The Bradford Reporter.

S. W. ALVORD, Publisher. INTELLIGENCE OF INTERESTING INFORMATION FROM ANY QUARTER. $2 per Annum in Advance.

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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.

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*, Oct. 23, 1873. 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.
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. P 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 Lunches 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 shall endeavor to take all the time possible in making 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, Will give his attention to his large stock of FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL TREES Which he is now prepared to DELIVER ON MOST REASONABE TERMS, Either 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 27-tf.

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. july26, '68.

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 18, '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. ap14'70
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 18'73.

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.13'74] 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.

PEET & 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 23, 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. F. AYERS. Sheshequin, Sept. 22, 1873

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 19, '74-tf. WM. S. MORGAN.

Selected Poetry.

ROCK OF AGES.

Seldom have we read a sweeter illustration of the thoughtless and experimental way of singing this precious hymn, than that which is embodied in the following anonymous verses, which we take from an exchange:

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,"
Thoughtlessly the maiden sung,
Fell the words unconsciously
From her girlish tongue;
Sang as little children sing;
Sang as sing the birds in June;
Fell the words like light words down
On the current of the tune—
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself it Thee."

"Let me hide myself in Thee,"
Felt her soul no need to hide;
Sweet the song as song could be—
And she had no thought beside;
All the words unheedingly
Fell from lips untouched by care,
Dreaming not they each might be
On some other lips of prayer—
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me;
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me"—
'Twas a woman sang them now,
Sang them slow and wearily—
Wan hand on her aching brow,
Rose the song as storm-tossed bird
Beats with weary wings the air,
Every note in sorrow stirred—
Every syllable in prayer—
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me"—
Lips grown aged sung the hymn
Trustingly and tenderly—
Voice grown weak and eyes grown dim,
"Let me hide myself in Thee."
Trembling though the voice and low,
Ran the swell strain pacefully,
Like a river in its flow,
Sung as only they can sing,
Who Life's thorny paths have passed;
Sung as only they can sing
Who behold the promised rest—
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,"
Sung above a coffin lid;
Underneath, all restfully,
All life's joys and sorrows hid.
Nevermore, O storm-tossed soul!
Nevermore from wind or tide,
Nevermore from billow's roll,
Wilt thou need to hide.
Could the sightless sunken eyes,
Closed beneath the soft grey hair;
Could the mute and stiffened lips
Move again in pleading prayer,
Still would the words be,
"Let me hide myself in Thee."

Miscellanous.

"G. W. S." REVIEWED.

MR. EDITOR: The two last numbers of the REPORTER contain what purport to be a criticism and review of an address delivered by me before the Bradford County Teachers Association at Sheshequin, and solicited by that body for publication. Those, however, who have read the address referred to, as well as the strictures of "G. W. S.," will be reminded of the little boy who "shot at the pidgeon and killed the crow." Children with fervid imaginations and reason in embryo, seek out secluded nooks, gather there broken crockery and old tin pans, and in the ecstacy of their juvenile enthusiasm, embark upon the journey of life; so our worthy friend, in the innocence, simplicity, and unsoiled mutality of his nature,—as joyous as Pickwick's, and yet as solemn as Pecksniff in his most reverential moments—sits down in what he considers a shady spot, collects all the broken-up literary rubbish from Adam down, and essays the art of criticism. Unskilled, as yet, to shine as the polished master of his trade, but ambitious and energetic, he slashes away with a two-edged sword, smashing where he cannot cut, and, more skilled in the tainted logic of billingsgäte than in the sharp edged rhetoric of Ruskin, leaves ragged edges wherever he strikes a blow. Selecting the object of his satire where there is plenty of room for just criticism, he is yet too blind to see real defects, but unprincipled enough to assume such gross and glaring ones as he supposes himself capable of refuting. "*Non causa pro causa*" is the resort only of the dull, the dishonest, the venomous, the long, lean, literary lizard, who licks and beslobbers his prey first with his fetted tongue, that it may be palatable to his own vitiated taste. Conscious, Mr. Editor, that there is little honor to be secured by throwing mud on a scavenger, I shall content myself in pointing out some of the unjust imputations and glaring errors which are so dishonestly attributed to my address. While I take nothing back, it is but just to say that I accepted the invitation of the Association to address them with diffidence, was surprised when my humble efforts were solicited for publication, and now I am astonished that it is worthy so much notice and discussion. It is charged, first, that I attach undue importance to education; and this is attempted to be proved by assuming that education consists merely in intellectual culture and objective knowledge addressed solely to the intellect, *and that I take this view of it in my address.* This is erroneous. Webster gives the word education a broader signification, and I was careful to say that "education is the just and due development of *all* the powers, faculties and aspirations of the human organism. In this sense I repeat: "Education is the first and highest duty of man; education is the discipline of the intellect, the establishment of the principles, and the regulation of the heart." A man is only truly educated when he is developed physically, intellectually, and morally. Man can honor God most acceptably, and serve himself most efficiently, by developing to the utmost all the powers He has given him.

