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, OCTOBER 21, 1875. NUMBER 20.

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 a line for subsequent insertions.

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

ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted according to the following table of rates:

	1w	4w	2m	3m	6m	1yr.
inch.....	$1.50	3.00	5.00	6.00	10.00	15.00
inches....	2.00	5.00	8.00	10.00	15.00	20.00
inches....	2.50	7.00	10.00	13.00	20.00	30.00
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column...	5.00	12.00	18.00	22.00	30.00	45.00
column..	10.00	20.00	30.00	40.00	55.00	75.00
column...	20.00	30.00	60.00	80.00	100.	150.

ADMINISTRATOR'S and Executor's Notices, $3.00; Auditor's notices, $2.50; Business Cards, five lines, (per year) $5.00, additional lines, $1.00 each.

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, 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 promptly and promptly remitted. (feb15-6m.

H. W. PATRICK, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office—Mercur's Block, next door to Laphams Office, Towanda, Pa.

DR. S. M. WOODBURN, Physician and Surgeon. Office over O. A. Black's Store. Towanda, May 1, 1875.

WOOD & SANDERSON, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, TOWANDA, PA. A. WOOD. JNO. F. SANDERSON.

DRS. JOHNSON & NEWTON, Physicians and Surgeons. Office over Dr. Kennedy & Son's Drug Store, Towanda, Pa. R. JOHNSON, M. D. H. N. NEWTON, M. D.

T. C. GRIDLEY, ATTORNEY AT LAW. TOWANDA, PA.

GEORGE W. BRINK, Justice of the Peace and Conveyancer. Also Insurance Agent, Wysox, Pa.

D. L. DODSON, DENTIST. On and after Sept. 21, may be found in the office formerly occupied by Dr. Pratt, in Mercur's Block. Bagas is selected.

W. B. KELLY, DENTIST.—Office over M. L. Ross & Bell's, Towanda, Pa. Gold, Silver, Rubber, and Aluminum Plates. Teeth extracted without pain.

FRET & DAVIES, ATTORNEYS AT LAW. MERCUR'S BLOCK TOWANDA, PA.

WILT & MAXWELL, ATTORNEYS & COUNSELORS-AT-LAW. Over Dexter's Store, Towanda, Pa. ANDREW WILT. WM. MAXWELL. (Will speak German.)

McPHERSON, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Towanda Pa. Office in Tracy & Nobles New Block.

R. C. M. STANLY, DENTIST. Having removed his Dental office into Tracy & Nobles new block, next door to Kent & Watkins' store, prepared to do all kinds of dental work in the best manner.

GEO. V. MYER, C. E., COUNTY SURVEYOR.—Regular courses of surveying. Office in Court House. Towanda, Pa.

W. H. THOMPSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, WYSOX, PA. Will attend to all business entrusted to his care in Bradford, Sullivan and Wyoming counties. Office with Maj. Kellum.

HALE & PATTON, Agents for the NEW YORK MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY. Office in Patton's Block, Bridge St., Towanda, Pa.

DR. G. A. BUSH, TOWNSHIP, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA. Office at his residence. May be found at home on Sundays.

OVERTON & ELSBREE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, TOWANDA, PA. Having entered into copartnership, offer their professional services to the public. Special attention given to business in Orphans' Court. O. D. OVERTON, E. L. ELSBREE.

CAMPBELL & CALIFF, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, TOWANDA, PA. Office in Mercur's Block, south of the Post Office. C. L. CAMPBELL. A. N. CALIFF.

L. D. RUSSELL'S GENERAL INSURANCE AGENCY, TOWANDA, PA.

JOHN W. MINIUS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, AND COMMISSIONER, TOWANDA, PA. Will attend to business in Court House yard. June 1, 1875.

THE UNDERSIGNED, ARCHITECT AND BUILDER, wishes to inform the citizens of Towanda and vicinity, that he will furnish Plans, Specifications, Estimates, and Working Drawings for Buildings, public or private, on reasonable terms. Office at residence, corner of Elizabeth and Pine streets. N. E. LEFEBVRE. Towanda, Pa., Jan. 1, 1875.

J. E. FLEMING, Box 341, Towanda, Pa. Will attend promptly to all orders for Carriages, Buggies, Phaetons, Spring Wagons, Pleasure Carts, &c., of the best material and workmanship, at the shortest notice, and warranted as represented.

J. C. BIXBEE'S CARRIAGE PAINTER AND DECORATOR, Also manufacturer of the celebrated Gilt Band Carriages, of a superior style. Towanda, Pa.

