The Bradford Reporter.

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TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

THE BRADFORD REPORTER is published every Thursday Morning, by E. W. ALVORD and E. J. CLAUSON, at Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

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 FIFTEEN CENTS per line for each insertion. All Resolutions of Associations; Communications of limited or individual interest, and notices of Marriages and Deaths, exceeding five lines, are charged TEN CENTS per line.

	1 Year.	6 Mos.	3 Mos.
One Column	$1 00	$60	$40
Half "	60	35	25
One Square	15	10	7½

Estray, Caution, Lost and Found, and other advertisements, not exceeding Ten lines, three weeks or less $1 50
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Auditor's Notices 2 50
Business Cards, five lines, (per year) 5 00

Merchants and others, advertising their business, will be charged $25 per year. They will be entitled to ¼ 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, Billheads, Statements, &c. of every variety and style, printed at the shortest notice. The REPORTER Office is well supplied with Power Presses, a good assortment of new type, and everything in the Printing line can be executed in the most artistic manner and at the lowest rates. TERMS INVARIABLY CASH.

BUSINESS CARDS.

LEWIS RHEBINE, *Fashionable Tailor.* Rooms over Aspinwall's Store, Towanda, Pa. oct. 8, 69.

R. FOWLER & CO., REAL ESTATE DEALERS, No. 70 Washington Street, opposite Opera House, Chicago, Ill. Real Estate purchased and sold. Investments made and money loaned. B. FOWLER, April 21, 1869. S. LIND.

B. B. HOLLETT, MONROETON, Pa., agent for the Hubbard Mower, Empire Drill, Ithaca Wheel Rake, and Broadcast Sower for sowing Plaster and all kinds of Grain. Send for circulars to B. B. HOLLETT, Monroeton, Bradford Co., Pa. June 24, '69—1y.

PATENTS!

J. N. DEXTER, *Solicitor of Patents,*

73 BROAD STREET, WAVERLY, N. Y.

Prepares drawings, specifications and all papers required in making and properly conducting Applications for PATENTS in the UNITED STATES and FOREIGN COUNTRIES. NO CHARGE IN UNSUCCESSFUL CASES AND NO ATTORNEY'S FEE TO PAY UNTIL PATENT IS OBTAINED. Sept. 16, 1869—tf

NEW WHEAT FLOUR AT THE TOWANDA STEAM FLOURING MILLS! sep18.69. CROBAUGH, FULLER & CO.

MYERSBURG MILLS!

The subscribers, having purchased of Mr. Barnes 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 and for sale at the lowest cash price. Myersburg, Sept. 24, '68. MYER & FROST.

PRICE LIST—CASCADE MILLS.

Best quality Winter Wheat Flour ℔ cwt., $4 50@5 00
Best quality Rye Flour ℔ cwt. 3 50
Corn Meal and Rye and Corn Feed 2 25
A fair margin allowed to dealers.
Custom grinding usually done at once, as the capacity of the mill is sufficient for a large amount of work. H. B. INGHAM.
Camptown, July 12, 1869.

LE RAYSVILLE MILLS!

The subscriber, having purchased the LeRaysville Mills, and refitted the same in good order, is now prepared to do good work, and to give general satisfaction. M. J. PRUTCHEY.
LeRaysville, Sept. 22, 1869.—1y

MYERS' MILL—SPECIAL NOTICE.

MYER, FOSTER & CO. will deliver Flour, Feed, Meal, Graham Flour, or anything 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.

NEW DYEING ESTABLISHMENT.

The subscriber takes this method of informing the people of Towanda and vicinity that he has opened a Dyeing Establishment in Col. MEARS' new building,

NO. 166 MAIN STREET,

opposite Gen. Patton's, and that he is now prepared to do all work in his line, such as CLEANING and COLORING ladies' and gentlemen's garments, cloths, &c., in the neatest manner and on the most reasonable terms. Give me a call and examine my work. HENRY REDDING.
Sept. 23, 1869.

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 over Mason's Bank, Towanda, Pa.
Jan. 29, 1867

THE UNDERSIGNED HAVE opened a Banking House in Towanda, under the name of G. F. 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. F. 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. F. MASON,
Towanda, Oct. 1, 1866. A. G. MASON.

ATTENTION THIS WAY!

N. KINNEY & CO.,

WAVERLY, N.Y.,

Have on hand for the Spring trade, the largest assortment of

BUGGIES AND PLATFORM WAGONS

To be found in this part of the country, which they will sell at the most reasonable prices, and warrant all work. All that doubt need but call and examine. A word to the wise is sufficient. N. KINNEY & CO.
April 1, 1869—6m.

