomely through.  
"Well, I don't mind the expenses he put me too in the way of guano, new fangled garden tools, and patent watering apparatus; for I had fully expected to spend money, and thanks to our previous economy, we had money to spend; but, Aleck, it was really very amusing to see what the fruit and vegetables raised from the garden stood us in. Making use of the little arithmetic I was master of, I recollect that I cyphered up the cost of some of the table fixings, and the result was—cucumbers, seventeen cents a piece; green peas, a dollar and three quarters for a half peck; currants, fifty cents a quart; raspberries, thirty cents a pint; beets, fourteen cents each, and everything else in proportion. All this I cared nothing about; but somehow I felt out of my gear in not having the right kind of employment. Wife did her best to coax me into gentlemanly ways; had the old mechanical grime all thoroughly scrubbed out of my hands—finger nails cleaned out and rounded—so as to make it appear that I had never done manual labor.  
"Then we must go behind a couple of Morgan ponies which I had purchased, and to make fashionable calls in the day time on those who had called on us; and my wife wanted me to soften down my voice and to be particular about my grammar, and the subjects I talked of; but sometimes forgetting myself I would revel in the proud memory of the locks and keys I had handled in happier days and commence a history of my exploits in that line, when my wife would look as though she was going to sink through the floor. In fact she wished to keep a perpetual lock on my lip, (so far as our antecedents were concerned) with the key in her pocket. But I sighed for the shop, and time hung so heavily on my hand, that an hour spent in stupid listlessness about the house seemed longer to me than a day did, when I had orders ahead for locks, and was driving hard to get them finished at a certain time. My youngest brother, who is a college bred man and a lawyer, sent me, at my request, a fine collection of books on many imaginable subjects, so that my library outside that of the parson and indeed any other man in the place; but I found I had no more taste to sit down and read them than I had for trimming current bushes. Time was, after I had finished a hard day's labor at the shop, when an hour at books was a real solace, and I also believed an occasion of improvement. Then I envied those whose leisure allowed them to feast on books perpetually; but the mistake I made was in failing to discriminate between mental habits and requirements of the professed student as those of the working man.  
"In this wretched condition did time at my country seat drag heavily along. Visiting was a perfect bore, for not feeling the slightest interest in such masculine topics as corn, grubs and manure, and caring less for the feminine ones of dress and local gossip, I did not know what to talk about. Books set me to sleep, and not having the society of my two boys, who were off at a boarding school. I became fully satisfied that "nothing to do" was equal to having everything to suffer.  
"My most delightful place of resort was a blacksmith's shop some two miles from the house, where occasionally I would handle the hammer, and clang a little on the anvil, but my wife making the discovery one day that my hands were getting grimy again, I was obliged to own up to the cause of it, and this to my sorrow was succeeded by a positive prohibition on her part from my taking any further exercise at forge. After this, when I would merely ride past the shop behind my prancing Morgan horse, the tears would start in my eyes at my being debarred the only employment which was in the least adapted to my taste or capacity.  
"But, Cousin Aleck, to shorten my story, wife perceiving my unhappiness was increasing, at last consented to move back to town, and let me resume my business. I had no difficulty in renewing my engagement with my old partner, and hence you see me hard at work and happier than the President. I am perfectly able, in a pecuniary point of view, to live without work, but I have learned to my satisfaction two important truths: First, that we never enjoy ourselves so well as when we are usefully employed; and second, that there is no occupation on the whole globe for which we are so well fitted, as that to which we have become so long accustomed, and which has hence become to us, as it were a second nature."  
I was much pleased with the good sense of "my wife's cousin" as evinced in the small section of his autobiography which he had given me, and very soon after he had finished it, we reached his dwelling. If his shop was dingy there was no indignity here. The edifice was built on the Philadelphia style, having a large dining room back of the two parlors, and a noble kitchen in the rear of the dining room. The whole floor, as well as the airy and pleasant bed rooms above stairs, were probably adorned with a better description of furniture than was owned by the Governor of Pennsylvania. Everything was in perfect order, and although the blacksmith's wife was rather uppish in her notions, I soon perceived she was a prudent housekeeper, and that my friend was proud of his house, and proud of his two sons who had come from boarding school to spend the vacation.  
I found that these lads were quite intelligent and that they were both intended for the learned professions. While one of them entertained me with some music on a parlor organ, the worthy smith begged me to excuse him for a few moments, after which he appeared in perfectly clean linen, and a suit of dainty black. We supped at a table spread with the utmost profusion, and in the evening some company coming in, conversation and music filled up the passing hour. I was deeply interested, and concluded that "my wife's cousin," the locksmith and bell-hanger, was a wise man, and that unwittingly he had discovered the true philosopher's stone. Daily work was to him as necessary as his daily bread, and the toil of the shop only served to enhance the pleasures and recreations of a refined and happy home. On taking my leave, I realized that I had been taught a valuable lesson:  
Employment is the healthy lot of life, and he that would seek happiness in a state of perpetual repose, betrays a profound ignorance of the beneficent laws which govern his being.

