The Bradford Reporter.

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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.

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—STRICTLY CASH.

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOHN DUNFEE, *BLACKSMITH*, 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 styles. Towanda, April 21, 1870.—tf

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

BARTLETT & TRACY, GENERAL *INSURANCE AGENTS* AND *REAL ESTATE BROKERS*, TOWANDA, PA. Oct. 20, 1873.

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. P. FLEMMING, Oct5'71 Box 511, Towanda, Pa.

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. F CASH.

INSURANCE.—The following reliable and FIRE TRIED Companies represented. LANCASHIRE, PHENIX, HOME, MERCHANTS. Mar 19 '74-tf. O. A. BLACK.

G. W. HEATH Has established his business of Manufacturing and Repairing all kinds of EDGE TOOLS, MILL PICKS, MADE AND DRESSED He also makes the best STRAW CUTTER now in use. All orders filled promptly, at MEANS, ROCKWELL & CO., TOWANDA, PA. Jan 14, '74-3m.

BAKERY! CONFECTIONERY!! GROCERIES!

The undersigned begs leave to return thanks to the people of Towanda and vicinity for the very generous patronage extended to him during the past season, and at the same time to give notice that he has added to his business a stock of

BEST FAMILY GROCERIES

Which he is prepared to offer AT THE LOWEST PRICES.

He will still continue the Baking business in all its branches, and can furnish anything in this line on the shortest notice and

GUARANTEE SATISFACTION.

He has also fitted up a DINING ROOM, Where he will at all times be ready to furnish Meals or Lunchons at much lower rates than usual.

Farmers and others visiting town are invited to call.

Parties supplied with Ice Cream, Cakes, Fruit, and Confectionery at short notice.

Remember the place, nearly opposite the Means House. Sept. 11, '72. HORACE A. COWLES.

TO OUR PATRONS.

GEO. H. WOOD & CO., PHOTOGRAPHERS, TOWANDA, PA.

Grateful for the generous patronage of the past year, would inform all wanting Pictures that we are still adding to our establishment

NEW AND IMPROVED INSTRUMENTS,

And adopting tried and approved modes of printing and retouching in order to secure

FINER PHOTOGRAPHS THAN HERETOFORE

made outside of the cities, and that we make it a specialty to enlarge all kinds of Pictures to any size desired, and finish in Water Colors, India Ink, or in Oil, in the

BEST STYLES AND VERY LOW PRICES.

We also endeavor to take all the time possible in taking childrens pictures, so as to secure the best results.

We are constantly adding to our stock of

FRAMES

All new patterns and tasteful styles, and furnish them at a small advance from cost prices. May 14, 1873.

TO THE CITIZENS OF PENNSYLVANIA.—Your attention is specially invited to the fact that the National Banks are now prepared to receive subscriptions to the Capital Stock of the Centennial Board of Finance. The funds realized from this source are to be employed in the erection of the buildings for the International Exhibition, and the expenses connected with the same. It is confidently believed that the Keystone State will be represented by the name of every citizen alive to patriotic commemoration of the one hundredth birth-day of the nation. The shares of stock are offered for $10 each, and subscribers will receive a handsomely steel engraved Certificate of Stock, suitable for framing and preservation as a national memorial.

Interest at the rate of six per cent per annum will be paid on all payments of Centennial Stock from date of payment to January 1, 1876.

Subscribers who are not near a National Bank can remit a check or post-office order to the undersigned.

FREDK. FRALEY, Treasurer, Sept 4, '73. 904 Walnut St., Phil'a.

TOWANDA NURSERY.

The undersigned having purchased the NURSERY ON TOWANDA FLATS, calls attention to his large stock of FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL TREES Which he is now prepared to DELIVER ON MOST REASONABLE TERMS. Orders in person or by mail promptly attended to. HENRY PEET. Towanda, April 16.

