# 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 16, 1875. NUMBER 15.



TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

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TERMS INVARIABLY CASH.



Professional and Business Cards.

H. STREETER.
LAW OFFICE.
aug20. TOWANDA, PA.

OVERTON & MERCUR,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
TOWANDA PA.
Office over Montanyes Store. (may6'75.
D. A. OVERTON. RODNEY A. MERCUR.

SMITH & MONTANYE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW.—Office, corner of Main and Pine Sts., 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. [811-72.

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, 1873. 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. WM. MAXWELL.
(May be consulted in German.)
apr2075.

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 & Mott'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 apparatus.
may1875.

GEO. V. MYER, C. E., COUNTY SURVEYOR.—Particular attention given to locating di-puted lines.
Office over Post Office.
my12-75. 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. [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, upstairs.
H. J. MADILL. [jan5-73ly] J. N. CALIFF.

C. S. RUSSELL'S
GENERAL
INSURANCE AGENCY,
May2-76tf. 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. corner Second and Elizabeth streets.
J. E. FLEMING.
Box 511, Towanda, Pa.
may2-71.

J. C. BIXBEE, CARRIAGE PAINTER AND DECORATER. Also manufacturer of Ornamental Glass Show Cards, a few doors east of the REPORTER Office.
mar2-75.

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.
PHOENIX.
HOME.
MERCHANTS.
March 19-74. 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 procure drafts for that purpose.
PASSAGE TICKETS
Over 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.

### BY-AND-BY.

There's a little mischief-maker
That is stealing half our bliss,
Sketching pictures in a dream-land
That are never seen in this,
Dashing from the lips the pleasures
Of the present while we sigh;
You may know this mischief-maker,
For his name is By-and-By.

He is sitting by your hearthstones,
With his sly, bewitching glance,
Whisp'ring of the coming morrow
As the social hours advance;
Loitering, mid our calm reflections,
Hiding forms of beauty nigh;
He's a smooth, deceitful fellow,
This enchanter, By-and-By.

You may know him by his winning,
By his careless, sportive air;
By his sly, obtrusive presence
That is straying everywhere;
By trophies that he gathers
Where his sombre victims lie.
For a bold, determined fellow
Is this conqueror, By-and-By.

When the calls of duty haunt us,
And the present seems to be
All the time that ever mortals
Snatch from dark eternity,
Then a fairy hand seems painting
Pictures on a painted sky.
For a cunning little artist
Is the fairy, By-and-By.

"By-and-By" the wind is singing.
"By-and-By" the heart replies;
But the phantom just above us
Ere we grasp it ever flies.
List not to the idle charmer.
Scorn the very specious lie—
Do not believe or trust in
This deceiver, By-and-By.

### THERE COMETH AN END.

There cometh an end.
The stern fiat was spoken
By the Lord of heaven and earth,
The grass-grown graves, the hearth-stones broken,
The mingling of tears with our mirth,
The laughter and sighing that blend—
All whisper, there cometh an end.

There cometh an end.
A widow lone, with her cruse of oil,
Hope, happiness, fled from her breast;
With never a pleasure to lighten her toil—
With never a gleaming of rest,
Tearfully to her labors may bend
With a sigh, repeating: There cometh an end.

There cometh an end.
The titled Prince, with his wealth of gold,
And slaves and lackeys at his command,
Soon fades away as "a tale that is told,"—
As a name that is written in sand.
And the Yew trees above him their whispers send
To all, as a warning, there cometh an end.

There cometh an end.
The daring youth, within whose soul
The slumbering fires of genius burn,
By mighty deeds may the world control,
Or sway a realm by a finger's turn;
But e'en though a host his crown defend,
To him, as to all, there cometh an end.

There cometh an end.
To prince and pauper, to peasant and king,
This earth is naught but a wayside inn,
We know not now what the morrow may bring,
Whether peace and joy, or sorrow and sin;
But this we know: to foe and to friend—
To all of earth—there cometh an end.

## Miscellaneous.

# DAVID MOSS, ATTORNEY.

BY LINA MINA.