## A Boy's Trials.

The Springfield Republican has a capital article on this subject. Here are some extracts:  
"HIS REGULATIONS WITH THE 'OLD MAN.'  
We suppose that the first severe trial a boy has to undergo is to submit his will to the old man, whom he is taught to consider his father. To be restrained in doors at night, to be forbidden to go in swimming five times a day, or to be hindered from pinching the rest of the children for fun, is an interference with natural inalienable rights, every way injurious to the feeling. And then, when upon some overwhelming temptation, the boy asserts his independence of parental control, and receives a "tanning," with a switch, from a quince bush, either upon his back or bare feet, it becomes really a very serious thing. We never could see that the smart of an operation like this was at all assuaged by the affectionate assurance that it was bestowed out of pure love.  
"SITTING WITH THE GIRLS.  
The next great trial of the boy is to be obliged by a cruel master to sit with the girls at school. This usually comes before the development of those undeniable affluities which, in after life, would tend to make the punishment more endurable. To be pointed out as a "gal boy," to be smiled at grimly by the master, who is so far delighted with his own ineffable pleasantries as to give the little boys license to laugh loud, and to be placed by the side of a girl who had no handkerchief, and no knowledge of the use of that article, is, we submit, a trial of no mean magnitude. Yet we have been there and have been obliged to "sit close, with big Rachel, laughing and blushing till we came to hate her name. We wonder where the overgrown frowzy creature is now, and what the condition of her head now is?"  
"THE FIRST LONG TAILED COAT.  
We do not believe that any boy ever put on his first long tailed coat without a sense of shame. He first twists his back half off looking at it in the glass, and then when he steps out of doors it seems to him as if all creation was in a broad grin. The sun laughs in the sky; the cows turn to look at him; there are faces at every window; his very shadow mocks him. When he walks by the cottage where Jane lives, he dare not look up for his life. The very boards creak with consciousness of the strange spectacle, and the old pair of pantaloons that stop a light in the garret window, nod with derision. If he is obliged to pass a group of men and boys, the trial assumes its most terrific stage. His legs get all mixed up with embarrassment, and the flap of the dangling appendage is felt upon them, moved by the wind of his own agitation; he could not feel worse were it a dish loth, worn as a badge of disgrace. It is a happy time for him when he gets to church and sits down with the coat tails under him; but he is still apprehensive with thinking of the Sunday-school, and wonders if any of the children will ask him to "swing his long tail blue."  
"GOING HOME WITH THE GIRLS.  
The entrance into society may be said to take place after boyhood has passed away, yet a multitude take the initiative before their beards are presentable. It is a great trial, either to a tender or a rough age. For an overgrown boy to go to a door, knowing that there a dozen girls inside, and to knock or ring with absolute certainty that in two minutes all their eyes will be upon him, is a severe test of courage. To go before these girls and make a satisfactory tour of the room without stepping on their toes, and then to sit down and dispose of one's hands without putting them into one's pockets, is an achievement which few boys can boast. If a boy can go so far as to measure off tape with one of these girls, and cut it short at each end, he may stand a chance to pass a pleasant evening, but let him not flatter himself that all the trials of the evening are over. There comes at last the breaking up. The dear girls don their hoods and look saucy, and mischievous, and unimpressible, as if they did not wish any one to go home with them. Then comes the pinch, and the boy that has the most pluck makes up to the prettiest girl, his heart in his throat, and his tongue clinging to the roof of his mouth, and croaking his elbow, stammers out the words: "Shall I see you home?" She touches her fingers to his arm, and they walk home about a foot apart, feeling as awkward as a couple of goslings. As soon as she is safe inside her own doors, he struts home, and thinks he has really been and gone and done it. Sleep comes to him at last, with dreams of Caroline and Calico, and he awakens in the morning and finds the doors of life open to him, and the pigs squealing for their breakfast.  
"CONCLUDING REFLECTIONS.  
We have passed over churning, and learning the catechism, because we are fearful of making this article too long, although we might have talked of the butter that would not be persuaded to come, and perplexities of literary turn of mind, and head that measured seven and a quarter when asked what the chief end of man was. Boyhood is a green passage in man's experience in more senses than one. It is a pleasant thing to think over and laugh about now, though it was serious enough then. Many of our present trials are as ridiculous as those which now touch the risibles in the recollection, and when we go to the other world and look upon this, and upon infancy of the soul through which we passed here, we have no doubt that we shall grin over the trials which we experienced when we lost our fortunes, when our mills were swept away or burned, and when we didn't get elected to the Legislature. Men are but boys of larger growth.  
"Condemn no man for not thinking as you think. Let every one enjoy the full and free liberty of thinking for himself. Let every man use his own judgment, since every man must give an account of himself to God. Abhor every approach, in any kind of degree to the spirit of persecution. If you cannot reason or persuade a man into the truth, never attempt to force him into it. If love will not compel him, leave him to God, the Judge of all.—John Wesley.

