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, SEPTEMBER 9, 1875. NUMBER 14.

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.

LACAL NOTICES, same style as reading matter, TWENTY CENTS A LINE.

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YEARLY Advertisements are entitled to quarterly changes.

TRANSIENT advertisements must be paid for IN ADVANCE.

ALL Resolutions of Associations, Communications of limited or individual interest, and notices of Marriages and Deaths, exceeding five lines, are charged TEN CENTS PER LINE.

JOB PRINTING, of every kind, in plain and fancy colors, done with neatness and dispatch. Handbills, Blanks, Cards, Pamphlets, Billheads, Statements, &c., of every variety and style, printed at the shortest notice. THE REPORTER office is well supplied with power presses, a good assortment of new type, and everything in the Printing line can be executed in the most artistic manner and at the lowest rates.

TERMS INVARIABLY CASH.

Professional and Business Cards.

H. STREETER.
LAW OFFICE.
aug29. TOWANDA, PA.

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. jly11-75.

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

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

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.
April 1, 1874. TOWANDA, PA.

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. 31-72.

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. W. M. MAXWELL.
(May be consulted 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 & Mercur'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.
may1875.

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

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. [aug5-74.

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.
E. OVERTON, JR. (apr1-70) N. C. ELSBREE.

MADILL & CALIFF,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Office in Wood's Block, first door south of the First National bank, upstairs.
H. J. MADILL. [jan5-73y1] J. N. CALIFF.

C. S. RUSSELL'S
GENERAL
INSURANCE AGENCY.
Maves-2mf. 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 residence N. E. corn Second and Elizabeth streets.
J. E. FLEMING.
Box 511, Towanda, Pa.

J. C. BIXBEE, CARRIAGE PAINTER AND DECORATOR. Also manufacturer of Ornamental Glass Show Cards, a few doors east of the REPORTER Office.
may24-75.

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,
PHŒNIX,
HOME,
MERCHANTS.
March 19-74y. O. A. BLACK.

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 secure drafts for that purpose.
PASSAGE TICKETS
To or from the Old Country, by the best steam or sailing lines, 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"
apr29-75.

Selected Poetry.

THE BRIDGE OF LIFE.

Across the rapid stream of seventy years,
The slender bridge of human life is thrown:
The past and future from its mouldering piers:
The present moment is its frail keystone.

From "dust thou art" the arch begins to rise:
"To dust" the fashion of its form descends:
"Shalt thou return," the higher curve implies,
In which the first to the last lowness bends.

Seen by youth's magic light upon that arch,
How lovely does each far-off scene appear!
But ah! how changed when on the onward march
Our weary footsteps bring the vision near!

'Twas fabled that beneath the rainbow's foot
A treasure lay, the dreamer to bewitch:
And many wasted in the vain pursuit,
The golden years that would have made them rich.

So where life's arch of many colors leads,
The heart expects rich wealth of joy to find;
But in the distance the bright hope recedes,
And leaves a cold gray waste of care behind.

A sunlit stream upon its bosom takes
The inverted shadow of a bridge on high,
And thus the arch in air and water makes
One perfect circle to the gazer's eye.

So 'tis with life: the things that do appear,
Are fleeting shadows on time's passing tide,
Cast by the sunshine of a higher sphere,
From viewless things that changelessly abide.

The real is but the half of life: it needs
The ideal to make a perfect whole:
The sphere of sense is incomplete, and pleads
For closer union with the sphere of soul.

All things of use are bridges that conduct
To things of faith, which give them truest worth:
And Christ's own parables do us instruct
That heaven is but the counterpart of earth.

The pier that rests upon this shore's the same
As that which stands upon the further bank:
And fitness for our duties here will frame
A fitness for the joys of higher rank.

Oh! dark were life without heaven's sun to show
The likeness of the other world in this:
And bare and poor would be our lot below
Without the shadow of a world of bliss.

Then let us, passing over life's fragile arch,
Regard it as a means and not an end:
As but the path of faith on which we march,
To where all glories of our being tend.

Miscellaneous.

Esther Earle's Experiment.

BY MAURICE EAGAN.

