The Bradford Reporter.

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ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted according to the following table of rates:

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1 inch	$1.50	3.00	5.00	6.00	10.00	$ 15
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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.

The REPORTER having a larger circulation than all the papers in the county combined, makes it the best advertising medium in Northern Pennsylvania.

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.

W. WALLACE KEELER,
HOUSE, SIGN AND FRESCO PAINTER.
Towanda, Sept. 15, 1870-yr

DAY, HUDDELL & SANDERSON
Miners and Shippers of the
SULLIVAN ANTHRACITE COAL,
mar.1'71 Towanda, Pa.

WM H. MORGAN, dealer in Real Estate, lots 5c. to $100 upwards. Office over the late B. S. Russell & Co.'s Banking House.

L. W. DIMMOCK, Dealer in all kinds of Roofing Slates, Towanda, Pa. All orders for Roofing promptly attended to. Particular attention given to Cottage and French Roofing. july26'71

TAILORESS.—Try MRS. FESSENDEN's work and prices. Shop in first yellow house between Ward House and Bakery, opposite Post-Office. Towanda Oct. 22, 1871.—6m 4p

R. FOWLER, REAL ESTATE DEALER, No. 278 South Water Street, Chicago, Illinois. Real Estate purchased and sold. Investments made and Money Loaned. May 10,'70.

SAMUEL POWELL, SON & CO have leased the Barber Shop one door west of the Elwell House, and respectfully ask a share of public patronage. mar.20'72

JOHN O. HUFF, AUCTIONEER. Will cheerfully attend all sales of real estate and personal property. All orders by mail or otherwise will be promptly attended to in any part of the county. Post-office address, Standing Stone and Myersburg, Bradford County, Pa. mar.20'72

GAYLORD BROS., *General Fire and Life Insurance Agency.* Policies covering loss and damage caused by lightning, in Wyoming, and other reliable companies, without additional charges. H. R. GAYLORD, Wyalusing, May 23, '71. S. C. GAYLORD.

JOHN DUNFEE, *BLACKSMITH*, of MONROETON, PA., pays particular attention to ironing Buggies, Wagons, Sleighs, &c. Tire set and repairing done on short notice. Work and charges guaranteed satisfactory. 12,15,69.

AMOS PENNYPACKER, HAS again established himself in the TAILORING BUSINESS. Shop over Rockwell's Store. Work of every description done in the latest style. Towanda, April 21, 1870.—tf

LEKAYSVILLE WOOLEN MILL
The undersigned would respectfully announce to the public that he keeps constantly on hand Woolen Cloths, Cassimeres, Flannels, Yarns, and all kinds at wholesale and retail. HAIGH & BROADLEY, Aug.10,'70. Proprietor.

CLINTON HOUSE,
ITHACA, N.Y.
S. D. THOMPSON, Propr.
Omnibus at the Depot free for the House. March 6, 1872-6m

C. S. RUSSELL'S
GENERAL
INSURANCE AGENCY,
may23'70—tf TOWANDA, PA.

THE UNDERSIGNED ARCHITECT AND BUILDER, wishes to inform the citizens of Towanda and vicinity, that he will give particular attention to drawing plans, designs and specifications for all manner of buildings, private and public. Superintendence given for reasonable compensation. Office at residence N. E. corner of Second and Elizabeth streets.
J. E. FLEMMING,
oct'271. Box 511, Towanda, Pa.

NEW PARLOR OF FASHION.
SHAVING, HAIR CUTTING, SHAMPOOING, and HAIR DYEING
Done in the Latest Style. Also particular pains taken in Cutting Ladies' and Children's Hair, Shampooing, Curling and Frizzing.
Go to GAUSAWAY & LINCHCOMB, over the National Hotel, Main Street, Towanda, Pa. March 6, 1872.

W. W. KINGSBURY,
REAL ESTATE, LIFE, FIRE, & ACCIDENT
INSURANCE AGENCY.
Office, corner of Main and State Streets,
March 13, 1872. TOWANDA, PA.

SASH, DOORS, AND BLINDS.
I am prepared to furnish Kiln-dried Doors, Sash and Blinds of any style, size, or thickness, on short notice. Hand in your orders ten days before you want to use the articles, and be sure that you will get doors that will not shrink or swell. Terms cash on delivery.
Towanda, July 19, 1871. GEO. P. CASH.