It is next charged that I counsel too much zeal in this cause. I endorse the sentiments of the Wise man: "He who is diligent in his business shall stand before kings." A teacher that has no energy, ambition or purpose, is a nonentity. Only let him be sure that he is right, and then the hotter his zeal, the more determined his purpose, the higher his ambitions the better, all foolish admonitions about being surrounded with "sparks" to the contrary notwithstanding.

Again, by implication, I am charged with atheism, and a disbelief in Divine revelation. Such brazen-faced impudence, or ridiculous mental imbecility, whichever you please, is simply dishonesty and meanness or the frothy illusions of second childhood. If there is one thing in the address more prominent than another, it is the acknowledgment of the existence of a God, and, it expressly admits Divine revelation in these words: "Without revelation or reason, man falls to his kees and pays obedience to the sun, the moon, the stars and the elements, with as great faith as the Christian to the Cross." The only thing unusual and strange to such men as "G. W. S." there insisted on, is the right use of reason in the worship of God, and this we stand by, reaffirm and intensify. Reason is man's infallible guide in *everything*—the affairs of this life and his hopes for a future. At least this is concurrently affirmed by all the standard Christian authors. Dr. Archibald Alexander, Prof. of Theology in Theological Seminary, Princeton, N. J., in his "Evidences of Christianity," uses the following language (see Chap. I, page 9,): "That it is the right and the duty of all men to exercise their reason in inquiries concerning religion, is a truth so manifest that it may be presumed there are, none who will call it in question. Without reason there can be no religion; for in every step which we take in examining the evidences of revelation, in interpreting its meaning, or in assenting to its doctrines, the exercise of this faculty is indispensable. When the evidences of Christianity are exhibited, an appeal is made to the reason of men for its truth; but all evidence and all argument would be perfectly futile, if reason were not permitted to judge of their force. This noble faculty was certainly given to man to be a guide in religion, as well as in other things. He possesses no other means by which he can form a judgment on any subject, or assent to any truth; and it would be no more absurb to talk of seeing without eyes, than of knowing anything without reason. * * * Truth and reason are so intimately connected that they can never, with propriety, be separated. Truth is the object and reason is the faculty by which it is apprehended, whatever be the nature of the truth or the evidence by which it is established. No doctrine can be a proper object of our faith which is not more reasonable to receive than to reject." Rev. James M'Cosh, LLD., formerly Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in Queens College, Belfast, now President of Princeton College, in his celebrated work on the "Intuitions of the Mind," thus speaks of Reason: "But if reason is not independent of faith, so neither should faith proceed without reason. In particular, it would be far wrong to insist on any one believing in the existence of any object or of any truth without a warrant. True, the mind is led to believe in much intuitively, but it is because the objects or verities are self-evident, and reflexly can stand the test of intuition. And in all cases where we have not this self-evidence, it is entitled to demand mediate evidence, and should not conceal credence till it is furnished. * * * * A legitimate faith has thus over the sanction of reason and must be tested thereby."—(page 173). Fortified by the assent of such men as these,—everywhere recognized as the standard authority on the subject—I think I am in no danger of being considered heretical by affirming that man should "follow the dictates of reason rather than of blind instinct of intellect, rather than sentiment." "G. W. S." would get a deeper and truer insight into things by reading the above authors "*carefully*" and paying less attention to "yellow-covered literature," a mistake he so much regretted having made in a controversy we had over "novel-reading"—a habit it is not difficult to see, from his airy effusions, he has not been able to discontinue.

