The Bradford Reporter.

E. O. GOODRICH, Publisher. REMITTANCES OR INFORMATION FROM ANY QUARTER. $2 per Annum, in Advance.

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ADVERTISEMENTS, exceeding fifteen lines are inserted at TEN CENTS per line for first insertion and FIVE CENTS per line for subsequent insertions. Special notices inserted before Marriages and Deaths, will be charged TEN CENTS per line for each insertion. All resolutions of Associations, communications of limited or individual interest, and notices of Marriages or Deaths exceeding five lines, are charged TEN CENTS per line.

	1 Year.	6 mo.	3 mo.
One Column,	$100	$60	$40
Half "	60	35	25
One Square,	15	10	7½

Estray, Caution, Lost and Found, and other advertisements, not exceeding 10 lines, three weeks, or less, $1 50
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Business Cards, five lines, (per year) 5 00

Merchants and others, advertising their business, will be charged $25. They will be entitled to a column, confined exclusively to their business, with privilege of quarterly changes.

Advertising in all cases exclusive of subscription to the paper.

JOB PRINTING of every kind, in Plain and Fancy colors, done with neatness and dispatch. Handbills, Blanks, Cards, Pamphlets, &c., of every variety and style, printed at the shortest notice. The REPORTER OFFICE has just been re-fitted with Power Presses, and every thing in the Printing line can be executed in the most artistic manner and at the lowest rates. TERMS INVARIABLY CASH.

Cards.

MYERS' MILL!
SPECIAL NOTICE.

Myer, Foster & Co., will deliver Flour, Feed, Meal, Graham Flour, or any thing else in their line in any part of the village.

Customers will find an Order Book at the store of Fox, Stevens, Mercur & Co. All orders left in said book will be promptly attended to.

Any inquiries in regard to Grinding, or other business of the Mill, entered in said Book, will be answered.

MYER, FOSTER & CO.
Towanda, June 24, 1868.—tf.

SOLOMON COOPER.—Has removed from the Ward House and has opened a SHAVING AND HAIR DRESSING SALOON

Two doors south of the National Hotel, and adjoining Patton's Block, on Main Street, in the basement. This shop is open constantly from 6 a. m. to 9 p. m., to accommodate all that will favor him with a call. Two experienced workmen in this saloon, always ready to wait on customers in a satisfactory manner.—Gents and Ladies Hair Cutting in the latest fashionable style. Razors honed and set ready for use and warranted to suit. Ornamental Hair Work, Switches, Waterfalls, and Curls, made to order. Wigs made and repaired.
Towanda, Aug. 18, 1868.—tf.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAVE opened a Banking House in Towanda, under the name of G. P. MASON & CO.

They are prepared to draw Bills of Exchange, and make collections in New York, Philadelphia, and all portions of the United States, as also England, Germany, and France. To Loan money, receive deposits, and to do a general Banking business.

G. P. Mason was one of the late firm of Laporte, Mason & Co., of Towanda, Pa., and his knowledge of the business men of Bradford and adjoining Counties, and having been in the banking business for about fifteen years, make this house a desirable one, through which to make collections.

G. P. MASON,
Towanda, Oct. 1, 1866. A. G. MASON.

BRADFORD COUNTY
REAL ESTATE AGENCY,

H. B. McKEAN, REAL ESTATE AGENT.

Valuable Farms, Mill Properties, City and Town Lots for sale.

Parties having property for sale will find it to their advantage by leaving a description of the same, with terms of sale at this agency, as parties are constantly enquiring for farms &c.

H. B. McKEAN,
Real Estate Agent.
Office Montanye's Block, Towanda, Pa.
Jan. 29, 1867.

REAL ESTATE AGENCY.
H. B. McKEAN, REAL ESTATE AGENT,
Offers the following Farms, Coal and Timber Lands for sale:

Fine Timber lot, 3 miles from Towanda, containing 53 acres. Price $1,325.

Farm in Asylum, containing 135 acres. Good buildings. Under a fine state of cultivation. Mostly improved. Price $6,000.

Farm in West Burlington—on the Creek.—New house and barn. Under a fine state of cultivation. 95 acres. Price $5,450.

Farms in Franklin. All under good cultivation. Good buildings. For sale cheap.

Several very desirable Houses and Lots in Towanda.

A large tract of Coal Lands in Tioga county. Towanda, July 18, 1867.

MYERSBURG MILLS!

The subscribers having purchased of Mr. Barns his interest in the MYERSBURG MILLS will carry on the business of Milling, and guarantee all work done by them to be of the very best quality.

Wheat, Rye and Buckwheat Flour, and Feed constantly on hand, for sale at the lowest cash price.

Also now on hand a large quantity of best Ground Cayuga Plaster for sale.

MYER & FROST.
Myersburg, Sept 24, 1868.