## The Salt Trade of Syracuse.

The experience of the season about closing shows conclusively that the element of wealth lying in the lap of our beautiful valley, and evolved by the enterprise and labor of our citizens, is but temporarily affected by all the mutations of the moiled world, and can never be permanently depressed. The great commercial revulsion of the last year was, to some extent, felt in the trade of our great staple, the amount falling off largely from the figures of the previous season, but the necessities of the country for this great article of common consumption could not be denied, and with a continued depression in the general business of the country, we have, in the history of the salt trade this year, a proof of the stability, and, with proper exertions, the annual growing increase of the demand.  
A few statistics of our business will not be misplaced here; we, ourselves, are not aware of the great extent and importance of the trade: Let us look at the figures and facts.  
The books of inspection show that since the 1st of January last, we have sent from the reservation over 6,800,000 bushels of salt. Of this amount, probably 5,300,000 has been made by boiling, and 1,500,000 by solar evaporation. This amount will easily reach 2,000,000 within the year.  
To make this quantity of salt, there is a permanent investment nearly as follows:  
300 Salt Blocks, or boiling works, worth..... \$ 300,000  
800 acres solar vats..... \$2,000,000  
..... \$2,300,000  
Two-thirds at least of this investment is within the limits of our city, Salina producing 3,200,000 bushels, and Syracuse producing 1,500,000, these two districts within the city and Liverpool, and Geddes adjoining, being the four official inspection districts.  
The annual expenses are nearly as follows:  
Cash paid for labor in boiling..... \$110,000  
" " Making coarse salt..... 55,000  
" " Packing..... 35,000  
" " 1,200,000 barrels..... 37,000  
" " 250,000 yards cloth for bags..... 15,000  
" " Fuel, 150,000 cords wood..... 450,000  
" " Duties to State..... 70,000  
" " Annual repairs and taxes including interest..... 450,000  
..... \$1,520,000  
The sales are 1,400,000 barrels  
at \$2 25..... \$1,750,000  
Deduct expenses of Superintendence and sale..... 70,000  
..... \$1,680,000  
Net profit..... \$160,000  
The price above has been nearly uniform for years, leaving us but comparatively a small return of the amount of capital invested, but labor being wealth, we are adding annually to the prosperity of our city, and it is a far greater ratio than if the profits were larger and the cost of labor less.  
Of this great amount of salt, about 4,500,000 bushels has been shipped through Oswego, and finds its market partly in the Canadas, but most on the upper lakes. Buffalo has received and shipped about 1,500,000 bushels; the remainder has been absorbed in this State and Pennsylvania.  
Our salt through the Ohio canal, finds its way too, and has the trade of the country within 50 miles of the Ohio, and is sometimes successfully forced to the Ohio River, where it comes into competition with the Kansas salt, an article produced at a low figure; but being an imperfect article, it is gradually giving way to our superiority at even a large difference in cost against us at the point of contact.  
In this connection it may be well for our people to look away from the mere manufacture of salt into the great questions of the means of its distribution and the supply of fuel for its future production.  
A junction canal about 18 miles in length, connecting the Chemung Canal at Elmira, with the North Branch Canal of Pennsylvania, was this year used for the first time and through it we have already received an instalment of our future fuel, and sent back in return our salt. This trade is destined to be a very important one when we take into consideration the fact that the destruction of our forests and the consequent scarcity of available fuel has already induced the trial of coal, resulting in the proof that the change to its use can be easily and advantageously made. We now consume the enormous quantity of 180,000 cords of wood annually, and as matter of economy, we must soon forego its use, and take coal in its stead. This, in the event of no future increase in the quantity of salt produced, will require over 1,000 boat loads of coal of 100 tons each, for salt fuel alone per year.—Syracuse Daily Journal.

## MAKING A NEEDLE.—I wonder if any little girl who may read this, ever thought how many people are all the time at work, making the things she every day uses. What can be more common, and, you may think, more simple than a needle? Yet, if you do not know it, I can tell you that it takes a great many persons to make a needle, and a great deal of time, too. Let us take a peep into the needle manufactory. In going over the premises, we must pass hither and thither, and walk into the next street and back again, and take a drive to a mill, in order to see the whole process.—We find one chamber of the shop is hung around with coils of bright wire of all thicknesses, from the stout kind used for codfish hooks, to that of the finest cambric needles.—In a room below, bits of wire, the length of two needles, are cut by a vast pair of shears fixed into the wall. A bundle has been cut off; the bits need straightening, for they just came off from the coils.