I think it is Owen Meredeth who says:

"We but catch at the skirts of the things we would be,
And fall back on the lap of false destiny."

I had, after a severe struggle with poverty, caught at the skirts of the legal profession. A sign, with gilt letters, "David Moss, Attorney and Solicitor at Law," was tacked on my office door on Louisiana avenue. Within, a few dusty books, an empty desk and a dilapidated arm-chair proclaimed by legal status. I had waited patiently for criminals and perplexed debtors to rush in and seek my advice, but they did not rush well, and hope deferred had nearly made my heart sick. On the morning of December 21st, 1872, I sat disconsolately in my office, with my overcoat buttoned up—said overcoat answering in lieu of a fire,—and took a prospective glance at my affairs. My finances stood two to five; that is, a five-cent nickel for a two-cent copper. The five cents would buy a glass of beer, and the two cents a pretzel. I smiled at my anticipated happiness, and took an inventory of my wardrobe. Like their owner, my coat and pants had evidently seen better days, for, although rusty and threadbare, they showed traces of their original color and texture. I commenced to ruminate on my condition and achieve plans for the future. But all I could bring to aid were the words of Horace Greeley: "Go west, and you are a liar" I knew I was a liar, technically speaking, because my sign proclaimed me to be an attorney and solicitor at law, and yet I had not yet had a single case to plead before the bar, although I was nominally a member. To go west was to my fancy a literal burial of all my "splendid possibilities." I knew I possessed (what young man is there that does not think the same?) genius that would astonish the world if it could only find an outlet or an inlet. Just as I arrived at this point in my reflections the door of my office swung softly on its hinges, and a man closely muffled in winter apparel stood by my side.

"Are you a lawyer, sir?" he said, with a questioning glance of his steel grey eyes.

"That is my business," I returned cooly, straightening myself to the full height of my five feet six.

He smiled at my manner, slipped a five dollar bill to my hand, and said, blandly, "I have come for advice."

This was coming to the point. I thawed instantly, and asked my client to be seated.

He was a middle-aged man, tall and sinewy, with black hair sparsely mixed with grey. His dress and manner proclaimed him a man of wealth. I noticed this as he slowly seated himself.

"Suppose," said he, "you had an only daughter, and she was obstinately determined on marrying a man that you despised—a man whom you knew to be a villain,—but had no means of preventing it?"

"Is your daughter of age?" I asked.

"I did not say she was my daughter, young man; you jump at conclusions—no able lawyer accepts anything without proof."

I felt that I had suddenly changed places with him—that he was the attorney and I was the client; but taking no notice of his words, I repeated the question with a variation.

"Is she of age?"

"Yes," was the reply, "she is of age and as obstinate as a mule."

"Disinherit her," I suggested.

"Oh," said he, with a shrug of his shoulder, "I have tried everything. I have told her she should not have a penny of my money; I have kept her on bread and water; hired governesses to watch her; in fact, I have left no stone unturned."

"There remains only two methods: incarcerate her in an insane asylum, or put detectives on his track and convict him of some ignoble action," I said.

"Your last suggestion is the best. But even if I should convict him of murder she would imagine that it was a conspiracy on my part, and marry him at the gallows."

He remained in deep thought for several minutes, and then said:

"Young man, I don't think your business is very lucrative; how would you like to change it for something more profitable?"

Change or starvation was evidently a necessity with me, so of course I had no objections to offer; in fact, any escape from my present position was like a godsend to me. I imparted my willingness to make any reasonable change. We soon agreed upon terms which seemed to me more than liberal, and together concocted some plan to bring the young lady to aubmission.

I had some compunction of conscience, for two against one, and that one of the weaker sex, seemed hardly fair; but the novelty and the romance, and the solid cash connected with it, reconciled me to the situation.

### CHAPTER II.

Just as the sun from the west was gliding down the Capitol dome with the last gleams of departing day, the train from Baltimore came puffing in. It was Chrismas Eve, and the busy crowds were hurrying to their homes.