There is a woman in black who passes down the street nearly every morning; a pale, thin woman, with a troubled, anxious face. Her dress and shawl are rusty and threadbare, but she has about her no lack of neatness, no trace of slovenliness. Sometimes she leads a little boy by the hand—a little boy, who, though not as ruddy as the other little boys in our street, is all dimples and wondering smiles, for it is evident that he does not get out often, and the fresh air and sunshine are to him wonderful new things full of pleasant mystery. His mother does not seem to know any of the neighbors. I saw her smile only once, and that smile was a revelation. It brought back to her face all the girlish beauty of long ago; then the smile faded, and the woman was again the pale, worn Esther Earle—no longer the gleeful, buoyant Esther Lee I had known five years ago.

It was Bessie Evergreen who had caused the smile. Bessie, who prides herself on her housekeeping, was coming from market, with chickens' feet and spikes of cellery protruding from her basket in the most approved way, when Esther Earl and little Edwin came along. Bessie looked laughingly down at the boy, and the boy looked slyly up at Bessie. And then Bessie searched in her basket for the largest red-cheeked apple, and thrust it into the boy's unreluctant hand.

It was a very little thing—a very little thing; but it brightened little Edwin's day, and gave his mother new strength, for it made her think that the world was not all as harsh and bitter and scornful as she had learned to believe.

I think she sews for some clothing establishment, for when she passes she usually carries on her arm a coat or vest. The other day, as a policeman was rather roughly dragging along an intoxicated and rather unmanageable man, I saw Esther hastily drop her work on a doorstep and run across the street. To the policeman's amazement she wiped the drunkard's cut face with her handkerchief, replaced his battered hat, and loosened the cravat that threatened to cause apoplexy.

"It might possibly have been him! It might have been him!" she murmured, as she resumed her work and went her way.

* * * * * * * *

In the summer of 1869, Esther and her uncle, John Lee, were domiciled at Cape May for the season. John Lee was very wealthy; he was the proprietor of a dozen productive farms in Chester county, and besides this, petroleum had been lately "struck" on a scrubby lot of his up near Wellesboro.

John Lee was a plain-speaking, farmer-like man, with "no nonsense about him." He had a fair amount of common-sense, and an undoubted talent for agricultural operations. Esther was an orphan, and his only living relative. He loved her in his matter-of-fact way, which, nevertheless, was a true and lasting way. He was not in the habit of frequenting fashionable resorts; he hated "airs" and fashion; but this year his purse was more plethoric than usual; he felt that Esther would be the better for a change of air and a glimpse of a new mode of life. Besides, he had another reason which he hardly acknowledged even to himself. He was growing old, and Esther was on the verge of womanhood. It was time, he thought, that she should have stronger and more secure protection than he could give her. Being his heiress, she must marry money, and among the crowds at Cape May she would probably meet more "likely young fellows" than at home in the secluded farmhouse at Chester. Thus, half consciously, short-sighted John Lee argued.

Esther had natural good taste and a *carte blanche* for her expenditure,—two things to be envied. Her face was pretty—very like the face of Guido's Beatrice Cenici, but without the expression which makes that face beautiful; her eyes and lips were smiling and saucy, and she was as graceful as a kitten. This was John Lee's smile as he saw her, in white, with coquettish knots and ends of cherry-colored ribon, driving her little pony carriage along the beach.

The driving of that pony carriage, which, in 1869, some ladies called "fast"—though, indeed, the pony was one of the slowest of his species—brought Esther to grief, for one morning after a storm had thrown up hillocks of sand on the beach, her little chariot capsized on the very verge of the ocean. The pony came to a standstill, and Esther was gently tossed into the paternal embrace of a white-bearded wave!

One of the numerous young men who generally happened to be on the beach when she took her drive, instantly rushed forward and helped her to regain her feet. The wave had rolled out with her wide-brimmed hat and its ribbons of cerise, but Esther looked very lovely with her hair powdered with salty pearls, and the half-frightened, half-laughing expression in her brown eyes.

"The prettiest girl in the world—by Jove!" thought Edwin Earle, as she thanked him.

For her part, she instantly made a hero of the tall, handsome man who stood before her, and when he had returned from the neaaest hotel with a borrowed shawl, she allowed him to drive her home.