TO THE PUBLIC.—Having had nearly fifteen years experience in boring round pump logs, I offer my services to the public. Work attended to in any part of the county in short meter and satisfaction guaranteed. CALVIN ALLEN, New Albany March 19th.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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

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

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

DR. C. M. STANLEY, DENTIST, successor to Dr. Weston. Office in Patton's Block, up stairs, Main Street, Towanda, Pa. All kinds of plate work a specialty. Jan. 15'73

DR. S. M. WOODBURN, Physician and Surgeon, Office over Wickham & Black's Crockery store. Towanda, May 1, 1872.-1y*

FOYLE & McPHERSON, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Towanda, Pa. Will give prompt attention to all matters entrusted to their care. Orphans' Court business a specialty. W. FOYLE. [may21'73] I. M'PHERSON.

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

H. W. PATRICK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Office, Mercur's Block, next door to the Express Office, Towanda, Pa. July17,1873.

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

W. B. KELLY, DENTIST.—Office over Wickham & Black's, Towanda, Pa. Teeth inserted on Gold, Silver, Rubber, and Aluminum base. Teeth extracted without pain. Oc23,72

MADILL & CALIFF, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Towanda, Pa.

H. J. MADILL, J. N. CALIFF. Office in Wood's Block, first door south of First National Bank, up stairs. Jan 8,'73-1y

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. apl 14'70

E. OVERTON, JR. N. C. ELSBREE.

JOHN W. MIX, *ATTORNEY-AT-LAW*, TOWANDA, PA.

Special attention given to claims against Insurance Companies, Office, North side of Public Square. [Dec 18'72.

MR. D. L. DODSON, OPERATIVE AND MECHANICAL DENTIST. North Maine-st., opposite Episcopal Church, Towanda, Pa. All dental operations a specialty. Jan 14.

PECK & STREETER, *LAW OFFICE*, TOWANDA, PA. W. A. PECK. [Jan.15'74] H. STREETER.

E. C. GRIDLEY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, April 1, 1873. Towanda, Pa.

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.

FEET & DAVIES, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, MERCUR'S BLOCK, Apr 1'74. Towanda, Pa.

HALE & PATTON, AGENTS FOR CONNECTICUT MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO. Office No 3 Griffith & Patton's Block, Bridge Street, March 26, 1874.

P. A. QUICK, M. D., GRADUATE UNIVERSITY OF BUFFALO, N. Y., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, SUGAR RUN, PA. Office at Store of J. STOWELL. March 26, 1874-3m*.

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.

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.

BETHLEHEM, PA. "OLD MORAVIAN SUN INN," BUILT 1758.

Rich in historical interest, it is the only building in the country except Independence Hall, honored by the sojourn within its walls of Washington, LaFayette, Lee, Gates and other patriots of the revolution. This popular hotel has recently changed hands, been improved, entirely refurnished, and the proprietor cordially invites his friends and travelling public to give him a call—no pains will be spared to render their stay comfortable. People en route for Philadelphia will find it convenient to spend the night here, reaching the city about eight in the morning. A sample room on first floor for accommodation of commercial agents. C. T. SMITH, Sept 4, 1873. Proprietor.

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 28, 1871.

STEAM SAW MILL, SHINGLE MILL, AND CIDER MILL, IN SHESHEQUIN.

My Mill is now in good order, and I am prepared to do all kinds of work in my line on short notice.

LUMBER, SHINGLES and LATH, always on hand.

I also offer for sale a 25 Horse-Power Engine and Boiler, cheap. O. P. AYERS. Sheshequin, April 22, 1872

FOR SALE OR RENT.—A desirable House and Lot on Fourth street, fifth house north of O. D. Bartlett's, convenient to Institute or Graded school. Enquire on premises. Towanda, March 12, '74-tf. WM. H. MOORHIP.

Selected Poetry.

"NOT UNTO US."

A PARABLE.

A little boy had sought a pump
From which the sparkling water burst,
And drank with eager joy the draught
That kindly quenched his raging thirst;
Then gracefully he couched his cap—
"I thank you, Mr. Pump," he said,
For this nice drink you've given me!"
(This little boy had been well bred.)

