The Bradford Reporter.

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PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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] T. M'PHERSON.

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

H. W. PATRICK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Office, Mercur's Block, next door to Express Office, Towanda, Pa. July 17, 1873

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

WOOD & SANDERSON,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, TOWANDA, PA.
JAMES WOOD. [may 27] JOHN F. SANDERSON.

W. B. KELLY, DENTIST.—Office over Wickham & Black's, Towanda, Pa. Teeth inserted on Gold, Silver Rubber, and Aluminum base. Teeth extracted without pain. Oct23.72

MADILL & CALIFF, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Towanda, Pa.
R. S. 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 co-partnership, offer their professional services to the public. Special attention given to business in the Orphan's and Register's Courts.
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. [since 1872.

MR. D. L. DODSON, OPERATIVE AND MECHANICAL DENTIST. North Main-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 Grewe'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.—y.

PEET & DAVIES, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
MERCUR'S BLOCK,
Apr 1' 4. 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*.

M. D. L. DODSON DENTIST. On and after Sept. 21, may be found in the elegant new rooms on 2nd floor of Dr. Pratt's new edifice, Upton State Street. Business solicited. 9-p2. 3 '74-tf.

DR. A. G. BUSH,
CAMPTOWN, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA.,
Treats Chronic Diseases by new methods. May be consulted by letter. [Aug. 6,'74.

J. E. SPALDING,
COUNTY SURVEYOR OF BRADFORD COUNTY.
Office at Register and Recorder's office, Towanda, Pa., where he may be found when not professionally engaged. Aug 27, '74-3m

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOHN DUNFEE, *BLACKSMITH*, MONROETON, PA., pays particular attention to shoeing 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,
[illegible] TOWANDA, PA.

BARTLETT & TRACY, GENERAL INSURANCE AGENTS and REAL ESTATE-BROKERS, TOWANDA, PA. Oct. 29, 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. E. FLEMMING.
[6m.15'71. 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.

G. W. HEATH
Has established his business of Manufacturing and Repairing all kinds of
BOOTS & SHOES, 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 15, '74-tf.

Powell & Co.

POWELL & CO.

Are now receiving their usual large stock of Fall goods, which will be sold at GREATER BARGAINS than ever before since the war. It is impossible for them to enumerate all the articles in their large stock of goods. They would however call particular attention to great bargains

In DRESS GOODS,

In TABLE LINENS & TOWELING

In BLEACHED AND BROWN SHEETINGS AND SHIRTINGS.

In PLAIN, WHITE, RED, CHECKED AND OPERA FLANNEL.

In CLOTH AND CASSIMERES, SUITINGS, DIAGONAL COATINGS, BLAINES, JEANS, HEAVY COTTONADES, WATERPROOFS, &c., &c.

To their great stock of New Ribbons just received, Hosiery, Gloves, Laces, Jet Buttons and Trimmings, Ruchings, the best One Dollar Kid Gloves ever shown by them, and a full line of Notions.

A very large stock of Shaw's, to which they ask especial attention, of the new Fall Styles and at very low prices.

Their Boot & Shoe stock cannot be surpassed. An inspection of the stock will satisfy all.

New Carpets in great variety; also all widths of Oil Cloths, Window Shades, &c. New stock of Wall and Window paper.

Their Grocery Department is now fully stocked with new and fresh goods.

They invite everybody to call, promising them a splendid assortment of goods in each department of their business, and at prices which must satisfy all.

POWELL & CO.

Oct. 1, '74-tf

Selected Poetry.

KIND TO EVERYTHING.

Softly, softly, little sister,
Touch those gaily painted wings;
Butterflies and moths, remember,
Are such very tender things.

Softly, softly, little sister,
Twirl your limber hazel twig;
Little hands may harm a nestling
Thoughtlessly, as well as big.

Gently stroke the purring pussy,
Kindly pat the friendly dog,
Let your unmolesting mercy
Even spare the toad or frog.

Wide is God's great world around you;
Let the harmless creatures live;
Do not mar their brief enjoyment,
Take not what you cannot give.

Let your hearts be warm and tender—
For the mute and helpless plead:
Pitying leads to prompt relieving,
Kindly thought to kindly deed.