"He won't do," cogitated John Lee; "he's only a bookeeper off on a holiday. I don't object to that, though, but that deep flush on his cheek comes from brandy, not health. I know all about him; he is always hanging around the bar, and he was more than 'half-seas over' the other night. But," and John filled his pipe, "I can trust Esther. She's not a fool. I'll not interfere till I see some cause."

Short-sighted, easy-going, John Lee! Weeks passed. Hops, sailing parties, drives, pleasant readings indoors on rainy days, made a bright dream for Esther, for Edwin Earle was usually near her.

"Uncle," said Esther, as on one of the last "hop nights" she went out in the twilight on the deserted piazza and stood before him, a lovely picture, framed in soft lace and rustling silk,—"Uncle, I have promised to be Edwin Earle's wife!"

"What!" cried John Lee as if thunderstruck.

"Yes," she answered, blushing; "he asked me to-day, and—and he will come to see you to-night."

John Lee groaned.

"Are you crazy, Esther? In a few years that man will be a confirmed drunkard, in fact, he is very intemperate."

"I know it, Uncle John," she said, gravely; "but he loves me. He will let nothing stand between him and me. He will become temperate for my sake."

"You are leaning on a broken reed, Esther, if you trust to that. At best, it is but a great risk—too great for you to run. I do not believe in these sudden reformations. Can't you wait and try him a year or two? No? Well, you are of age; I cannot legally control you. But think; you are about to try a terribly dangerous experiment."

"I have no fear of its result, uncle; love works wonders."

"Love!" John Lee paused, and then waxed angry. "Give me good principles, and mutual esteem, and—what is the use of talking? Look here, Esther Lee, if you marry that man you shall never call a cent of my money your's! You know I never break my word."

"I will marry him," she said, proudly.

John Lee saw that his last speech was a false move, but he could not remedy it now.

Esther Lee became Esther Earle. For several months Edwin Earle made some efforts to keep the promise of amendment, but by degrees he grew more reckless. After a time the firm which employed him was forced to dispense of his services. He had become worse than useless. Poverty and shame were Esther Earle's marriage portion.

Esther worked patiently and lovingly, never losing hope. Through dreary days and nights she ministered to this man, who managed to obtain the liquid madness in spite of all her efforts, who passed from drunken stupor into cruel bursts of fury. Uncle John never wrote to her, and she never wrote to him. She had refused his advice, and chosen her own lot. She would suffer in silence. God had not forsaken her—she had her child.

* * * * * * * *

A funeral procession has just passed the window. Three days ago Edwin Earle died of delirium tremens. His wife, in her threadbare black, and the little boy, are the only mourners. I catch a glimpse of her face. She seems ten years older, and by that look of frozen anguish you can tell that she mourns for him as deeply as if he had been the truest of husbands and the truest of men.

I hear that John Lee has offered to take her home, and make the little boy his heir. May she find rest and peace, for if her experiment failed, it failed not for want of a woman's boundless faith and love.

COL. FORNEY IN EUROPE.

[The following is a portion of one of Col. John W. Forney's letters to *The Press*. It is, like all his correspondence, remarkably well expressed and highly interesting.]

BERLIN, July 30.—Berlin is about the distance from Paris that Philadelphia is from Chicago—say 800 miles—and you reach it from the French capital as rapidly and almost as comfortably as you travel between the two chief cities of Pennsylvania and Illinois. The ride from Cologne, 403 English miles, was by express. I left that Catholic centre at 9:30 A. M., and got here before 8 in the evening. There was dust enough in all conscience, but the carriages, or cars, were comfortable, the fare reasonable, the attendants silent and courteous, and the weather superb. Twenty-five dollars in gold between Paris and Berlin is the price for these accommodations, and if you "take a sleeper," which I did not, you pay about double the rate charged for that luxury in the United States. The German railways are better than the French, but even they lack the superior personal accommodations on all American trains. There are no water-closets or lavatory, and no checking of baggage, and their absence leads to many painful embarrassments to travelers, and especially to strangers. The fact is, the American railroads at home have so spoiled our people, that even the critical American, who is always ready to fall in love with European habits at first sight, is glad to express his grateful preference for our railway luxuries.