The bundle is thrown into a red-hot furnace, and then taken out and rolled backward and forward on a table till the wires are straight. This process is called "rubbing straight." We now see a mill for grinding needles. We go down into the basement and find a needle pointer seated on his bench. He takes up two dozen or so of the wires and rolls them between his thumb and fingers with their ends on a grindstone, first one end and then the other. We have now the wires straight, and pointed at both ends. Next is a machine which flattens and gutters the head of ten thousand needles an hour. Observe the little gutters at the head of your needle. Next comes the punching of the eye, and the boy who does it punches eight thousand an hour, and he does it so fast your eyes can hardly keep pace with him. The splitting follows, which is running a fine wire through a dozen, perhaps, of these two needles.  
A woman, with a little anvil before her, files between the heads, and separates them. They are now complete needles, but rough and rusty, and what is worse, they easily bend. A poor needle, you will say; but the hardening comes next. They are heated in a furnace, and when red-hot are thrown into a pan of cold water. Next they must be tempered, and this done by rolling them backwards and forward on a metallic plate. The polishing still remains to be done. On a very coarse cloth, needles are spread to the number of forty or fifty thousand. Emery dust is strewn over them, oil is sprinkled, and soft soap is dashed in spoonfuls over the cloth; the cloth is then rolled up with several others of the same kind, thrown into a wash-pot, to roll to and fro for twelve hours or more. They come out dirty enough, but after a rinsing in clean hot water, and tossing in sawdust, they look as bright as can be, and are ready to be sorted and put up for sale.—But the sorting and doing up in papers, you can imagine, is quite a work by itself.

## TECHNICAL WORDS.—In reading, we frequently come across words which we are unacquainted with, and which are necessary to give us a full idea of the subject. To deviate this difficulty, we give a definition of some of the more common words:

- A firkin of butter..... 56 lbs.
  - A sack of coals..... 22 "
  - A truss of straw..... 26 "
  - A stave of hemp..... 33 "
  - A sack of flour..... 140 "
  - A quintal..... 100 "
  - A pigskin of steel..... 120 "
  - A truss of hay..... 56 "
  - A bushel..... 80 bush.
  - A blisterkin..... 18 galls.
  - A barrel..... 26 "
  - A bushelhead..... 34 "
  - A punchbowl..... 84 "
- English prices-current often speak of the price of wheat per quarter—to reduce this to barrels, multiply the price by seven, and divide by twelve, and it will give the price, at the same rate, by the barrel. Thus: If wheat is quoted at 56 shillings a quarter, multiply 56 by 7, and divide by 12, and it gives the price, 32 shillings 8 pence a barrel.—Ohio Farmer.
- SHAWLS.—The passion for shawls—says a late writer—among all women everywhere, is remarkable. In one country, the shawls may flow from the head like a veil; in another, it hangs from the shoulders; in another, it is knotted around the loins like a sash; in yet another, it is swathed round the body like a shirt. Wherever worn at all, it is a pet article of dress.  
At the Russian Court, ladies judge one another by their shawls as by their diamonds. In France, the bridegroom wins favor by a judicious gift of his kind. In Cairo and Damascus, the gift of a shawl will cause almost as much heart burning in the harem as the introduction of a new wife. In England, the daughter of the house spends the whole of her first quarter's allowance in the purchase of a shawl. The Paris grisette and the London dressmaker go to their work with the little shawl pinned neatly at the waist. The lost gin-drink-covers her rags with the remnant of the shawl of better days. The peasant's daughter buys a cotton shawl, with a gay border, for her wedding; and it washes and dyes until having wrapped all her babies in it, it is finally dyed black to signalize her widowhood. The maiden aunt, growing elderly, takes to wearing a shawl in the house in mid-winter; and the aged grandmother would no more think of going without it at any season than without her cap.
- To make a pretty girl's cheek red, pay her a sweet compliment. To redder those of an impudent man, slap them.
- God is the light, wii-b, though never seen, makes everything visible, and attires them in colors. Not only thine eye receives its beams, but thine heart its warmth.
- CHARLES LEVER, in one of his stories, tells of a dashing individual who boiled his hair in sherry wine; whereat an honest Hibernian exclaimed: "Bedad, I wish I was a pig then times myself."
- WOLFE has found her true "sphere" at last! It is about twenty-seven feet round, and made of hoops.