W. W. KINGSBURY, GENERAL FIRE & ACCIDENT INSURANCE AGENCY, Office in Mercur's Block, TOWANDA, PA.

INSURANCE AGENCY. The following reliable and tried companies are represented: PHŒNIX, of HARTFORD. MERCHANTS, of NEW YORK. O. A. BLACK.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF TOWANDA. Capital.....$125,000. Surplus Fund.....50,000. Special facilities for business accounts. GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS. Certificates of Deposit according to agreement. Collections promptly made. Interest allowed on Time Deposits. SEND MONEY by our draft on Great Britain, Ireland, Scotland, or any cities and towns of Europe, can be had here for the purpose. PASSAGE TICKETS by the Liverpool, Queenstown & New York Steamships. Gold and Silver bought and sold. Government Bonds bought and sold. Interest allowed on Deposits. DIRECTORS: POWELL, President. N. N. BETT, Jr. Cashier.

O I C THE STORE ROUND THE CORNER. Best place in Towanda to buy good CIGARS AND TOBACCO, at low rates. Remember the place, Opposite COURTHOUSE. S. L. CRAWFORD.

Hardware, Crockery, &c.

THE OLD AND POPULAR HARDWARE STORE.

CODDING & RUSSELL,

Invite the attention of the public to their stock of

HARDWARE GOODS.

Consisting of

COOK STOVES

Of the most approved patterns.

RANGES,

Of all kinds.

PARLOR & HEATING STOVES,

In endless variety.

BUILDING MATERIALS,

Furnished at

BOTTOM PRICES.

ICE CREAM FREEZERS,

Of every style.

SHEARS, SCISSORS, RAZORS,

and

POCKET CUTLERY,

Of the best manufacture, and warranted.

CARPENTERS' TOOLS,

Of every description.

GAS FIXTURES,

CHANDELIERS, BRACKETS, &C.,

In endless variety. The largest and best assortment kept in Northern Pennsylvania.

KEROSENE LAMPS,

From the cheapest to the best.

LAMP CHIMNEYS & GLOBES,

At greatly reduced prices.

TIN WARE,

In endless variety, of our own manufacture, warranted first-class.

Jobbing of all kinds in our line promptly attended to. Tin roofs and eaves troughs put up in the most satisfactory manner, at short notice.

GAS FITTING AND PLUMBING

A Specialty. WE HAVE THE ONLY PRACTICAL PLUMBER IN TOWANDA.

Our old friends and the public generally will bear in mind that we sell goods only for

READY PAY!

Believing it the only system by which justice can be done both buyer and seller.

Grateful for past very liberal patronage, we solicit a continuance of your custom, with the assurance that we will offer you greater inducements than any other establishment in the country, as we carry a larger stock, and enjoy peculiar facilities for purchasing.

CODDING & RUSSELL.

BARGAINS IN STOVES!

TINWARE,

HARDWARE,

IRON AND NAILS,

CARPENTER'S TOOLS,

GLASS,

&C., &C., &C., &C.

GIVEN TO ALL PURCHASERS FOR CASH.

H. T. JUNES'

HARDWARE STORE,

TOWANDA, PA.

O. A. BLACK,

OFFERS

CROCKERY OF VARIOUS PATTERNS,

AND AS LOW AS THE LOWEST.

GLASSWARE,

TABLE CUTLERY,

SILVER PLATED WARE,

WOOD WARE,

STONE WARE,

BIRD CAGES,

BASKETS,

GLASS SHADES.

I would say to the public that on any goods kept in stock I will not be undersold.

O. A. BLACK.

Powell & Co.

POWELL & CO.

Are now receiving their Second large Stock of Fall and Winter goods, and are prepared to Exhibit a Greater variety of Goods, and at More attractive prices than ever before. Please call and see their New Goods.

Towanda, Oct. 13, 1875.

OCT. 14.

NEW GOODS.

KENT & BLISS,

OFFER THIS DAY,

ONE CASE BOSTON PLAID DRESS GOODS,

At package prices.

KENT & BLISS,

OFFER THIS DAY,

ONE CASE OF SHIRTING PLAIDS

At wholesale price.

ALSO,

ONE CASE OF TWILLED CRASH,

to be sold at

JOBBING PRICES.

OUR STOCK

Will be found more complete than ever.

COME ONE, COME ALL!

Now is the time to buy everything in Dry Goods and Notions cheap, at

KENT & BLISS',

No. 3,

TRACY & MOORE'S BLOCK.

Towanda, Pa., Oct. 14, 1875.

Selected Poetry.

SONG OF THE AUTUMN WIND.

Mournfully! Mournfully! Mournfully!
Sings the Autumn wind to-day;
Whirling the leaves from bush and tree,
Sobbing and moaning,
Sighing and groaning,
Wildly the wind at times like a child at play:
Whispering anon, as it passes by,
Tales forgotten among the years;
Ending its tale with a sigh;
Sinking its voice till it sounds, at times,
Like rippling waves of musical chimes.