Miscellanous.

THE "BLACK SHEEP" OF THE FAMILY.

"Father, believe me, I am speaking the truth! I ask nothing save that you should consider me innocent. If I could but take that assurance with me into exile, it would lighten my burden and help me to forget the unmerited punishment which I have undergone. I know, as a boy, I was wild and reckless, but never dishonest. I am as innocent of the crime for which I suffered as you are."

The speaker was a tall, good-looking young man, apparently of about twenty-five years of age. There was a pallor overspreading his dark features, which spoke of long confinement and severe mental suffering. His manner was, as were his words, earnest and intense; and, as he ceased speaking, he advanced towards his father with an air of entreaty.

"You have been answered; now go; and never dare to intrude on me again. I have, as you know, placed a sum of money in my lawyer's hands for your use; enough for you to be enabled to leave England, and commence, if you choose, an honest career in the colonies. You need expect nothing more from me."

Mr. Pearson ceased speaking, and commenced occupying himself in a way which showed that he was about to leave his counting-house for the night.

The son regarded his father with a wistful look, and once or twice essayed to speak; when at last his words found utterance, they were accompanied by tears.

"This one request, at least, you will not deny me. It is the last I shall ever make to you. It is that I may see my mother. Grant me this, and I will never trouble you again."

There was no sign of relenting in the face of the father, as he turned from the desk at which he had been occupied, and looked straight at his son.

"No! you have almost already broken your mother's heart; the greatest kindness you can do her is never to cross her path."

"At least tell me," pleaded the patient voice, "does my mother think me guilty?"

"She knows you guilty. Now, leave! From this hour you are as one dead to me!"

The gray head was bowed; and, with a heavy sigh, the outcast son left his father's presence.

The door had but just closed upon him, when another emerged from an inner room, the door of which was partly open. This third person had heard the conversation, though not present; and now, with a noiseless step and an expression of countenance intended to be sympathetic, he approached Mr Pearson.

"Father," he said, "do not let this trouble you too much. He is not worth consideration!"

The bowed head was raised, and the face revealed a softened look, which, had the poor outcast seen it, would have given him a ray of hope.

"Ah, Joseph, I had forgotten you were here; you did well, however, in keeping out of sight. Come, my son, it is time we were at home."

And now, while they are on their way to their luxurious home, we will take a survey of the past history of the family.

"Mr. Pearson was what the world calls "a self-made man."

He was well established in life and over thirty when he married. His wife had a fortune in her own right, and, what is better still, she was a fortune in herself. Two years after marriage she gave birth to twins, who have been introduced to the reader. It was observed, as they grew up, that they were in every respect unlike each other.

John was very dark and large framed, while Joseph was fair, small, and, almost from his birth, had looked younger than his brother.

At school, John was always the scape-goat for Joseph, who, however, had not the grace to feel gratitude, much less affection, for him.

When the young Pearsons were 18 years of age, their father determined to place them in his counting-house.

To this arrangement Joseph willingly submitted. Not so with John; he hated the very name of trade, and begged to be allowed to follow something more congenial to his tastes. But a deaf ear was turned to his pleadings, and he was looked upon as the black sheep of the family.

Nearly two years have passed since the young men had been installed in the counting house.

John was sitting alone in his room one night, counting his money, and engaged in the pleasant reflection that, in a short time, his salary for the current quarter would be due. That, added to what he already possessed, would complete the sum which he deemed sufficient to commence his new life.

In the midst of his pleasant meditations he suddenly remembered that an important letter, which his father had requested him to post, still lay in his desk at the office.

John made up his mind to mend matters as far as might be by hastening at once to the counting-house for the letter, which he found he had yet time to post before the last mail went out. He hastily thrust his gold into its place in his trunk, and getting into a 'bus, was soon set down at his destination.

The office had for some time been closed, but John obtained admission by a key which he always carried. He did not deem a light necessary, as he knew exactly where to put his hand upon the letter, besides which, a temporary light from a match was all that could be obtrined,—as, to prevent accident, the gas was nightly cut off.

As he closed the desk, he could not understand why, but he felt certain that some one else breathed the air of that dark room. He stood motionless, listening, but he heard no sound.