LERAYSVILLE PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY.—Satisfaction guaranteed.—Life size, Large Photograph Cabinet Pictures, Ambrotypes and Card Photographs, in the latest style and at reduced prices. Copying and enlarging done to order. We charge nothing extra for Groups, Babies pictures or Copperheads with long faces.

Call and see our specimens. Our stock of Albums, Frames, etc.

HARNDEN & CO.
LeRaysville, Oct. 22, 1868.

LAKE'S WOOD MILL

Saws twenty-five cords of stove wood, shingle bolts or stave timber, per day. Is driven by one or two horses, are easily moved from place to place, and can in an hours time be set up anywhere. This machine is complete in itself, requiring the assistance of no other power. The horses draw by a sweep, making it much more safe than a tread power. It saws twice as fast, and is sold for one half the price. A number of these mills are now in use in Pike Herrick and Orwell Townships, and are giving universal satisfaction. Those wishing machines will apply to H. W. ROLLES, Lafayette, or S. M. BRONSON, Orwell.
Sept. 22, 1868.—3m*

HARDING & SMALLEY,

Having entered into a co-partnership for the transaction of the PHOTOGRAPHIC business, at the rooms formerly occupied by Wood and Harding, would respectfully call the attention of the public to several styles of Pictures which we make specialties, as: Solar Photographs, Plain, Penciled and Colored, Opalotypes, Porcelain Pictures, &c., which we claim for cleanness and brilliancy of tone and Artistic finish, *can not be excelled*. We invite all to examine them as well as the more common kinds of Portraits which we make, knowing full well that they will bear the closest inspection. This Gallery claims the highest reputation for good work of any in this section of country, and we are determined to direct attention to business and the superior quality of our work, to not only retain but increase its very *enviable reputation*.

We keep constantly on hand the best variety of Frames and at lower prices than at any other establishment in town. Also Passepartouts Card frames, Card Easels, Holmes' Stereoscopes, Stereoscopic Vies, and everything else of importance pertaining to the business. Give us an early call.

N.B.—Solar Printing for the trade on the most reasonable terms. D. HARDING,
Aug. 29, '67. F. SMALLEY.

CARD.—Dr. VANDUSKIRK has obtained a License, as required, of the Goodyear Vulcanite Company, to Vulcanize Rubber as a base for Artificial Teeth, and has now a good selection of those beautiful carved Block Teeth, and a superior article of Black English Rubber, which will enable him to supply all those in want of sets of teeth, with those unsurpassed for beauty and natural appearance. Filling, Cleaning, Correcting Irregularities, Extracting, and all operations belonging to the Surgical Department skillfully performed. Choloform administered for the extraction of Teeth when desired, an article being used for the purpose in which he has perfect confidence, having administered it with the most pleasing results during a practice of fourteen years.

Being very grateful to the public for their liberal patronage heretofore received, he would say that by strict attention to the wants of his patients, he would continue to merit their confidence and approbation. Office in Beldeman's Block, opposite the Means House, Towanda, Pa. Dec. 20, 1867.—3m.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS EXPERIENCE IN DENTISTRY.

J. S. SAYRE, M. D., would respectfully inform the inhabitants of Bradford County that he is permanently located in Towanda, Pa. He would say that from his long and successful practice of TWENTY-FIVE YEARS duration he is familiar with all the different styles of work done in any and all Dental Establishments in city or country, and is better prepared than any other Dental operator in the vicinity to do work the best adapted to the many and different cases that present themselves oftentimes to the Dentist, as he understands the art of making his own artificial teeth, and has facilities for doing the same. To those requiring under sets of teeth he would call attention to his new kind of work which consists of porcelain for both plate and teeth, and forming a continuous gum. It is more durable, more natural in appearance, and much better adapted to the gum than any other kind of work. Those in need of the same are invited to call and examine specimens. Teeth filled to last for years and oftentimes for life.—Chloroform, Ether, and "Nitrous Oxide" administered with perfect safety, as over four hundred patients within the last four years can testify.

Office in Patton's Block. Jan. 23, 1868.

WARD HOUSE, TOWANDA, PA.

On Main Street, near the Court House.

C. T. SMITH, Proprietor.
Oct. 8, 1866.

Cards.

HENRY PEET, *Attorney at Law*, Towanda, Pa. Jun27, 66.

EDWARD OVERTON Jr., *Attorney at Law*, Towanda, Pa. Office in the Court House. July 13, 1865.

GEORGE D. MONTANYE, *ATTORNEY AT LAW*—Office corner of Main and Pine streets, opposite Porter's Drug Store.

W. A. PECK, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Towanda, Pa. Office over the Bakery South of the Ward House and opposite the Court House. Nov. 5, 1868.

D. H. WESTON, *DENTIST*.—Office in Patton's Block, over Gore's Drug and Chemical Store. 1Jan68

H. B. McKEAN, *ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW*, Towanda, Pa. Particular attention paid to business in the Orphans' Court. July 20, 1866.