DAYTON & BROTHER,
Dealers in
WOOL, HIDES, PELTS, CALFSKINS, FURS, &C.,
For which the highest cash price is paid at all times. Office in M. E. Rosenfield's Store, Main-st.,
O. A. DAYTON,
J. E. DAYTON. nov.14,'70 TOWANDA, PA.

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.

NEW FIRM!
NEW GOODS, LOW PRICES!
AT MONROETON, PA.
TRACY & HOLLON,
Retail Dealers in Groceries and Provisions, Drugs and Medicines, Kerosene Oil, Lamps, Chimneys, Shades, 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—ly.

CHEAP PASSAGE FROM OR TO IRELAND OR ENGLAND.
GUION & CO.'S LINE OF 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,
Oct. 1, 1866. Towanda, Pa.

CHARLES F. DAYTON,
Successor to Humphrey Bros.,
HARNESS MAKER,
Over Moody's Store,
Keeps on hand a full assortment of DOUBLE and SINGLE HARNESS, and all other goods in his line. Repairing and manufacturing done to order.
Towanda, August 23, 1871.

H. JACOBS,
Has removed his
TEMPLE OF FASHION
To No 2 Patton's Block, Main street, second door above Bridge street,
Where can always be found a complete stock of
MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING,
AND
HATS AND CAPS.
All goods warranted, and sold at the lowest rates. may16'71

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

JAMES WOOD, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Towanda, Pa.

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

WM. FOYLE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Towanda, Pa., Office with Elisha Smith, south side Mercur's Block. April 14, 70

SMITH & MONTANYE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Office—corner of Main and Pine Streets, opposite Porter's Drug Store.

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

DR. T. B. JOHNSON, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Office over Dr. H. C. Porter Son & Co.'s Drug Store.

DR. C. K. LADD, PHYSICIAN and Surgeon. Towanda, Pa. Office one door north of Day, Huddell & Sanderson's coal office. jan18'72

L. P. WILLISTON
ATTORNEY AT LAW, TOWANDA.
South side of Mercur's New Block, up stairs. April 21, '70—tf.

H. B. MCKEAN, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Towanda, Pa. Particular attention paid to business in the Orphans' Court. July 30, '68.

KELLY & STANLEY, DENTISTS. Office over Wickham & Black's Store, Towanda, Pa. Gas for extracting teeth.
W. B. KELLY. [mar.20'72] C. M. STANLEY.

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

J. & D. C. DEWITT, *Attorneys-at-Law*, Towanda, Pa., having formed a co-partnership, tender their professional services to the public. Special attention given to EVERY DEPARTMENT of the business, at the county seat or elsewhere.
JACOB DEWITT,
D. CLINTON DEWITT.
TOWANDA, Pa., Dec. 12, 1870.

JOHN N. CALIFF, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Towanda, Pa. Particular attention given to Orphans' Court business, Conveyancing and Collections. ☞ Office in Wood's new block, south of the First National Bank, up stairs. Feb. 1, 1871.

C. H. WARNER, Physician and Surgeon, LeRaysville, Bradford Co., Pa. All calls promptly attended to. Office first door south of LeRaysville House. Sept. 15, 1870.—yr

OVERTON & ELSBREE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Towanda, Pa., having entered into copartnership, offer their professional services to the public. Special attention given to business in the Orphan's and Register's Courts. spl 14'70
E. OVERTON, JR. N. C. ELSBREE.

MERCUR & DAVIES, 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. W. T. DAVIES.
March 9, 1870.

W. A. & B. M. PECK'S LAW OFFICE.
Main three opposite the Court House, Towanda, Pa. Oct. 27,'70.

A. A. KEENEY, COUNTY SUPERINTENDENT, Towanda, Pa. Office with B. M. Peck, second door below the Ward House. Will be at the office the last Saturday of each month and at all other times when not called away on business connected with the Superintendency. All letters should hereafter be addressed as above. dec 1.70

DR. J. W. LYMAN,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office one door east of Reporter building Residence, corner Pine and 2nd street.
Towanda, June 22, 1871.

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, '50.

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.

