The Bradford Reporter.

S. W. ALVORD, Publisher. | REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER. | $2 per Annum in Advance.

VOLUME XXXVI. | TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, JULY 1, 1875. | NUMBER 4.

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

Advertising in all cases exclusive of subscriptions to the paper.

SPECIAL NOTICES inserted at FIFTEEN CENTS per line, for the first insertion, and FIVE CENTS per line for subsequent insertions.

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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.

Professional and Business Cards.

OVERTON & MERCUR, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, TOWANDA PA. Office over Montanyes Store. [may675.
D'A. OVERTON. RODNEY A. MERCUR.

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

W. H. CARNOCHAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW Troy, Pa. Collections made and promptly remitted. [feb15-69tf.

H. W. PATRICK, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office—Mercur's Block, next door to Express Office, Towanda, Pa. jly17-73.

DR. S. M. WOODBURN, Physician and Surgeon. Office over O. A. Black's Crockery store. Towanda, May 1, 1872ly*.

WOOD & SANDERSON, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, TOWANDA, PA.
AS. WOOD. [may27] JNO. F. SANDERSON.

PECK & STREETER. LAW OFFICE, TOWANDA, PA.
W. A. PECK. [jan15.74] H. STREETER.

DRS. JOHNSON & NEWTON. Physicians and Surgeons. Office over Dr. Porter & Son's Drug Store, Towanda, Pa.
T. B. JOHNSON, M. D. D. N. NEWTON, M. D. jan1-75tf.

E. C. GRIDLEY. ATTORNEY AT LAW, TOWANDA, PA. April 1, 1873.

GEORGE W. BRINK, Justice of the Peace and Conveyancer. Also Insurance Agent, LeRaysville, Pa. March 18-87.

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 office on State Street. Business solicited. Sept. 3-74tf.

W. B. KELLY, DENTIST.—Office over M. E. Rosenfield's, Towanda, Pa. Teeth inserted on Gold, Silver, Rubber, and Aluminum base. Teeth extracted without pain. Oct. 34-72.

PEET & DAVIES, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, MERCUR'S BLOCK April 1-74. TOWANDA, PA.

WILT & MAXWELL, ATTORNEYS & COUNSLORS-AT-LAW. Office over Dayton's Store, Towanda, Pa. J. ANDREW WILT, WM. MAXWELL. (May be consulten in German.) apr2975.

I. McPHERSON, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW, Towanda Pa. Office in Tracy & Noble's New Block. [may13.

DR. C. M. STANLY, DENTIST, Having removed his Dental office into Tracy & Moor's new block, over Kent & Watrous' store, is now prepared to do all kinds of dental work. He has also put in a new gas aparatus. may1375.

GEO. V. MYER, C. E., COUNTY SURVEYOR.—Particular attention given to locating disputed "lines." Office over Post Office. may12-75. Towanda, Pa.

FOR SALE OR RENT.—My Blacksmith Shop and Tools, near Myers' Mills. Good Location. GEO. FRINK. Towanda, April 23, 1875.

W. H. THOMPSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, WYALUSING, PA. Will attend to all business entrusted to his care in Bradford, Sullivan and Wyoming Counties. Office with Esq. Porter. [nov19-74.

HALE & PATTON, Agents for CONNECTICUT MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY. Office No. 3 Griffith & Patton's Block, Bridge Sts. March 26-74.

DR. G. A. BUSH, CAMPTOWN, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA. Treats Chronic Diseases by new methods. May be consulted by letter. [aug6-74.

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. (apr14-70) N. C. ELSBREE.

MADILL & CALIFF, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, TOWANDA, PA. Office in Wood's Block, first door south of the First National bank, up-stairs. H. J. MADILL. [jan8-73ly] J. N. CALIFF.

C. S. RUSSELL'S GENERAL INSURANCE AGENCY, May28-70tf. TOWANDA, PA.

JOHN W. MIX. ATTORNEY AT LAW. AND U. S. COMMISSIONER. TOWANDA, PA. Office—North side Public Square. Jan. 1, 1875.

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 resiedence N. E. corner of Second and Elizabeth streets. J. E. FLEMING, oct5-71. Box 511, Towanda, Pa.

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

INSURANCE AGENCY. The following RELIABLE AND FIRE TRIED Companies represented: LANCASHIRE, PHENIX, HOME, MERCHANTS. March 19-71. O. A. BLABK.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF TOWANDA.
CAPITAL.............$125,000.
SURPLUS FUND.......... 50,000.
This Bank offers UNUSUAL FACILITIES for the transaction of a GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS INTEREST PAID ON DEPOSITS ACCORDING TO AGREEMENT.
SPECIAL CARE GIVEN TO THE COLLECTION OF NOTES AND CHECKS.
Parties wishing to SEND MONEY to any part of the United States, England, Ireland, Scotland, or the principal cities and towns of Europe, can here procure drafts for that purpose.
PASSAGE TICKETS To or from the Old Country, by thebest steam or sailing lins, always on hand.
FAMILIES BROUGHT OVER AT REDUCED RATES;
highest price paid for U. S., Bonds, Gold and Silver.
POWELL, President. N. N. BETT, JR. Cashier.