"Then said the pump: "My little man,
You're welcome to what I have done;
But I am not the one to thank—
I only help the water run."
"Oh, then," the little fellow said,
(Polite he always meant to be),
"Cold Water, please accept my thanks,
You have been very kind to me."

"Ah!" said Cold Water, "don't thank me;
Far up the hillside lives the Spring
That sends me forth with generous hand
To gladden every living thing."
"I'll thank the Spring, then," said the boy,
And gracefully he bowed his head.
"Oh, don't thank me, my little man,"
The Spring, with silvery accents, said—

"Oh, don't thank me—for what am I
Without the Dew and Summer Rain?
Without their aid I no'er could quench
Your thirst, my little boy, again."
"Oh, well, then," said the little boy,
"I'll gladly thank the Rain and Dew."
"Pray, don't thank us—without the Sun
We could not fill one cup for you."

"Then, Mr. Sun, ten thousand thanks
For all that you have done for me."
"Stop!" said the Sun, with blushing face,
"My little fellow, don't thank me;
'Twas from the Ocean's mighty stores
I drew this draught I gave to thee."
"Oh, Ocean, thanks!" then said the boy.
"It echoed back, "Not unto me—

"Not unto me, but unto Him
Who formed the depths in which I lie,
Go with thy thanks, my little boy,
To Him who will thy wants supply."
The boy took off his cap and said,
In tones so gentle and subdued,
"O God, I thank Thee for this gift;
Then art the Giver of all good."

—*Good Words.*

Miscellanous.

[For the REPORTER.]

LETTERS FROM ITALY.

No. 1.

As some of your readers may feel interested in reading an account of a trip which was to me one of great pleasure, I propose with your permission, to give some of my experience during a month on the continent of Europe, most of which, however, was spent in Italy.

We left London by the London & Brighton Railway, on a dismal, foggy, and rainy evening in January, at about eight o'clock. We reached Newhaven about ten o'clock, and immediately went aboard the little steamer, "Orleans," which was to take us over the eighty miles of channel between there and Dieppe. We found the cabin quite cosy in appearance, but as the water outside was very rough, and everything promised a "nasty" night. All the passengers disposed themselves in the most comfortable manner with reference to the inevitable sea-sickness. Soon everybody was stretched out on the hard sofas arranged about the outside of the cabin. We got under way at last, and almost immediately were tossing up and down in the Channel, when the chorus commenced with a unanimity that was appalling to any sanguine individual who thought he would escape. For nine dreadful hours the vessel rolled and kicked up its heels and went through with every imaginable gymnastic performance. A very empty set of stomachs went through the Custom House at Dieppe, and hastened to the nearest hotel to be replenished.

Dieppe is a very quaint old town, with narrow streets, and women clumping about in wooden shoes, and white caps on their heads. On our way to the station, we spent a few minutes in the Cathedral of St. Jaques, an immense tumble-down structure of very ancient appearance built of stone, in the thirteenth century. We were soon speeding along through picturesque Normandy towards Paris—passing Lorgueville, where a battle was fought during the late war, and Rouen, the ancient capital of Normandy, famous as the place where was executed Joan of Arc, and where William the Conqueror died. Here we were overtaken by night, which shut out any further views of the country. We passed the night in Paris, and early next morning took the train for Geneva, passing along the banks of the beautiful Seine, which I was disappointed to find so small a stream, it being much smaller than the Susquehanna at Towanda. The country resembles that along the N. Y. Central Railroad, between Syracuse and Utica, but the absence of fences presented a notable contrast to New York State. On through the Forest of Fontainebleu to Tornerre, where we took breakfast on *cafe au lait* and various other French dishes with unpronounceable names;—through Dijon with its ancient churches, to Macon, where we changed carriages and took the train for Geneva; the one we left going on to Lyons and Marseilles. It had now become dark, but as we flew along we could get occasional glimpses of the Alps towering above us. At Bellegarde the polite Swiss Custom House Official asked for our passport, but *je suis Americain* was sufficient to account for its absence, and to satisfy the officer, who touched his hat and passed on without interfering with our baggage. We reached Geneva about twelve o'clock at night, cold and tired out.