W. T. DAVIES, Attorney at Law, Towanda, Pa. Office with Wm. Watkins, Esq. Particular attention paid to Orphans' Court business and settlement of decedents estates.

DOCTOR H. A. BARTLETT,
BURLINGTON BOROUGH, PA.
July 29, 1868.

F. B. FORD—*Licensed Auctioneer*,
TOWANDA, PA.,
Will attend promptly to all business entrusted to him. Charges moderate. Feb. 13, 1868.

PARSONS & CARNOCHAN, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Troy, Bradford Co. Practice in all the Courts of the county. Collections made and promptly remitted.
E. PARSONS. } 612. W. H. CARNOCHAN.

MISS E. H. BATES, M. D. (Graduate of Woman's Medical College, Philadelphia, Class 1854.) Office and residence No 11 Park street Owego. Particular attention given to Diseases of Women. Patients boarded at their homes if requested.
May 24, 1868

FRANCIS E. POST, *Painter, Towanda, Pa*, with 10 years experience, is confident he can give the best satisfaction in Painting, Graining, Staining, Glazing, Papering, &c. Particular attention paid to Jobbing in the country. April 9, 1866.

K. VAUGHAN—*Architect and Builder*.—All kinds of Architectural designs furnished. Ornamental work in Stone, Iron and Wood. Office on Main street, over Powell & Co.'s Bank. Attention given to Rural Architecture, such as laying out of grounds, &c., &c. April 1, 1867.—1y.

MERCUR & MORROW, *Attorneys at Law*, Towanda, Penn'a. The undersigned having associated themselves together in the practice of Law, offer their professional services to the public.
ULYSSES MERCUR P. D. MORROW.
March 9, 1865.

JOHN W. MIX, *ATTORNEY AT LAW*, Towanda, Bradford Co. Pa. General insurance and Real Estate Agent.—Bounties and Pensions collected. N. B.—All business in the Orphan's Court attended to promptly and with care. Office Mercur's new block north side Public Square. Oct. 24, '67.

JOHN N. CALIFF, *ATTORNEY AT LAW*, Towanda, Pa. Particular attention given to Orphans' Court business, Conveyancing and Collections.
☞ Office at the Register's and Recorder's office—south of Court House. Dec. 1, 1864.

H. P. KIMBALL, Licensed Auctioneer, Pottersville, Bradford Co., Pa., offers his services to the public. Satisfaction guaranteed, or no pay required. All orders by mail, addressed as above, will receive prompt attention. Oct. 2, 1867.—6m

DR. T. B. JOHNSON, TOWANDA, PA. Having permanently located, offers his professional services to the public. Calls promptly attended to in or out of town. Office with J. DeWitt on Main street. Residence at Mrs. Humphrey's on Second Street.
April 16, 1868.

DR. PRATT has removed to State street, (first above R. S. Russell & Co's Store.) Persons from a distance desirous of consulting him, will be most likely to find him on the last day of each week. Especial attention will be given to surgical cases, and the extraction of teeth. Gas or Ether administered when desired.
July 18, 1866. D. S. PRATT, M. D.

DRS. T. F. & WM. A. MADILL, *PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS*, Office and residence in Wysox, Pa. Dr. T. F. Madill can be consulted at Gore's Drug Store in Towanda, every Saturday. Dr. Wm. A. Madill will give especial attention to diseases of the Eye, Ear, Throat and Lungs, having made a specialty of the above diseases for the past eight years.
T. F. MADILL, M. D. WM. A. MADILL.
June 11, 1868.

BENJ. M. PECK, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Towanda, Pa. All business intrusted to him will receive prompt attention. Office in the office lately occupied by Mercur & Morrow, south of Ward House, up stairs.
July 16, 1868.

DRS. MASON & ELY, *Phyricians & Surgeons*.—Office on Pine street, Towanda, at the residence of Dr. Mason. Particular attention given to diseases of Women, and diseases of Eye, Ear and Throat.
T. A. MASON, M. D. HENRY OLIVER ELY, M. D.
April 9 1868.

J. NEWELL,
COUNTY SURVEYOR,
Athens, Bradford Co., Pa., will promptly attend to business in his line. Particular attention given to running and establishing old or disputed lines. Also to surveying of all unpatented lands as soon as warrants are obtained. my17

W. B. KELLY, *Dentist*. Office over Wickham & Black's, Towanda, Pa. All the various styles of work scientifically done and warranted. Particular attention is called to the Aluminum Base for Artificial Teeth, which is equally as good as Gold and far superior to either Rubber or Silver. Please call and examine specimens.
Chloroform or Ether administered under direction of a Physician when desired.
Aug. 6, 1867.—tf.

ELWELL HOUSE, TOWANDA, PA.,
JOHN C. WILSON.
Having leased this House, is now ready to accommodate the Travelling public. No pains or expense will be spared to give satisfaction to those who may give him a call.
☞ North side of the public square, east of Mercur's new block [now building].