O I C
"THE LITTLE STORE 'ROUND THE CORNER" Is the best place in Towanda to buy good CIGARS AND TOBACCO, at low rates. Remember MERCUR'S BLOCK, opposite COURT HOUSE SIGN OF THE "INDIAN SQUAW" apr9-75.

J. O. Frost & Sons.

SPRING OF 1875.

J. O. FROST & SONS

Are now receiving their usual supply of Goods for the Spring Trade, and have on hand, of their own make, a full line of the best furniture to be found in any

MARKET IN THE WORLD

We have stock

OVER TWO HUNDRED

CHAMBER SUITS

From $28 00 to $300, making Largest and

BEST ASSORTMENT OF ANY

HOUSE

OUTSIDE OF NEW YORK

While our assortment of

CHAIRS, BEADSTEADS, BUREAUS, STANDS, TABLES, ROCKERS, LOUNGES, &C.,

Was never better.

A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF PARLOR SUITS, IN HAIR CLOTH, TERRY, PLUSH, VELVET AND SILK GOODS,

ALWAYS IN STOCK, OR FURNISHED ON SHORT NOTICE.

If you are in need of anything in the line of Under taking, you will find the

BEST ASSORTMENT, BEST GOODS, AND LOWEST PRICES, OF ANY HOUSE IN THE COUNTRY.

Remember, we are selling goods cheap, for cash.

GIVE US A CALL.

J. O. FROST & SONS, Main Street.

March 1,75-6m.

Selected Poetry.

THE COUNTRY SCHOOL MA'AM.

BY JAMES W. GIFFORD.

In shapely boots and apron white,
And neatly-fitting dresses,
With braided hat that scarcely shades
Her wealth of flowing tresses;
Down through the meadows, fair and green,
The country school-ma'am passes,
Each morn, with smiling face, to greet
The laddies and the lasses.

The grass is heavy with the dew,
The sky is bright above her,
The sunlight fingers on her path,
The song-birds seem to love her;
They flit about her through the air,
And sing their sweetest praises,
The grasses spring to kiss her feet,
The clover and the daisies.

The children round the school-house door
Make haste to claim their greeting,
Their sunny faces flushed with joy,
Their little hearts fast beating;
Ah! ye who claim life's pleasures vain,
Have never known what bliss is,
Unless your youthful lips have felt
The country school ma'am's kisses.

Ah! well do I remember when,
In other summer weather,
Fair little Maud and I trudged down
The country road together;
Her dinner pail swung on her arm,
The meadow larks were singing,
While from its leafy perch, the thrush
Had set the hedge-rows ringing.

Oh, happy days! Oh! joyful past!
Too dear to be but fleeting!
For little Maud long years ago,
First heard the angel's greeting;
But when the children home from school
Come trooping through the clover,
Again I feel myself a boy,
And live the old days over.

Miscellaneous.

MISS DOLLY CORNERED.

"I shouldn't be surprised any day, Dolly, to see David Wiggin tying his horse at your gate," said Mr. Blount, rougishly, gathering up the reins.

"Nonsense, brother! anything the matter with his own hitching-post?" retorted Miss Dolly, turning to the doorway.

Mr. Blount laughed. Everybody felt bound to laugh at Miss Dolly's crisp sayings. She had kept her friends in good humor these forty years.

"And when David does call on you," pursued Mr. Blount, more seriously, "I do hope, Dolly, you'll give him a chance to do his errand. That'll be no more'n fair, and the man won't be easy till he has freed his mind."

"What mischief are you the forerunner of now, James Blount?" cried Miss Dolly, facing about like a soldier in a dream. "What upon earth have I to do with David's errands?"

"Well, his wife's been dead a year or so," said Mr. Blount, suggestively, shutting one eye and squinting down the length of his whip-stock, "and lately he's been asking about you. You can put that and that together to suit yourself."

"Fiddle-sticks!" said Miss Dolly, energetically.

"I shan't say have him or don't have him—but there isn't a likelier man living than David—but I do say, Dolly, you ought to give him a hearing." And having convinced himself beyond a doubt that the whip was all right, Mr. Blount tickled his sleepy horse with it and drove away.

"Oh, my sorrows!" ejaculated Miss Dolly, closing the door with an afflicted countenance, and sitting down so quietly for once that a photographer might have copied her then and there.

Not that he could have done her justice, for her expression was too quick and varied to be caught by any trick of chemicals, and without it Miss Dolly's physiognomy would have been rather characterless but for her prominent Roman nose. This organ gave tone to her face. By which I would not be understood literally as saying that she talked thro' it in a nasal whine. I mean simply that in a metaphorical sense this bold feature spoke loudly of energy. And Miss Dolly had always had abundant need of energy—else why the nose?

Every two years during her childhood she had been tip-toed into the east bed-room to see a new baby, till at her mother's death five little brothers fell to her charge to be coaxed and scolded into manhood. "You can't bring up them boys," croked a dolorous aunt. "They'll run square over you, Dorothy Almeda."

Dorothy Almeda was Miss Dolly's baptismal name, but it was so manifestly too big for her that most of her friends would as soon have thought of labeling a tiny homœopathic vial with a quack-medicine advertisement as of calling her by it.

"Let 'em run over me as long as it doesn't hurt 'em!" laughed Dolly, skewing her flaxen hair with a goose-quill, and tying a tow apron over her calico long-short, preparatory to "bringing up" said youths.