DR. D. D. SMITH, *Dentist*, has purchased G. H. Wood's property, between Mercur's Block and the Elwell House, where he has located his office. Teeth extracted without pain by use of gas. Towanda, Oct. 20, 1870.—yr.

Hotels.

DINING ROOMS
IN CONNECTION WITH THE BAKERY,
Near the Court House.
We are prepared to feed the hungry at all times of the day and evening. Oysters and Ice Cream in their seasons.
March 30, 1870. D. W. SCOTT & CO.

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 Griffis, 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, 868—tf.

MEANS HOUSE, TOWANDA, PA.,
COR. MAIN AND BRIDGE STREETS.
The Horses, Harness, &c. of all guests of this house, insured against loss by Fire, without any extra charge.
A superior quality of Old English Bass Ale, just received. T. R. JORDAN,
Towanda, Jan. 24, '71. Proprietor.

BRADFORD HOTEL,
TOWANDA, PA.
The subscriber having leased and lately fitted up the above Hotel, lately kept by him as a saloon and boarding house, on the south side of BRIDGE STREET, next to the rail-road, is now prepared to entertain the public with good accomodations on reasonable charges. No trouble or expense will be spared to accomodate those calling on him. His bar will be furnished with choice brands of Cigars, Liquors, Ales, &c.
Good Stabling attached. WM. HENRY,
Towanda, June 1, 1871.—tol May 72 Proprietor.

WARD HOUSE,
TOWANDA,
BRADFORD COUNTY, PENN'A.
This popular house, recently leased by Messrs. KOON & MEANS, and having been completely refitted, remodeled, and refurnished, affords to the public all the comforts and modern conveniences of a first-class Hotel. Situate opposite the Park on Main Street, it is eminently convenient for persons visiting Towanda, either for pleasure or business.
sep6'71 KOON & MEANS, Proprietors.

MANSION HOUSE,
LERAYSVILLE, PA.
W. W. BROWNING, PROPRIETOR.
This House is conducted in strictly Temperance Principles. Every effort will be made to make guests comfortable. Good rooms and the table will always be supplied with the best the market affords. Nov. 1, 1871.

MERCURS BANK,
TOWANDA, PA.
(Successor to D. S. Russell & Co., Bankers.)
Receives Deposits, Loans Money, Makes Collections, and does a
GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS,
same as an Incorporated Bank.
To persons desiring to send money to ANY PART of the United States, Canada or Europe, this Bank offers the best facilities and the lowest terms.
PASSAGE TICKETS
To and from Nova Scotia, England, Ireland, Scotland, or any part of Europe and the Orient, by the
CELEBRATED INMAN LINE
Of Steamers always on hand.
Buys and sells Gold, Silver, United States Bonds at market rates.
Agent for the sale of Northern Pacific 7 3-10 Bonds.
M. C. MERCUR, President.
WM. S. VINCENT, Cashier. mar.15'71

COFFEE, TEA, SUGAR, FISH, &c., wholesale and retail.
July 1. MCGABE & MIX.

Selected Poetry.

LITTLE MARY'S WISH.

BY MRS. L. M. ELINE.

"I have seen the first robin of Spring, mother dear,
And have heard the brown darling sing;
You said, 'Hear it and wish, and 'twill surely come true;'
So I've wished such a beautiful thing!

I thought I would like to wish something for you,
But I couldn't think what it could be
That you'd want while you had all these beautiful things;
Besides, you have papa and me!

So I wished for a ladder: so long that 'twould stand
One end by our own cottage door,
And the other go up past the moon and the stars,
And lean against Heaven's white door.

Then I'd get you to put on my pretty white dress,
With my sash and my pretty new shoes,
Then I'd find some white roses to take up to God—
The most beautiful ones I could choose.

And you and dear papa would sit on the ground
And kiss me and tell me 'Good-by;'
Then I'd go up the ladder far out of your sight
Till I came to the door in the sky!

I wonder if God keeps the door fastened tight?
If but one little crack I could see,
I would whisper, 'Please, God, let this little girl in;
She's as tired as she can be!

She came all alone from the earth to the sky:
For she's always been waiting to see
The gardens of Heaven, with their robins and flowers,
Please, God, is there room there for me?'

And then, when the angels had opened the door,
God would say, 'Bring the little child here,'
But He'd speak it so so softly I'd not be afraid;
And He'd smile just like you, mother dear!