NEW FALL & WINTER GOODS.

MRS. E. J. PIERCE,

Has just returned from New York with a first-class stock of

MILINERY GOODS!

Consisting of the latest imported styles of

HATS, BONNETS, RIBBONS, &c. &c.

She would respectfully invite the ladies of Towanda and vicinity to give her a call before purchasing elsewhere. Work done in neat and fashionable style and on short notice. ☞ Rooms over M. E. Rosenfeld's Store, opposite Powell's, Towanda, Pa.
September 30, 1869.

NEW FIRM!

NEW GOODS AND LOW PRICES!

AT MONROETON, PA.

TRACY & HOLLON,

Retail Dealers in Groceries and Provisions, Drugs and Medicines, Kerosene Oil, Lamps, Chimneys, Candles, Dye Stuffs, Paints, Oils, Varnish, Yankee Notions, Tobacco, Cigars and Snuff. Pure Wines and Liquors, of the best quality, for medicinal purposes only. All Goods sold at the very lowest prices. Prescriptions carefully compounded at all hours of the day and night. Give us a call. TRACY & HOLLON.
Monroeton, Pa., June 24, 1869—1y.

CHEAP PASSAGE FROM OR TO IRELAND OR ENGLAND.

VIA THE NEW AND FAST SAILING STEAMSHIPS FROM OR TO QUEENSTOWN OR LIVERPOOL.

Williams & Guion's old "Black Star Line" of Liverpool Packets, sailing every week.

Swallow-tail Line of Packets from or to London, sailing twice a month.

Remittances to England, Ireland and Scotland payable on demand.

For further particulars, apply to Williams & Guion, 29 Broadway, New York, or G. F. MASON & CO., Bankers, Towanda, Pa.
Oct. 1, 1866.

G. S. PECK, MILLWRIGHT AND MACHINIST, Towanda, Pa. Mills built and repaired. Engines and Boilers set in the best manner. I would call the attention of mill owners to my

NEW VORTEX WATER WHEEL,

As combining all the elements of a first-class shotter, simplicity of construction, accessibility, great strength of parts, developing the greatest amount of power for water used, easily repaired, running under backwater with no detriment to power except diminution of head, requiring no alteration in mill frames or addition to dams, will run under low head, and made of any desired capacity. These wheels will be furnished at less than one-half the cost of any other first-class wheel in market, and warranted to perform all that is claimed for them. These wheels will be made for delivery with or without cases, on short notice, of the best iron in market.

For full particulars address or enquire of the undersigned. G. S. PECK, Towanda, Pa.

P.S.—These wheels can be seen in operation at Messrs. Horton & Wells' Mill, Towanda Twp. The wheels are wholly composed of Iron as now made.
Jan. 14, 1869—tf.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

W. H. THOMPSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Towanda, Pa. Office with W. C. Bogard, Esq., No. 5 Brick Row. All business entrusted to his care will be promptly attended to. July 1, 1869.

HENRY PEET, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Towanda, Pa. June 27, '66.

EDWARD OVERTON, JR., ATTORNEY AT LAW, Towanda, Pa. Office formerly occupied by the late J. C. Adams. march 1, '69.

GEORGE D. MONTANYE, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office—corner of Main and Pine Streets, opposite Förter'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, '68.

W. H. CARNOCHAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW (District Attorney for Bradford County), Troy, Pa. Collections made and promptly remitted. feb 15, '69—tf.

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

BENJ. M. PECK, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Towanda, Pa. All business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. Office in the office lately occupied by Mercur & Morrow, south of Ward House, up stairs. july 16, '68.

MERCUR & MORROW, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Towanda, Pa. 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 AGENT.

Particular attention paid to Collections and Orphans' Court business. Office—Mercur's New Block, north side Public Square. apr. 1, '69.

H. B. MCKEAN, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Towanda, Pa. Particular attention paid to business in the Orphans' Court. july 20, '65.

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.

W. B. KELLY, DENTIST. Office over Wickham & Black's, Towanda, Pa. Particular attention is called to ALVEOLITHUM as a base for Artificial Teeth. Having used this material for the past three years, I can confidently recommend it as being far superior to Rubber. Please call and examine specimens. ☞ Chloroform administered when desired. may 30, '68.

DR. H. WESTON, DENTIST.—Office in Patton's Block, over Gore's Drug and Chemical Store. jan 1, '68.