Changefully! Fitfully! Solemnly!
Sings the Autumn wind to-day;
Bending the boughs on the shiv'ring trees;
Scattering the leaves like ocean's spray:
Lisping and cooing,
As if it were wooing
Summer back from the far away:
Then changes its song of peace,
With angry blast complains again,
And whirls its dead leaves o'er the plain;
Bending the bushes, all red
With the berries, which tell us so plain,
Of the Autumn, and flowers now dead.

Mockingly! Mockingly! Mockingly!
Sings the Autumn wind to-day:
Laughing derisively as we sigh
While the sweet flowers,
We once called ours
Withered and dead around us lie!
Mocking us still, as with tearful eye
We thank the Father, that by-and-by
A summer comes, which will last for aye,
With no dead leaves in the pilgrim's way!

Miscellaneous.

A Story Successfully Told.

Pretty, plump Mrs. Archibald Steele wrote the following paragraph in one of her letters to her husband the other day:

"John must come down here at once, whether you can spare him or not. Our dear little Laura is greatly taken with a tall, thin young man, with a hooked nose and thin lips, called Stuyvesant. It is whispered about the hotel that he is a very good match, and has the veritable blue blood of the old Dutch governor in his veins. I must say it has a queer way of showing itself, for the young man is as pale as a spectre; and dressed in that white duck, with his sunken eyes and bilious skin, is enough to frighten one. I have grown to hate him, while Laura is growing to do quite the contrary, I'm afraid. All the evening he leans up against the wall, never dancing, or opening his mouth save to give vent to some hateful sarcastic criticism upon the scene around him, and yet dear little Laura's eyes—as, indeed, all the other pretty eyes about—are perpetually beseeching him for attention. In the daytime he is always with a long black horse, that covers more ground with its legs when it is going than any animal I ever saw. When Laura goes out to drive behind it, and vanishes out of sight with the bony creature, I tremble to think how dreadful it would be if our dear little girl would ever become part and parcel of this wretched man and his wicked beast. So I think John had better come down at once. I just long to see his handsome face and hear his honest voice, and I think it is about time John should tell his little story to Laura, and have things settled comfortably."

Mr. Archibald Steele smiled when he put the letter of his wife in his waistcoat pocket, and picking up the morning paper, scanned through his gold-rimmed spectacles the news of the day. Finding nothing therein to ruffle the exceedingly satisfactory condition of his affairs, he put it down, and smiled again as only a prosperous, contented, down-town merchant can smile. He was one of those happy exceptions to the ordinary rule of mortals, with whom everything went well. His whole appearance was an exclamation point to that effect. If he ventured a little hazardously in trade, fortune trimmed her sails to favor him. If he set his heart upon anything relating to domestic felicity, all the elements of art and nature conspired to bring it about. So when he stepped to the door of the office and beckoned to a young man with a strip of commercial paper in his hand and a pencil behind his ear, with that general air of briskness and shrewdness about him that betokened a successful merchant in embryo, Mr. Steele smiled the third time, with the air of one who was not at all afraid of any bilious, blue-blooded obstacle that might be thrown in the path of a domestic happiness which he firmly believed had been arranged by an omnipotent hand.

"John," said Mr. Steele, closing the door of his private office, and looking upon his young clerk benevolently, "I've got an order here from Mrs. Steele, which I wish you would attend to."

"Certainly, sir," said John. "Shall I go out and get the articles myself?"

"Why, the fact is, John," said the merchant, enjoying his joke more and more, "its only one article—a rather bulky one. It was bargained for long ago. I think you will have to go with it, John."

"Down to the seashore!" said John, getting a little hot and flushed. "Is it a very valuable parcel, sir?"

"Well, perhaps your natural modesty may depreciate its worth, John. Mrs. Steele and I think a good deal of it, and Laura, too—I'm sure she does. The commodity is yourself, John. Mrs. Steele wants you to go down and take a little holiday there."

When the name of Laura was mentioned, the young man's face grew more flustered and hot than before.

"You are very kind, sir," he said, "and Mrs. Steele is always more like an angel than a woman."

"Rather solid and plump for that," interposed Mr. Steele, but liking the phrase nevertheless.

"But it is simple madness," pursued John, "to dream of further happiness than I enjoy now—your affection and that of your wife; my position here. I don't care, I can't hope for anything more. Oh, Mr. Steele, I can't tell her my story, sir. She would shrink from me with horror and aversion, she is so young, so beautiful. Let me at least enjoy the present."