He would put His kind arms round your dear little girl,
And I'd ask Him to send down for you,
And papa, and cousin, and all that I love—
Oh, dear! don't you wish 'twould come true?"

The next spring time, when the robins came home,
They sang over grass and flowers
That grew where the foot of the ladder stood,
Whose top reached the heavenly bowers.

And the parents had dressed the pale still child
For her flight to the summer land,
In a fair, white robe, with one snow-white rose
Folded tight in her pulseless hand.

And now at the foot of the ladder they sit,
Looking up with quiet tears,
Till the beckoning hand and the fluttering robe
Of the child at the top appears!

Miscellaneous.

LEARN TO SAY NO.

BY MRS. F. F. CHAMBERLAIN.

Charles Haskell was just sixteen. He had finished his course of study at the High School, and being impetuous and active, he longed to begin his part in the drama of life. The day came on which he was to leave his childhood's home. His mother's parting advice was earnestly given; she said, "I have prayed for the blessing of Heaven upon you—in life, leave such 'footprints on the sands of time,' as you would wish your dearest friends to follow. Let the Bible be your guide, and in every temptation learn to say no. I have embroidered the motto as a bookmark for you; it is done with strands of my own hair. Before we meet again, all that is mortal of me, except these few strands, may be crumbled into dust. Then let the motto be a reminder of all a mother could counsel a loved son."

Young Haskell went to a distant city. His unseen guardian angel went with him, and the tempter also, and now the contest for mastery between the two began.

SCENE I.

"Well, Chum, you've come to the city in just the right time. This is fair week, and we clerks can choose any one day we please to go. There is always the biggest crowd the day the horses race. Oh, it's glorious excitement the way they bet. And then you'll see more 'blooded stock' in one day than in a life-time of common observation." They decided to go together, and Haskell felt secure in the thought that he could not be induced to bet—oh, no, not he.

"Look, Charley, here they come; see that arched neck, and how those hoofs keep time to the music." The ring is seen filled with spirited mettle, and "hurrah, I bet," are sounds that fill the air. "You bet ten dollars," said the dark tempter. "Bet nothing," said the guardian angel. "Remember your prayer, 'lead me not into temptation,' and here you are in the midst of it." "Go ahead and run your chance to make your ten a hundred," said the dark spirit. Remember the good prophet Ezekiel says: 'Behold, therefore, I have written my hand at thy dishonest gain which thou hast made,'" said the guardian angel.

Haskell turned to his companion and said: "I'll leave the crowd. I'll not take the first step towards being a gambler."

SCENE II.

Again the tempter came. "Have a cigar, Charley, these are royal Havanas. Quite a genteel article." The cigar lay on the table before him. "Be genteel and smoke," said a dark voice, "It's very social when with a friend to while an hour away, and forget the cares of life in the fragrant weed." "Don't begin," said a mild, sweet monitor. "It will introduce a long scale of physical evils, and you cannot afford to discount your time."

"Thank you," said Charley, "I do not wish to learn to smoke. I have no desire to die of any of the nervous diseases of smokers."

"Ha! ha! Charley! You're quite a philosopher and Puritan. For my part I'm not tied to my mother's apron string, and as we don't go through this vale of tears but once, I'm bound to have a good time as I go along. Good-by, Puritan Charlie."

"Evil communications corrupt good manners," said Charles. "One cannot smoke without spitting—the latter is certainly considered ill-mannered, and the former a bad habit."

[For the Reporter.]

SCRAPS.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

Marvelous book! Immortalized writer! But whence came it? From fact or fancy? Is it a figure or a fiction? It is very strange. How could a Northern Abolitionist female, acquire the facts, and language, and very chuckle of slave life in the South?

Thirty-two years ago, Mr. Henry Ward Beecher became pastor of a church in Indianapolis, and remained in that city eight years. Mrs. H. B. Stowe was at that time a mere girl, and spent much of her time at the home of her brother Henry. It would have astonished any one passing through that quarter of the city where Mr. B.'s residence was located, to behold a single old rude cabin, closely surrounded by the most superb edifices. And the more so, when he should learn that the authorities had given orders that that "cabin" should not be molested so long as the inmates should live. And who were the inmates? A solitary couple, with color contrasting as much with that of their neighbors as the mean "cabin" did with their stately abodes.