AMERICAN HOTEL,
TOWANDA, PA.
Having purchased this well known Hotel on Pine street, I have refurnished and refitted it with every convenience for the accommodation of all who may patronize me. No pains will be spared to make it a pleasant and agreeable.
May 3, '66.—tf. J. S. PATTERSON, Prop.

PATCHEN.—The well-known Trotting Stallion PATCHEN, by the celebrated George M. Patchen, out of Messenger mare will stand during the fall season at Kingsbury & Solomon's Livery Stable, Towanda. Terms—$40 to insure. All mares at the risk of owners parting with mares, will be held responsible for insurance.
KINGSBURY & SOLOMON.
Towanda, Nov. 2, 1868.—2m.

Selected Poetry.

SCANDAL LANE.

BY MRS. M. A. RIDDER.

It is not on the signboard, Sir,
Go search both far and wide;
Or in the town directory,
The map or railroad guide;
And if you pump your neighbors, Sir,
You pump, alas! in vain,
For no one e'er acknowledged yet
He lived in Scandal Lane!

It is a fearful neighborhood,
So secret and so sly;
Although the tenants oftentimes
Include the rich and high.
I'm told they're even cannibals,
And when they dine or sup,
By way of change they'll turn about,
And eat each other up!

They much prefer the youthful, Sir,
The beautiful and *rare*;
They grind up character and all,
And call it wholesome fare!
And should the helpless victim wince,
They heed not cries of pain;
These very bloody cannibals,
That live in Scandal Lane!

If you should chance to dine with them,
Pray never be deceived,
When they seem most like bosom friends,
They're least to be believed.
Their claws are sheathed in velvet, Sir,
Their teeth are hid by smiles,
And woe betide the innocent
Who falls beneath their wiles!

When they have singled out their prey,
They make a cat-like spring;
Or hug them like a serpent, ere
They plant the fatal sting!
And then they wash their guilty hands,
But don't efface the stain,
These very greedy cannibals
That live in Scandal Lane!

Miscellaneous.

THE STORY OF BLUE BEARD.

BY THE "FAT CONTRIBUTOR."

A long time ago, before the invention of hair dye, when a man had to wear his beard the color that nature made it, whether he would or not, there was a man who had made himself enormously rich as a whiskey inspector or something of that sort. I don't know precisely where he lived, but think he lived mostly in the imagination.

He run a great castle on the European plan, had horses and run them, and in fact run about everything in his neighborhood, including running for office and with the girls, for at the time of which I write he was a gay widower. He had great quantities of greenbacks, corner lots, oil stocks, bonds and things, but he was hideously ugly, and had, withal, an enormous blue beard, frightful to contemplate, which gave him the cognomen of Blue Beard, by which he was known to the country round-about, as well as to the country that had laid off its round-about, and consequently was in its shirt sleeves.

Blue Beard grew weary of living in solitary magnificence in his lordly castle, and finding that he was getting bluer and bluer, every day, he determined to marry. Having been married half a dozen times—taking half a dozen raw, as one might say—he was naturally quite miserable when deprived of the gentle influence of the sex for any length of time.

One of his neighbors was a widow lady, who had two very beautiful and highly accomplished daughters. They could play the piano, harp, and seven-up, and work embroidery and planchette elegantly.

To the widow lady Blue Beard applied for the hand and general anatomy of one of her daughters, leaving her to decide which one she would give him. Although the stamps he had pleaded loudly in his favor, as they do yet, although this was a great many years ago, yet that dreadful beard was against him, and neither of the young women desired to have it against her. Blue wasn't fashionable for beards; if it had been it might have been different. One of them wept bitterly, because it would be several hundred years yet before hair dye would be discovered, so that he could have his whiskers colored.

Another circumstance rendered them shy of him. He was having a wedding every once in a while at the castle, but no funerals; Wedding cake had been ordered from the confectioners several times, but no undertaker had had a job there yet. No matter how many times a man is left a widower, if he correspondingly patronizes some respectable owner of a hearse; but repeated wedlock without funerals is certainly a suspicious circumstance.

Blue Beard cunningly invited the family and their friends to the castle, where they passed a week so delightfully that the youngest daughter began to think blue was a pretty good color for whiskers after all, particularly when their possessor could keep up such an establisement as that, where they had three meals a day, beside a lunch every morning from ten o'clock until eleven. She looked with contempt on a red-whiskered beau of her's she used to think "perfectly splendid," and actually asked him why he didn't "rub indigo into 'em!" The upshot of the business was, she consented to become Mrs. B. Beard, and the wedding was celebrated with great eclat.

At the expiration of the honeymoon, Blue Beard pretended to his wife that business of importance called him away to a distant city.—He would be absent for several weeks, and in the meantime she could invite company and enjoy herself as much as possible. He gave her a bunch of keys, enabling her at any time to open his safe, and feast her eyes upon the diamonds (he loaned money on "collateral," sometimes), greenbacks, seven-thirties, revenue stamps and receipted gas bills deposited there—also giving access to the wine cellar, store-room, picture gallery, billiard-room, ten-pin alley, opera house, &c., &c. But one little key opened a room in the basement that she must not approach save upon peril. She promised, and he took the street car for the depot.