From that day forward she went cheerily on, making the best of everything, though it must be confessed she often had odds and ends to work with, as people usually do who are born with a faculty. Somehow she found time for all her duties except matrimony. If that was a duty, it was one she couldn't and wouldn't attend to while her father and children needed her. Divers young men thought this a great pity, among them David Wiggin.

"Don't be silly, David!" said Dolly, when he hinted as much to her, whereupon David went off straightway and married Olive Searle, the plainest girl in the parish. This happened thirty years ago, and now David was again wifeless, and again the current of his thoughts turned toward Miss Dolly, who lived at the old homestead near the foot of Bryant's Falls. Her father died some months before. Of the boys, James and Ezekiel had settled on neighboring farms, and the remaining three were in the West. David's benevolent heart warmed with compassion as he remembered Dolly's lonely condition, and he felt that it would be exceedingly kind in him to offer her a home, especially as he owned as good a place as you'd find on the river, while the Blount cottage was fast falling to decay. He wouldn't let her former refusal of him tell against her, for, now he looked back, he really didn't see how she could have married anybody at that period. She ought to be rewarded for the devotion she had shown to the family, and, for his part, he felt magnanimous enough to give her a second chance to accept him. Such was the worthy widower's state of mind when he asked James Blount, with mocked humility, whether it would be of any use for him to try to make a bargain with Dolly.

"That's more'n I can tell," Mr. Blount had answered; "Dolly's a puzzle. You'll have to find out for yourself."

Mr. Wiggin smiled, in complacent anticipation of acceptance. Indeed, if it might not seem like a reproach to the memory of his lost Olive, I should say that the kind-hearted man rejoiced in this opportunity of making Miss Dolly's happiness.

Benevolence was in his face, benevolence was in his spirit, as he sallied forth at an early day to acquaint her with her good fortune. The broken harrow which he had strapped into the wagon to give the neighbors a plausible reason for his trip to the Falls, was by no means typical of mental laceration in its owner. His feeling as he approached Miss Dolly's moss-grown cottage was purely one of thankfulness that it was in his power to provide her a better home. Not that he was grateful to his dead wife for leaving a vacancy there. Mr. Wiggin had mourned faithfully for Olive a year and a day.

Miss Dolly was out in the garden gathering catnip. She never used it herself, but there were nervous old ladies in the village who looked upon this herb as the substance pleasant dreams are made of, and Miis Dolly dried it every year, and often left little bundles of it when she made visits of consolation. She had built a chip fire under the tea-kettle, and then whisked off to pick an apronful of the pungent leaves while the water was boiling. There she was, stooping beneath the haves of a log-cabin sunbonnet, and humming a lively fugue tune, when Mr. Wiggin drove up.

"'Come, my beloved, haste away,'"

piped Miss Dolly, cheerily, snapping briskly at the stalks.

"'Cut short the hours of the delay.
Fly like a youthful—'"

"'Fly like a youthful—'" struck in a wheezy bass.

The sun-bonnet tipped back like a cart body.

"Sakes alive!" cried Dolly, not in the words of the hymn, as Mr. Wiggin strode toward her on his slightly rheumatic legs.

"I don't mean to put you out," he laughed, shaking hands heartily, "but it seemed kind o' nateral to take a party with you in Invitation."

"You always had a way of falling in at the most unheard-of time, I remember," retorted Miss Dolly saucily, recovering herself, and going on gathering catnip. She was fifty years old now, and hoped she had her wits about her.

"You used to say I kept good time, only too much of it," pursued Mr. Wiggin, with a sudden inspiration; "but I tell you what, Dolly, time never dragged with me then as it does these days!"

"It is a dull season," said Miss Dolly, with exasperating simplicity. "I suppose the grasshoppers have eaten most of your wheat, haven't they, so it'll hardly pay for reaping?"

"Just so," assented Mr. Wiggin, discomfitted. He had not traveled five miles in the heat to discuss the state of the crops.

"Walk in and sit down, won't you?" said Miss Dolly, with reluctant hospitality. Her apron was crammed at last to its utmost capacity. She devoutly wished it had been larger.

"Well, yes, I don't care if I do," answered Mr. Wiggin, after a hypocritical show of hesitation. "No hurry though, as I know of," and he turned to let down the bars for Miss Dolly, who meanwhile slipped nimbly through the fence, catnip and all.

"Bless my heart! I don't see but what you're as spry as ever you was," said he, admiringly, as he puffed along in her wake. "Still you must be getting into years, Dolly, as well as I—no offence, I hope—and I was wondering whether or no it wasn't lonesome for you living alone here—a woman so?"

"Oh, I was never one of the lonesome kind," responded Miss Dolly briskly, seating her guest in the patch-work cushioned rocking-chair; "and, for that matter, hardly a day passes without some of James' folks running in to see me."

"Yes, I know; but if you was to change your situation, wouldn't you enjoy life better, think?"

Miss Dolly fidgeted at the green paper curtains, and intimated that her present happiness was complete if the grasshoppers would stop feeding on her garden sauce.

"That's just it," continued Mr. Wiggin, eagerly; "you do seem to need a man to look out for your farming interests, now don't you, Dolly?—a man that'll be ready and willing to do for you, and make you comfortable?"