These persons had spent long years in Southern slavery and suffering; but a kind Providence had by some means given them to spend their last years in a free city. They were both most cheerful, talkative Christians. Many a neighbor and citizen delighted to step over to Uncle Tom's and spend any spare moments that he might have, there, listening to the genuine negro dialect, and to the tales of a long and hard bondage. Among others who thus entered this cabin was Mr. Beecher and his sister. Nor was it a rare thing for them to do so, but very frequent indeed. Mr. B. embraced every opportunity to communicate to Uncle Tom words of religious information and comfort, but his sister only listened. Little did the future author—or authoress, as a very doubtful refinement would say—little did the future author dream that in acquiring slave facts and dialect, she was laying the foundation of a work that should fill the world with her name and her praise. Yet when a brief period had passed, and marriage had come, and extreme poverty too—alas! that one should follow the other—she remembers the cheerful, happy moments she had spent in an abode as humble as hers, listening to cheerful converse from one who had nothing. Then she thinks of the agitated state of the country over the "vexed question." And desiring to do something to relieve her financial misfortunes, she seizes the far-reaching idea that, taking the Indianapolis Uncle Tom's cabin for a text, she can lay open the whole Southern institution. Seating herself by a pine table—she could afford no better—she *writes* and is *immortal!*

CIRCULATING LIBRARIES.

Whence started this thought-giving project, and how far has it proceeded? Pamphilias, the Presbyter of Cæsarea, who lived at the close of the third century, collected a library in that city which contained thirty thousand volumes. This collection seems to have been made chiefly for the use of religious scholars of that day, as the books were lent out freely to all who were religiously disposed. Jerome mentions this library, and Dr. Adam Clark remarks upon it, "that this is the first notice we have of a circulating library." So that they who establish such libraries now, are but doing what was done more than fifteen centuries ago. Over the doorway of a very ancient stationary library, were these words: "The healing of the soul." The number of public libraries of any considerable note within the bounds of the United States, is about 180, containing 2,355,237 volumes. The number containing over twenty thousand volumes is about twenty, of which the Astor library of New York city is the largest, containing about one hundred thousand volumes. The largest European library is the Imperial library of Paris, established in 1877, and containing, previous to their late war, more than one million volumes, of which over eighty thousand were in manuscript form.

H. HARPST.

CHAPPED HANDS.—The chapping of hands is caused by having them a good deal in water, as in washing dishes, cooking, etc., in very cold weather; the skin being softened by the water, and dried too rapidly by the fire, contracts and cracks; sometimes the fingers become so sore that sewing is impossible. The best plan of treatment is to put the hands in water as seldom as practicable, then at bed-time put half a teaspoonful of sweet oil in the palm, and work it into the skin of the hands and fingers most thoroughly; put on a pair of lisle thread or old kid gloves at bed-time, and wear them all night; there will be a wonderful relief of the soreness by the next morning, and a perfect cure in two or three days. If the hands must be in water more or less every day, then try the oil and gloves at night, using the gloves without washing, all winter, if necessary, for they become saturated with the oil, and thus act more efficiently by keeping the skin soft all the time. A great many complicated mixtures are advised, but there is nothing equal to sweet oil or glycerine used as above. The glycerine answers a good purpose, if worked into the hands every morning, just after they are washed for the day. Honey is said to be very good in this connection, but a tidy person recoils at the idea of having honey or anything else sticking to the hands and fingers all day. Some persons advise: "Take equal parts of unsalted fresh butter, mutton tallow, beeswax and stoned raisins. Simmer until the raisins are done to a crisp. Strain, pour into a cup and let it cool, and rub it into the hands before going to bed or going out into the wind." The only really beneficial ingredient in the above is the unsalted butter; and oil or glycerine is much better.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

—The people of Manitowoc, Wis., had a grand celebration of the completion of their dry dock, but woke up next morning to find that the dock had caved in entirely.

A CITY OF THE PAST.