On wakening next morning there was fog everywhere, shutting out from view Mont Blanc and the mountains about, thereby confining our attention to the beauties of the city which were certainly sufficient to satisfy the most critical eye. As the fog persisted in obstructing our vision, we left Geneva at three o'clock P. M. of the second day.

Our route lay along the valley of the Rhone, shut in on both sides by mountains rising up several thousand feet, the river rushing through narrow gorges that one might almost leap across. Every few minutes the train would plunge into a tunnel and out again over a precipice that would bring one's heart into his throat to look over. We reached Chambiery in Savoy soon after dark—spent the night in a hotel like a fortress. It had no windows opening on the street from the first story, and the carriage drove into an enclosed court through a massive stone portal, strong enough to defy an army.

Early in the morning we renewed our journey, passing constantly thro' the grandest imaginable scenery. Lofty peaks rose up in every direction, some of them far above the clouds. We wound around, in and out among them, traveling for a long distance beside the road built by Napoleon I. over the Alps, gradually ascending higher and higher until we found the ground and mountains all covered with snow. Late in the afternoon, we reached Modare, the last station this side of the famous Mt. Cenis tunnel. Here, after having our baggage examined by the Custom House officers, we got into Italian carriages, lighted by gas, and continued our journey, everybody on the *qui vive* for a view of the entrance to the tunnel. After winding along for some time we found that Modare, which we had just left, was almost under us, several hundred feet below, but so near that a stone could be tossed into the town; then we passed through a short tunnel, and immediately after plunged into the great Mt. Cenis tunnel and were flying through the heart of the Alps. For half an hour we sped along, the air seemingly as pure as outside—every little while passing lights at the side of the track. It was just beginning to grow tiresome, when out we rushed into the open air again, and the train stopped. Everybody's head popped out of the window to see the mountain we had passed through. There was very little snow on this side, and the mountain appeared almost as bald as a rock, and in every direction it looked as bleak and dreary as possible. (For the information of the curious who may not remember the exact figures, I will say that the Tunnel is eight miles in length; at the north entrance 3,802 feet, at the south entrance 4,163 feet, and in the center 4,245 feet above the level of the sea. The mountain is 8,438 feet or more than a mile and a half high.)

We passed on over frightful precipices, by the city of Susa, and on towards Turin. In every available spot on this side the mountains, were planted vineyards, and there was an economy of space manifested that would have astonished a Bradford county farmer. It was after dark when we reached Turin. We only stopped there a few minutes to change carriages, and the principal thing I recollect about the place, is being nearly suffocated by smoke and fog in the immense railway station. Our destination that night was Milan, and about twelve o'clock, very cold and uncomfortable, we reached there, where I will bid you good-bye until next week.

Yours,
VIATOR.

SOCIAL RELATIONS IN FRANCE.—The liens which bind relations together are close and strong; hence the prudence exercised by parents in the choice of a husband for a daughter, or a wife for a son. The man who marries the daughter also marries her family, to the cousin german. The parents look at a possible husband for their daughter with a view to a close and constant association, and they exercise a vigilant watch lest her affections should become engaged in a quarter not approved by them. The parental authority is admitted to such an extent, that if the young man were to propose a marriage to their daughter, without consulting them, he would be held as a dishonorable man; the proposition is made to them, and they give the answer, in some instances without the daughter's knowledge. This brings about solidarity in the family, composed of members predisposed to kindliness and sympathy, and it also gives rise to uneasiness when a new element is presented for admission, lest it should disturb harmony. Through intimacy and sympathy they have accommodated themselves to each other's habits and caprices, and have succeeded in living in the same groove. The French are much attached to their habits, the proof of which is, that they can never entirely accommodate themselves to those of other lands, but after a season of nostalgia return to those of their native country. This tenacity to habit sometimes assumes a form that is ludicrous. Matrimonial propositions have been refused, because the candidate disliked the game of *bezique* or the novels of Dumas. A possible marriage connection with a foreigner of different religion and race, is regarded with disfavor, and the daughter is kept away from such temptation by general holding aloof from from foreign intercourse.