"I don't know," said Dolly, dryly. "The year before my father died, I did have Silas Potter, and he is the most faithful creature living; but what with the extra cooking and washing I had to do for him, my work was about doubled, and when mudtime came I was glad to send him off and hire by the day. I about made up my mind that men folks round the house cost more'n they come to."

"I guess we don't understand one another," said Mr. Wiggin, slightly disconcerted by this unflattering view of his sex. "I wasn't speaking of hired help, Dolly. Naturally you'd get tired with that; it's worryin' to a woman. But if you was to have a companion, now—one that would give you a good home, with wood and water under cover—"

"Shoo! shoo!" cried Miss Dolly, flying out after an inquiring chicken on the doorstep.

Mr. Wiggin drew his red pocket-handkerchief from his hat to wipe his glowing face.

"How's your health nowadays?" asked Miss Dolly, frisking back.

"Very good; remarkably good! I don't know where you'll find a man, Dolly, with a tougher constitution than I've got."

"Ah!" Miss Dolly blushed like a sumac in October.

"Yes, I'm well," pursued Mr. Wiggin, perseveringly, "and I'm tolerably well-to-do, with nothing to hinder me from marrying again, provided I can see a woman to my mind."

"There's the deacon's widow," suggested Dolly, officiously; "she's pious, economical—"

"She's left with means enough to carry her through handsomely," interrupted Mr. Wiggin, quickly. "Now I'd rather have a wife to provide for—one that needed a home. In fact, Dolly, I have my eye on the little woman I want this minute!"

He had both eyes on her, for that matter, and Miss Dolly was forced to recognize the situation, whether she accepted it or not.

"I've managed to sugar my tea so far, David, without calling upon my neighbors," chirruped she, stooping to lay straight the braided mat, "and I might as well keep on. I don't feel it a tax, as some folks would. But there's Martha Dunning, she's having a hard time to get along. Why don't you take her, David? She'd like your house."

"It would seem as if 'most any woman might," said Mr. Wiggin, in an injured tone, "all finished off complete, painted outside and in—"

"She'd be delighted with it, I'm sure of it!" broke in Miss Dolly, with an air of conviction, as she darted into the kitchen to lift the boiling kettle from the crane.

"But you don't mean that you won't marry me, Dolly?" pleaded Mr. Wiggin, anxiously, following to the door. "I've been lettin' on seein' you at the head of things in my house."

"Martha is a grand manager," said Miss Dolly, cooly. "David needn't think he can buy me with a set of new buildings," added she, mentally, snapping down the lid of the pug-nosed teapot.

"I tell you, Dolly, I won't have Martha; I don't like her turn!" cried Mr. Wiggin, testily, balancing himself on the threshold, yet not daring to step over it.

Miss Dolly gave her undivided attention to winging the hearth.

"You know you was always the woman of my choice. Dolly," pursued Mr. Wiggin, as tenderly as he could consistently with the distance between them, and we were both young—"

"Pshaw!" snapped Miss Dolly, scorching her wing; "that's beyond the memory of man!"

Mr. Wiggin's position was becoming painful. He grasped the door-post in either hand, looking wretched enough to slay himself on the spot, after the fashion of Sampson. Evidently he had not touched the right chord as yet. Miss Dolly was not to be won by the attractions of wealth and position, nor even by tender allusions to the past. He would appeal to her kindness of heart.

"I used to believe you had some feelin', Dolly," said he, tremulously; "but you don't seem to have any for me. Here I am left alone in the world; children all paired off, 'thout's Matilda, and she'll go before the snow flies; house empty—"

"I suppose you can have a home with anyone of your boys, and welcome," put in Miss Dolly, faintly, still fluttering about the chimney like a swallow.

"Yes, if worse comes to worse, I suppose I can," assented Mr. Wiggin, mournfully, anything but consoled by this reflection. "It would break me down terribly, though, you may depend, to give up my place that I set so much by, and crowd myself onto my children."

No response save the clattering of the tongs.

"And it's dreadful melancholy business for a man at my time of life to drag along without a partner. I'm getting to be old, Dolly." Mr. Wiggin brushed his sleeve across his eyes as a school-boy might have done. "Yes, I'm getting to be old, Dolly," he repeated, brokenly; "and it stands to reason that I haven't many years to live; but I did hope we might go down hill together; Dolly, you chirkin' me up with that spry way of yourn that I always took to, and I carryin' the heft of—"

Here Miss Dolly gave a little snuff, nothing worth mentioning only for the effect it produced on Mr. Wiggin. Indeed, had his ears been as old as he pretended, he would not have suspected her of being affected by anything more serious than a cold in the head.

"Can't you make up your mind to have me, Dolly?" pleaded he, crossing the threshold in his hopeful eagerness. "I don't see how I'm going to stand it if you can't."

"Then Martha wouldn't suit?" said Miss Dolly, archly, making a great pretence of wiping a cinder from her eye. "What a shame, now, when she needs the property so much!"

"Hang the property! I'd mortgage the whole of it rather than not get you, Dolly!" cried Mr. Wiggin, with a vehemence that quite closed her mouth.

And so at last he had Miss Dolly cornered.