From the time that Mother Eve disregarded the injunction against a certain tree in Eden's orchard and partook of a Rhode Island pippin, thereby introducing curious things into the world never before dreamed of, curiosity has been an absorbing passion with the fair sex, and we need hardly inform the intelligent reader that her husband was scarcely out of sight before Mrs. B. B. had unlocked the door of the forbidden room.

But what a spectacle met her affrighted gaze. There suspended on hooks like so many corpses in a clothes-press, were the bodies of the murdered Mrs. Blue Beards, whose funerals had been indefinitely postponed, while the floor was clotted with their blood. The woman have swooned, but the phrase wasn't known at the time. Terribly agitated, she dropped the key on the floor, staining it with blood, which she was afterward unable to wash out, even with the aid of a patent wringer.

Blue Beard returned unexpectedly, as everybody might have expected, and the blood upon the key told the story of his wife's disobedience, for blood you know, "will tell."

"Must I," he cried, wringing his hands in anguish, "must I again become a widower, and so soon? After one short month of wedded bliss (drawing his scimetar and carefully feeling its edge,) must this latest and dearest one be torn from my arms, and I left alone—alone? Bo-ho-ho-oo!"

"Not if I can help it," remarked Mrs. B. to herself.

"I never nursed a dear gazelle," Blue Beard blubbered, as he proceeded to whet his scythe on the stove hearth, "to glad me with its soft black eye, but when it came to know me well—"

"Now Blue Beard, I don't want to die."

"Prepare!" yelled Blue Beard, enraged that she did not at once accept the situation.

"Since I must die," said she, "grant me a quarter of an hour in which to write a farewell letter to the press."

He could not refuse so reasonable a request, so he granted it, although he was not originally a Grant man. Going to her room she told her sister Anna to ascend to the top of the tower and see if her brothers (who, supposing Blue Beard was away, were coming to smoke his cigars and drink his whisky,) were yet in sight. There was a cloud of dust in the road, but it was only a flock of sheep on their way to the State fair.

"Time's up!" shouted Blue Beard, who did not think much of writing letters to newspapers anyhow.

"Only one moment more." "Anna, oh, Anna!" she softly cried, "do you see any body coming now?"

"I see two horsemen. They see me wave my handkerchief. It is—it is Sam and Bill!"

Then Blue Beard rushed in with his drawn sword (he had drawn it at a gift show,) and was about to dispatch her to the happy croaking grounds of her sex, when her brothers Sam and Bill drove in and blew old Blue Beard's brains out with double-barreld bowie knives.

The widow B. inherited his money, together with the remains of his other wives, with which she was enabled to set up a museum of anatomy, and finally marrying a sideshowman. Her sister Anna was united to a gentleman by the name of Dominy, becoming *Anna Dominy*, though what year this was I cannot say. Blue beards went out with the eminent and excessive widower of that name, and have not been in since to my knowledge.

How the Fair Ones Manage Pairs.

A correspondent of the Louisville *Democrat* gives a bit of his experience as follows:

My last letter was dated at Chicago, I don't expect to date another from that enterprising city. My malevolent star must have been in the ascendant, else I never should have wandered out to Chicago. I had no particular business there, only to fish, and was under the impression that I could catch them in a bucket at the hydrants utterly forgetting all about the great lake tunnel.

My first visit to Chicago was in my tender years, in 1856. It was the time when Chicago took such a sudden rise on jack-screws. By these machines they raised the entire city, house by house, some two or three feet.

I know all about various confidence games, but consider myself just as likely to be taken in by the simplest of them as the veriest greenhorn of Jersey county. How oft these sharpers must have bewailed their bad luck at my not having plenty of money.

With all my experience I dropped into a fair held for the benefit of some confounded society or other. I thought I would expend a dollar or two, and see what was going on. So I bought myself a ticket, and slid in. I went went to a table where refreshments were sold and called for some oysters, chicken salad and coffee. A beautiful siren with big black eyes, little white hands and a most bewitching mouth, spread the edibles before me. I don't know how it was, but I felt a strong affinity for that ministering angel at once. While eating and drinking and devouring her with my eyes in the meantime, we struck up a scattering conversation. At last I arose and handed her a five dollar bill. She put it in a little box and forgot to give me any chance, but instead thereof a sweet smile, unto me saying:

"Are you a stranger in Chicago?"

"Yes, madam, I am from Kentucky."

"Is it possible? I am a Kentuckian also."

"Ah! I knew it."

The reply was whispered, but it produced a faint blush, a drooping of the beautiful eyelashes, and a grateful smile.

"Would you like to walk around the room and look over our fancy articles?" quoth the siren.