"And in the meantime some cadaverous, bilious, blue-blooded scoundrel will carry her off from us all!"

Then John's face grew pale and stern. "If there is the slightest feeling upon her part for—for any one else, then indeed, Mr. Steele, my case is hopeless."

The commercial paper fluttered from his hand, the pencil fell from his ear; he leaned his head against the desk and trembled.

"Why, who would suppose you could be such a coward?" said Mr. Steele, impetuously. "You shall go down with me this very day."

All the way to the seashore John's face wore the look of one who had resolved to storm a deadly breach, but who did not hope to survive the attempt. Even the ocean, when it confronted them, wore a threatening look. Upon the horizon a pile of clouds formed a background wan and gloomy, a great black mist lay in the zenith, a dense red vapor almost touched the water.

"A very nasty sea," said Mr Steele.

John snuffed it in, his eye dilating, his broad shoulders expanding, his head high in the sea-scented air.

A tramp on the hard, wet sand, and like a meteor a long, black horse shot by, disappearing in the mist, leaving for John the memory of charming head crowned with blonde, curling hair, two kind eyes bent upon his own, a white, waving hand extending in salutation.

"John," said Mr, Steele, "did you see the face of that man? I count upon your saving Laura. Did you see his thin, cruel lips, his treacherous eyes?"

"I only saw Laura, sir," said John, simply.

Later on, Mr. Archibald Steele and his plump, pretty wife were alone together in their private parlor. Her dimpled hand lay lovingly in his, her shapely head, fresh from the hands of the coiffeur, rested recklessly on his shoulder.

Suddenly the door opened, and there was heard the rustle of silk drapery. A still shapelier little head, and fresher from the hands of the coiffeur, all unruffled by the audacious touch of a mortal, peeped in at the door. Laura was pale; her little white hands were clasped together; her musical voice trembled.

"Oh, papa, mamma, come directly! Mr. Stuyvesant ventured out too far, and—and—"

"Was drowned?" said Mr. Archibald Steele, with a peculiar combination in his voice of pity and relief.

"No, no; how can you suppose so dreadful a thing? He was rescued, but he is very weak and ill. He has asked for me—and may I go? Will you come with me, mamma? Oh, do, I beg of you! Can't she, papa?"

Her blue eyes filled with tears; her little feet seemed panting to fly through the corridor.

"Certainly not," said Mr. Steele. "Let him wait till he is able to come to you or to me. Either a man is drowned or he isn't. Because he was imbecile enough to risk his life, that is no reason for your being the talk of the hotel."

Laura raised her head proudly.

"No danger of that, papa; and, besides, every one is occupied now with the one that rescued him."

"And what madman was that?" said poor Mr. Steele, who could not reconcile himself to the present condition of affairs.

"I don't know—a stranger, I believe; I was so interested in Mr. Stuyvesant I forgot to ask."

"Pah!" said Mr. Steele, getting upon his feet and walking to the door, "I'll go and find out all about it. Do you stay here till I return."

Before he had gone far Mr. Steele heard from the excited guests several different versions of the affair; but one and all agreed that the rescuer could be nothing less than a champion swimmer.

"A regular water-dog!" said one gentleman to Mr. Steele; and as the merchant had heard this epithet used but once before in his life, and that on an occasion of vital interest to himself, he sought out the hero of the hour, and found, to his unbounded astonishment, it was John Waters himself! He was quite enveloped in the flounces and furbelows of pretty and sympathetic women, who insisted upon knowing every half second if he was sure he felt strong and well, and how in the world could he buffet those dreadful waves in that grand, heroic way, and how did he manage to drag poor, dear Stuyvesant in to the shore?

John, like any other hero of the hour, enjoyed this womanly adulation, but looked anxiously at Mr. Steele when he approached.

"Hum!" growled that worthy merchant; "a pretty fellow you to interfere with other people's plans! How do you know he wanted to be rescued?"

"He appeared anxious that way, sir," said John. "He wrapped himself about me like a devil-fish. I thought one time we'd both go down together. There ought to be a school for teaching people how to let themselves be saved. It's the easiest thing in the world; the water itself is an accessory, if you manage it right."

"Oh, do tell us how, Mr. Waters, please!" chorused the pretty and sympathetic women; and as John began his lesson, Mr. Steele slipped away.

"Oh, papa," began Laura, "how is Mr. Stuyvesant?"

"I don't know—I didn't ask," he replied, "I was so interested in the fellow that dragged him ashore. He's an old friend of ours. The way we made his acquaintance was on just such an occasion; he saved a lady from drowning."

"Why, papa," said Laura, "he must be a splendid fellow!"