"G. W. S." devotes his "second article" almost exclusively to the motto "know thyself," and his dissection thereof proves, unmistakably, three things; first, that he has *heard* of many ancient authors, but never read them even as "carefully" as he did my address; secondly, that he can quote better things from them than he can write himself; thirdly, that when words do n't mean what he wants them to, he has "cheek" enough to assume that they mean what he considers himself competent to refute. All of which illustrates what a very interesting individual this "G. W. S." must necessarily be. Dear sir, I did refer to the heathen motto; I still point to it with reverence, and characterize it as the source of all knowledge, the means of all happiness and improvement. In so doing, I do not therefore deify self. I would only fit *Self* to worship Deity. Man's happiness depends upon the *perfection of himself* in all his powers, attributes and faculties. In order to attain to perfection, or any degree of it, man must study and "know himself." All knowledge, whether of things temporal or spiritual, are either intuitively his own or become of utility to him only by their assimilation to himself. On this point Dr. M'Cosh says, in his "Intuitions" above referred to, (page 283): "First, we obtain knowledge from sensation," which is *thro'* self. "Secondly, we obtain knowledge from self-consciousness," which is a knowledge of self. "Thirdly, by a further cognative or faith exercise we discover qualities and relations in objects which have become known through the senses;" and "Fourthly, the mind *itself* can reach truth necessary and universal,—that is, universally true." And so far as I am able to judge, self is in all cases either the *source* itself or, else the *means* of knowledge; and if such be the case, it appears to me that a knowledge of self is a very important item in education. We need not deify self, but develop, culture, purify and elevate itself. To do this we must study self—*know thyself*. I will not stop to correct our friend from 'Rome' in his defective memory of ancient history, or his weak logic. He ought to remember that Bradford county is a reading community, and it is hardly possible that they will digest with ease the assertion that Socrates, Zeno, Aristotle or Plato attended places of "infamy," or finished up their "intellectual feasts" by attending the "amphitheatre and regaling their senses by the sight of the hungry lion and the ravenous tiger breaking the bones and quaffing the life blood of human victims." In corrupt Rome, under both the Pagan and Christian Emperors, such things occurred; but not in Greece, my dear sir, not in Greece! And such beautiful logic! Do you not know, "G. W. S.," that just such "infamy" exists now within the shadow of our church-steeples, and the savage customs of the amphitheatre have not yet succombed to a better and sublimer faith than that of Greece or Rome?

W. H. THOMPSON.

HARRISBURG, Pa., *April 23, 1874.*

PREPARATION FOR THE PRESIDENCY.—Burleigh tells the following in the Boston *Journal*:

Sitting one night in the Trenton House with the late Col. Barnes, he said to me: "That was a queer thing about the nomination of Frank." "Frank who?" I said, "Why, Frank Pierce—General Pierce. You see we intended to run Frank for the Vice-Presidency. We thought the South would concede that office to the North, and we pitched upon the General. He was very social in his habits, but very quiet. He spent his evenings with a set of good fellows, and the fact is he drank a good deal, though it was not generally known. The morning of the nomination it was agreed between Frank and myself that he should spend the day at Mount Auburn, no one but myself knowing where his place of resort was. He was very nervous and greatly agitated. I agreed to drive out in the afternoon and tell him how things looked. When the news of the General's nomination came on, men rushed into the Tremont House by hundreds. They knew my intimacy with the General. But I kept my own council. I drove out to Mount Auburn. It was a long time before I could find Frank. He was solitary and alone, leaning on the monument over the Webster family. As soon as I saw him I shouted 'Frank, you have got it!' 'Got what?' 'Got the nomination for the Presidency!' 'Not the Presidency!' 'Yes, you are nominated for the Presidency by the great Democratic party of the States.' Pale as marble, Frank turned from me—half kneeling half standing—grasping the sandstone shaft—he took a solemn vow that he would drink no intoxicating liquors during the canvass, nor if elected, during the Presidential term. That vow those who knew him best knew that he kept."