"If you will show me," quoth the spoony.

She took my arm, and raising her by it to her toes, she murmured, "We are not strangers, you know."

"Go away, Grant, with your presidency, I would not change places with you this minute. Me with Colfax, who was married this morning. Go away, jack screws. You can't raise me any higher.

We wandered through that room, talking—sweetly talking, of things that had been, of things that were, and of things that might be. Pretty soon we came to a silver tea set that was to be raffled off. Would I take a chance? Of course I would. Then a wonderful cake, with a valuable ring concealed in it, appealed to the cupidity of the chance takers. I was persuaded to take a chance in the cake. And so things glided on until I concluded that if I took many more chances my chances for getting home would be rather slim. So I refused to tempt fortune any further.

Anna's costly work box met our eyes, but I bravely resisted all appeals until the little black-eyed scoundrel took me on a new tack.—Leaning heavily on my arm, and absolutely resting her cheek on my shoulder, with those wicked eyes and silvery tongue she said.

"Won't you take a chance for *me*?" Oh, well, Hotchen folks preach about the fall of Adam, but I never blamed him, though I don't think the old fellow had half the excuse I had. I needn't tell *you* that I took that chance, and kept on taking chances for the unprincipled and beautiful wretch that had me in tow until I had not a dollar left. Yes, I was penyless, and then it began to dawn on me that the young lady was working for the success of the Fair, and that I had made a first class fool of myself, as usual.

There was I, bankrupt in money, in reputation, in self-respect. I had been robbed—yes, robbed, for where is the difference between a pair of Derringer's and a pair of black eyes in a robbery? You part with your money because you can't help it. I know that society looks with lenient eyes upon these female guerrillas who haunt these charitable fairs, but it is my opinion when all the robbers come to take their final trial and receive their final sentence, that little Chicago robber will take her place by the side of Jack Sheppard.

A THEATRICAL INCIDENT.

Some years ago the manager of a "well regulated" theatre, somewhere along the line of the Erie Canal, engaged a good looking and brisk young lady as a supernumerary. It happened that the young lady in question had formerly officiated in some capacity as a "hand" on board a canal boat, a fact which she was extremely anxious to conceal. She evinced much anxiety to master the details of her newly chosen profession, and soon exhibited a more than ordinary degree of comic talent. She was duly promoted, and in time became a general favorite with both managers and public. One night, when she was announced to appear in a favorite part, a couple of boatmen found their way into the pit, near the foot lights, particularly anxious to see the now famous comedienne. The House was crowded, and after the subsidence of the applause which greeted her appearance, one of the boatmen slapped his companion on the shoulder, and with an emphatic expletive, exclaimed:

"Bill, I know that gal!"

"Pshaw!" said Bill, "dry up."

"But I'm darned if I don't, now, Bill. It's Sal Flukins, as sure as you're born. She's old Flukins's daughter, that used to sail the 'Injured Polly,' and she used to sail with him."

"Tom," said Bill, "you're a fool; and it you don't stop your infernal clack you'll get me put out. Sal Flukins! you must know a sight if you think that's her."

Tom was silenced but not convinced. He watched the actress in her motions with intense interest, and ere long broke out again:

"I tell ye, Bill, that's her—I know 'tis. You can't fool me, I know her too well."

Bill, who was a good deal interested in the play, was out of patience at this persistent interruption on the part of Tom. He gave him a tremendous nudge in the ribs with his elbow, as an emphatic hint to keep quiet.

Tom, without minding the admonition, said:

"You just wait—I'll fix her; keep your eye on me."

Sure enough, he did fix her. Watching his opportunity when the actress was very deeply absorbed in her part, he sang out, with a voice which rang through the galleries, "Low Bridge!" From the force of habit, the actress instantly and involuntarily *ducked* her head to avoid the anticipated collision.

WOMEN'S LAWS.—Mark Twain says when women frame laws, the first thing they do will be to enact: 1. That all men should be at home at ten p. m., without fail. 2. That married men should bestow considerable attention on their own wives. 3. That it should be a hanging offence to sell whisky in saloons, and that fines and disfranchisement should follow it in such places. 4. That the smoking of cigars to excess should be forbidden, and the smoking of pipes be utterly abolished. 5. That the wif should have the title of her own property when she marries a man that had'nt any. "Such tyranny as this," says Mark, "we could never stand. Our free souls could never endure such degrading thraldom. Women, go away! Seek not to beguile us of our imperial privileges. Content yourselves with your little feminine trifles—your babies, your benevolent societies and your knitting—and let your natural bosses do the voting. Stand back—you will be wanting to go to war next. We will let you teach school as much as you want to, and pay you half price, too; but beware! we don't want you to crowd us too much."

"I AM so lame from the railroad crash of last week I can hardly stand," said a limping, hobbling chap. "Well, then, I hope you intend to sue for damages," said his friend. "Damages! no, no! I have had damages enough by them. If I sue for anything it will be for repairs."