Then, in a clear, ringing voice, he asked if any one were present.

There was no response.

Determined to search, he ignited a match, and saw, almost within reach of his arm, his brother Joseph.

Joseph was leaning against the wall, ghastly, trembling in every limb.

At first neither spoke; then John said: "What on earth brings you here?"

The answer came in tones very unlike Joseph's usual subdued utterance.

"I was out walking, was seized with one of my neuralgic pains, and I came in to get the drops for it, which I keep in my desk. But I may as well ask what brings you here?"

"Oh, I—I came here to get a letter which I had forgotten to post on retiring. Why did n't you answer when I spoke?"

"I didn't recognize your voice."

Joseph laughed nervously.

"You're a pretty fellow! Why, the thief might have got off, booty and all, without much opposition to you, my doughty brother! But come, let us get out of this den; it is bad enough to be here in the daytime. By the way, Joe, don't mention to father my having forgotten this letter."

On this, they left the building; Joseph eagerly promised to keep silence.

A week later the quarter's salaries were due and paid. John took his crisp new bank notes with great satisfaction.

That night he again counted his little hoard. While so doing he heard Joseph passing his door. An idea seized him.

"I will astonish my quiet brother with a sight of my wealth," said he. "He would never, I am sure, give me credit for being so saving."

Then he called Joseph, who entered, smiling. But the smile was turned to a look of surprise when he saw the gold and notes on his brother's table.

John was amused, and was about to descant on his own hitherto unsuspected habits of economy, when a knock was heard at the door, and a servant announced that "Mr. Pearson would like to see Mr. John for a few minutes." So, telling Joseph to act as guardian to his golden treasure, John withdrew.

Left alone, Joseph, stooping over the table, hastily examined the paper money. There were four five-pound Bank of England notes, all of them new-looking.

"There can be no risk," he muttered; "John is not half business-like enough to have taken the numbers."

Then, with a trembling hand, he drew a leathern book from his inner pocket, and, taking from it four five-pound notes, crisp and new, he substituted them for John's.

"They look just the same," he said; "he will never detect the difference."

When the brother returned Joseph asked, in a careless tone, if he knew the numbers of his notes. He replied in the negative, as he safely stowed away the notes and gold in his cash-box, remarking that it was sufficient for him to know that he had the notes.

This reply relieved Joseph of any doubts he may have had, and he soon after wished his brother good night.

The time had arrived when John Pearson might go his own way, and leave the occupation which was so distateful to him. He could become his own master. His mother was the only one who knew of his intended departure, and although she loved him dearly, she made no attempt to dissuade him from his purpose.

She understood him well, and knew that he might be trusted to make his way honorably in the world. "I shall go to Australia, mother dear," he said; "and in two or three years, at utmost, come home again, with money enough to rent, or, perhaps, even to buy, a little farm, somewhere in Kent or Surrey, and then you can often come to see and admire my prize pigs and wonderful fowls. And I'll send new-laid eggs to town to you every day."

Mrs. Pearson would smile through her tears while she heard these promises.

Three days before John's projected departure—he had taken a steerage passage to Melbourne, in the Oceanica, determined to rough it—the family were assembled at dinner. It was never a very cheerful meal at the Pearsons' table. the amount of work Mr. Pearson allotted himself was too much for his strength, and he generally returned home peevish and irritable.

On this particular evening he wore even a deeper frown than usual; and each member of his family could see that something had gone wrong. They were soon enlightened as to what it was.

Turning to his wife, Mr. Pearson sharpely said, "Mary, I have been robbed!"

This abrupt announcement caused a profound sensation. John was surprised and sorry, Joseph extremely surprised and sympathetic, and Mrs. Pearson tremblingly asked the nature of the robbery.

"Twenty pounds in notes," was the reply. They were taken from a desk where he himself had placed them eight or ten days before. The desk had evidently been opened by a key in the usual manner, as no marks of force were visible. The merchant expressed his belief that the thief was some one well acquainted with the office, and who must have known the notes were there. He added that the numbers of the notes were known, and detectives had already been set to trace them. He had no doubt they would be found, and then no mercy would be shown the robber.