Two days before, David Moss, attorney and solicitor, seedy and threadbare, had left Washington for Baltimore. This evening the train brought back David Moss elegantly attired, "gentleman." It is astonishing how one's dress increases their self-respect. No doubt Polonius thought of this when he said to his son, "Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy, for thy apparel oft proclaims the man."

What a change it had made in my feelings! A few days ago so despondent, now buoyed up by hope and my good looks. I felt as happy as a king. My mirror had told me the same flattering tale which it tells many a belle. My ambrosial locks were curled in style, my blonde mustache was waxed to perfection, my blue eyes sparkled, and my mannerly form was immersed in an elegant suit of broadcloth. Besides all this, I had cultivated a becoming pallor, for I had to play the role of invalid. A carriage was waiting; I was assisted into it by obsequious footmen, and sank languidly on the cushions. I was driven to an elegant mansion, met by my host, and almost carried to a luxurious chamber. I was too fatigued to go down stairs that evening, but the amount of supper which I contrived to swallow, and the wine it took to wash it down, would have astonished a restauranteur.

In the morning my head was so bad I took my coffee in bed. At dinner time I managed, with some assistance, to get to the dining-room, and for the first time met Kate Marston, the young lady whose earnest hopes I had come to overthrow. After the first glance I began to think that perhaps old Mr. Marston had made a grave mistake in bringing me there. I never had an idea; my busy life in college and my money at times afterwards, had allowed no margin for dreams. But I am sure Kate Marston embodied all the elements which would have composed my ideal if I had possessed one.

She was small, a perfect brunette with glorious eyes, which might sparkle with love or hate; red lips and cheeks, lustrous black hair, white shapely teeth, and in fact, everything which is charming in woman. She treated me very kindly, gently, because I, her father's friend, was an invalid. If I had been apparently strong and hearty she would have suspected her father's motives, and met every advance with rebuff. He had brought several eligible young men to his house, but Kate had sent them about their business in anything but a complimentary style. All the ladies who had been hired as companions she had won over to her cause. They abetted her in disobedience, and were discharged in disgrace. It was planned that while drawing on her sympathy, and seeking kindly offices from her, I should watch over her, keep with her as much as I could, and excite, if possible, the jealousy of her lover, and tempt him to some desperate action.

I felt immediately that it would be a pleasant task, although had I been as I appeared, a young man of landed estate, I would have entered into it with greater zeal. For a few days everything progressed smoothly. Kate was asiduous in her attentions to my comfort. I would lie on the sofa and she would read to me in her dulcet tones. I enjoyed this heartily for she was really a good reader, and Tennyson or Byron from her lips was the sweetest music to me.

When my head ached, and I often had severe spells with my head, how tenderly she bathed it with those deft fingers of hers. I would have been content to live and bask in the sunshine of her presence forever, but observations showed me that there was a necessity for action. Sometimes Kate would shut herself up in her room for an hour or two. Meanwhile, I, on whom time always hung heavily when she was absent, placed my chair by the window to view passers-by. Invariably I saw a man pacing up and down in front of the house. He was of medium size, light complexion, blue grey eyes, long side-whiskers, a mixture between flaxen and brown; most people would have called him rather good looking, but a close observer of character would have noted the strangely shaped forehead and the gradual sinking in of the features at the bridge of the nose. I was not long in finding out that this was Kate's lover. I caught him looking at me with a malignant scowl. With Kate's reappearance he always disappeared. I was certain that they were keeping up a correspondence, but I never saw him receive any letters.

I now began to concoct plans to prevent this. I begged her as a great favor to help me in writing some letters which was a necessity for me to write, but which, on account of my weakness, I was unable to do. I kept her for long hours writing letters about all sorts of things to imaginary people, which of course were never mailed. I have some of them yet carefully put away in my writing desk. Then we took long rides, and she, believing me to be a stranger in the city, pointed out objects of interest, and answered the numerous questions which I chose to ask. I think at those times she must have thought me very stupid, and possessed of very little information, but she always answered me with the same unwearying kindness.