I never ran for office but once. At the earnest solicitation of my friends, in an unguarded moment, I allowed myself to be announced as a candidate for the office of Justice of the Peace. Previous to this foolish move, I had been considered a decent sort of a man, but the next day when the papers came out they were filled with accounts of my previous history that would have curdled the blood of a Digger Indian. A susceptible public was gravely informed that I was not fit for the office; that I was almost a fool, besides I had come West under very suspicious circumstances. I had starved my grandmother to death and then sold her remains to a soap factory. I had stolen a hand organ from a blind cripple, and run away with the proceeds of a charity fair. I had sold my grandfather's coffin for $14, and buried the old gent in a boot-box. In utter despair I rushed around to headquarters, withdrew my name and swore a swear that I would never indulge in politics again. And I never will.—*John Quill.*

A LONG BRANCH baker has received news of a ten thousand dollar legacy. He'll probably knead it.

WIT AND JUSTICE IN MISSOURI.

It is well known that some of the judges in Missouri were very reluctant to enforce the law against the ministers of the gospel for exercising their profession without having taken the test oath, and availed themselves of every pretence to discharge those who were accused. We tell the following as told to us, vouching for nothing.

Three ministers charged with the crime of preaching "the glorious gospel of the Son of God," were arraigned before a certain judge. They were regularly indicted, and it was understood that the proof against them was very clear.

"Are you a preacher?" said the Judge to one of them.

"Yes, sir," replied the culprit.

"To what denomination do you belong?"

"I am a Christain, sir." (With dignity.)

"A Christain! What do you mean by that? Are not all preachers Christains?"

"I belong to the sect usually called, but wrongly called, Campbellites." (Not so much dignity.)

"Ah! Then you believe in baptizing people, in order that they may be born again, do you?"

I do, sir." (Defiantly.)

"Mr Sheriff, discharge that man! He is an innocent man! He is indicted for preaching the gospel, and there is not a word of gospel in the stuff he preaches! It is only some of Alexander Campbell's nonsense. Discharge the man!"

Exit Campbellite, greatly rejoiceing.

"Are you a preacher?" said the Judge addressing the second criminal.

"I am, sir," said the miscreant.

"Of what denomination are you?"

"I am a Methodist, sir." (His looks showed it.)

"Do you belive in falling from grace?"

"I do, sir." (Without hesitation.)

"Do you believe in sprinkling people instead of baptizing them?"

"I believe that people can be baptized by sprinkling." (Much offended.)

"Do you believe in baptizing babies?"

"It is my opinion, sir that infants ought to be baptized." (Indigantly.)

"Not a word of Scripture for anything of the kind, sir!" shouted his Honor. Mr. Sheriff, turn that man loose! He is no preacher of the gospel! The gospel is truth, and there is not a word of truth in what that man teaches! Turn him loose! It is ridiculous to indict men on such frivolous pretences! Turn him loose!"

Methodist dissappears, not at all hurt in his feelings by the judicial abuse which he has received.

"What are you, sir?" said the Judge to the third felon.

"Some people call me a preacher sir." (Meekly.)

"What is your denomination?"

"I am a Baptist." (Head up.)

His Honor's countenance fell, and he looked sober, and after a pause he said:

"Do you believe in salvation by grace?"

"I do." (Firmly.)

"Do you teach that immersion is the only baptism?"

"That is my doctrine." (Earnestly)

"And you baptize none but those who believe in Jesus Christ?"

"That is my faith and practice." (With emphasis.)

"My friend, I fear it will go hard with you. I see you are indicted for preaching the gospel, and it appears to me that by your own confession you are guilty."

Baptist looked pretty blue.

"May it please your Honor," said the Baptist's counsel, springing to his feet, "that man never preached the gospel. I have heard him say a hundred times that he only *tried*. I have heard him *try* myself."

"Mr. Sheriff, discharge this man! He is not indicted for trying! There is nothing said about the mere effort! Let him go, sir! I am astonished that the State's attorney should annoy the court with frivolous indictments!"

Exit Baptist, determined to "try" again.

Court adjourned.

THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

I will not try to tell over again the story of the battle, for it is in every school history. It is enough now to know that at one o'clock the British army landed in good order at Moulton's Point, and immediately formed in three lines, while the barges returned to Boston for more troops, who arrived at three; that the British, some three thousand strong, advanced upon the American works; that they were driven back with fearful slaughter; that they advanced again, with the flames of the burning town to veil their movements, and were again repulsed; that they rallied again with reinforcements against the Americans, who were not only worn down with labor and fasting, but out of ammunition; and at about five o'clock after this bloody conflict of an hour and a half with raw vounlteers, these picked soldiers of the British army took possession of the hill that had served them for a retreat on the famous 19th of April, with more than a thousand dead and wounded as the price of their victory, among these 129 being among the killed. The Americans had 140 killed, 271 wounded, and 30 captured, or 441 in all, in a force probably not exceeding fifteen hundred men actually engaged. The British, by the most truthful accounts, had less than four thousand men engaged on the field, according to Mr. Richard Frothingham's excellent history of the battle, but he apparenuly does not include the sailors and gunners in the British ships who were so active in the fight, and who killed the first American in the fort.