There was a gloomy silence. No one ventured further comment on the startling news.

John Pearson was not in the habit of allowing disagreeable facts to dwell upon his mind. His temperament was naturally gay and sunny, and he dismissed such memories very summarily. But what he had heard haunted him with an unaccountable persistency. "Who could it have been?" he thought. "I fear father was right when he said that it was some one who knew his way about the counting-house"

And, again and again, he could not help owning to himself that he wished that the guilty party might not be discovered, yet he dared not acknowledge why he harbored such a desire.

And now the sad and secret farewell between mother and son was over, and John stood upon the deck of the magnificent steamer that was to bear him away to the freedom for which he had so long pined.

Full of eager hope and happiness, he strolled toward the fore part of the vessel; his step was buoyant and elastic. But another footstep, silent and stealthy, followed his. Presently a heavy hand was laid on his shoulder, and, all innocent and honest though John Pearson was, he knew before a word had been spoken that he was under arrest, charged with burglary.

There is no need to dilate on the trial. The Brutus-like father prosecuted with none the less rigor because the accused was his own son.

In vain John Pearson the younger pleaded his innocence. Circustances were too strong against him. His passage money had been in part paid with the stolen notes. Then his wishing to get away from the country, and not mentioning his intention, all went against him.

He begged that his brother might visit him, or at least see his counsel, with a view to explaining that he had told him of having saved all his two years' salary. But after an interview which that young man had with the lawyer, the latter advised John not to call him as a witness, as all that he could say would only stregthen the prosecution.

The judge who tried the case was well known for his heavy sentences; and the jury, though to a man they pitied the prisoner, believed him guilty.

So John Pearson was condemned to five years' penal servitude. Death, in its most terrible form, would have been preferable to being for five years the companion of the very dregs of society, while his whole life would be clouded with shame, and his mother's heart perhaps broken! Surely, never was so bitter a lot!

Was there no one who believed him innocent?

His trial had caused much excitement. Scores of friends, and even relations, mingled with the crowds who came on the last day to hear his sentence passed; and as he was led from the dock he looked at the many faces which he knew for some token of sympathy or of belief in his innocence—but in vain; all were cast down or averted as he passed. Though the majority condemned the father's severity, none believed in the innocence of the son.

One last agonizing farewell to his mother, who, unknown to her husband, had visited her unhappy son, and he was immured in his living tomb.

The next five years crept on slowly and heavily to the Pearsons. The elder was shunned and disliked by many who had before sought and respected him.

This behavior of his former friends Mr. Pearson wrongly supposed to be the result of his son's crime. Had he guessed aright he would have known that it arose from natural abhorrence towards a man who could consign his own offspring to such a terrible doom.

Joseph, as before, went his way quietly. He never gained a friend, and he took care never to make an enemy.

To the mother, the years brought only tears, and a prayerful longing to see her son again.

The time has been served, and John Pearson has got his release. He sought his father, with what result we have seen—only to be ordered from his presence with bitter revilings.

And as he turned his back upon the counting-house, and wended his way east, toward the cheap inn where he had taken up his temporary residence, he resolved not to touch a penny of the money which his father's lawyer had in charge for him.

"I have sued to my father," said he, "when he should by rights have sued to me for my pardon. The money was not sent in kindness, but only to pass me out of the country in case I should disgrace them farther. I, who never stole the value of one penny in my life, have for five years been enduring a living death, only to be branded as a thief and an ex-convict. But I will not be crushed. I am young, and shall soon regain my lost strength."

Thus determined, the released prisoner resolved to husband what little money he had till he could earn more. He would try and get employment as a laborer on some farm, or would go into the North and work in a coal mine. "Years ago," he said to himself, "I used to think I should like to dig for gold in Australia; if I could have done that, I can dig for coal in England. Yes, I'll be a collier. Sure, very strict inquiries are not made into the antecedents of men who apply for work in a coal mine!"

That night John wrote to his mother asking her to believe in his innocence, and telling her to be of good cheer, for all must yet turn out well. He did not, however, mention to her his intention of turning collier.

The next day saw him in a third-class carriage, on his way to Liverpool.