"Magnificent!" said Mr. Steele. "You see, we had traveled over a considerable of the world together, your mother and I while you were yet a baby. And we found it rather odd one morning to discover that, having crossed the ocean and the Alps, loitered in the Hudson Highlands, traveled thence down through the Mississippi valley, across the American desert to California, and back again by another route, your mother had never been up the East River as far as Morrisania. It seemed so absurd to have neglected this home excursion that we determined upon it at once. The morning was wet, but that didn't matter. Your mother looked prettier in a waterproof and rubbers, with a shovel-hat tied down under her chin, than most women would in a ball dress. She wasn't a bit afraid of rain or mud. She was a little too reckless, for, getting ashore to see one of the institutions for vagabond boys, her foot slipped off the plank, and she disappeared.

Mr. Steele stopped a minute; his voice faltered; the little plump hand of his wife slipped into his own; he clutched it, and went on again.

"One minute I saw her, as neat and trim a little figure as ever graced a water-proof and shovel-hat; the next she was gone."

"Gone!" cried Laura. "Gone where?"

"Into the water child; into the hungry green waves that surged up to take her away from the fondest heart in the universe; and if it hadn't been for one of those vagabond boys, who had been lurking there for a chance to escape from the island, you'd have lost us both, my dear, for I made an agonized plunge after her, though I'm ashamed to say I could not swim a stroke, and should only have gone to the bottom like a plummet of lead, but an official standing by caught and held me, and cried out that Johny Waters had her safe as a trivet; and presently that vagabond boy come up with your sweet mother on the other side of the boat, and the official cried out: "He's a regular water-dog, that Johny Waters!" And these are the very words a guest here used in relation to John a minute or so ago."

"John!" cried poor bewildered Laura, "our John? Mamma? My mamma? Was mamma the lady? was John the boy? And is it John, our John, that saved poor Mr Stuyvesant?"

"The very same, darling—John, our John; he's always on hand where there's trouble or danger."

"Oh mamma! mamma!" cried Laura, forgetting all the years that had passed since the accident, and crumpling both the coiffured heads in a reckless manner.

"Papa," she then said, "we must go and find John. I want to tell him how much I—I"—

"Yes, dear," said Mr. Archibald Steele, and all the way through the corridor and into the parlors of the hotel, with his plump and pretty wife on one arm, his lovely daughter on the other, he smiled.

But John was still surrounded by the pretty and sympathetic women, who had cruelly deserted the blue-blooded descendant of the old Dutch governor, lying in his most graceful and languid of attitudes on a neighboring lounge—the descendant, not the governor—and had flocked one and all to the handsome and heroic founder of the new school for teaching people the way to be rescued from drowning.

These charming creatures spent so much of their time at the seashore, and it was so necessary and so nice to be wise!

John was almost hidden in flounces and laces; but when his eyes met Laura's he plunged out of these costly billows with his usual ease and intrepidity. There was something in Laura's eyes that he had never seen there before; a tempting languor, a bewitching shyness, a bewildering splendor, that steeped his soul in mad sweet hope.

Laura stopped a moment to whisper to her mamma, and John gasped out to Mr Steele:

"If I dared—if I only dared to tell her"—

"I've told her myself!" said the merchant.

"That I was a pauper without a home or friends?"

"I told the story in my own way, John," continued Mr. Steele, "and I flatter myself I told it successfully; don't spoil it, if you please. I have managed the past and the present; do you look out for the future, John."

And John did. Laura walked through the parlors that night, the envied of all the pretty and sympathetic women and brave and appreciative men that congregated there.—*Bazar.*

THE SPARE BED.

When I go to the country to visit my relations, writes M. Quad, the spare bed rises up in my imagination days before I start, and I shiver as I remember how cold and grave-like the sheets are. I put off the visit as long as possible solely on account of that spare bed. I don't like to tell them that I had rather sleep on a picket fence than to enter that spare room and creep into that spare bed, and so they know nothing of my sufferings.

The spare bed is always as near as a mile and a half from the rest of the beds as it can be located. Its either up stairs at the head of the hall, or off the parlor. The parlor curtains have not been raised for weeks; everything is as prim as an old-maid's bonnet, and the bed is as square and true as if it had been made up by a carpenter's rule. No matter whether it be Summer or Winter, the bed is like ice, and it sinks down in a way to make one shiver. The sheets are slippery clean, the pillow slips rustle like shrouds, and one dare not stretch his legs down for fear of kicking against a tombstone.