With all her firmness, and as her father termed it, obstinacy, there was always in her that gentleness and sweetness which characterizes the true lady. I only sighed that she had not bestowed her love on some worthy object—myself, for instance. Luckily, I met no one who knew me as David Moss, attorney and solicitor at law; but nearly always passed somewhere in our rides her lover, whom her father had told me was called Walter Reveaux.

At such times Kate would bow and smile, while he returned a haughty nod, which brought frightened, grieved, looks into Kate's fair face. Then an insane desire would seize me to jump out of the carriage and give him the threshing he deserved, but discretion being the better part of valor, I would, on reflection, remain seated, and by playful badinage endeavor to coax back Kate's smiles.

I had been at Marston's house nearly a month, and had been treated as an honored guest by both master and mistress. The change in my life seemed almost as wonderful as the miracles wrought by the genii of Aladin's lamp. I came slowly down stairs on this morning a little earlier than usual, and entered the dining-room. I had expected to find no one there, and was astonished to see Kate kneeling before her pet canary weeping bitterly, and between her sobs saying, "Good-bye, Sweetheat," for so she called the bird. I entered unobserved, so I slipped out again, closing the door softly after me, determined to closely watch affairs.

I came down late to breakfast, and found Kate and her father already seated. There were no traces of agitation about Kate; there only seemed to be an added sweetness and gentleness in her manner to her father. I complained of having passed a bad night and of feeling badly. I kept my room most of the day, but within its presincts I raged furiously. To let her escape with that scoundrel seemed to me would be to let the last of my life depart. No. I was determined to prevent it at the cost of my life.

The day wore away in slow, interminable length. I did not tell her father what I suspected, but prepared to keep my vigil alone. By 10 o'clock the house was still and silent. I knew that Kate had gone to her room, for I had heard light steps on the stairs some time before. I lowered the gas, opened my door slightly, and prepared to listen to every sound.

The town clock struck eleven, twelve, and one, before my patience was rewarded, then the creaking of the stairs drew my attention. Looking out I saw in the dim light a dark robed figure stealing down, then a clicking of the gate in a moment. I followed out through the gate, down to the end of the square, where a closely covered carriage was waiting. I arrived just in time to hear Walter Reveaux's voice saying: "Kate, darling, I knew you would come," when I took her by the arm and said:

"Kate—Miss Marston, you should not do this mad thing. Return with me to your father."

Then Reveaux's voice in passion cried:

"How dare you interfere? I will teach you better manners!"

Before I could avoid it, he raised a pistol and fired. I felt a dull pain in my side; then come a blank.

### CHAPTER III.

When I returned to consciousness I heard voices faintly whispering: "He cannot last much longer; poor fellow."

I had a dim idea that the room was full of visitors, but I recognized no one; then came another blank.

I had been badly wounded in the side, almost fatally, but careful nursing and a good constitution triumphed. After returning to consciousness the second time I mended rapidly. I think what helped me most was Kate's sweet face bending over me with a world of tenderness in it. I convalesced rapidly, and Kate and I soon resumed our rides. One morning Mr. Marston summoned me to the library, and told me that I must appear as a witness against Reveaux. This I did not wish to do, for fear that it might implicate Kate; but Mr. Marston insisted, and the trial resulted in Mr. Reveaux's being sent to the penitentiary for three years.

Kate manifested no feeling; her love seemed to have yielded to the force of circumstances.

With Mr. Reveaux's sentence my work was done; I had gained the end for which I had been employed. I told Mr. Marston this, and thanked him for his kindness.

"Do you really wish to leave us, my boy?"

"No," I replied; "but I have completed my mission, and now there is nothing left for me to do. In leaving you I leave everything, and go forth into the world more desolate than I came."

"But why not stay? I have property which needs care. I can find plenty for you to do."

"Can you not see that it is madness for me to stay? I have only relieved you of one trouble to drag you into another. I came hear heart-whole; I shall go away leaving my heart behind me. I would not have been presumtuous enough to have told you of this had you not forced me to explain; as it is, you see the only course open to me is to go. You have only escaped one danger to encounter another."