Arrived there, he bought a suit of clothes such as are worn by miners. Then, duly equipped, he started on foot on his journey into the Black Country to procure work.

He did not find this so easy to do as he had supposed. He applied to overlooker after overlooker, without success.

At last he was fortunate enough to obtain a place, which combined a great deal of heavy labor with very small wages.

With a ready hand and willing heart, he went to work, believing all would be well in time. He never allowed his mind to linger on the past, and he always looked forward to the good time he was sure of seeing. The collier liked him, he was so kind and good tempered. The little children all loved him; and his sympathy with their joys and sorrows won at once the regard of the kind, homely matrons.

John had been working at the mine for three months, when, on one memorable night as he was just returning home, in company with some of his fellow-workmen, a man came suddenly up, and told them there was a terrible railroad accident close at hand.

Anxious to be of some use, the rough but good-natured men started off, guided by the messenger, in the direction of the scene of the disaster.

John was among the first who reached the spot. An express train, bound for Glasgow, had fallen over the embankment, and now the engine and carriages lay shattered wrecks at the foot of the steep.

From beneath the *debris*, shrieks and moans were heard; and the miners, who now mustered in strong force, were already lending their brawny strength in aid of the poor sufferers.

John paused before a heap of iron and wood-work, and, putting down his lantern, proceeded to extricate the body of a man—an old man, as he could see by the gray, scant hair, which was bedabbled with gore. The face also was covered with blood; yet he saw with satisfaction that the sufferer was alive.

Gently placing him on the grass, he turned his attention to a young man close to him. As he lifted the form, he felt with a shudder, and a feeling of infinite pity, that the body had been terribly crushed; yet the man breathed, and John kneeling to place him on a litter which had been hastily made, asked the men to carry him to his cottage, he himself helping to carry the elder man to the same destination.

Men on horseback had been dispatched to the nearest town for medical assistance—the little hamlet of the miners only boasted one doctor, in search of whom John went, and begged him to come at once to his cottage, if only for a few minutes.

The doctor, who was half-distracted at the demands made upon him, promised to be there directly. And John hastened back to the sufferers, hoping to be able to do something to relieve them until more efficient help than his could be procured.

As he entered the cottage, something familiar in the forms of the two men on his bed struck him. He prepared warm water, and, on bathing the bruised and cut faces, recognized in the sufferers his father and his brother Joseph.

At that instant the doctor entered the cottage. He pronounced the condition of the elder gentleman to be by no means serious, and a cordial soon revived him, and restored him to consciousness. Not so with Joseph. Consciousness returned, certainly; but to his agonized inquiry as to whether he should recover, the doctor could only answer, sadly that the fleeting hour would probably be his last.

While the doctor had been attending to his patients, John had withdrawn to a dark corner of the room. He feared the effect upon his father if he should reveal himself too abruptly.

The medical man hastened away, promising to return in a short time. He could do nothing by remaining and there were others in urgent need of his help.

Left, as they supppsed, alone, Mr. Pearson bent over his child in anguish of spirit. "Oh, Joseph, my only son, how can I bear to lose you?"

But the other raised his death-cold hand in depreciating appeal.

"No, father, not your only son! Listen. Do not interrupt me while I am speaking, and do not curse me when I shall have finished. My life has been a lie. From my earliest childhood I have deceived my mother and you. Often and often, both at school and at home, has my poor brother borne the faults committed by me. And, oh, father—turn away from me!—I, not he, was guilty of the crime for which he suffered. I stole those notes, and exchanged them secretly for others which he had received for his quarter's salary. I believe John suspected me, yet he nobly kept silent. Oh, if I could but see him before I die, I would drag these crushed limbs to his feet, and implore pardon!"

"No need for that my brother!" And the stalwart form of a collier emerged from the darkness—a tall, toil-stained man, down whose sooty looking face the tears rolled slowly.

There was no time for explanation. Together, father and son knelt by the bed of death, and prayed for the erring soul to be released.

And when two days afterwards, John prepared to accompany his father on their sad homeward journey, rough, toil-hardened hands grasped his in cordial farewell, and as the men watched him out of sight, there were many who declared that they had "kenned all along that yon chap were a gentleman."