He is tired and sleepy, but he knows the rest of the family are so far away that no one could hear him if he should shout for an hour, and this makes him nervous. He wonders if anyone ever died in that room, and straightway he sees the faces of dead persons, hears strange noises, and presently feels a chill galloping up and down his back. Did any one ever pass a comfortable night in a spare bed? No matter how many quilts and spreads covered him, he could not get warm; and if he accidentally fell asleep, it was to awake with a start, under the impression that a dead man was pulling his nose. It will be days and weeks before he recovers from the impression, and yet he must suffer in silence, because the spare bed was assinged him in token of esteem and affection.

A learned newspaper publisherin Tennessee calls his place of business ap rintery.

NASBY AS AN INFLATIONIST.

Mr. Nasby has published a "History of the Rise and Fall of the Onlimited Trust and Confidence Company, of Confederit X Roads." We printed a few weeks since an account of the rapid rise of that institution, and we give below the sad story of its decline and fall:

MORE BANKS IN THE FIELD.

The citizens wich are the stanchest supporters uv the new money hev determined that ef we hev the rite to ishoo money, they have the same rite. And so four more banks hev bin started this week.

Then trouble set in in chunks. The people who was not interested in bankin refoozed, pint blank, to take any uv their ishoos. Banks wuz a getting rather too frekent. A reackshen okkurred agin our money wich we who wuz interested determined to crush to wunst.

The offishls of the five banks in the town met and decided to hold a meeting uv the citizens, at wich steps shood be taken to legalize our ishoos.

The meetin was held, and uv cours we kerried it without any trouble for seven-tenths uv em hed our money in their pockets, and they wuz very favorable to any ackshen that wood keep it a bilin. To that end we past the follerin resolooshens:

WAREAS, The Demberisy uv Ohio and Pennsylvany, with a singerly just appreshiashen uv the wants uv the citizens uv the Cross Roads hev demanded more money; and

WAREAS, Five compinies hev carried out the idee uv the Democrisy uv Ohio and Pennsylvany by furnishin the people more money; and

WAREAS, Notwithstandin the onparalleled prosperity that hez resulted from the increase in currency, certin men in the commoonity, by refoozing to take it, decline to be benefited; therefore, be it

Resolved, That this meetin uv citizens demand uv the Town Council that it to wunst convene and pass an ordinance makin the isshoos uv the five banks legal tender for everything from drinks down to taxes, and that any citizen who refoozes to take it, or murmers at it or in any way discredits it, shel be held ez a public enemy and be immejitly hung.

The whereases and the resolooshen wuz passed to-wunst; and I felt easier. With the power to hang all wich refooze to take our money, I rather think I kin make it current. A rope over the limb uv a tree is a persuader of rare merit, and it is the best endorsement uv our paper that we kin possibly hev.

So far so good. But jist ez I wuz feelin good over my success, that onmitigated cuss, Jehial Perkins, rose and proposed the yoonanimus adopshun uv the foollwin wherares and resolooshen:

WAREAS, Ef yoo hev a good thing yoo can't hev too much uv it; and

WAREAS, The increase uv currency in the Corners hez bin productive uv prosperity sich ez we never dreemed uv; and

WAREAS, It is the dooty uv all earthly guvernments to diffoose its blessings ekally, thereby imitatin the doos of heaven, wich falls alike on the just and onjust; and

WAREAS, The manufakter uv money shood not be confined to the few, but shood be the privilege uv the many; and

WAREAS, We rekognise the justis and propriety uv compelling the people to take sich money ez may be ishood; therefore, be it

Resolved, That every man may ishoo his notes uv hand, in sich sums ez may suit his interest or convenience, and that sich notes shel be legal tender fur everything, the same es the notes ishood by our five bankin institutions.

And, the d—d ideots abslootly passed the resolooshen without a minit's delay, and they demanded that the Council meet that very nite and pass the ordinance, wich it did.

Ez every last man uv em commenst writin notes to wunst, and buying all sorts uv things with em, we're liable to have enuff money at the Corners immejitly—ez much ez our brethren in Ohio and Pennsylvany wood desire, even.

Everything in the shape uv labor hez bin abandoned, for everybody hez gone into the manufakter uv currency—that is, everybody who kin write. Thank Heaven that they never favored skools here—the inability to shed ink is the only limit to our inflashen. One singler result has followed this ordinance, viz: Nobody hez nothing to sell.

THE FINAL SMASH-UP.

There is gloom onto the Coroners! Our sun of prosperity is sot, and my hopes blasted. The Onlimited Trust Confidence is not eggsackly no more, but it's near enuff dead to make it safe to bury it on a vencher. Its eyes are sot. Its notes, which is its blud, ain't hevin any cirkelashen. The people don't take em with cheerfulness nessary to a proper bankin bizness. Legislashen don't fech em. The ordnances, which made death the penalty for refoozin our ishoos, only workt so far ez takin uv em for taxes. The corporashun did take em for taxes in pursooance uv their own legislashion, and here wuz where the trouble begun. The taxes wuz levied on a greenback basis, and the entire levy amounted to $8,000. Well, the taxes for the first time in the histry of the Coreners wuz all pade in full, and with great promptness. A more prompter set of taxpayers I never seed.