A SELL, NOT A SALE.—Amiable shopkeepers deserve to be canonized. Here is an illustration of the trials to which they are constantly subjected. One midsummer day, when Æoula slept, and the thermometer stood in the nineties, a lady entered a store not a thousand miles off, and enquired for parasols. The obliging proprietor spread out before her samples of a large and varied stock. "Have you any of this shade a size larger?" said the lady. The size larger was produced. "I think on the whole I prefer the size smaller." The size smaller was presented. "Have you any of this size a lighter shade of blue?" The required shade was brought out. "Haven't you any of this kind with a crooked handle?" The shade with the crooked handle appeared. "Have you any with the crooked handle not quite so heavy?" said the lady, and she continued her inquiries for every conceivable size, shade and weight possible in the line of parasols After nearly an hour had thus been consumed, the fair shopper gathered up her handkerchief and gloves and moved for the door. "Can't I sell you a parasol?" enquired the exhausted proprietor. "O dear, no," replied the lady, "I was merely inquiring the prices. I am going into mourning myself, and have one for sale.

KIND WORDS.—As the breath of dew on the tender plant, they gently fall upon the drooping heart, refreshing its withered tendrils and soothing its burning woes. Bright oasis they are in life's great desert. Who can estimate the pangs they have alleviated, or the good works they have accomplished? Long after they are uttered do they reverberate in the soul's inner chamber, and sing low, sweet, liquid strains, that quell all the raging storms that may have before existed. And oh, when the heart is sad, and like a broken harp the sweetest chords of pleasure cease to vibrate, who can tell the power of one kind word? One little word of tenderness gushing in upon the soul, will sweep the long-neglected chords, and awaken the most pleasant strains. When borne down with the troubles of life, we are ready to sink fainting by the way, how like the cheerful rays of sunshine do kind words come. They disperse the clouds, dispel the gloom, and drive sorrow far away.

HUGH MILLER.—whose fame is worldwide, was first brought to the notice of scientific men by Prof. Agassiz. At a meeting of the British Scientific Society, Miller, who was then a common day laborer, approached Agassiz with a specimen of rock in his hand, and began making certain inquiries concerning it. During the conversation that ensued, Agassiz discovered that this common day laborer was possessed of a large fund of geological information, which he had acquired by personal investigations, induced solely by his innate love for the science. Agassiz was delighted at meeting him, and introduced Miller to the members of the society, explaining the manner in which he had become acquainted with him. The friendship thus formed continued during their lives, and Agassiz wrote the introduction to Hugh Miller's first published work.

THE SILVER CUP.

The palace of the Duke de Montre was decorated for a banquet. A thousand wax lights burned in its stately rooms, making them bright as mid-day. Along the walls glowed the priceless tapestry of the Gobelines, and beneath the foot lay the fabrics of Persia. Rare vases, filled with flowers, stood on the marble stands, and their breath went up like incense before the life-like pictures shining in their golden frames above. In the great hall stood immense tables covered with delicacies from all lands and climes. Upon the side-board glittered massive plate, and rich glass of Murano. Music, now low and soft, now bold and high, floated in through the open casement, and was answered at intervals by tones of magic sweetness.

All was ready. The noble and gifted poured into the gorgeous saloons. Silks rustled, plumes waved, and jeweled embroideries flashed from Genoa velvets. Courtly congratulations fell from every lip, for the Duke de Montre had made a new step in the path to power. Wit sparkled, the laugh went round, and his guests pledge him in wine that a hundred years had mellowed. Proudly the Duke replied; but his brow darkened, and his cheek paled with passion, for his son sat motionless before his untasted cup.

"Wherefore is this?" he angrily demanded. "When did my first-born learn to insult his father?"

The graceful stripling sprang from his seat, and knelt meekly before his parent. His sunny curls fell back from his upturned face, and his youthful countenance was radiant with a brave and generous spirit.

"Father," he said, "I last night learned a lesson that sunk into my heart. Let me repeat it, and then, at thy command, I will drain the cup. I saw a laborer stand at the door of a gay shop. He held in his hand the earnings of a week, and his wife, with a sickly babe and two famishing little ones, clung to his garments and besought him not to enter. He tore him off away, for his thirst was strong, and, but for the care of a stranger, his family would have perished.