There is much going to and fro between family connections in France, in the way of dinners, breakfasts, and quiet parties of pleasure. Besides the social intercourse, there are close relations in practical affairs. If a member of the family entertains a proposition in a matter of business it is submitted to his wife, and probably to all his immediate connections, before it is decided upon. This is in striking contrast to the American, who often concludes affairs involving the half of his fortune, without his wife's knowledge. It is carried to an extent that is wearisome in France.—*Galaxy for May.*

A WIFE of nearly ten years, giving her servant a holiday, was attending to culinary matters herself, and, hearing her husband coming into the kitchen, thought she would surprise him, as soon as he opened the door, by throwing her hands over his eyes and imprinting a kiss on his brow, as in the honeymoon. The husband returned the salne with interest. "Mary, darling, where is your mistress?" The wife discharged "Mary, darling," the next day, and has adopted a new plan of "surprising her husband."

THE MOTHER IN HEAVEN.

In turning over some old papers in a country attic some time since, I came across the following sentiments, which, from some hints by the author accompanying, I think he intended eventually to put into verse. They struck me, even in prose, as expressing the cry from so many hearts, that I have ventured to copy them and send them to you, hoping you might think them a healthy relief from the absorbing political topics of the day, and give them a corner in your valuable paper:

When the heart is oppressed with anxious cares, when the world looks cold and drear, when black disappointments hang heavy round our necks, and we hunger after a love that seems ever to recede, whither do our souls turn for succor? To that mother in heaven who never failed us while here.

When our hearts ache to find ourselves no longer needed to partake in the pleasures of our children—scarcely welcome even to share in their sorrows; when cold *duty* takes the place of the heart's offerings in sickness or suffering, to whom do we cast our eyes upward, thinking, oh, were *she* here, whom should we find ever at our side? Our mother in heaven.

When those we love have gone astray, and language fails to express the bitter shame; when the little feet whose first tottering steps we have upheld, or watched through the firmer strides of youth and manhood, have turned into devious paths, heedless of entreaty or prayer, whither we turn, longing to rest our weary heads on the bosom that ever answered our cry for sympathy? The mother in heaven.

When years have passed, and we are left alone, children gone some separated by seas or mountains, others by the greater distance of coldness, whose voice then comes back to us with the loving tones we vainly long to hear once more? The dear mother in heaven.

Is not the wish wrung from us, that once again we were children to be clasped in that warm embrace? Do not the bitter tears come as we remember how unmindful we were of the rich motherly blessings while we had them?

Oh, ye, who still have mothers to feel for you in your joys and your sorrows, remember, however *your* hearts may change, theirs never do; the mother's heart is the one thing that *never* grows old. Amid the trials that must be our portion in this world, a good Being has sent to all one blessing—one love purer than all others. Happy are those who, with anguish and remorse, do *not* have to say, It is our mother in heaven.

IHS.

A writer in a late periodical, giving an account of a visit to the Church of Santa Croce, in Florence, says:

"Over the main entrance are the the original letters I H S, placed there by St. Bernardins, of Sienna, who invented them in 1437, after the plague, to denote the name and mission of Jesus—Jesus Hominum Salvator."

There seems to be a general misapprehension concerning the origin and meaning of this monogramatic emblem, notwithstanding that it is in common use in both Protestant and Roman Catholic churches. It ornaments chancel walls and windows, it is carved upon altars and pulpits, it is embroidered on ecclesiastical vestments, and is stamped on the covers of sacred books. Many Christians regard it with an almost superstitious veneration, as if it possessed some peculiar inherent holiness, some hidden efficacy; whereas, in the present form, it has no meaning, and, apart from its associations, is possessed of no more significance as a religious emblem than would be any other three letters of the alphabet arranged in a similar consecutive order. Historically considered, it possesses some interest, for it embalms forever the stupidity or the carelessness of early transcribers of the New Testament, who did not know, or did not distinguish the difference between Greek and Roman letters.