THE WORK THAT WINS.

If I can only impress upon the young men the importance of choosing one thing for their life-business, and sticking to it, I shall not have written this article in vain. What is success but the reward of persevering industry? Oh, I don't have any reference to that industry of some people, who go changing about from one thing to another during their whole lives. They may be the business people in the world, but they accomplish nothing. I mean the well directed effort that lays siege to some particular trade or profession, and conquers and takes full command of it, just as armies besiege and conquer a strong city.

Oh, the desire to be brilliant! I think it destroys more fine characters than rum. It is a disease that often works fatally among our talented young Americans, withering inherent genius, by pulling it from the particular soil where it naturally grows, and transplanting it wherever foolish fancy dictates. What a pity it is that there exists, even in our land, a spirit which looks disparagingly upon hard-working, slow-plodding mediocrity. There is a thousand times more hope for an honest shoemaker, who does his work well and sticks to his business, than for your brilliant fellow who gallops over land and sea, now scribbling a nice little poem for a newspaper, reading a little of law, next rummaging medical books, and what next he will do the Lord only knows. Continuity, like every other quality of mind, is capable of development; but, like others, alas! it is sometimes largely inherent, and often exhibits itself in a remarkable degree, quite early in life. Show me a boy who makes his kite fly in spite of its ragged tail and a boisterous wind; who works day after day, and night after night, at his problem, and gets it; who whittles till his fingers are sore, and his knife is dull, but finally succeeds in making a top to suit him; and I don't care if he is "as slow as molasses in winter," I'll wager my money on him a hundred times in preference to the bright, smart little pet of the school who gets his lessons in five minutes, and lets his kite go to the dogs because the tail breaks.

Continuity is worth more than genius. The two united makes John Milton. The first, fully developed, makes Wm. Wordsworth, but a bright intellect, without a genius for work, makes the village wit who glorifies the American eagle on the Fourth of July, and rolls in the corner of a beer saloon on Christmas day. United, they always perform wonders; but the ability to persevere in one course often performs wonders anyhow, while genius, without continuity, is always dancing about like a will o'-the-wisp, deceiving people, and constantly shining very dimly through a mist.

Oh, how many fine young men we have seen of acknowledged talent and finished education, who have had to yield the palm to some plodding fellow who was reckoned a blockhead in his school-boy days.

PROPER NAMES — THEIR ORIGIN AND MEANING.

A Lecture Delivered by Rev. G. P. Watrous, before the Bradford County Teachers' Association, and published at their request.

[CONCLUDED].

But what is this drove coming toward us, looking so wild and fierce? Be on your guard, for there is Mr. Bear, Bruen, Wolf, Lyon, Fox, Buck, Badger, Hare, Hart, Doe, Coon, Reid, Beaver and Deer. But there is an Angel and a Child with them, and there is nothing to fear. Following these we see Mr. Palfrey, Colt, Puss, Bull, Bullock, Cow, Steed, Hogg, Pigg, Lamb, Ox, Herd. Having examined these quadrupeds, let us turn our attention to ornithology. We have Bird, Finch, Bullfinch, Coote, Drake, Duck, Gander, Daw, Talbird, Jay, Parrot, Eagle, Nightingale, Robbin, Martin, Crow, Crane, Dove, Swan, Wren, Chicken, Cock, Goldfinch, Goslin, Gull, Hawks, Lark, Peacock, Woodcock, Lapwing, Swallow, and a sweet Birdsong from them.

Having considered this wonderful flock of winged beauties, let us turn our attention to Ichthyology, and look at the finny tribes. Here we see Mr. Fish, Bass, Trout, Dolphin, Darey, Eels, Gudgeon, Herring, Salmon, Chubb, Pike; while Crab, Clam, Clamshell, Seal and Whale, come in for a share of attention. (*j*) And now we are here, let us look at other damp objects. Here is Mr. Water, Brooks, Tenbrook, Pond, Lake, Pool, Creek, Rivers, Flood, Bay, Haven, Stillwater, Channel, Ford, Wells, Ripple, Bubble, Shore, Fenn, Marsh, Wharf, Ferry. (*k*) Shall we look for some botanical specimens? We find them varied and abundant. First is Mr. Wood and his family of 28 members: Woods, Sherwood, Sharswood, Wedgewood, Kirkwood, Haywood, Atwood, Portwood, Spotswood, Rockwood, Hedgewood, Lockwood, Eastwood, McWood, Woodside, Woodstock, Woodward, Hogwood, Woodhull, Woodruff, Woodworte, Underwood, Woodson, Hazelwood, Woodall, and the baby Smallwood.