Toward the close of the eighth century, the house of Abbas founded on the banks of the Tigris the metropolis of the Mohammedan faith. Bagdad arose in the midst of a scene filled with the fame of ruined cities. Not far off was Babylon, still faintly traced out on its desolate plain, the stone pictures Ninevah and the palaces of Meydeh. The fallen cities, it is said, were rifled to complete the grandeur of the sacred capitol. The Saracen preyed upon the last labors of the Assyrians, and the wealth of the Moslem world and the conquered Christians were employed in providing a proper home for the vicegerent of heaven. Mohammedan writers labor with vain epithets to point the splendor of Bagdad, when under the vigorous rule of Harounal-Raschid and his vizier Jaffler, it suddenly outstripped in prosperity and holiness all earthly cities. It was the central shrine of the Moslem faith. The commander of the Faithful raised over its people. The power of Haroun was felt in distant Spain and on the banks of the Indus; the Tigris once more labored beneath the commerce of mankind; the merchants of Egypt and India met in the bazaars of Bagdad; the Christian and the fire-worshipper, the Brahmin and the Jew, filled its prosperous streets.

It is not probable, therefore, that the Arab accounts are greatly exaggerated. Bagdad possessed a powerful citadel, a circle of lofty walls, a royal palace on the Tigris, whose endless halls were adorned with all the grace of Saracenic architecture, and mosques of unequalled splendor. It is the most populous city of an age when Rome was a hal-deserted ruin, when London and Paris were barbarous towns, and Charlemagne was vainly striving to make his capitol in the wilderness of Flanders, a centre of Western progress. The human spirit of Mohammedanism had filled Bagdad with hospitals, dispensaries, and edifices of public charity. The private houses of its wealthy merchants were adorned with marble and gold. The graceful court was filled with fountains, rich hangings of silk and velvet covered the lofty walls. Divans of satin and tables of costly workmanship, the richest fruits and flowers, and the rarest wines and viands set off those costly banquets, at which the degenerate descendants of Mohammed delighted to violate every principle of their austere law.

But still more remarkable was the intellectual position of the Eastern Capitol. The renown of Babylon or Ninevah had been altogether material; the children of the desert surrounded themselves with all the refinements of literature and the arts. The wealthy Arabs were educated in poetry, music and language; common schools were provided, at which the humblest citizen might learn to read and write with accuracy the favorite precepts of the Koran. Colleges, taught by professors of eminent attainments, drew in throngs of students. Libraries, enriched by the spoils of Grecian and Roman thought, awoke a boundless ardor for letters. The Arabic annals abound with notices of famous scholars, renowned in every land where the Arabic was spoken, and of poets, historians and men of science, who had charmed the advancing intellect of the children of Arabian sands.

THAD STEVENS WIT.—Mr. Stevens was rarely excelled in repartee. He was always ready, and his satire was sharper than bayonets. The people of Lancaster never tire of repeating his sayings. He tried a case before a judge not celebrated for his wisdom. The judge gave a ruling that disgusted Mr. Stevens, as his face clearly indicated. "Does the Court understand the counsel to express contempt for its ruling?" said the judge. "No, may it please your honor; I was trying to *sup*-press contempt."

When the rebels burned his iron foundry and property at Gettysburg—which they did with a relish—Mr. Stevens remarked, "Had Lee burnt up my liabilities at the same time I would have been much obliged to him."

When Keitt, of South Carolina attacked Mr. Stevens, and told him about a pious deacon he had on his plantation, Mr. Stevens asked what the price of deacons was in his district, and how much more a negro would bring than a deacon.

A Lutheran minister left the pulpit and became a democratic politician. He met Mr. Stevens soon after, and, inquiring about his health, received an answer: "I am very well. I take care of my system, and above all things, keep my conscience pure. I suppose you have heard that I have abandoned politics and am studying for the ministry."

A STRANGE STORY.—About five years ago a youth, apparently fifteen or sixteen years of age, called at the publishing house of John E. Potter & Co., in Philadelphia, and offered a manuscript story for publication. Mr. Potter, the head of the firm, who happened to be in at the time, smiled at the idea of one so youthful aspiring to appear in literature as the author of a book, but finally, at the urgent request of the boy, consented to keep the manuscript a few days and look it over. When he had done so he was convinced that the story, while evincing a lack of polished education on the part of the boyish author, possessed considerable merit as an exciting novel, some of the scenes being described with wonderful power, and after consulting with the other members of the House, decided to publish it. When the youth called a few days afterward he told him of his conclusion, and it was agreed that the author should receive a royalty of ten cents a copy on all sold. The story was duly published in book form under the title of "White Rocks," and since that time one hundred and seventy thousand copies have been sold. But what is singular about it is that the youthful author has never been seen or heard of since, and there is now due him the sum of $17,000 as copyright on his story.—*Boston Times.*

NOBODY'S DARLING.