T. B. JOHNSON, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Towanda, Pa. Office with W. B. Kelly, over Wickham & Black. Residence at the Means House. apr 16, '68.

DR. H. A. BARTLETT, *Physician and Surgeon*, Sugar Run, Bradford County, Pa. Office at residence formerly occupied by Dr. Ely. aug.10,1859.tf

J. STEVENS, M.D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Residence at N. Tidd's, Esq., corner of Second and College Streets. Office over Rockwell's Store, opposite Means House. Towanda, May 25, 1869—tf.

DOCTOR O. LEWIS, A GRADUATE of the College of "Physicians and Surgeons," New York city, Class 1843-4, gives exclusive attention to the practice of his profession. Office and residence on the eastern slope of Orwell Hill, adjoining Henry Howe's. jan 14, '69.

T. B. CAMP, INSURANCE AGENT.—Office formerly occupied by Mercur & Morrow, one door south of Ward House. July 22, 1869.

F. B. FORD, LICENSED AUCTIONEER, Towanda, Pa., will attend promptly to all business entrusted to him. Charges moderate. Feb. 13, 1868.

FRANCIS E. POST, PAINTER, Towanda, Pa., with ten 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, '66.

J. K. VAUGHAN, ARCHITECT AND BUILDER. All kinds of Architectural Designs furnished. Ornamental work in Stone, Iron and Wood. Office on Main Street, over the Post-office. Attention given to Rural Architecture, such as laying out of grounds, &c., &c. apr. 1, '67—1y

A. W. AYRES' MARBLE SHOP, ELMIRA, N.Y.

You will find Granite Monuments, both Quincy and Concord, Marble and Slate Mantles, and Coal Grates to fit. A large assortment constantly on hand, cheap as the cheapest. Aug. 10, 1868—1y.

O. W. STEVENS, COUNTY SURVEYOR, Camptown, Bradford Co., Pa. Thankful to his many employers for past patronage, would respectfully inform the citizens of Bradford County that he is prepared to do any work in his line of business that may be entrusted to him. Those having disputed lines would do well to have their property accurately surveyed before allowing themselves to be defrauded by their neighbors. All work warranted correct, so far as the nature of the case will permit. All unpatented lands attended to as soon as warrants are obtained. O. W. STEVENS.
Feb. 24, 1869—1y.

J. V. DOOLITTLE, PRACTICAL JEWELER, would inform the people of Bradford and surrounding Counties, that he has opened a new Jewelry Store in Canton, where will be found constantly on hand a nicely-selected stock of goods in his line, consisting of Ladies' and Gents' Gold and Silver Watches, of American, English, and Swiss manufacture, Clocks, Jewelry, Gold Pens, and all the articles usually found in a first-class Jewelry Store. All goods sold as reasonable as in any of the surrounding cities, and warranted as represented. Repairing and jobbing done on short notice, and on the most favorable terms. A liberal share of patronage is respectfully solicited.
Troy Street, Canton, Pa., May 12, 1869.

Hotels.

AMERICAN HOTEL, CORNER of Bridge and Water Streets, Towanda, Pa. M. B. CALKINS, Proprietor, assisted by L. T. ROYSE, formerly of "Royse House," Burlington, Pa. Feb. 24, 1869—tf

WARD HOUSE, TOWANDA, PA. On Main Street, near the Court House. C. T. SMITH, Proprietor. Oct. 8, 1866.

AMERICAN HOTEL, EAST SHEFFIELD, PA. The subscriber having leased this house, lately occupied by A. C. Bentley, and thoroughly repaired and refitted it, is now ready to accommodate the travelling public. Every endeavor will be made to satisfy those who may favor him with a call. A. G. REYNOLDS.
Feb. 1, 1869—6m*

ELWELL HOUSE, TOWANDA, PA. JOHN C. WILSON

Having leased this House, is now ready to accommodate the travelling public. No pains nor 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.

RUMMERFIELD CREEK HOTEL. PETER LANDMESSER.

Having purchased and thoroughly refitted this old and well-known stand, formerly kept by Sheriff Griffin, at the mouth of Rummerfield Creek, is ready to give good accommodations and satisfactory treatment to all who may favor him with a call. Dec. 23, 1868—tf.

MEANS HOUSE, TOWANDA, PA., JORDAN & HORTON, Proprietors. This popular hotel having been thoroughly fitted and repaired, and furnished throughout with new and elegant Furniture, will be open for the reception of guests, on SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1869. Neither expense nor pains has been spared in rendering this House a model hotel in all its arrangements. A superior quality Old Burton Ale, for invalids, just received. April 26, 1869.