That was a sad evening for Boston and all the people around it. The sun that went down in splendor behind the ruins of that burned town, after that day of summer loveliness, shone upon a Golgotha of death. British and Americans who had been in arms against each other were one in the pain of wounds, the agony of bereavement, and the need of the Divine Comforter. The chimes of Christ Church did not probably ring out after the din of battle had ceased and night came on, but they must have tolled when Major Pitcairn's body was brought there for the burial service, and interred under the church. He was a brave and kindly man, who has apparently been misunderstood, and indentified with acts of atrocity which he abhorred. His name heads the large list of British officers who were killed or wounded in the battle—thirteen killed and seventy wounded, a proportion so large as to put this battle on a footing with the carnage of Quebec and of Minden. The losses on the American side were not so many nor so conspicuous; but one man fell whose death was life to his companions and his cause, and, with all allowance for local and personal friendship and patriotic exaggeration, there is no doubt that when Dr. Joseph Warren died, New England liberty had its martyr, and America a hero who fought for her thenceforth with weapons that are carnal, and with a valor that knows no weariness, and wants no food or clothing or arms. Warren was a noble man, and did a great deal for the patriot cause but his life and his death meant more than he or any body else knew at the time. He was as we shall see, a text out of the book of humanity and of God that history was then enrolling.—DR. SAMUEL OSGOOD, in *Harper's Magazine for July.*

INDUSTRIOUS SAINTS.

Proceeding to Quimperle, I found here another curious and very pretty little town, struggling up a hill-side, and often mentioned in the glowing pages of Froissart. A famous *pardon*, or saint's festival, is held here in summer, appropriately celebrated in the forest of St. Maurice, because it is called the "Pardon des Oiseaux." It is essentially a bird festival, for all kinds of birds, not only fowls, but orioles, woodpeckers, larks, not only fowls, but orioles, woodpeckers, larks and various woodland songsters, are brought on this occasion in cages, and are bought and presented by lovers to their sweethearts. We should call this a bird fair, but they manage these things better in Brittany. St. Maurice, who seems to have been a bird fancier, possibly a naturalist and taxidermist, has been named the patron of this festival. Such a saint is indeed one worth having! Political economists pretend that the division of labor is comparatively a modern device, suggested by the higher civilization and increasing needs of society in these latter days. It is time that these gentlemen should be informed that they labour under a mistake. One has but to look over the saints' calendar of Brittany to find that ages ago the system of the division of labor was introduced into heaven, and to each saint was assigned a specialty to which he was to devote his undivided attention for the remainder of eternity. To one is awarded the cure of lunatics, to another the care of rhumatics, another yet must listen to the prayers of those afflicted with earache or chilblains; one takes care of lambs, and another protects dairy-maids; another makes a specialty of healing cows, horses, or pigs; and veterinary surgeons may stand aside for in Brittainy their fees are small, compared with those paid at the shrine of St. Mathurin, the patron of sick cows. If only St. Eloi had been consulted and well feed when the epizooty was in New York, how much might have been saved! As things are managed in Brittainy, the doctors have but a poor time of it, while the saints grow rich, or the priests who tend their shrines. The Church of St. Anne at Auray is called the milch cow of the Bishop of Nannes, such is the wealth it brings into his coffers. For every possible need of succor a saint exists to grant the aid required; as, for example, a legend on one of the stained windows just put up in the shrine of St. Anna runs as follows: "Santa Anna, port assure aux navigateurs." While the saints thus have their allotted departments, the Virgin Mary exercises general superintendence over this corps of ministering spirits, and affords a source of final suplication and aid in extreme cases; hence no one need apply for assistance to Christ or God, who are thus set aside in the conduct of human affairs.—From "Wanderings in Brittany," by S. C. W. BENJAMIN, in *Harper's Magazine for July.*

THE TRUE LADY.

A lady correspondent writes very sensibly about the duty of a woman to be a lady, when she says: "Wildness is a thing which girls cannot afford. Delicacy is a thing which cannot be lost and found. No art can restore to the grape its bloom. Familiarity without love, without confidence, without regard, is destructive of all that makes woman exalting and ennobling—

"The world is wide, these things are small,
They may be nothing but they're all."

Nothing! It is the first duty of a woman to be a lady. Good breeding is good sense. Bad manners in woman is immorality. Awkwardness may be ineradicable. Bashfulness is constitutional. Ignorance of etiquette is the result of circumstances. All can be condoned, and do not banish man or woman from the amenities of their kind. But self-possession, unshrinking and aggressive coarseness of demeanor, may be reckoned as a penal offence, and certainly merits the mild form of restraint called imprisonment for life. It is a shame for women to be lectured on their manners. It is a bitter shame that they need it. Women are the umpires of society. It is they to whom all mooted points should be referred. To be a lady is more than to be a prince. A lady is always in her right inalienably worthy of respect. To a lady, prince and peasant alike bow. Do not be restrained. Do not have the impulses that need restraint. Do not wish to dance with the prince unsought. Feel differently. Be such that you confer honor. Carry yourself so lofty that men will look up to you for reward, not at you in rebuke. The natural sentiment of man towards woman is reverence. He loses a large means of grace when he is obliged to account her a being to be trained into propriety. A man's ideal is not wounded when a woman fails in worldly wisdom; but if in grace, in sentiment, in delicacy, in kindness she should be found wanting, he receives an inward hurt.