Little and pallid, and poor and shy,
With a dormant look in her soft, gray eye;
No scornful toss of a queenly head,
But a drooping head of the neck instead;
No ringing laugh, LIKE an dancing feet,
No subtle wiles, and abandon sweet,
No jewels costly, no garments fine—
She is Nobody's Darling—but mine!

No "Dolly Varden's" coquettish airs;
No high-heeled boots to throw her down stairs
No yachting jacket and nautical style,
With a sailor's hat that she calls her "ile."
But "Lady" is stamped on her quiet brow;
And she crept in my heart I can't tell how;
Not made to dazzle—not born to shine—
Nobody's—Nobody's Darling—but mine!

No saucy, ravishing, girlish grace,
But a settled calm on the sweet, pale face;
No sparkling chatter and repartee;
Very silent and still is she.
White and still is my pearl of pearls,
Yet to me she seemeth the queen of girls:
Why I love her I can't define,
For she's Nobody's—Nobody's Darling—but mine!

Were riches here, or a beauty rare,
She would lose her charm and become less fair;
Were rings to shine on those fingers small,
They could not add to their grace at all:
She would learn to smile and speak by rule,
In the foolish book of Dame Fashion's school;
And the world to spoil her would soon combine;
Now she's Nobody's Darling—but mine!

The day has come when the cooing dove
Croons to his mate a song of love,
When Nature stirs, and the copses ring,
In all the joyance of dawning Spring.
The day has come when I dare to speak,
To watch the blush on the once pale cheek;
To whisper low on St. Valentine,
"Darling! Nobody's Darling but mine!"

A HOUSE WHERE MEN NEVER LAUGH.

How do you think you would like to live, fearing every moment to be blown up; not daring to speak loud, to jar anything, for fear of starting an explosion that would send you in an instant to the other world?

You don't think it would be very pleasant? Well, it isn't; yet hundreds of men live in just that state—work, receive pay, and live, year after year, in the very sight of death, as it were; all that the world may have gunpowder.

You can easily guess that those men go about very quietly, and never laugh.

You know that gunpowder is very dangerous in a gun or near a fire, but perhaps you don't know that it is equally dangerous all through the process of making. A powder mill is a fearful place to visit, and strangers are very seldom allowed to go into one. They are built far from the town, in the woods, and each branch of the work is done in a separate building. These houses are quite a distance from each other, so that if one blows up, it won't blow up the rest. Then the lower parts of the building are made very strong, while the roofs are very lightly set on, so that if it explodes only the roof will suffer. But in spite of every care, sometimes a whole settlement of the powder mills go off almost in an instant, and every vestige of the work of years will be swept away in a few seconds.

But though you feel like holding your breath to look at it, it is really a very interesting process to see. It is made, perhaps you know, of charcoal, saltpeter and brimstone. Each of these articles is prepared in a house by itself; but the house where they are mixed is the first terrible one. In this building is an immense millstone, rolling round and round in an iron bed. In this bed, and under the stone are put the three fearful ingredients of gunpowder. They are there thoroughly mixed and ground together.

This is a very dangerous operation, because if the stone comes in contact with its iron bed, it is very apt to strike fire, and the merest suspicion of a spark would set off the whole. The materials are spread three or four inches thick in the bed; the wheel, which goes by water, is started, and every man leaves the place. The door is shut, and the machinery left to do its terrible work alone. When it has run long enough, the mill is stopped, and the men come back. The operation leaves the powder in lumps or cakes.

The next house is where these cakes are broken into grains, and, of course, is quite as dangerous as the last one. But the men can't go away from this: they are obliged to attend to it every moment; and you may be sure no laugh or joke is ever heard within its walls. Every one who goes in has to take off his boots, and put on rubbers, because one grain of the dangerous powder, crushed by the boot, would explode the whole in an instant.