WAVERLY INSTITUTE.

The Forty-eighth Term of this Institute opens August 18th, 1869, under the charge of A. J. LANG, A.M.

It is one of the best LITERARY INSTITUTIONS of the country, accessible from all parts, and is situated, at

WAVERLY, TIOGA CO., N.Y.

The departments are complete. The "Classical" embraces all those studies required for admission to our best Colleges. Also, a thorough drill in the Modern Languages.

The English Course comprehends both the common branches taught in Elementary Schools, and many of the higher branches usually pursued in the Colleges. In the Commercial Course the instruction is as thorough and complete as in our most eminent Commercial Colleges.

Instruction upon the Piano and Organ by the old method; also by "Robbins' New American Method," by which pupils can acquire a knowledge of music in one-third the time which it hitherto required.

The rates of tuition are very moderate. Board obtained at reasonable prices; a limited number of pupils can be accommodated in the families of the Instructors. Rooms can be procured in which students can board themselves and lessen the expenses one-half.

Normal class, as usual, organized at the beginning of the Fall Term, in which twenty of the first applicants will receive free instruction for fourteen weeks.

For particulars address the Principal at Waverly, N.Y. Information in reference to Rooms and Board can also be obtained at Waldo & Tracy's Drug Store, 86 Broad Street.

A. J. LANG, A.M., Principal.
NEWTON KINNEY, President of Board of Trustees.
July 15, 1869

Selected Poetry.

THE TERRIBLE DRINK.

Oh, the drink, the terrible drink,
Making each city and town a sink
Of misery dire, and fearful to tell
Of the numberless victims sent to hell.
Swearing,
Killing,
Crimes no lack,
The terrible drink makes night so black;
The curse of youth and decrepid age,
Adding to thirst instead of assuage.
Continual drink, the drunkard's grave,
Till it drags him down to an early grave.

Oh, the drink, the horrible drink!
See the child from its father shrink
As he staggers home from his night's debauch,
His soul on fire from the demon's torch.
Blindly,
Wildly,
Stumbling along,
Crazed with drink, intent on wrong;
And even the dogs, with a bark and a bound,
Growl at the man as he gropes around!
This is the picture, deny it who can,
Of the downward steps of a fallen man.

Once he was free from the vice, but he fell—
Fell, like the angels, from heaven to hell—
Fell, to be mocked at, scoffed at, and beat,
Mingling with filth in the horrible street.
Pleading,
Cursing,
Dreading the worst,
Drinking still deeper, yet greater his thirst,
Till he sickens and falls, degraded and low,
And death is preferred to his abyss of woe!
Merciful God! in thy goodness save
Thine own image from a drunkard's grave.

GYP.

I lie on the shingle, waiting;
The waves break at my foot!
The sun is a fiery furnace,
But the wind blows cold and sweet.
Why tarries my little gypsy!
She promised here to meet.

It is time! it is time! she lingers
By the cliff where none can see,
Among the great chalk boulders,
She is coming to talk to me,
In her voice, which is deeper, sweeter,
Than the cold wind or the sea.

She knows where we cut the letters
Which marry her name to mine;
I lie here, flinging the pebbles
In the water, for a sign.
Come, little gypsy dark eyes,
I long to see you shine.

She is gay as a mocking-bird,
She is sad as a lonely dove;
She whispers low, "I hate you;"
She laughs with tears, "I love."
Our bonds shall hold for a tomnight,
We have sworn by the stars above.

I see her, I see her winding
Down the white chalk cliff! I know
The old Scotch cap, short petticoat,
And step like a mountain roe.
Bare little brown legs, bare little brown feet,
Ay, we'll be gay, I trow.

—*Cassel's Magazine.*

Miscellaneous.

BARNUM ON SUPERSTITIONS.

TRADITIONS CONCERNING FRIDAY AND SUNDAY—THE NUMBER THIRTEEN.

"Struggles and Triumphs; or, Forty Years' Recollections of P. T. Barnum, written by Himself," is now passing through the press of J. B. Burr & Co., in Hartford. From advance sheets we take the following chapter concerning Mr. Barnum's ideas of popular superstitions:

FRIDAY.

In the summer of 1868 a lady who happened to be at that time an inmate of my family, upon hearing me say that I supposed we must remove into our summer residence on Thursday, because our servants might not like to go on Friday, remarked:

"What nonsense that is! It is astonishing that some persons are so foolish as to think there is any difference in the days. I call it rank heathenism to be so superstitious as to think one day is lucky and another unlucky;" and then, in the most innocent manner possible, she added: "I would not like to remove on a Saturday myself, for they say people who remove on the last day of the week don't stay long."