The treasurer hed $8,000 uv our ishoos when it becum nessary to buy a plow and four spades to do sum work on the roads. In vane he tried to git em. The dealers at home, knowin wat currency he had to pay in, suddenly got out uv plows and spades, and when he went to Louisville it took $1,000 in our currency to pay his fare, and he offered the hardware dealer the other $7,000 for the implements he wanted, but it woodent go. He had to come back without em.

Then he came and demanded some currency uv us wich he good yoose, wich uv corse we hedn't got none, and he becum an opponent to our sistem.

Two shoomakers, each with $10,000 uv our money, coodent buy a side uv sole leather to continyoo their bizniss with, and hed to stop, our raleroder and turnpikes hed to stop, becuz, hevin got to the pint where we hed to hev iron and nails and sich things, we coodent go on. So all the labrers hed to be discharged, which made a desprit populashen, all howlin agin us.

But the wust wuz to come. Weood hev wethered all this, but alas! Bascom failed.

This wuz the finishin blow—the grate stagerer which the Corners cood not possibly recover from.

I attempted to reason with the people. I told em that one reason uv our wealth wuz we hed it in a currency we coodent send away from home, thus keepin our capitul within ourselves; but they refooozed to listen to me. They d——d my bank, they d——d me, and they went for the bank, swearin that ef there wuz anything there that good be converted into likker Bascom should hev it. It is unnessary to remark that they didn't find anything. Antissipattin an onplesantnis, we hed removed the valyoobles to a place up safety, wich wuz the underside uv my bed at Deekin Pogram's.

Then they demanded that the money they held be redeemed into suthin they cood yoose, but uv course we declined to discuss the matter, referrin them to the terms uv the ishoo ez expressed on the note, ez well ez ther own indorsement uv the skeem.

But this didn't satisfy em. They deliberately brought out $675,000 uv the ishoos uv the various banks, and pilin uv it up on the street, sot fire to it, dancin a demoniac dance around it. This amoozed me, for uv course we hed no earthly objeckshen to their redeemin uv it in that way, but when I seed em riggin ropes to the trees in the vicinity I remarked to my fellow officers: "Gentlemen, your President has pressin biznis in yonder forest," and I got out ez rapidly ez my poor waistid limbs wood permit. Indeed, wen I turned and saw ten or a dozen uv the foremost men uv the Corners clost behind me, and all shoutin "Hang the d——d thief!" no gentle gazelle that I ever heerd uv ever skimmed the plain ez I did. I did not cease runnin till I got into the middle uv the swamp.

Wat become uv the other drekters I don't know. The last fond look that I turned toards the bank I saw Issaker Gavitt and Deekin Pogram strugglin in the hands uv the mob, wich wuz playfully forcin uv em to sit down on a burnin pile uv their own currency.

N. B. I hev heered from the Corners. The ongrateful people, after half killin the officers uv the bank, passed resolooshuns that we wuz all a pack uv theeves, and that them ez hed sold land and sich for our money shood soo for recovery therefore, and that they'd hang any judge which woodent deside agin us. Bascom hez gone back onto us, and hez sold back to Pollock and Bigler the store we bot uv em, and hez got greenbax enuff to git a few barls of likker, and hez re-opened. He hez put the price uv likker down to five cents agin, and refoozes to take anything for it but nickels and postal currency. He sez he ain't gittin ez meny cart-loads uv money ez he did in the inflashen period, but he's satisfied. The most uv the citizens is bankrupt, and roo-in is everywhere. Oh why did their faith give out at the wrong time!

P. V. N.

MODERN DRESS AND MANNERS.

It is a bad sign when men cease to respect women of their own or, indeed, of any class, but the women themselves are to blame for the intolerable flippent and impertinent tone pervading young society. We do not want to go back to the formalities of Sir Charles Grandison, and there is a winding charm in naturalness not to be had from the most perfected artificiality. Nevertheless, a slight return to Old World forms of courtesy, a little dash of that stately reverence of speech and demanor which our forefathers exaggerated into pedantry, would be a gain in times when the young men give, as their greatest praise of a girl, "There is no nonsense about her," meaning no bashfulness, no reserve, no girlish shrinking modesty; while the girls justify the compliment by calling the young men "dear boys," and sometimes when they have less nonsense even than usual, and desire a closer assimilation of style, "old men."