The floor of this house is covered with leather, and is made perfectly black by the dust of the gunpowder. It contains a set of sieves each one smaller than the last, through which the powder is sifted; and an immense ground and laboring mill, where it is ground up, while men shovel it with wooden shovels. The machinery makes a great deal of noise, but the men are silent, as in the other houses. The reckless crashing of the machinery even seems to give greater horror, and one is very glad to get out of that house.

The glazing house comes next. Glazing is done by mixing black lead with the powder, to give it a black and shiny look. The powder is put into barrels, which revolve for several hours. That polishes the grains by their rubbing together. Of course the dust flies from all these operations, and the workmen, silent, like the rest, look like very black negroes, working in the blackest of powder, in a room whose walls and floors are blacker than the rest, if possible. It has a very singular look to a stranger, and added to the horrible silence, makes one feel that the whole world has gone into mourning. Often, the gunpowder revolving so rapidly in the barrels, gets very hot; so this, too, is a dangerous operation.

The storing house is the next on the list, and there the gunpowder is heated on wooden trays. It is very hot and no workmen stay there. From there it goes to the packing house, and is put up in barrels, kegs and canisters.

Safely through all these houses, it goes at last to the storehouse. One feels like drawing a long breath to see the fearful stuff safely packed away out of the hands of men in this curious house.

You have heard of things being as dry as a powder house, but you wouldn't think this house very dry. It is almost imbedded in water. Did you ever hear of a water roof before? Instead of steps to go in, there are shallow tanks of water through which every one must walk to the door.

In none of these powder houses is any light ever allowed except sunlight. The wages are good, the day's work is short, ending always at three or four o'clock. But the men have a serious look that makes one think every moment of the danger, and glad to get away.

Though curiosity may take a man once to visit a powder mill, he has no desire to go the second time; and he feels all the rest of his life that for once he has been very near death.

GOOD AS WHEAT.

Never be cast down by trifles. If a spider breaks his thread twenty times he will mend it again. Make up your mind to do a thing and you will do it. Fear not, if trouble come upon you; keep up your spirits though the day may be a dark one,

"Troubles never stop forever;
The darkest day will pass away."

If the sun goes down, look up at the stars; if the earth is dark keep your eyes on Heaven.

"Never despair when fog's in the air,
A sunshiny morning comes without warning."

Mind what you run after. Never be contented with a bubble that will burst, or a firework that ends in smoke or darkness. Get that which you can keep, and which is worth keeping.

"Something sterling that stay,
When gold and silver fly away."

Fight hard against a hasty temper. Anger will come, but resist it stoutly. A spark may set a house on fire. A fit of passion may give you cause to mourn all the days of your life.

"He that revenges knows no rest;
The meek possess a peaceful breast."

If you have an enemy act kindly to him, and make him your friend. You may not win him over at once, but try again. Let one kindness be followed by another till you have accomplished your end. By little and little great things are accomplished.

"Water falling day by day
Wears the hardest rock away."

And so oft repeated kindness will soften a heart of stone.

Whatever you do, do it willingly.

"A cheerful spirit gets on quick,
A grumbler in the mud will stick."

Evil thoughts are worse enemies than lions and tigers, for we can keep out of the way of wild beasts, but bad thoughts win their way everywhere. The cup that is full will hold no more; keep your head and heart full of good thoughts that bad thoughts may find no room to enter.

"Be on your guard and strive and pray,
To drive all wicked thoughts away."

KEEP STRAIGHT AHEAD.—Pay no attention to slanders or gossip-mongers. Keep straight on in your course, and let their backbiting die the death of neglect. What is the use lying awake nights, brooding over the remarks of some false friend, that run through your brain like forked lightning?

What's the use of getting into a worry and fret over gossip that has been set afloat to your disadvantage by some meddlesome busybody, who has more time than character?

Those things can't possibly injure you unless indeed, you take notice of them, and in combating them give them character and standing. If what is said about you is true, set yourself right at once; if it is false, let it go for what it will fetch.

If a bee stings you, would you go to the hive and destroy it? Would not a thousand come upon you?

It is wisdom to say little respecting the injuries you have received.

We are generally losers in the end if we stop to refute all backbitings and gossipings we may hear by the way. They are annoying, it is true, but not dangerous so long as we do not stop to expostulate and scold.

Our characters are sustained by our own actions and purposes, and not by others.

Let us