

The Southern Exporter

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A TOUCHING STORY. Two beautiful little boys (twins) aged about three years, of a remarkable disposition and unusually precocious for their age, were each attacked with the scarlet fever and in a short time one of them died. The other one, after wrestling with disease for a long time, rallied, and no doubt, were entertained of his recovery, but he constantly called for his departed little brother, and refused to be comforted unless he could see him. In vain his attendants told him that he had only gone away on a short visit, he would not be satisfied unless he saw his brother almost tire house and assured that his brother was not at home. His entreaties were so urgent that finally he was carried one afternoon through every room in the house, and his eyes peering into each room hopefully and longingly. Having returned the tour of the house he turned to his chamber, and seemed to have given up all thought of seeing his brother. He did not even mention his name, but seemed to feel that his brother could not come to him. That same night, all unexpected, the angel of death came, and the weeping attendant saw the dying child clasp his little hands, and heard him exclaim exultingly, "I see—I see." "See what?" said the attendant. "I see my brother," he replied, "with his smile, he closed his eyes in death. And shall any dare to affirm that his brother had not come back to accompany him to the mansion of bliss?"

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

JAMES WOOD, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, TOWANDA, PA.
Office in the Court House, Towanda, Pa.
HENRY PEET, ATTORNEY AT LAW, TOWANDA, PA.
Office in the Court House, Towanda, Pa.
W. M. FOYLE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, TOWANDA, PA.
Office in the Court House, Towanda, Pa.
SMITH & MONTAGNE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, TOWANDA, PA.
Office in the Court House, Towanda, Pa.

BUSINESS CARDS.

M. TINGLEY, Licensed Auctioneer, Towanda, Pa.
W. WALLACE KEELER, Horse, Sign and Fresco Painter, Towanda, Pa.
D. W. HULL, Saddler and Harness Maker, Towanda, Pa.
J. W. VINCENT, Insurance Agent, Towanda, Pa.
R. POWELL, Real Estate Broker, Towanda, Pa.
D. H. WARD, Physician and Surgeon, Towanda, Pa.
W. H. WARD, Physician and Surgeon, Towanda, Pa.
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RAILROADS.

TIME TABLE OF THE SULLY VAN & BIRD RAILROAD.
TOWANDA, PA.
SULLY VAN & BIRD RAILROAD.
TOWANDA, PA.

SELECTED POETRY.

COGNAC.
By JOHN G. WHITFIELD.
Heigh ho! heigh ho! heigh ho!
No richer gift has Autumn poured
From out her lavish hoard.
Let other lands exult, gleam
The apple from the pine,
The orange from the tree,
The cluster from the vine.
We better love the hardy gift
Our rugged vale bestows,
To cheer us when the storm shall drift
Our harvest fields with snow.
Through vales of grass and flowers
Our ploughs their furrows make,
On the hills, the sun and showers
Of changed April play.
We dropped the seed of hope and pain
Beneath the sun of May,
And frightened from our sprouting grain
The robber-crows away.
All through the long bright days of June
We have seen the greenest leaves
And waded in mid-summer noon
Its soft and yellow leaves.
And now, with Autumn's moonlight eyes,
Its harvest time is come;
We lay away its frothy leaves,
To leave the greenest leaves
To the birds of the air,
Fair hands the broken grains shall sift,
And fill our mill of gold.
Let rapid dews fall in the
Around the costly board;
Give to the birds of the air,
By homesteads hallowed ground.
Then stans on all the proud and vain
Whose folly laughs to scorn
The blessings of our kindly grain—
Our wealth of golden corn.
Let earth withhold her costly root,
Let earth withhold her costly root,
Let earth withhold her costly root,
Let earth withhold her costly root.

GENERAL ATTRACTIONS.

and general attractions, its popularity with our seafaring men, and far as I explored the Island, I could not but notice the general healthy and robust appearance of the native population. The herring fishery is an important item in the occupations and commerce of the Isle of Man: some four or five hundred vessels, from 15 to 40 tons burthen, being engaged in this pursuit during summer and autumn. It is said that the fishermen scrupulously avoid leaving their harbor on a Saturday or Sunday evening, and on leaving port, they use a short prayer. They go in a body or fleet to the fishing grounds, where they usually commence operations at 4 o'clock in the morning. The nets used are about 300 feet long, and are probably what are called gill-nets. Considerable industry is said to be requisite in shooting the nets, as they are especially drawn in the morning; if it is not sufficiently low the school of herring will pass beneath. The first net hauled in is examined; if it contains few or no fish, the whole fleet of nets is allowed to remain longer in the sea; if on the contrary, it is found to be glittering with its silvery contents, the others are hauled in, and the haul is made. There is a great deal of fish, and fair hands the broken grains shall sift, and fill our mill of gold. Let rapid dews fall in the around the costly board; give to the birds of the air, by homesteads hallowed ground. Then stans on all the proud and vain whose folly laughs to scorn the blessings of our kindly grain—our wealth of golden corn. Let earth withhold her costly root, let earth withhold her costly root, let earth withhold her costly root, let earth withhold her costly root.

THE DEATH OF NERO.