In its proper form it is simply an abbreviation of the name of Jesus, and it is nearly as old as the Christian era. It is used continually in the "Codex Sinaiticus," which is considered by many scholars to be the oldest known manuscript of the Holy Scriptures, antedating even the "Vaticanus." It is fonund also in the other "Codices," and in very many secular manuscripts, from the early centuries down to the time of the invention of printing. Many instances of it may be seen in Casley's fac-similes in his "Catalogues of the King's MSS;" notably in the charter of Barking Abbey, of the early date of A. D. 670.

The Greek form of Jesus is *Jesous*. From a little before the Christian era down to the time of the invention of printing, the ancient letter sigma (English S) was superceded by C, a later form of sigma, and having the same powers and sound. In all the New Testament manuscripts of this date, Jesus appears as IHCOYC, or, rather, it would appear so if it were written out in full. But to save time and labor the early copyists abbreviated all the frequently recurring words, and we find the name of Jesus almost invariable contracted to IHC, a line across the top being the sign of abbrevation. The middle letter H is the Greek eta (Roman E), and the whole is equivalent to the Roman or English IES, or, the I and the J being identical to JES, the first, second, and last letters of the name of Jesus. In the Latin transcriptions of the Creek abbreviation IHC was retained, the declensional terminations being changed to suit the Latin cases. In the course of time the ignorant scribes who copied the manuscripts, confounded the Greek with the Roman letters and wrote it IHS having no conception, probably, that the middle letter stood for anything but the Roman H. In the "Codex Beza," where the Greek and Latin texts are given on alternate pages, the error is very observable, the Greek IHC being metamorphosed into the Latin IHS.

Finally, still another change took place. The dash, the sign of abbreviation, became a cross, thus, IHS; and then it was discovered that "Jesus Homnium Salvator" was comprehended in the three letters, a very pretty and suggestive explication, but unfortunate in that it furnishes additional proof that the copyists mistook the middle letter for the Roman H. Ignatus Loyola, the founder of the "Order of Jesus," evidently fell into the same error. In the great seal of the order the symbol appears as IHS in the midst of emanating rays of light, with the three nails of the cross beneath, arranged like a fan, with the points inward. This, sometimes written also IH-|-S, is used for the abbreviation of "In Hoc Cruce Salus."

The symbol of Jesus was probably not used otherwise than as a manuscript abbreviation until about the beginning of the fifteenth century, when it began to be employed as a distinct emblem in caligraphic ornamentation, and shortly afterward in church decoration. The letters are found combined in a variety of shapes, often making a very pleasing and artistic monogram. A singular one described by Molanus, is worth mentioning. He says: "In the window in the Orphan Asylum in Louvain, a building which belonged formerly to the Jesuits, are depicted betwixt the end letters I and S Brothers Ignatius and Xavier, each looking toward the other and grasping right hands, which hold an upright cross, thus forming the middle letter H."

St. Bernardius, of Sienna, may have been the first to use the IHS as a sacred emblem in church ornamentation, but he certainly did not invent the symbol, nor is it probable that he was the originator of the legend, Jesus Hominum Salvator.

POWER OF THE HAND.

It may be going too far to say that man may judge the character of his fellow man by the manner in which he "shakes hands." But there is certainly a significance in those busy members of the body which "he who runs may read." The creator of "Uriah Heep" has taught us not to trust the owners of limp, moist hands, which close cordially on nothing save their own possessions. Says a commenter on this subject: "It is the touch of the hand at greeting which warms or chills my heart, and makes me know to a certainty how much or how little I shall like the person before me. If the fingers close about my own with a short, quick, convulsive grasp, I know that we should snap, snarl, and finally quarrel, and that the least I have to do with the owner of those wiry digits, the better off I shall be. If a nerveless, cold hand glides into my own, and seems disposed to lie there, without life, I know at once that all my happiness would be as nothing in that awful palm." But if the hand grasps yours and holds it firmly, in strong, warm fingers, you are safe in cultivating the friendship of the owner. These human hands! From the beginning of life they play an important part in it. All the greatness on earth has lain in the hollow of a hand. The books, the music, the pictures, the wonders of architecture, the intracacies of mechanism, the mysteries of science, and the government of countries, with all their godlike beauties of color, sound, symmetry, usefulness, progression, and wisdom have lain within a human hand. The highest aspirations and realizations of the brain are brought to light through the hand, and the tenderest love and charity of the heart make the hand their dispensator. They can be tender ministers of comfort and peace, and yet as cruel and full of venom as the bite of an asp. And with all their power, with their charities, their cruelties, their tender touches, their spankings, their mischiefs, they are folded at last, and those who speak of us, tell of the closing of eyes and the folding of hands as the part of our going away.