What a kind, benignant expression came into the old gentleman's eyes as he replied:

"If Kate loves you, you can marry her. I only ask in my son-in-law sterling worth, and I believe that you possess that. I care not for money, landed estates, or whether blue blood or plebian flows in your veins."

"It is worth makes the man,
The want of it the fellow."

I lost no time in finding Kate, and telling her the old, old story; when I had finished she looked up and said, "Can you trust me now? I have been so very, very wicked."

Trust her! no angel from heaven would have seemed purer, and so I told her. Anybody looking into my home to-day and seeing my bonny, happy children, would know that she had not belied that trust.

My sign, "David Moss, Attorney and Solicitor at Law," hangs out once more in view of the Capitol. It is not now merely an empty sign, but a reality, and my practice is not only large, but lucrative. I have a special penchant for unfledged attorneys, and do all that I can to throw practice in their way that they may show of what stuff they are made.—*Baltimore Telegram.*

## A WANDERER.

Joseph Muldoon had scarcely touched the mark when he informed the court that he was not only a poor orphan without a relative in the world, but that he belonged in Canada.

"I can't help it if you belong in Colorado," replied the court; "you shall have a fair trial, and truth and justice shall stand out here like freckles on a Chicago womans nose. Are you guilty?"

"I took a drop, sir."

"Where did you drop from?"

"I mean that I sipped a little brandy, sir, and it flew to my head."

"Joseph Muldoon, native of Canada, you've spoken truly," said his Honor. "The brandy flew to your head, you flew to an alley, and the police flew to you. It was a flying time. Do you make a practice of drinking brandy?"

"No, sir—I drink whiskey as a general thing."

"Yes—um—yes," mused his Honor, as he looked over at the grinning Bijah.

"Well, I'll sequester you."

"Thanks, sir, thanks."

"I don't want any thanks. I said I'd sequester you for thirty days.',

"I'm greatly obliged, sir and I'll go now—right off."

"Sir! don't you know what sequester means exclaimed the court.

"Yes, sir, and I'll be in Canada in ten minutes."

Bijah grinned.

The clerk grinned.

The reporter anxiously waited.

"Mr. Joy let this man out," continued the court, as he looked up from his papers, "warn himthat he'll catch it if he ever comes within thirty-six miles of Detroit again."—*Detroit Free Press.*

## THE NERVES.

Let all those who are troubled with weak nerves see to it that they abstain from all kinds of excitement. As to strengthening the nerves, it cannot be done by medicines. Peruvian bark, wine, minerals, sea-baths, etc., do not strengthen. Those which excite, as spirituous liquors, cold water in the form of bath, showers and sponging, increase the weakness of the nerves by over-excitement. Only that which nourishes our body and its masses of nerves, only that strengthen the nerves. Nourishing, mild, digestible food is what is required. Milk, on account of its resemblance to blood, is better than almost any other article of food, but unfortunately, it is apt to curdle on the stomach; this difficulty might, however, be obviated by taking a very small quantity at a time, and taking it with white bread.

Naturally, it must be taken quite often and with cream, which is the fat of the milk. The weaker nerves, the the more sleep the patient requires. Old people should be careful not to eat too much or too solid food at a time; rather let them eat little, and eat often. They must avoid tough, sinewy, hard food, and be careful not to take too much nourishment, on account of the enfeebled condition of their organs, which are not able to force much newly-formed blood thro' the body.

Many old people eat too much, and thereby shorten their lives. To eat in the evening, or just before going to bed, is very injurious. And to take a short nap just after dinner, lynig on the left side, is very beneficial. Old people, like infants, need to be kept warm, therefore we recommend flannel undersdirts, woolen underclothes, warm bed-covers, and warm beds; well-warmed eating and sleeping rooms, dry and sunny habitations. Warm baths, cleanliness of the skin in general, by means of washing in warm water and rubbing, are of the utmost importance to keep up the action of the skin.

Old people should take a warm bath at least once a week, first cleansing the skin with soap, and then anointing with some fatty substance, as almond or the like. They require more sleep; they should have spacious, airy rooms, well ventilated, and moderately warmed, and kept quiet. They seould lie with the head more elevated than younger people. As appoplexy is ever to be guarded against by old people, they should be careful about taking cold, inhaling cold or impure air, eating or drinking to excess, as well as for severe bodily and mental excitement.