ORIENTAL INDUSTRY.

The Secret of the Flowery Kingdom—Why it Blooms Like a Rose.

It was picturesque enough—this scenery of the Canton River. The scattered islands, treeless and almost verdureless, rose into lofty peaks and showed a rocky front to the white surf which beat upon them. There were some fine effects of color, too, when the sunlight fell aslant upon the naked rocks, and made them ruddy, and brought out in shifting shadows their configuration, and set them in a deeper contrast with the shining sapphire of the sea. In some places on the larger islands, such as Hong Kong, for instance, there were sheltered valleys, where some growth of bushes and dwarfish trees covered the rocky nakedness. But to our eyes, which had been feasting only a few weeks before on the rich, luxuriant beauty of the tropics, as we sailed between the woody shores of Java and Sumatra, this coast seemed cold and stern. There we drifted drowsily along, through placid waters, under the lee of noble mountains, clothed with heavy foliage to their very tops, and within sight of the sandy beaches fringed with feathery palms, and all the scenery was drawn in curved lines of grace and colored with the warmest coloring, and every influence of earth and air and sea, made captive all our senses. But here the rocks were sharp and naked, fit for winds to howl against and waves to dash upon—a coast to be afraid of in a storm. If among "the palms and temples" of the South we had found the poetry of travel, we should not have to look, surely, for the prose.

That we had left the drowsy tropics behind us, was, indeed, apparent by innumerable signs, as we began to see the country and the people more familiarly. The life which stirred the busy throng in city and in country, on land and on the sea, was not the languid life of tropical society. For patient and untiring industry, it seems to me the Chinese have no equals. Anything which needs great labor and but little skill, they can do better than all the world beside; if it be the digging of innumerable miles of canals, or the building of great walls that stretch half way across a continent, they can do it.—There are no more careful, thrifty, economical tillers of the soil than they; even the steepest hill-sides are redeemed from waste by narrow terraces; and their broader fields are kept as tidily as gardens. They spare no labor nor economy in the enriching of the soil, and work hour after hour to irrigate it, carrying the water often for considerable distance in buckets swung across their shoulders. They use very little agricultural machinery, and all their instruments are of the rudest sort. What they depend on is the ceaseless drudgery of patient manual labor; and by this alone the agricultural miracle which makes all China one great garden has been wrought.

The same patient industry and minute economy they have carried with them into adjacent countries.—In Borneo, in Singapore and Malacca, in Java and Siam may be seen the solemn countenance of the Chinaman steadfastly engaged in money making. In all these lazy lands, among the multitude of easy drones that sun themselves in idleness, the Chinamen alone are busy. I believe they are the only people in the world who can live beneath a scorching tropical sky and yet retain their industry and energy undiminished, growing neither effeminate nor sensual. Frequently they accumulate large fortunes; and always they seem to monopolize the labor of the country at their will, developing its resources as they could not have been developed by the native population. Nor is it ever by any great genius that they command success, but simply by their plodding industry. These same qualities also they exhibit in California. Every one knows what useful labors they make, how cheaply they live, how neat and cleanly they are in the care of their bodies, how steadily and persistently they keep at work; not very strong nor very skilful, nor very quick, but quief and easy and incessant. As formerly they built great walls and great canals, so, at these ends of the earth and in these latter days, they build great railroads. What may they not do in time to come? With that universal Yankee notion; quick-witted, driving, restless, to invent the plan; and with this innumerable people; steady, patient, fond of routine, imitative, to perform the drudgery of labor, what wonders of development of our continental resources may not the next score of years exhibit?

Let our own East furnish the capital and the inventive energy, as indeed it is doing so abundantly; power of numbers and power of industry almost limitless are pouring in upon the West from that other East beyond the broad Pacific. What the industry is has perhaps sufficiently appeared. What the numbers are, how simply countless, how they swarm and multiply cannot appear till one has been among them. What reliance they have been accustomed to place upon their own multitudinousness, and what enormous power there is in it, was well illustrated by an intelligent Cantonese, during Sir Michael Seymour's operations in 1856. It did not seem to those of us who happened to be in the foreign "factories" of Canton at that time, that the vast throng of people just outside our gates could sweep us into the river, by their populousness alone, if they should try it; and it was not reassuring when this Cantonese remarked one day to some of us, "You are few and we are many. If we Chinamen were all to get together, and spit once, we could drown out every Englishman in Canton." It was not a pleasing nor a complimentary way of putting it; but it was none the less characteristic for that reason.—*Hours at Home.*

AN epitaph in a rural graveyard reads thus: "Here lies Bernard Lightfoot, who was accidentally killed in the forty-fifth year of his age. This monument was erected by his grateful family."

THE INDIAN WAR.

The Recent Battle of the Washita—A Horrible Scene of Mutilation.