Of course this was too refreshing a case of unfoubted superstition to be permitted to pass without a hearty laugh from all who heard it.

RAINY SUNDAYS.

* * * Several years ago an old lady who was a guest at my house remarked on a rainy Sunday:

"This is the first Sunday in the month, and now it will rain every Sunday in the month; that is a sign which never fails, for I have noticed it many a time."

"Well," I remarked, smiling, "watch closely this time, and if it rains on the next three Sundays I will give you a new silk dress."

She was in high glee, and replied:

"Well, you have lost that dress as sure as you are born."

The following Sunday it did indeed rain.

"Ah, ha!" exclaimed the old lady, "what did I tell you? I knew it would rain."

I smiled, and said, "all right, watch for next Sunday."

And surely enough the next Sunday it did rain, harder than on either of the preceding Sundays.

"Now, what do you think?" said the old lady, solemnly. "I tell you that sign never fails. It won't do to doubt the ways of Providence," she added with a sigh, "for His ways are mysterious, and past finding out."

The following Sunday the sun rose in a cloudless sky, and not the slightest appearance of rain was manifested through the day. The old lady was greatly disappointed, and did not like to hear any allusion to the subject; but two years afterwards, when she was once more my guest, it again happened to rain on the first Sunday in the month, and I heard her solemnly predict that it would every succeeding Sunday in the month, "for," she remarked, "it is a sign that never fails." She had forgotten the failure of two years before; indeed, the continuance and prevalence of many popular superstitions is due to the fact that we notice the "sign" when it happens to be verified, and do not observe it, or we forget it, when it fails.

THE NUMBER THIRTEEN.

Many persons are exceedingly superstitious in regard to the number "thirteen." This is [illegible] the case, I have noticed, in Catholic countries I have visited; and I have been told that superstition originated in the fact of a thirteenth apostle having been chosen, on account of the treachery of Judas. At any rate, I have known numbers of French persons who had quite a horror of this fatal number. Once I knew a French lady who had taken passage in an ocean steamer, and who, on going aboard, and finding her assigned state room to be "No. 13," insisted upon it that she would not sail in the ship at all; she had rather forfeit her passage money, though finally she was persuaded to take another room. And a great many people, French, English and American, will not undertake any important enterprise on the thirteenth day of the month, nor sit at table with a full complement of thirteen persons. With regard to this number, to which so many superstitions cling, I have some interesting experiences and curious coincidences, which are worth relating as a part of my personal history.

When I was first in England with General Tom Thumb, I well remember dining one Christmas day with my friends, the Brettells, in St. James's Palace, in London. Just before the dinner was finished (it is a wonder it was not noticed before) it was discovered that the number at table was exactly thirteen.

"How very unfortunate!" remarked one of the guests; "I would not have dined under such circumstances for any consideration, had I known it."

"Nor I, either," seriously remarked another guest.

"Do you really suppose there is any truth in the old superstition on that subject?" I asked.

"Truth!" solemnly replied an old lady. "Truth! Why, I myself have known three instances, and have heard of scores of others, where thirteen persons have eaten at the same table, and in every case one of the number died before the year was out."

This assertion, made with so much earnestness, evidently affected several of the guests, whose nerves were easily excited. I can truthfully state, however, that I dined at the Palace again the following Christmas, and although there were seventeen persons present, every one of the original thirteen who dined there the preceding Christmas was among this number, and all in good health; although, of course, it would have been nothing very remarkable if one had happened to have died during the last twelve months.

While I was on my western lecturing tour in 1866, long before I got out of Illinois, I began to observe that at various hotels where I stopped my room very frequently was No. 13. Indeed, it seemed as if this number turned up to me as often as four times per week, and so before many days I almost expected to have that number set down to my name wherever I signed it upon the register of the hotel. Still, I laughed to myself at what I was convinced was simply a coincidence. On one occasion I was traveling from Clinton to Mount Vernon, Iowa, and was to lecture in the college of the latter place that evening. Ordinarily I should have arrived at 2 o'clock p.m., but owing to an accident which had occurred to the train from the West, the conductor informed me that our arrival in Mount Vernon would probably be delayed until after seven o'clock. I telegraphed that fact to the committee who were expecting me, and told them to be patient.