This is the "form" which is taught and held up for admiration in the latest novels of the day, and it is impossible to exaggerate the degree in which these writings have tended to corrupt and degrade the sex who chiefly write and read them. All these things are patent. Patent, too, is the inference that when a woman, from no fault of her own, falls into trouble, she suffers for the mistakes and follies of her class and the times. Personally she may be wholly blameless; but with all these lines of demarcation blurred, these distinctive characteristics confused, it is almost inevitable that there should be mistakes. Until we come to a more ethereal condition of existence the burden of self-protection must, we fear, lie on the women themselves. That burden is not very heavy, and the penance it includes not very bitter. It is only that modest women must show what they are by a series of negatives, and take care not to expose themselves to misconstruction by an attractiveness of out-of-door dress, a doubtful manner of speech, and a Bohemian *bonhommie* of behavior to strangers which shift the labels, mislead their companions, and end in the confusion of a mistaken affinity, by which they themselves are the greatest sufferers in the end.—*Saturday Review.*

ODE to my landlady—two week's board bill.—*Exchange.* Yes. She under stanza joke of that kind, and that's why you're a verse to meter, we suppose.

"THE first step toward wealth," says an exchange, "is the choice of a good wife." And the first step toward securing a wife is the possession of good wealth.

PRECISE old party: "Conductor, do, pray, get on. I've an appointment—". Conductor: "All right, sir! Now, look alive, Bill, here's a hold gent want's to meet his young 'ooman."

NOTES ON THE INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.

OCTOBER 24, 1875.

ST. JOHN XV: 1-8—GOLDEN TEXT; ST. MATT. VII: 20

FOURTH QUARTER. No. IV.

This parabolic discourse (the second in this Gospel; compare chap. x.) was spoken after Christ and his disciples had left the upper room, and while on their way to Gethsemane. How came the Lord to select this figure of the vine and its branches? Some suppose it was suggested by the wine-cup of the Lord's Supper. This is probable. But perhaps a better idea is that it was suggested by seeing a vine and its pendent branches on their way. The truth illustrated by this parabola is the precious truth of the organic life-union of Christ and all believers. They live in him. He is their life and the source of all their fruitfulness. Apart from him they wither and die. It is the same truth that St. Paul sets forth under the similitude of the head and its members. Ephesians v: 30; Colos. ii: 19.

V. 1. "I am the true vine." The word translated *true* means true to the idea, genuine, essential, original, as distinct from what is derived, copied, typical, shadowy, and more or less imperfect. It does not denote what is true in opposition to what is false. Christ is the essential, original vine; all other vines are derived and typical. He is the living source of all life and fruitfulness. "And my Father is the husbandman." This expresses his subordination to his Father, not as to his divine nature, but as to his mediatorial state and work. His Father directed him in the manifestations of his life as it flowed out into fruitfulness; he spake through him, he wrought all his works. He did with him, as Son of Man, acording to his will, as the husbandman does with the vine. And in like manner he deals with the branches. He is the Lord of the vineyard.

V. 2. "Every branch." Believers are the branches (v. 5). They form an organic whole with him through the communion of his Spirit, and receive his quickening life. Their fruit is his fruit. "In me." That is, in professed union with me. Christ speaks here in an external manner, as it appears to men. He does not mean that any one can be vitally united to him, and receive his life without bearing fruit. We might paraphrase his words—"Any member of the visible church that beareth not fruit." The fruit is defined in Gal. v: 22-23. "He taketh away," (or cutteth off). The idea is that of pruning away the dead or unprofitable branches. This was done generally by vine-dressers, but was sometimes participated in by the proprietor himself as a light and pleasant occupation. So all professed believers who do not bear the fruits of the Spirit will be rejected, cut off. "And every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it (rather, he pruneth or cleanseth it), that it may bring forth more fruit." Judicious pruning conduces to greater fruitfulness in the vine; so in the vineyard of grace, the prunings of God's hand (afflictions and temptations) lead to increased holiness and fruitfulness. This solves the problem of God's providence as it relates to believers.

V. 3. "Now ye are clean (or, "already ye are clean") through the word which I have spoken unto you." Clean, because united to Christ, the Vine; because possessed of his indwelling life. They were clean as to the inward principle of life, but not as to its outward manifestation and energy. "The purifying word of Jesus that made the disciples clean from within, must be supplemented from without by the Father's school of suffering; the latter, however, was not to give them the principle of purity, but to strengthen it and free it from the danger of deneneration."

V. 4. "Abide in me, and I in you." The second clause is usually interpreted as a promise conditioned on the first clause. "Abide in me, and I shall abide in you." The idea undoubtedly is that we must abide in Christ by faith, or else he will not abide in us by his Holy Spirit. "As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, etc." The branch severed from the vine becomes