Then presided over by Mr. Park, Grove and Forest, we have Roundtree, Root and Branch, Plant, Sprig, Ash, Maple, Beech, Pine, Birch, Hawthorn, Myrtle, Holly, Box, Olive, Vine, Gage, Berry, Hops, Oak, Sevenoaks, Bush, Heath, Moss, Sage, Reed, Weed, Rue, Grass, Pipegrass, Snodgrass, Clover, Rush, Hay, Cobb, Leek, Cotton.

(*l*). But natural curiosities are around us on every side, replete with grandeur and beauty. We have Mountain, Peak, Spur, Brink, Hill, Dale, Cliff, Stine, Longstein, Thickstein, Steinbottom, Whetstone, Goldberg, Rockwell, Wall, Marble, Clay, Land, Lee, Sand, Place, Bower, Ramsdale, Ramsbottom, Winterbottom, Glen, Bower, Valley and Peat.

(*m*). But are we more interested in man and his works than in natural objects? In names the memory of man's skill is perpetuated. Here is Mr. Castle and Cannon, Carr, Church, Kirk, Temple, Town, Tower, Barn, Booth, Shed, Stackpole, Haycock, Mill, Hopper, Ship, Crew, Cutter, Deck, Helm, Keel, Guy, Shute, Bazaar. But there are still more interesting objects, the results of his handicraft. Mr. House, Stackhouse, Waterhouse, Whitehouse, Brickhouse, Salthouse, Outhouse, Woodhouse, and their owners, Mr. Houseman and Mr. Homes. Leading to the house there are four gates: Mr. Gate, Eastgate, Westgate and Applegate. In the house we find Mr. Post and Sill, Bell, Block, Potts, Philpot, Kittle, Hook, Sparks, Ring, Rigg, Pitcher, Ball, Basket, Seal, Box, Gill, Peck, Overpeck, Gallon, Line, Webb, Patch, Hatchet, Bond, Spear, Dartt, Matlock, Shuck, Perry, Bolster, Shield, Hall, Chambers, Attick, Brick and Gunn.

The last two names suggest anecdotes. "A certain college professor," says Arthur, "who had assembled his class at the commencement of the term, was reading over the list of the names to see that all were present. It chanced that one of the number was unknown to the professor, having just entered the class.

"What is your name, sir?" asked the professor, looking through his spectacles.

"You are a brick!" was the startling reply.

"Sir?" said the professor, half starting out of his chair. "I did not exactly understand your answer."

"You are a brick," was again the composed reply.

"This is intolerable," said the professor, his face reddening. "Beware, young man, how you insult me."

"Insult you!" said the student, in turn astonished; "how have I done it?"

"Did you not say I was a brick?"

"No, sir; you asked my name, and I answered your question. My name is U. R. A. Brick—Uriah Reynolds Anderson Brick."

"Ah, indeed!" murmured the professor, sinking back into his seat. "It was a misconception on my part; will you commence the lesson, Mr. Brick?"

A person by the name of Gunn, complained to a friend, that his attorney had not let him off easily. "That's no wonder," said his friend, "as he charged you too high!"

From an entry in the custom-house of Edinburgh, it appears that "A. Gunn was discharged for making a false report."

But let us look around a little more in this curious house. Suppose we step into the library. Here is a walking Grammar. It is not in a dead language, for the parts of speech can act their part as well as speak. It is edited by Mr. Read and Guess, assisted by Inkpen, Thigpen, and Penhollow.

Among the Nouns we have Mr. Dott, Ott, Ord, Eve, Pim, Res, as diminutives, and Mr. Bretzsneider, Sadenstricker and Witherspoon, as elongatives.

As Adjectives, we have Mr. Rich, Poor, Low, Humble, Bond, Free, Old, Young, Gay, Dearborn.