A BOSTON murderer, in consequence of his poor health, wants his execution delayed.

## WHAT JOHN WESLEY SAID.

It passeth for an indisputable maxim, "Never attempt to reprove a man when he is intoxicated with drink." Reproof, it is said, is *then* thrown away, and can have no good effect. *I dare not say so.*

I have seen a few clear instances of the contrary. Take one. Many years ago, passing by a man in Moorfields, who was so drunk he could hardly stand, I put a paper into his hand. He looked at it, and said, "A Word—a Word to a drunkard,—that is me, Sir, Sir? I am wrong, I know I am wrong—pray let me talk a little with you?" He held me by the hand a full half hour, and I believe he got drunk no more.

I beseech you, brethren, by the mercies of God, do not despise the poor drunkards! Have compassion on them! Be instant with them in season and out of season! Let not shame, or fear of men prevent your pulling these brands out of the burning. Many of them are self-condemned. But they despair; they have no hope of escaping out of it; they sink into it still deeper, because none else has any hope for them.

Use no tobacco, unless prescribed by a physician. It is an uncleanly and unwholesome self-indulgence, and the more customary it is, the more resolutely should you break off from every degree of that evil custom.

Use no snuff, unless prescribed by a physician. I suppose no other nation in Europe is in such vile bondage to this silly, nasty, dirty custom as the Irish are. But let Christians be in this bondage no longer. Assert your liberty, and that at once; nothing will be done by degrees. But just now you may break loose, thro' Christ strengthening you.

Touch no dram. It is liquid fire. It is a sure, though slow, poison. In Ireland, above all countries in the world, I would sacredly abstain from this, because the evil is so general.

1. Do you steadily watch against the world, the devil, yourself, your besetting sins?

2. Do you deny yourself every useless pleasure of sense, imagination, honor? Are you temperate in all things? instance, in food; do you use only that kind and that degree which is best for both your body and soul? Do you see the necessity of this?

3. Do you eat no flesh suppers? No late suppers?

4. Do you eat no more at each meal than is necessary? Are you not heavy and drowsy after dinner?

5. Do you use only that kind, and that degree of drink which is best both for your body and soul?

6. Do you drink water? Why not Did you ever? Why did you leave it off? If not for health, when will you begin again? To-day?

Carefully to abstain from doing evil; in particular—

1. Neither to buy nor sell anything at all on the Lord's Day.

2. To taste no spirituous liquor, nor dram of any kind, unless prescribed by a physician.

3. To use no needless self-indulgence, such as taking snuff or tobacco, unless prescribed by a physician.

## BAPTIZED BY MISTAKE.

Some of our worthy colored brethren of the Baptist persuasion had a baptism down at the creek last Sunday, and the ceremony attracted a very large crowd of people. Mrs. Pitman's colored servant girl was very anxious to be present, and, as it was not her Sunday out, she slipped away from the house while the dinner was cooking, and went around in in her working clothes. Her interest was so intense that she stood close to the minister, who was in the water, while the ceremony proceeded. After six or seven had been dipped, the clergyman, filled with enthusiasm, seized her and pulled her into the water. She resisted, but the minister imagined that she was merely afraid of the coldness of the water, so before she could explain the situation he soused her. She came up spluttering, and exclaimed:

"What you doin'? Lemme go I tell you!"

But he exerted his strength, and sent her "ker-chuck" below the surface again. She emerged, clawing the air wildly and shouting:

"G'way from here! Don't you chuck me under again you nigger!"