When we had arrived within ten miles of that town it was dark. I sat rather moodily in the car, wishing the train would "hurry up," and happening for some cause to look back over my left shoulder, I discovered the new moon through the window. This omen struck me as a coincident addition to my ill luck, and with a pleasant chuckle I muttered to myself, "Well, I hope I won't get room number thirteen to-night, for that will be adding insult to injury."

I reached Mount Vernon a few minutes before eight, and was met at the depot by the committee, who took me in a carriage and hurried to the Ballard House. The committee told me the hall in the college was already crowded, and they hoped I would defer taking tea until after the lecture. I informed them that I would gladly do so, but simply wished to run to my room a moment for a wash. While wiping my face I happened to think about the new room, and at once stepped outside of my bedroom door to look at the number. It was "number thirteen."

After the lecture I took tea, and I confess that I began to think that "number thirteen" looked a little ominous. There I was, many hundreds of miles from my family; I left my wife sick, and I began to ask myself does "number thirteen" portend anything in particular? Without feeling willing even now to acknowledge that I felt much apprehension on the subject, I must say I began to take a serious view of things in general.

I mentioned the coincidence of my luck in so often having "number thirteen" assigned to me to Mr. Ballard, the proprietor of the hotel, giving him all the particulars to date.

"I will give you another room if you prefer it," said Mr. Ballard.

"No, I thank you," I replied, with a semi-serious smile: "If it is fate, I will take it as it comes, and if it means anything I shall probably find it out in time."

That same night before retiring to rest I wrote a letter to a clerical friend, then residing in Bridgeport, telling him all my experiences in regard to "number thirteen." I said to him in closing: "Don't laugh at me for being superstitious, for I hardly feel so; I think it is simply a series of coincidences which appear the more strange because I am sure to notice every one that occurs." Ten days afterwards I received an answer from my reverend friend, in which he cheerfully said: "It's all right; go ahead and get number thirteen as often as you can. It is a lucky number," and he added:

"Unbelieving and ungrateful man! What is thirteen but the traditional baker's dozen, indicating 'good measure, pressed down, shaken together, and running over,' as illustrated in your triumphal lecturing tour? By all means insist upon having room No. 13 at every hotel; and if the guests at any meal be less than that charmed complement, send out and compel somebody to come in.

"What do you say respecting the Thirteen Colonies? Any ill-luck in the number? Was the patriarch Jacob afraid of it when he adopted Ephraim and Manasseh, the two sons of Joseph, so as to complete the magic circle of thirteen?

"Do you not know that chapter thirteen of First Corinthians is the grandest in the Bible, with verse thirteen as the culmination of all religious thoughts? And can you read verse thirteen of the fifth chapter of Revelations without the highest rapture?"

But my clerical friend had not heard of a certain curious circumstance which occurred to me after I had mailed my letter to him, and before I received his answer.

* * * My experience with this number has by no means been confined to apartments. In 1867 a church in Bridgeport wanted to raise several thousand dollars in order to get freed from debt. I subscribed one thousand dollars, by aid of which they assured me they would certainly raise enough to pay off the debt. A few weeks subsequently, however, one of the "brethren" wrote me that they were still six hundred dollars short, with but little prospect of getting it. I replied that I would pay one-half of the sum required. The brother soon afterwards wrote me that he had obtained the other half, and I might forward him my subscription of "thirteen" hundred dollars. During the same season I attended a fair in Franklin Hall, Bridgeport, given by a temperance organization. Two of my little granddaughters accompanied me, and telling them to select what articles they desired, I paid the bill, twelve dollars and fifty cents. Whereupon I said to the children, "I am glad you did not make it thirteen dollars, and I will expend no more here to-night." We sat awhile listening to the music, and finally started for home, and as we were going, a lady at one of the stands near the door called out: "Mr. Barnum, you have not patronized me! Please take a chance in my lottery." "Certainly," I replied, "give me a ticket." I paid her the price (fifty cents), and after I arrived home, I discovered that in spite of my expressed determination to the contrary, I had expended exactly "thirteen" dollars.

I invited a few friends to a "clambake" in the summer of 1868, and being determined the party should not be thirteen, I invited fifteen, and they all agreed to go. Of course, one man and his wife were "disappointed," and could not go—and my party numbered thirteen. At Christmas, in the same year, my children and grandchildren dined with me, and finding on "counting noses," that they would number the inevitable thirteen, I expressly arranged to have a high chair placed at the table, and my youngest grandchild, seventeen months old, was placed in it, so that we should number fourteen. After the dinner was over we discovered that my son-in-law, Thompson, had been detained down town, and the number at dinner table, notwithstanding my extra precautions, was exactly thirteen.