FLANKED HIM.

Col. Orzo J. Dodds, late member of Congress from Ohio, tells a good story about a call he recently received at his office from a man who claimed to be an editor from Arkansas. He was a very seedy-looking chap, and looked as though he had but recently come off from a six weeks' spree. Bowing profoundly, then striking an attitude, with one hand on his heart and the other extending a badly-used plug hat, he exclaimed, in a dramatic air:

"Have I the honor of addressing the Hon. Orzo J. Dodds?"

"My name is Dodds, but I am no longer an honorable," said the Colonel.

"Not an honorable? Dodds not an honorable? Now, by St. Paul, when I scan that honest face on which all the gods do seem to set their seal, I read nothing dishonorable."

"That's right," said Dodds, "never read anything dishonorable. But to business."

"Yes, as you say, to business. I am a printer—I might say, with no unbecoming blush, an editor. I am from the noble State of Arkansas—the only State, by the way, able and willing to support two governments at the same time; but I have been unfortunate. Much have I been tossed about thro' the ire of cruel Juno, and—"

"You know how it is yourself," cried the colonel.

"Buffeted by the world's rude storm, you see me here a stranded wreck. Scarce three months past I left my office in charge of my worthy foreman and sought the peaceful vales and calm retreats of the Muskingum Valley, where my childhood sported. Returning, I stopped in Cincinnati. I fell into bad company and—but why dwell on details? Enough that I am, that I am—disheartened, ruined, broke! a mark for scorn fo point her slow unerring finger at. As I was about to give up in despair—had given up everything else I had—I thought of you. Sir, I am here. You have not sent for me, but I have come! Your name, sir, is known and honored from one end of this great Republic to the other. It

Glows in the stars,
Refreshes in the breeze,
Warms in the sun,
And blossoms on the trees.

When the national treasury was threatened by a horde of greedy Congressmen, you stood like a wall of adamant between the people and those infamous salary-grabbers. *Lend me a dollar!*"

"My dear sir," the colonel hastened to explain, "you mistake the case entirely; I was one of the grabbers."

"You were!" grasping the colonel's hand warmly, "so much the better! Let me congratulate you that a parsimonious public could not frighten you out of what was fair remuneration for your invaluable services. I am glad that your pecuniary circumstances are so much better than I supposed. *Make it two dollars!*"

And the colonel did. It was the only clean thing left for him to do.

WHAT IS COMMERCE?

Commerce is an occupation in which men serve each other; it is an exchange in which both parties in the transaction gain something which they desire more than the thing they part with. It may sometimes be that the desire which is satisfied on the one part or the other is one that had better not be served; that is a question of morals with which we are not now dealing. Such exchanges are, however, the exception. The traffic in commodities that work permanent injury constitutes but an insignificant proportion of the vast exchanges of the world; true commerce in useful things lies at the very foundation of human welfare. Unless a good and wholesome subsistence is possible, there can be neither spiritual, intellectual, nor æsthetic culture, and such a subsistence is only possible to the mass of men by means of an exchange of products. All commerce is the aggregate of small transactions. The milkman who brings the daily portion of milk to him who dwells in city or town represents a commerce of vast proportion, almost equal in this country, in its aggregate value, to the whole sum of our foreign importations. The value of dairy products consumed in the United States or exported in the form of cheese and butter, is more than $400,000,000. The milkman is the representative of one of the branches of commerce which has grown to this vast proportion during the century, and in which the people of the United States have shown the greatest originality. The cheese factory represents a manufacture born of thrift and enterprise only, and our exports of cheese exceed ninety million pounds a year.—EDWARD ATKINSON, in *Harpers Magazine for July.*

FUN FACT AND FACETIÆ.

A BOSTON woman, gazing at Mead's statue of Ethan Allen on the portico of the State House at Montpelier, exclaimed, "Wal, I declare, that's about the meanest pictur' of George Washington I ever see."

A NEWSPAPER biographer, trying to say his subject was hardly able to bear the demise of his wife," was made by the inexorable printer to say, "wear the "chemise of his wife."

A PRINTER out West, whose office is two miles from any other building, and who hangs his sign on the limb of a tree, advertises for a boy. He says, "a boy from the country preferred."

AN IRISHMAN, with a heavy bundle on his shoulder, riding on the front of a horse-car, was asked why he did not set his bundle on the platform. He replied: "Be jabbers! the horses have enough to drag me. I'll carry the bundle."

NOTES ON THE INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.

JULY 4, 1875.

JOHN i: 1-14—GOLDEN TEXT; I TIM. iii: 16.

THIRD QUARTER. NO. I.

The fourth gospel is proved by internal signs (i: 37, 40; xiii: 23; xxi: 7, 20; xviii: 15, 16; xx: 2-8;) and by the uniform testimony of antiquity, to be the work of the apostle John. There is no reason to doubt the statement of Irenæus and others, that it was written at Ephesus; and the date may be assigned from A. D. 70 to 90. Much has been written as to the diversity of style and matter which obtains between this and the Synoptical (*i. e.*, the first three) gospels; but it is a sufficient explanation that the latter occupy themselves mainly with the nature and moral requirements of Christ's kingdom, while St. John's gospel deals with the deeper spiritual verities of Christ's person and office. It treats mainly of Christ's Judæan ministry, and pursues a special and independent plan, the great design being to show that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, through faith in whose name eternal life is received.