The New York *Herald* has correspondence from the headwaters of the Missouri (in the camp on the Washita river), which give the details of the recent terrible conflict with the savages at that place. It says:

"Entering the space occupied by the Indian lodges, on all sides lay the ruins of the village of Black Kettle's band. The conflagration started by the troops was so complete that scarcely anything of a combustible character escaped, and today the *debris* of the village consists in broken and burned lodge poles, small pieces of untanned and tanned hides. From the immediate site of the village the party rode to the top of a hill, about a hundred yards distant, from which point General Custer repeated to General Sheridan the details of the battle and the positions taken by the different columns. The former site of the lodges could be distinctly seen by the pine ranging in a circle and the fireplace in the centre. On the right of the village, at the distance of 150 yards, lay the carcasses of the ponies of the Cheyennes. These covered about four acres, and numbered not less than 700. After the battle was perfectly understood and the ground well surveyed, Generals Sheridan and Custer, accompanied by Lieutenant Hale, your correspondent, and a small detachment of troops, moved down the south bank of the Washita, over the route taken by Major Elliott and the missing men, in hopes of recovering the bodies. The remainder of the party spent some time longer in the village and moved down the bed of the valley of the river.

"The General's party, moving down the south bank, ascended a high divide, from which an extensive view could be had of the surrounding country. Descending on the other side the party had proceeded but a hundred yards when the body of a white man was found, perfectly naked, and covered with arrow and bullet holes. The head presented the appearance of having been beaten with a war club. The top of the skull was broken into a number of pieces and the brain was lying partly in the skull and partly on the ground. At first it was supposed that the body was that of Elliott, but upon minute examination this was found not to be the case.

"Marking the spot where this body was found, the party continued moving down stream. Crossing, with some difficulty, a small ravine, about the centre of an expansive swell, at a distance of two hundred yards further up, objects were seen lying in the grass and supposed to be bodies. Their attention attracted in this direction, the party moved off for the spot at a gallop. A few minutes after a scene was witnessed sufficient to call forth the rebuke of every benevolent and enlightened mind against the darkened intellects of the so called philanthropists. With in an area of not more than fifteen yards lay sixteen human bodies, all that remained of Elliott and his party. The winter air swept across the plain, and with its cold blasts had added to the ghastliness of death the additional spectacle of sixteen naked corpses frozen as solidly as stone. The party here dismounted, and an examination of the bodies was made. There was not a single one that did not exhibit evidence of fearful mutilation. The bodies were all lying with their faces down, and in close proximity to each other.—Bullet and arrow wounds covered the backs of each, the throats of a number were cut, and several were beheaded. The body of one of the horses which the men had ridden out was seen lying at a distance of fifty yards from the pile of bodies. Owing to the mutilation of the bodies, and no one present having been sufficiently acquainted with Major Elliott while living, his body was not at the time recognized.

"Judging from the position of the bodies, and the nature of the ground surrounding, it is probable that Maj. Elliott (by some it is thought his horse run away with him) set out in the direction of a party of fugitive Indians. Some of the men seeing the Major start followed and joined him. It is very probable the party pursued several miles when they struck the Arapahoes coming up to the support of the Cheyennes. The party being vigorously pressed commenced retiring, and descending the second divide on the return found themselves cut off by a party of warriors who had moved up under cover of the timber on the banks of the Washita, and took position in the ravine, which cut them off entirely from the rest of the command. Not being missed in the command until too late, this little band was compelled to defend itself against the whole force of the Arrapahoe and, doubtless a number of the Kiowa warriors. The party abandoned their horses and probably attempted to force their way down the river and take protection behind the trees, where they could fight to greater advantage. It is likely, when all hope of rescue and escape was given up, they determined to sacrifice their lives as dearly as possible. The grass where they lay was trodden down, and a number of cartridge shells testify to the valor of their defense, until some friendly, fatal bullet gave them the only alternative of escape from the terrible torture to which they would unquestionably have been subjected if taken alive. It is not likely that the entire party was killed before taken, but whether any, and who, were taken alive, and the trying and terrible moments which followed, will always remain a mystery. All the missing bodies were now found. Not one had been left to narrate the horrible story. The last offices of humanity—a proper burial—was all that remained."

IF you are truly benevolent and charitable, perhaps you will, when you see a neighbor in distress ask some other neighbor to help him.

"O MA," said a little girl who had been to the show, "I've seen the elephant, and he walks backward and eats with his tail."

DOMESTIC WINE.

BY CHARLES W. BUNDAY.

When domestic wine has passed through the process of vinous fermentations, it is a domestic curse, because it develops and educates a taste for stronger drinks and more potent poisons. Young men of respectable surroundings do not go to the "bucket-shops" to get their stimulating beverage. Our clerks, apprentices, students, and others, who are fast filling up the decimated ranks of moderate and excessive drinkers, would never have created and fanned into a flame a passion for intoxicating drinks had they depended upon whisky and brandy for the kindling of that vitiated taste. They would have been shocked at such a start along the road of ruin; but they