Thirteen was certainly an ominous number to me in 1865, for on the thirteenth day of July the American Museum was burned to the ground, while the thirteenth day of November saw the opening of "Barnum's New American Museum," which was also subsequently destroyed by fire.

Having concluded this veritable history of superstitious coincidences in regard to thirteen, I read it to a clerical friend, who happened to be present, and after reading the manuscript, I paged it, when my friend and I were a little startled to find that the pages numbered exactly thirteen.

"MAKE IT SO PLAIN THAT I CAN GET HOLD OF IT."

On the sixteenth day after the battle of Gettysburg I entered the room where a young wounded Colonel was apparently near to death. As I entered he was roused from his stupor, and beckoned me to his bedside, and threw his feeble arms around my neck.

"Oh, my father, how glad I am to see you! I was afraid you would not come till it was too late. I am too feeble to say much, though I have a great many things to say to you; you must do all the talking. Tell me all about dear mother and sister."

I soon perceived that there was no hope entertained of his recovery, and inquired of the doctor—

"Doctor, how long do you think he can live?"

"Not more than four days. He may drop off at any hour."

"Have you, or has any one, told him of his real condition?"

"No; we have left that painful duty for you to do, as we have been expecting your arrival for several days."

As I entered the room with the dreaded message of death pressing on my heart, the eyes of my son fastened on me.

"Come, sit by my side, father. Have you been talking with the doctor about me?"

"Yes."

"What did he tell you? Does he think I shall recover?"

There was a painful hesitation for a moment.

"Don't be afraid to tell me just what he said."

"He told me you must die!"

"How long does he think I can live?"

Not to exceed four days, and that you may drop away any hour."

With great agitation he exclaimed.—"Father, is that so! Then I must die! I cannot, I must not die! Oh! I am not prepared to die now! Do tell me how I can get ready! Make it so plain that I can get hold of it. Tell me in a few words, if you can, so that I can see it plainly. I know you can, father, for I used to hear you explain it to others."

'Twas no time now for tears, but for calmness and light, by which to lead the soul to Christ, and both were given.

"My son, I see you are afraid to die."

"Yes; I am."

"Well, I suppose you feel guilty?"

"Yes, that is it. I have been a wicked young man. You know how it is in the army."

"You want to be forgiven, don't you?"

"O, yes! that is what I want. Can I be, father?"

"Certainly."

"Can I know it before I die?"

"Certainly."

"Well, now, father, make it so plain that I can get hold of it."

At once an incident, which occurred during the school days of my son, came to my mind. I had not thought of it before for several years. Now it came back to me, fresh with its interest, and just what was wanted to guide the agitated heart of this young inquirer to Jesus.

"Do you remember while at school in ——, you came home one day, and, I having occasion to rebuke you, you became angry, and abused me with harsh language?"

"Yes, father, I was thinking about it a few days ago, as I thought of you coming to see me, and felt so badly about it that I wanted to see you, and once more ask you to forgive me."

"Do you remember how after the paroxysm of your anger had subsided, you came in and threw your arms around my neck, and said, 'My dear father, I am sorry I abused you so. It was not your loving son that did it. I was very angry. Won't you forgive me?'"

"Yes, I remember it very distinctly."

"Do you remember what I said as you wept upon my neck?"

"Very well. You said, 'I forgive you with all my heart,' and kissed me. I shall never forget those words."

"Did you believe me?"

"Certainly, I never doubted your word."

"Did you then feel happy again?"

"Yes, perfectly, and since that time I have always loved you more than ever before. I shall never forget how it relieved me when you looked upon me so kindly and said: 'I forgive you with all my heart.'"

"Well, now, this is just the way to come to Jesus. Tell him 'I am sorry' just as you told me, and ten thousand times quicker than a father's love will he forgive you."

"Will he forgive me?"

"Will he forgive you? He says he will. Then you must take his word for it, just as you did mine."

"Why, father, is that the way to become a Christian?"

"I don't know of any other."

"Why, father, I can get hold of this. I am so glad you have come to tell me how."

He turned his head upon his pillow for rest. I sank into my chair and wept freely, for my heart could no longer suppress its emotions. I had done my work, and committed the case to Christ. He, too, I was soon assured, had done His.

The broken heart had made its confession, had heard what it longed for.

"I forgive you," and believed it.

I soon felt the nervous hand on my head, and heard the word "father" in such a tone of tenderness and joy that I knew the change had come.