SUDDEN WARMING.

A very dangerous, yet a very common winter practice, is that of suddenly warming when very cold. We frequently read in the papers of little children falling down dead on suddenly going to the heated stove after a long, cold walk. Others are often injured seriously who have no guess at the true cause of the difficulty. Every intelligent person knows that a frozen limb will become dead flesh if suddenly warmed. The temperature must be raised very slowly. The limb must be put into cold instead of warm water, or rubbed with snow. When limbs are half frozen, they cannot resist the injurious effect of sudden warming. Convulsions in children occasionally occur; many more are made suddenly faint and sick without knowing the cause; the eye sight is often particularly affected, and people call it "snow blindness." All skin difficulties are greatly aggravated by sudden warming, and sometimes very painful ones are induced. It is generally thought that chillblains are caused by the severe cold, but the true cause is sudden warming after they have been very cold. It seems as if this distressing malady were largely on the increase—even very little children suffer from it. Too great care cannot be taken in this matter of warming cold feet slowly, and by friction rather than putting them near the fire.

Sudden warming, too, makes the whole system so subject to cold for a long time afterwards that extra garments are always needed, and then the frame shivers in what was once very comfortable temperature. Physicians have observed this in their own cases, and say that they have sometimes suffered in this way for years from a single such act of imprudence.

Use proper precaution on your own part, and watch carefully over your children, who of course follow their natural impulse to rush to the fire when very cold.—*Ex.*

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

The editor of the *Knickerbocker* attributes the following to Ik Marvel, and it is certainly worthy of him. Read it without tears if you can:

"Last evening we were walking leisurely along, the music of choirs in three churches came floating out into the darkness around us, and they were all new and strange tunes but one. And that one—it was not sung as we have heard it, but it awakened a train of long buried memories that rose to us even as they were buried before the cemetery of the soul had a tomb in it.

"It was sweet 'Corinth' they were singing—strains we have seldom heard since the rose color of life was blanched; and we were in a moment back again to the old village church, and it was a summer afternoon, and the yellow sunbeams were streaming through the west windows, and the silver hair of the old deacon, who sat in the pulpit, was turned to gold in its light, and the minister, whom we used to think could never die, so good was he, had concluded 'application' and 'exhortation,' and the village choir was singing the last hymn, and the tune was 'Corinth.'

"It is years—we dare not think how many—since then, and 'the prayers of David, the son of Jesse, are ended,' and the choir are scattered and gone. The girl with blue eyes that sang alto, and the girl with black eyes that sang air—the eyes of the one were like the clear June heaven at noon. They both became wives, and both mothers, and they both died. Who shall say that they are not singing 'Corinth' still where Sabbaths never wane, and congregations never break up? There they sat, Sabbath after Sabbath, by the square column at the right of the leader, and to our young ears their tones were 'the soul of music.' That column bears still their pencilled names as they wrote them in those days of life's June, 183—, before dreams of change had overcome their spirit like a summer's cloud.

Alas! that with the old singers most of the sweeter tunes have died upon the air, but they linger in memory, and they shall yet be sung in the sweet re-union of song that shall take place by and by in a hall whose columns are beams of morning light, whose ceiling is pearl, whose floors are all gold, and where hair never turns silvery, and hearts never grow old. Then she that sang alto, and she that sang air, will be in their places once more."

THE OLD SCOTCH WOMAN'S FAITH.