As Numerals, we have Mr. Six, Mr. Ten, and Fourty.

In the comparison of adjectives, we have Mr. Good, Best, Wise, Wiser Wisdom, Witt, Hook, Hooker, Utt, Utter, More.

As Pronouns we have Mr. Herr, Hern and Mee.

Conjunction, Mr. Orr.

Adverbs, Mr. Nott and Ney.

In Gender, we have Mr. Sex. As Masculine Gender, Mr. Milliner, Mr. Jennie, Mr. Daughters, Mr. Nunn, Mr. McGirls and Mr. Queens.

We have one Case.

Among the Verbs we have Mr. Try, Blush, Reap, Lugg, Stoops, Rigg, Whittle Hope, Jump. In the Imperative Mood, Mr. Lett. As parts of the verb, Mr. Had. In the present tense, Mr. Goe; imperfect, Went; present participle, Going; perfect participle, Mr. Gone. We have also the present participle, Howling, and perfect participle, Given and Lent.

But let us look a moment into the Cabinet. We find Mr. Silver, Gold, Flint, Steel, Cole, Rust, Jewell, Ruby, Diamond, Clay and Stone.

But humanity prompts us to go into the Hospital to see the Inmates, and Know the sufferings that flesh is heir to. We see here Mr. Paine, Hart, Fall, Cramp, Akin, Akinside, Burnside, Headache, Wale, Wintermute, Withers, Rickets, Biles, Bledsoe, Goutlip, Dyer and Dye.

But there are other living wonders in these houses. Here is an old bachelor by the name of Younghusband, and a married man by the name of Bachelor. Here is a young lady by the name of Miss Husband. Here is a father whom his children call Cousin. Here is a man quarreling with another by the name of Lover. Here is a tavern-keeper by the name of Guest. Here is a servant by the name of Master, and a rich man by the name of Poor, and a widower by the name of Wedlock, and a Rev. Bishop by the name of Hellmouth.

But before we part, let us call on the Good families, and congratulate them that they have retained their goodness in this wicked world.

There are nineteen of them: Mr. Good, Goodday, Goodyear, Goodbehere, Goodbody, Goodale, Goodchild, Goodman, Goodair, Goodfellow, Goodheart, Goodspeed, Goodway, Levergood, Goodwill, Goodwin, Goodall, Goodenough and Toogood. The last family is nearly extinct. There were hardly three brothers who came over from England.

But it is time to bring our rambles to a close, for the lights are being put out, and we hear the good housewife say to her husband, "Mr. Gotobed, go to bed."

I have consumed so much time on the first branch of my subject, that I shall be obliged to omit the second. There is a book on that subject, by Wm. Arthur, entitled "Etymological Dictionary of Family and Christian Names." Teachers could spend a little time profitably in explaining to children the meaning of their names.

There are names that have been made so illustrious by those who have borne them, that it is a good start in life to inherit them. There are other names so frequently on the roll of crime, that we almost pity the innocent children who have them.

There are names carved on the field of carnage by the sword, and recarved by a grateful country in enduring granite, bristling with the brazen trophies of war. Others are written on the annals of the nation, and are inseparably linked with her prowess and renown.

Others have entwined their names with the wreath of fame won from the field of statesmanship and diplomacy. Others, with the telescope or microscope, have blended their names with the records of the profoundest orbs above, or the minute marvels of the world below.

Others, reading the rocky leaves of the Book of Nature, with its grand illustrations of the Fauna and Flora of the past; and others, with retort and crucible, analyzing and discovering the subtle elements with which Nature works her mysteries; and still others, with pen, chisel, pencil, or brush,—have won names that their country will not let die.

Some have caught the swift-flying sunbeam, and bound their names with its iris braid. The electric current, caught and tamed, carries the names of others across the sea, and flashes them over every land.

And in this gathering of Teachers, with joy it should be spoken, there are those who have discovered and applied the best methods of teaching and developing the youthful mind, the lustre of whose names the passing ages may not dim.

The hand of affection has written our names between the two Testaments, apparently that the prophetic spirit of the Old, and the loving, gentle, Christ-like sp