"Father, my dear father, I don't want you to weep any more; you need not. I am perfectly happy now. Jesus has forgiven me. I know he has, for he says so, and I take his word for it just as I did yours."

The doctor soon came in, and found him cheerful and happy—looked at him—felt his pulse, which he had been watching with intense anxiety, and said:

"Why, Colonel, you look better."

"I am better, doctor. I am going to get well. My father has told me how to be a christian and I am very happy. I believe I shall recover, for God has heard my prayer. Doctor, I want you should become a christian too. My father can tell you how to get hold of it."

The colonel still lives a member of the Church of Christ.

I was made a better man, and better minister by that scene, where this dear son, struggling with his guilt and fear of death, was led to Jesus and found the pardon of his sins.

I therefore resolved never to forget that charge he made me, in his extremity:

"Make it so plain that I can get hold of it."

KENO AND ITS VICTIMS.

HISTORY OF THE GAME AND HOW IT IS PLAYED—HOW GREENIES ARE FLEECED.

As many of the young men of the cities—clerks, business men and mechanics—are "taking the chances" at Keno, the following description of a keno-room in operation by the editor of the Detroit *Post*, may prove interesting to the uninitiated:

Keno, which has in a great measure taken the place of faro, at least in the Northwest, is founded on the German game called "Lotto," a diversion or sport. It was originally intended for children, or, when carefully played, by older persons, and made some skill and calculation necessary. Gradually it was altered and amended until it has become a means of seemingly cheap, but in fact terribly expensive, gambling.

Five or six long tables in the room are strewn with thick paste-board cards, each about 7 by 3½ inches in size. In the centre of each card is a number in large figures. This card is in fact the player, as will be seen. The rest of the game is merely mechanical, as regards the men playing. There are 21 spaces or squares marked on the card, 7 horizontal and 3 perpendicular. In 5 of these squares, on each of the horizontal row of spaces, are small figures, each space containing a number chosen at random from 1 to 200. This fills just 15 squares out of 21, leaving 6 blank spaces.

The number of the cards issued is 200 in the room described, and each player has the large central number, mentioned above, registered on a board with holes for pegs, and numbered to correspond with the cards. Every player pays twenty-five cents to the banker for one of the cards described, and if more than one are used he pays the same price for each additional one, and the game opens. A man on the dias, in the centre of the room, whirls a bottle-shaped wooden thing, which is filled with little balls, numbering, as is the board, from one to two hundred. At each revolution one of these balls is thrown out of this bottle and caught in the hand of the operator, who cries out the number marked on it, and every player whose card contains the corresponding number covers the figures with a button or chick. The player who first fills a straight row of five numbers called "Keno," is entitled to the stakes in the banker's hands, minus twenty-five per cent.

Placing the number of players at twenty, what are the chances of winning? They have deposited $5, a quarter each—that is, if each one plays but one card. Of this the banker takes $1,25, leaving $3,75 to the winner. Here are twenty players, each holding a card with a different combination of numbers, to be covered as called. Two, three, five, six or more players may cover a number at one time, but unless the little balls indicate four other numbers on the same line, his chances for winning are gone. So the greater the number of players, the less the chance for winning the pool. If twenty play, the odds are 18 to 1; if ten, 9 to 1. This would seem enormous odds; but it is not all. Out of 200 you have but 15 figures that can possibly win; that is, you have three rows of five figures each, and one of these rows must be covered; 18⅓ chances against 1! Now the odds in favor of the player are very small; if he wins, he get fifteen times as much as he investes. The balance, then, can be fairly cast as follows:

Odds against players	3⅓
Odds in favor of players	15
Total against chance of winning	17½

Yet young men and old men take this venture nightly, when in the ordinary course of business they would hesitate to risk anything at a tithe of such odds. It must be clear that they are only depositing in the coffers of an unscrupulous gambler a percentage even of their winnings, which are very small at best, and that the banker cannot lose anything, but must gain. How they can consent to support such a leech it is hard to imagine, but they do; and night after night, men who move in good society can be seen bending over one of those fifteen figured cards, vainly attempting to calculate what combination of figures will win in the next deal. As if there were any arithmetical problem that can be solved by little balls whirling rapidly in a bottle and continually changing places. He is a fool who looks for it solution in that way.

In Keno, as in faro, the chances in winning are invariably against the winner, and frequently great care is taken by the operators that a player has no chance at all. A "brace" or "skin" game is often played, and is done in this manner: The operator, as the bal