The first eighteen verses are known as the prologue. "It is a condensed statement of the results of John's contemplation and experience as a faithful witness of the life and work of Christ on earth, and furnishes the key that unlocks the true meaning of the following narrative." It treats (1) of the eternal existence of the Logos (vs. 1-5), and (2) of his historical manifestation and work (vs. 6-18).

I. The Eternal Existence of the Logos; (vs. 1-5). These five verses almost fall into poetic form, as any reader of the Greek Testament can see. The sentences are short, but they are packed and strained with the profoundest meaning. V. 1: "In the beginning was (or existed) the Word (Logos), and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." "In the beginning,"—this carries us back to the sublime opening of the Bible (Gen. i: 1). The phrase in both places means in the beginning of creation or time. The Logos (or Word) existed before the beginning of creation or time, and therefore must be eternal. So Ewald: "The words, 'in the beginning, etc.,' mean first of all that the Logos actually existed before the world, or that there never could be conceived a time in which he was not already." "Was the Word," (Logos). The Greek word *logos* means both reason and speech. Used of Christ, it teaches that as to his divine nature, he stands in the same relation to the invisible Father that the word sustains to the thought it expresses. The Son is the revealer of the Father (i: 18). The Spirit is the breath (pneuma) by which the word is spoken. "And the word was with (or towards) God." The idea is that of inseparable nearness and perpetuated inter-communion. "The face of the everlasting Word was ever directed towards the everlasting Father." From Eternity therefore the Logos existed in reciprocal love and fellowship with the Father. This proves identity of nature. But St. John goes on to state this great cardinal truth unequivocally: "And the Word was God." The Son, therefore, is not merely like God; he is himself God. He is the same in substance, equal in power and glory with the Father.

Verse 2: "The same was (existed) in the beginning with (towards) God." Here the idea is (assuming what has been said of his identity of substance with the Father) his distinctness—separateness of personality. The same *logos* (and no other *logos*) is eternal God, and yet a distinct person of the Godhead. The glory of Christ is set forth here against three great errors: 1. His Eternity (against Arianism): "*In the beginning* was the Word." 2. His distinct personality (against Sabellianism): "The Word was *with* (in intimate personal intercommunion with) God." 3. His essential divinity (against Socinianism and Rationalism): "And the Word was *God*; (Schaff). This completes the statement of the relation of Christ within the Godhead. Next follows his relation to the world.

Verse 3: "All things were made thro' him, and except through him was not anything made that hath been made." This Word, as the revealer of the Father, created the Universe in all its forms—material and spiritual (Ps. xxiii: 6). But this work of creation was effected by the Spirit as the Executive of the Godhead; (Gen. i: 2). So that the Scripture doctrine of creation is that it was the work of the Father through the Son in the Holy Spirit. This is intimated (Gen. i: 1-3: *God* (the Father) created, etc. And the *Spirit* moved upon the face of the waters. And God *said* (the Word). It follows from this that matter is not uncreated and eternal (against Gnosticism and Materialism).

Verse iv: "In him was life, and the life was the light of men." Life here means pure, uncreated, original life. He is the source of normal life to all created things—to plants, animals and men—of physical, intellectual, and spiritual life. And this life is the light of mankind. The life which he gives in its pure form is light—*i. e.*, it is knowledge. It is so the animal creation. It was light to Adam, and it is now light to all who trust Christ and receive the fulness of his spirit. Such are led of the Spirit and taught of God.

Verse 5: "And the light shineth in the darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not." This word "shineth" (as Alford says), "describes the whole process of the light and life in the Eternal Word shining in this evil and dark world; both by the O. T. revelations, and by all the scattered fragments of light glittering among the thick darkness of heathendom."

II. The historical manifestation of the Logos (vs. 6-14). We have (6-8) a brief mention of John the Baptist and of his relation to the Word. He was not the original, underived light, but was sent by God to bear witness of this light, and prepare men to receive him in incarnate form. Verse 9: "The true (genuine) light, which lighteth (shineth upon) every man, was coming into the world;" (*i. e.*, in human form). It had, indeed (as stated in v. 5) been shining in the world; first there was the general form of its advent. Verse 10: "It was in the world, and the world was made by him, and the world knew him not." There had also been a special form of its manifestation. Verse 11: "He came to his own possessions, and his own people received him not." That is, the Jewish nation, as such, rejected him; but individuals all through the O. T. dispensation, received him. And they were richly blessed. Verse 12: "Whosoever received him, to them gave he power to become the children of God, to those believing in his name." This privilege and power to become God's children, was the result of an inward change. Verse 13: "Who were born, not of bloods (*i. e.*, by natural descent), nor of the will of the flesh *i. e.*, human will), nor of the will of man (*i.e.*, human teachings and example) but of God. Now we are brought to the historical manifestation and incarnation of the Logos. Verse 14: "The Word was made flesh" (became veritable man). Of this St. John was an eye-witness. "And dwelt (tabernacled) among us, and we beheld his glory (the real Shekinah,) the glory as of an only-begotten from the Father, full (*i.e.*, the Logos) of grace and truth."