I wish I had time to describe the other impsessions of this rapid jaunt through the three countries—France, Belgium and Germany—so close to each other and yet so different. You are hardly over the line of one before you realize the contrast in language, dress, and architecture in them all. The French houses and roads shine in their ghastly white, and the French people prove their industry and thrift; but how much superior are their Flemish neighbors, especially those of the country watered by the river Meuse. An aggregate population of 7,000,000 swarms over this Kingdom among endless fields of grain, clover, potatoes, hops, vines, interspered with coal, iron, limestone, marble, rivers abounding in delicious fish and forests with game. The banks of the Meuse between Namur and Liege are a gorgeous picture of varied scenery. Indeed, the whole ride in Begium was through an almost continual town. You are never outside of human habitations, work, shops, foundries, factories, villas thriving fields, and a happy people. The architecture has lost the French whiteness, and there are a vigor and variety in the work alike of man and nature that tell their own story. This one valley is a vast granary and factory combined, and you can easily realize why the great powers long for the possession of this beautiful country, and why, left alone in its isolation, it grows so strong and so lovely. Lying right between France and Germany, both preparing for a new conflict, however it may be denied, Belgium may again become the theatre of a quarrel not of her own making, and to gratify a stranger's ambition may be torn into fragments simply because of her geographical position. When will the trade of the mankiller be ended?

And from Belgium you may pass into Germany, with instant notice of the fact. Here is the black eagle, the military guard, the Teuton language, the signs of Germany, and all the marks and memorials of authority and vigilance. As we flew along between Cologne and Berlin I saw much to impress this fact upon my mind. A long, level country without tunnels, and a few hills, yet what a flash of force in man and fruitfulness in nature! The elements of aggression lie all around you. The small fields, full-cropped even after the late rains; the gardens and orchards of vegetables and fruit, every field and garden with its men and women workers; the lordly stations, the vast iron, coal and granite beds, the red-bricked houses, gleaming crimson against the green landscape, were not more persuasive of German power than the collossal ironworks of Krupp, covering four hundred and fifty acres, with its eight thousand employes and one hundred and ninety-five steam-engines. Along this flat prairie, that nearest Berlin being alone apparently sterile, you read chapters full of warning, and which may be read with curious and profitable emotion by the great powers. A few days ago I saw new forts rising round Paris, and I did not need ask why; and if I had whited for the solution, I should have found it in the no less manifest preparations of the Germans. What adds to the strength of this chapter is the fact that both sides are eager and intent for the crash: Germany in the belief that she cannot be entirely safe until her neighbor meets a third Sedan and Waterloo, and France that her *prestige* demands a giant effort for the restoration of Alsace and Lorraine, and for the vindication of the fame she won under the first and lost under the third Napoleon. However faulty the logic of both, it becomes the philosopher to accept the fact that each side believes its own argument. No third party can arbitrate between such foes. France is spoiling for a fight, and Germany is quietly putting on her gauntlets. Both profit by the events of 1870 and '71, but it remains to be seen which has gained the most experience. Nations are like individuals—they rarely learn the value of good example until it is too late. France may precipitate a fight with Germany a second or third time, and if so she may be crushed; but even as a victor will Germany be the lasting gainer? It is a dark outlook, and we may thank our stars that the bloody wave of this impending conflict cannot redden our shores.

SURE SIGNS OF MARRIAGE.

A cynical bachelor is responsible for the following directions how to tell the married:

If you see a lady and gentleman disagree upon trifling occasions, or correcting each other in company, you may be assured that they have tied the matrimonial noose.

If you see a silent pair in a car or stage lolling carelessly, one at each window, without seeming to know that they have a companion, the sign is infallible.

If you see a lady drop a glove, and a gentleman by the side of her kindly telling her to pick it up, you need not hesitate in forming your opinion; or—

If you meet a couple in the fields, the gentleman twenty yards in advance of the lady, who, perhaps, is getting over a style with difficulty, or picking her way through a muddy patch; or—

If you see a lady whose beauty and accomplishments attract the attention of every gentleman in the room but one, you can have no difficulty in determining their relationship to each other—the one is her husband.