"I went on, and, father, a citizen of noble air and majestic form descended the wide steps of his mansion. His wife put back the curtains, and watched him eagerly and wistfully as he rode away. She was very, very lovely, fairer than any lady of the court, but the shadow of a sad heart was fast falling upon her beauty. We saw her gaze around upon the desolate splendor of her saloon, and then clasp her hands in the wild agony of despair. When we returned her husband lay helpless on a couch, and she sat weeping beside him.

"Once more we pause. A carriage stood before a palace. It was rich with burnished gold, and the armorial bearings of a duke were visible in the moon-beams. We awaited for its owner to alight, but he did not move, and he gave no orders. Soon the servants came crowding out; sorrowfully they lifted him in their arms, and I saw that some of the jewels were torn from his mantle, and his plumed cap was crushed and soiled, as if by the pressure of many footsters. They bore him into the palace, and I wondered if his duchess wept like the beautiful wife of the citizen.

"As I looked on all this, my tutor told me that it was the work of the red wine, which leaps gaily up, and laughs over its victims in demon merriment. I shuddered, father, and resolved never again to taste it, lest I, too, should fall. But your word is law to me. Shall I drain the cup?"

"No, my son, touch it not. It is poison, as thy tutor told thee. It fires the brain, weakens the intellect, destroys the soul. Put it away from thee, and so thou shalt grow up wise and good, a blessing to thyself and to thy country."

He glanced around the circle. Surprise and admiration were on every face, and, moved by the same impulse, all arose, while one of their number spoke.

"Thou hast done nobly, boy," he said, "and thy rebuke shall not be soon forgotten. We have congratulated thy father upon the acquisition of honors, which may pass with the passing season. We now congratulate him upon that best of possessions, a son worthy of France and of himself."

The haughty courtiers bowed a glowing assent, and each clasped the hand of the boy. But the father took him to his heart, and even now, among the treasured relics of the family, is numbered that silver cup.

A WOMAN'S SOUVENIR OF LOVE.—A couple were arranging terms for a separation, to avoid the scandal of a judicial divorce, and a friend had been employed by the husband to negotiate the matter. The latest mission was in reference to a valuable ring given to the wife before marriage by the husband. For this he would make a much desired concession. The friend made the demand. "What!" said the indignant wife, "do you venture to charge yourself with such a mission to me? Can you believe that I could tear myself from a gift which alone recalls me to the days when my husband loved me? No! this ring is my only souvenir of happiness forever departed! 'Tis all'—and here she wept—"that I now possess of a once fond husband." The lady supplicated, grew obstinate, grew desperate, threatened to submit to a public divorce as a lesser evil than parting with the cherished ring, and at last confessed that she had sold it six months before!

WHEN Mr. Wilberforce, the great anti-slavery advocate, was once a candidate for Parliamentary honors, his sister, an amiable and witty young lady, offered the compliment of a new gown to each of the wives of those freemen who voted for her brother, on which she was saluted with the cry of "Miss Wilberforce forever!" when she pleasantly observed, "I thank you, gentlemen, but I cannot agree with you, for I really do not wish to be 'Miss Wilberforce' forever."

LUCKY OMENS.

Odd numbers—barring the ever-fatal thirteen—are thought to be lucky. The shrill piping of the household cricket is prophetic of happiness to the hearth it haunts, as surely as the settling of a stork upon a Dutchman's roof-tree bodes pleasant times to the dwellers beneath it. That forlornest of animals, the masterless dog, that follows close upon the heels of a night-walker, and will not be balked of companionship, is a certain luck-bringer. Black cats should be at a premium, considering a stray puss of that hue who takes a fancy to establish himself in a house introduces good fortune with him; while a cat of any color, whether an uninvited visitor or an acknowledged member of the family, ought never to be restrained from sharpening his talons at the expense of the table's legs, since, when he thus scratches, he scratches for luck. Pat kindly the head of the first lamb of spring, if you have the chance; it will bring prosperity to you and yours; but avoid the innocent creature if it presents its tail to view. Hail the first hearing of the cuckoo's voice with thankfulness, if he salutes you upon your right hand—then his greeting is an assurance you will make your way in the world, and attain the highest object of your ambition; and grudge not a sip of good liquor to the busy, curious, thirsty fly, dropping into your glass, but welcome the intruder as heartily, if not as poetically, as Oldye did; he brings good luck to the glass, and the drinker too.