By the side of a rippling brook in one of the secluded glens of Scotland, there stands a low, mud-thatched cottage, with its neat, honeysuckle porch facing the south. Beneath this humble roof, on a snow white bed lay, not long ago, old Nanny, the old Scotch woman, patiently and cheerfully awaiting the moment when the happy spirit would take its flight to "mansions in the skies," experiencing with happy Paul, "We *know* if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

By her bedside, on a small table, lay her well-thumbed Bible, her "barrel and cruise," as she called it, from which she daily, nay hourly, spritually fed on the Bread of Life. A young minister frequently called to see her. He loved to listen to her simple expression of Bible truths. For when she spoke of her "inheritance incorruptible, undefiled and that fadeth not away," it seemed but a little way off, and the listener almost fancied he heard the redeemed in heaven singing, "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood."

One day the young minister put to the happy saint the following startling question: "Now Nanny," he said, "what if, after all your prayers, and watching, and waiting, God should suffer your soul to be eternally lost?"

Pious Nanny raised herself on her elbow, and turning to him a wistful look, laid her right hand on her "precious Bible," which lay open before her, and quietly replied: "Ae dearie me, is that a' the length ye hae got, mon?" and then continued, her eyes sparkling with almost heavenly brightness, "God would hae the greatest loss. Puir Nanny would loose her soul, and that would be a great loss indeed, but God would lose His *honor* and His *character*. Have n't I hung my soul upon His 'exceeding great and precious promises?' an' if He break His word, A' THE UNIVERSE WOULD RUSH INTO CONFUSION!"—*The Witness.*

SOCIAL USAGES.

There are some details of social usage that are so childish, and, withal, so inconvenient and burdensome, as to demand a public denunciation. Nobody likes them, everybody desires to be relieved of them, and all seem to be powerless to reform them. Their burdensomeness forms a serious bar to social intercourse, and their only tendency is to drive some men and women out of society altogether, and to worry and weary those who remain subject to them.

A person is invited to an "informal!" reception. Special pains may be, and often are, taken to impress him with the idea that such a reception is, indeed, "informal." The idea is very good. The proposition is to bring together a circle of friends in a familiar way, without expensive dress on the part of the guests, or an expensive entertainment on the part of the hostess. It is an attractive sort of invitation, but woe to the man or woman who accepts it according to its terms. The man and the woman who attend in anything but full evening dress will find themselves singular, and most uncomfortable. They have taken their hostess at her word, and find, instead of a party of familiar friends, who can set down and enjoy an hour of social intercourse, a highly dressed "jam," which comes late and departs late, and which finds itself treated to an elaborate supper. People have, at last, learned that if there is anything that must be dressed for elaborately, it is an "informal reception," and that there is really no greater cheat than the invitation which called them together. The consequence is that we have no really informal gatherings of men and women in what we call "society."

Again, when we invite a guest to dinner at six, we expect him to come at, or before, that hour. It is counted the height of impoliteness for a guest to keep a dinner waiting a moment. This is just as it should be; but when we invite a guest at eight o'clock, to a reception or a party, what then? Why, we do not expect him until nine, we do not ordinarily get him at half-past nine, and are not surprised at his entrance at any subsequent hour before the company breaks up. Why the rule should be good for the dinner that is not good for the assembly does not appear, except that in the case of the dinner it is a question of hot or cold soup that is to be decided. At eight the host and hostess are in their vacant rooms, be-gloved and waiting. They are there for an hour, wishing their guests would come. At last one makes his appearance, and with a guilty look whips up stairs. Then he waits until another joins him, and another, and another, and so at last he descends. All have lost the only opportunity they will have for a pleasant chat with those who have invited them—lost, indeed, the only chance they will have of a look at the flowers, at the pictures, and the enjoyment of an undisturbed chat, with comfortable seats and surroundings. All dread to be first, and so all wait, and thus thrust far into the night their hour of departure. The company that should be at home at eleven, and in bed at half-past eleven, do not find their beds until one the next morning.

To the man of business such hours as mingling in social life imposes are simply killing. They are the same to women who have family duties to perform. They wipe the bloom of youth from the c