If you see a gentleman particularly courteous, obliging, and good natured, relaxing into smiles, saying sharp things, and toying with every pretty woman in the room excepting one, to whom he appears particularly cold and formal, and is unreasonably cross—who that "one" is nobody can be at a loss to discover.

If you see an old couple jarring, checking, and thwarting each other, differing in opinion before the opinion is expressed, eternally anticipating and breaking the thread of each other's discourse, yet using kind words like honey bubbles floating on vinegar, which are soon overwhelmed by a preponderance of the fluid, they are, to all intents, man and wife; it is impossible to be mistaken.

The rules above quoted are laid down as infallible in just interpretation—they may be resorted to with confidence; they are based upon unerring principles, and deduced from everyday experience.

MURDER OF CHILDREN IN INDIA.

There is, perhaps, no form of crime more common in India than child murder. The practice prevailed when first the province of Bengal passed into the hands of the British, and it flourishes with scarce abated vigor at the present day. Open at random the "Decisions of the Nizamut Adawlut"—the Supreme Court of Criminal Judicature—and at brief intervals will be found such cases as these: In Cuttack a woman draws a child aside, takes the silver bracelets from her arms, and flings the little victim into a tank, on the surface of which the body is found floating a few days afterwards. In Behar a man strangles a boy nine years old, for the sake of his silver bracelets and gold earrings, and throws the corpse into a sugar plantation. At Moosheda-bad, Chamoo robs a child aged five, and drops her into a deep and rapid part of the river. At Benares a fellow entices a boy twelve years old into his house, and there cuts his throat in order to get possession of his silver bracelets, while a friend looks on and mildly expostulates, but neither seriously interferes nor gives information to the police. Another takes a neighbor's son into the fields, under pretence of helping him to fly his kite, and there strangles him with his waistcloth, and strips him of the trashy trinkets with which he was adorned. Yet another conducts a boy, aged nine, to witness a religious procession, but passing near a ditch suddenly throws him down, partially strangles him, tears the silver ornaments from his arms and feet, and flings him into the ditch, which is fortunately dry, and where he is found before life is quite extinct. By the promise of a melon Leela inveigles Debee Dee, seven years of age, from his father's house, brains him with a hoe, and buries his turban and trinkets in a field, leaving the body where it had fallen, and where it was found by the anxious father. This murderer, like the others, on being charged with the crime, at once confessed his guilt, but pleaded as an extenuating circumstance that he was prompted by an evil spirit. A woman holds a little girl under water until she is drowned, the temptation being a silver collar of the weight of two rupees. Two women one evening asked a child eight years old to come to them on the morrow for some fruit, and, when she eagerly arrived, the one holds her while the other passes a rope round her neck and pulls it till the breath has fled. The body was speedily found in the midst of some tall grass near the house, and the spoils consisted of a silver collar weighing four roupees. A woman of Tipperah was engaged in cooking her food, when, according to her own account, a child not above six years old came toddling up to her. Suddenly a thick darkness enveloped her, and a voice sounded in her ears bidding her strangle her little visitor. Thereupon she seized the child by the throat and the darkness passed away. So she dug a hole in the floor of her house and laid the body therein, after taking off the few valueless ornaments. A girl, aged nine, herself recently betrothed, drowns her playfellow in a shallow watercourse, while a boy fourteen years old leads in play a youthful companion to the edge of a tank, smashes his skull with a flint, possesses himself of the scanty ornaments and then lays the crime at the door of a neighbor. Similar cases might be quoted to any extent, and they all resemble one another in simplicity. No sooner is the child missed than it is traced to the company of its murderer, who straightway relates the whole transaction and points out where the ornaments have been buried. These usually consist of very thin silver bracelets and anklets, with possibly small gold rings on the fingers and tiny pearls set as ear rings, the value ranging from two to ten rupees. The trinkets, and sometimes the body, are buried a few inches beneath the surface, either in the dry soil of a neighboring field, usually the murderer's own plot of ground, or in his hut, where its presence must inevitably be discovered as soon as decomposition sets in. Bodies exposed in the open fields or carelessly thrown into the nearest jungle are quickly rendered unrecognizable by wild beasts and birds of prey, nor does the scanty clothing afford trustworthy means of recognition.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

OUR NEIGHBOR.