Most of our readers are more or less familiar with the character of the Roman Emperor Nero, and with the persecutions the Christians suffered under his reign. A graphic description of the sufferings to which the Christians were exposed by this monster despot would but harrow the feelings of the reader. Demonic ingenuity was employed in inflicting the most revolting and terrible tortures. The victims were so disguised by being sewed up in the skins of wild beasts, or wrapped up in tarred sheets, to be set on fire as torches to illuminate the gardens of Nero, that they were deprived of all sympathy, and exposed only to the derision of the brutal mob. Tender Christian maidens passed through ordeals of exposure, suffering and death, and were dreadful for us in these modern days even to contemplate. The divine support which Christ promised his disciples in these predicted hours of persecution sustained them.

THE DEATH OF NERO.

One night Nero, dressed in voluminous robes, and surrounded by the palaces of Rome, surrounded by his boon companions, male and female, indulging in the most lascivious orgies, when a great uproar was heard in the streets. A messenger was sent to ascertain the cause, and he returned with the appalling tidings that Galba, at the head of an avenging army, was marching rapidly upon Rome; that instruction had broken out in the streets, and that a countless mob, breathing threatening and slaughter, were surging toward the palace. The wretched tyrant, as cowardly as he was infamous, was struck with dismay. He sprang from the table, so suddenly as to overturn it, dashed on his knees, and in fragments upon the floor. Beating his forehead like a madman, he cried, "I am ruined! I am ruined!" and called for a cup of poison. Suicide was the common resort in those days of the cowardly in the hours of wretchedness. Nero, who had so often boasted that he would not drink it, now called for a dagger, examined its polished point, but had not sufficient nerve to press that to his heart. He then rushed from the palace, his woman's garb, and with a frantic and unsteady gait, he fled toward the Tiber. When he reached the banks of the Tiber, he saw a boat, and again his courage failed. He called for a boat, and he called for a boat. The young man asked the painter for money; for he was a beggar as well as a thief. "Come to my room and let me paint your portrait, and I will give you all you ask," said the artist. The young man followed the painter, and set for a sketch. When it was finished and he had received a few coins for his trouble, he turned to go, when he saw a man, who had turned pale, and then burst into tears. "What troubles you, my man?" asked the painter. "It is long since the Roman Senate has had hurriedly assembled. I am bolded by the insurrection, and by the approach of Galba, they passed a decree declaring Nero to be the enemy of his country, and dooming him to eternal ignominy. It is, according to ancient custom, one of Nero's companions brought him the tidings in his hiding-place. Pallid and trembling, he inquired, 'And what is death more major?' He then asked the painter, 'What is the standard of the emperor's head fastened in the pillory, and he encouraged to death!'"

THE DEATH OF NERO.

The monster who had assumed himself in witnessing the torture of others recoiled with horror from this dreadful affliction. Seizing a dagger, he again endeavored to nerve himself to plunge into his heart. A prick from the sharp point was all he could summon resolution to inflict. He threw the dagger aside and groined in terror. He then strove to talk himself into a more cheerful frame of mind, he was led into wicked places until all was lost; and then, unable to work and ashamed to beg, he began to steal, was caught, and imprisoned with the vilest of the wretches, and came out still more depraved, for he had committed crimes that he could not stop until brought to the gallows. It was a fearful tale, and brought tears into the artist's eyes. He besought the young man to stop, offered to help him, and tried his best to soothe him. But it was too late. Disease, contracted by disquiet, soon prostrated the young man, and he died before he could reform. The painter hung his portrait directly opposite that of the beautiful boy; and he allowed such a hideous look to be there, he told them the story, saying as he closed: "Between the angel and the demon there are only twenty years of vice."

THE DEATH OF NERO.

The lesson of this tale is the tale itself. You who read it can tell what it is. Think of it often and heed it always. One of the important juveniles who solicit pennies was asked, "Where is your mother?" She answered demurely, "She is dead." "How do you do father?" "Yes, sir, but he is sick." "What ails him?" continued the questioner. "He has got a sore finger, sir." "Indeed?" "Yes, sir." "Then why don't you cut it off?" "Please, sir," responded the child, "he has got any money to buy a knife."

THE DEATH OF NERO.

FASHIONABLE young ladies are reminded that the printed labels on the ends of thread spools are an excellent material from which to cut patterns for the new styles of bonnets.

THE DEATH OF NERO.

CANDIDATES for government offices in England are recommended upon various literary and scientific topics. "Lately one of them by a slip of the pen wrote 'Venice' in one of his papers. 'Do you know, sir, that there is but one 'Venice'?' asked the indignant examiner. 'Then eggs must be very scarce there,' was the reply.

THE DEATH OF NERO.

There is only one stimulant that never fails, and yet never intoxicates—Duty. Duty puts a blue sky over every gloom, and a golden sun over every which the sky has hidden. Always go singing.—Geo. D. Prentice.

THE DEATH OF NERO.

No man's spirits were ever hurt by doing his duty. The only condition, one sacrifice of desire or interest, purely for conscience sake, will prove a cordial for weak or low spirits, beyond what other indulgence, diversion, or company can do for them.

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John, I saw your cousin Isaac a few weeks ago, and he had just received a letter from his mother, who had died. He said that she had been very ill, and that she had died very peacefully. He said that she had been very kind, and that she had been very good. He said that she had been very kind, and that she had been very good. He said that she had been very kind, and that she had been very good.

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