But the clergyman was inexorable, and he plunged her under a third time, and held her there for a minute so as to let it soak in and do her good. Then she came up and struck for the shore, and standing there, looked like a draggled mermaid cut in ebony, she shook her fist at the astonished pastor, and shrieked:

"Oh, I'll fix you! I'll bust the head off'n you, you or'nary trash! sousin' me in dat dare creek and nearly drownded me, when you knowed well enough all de time dat I'se a Methodist, and been crissened by dem dat's yer betters, and knows more 'bout religion den all the Baptisses dat ever shouted, you mis'able black scum! and me got the rheumatiz enough to set me crazy! Oh, I'll see what the law kin do for you! I'll have you 'rested dis very day, or my name's not Johanna Johnson, yon wolly-headed herrin'! You hear me?"

Then Johanna went home to redress, and the ceremony proceeded. Miss Johnson is now persuaded that the Baptists are not any better than pagans.

WHEN a man goes to a quilting party about tea-time, and sits down on a ball of wicking with a darning needle in it, he will think of more things connected with darning in a minute than he can mention in two hours.

A SCOTCH minister, who was famed for his dryness in the pulpit, called on one of his aged hearers, and as usual partook of a cup of tea. He remarked to the guid wife that her tea-pot ran very slowly. "Deed, ay," quo' the guid wife, "it's like yersel'; it has an unco bad delivery."

FOREWARNED, FOREARMED. — (Our reporter before dinner): "Beg pardon, my lord, but could your lordship kindly oblige me by giving me a hint as to what your lordship is going to say in reply to the duke when his grace proposes your lordship's health?" His Lordship: "How can I tell you what I am going to say until I've heard what the duke says?" Our reporter: "Oh, I can oblige your lordship with what his grace is going to say, I've got it all in my pocket."—*Punch.*

## NOT A JOKE TOWARD THE END.

A granger from Wacoupin county stepped into a local telegraph office at Nilwood the other day, and asked for the operator. A slim looking individual of the pin-back order, without looking up from his instrument, informed him that he was the "wire jerker."

"Well," said the granger, "my name's Jerry Hogan, and you see—the fact is, my old woman's had another gal, and I want to dispatch to Aunt Nancy, in Zanesville."

"Very well, sir," said the operator. "The rate is thirty and three. Just write your message."

The look on the granger's face was one of bewilderment. "Well," he said, "you see my learnin' ain't—"

"Oh, I see. Can't write?"

"Not exactly that, but Aunt Nancy's eyes are very—well, I reckon she could read your handwrite better'n mine."

"All right, sir; in that case I will send it by our 'duplex,'" at the same time handing the granger the end of a wire. "Now, all you have to do is to wrap this wire around your hand and take this in your mouth," and he handed him the end of the ground wire.

The granger wrapped the wire several times around his hand, and, leaning over the table, took the ground wire in his mouth, when—bif. One hundred and fifty cups of Calland's battery went through him like hot grease through a gridiron; and in just twenty-eight seconds by the dial Mr. Hogan was monarch of all he surveyed.

Now that granger had been a granger, and had built hog pens and planted corn all his life, and when he bought boots he always got the worth of his money; while the operator was an operator by birth, and when last seen was counting railroad ties between Summit and Bridgeport and feeling in his pocket for $20 with which to take lessons on the health lift.—*Chicago Tribune.*

## DRAINING FLOWER POTS.

An experienced gardner, who grows hundreds of thousands of pot plants without drainage, writes to this effect in an exchange: "The question of drainage is not whether plants require it or not; we all agree on that. But the question is in what way the water passes from the pot; whether from the bottom or wether from the sides. We who advocate that the practice of crocking pots is useless, claim that nine-tenths of the escape of moisture is from the sides; they who practice "bottom drainage," would signify by doing, that in their opinion the escape of water is mainly from the bottom. If any one wishes to decide this matter for himself, let him take half a dozen glazed pots, such as water will not percolate through, let him knock the whole bottom out if he will, and "drain" in the usual way with potsherds, charcoal or anything else he thinks fit. Let him also take a half dozen of the ordinary style of flower pots. Fill these up with the same soil as used for the glazed pots, but without drainage. Let the same sort of plant be grown in each lot, and under the same conditions of temperature and moisture. Let him note the result three weeks after the experiment has been made, and if he does not find that the glazed pots, with the bottom drainage, show indications of stagnant water in a greater degree than those in the porous pots, then all my observations on this subject have gone for nothing. If I am correct in this, does it not emphatically prove that the escape of moisture is nearly entirely from the sides of the pot and not from the bottom and hence the futility of growing potsherd in the bottom for drainage.