One of our church societies has been long wrestling with the question, "Who is thy neighbor?" Some of the members incline to the belief that, in the scriptural injunction, "Love thy neighbor," all mankind is meant; others contend that they only are our neighbors who are friendly to us; while yet others, of illiberal and contracted views, maintain that one is to have no neighbors outside the pale of one's own church.

Let them settle it as they may, the neighbor will be a neighbor still. We have one of the right royal sort in our mind's eye.

He keeps his chickens up when we make garden; he lends us good hooks, and borrows ours; returns what he borrows—and never asks for those he loans; comes over often and chats, without telling us his grievances and troubles or seeking to learn ours; gives no advice, and asks for none; cares not whether we have family prayers or domestic broils; if he thinks our baby doesn't look like us, he takes no pains to mark the points of difference; on general matters he expresses his own views boldly, and does not think us a blasted fool if we do not coincide with them; he calls on us when we are sick, and doesn't talk to us of dark, dismal holes in the ground, or tell us of a number of persons he has known who exhibited the same symptoms as ours and finally died after a terrible and protracted illness; when we die, he will attend to the funeral arrangements, see that no second-hand coffin is palmed off on us, and tenderly support our apparently grief-stricken widow when the falling clods send back to her ears the rattling notes of freedom; finally, that he will assist her to get another and a better husband.

Heaven bless our neighbor! There are few like him. More's the pity.

STRIKING THE BULL'S EYE.

The steamship City of Chester, a few days ago, carried out a company of American marksmen to contest at Creedmore, Ireland, for the championship of the world. At this departure of what in sporting parlance is called the "American Team," much enthusiasm was excited. We hope our side will beat. Would it not be wise for us who stay at home, and who have other targets to shoot at and other catridges to load, to be studying how to be skillful and felt in our departments? We want more spiritual workmen. We have enough ammunition and enough rifles, but we are very apt to miss our aim. The American team just now departed for Ireland, had been practicing a long while at a thousand yards range. Missing the target, they felt chagrined; but we go on year after year in our Christian work, feeling but little disturbance though we make a very poor score. If a man shoot at a flock of a hundred pigeons and does not bring down one, he would hang up his gun over the antlers in the hall and say nothing for mortification; but how many ministers on the Sabbath aim at a flock of five hundred souls, and think it nothing mortifying if they do not strike any? We all need to study skillfulness in taking aim. While the American team are contending with the riflemen from Belgium, Australia, New Zealand and Great Britain for the mastery, let us be improving our facility as spiritual marksmen. "They do it to obtain a corruptable crown, but we an incorruptable." They shoot balls of the right calibre; but some ministers shoot cannon shot weighing nearly half a ton, while others use rifle balls, and some bird-shot. But it is not always the calibre that does the work. A spiritual mustard shot that hits a man is better than a theological rifle shell which goes whizzing away in the air, exploding in empty space, and not even frightening a chicken.—*Christian at Work.*

FUN, FACT, AND FACETIÆ.

A matter of course—a river bed.

GRASSHOPPERS—dancers on the green.

COLOGNE is called the scentimental city.

A MAN who is always in a stew generally goes to pot.

PERU will pay off her debt with guano, scent for cent.

CARRYING up bricks for masons is a hod way of getting a living.

HUGO was about the only Victor that the American Team met abroad.

THE extra sleep gained by the use of a mosquito canopy is net gain.

A NEW definition of an old maid is—a woman who has been made for a long time.

You can't speak in a balloon without having high words, but it is death to fall out.

A Western editor returned a tailors bill endorsed, "Declined; handwriting illegible."

A Saratoga belle writes home: "It is horrid here—not a man in town worth over $15,000."

SPEAKING of his late barber, a Mont street man with a tender face said, "He cut me and I cut him."

THEY tried to set up the scientific name of the potato bug in Delaware the other day, and it pied the whole form.

A tourist was asked in what part of Switzerland he felt the heat most, replied, "When I was going to Berne."