To come suddenly upon a couple of magpies, to pick up a pin lying with its head toward you, to find—of course without seeking—a four-leaved clover, or a bit of old iron, is matter for rejoicing. If the iron take the shape of a rusty nail or an old horse-shoe, the omen is so much the more fortunate. Absent-minded and careless dressers are likely to be often in luck's way. To put on any garment wrong side out, provided we are not neat enough to spoil the charm, is an infallible prognostic that something is about to happen which will profit the sloven greatly. Mr. Village tells us, in the *Counisseur*, how his pretty country cousin came down to breakfast one morning with her cap on wrong side out, whereupon her mother solemnly charged the heedless lassie not to alter her headgear all the day for fear she should change the luck. When the Conqueror was arraying himself on the morning of Hastings, some one hinted he would get the worst of the coming bout, because, in his haste, he had donned his mail shirt hind part before; but the ready-witted and confident Norman declared it to be a token that he was about to be transformed from a duke into a king—an interpretation, at any rate, not to be disputed a few hours later.

Trouble will never come near folks whose eyebrows meet. Ladies with over much down, gentlemen with overmuch hair upon their arms and hands, carry about them nature's own guaranty, that they are born to be rich some day, as rich as those happy individuals whose front teeth are set wide apart. Steel belongings, such as keys and knives, get rusty by instinct, spite of all pains to keep them clean and bright, when some kind-hearted soul is laying up riches for their owner's benefit. To find a spider upon one's clothes indicates some money is coming to us, the moral of which Fuller says is this: "Such who imitate the industry of that contemptible creature may, by God's blessing, weave themselves into wealth and procure a plentiful estate." The appearance of a white speck upon a finger-nail warns the owner of the finger a gift is on its way; and the same pleasant notification is made by the itching of the palm of the right hand; but in that case it is best to make assurance doubly sure, and rub the said palm against wood, then "it is sure to be good."—*Chamber's Journal.*

THE ADVANTAGE OF ADVERTISING—AN EXAMPLE TO THE POINT.—After the crash of '57, says a Milwaukee paper, when everybody was almost scared to death, and the croakers predicted that the country had gone to smash, a dry goods house was opened in that city, which preceeded on the principle that in order to reach the hoarded money in the pockets of the people the proprietors must sell at very reasonable prices, and advertise very largely. They worked vigorously on this principle. The brother merchants who did not advertise predicted that the new-comers would be ruined, as they paid too much for advertising. Nevertheless they persisted. In a single year they paid five hundred dollars in gold to the *Daily Wisconsin* for advertising, and at the end of seven years they retired from business with a fortune of one hundred thousand dollars, while the merchants on the same street, some of them opposite their store, had failed.

The lesson of '57 should not be forgotten in '74. There is money in the pockets of the people. It is being hoarded. The merchants must draw it out. That can be done only by low prices and extended advertising in established journals. Commercial travelers bring plenty of credit business to the merchants, but comparatively little cash. It is clear as the noonday sun that the more credits the merchant has on his books the worse he will be off. He wants the solid cash, and that can best be obtained by judicious advertising.

TRAGIC NARRATIVE OF FACTS.—The heirs of two brothers named Jacques and Francois Lefevre have through their attorney, presented a memorial to the Indiana Senate, which reads more like an epitome of a tragic romance than a narrative of actual facts. Jacques Lefevre came to this country about the year 1830, and settled in Lawrence county, Indiana, near Wabash. For fifteen years he toiled industriously on his farm, chopping wood and selling it for fuel to passing steamboats.

In 1845 he was murdered—shot while standing near his wood-pile waiting for an approaching steamer. An inquest was held, but the mystery of the assassination was not solved, and the incident gradually dropped out of the recollection of the people in the neighborhood. Eight years later Francois Lefevre came over from France to collect what might be due the estate of his brother, and to live on the farm; but a few months after his arrival he too, was shot on precisely the same spot where his brother fell, and his murderer was never apprehended, nor any clue