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, NOVEMBER 4, 1875. NUMBER 22.

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.

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

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

Time	1w	4w	3m	6m	9m	1yr.
1 inch	$1.50	3.00	5.00	6.00	10.00	15.00
2 inches	2.00	5.00	8.00	10.00	15.00	20.00
3 inches	2.50	7.00	10.00	15.00	20.00	30.00
4 inches	3.50	8.50	14.00	18.00	25.00	35.00
¼ column	5.00	12.00	18.00	22.00	30.00	45.00
½ column	10.00	20.00	30.00	40.00	55.00	75.00
1 column	25.00	50.00	60.00	80.00	100.	140.

ADMINISTRATORS' and Executor's Notices, $2.00; 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, Pamphlets, &c., of every variety and style, printed at the lowest notes. THE REPORTER office is well supplied with power presses, a good assortment of new types, and everything in the Printing line can be executed in the most artistic manner and at the lowest rates.

TERMS IN ADVANCE—CASH.

Professional and Business Cards.

H. STREETER, LAW OFFICE, TOWANDA, PA.

OVERTON & MERCUR, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, TOWANDA, PA.

OVERTON, RODNEY A. MERCUR.

SMITH & MONTANYE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW.—Office, corner of Main and Pine streets, Towanda, Pa.

W. H. CARNOCHAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Towanda, Pa.

M. W. PATRICK, ATTORNEY AT LAW.—Mercur's Block, next door to Republican office, Towanda, Pa.

DR. S. M. WOODBURN, Physician and Surgeon, Office over A. Black's Store, Towanda, Pa.

WOOD & SANDERSON, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Towanda, Pa. A. S. WOOD. GEORGE F. SANDERSON.

DRS. JOHNSON & NEWTON, Towanda, Pa. Office over Dr. Johnson's residence. DR. H. JOHNSON, M. D. DR. A. NEWTON, M. D.

W. C. SEIDLEY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Towanda, Pa.

GEORGE W. BRINK, Justice of the Peace and Conveyancer, Monroeton, Pa.

DR. L. DODSON, DENTIST, Towanda, Pa. Office formerly occupied by Dr. Pratt. Will be there the first week in each month to remain two weeks.

B. KELLY, DENTIST.—Office in Mercur's Block, Towanda, Pa. Will be at Wyalusing the last week in each month.

DAVIS & DAVIES, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, MERCUR'S BLOCK, Towanda, Pa.

W. U. MAXWELL, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW, Towanda, Pa. Office over Mercur's Store. W. U. MAXWELL.

D. S. MORRISON, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Towanda, Pa. Office over Dr. Johnson's.

DR. C. M. STANLY, DENTIST, Office over Montanye & Smith's Law Office, Towanda, Pa.

LEONARD MEREDITH, C. E., COUNTY SURVEYOR.—Office with Wm. Elwell, Towanda, Pa.

H. B. THOMPSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Towanda, Pa. Will attend to business in Bradford, Susquehanna, Wyoming and Sullivan Counties. Office with Ezra Patrick, Esq.

ELSBREE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Towanda, Pa.

KALE & PATTON, Agents for the MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, Towanda, Pa.

DR. G. A. PUSH, Towanda, Bradford County, Pa.

VERSON & ELSBREE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Towanda, Pa. H. M. VERSON. H. W. ELSBREE.

DR. H. A. CALIFF, Physician and Surgeon, Office on Main street, Towanda, Pa.

S. RUSSELL & SON, Towanda, Pa. Manufacturers of and dealers in Harness, Leather, Saddles, Collars, Whips, Robes, Blankets, Trunks, Valises, Carpet Bags, Shoe Findings, Leather and Shoe Store on Main street.

INSURANCE AGENCY. The oldest Agency in Bradford County. Represents over $1,000,000 of Cash Capital. Policies issued on the most favorable terms. Losses promptly adjusted and paid. Office in Mercur's Block, Towanda, Pa.

AMERICAN FIRE TRIED. Representing the Oldest Fire Insurance Company in the United States. Losses promptly adjusted and paid. Office in Mercur's Block, Towanda, Pa.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK, TOWANDA, PA. Paid in Capital, $125,000. Surplus, 50,000. Transacts a General Banking Business. Interest allowed on Special Deposits. Collections promptly made. Exchange on New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Pittsburgh for sale. Coupons cashed. Government, Gold and Silver Bonds bought and sold. Interest allowed on Time Deposits. DIRECTORS: A. H. McINTOSH, ALEX. McDOWELL, WM. ELWELL, DAVID MERCUR, A. TALMAGE, JR., A. H. SMITH, C. L. ROBINSON.