A whine from the East—the claret is still flowing in the Turkish provinces, but the Porte is very nearly exhausted.

THERE are forty-two churches in Troy, N. Y., and yet there are more cock fights there on Sunday than in any other city in the State.

A Saratoga philosopher says a single woman as a general thing, can be told from a wife, and yet he has known many a girl to be taken for a wife.

WHEN freedom from her mountain height unfurled her standard to the air, her skirts, pinned back so very tight, make her appear exceeding spare.

A Kansas girl says nothing makes her so mad as to have a grasshopper crawl up and down her back just as her lover has come to the proposing point.

Mr. Benjamin Ginning sometime since presented the poor of the city of Liverpool with £200, upon which some wag wrote, "A good B. Ginning."

"I thought editors were intellectual beings," remarked a Missouri hotel keeper, "but—but"—and he stood back and surveyed the pile of bones which one of the late excursion party had left behind them.

THREE old women and a lame man constitute a debating society at Dubuque. The three old women live together, and their chickens scratched up the lame man's garden. The debate is held across the line fence.

THE man whose wife gave away his last bottle of cocktail to a sick beggar has since been heard to mildly express eth opinion that charity should be gin at home.

THE compositor who substituted an "m" for "w" in speaking of a lady troubled with "swelling of the feet," accomplished the worst typographical feat on record.

THE Philadelphia man who was arrested in Delaware for horse stealing, wrote home to his friends that he was temporarily detained there by a heavy pressure of stocks.

I NEVER place much reliance on a man who is always telling what he would have done had he been there. I have noticed that somehow this kind of people never get tqere.

SPEAKING of crooked whisky, a Western rural editor significantly remarks that it "ought to be put down." He has doubtless been putting it down as often as opportunity offered.

THE Boston editor said he wrote as plain as could be, "The sacred heavens around him shine," when the blasted printer went and made it, "The scared hyenas round him shine!"

THE way to right yourself is to be careful not to wrong others. "With what measure you meet, it shall be measured again

A MIRACULOUS RECOVERY.

A young lady of Harrisburg, Miss Minnie H. Walters, spoke in one of the prayer meetings of the Oakville (Cumberland county) M. E. camp meeting, which ended Friday, relating to a remarkable cure, which she attributes directly to the interposition of Christ. The occurrence, related by the lady in detail in a private conversation, is to the effect that over two years ago she was afflicted with a spinal disease so serious that she could scarcely move a finger, and she was confined to a couch purposely suited for the disease. Nearly two years ago she became convinced that she needed closer consecration to Christ; in other words, she desired the blessings of sanctification, so prominent in the Methodist belief.—She prayed earnestly without avail. Something seemed to tell her that consecration of body as well as soul was required, and it was revealed to her that she would be healed. Thirteen months passed and no result.—On the 26th of January last she once more resolved to pray more earnestly for the fulfillment of the revelation.—While praying the promise came to her, whatsoever thou wilt, ask and it shall be given. She prayed first for heart purity, and next for bodily health. The words came, "Rise up and walk," and to her great relief she found herself in apparent health. The doctor next morning found her restored without need of medical attendance. Her statement was corroborated by four other persons acquainted with the circumstances, who rejoice with her over her restoration to health, which she unwaveringly believes to have resulted from the stretching forth of Christ's hand in reward for her great faith.—*Altoona Mirror.*

EFFECT OF LIGHT.

Dr. Moore, the metaphysician, thus speaks of the effect of light on body and mind:

"A tadpole confined in darkness would never become a frog; and an infant being deprived of Heaven's free light will only grow into a shapeless idiot, instead of a beautiful and reasonable being. Hence, in the deep dark gorges and ravines of the Swiss Valasis, where the direct sunshine never reaches, the hideous prevalence of idiocy startles the traveler. It is a strange, melancholy idiocy. Many citizens are incapable of any articulate speech; some are deaf, some are blind, some labor under all the privations, and all are misshapen in almost every part of the body. I believe there is in all places a marked difference in the healthiness of houses according to their aspect in regard to the sun, and those are decidedly the healthiest, other things being equal, in which all the roome are during some part of the day, are fully exposed to the direct light. Epidemics attack inhabitants on the shady side of the street, and totally exempt those on the other side; and even in epidemics, such as ague, the morbid influence is often thus partial in its labors."