LONDON journals of the period are discussing with some warmth the value of a new society which has been formed in the fashionable circles of that city for mitigating somewhat the burden men bear in furnishing expensive and extensive mourning, and this society has framed a code of laws, of which the following is a copy:

1. That the putting on of mourning for any person deceased be limited to bona fide mourners—i. e., very near relatives.

2. That it be strongly recommended to members of this society to shorten the period dictated by custom for wearing mourning, but that the exact period be left entirely optional.

3. That the heavy and extensive crape trimmings on skirts of dresses and on mantles be disused, as tending to extravagance and ostentation.

4. That the custom of wearing "complimentary" mourning, viz., for connections, distant relatives, and friends, be discarded by members of this society.

5. That children under four years of age be not put in black clothes, and over that age only on the death of parents, brothers, or sisters.

6. That servants of a household where a death has occurred be not put into mourning.

7. That the use of mourning stationery be in no case deemed essential, and that its entire disuse be recommended to members.

8. That it be optional with all members, on the death of friends, connections, or distant relatives, to wear as a token of respect a band of crape on the arm or hat in the case of men, and in the case of women a black sash or scarf over one shoulder and crossing the breast.

9. That the previous rule be applicable at will in the case of servants and children.

"THUNDER!" exclaimed a man, rushing into a railroad telegraph station the other day. "The express train's gone off the big bridge!" "Many killed! many killed?" screamed the by-standers. "Not a one," replied the other. "She went on at one end and went off at the other, just as usual."

A YOUNGSTER being required to write a composition upon some portion of the human body, selected that which unites the head to the body, and expounded as follows: "A throat is convenient to have, especially to roosters and ministers. The former eats corn and crows with it; the latter preaches through his'n, and then ties it up. This is pretty much all I can think about necks."

## ON THE FLY.

It was Hamlet who expressed a preference for the "fly to ills we know not of," or words to that effect, and Hamlet either was or pretended to be insane. The idea that there is any more annoying torment possible than the frequent fly affords, is an unsound notion, a sign of a very thick skin or a very thick head. But setting aside for the time the direct discomfort that the creature works for man, it is interesting and instructive too, to see the seriously injurious effect that its indirect influence seems to have upon the world's industry. There are in round numbers 33,000,000 cows, oxen, horses and the like in this country, which for about ten hours a day during fly-time keep their tails in almost constan motion. It is no exaggeration to estimate that they swing them at least ten times a minute with a force equal at each swing to raising one pound a foot. That is, their tail-force is ten foot-pounds a minute. One horse power is thirty-three thousand foot-pounds in a minute, so thirty-three hundred cattle would exert with their tails one-horse power, and all these creatures in the country would put forth upon the fly the aggregate force of ten-thousand horse-power. Now the entire force of all the steam engines and water wheels in the country, used in the manufacture of steam engines and boilers, is less than twelve thousand horse power. That is the force wasted by our domestic animals in waving tails to keep the fly away is almost sufficient, if rightly applied, to make all the motive machinery in the land.

It is an enormous power to throw away upon so small a thing as the fly; but so it happens, and until somebody invents a machine for catching and transferring this force, it will continue through the day-light of the fly season, Sundays and all, to be so wasted. Could the fly be abolished, or trained, and the thirty-three million tails kept quiet, the theory of the correlation of forces will show us how vast the saving of food and consequent relative extension of our pasture lands would be. Each flourish consumes so much force which must be made up by food, and to stop the flourish would be to stop that particular demand for food.

What especial good the fly does remains to be found out, and the utilitarian will hardly consider the creature worth the sacrifice of ten thousand-horse power of energy every moment of two months of each year. It is the moralist, rather than the utilitarian, to whom the insect's virtue's are revealed. The bald head is its favorite race course, and the face of the sleeper is its frequent resting place. It is perpetually tumbling into