A STORY ABOUT KING DAVID.

The following extract is from an an interesting article on the Talmud in the *Cornhill Magazine*:

"There is a touching passage in the book of Psalms—all the more affecting for its mysterious wording—a passage which few sincere Christians can read without tears, in which David, who has evidently been lately suffering from serious distress, prays to be saved from the lion's mouth, 'for,' says he, 'Thou hast heard me from the horns of the unicorns.' Now here the difficulty, of course, lies in the unexpected introduction of the unicorn. Adam Clarke satisfies himself with saying that he alludes to the Gentiles. Not so Rab Hunah in the Midrash Tehillim, who thus explains the passage literally without recourse to allegorical exegesis. When David was feeding sheep he found one day a unicorn sleeping in the desert. He took him for a high hill, and ascending pastured his flock. The beast, after awhile, awoke, rose, and David, rising with him, found himself the heavens with his hand. Then said the son of Jessie in this unexpected emergency, 'If the Lord will help me down from this unicorn, I will build him a house of a hundred cubits, the size of this animal's horn.' Some say he measured its width, others its length. Plenary agreement on any subject in this world seems impossible. What occurred? a lion came. The unicorn crouched in fear, and David descended. Then he became anxious about the lion, and it was on this occasion or soon after it that the affecting lines above alluded to were composed."

[For the REPORTER].

AWAY DOWN EAST.

In a former letter we undertook to describe the Cottage City of America, the sea-side watering place on Martha's Vineyard, but the half was not told. Since my last written the great Methodist camp-meeting has been in session. There are propably now on the ground thirty thousand persons. The first was held on this ground in 1835. They are now holding their fortieth annual meeting. Several grand floating palaces arrive and depart every day, loaded with thousands of passengers from New York, Newport, Providence, Boston, New Bedford and other cities. These mammoth steamers are elegant and fitted up with splendor beyond my power to describe. The Bristol, the Providence, and the Plymouth Rock are the most beautiful. Their saloons and state rooms are rich enough for a monarch.

The Island of Martha's Vineyard constitutes the county of "Dukes," in the State of Massachusetts. Its county-seat is Edgartown, situated on the north-east end of the Island. It is an old town, and one of the first to fit out ships for whaling. The buildings look old, but some of the inhabitants are wealthy. About two miles from Oak Bluffs is a beautiful harbor, where the water sets back into the land, and nearly surrounded by high bluffs, forming a safe place for vessels of all sizes to anchor in a storm. The town has for two hundred years had the euphonious name of Holmes' Hole. It is now Vineyard Haven. I counted over fifty sail in this harbor.

Wood's Hole is another harbor on the side of the main land, where passengers by the Old Colony Railroad take boats for this Island and Nantucket. Among the many beautiful gems of Islands in these waters are the Cattytunk, Penikese, Neshawana, Peskanese and Naushon. The latter is owned by Capt. Forbes, of Boston. It is several miles long and a mile wide. The Captain has a fine residence here, with plenty of deer and other game, and lives here monarch of all he surveys. He cannot leave his farm without sailing across the water. These Islands abound in objects of interest and beauty everywhere. The waters are filled with the finest fish which supply New York and other markets. While the Island of Martha's Vineyard has such cities as Vineyard Haven, Oak Bluffs and Edgartown, the extreme point of the Island, Gay Head, is rough and rocky, inhabited by scattering native Indians—degenerate sons of noble sires. They are lazy, thriftless, worthless and ignorant. One white man and his family have charge of the Gay Head light-house. This is located on a high point of land, and kept up like the others of its kind by the government of the United States.

There is here an unlimited amount of fine clay, which looks like Castile soap. It is used as a mineral paint and for many other purposes. Steamers take excursionists to this point, where they can see this part of the world as the Creator left it. The land is broken and rocky, and rises high above the sea. The water is generally rough, and as we stand upon this promontory and look upon the old blue ocean, we involuntarily repeat—

"Lo! on a narrow neck of land
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand."

We look in