PASSAGE TICKETS to and from Europe, via the Liverpool, Queenstown and New York Mail Steamships. Drafts on England, Ireland and Scotland, in sums to suit, payable at all the principal Banks and Bankers in Great Britain and Ireland. Money Orders payable throughout the United States and Canada. Exchange on Europe. Government, Gold and Silver Bought and Sold. Interest allowed on Deposits. Collections made and Money Promptly Returned. Gold Coupons and U. S. Bonds Bought and Sold. Gold and Silver Coin and Bullion. JAY COOKE & CO., No. 114 S. THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

GOLD, SILVER, COUPONS, GOVERNMENT BONDS, LOCAL SECURITIES bought and sold. Interest allowed on deposits. DREXEL & CO., No. 34 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

DEALERS IN GOVERNMENT BONDS, GOLD AND SILVER. Interest allowed on Deposits. Collections made and Money Promptly Returned. JAY COOKE, GEORGE S. CORNING, JAY COOKE, JR., HENRY D. SHERMAN, ALEX. MCCLURE, JOHN J. CISNA, A. HERR SMITH, JAMES L. CLARK, JAMES L. CLARK, JR., ALEX. MCCLURE, JR., JAMES L. CLARK, 3D.

THE OLDEST AND BEST LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY IN AMERICA, THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK. CASH ASSETS, $24,000,000. ALEX. W. BIDDLE, President. JOHN L. HALSEY, Vice President. JAMES W. ALEXANDER, Actuary. STEPHEN ALLEN, Counsel. EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE: ALEX. W. BIDDLE, JOHN L. HALSEY, JAMES W. ALEXANDER, STEPHEN ALLEN, WM. H. WELLS, WM. H. WHITE, HENRY COE, ROBERT L. ROOSEVELT, JAMES M. MCDONALD, WM. E. DODGE, JR., GEO. G. HUNT, THOS. B. ASPINWALL, JOHN A. HADDEN, JOHN P. ROBERTS, GEO. W. QUINTARD, ISAAC NEWTON, JOHN C. KENNEDY, ALEX. MALTBY, ELIJAH ROGERS, CHARLES D. LELAND, WM. STRONG, GEORGE G. HOWLAND, WM. LEconte Stevens. ORISON BLUNT, Cashier. GEO. W. PHILLIPS, Assistant Cashier. JAMES BUELL, Assistant Cashier. JOHN L. HALSEY, Chairman of Executive Committee. JAMES W. ALEXANDER, Actuary pro tem. STEPHEN ALLEN, Counsel pro tem. ROBERT L. ROOSEVELT, Chairman Finance Committee. JAMES M. MCDONALD, Chairman Committee on Investments. GEO. G. HUNT, Chairman Committee on Loans. THOS. B. ASPINWALL, Chairman Committee on Policies. JOHN A. HADDEN, Chairman Committee on Agencies. JOHN P. ROBERTS, Chairman Committee on Revision. GEO. W. QUINTARD, Chairman Committee on Claims. ISAAC NEWTON, Chairman Committee on Annuities. JOHN C. KENNEDY, Chairman Executive Committee. ALEX. MALTBY, Vice President. ELIJAH ROGERS, Vice President. CHARLES D. LELAND, Vice President. WM. STRONG, Vice President. GEORGE G. HOWLAND, Vice President. WM. LEconte Stevens, Vice President. ORISON BLUNT, Cashier. GEO. W. PHILLIPS, Assistant Cashier. JAMES BUELL, Assistant Cashier. JOHN L. HALSEY, Chairman of Executive Committee. JAMES W. ALEXANDER, Actuary pro tem. STEPHEN ALLEN, Counsel pro tem. ROBERT L. ROOSEVELT, Chairman Finance Committee. JAMES M. MCDONALD, Chairman Committee on Investments. GEO. G. HUNT, Chairman Committee on Loans. THOS. B. ASPINWALL, Chairman Committee on Policies. JOHN A. HADDEN, Chairman Committee on Agencies. JOHN P. ROBERTS, Chairman Committee on Revision. GEO. W. QUINTARD, Chairman Committee on Claims. ISAAC NEWTON, Chairman Committee on Annuities. JOHN C. KENNEDY, Chairman Executive Committee. ALEX. MALTBY, Vice President. ELIJAH ROGERS, Vice President. CHARLES D. LELAND, Vice President. WM. STRONG, Vice President. GEORGE G. HOWLAND, Vice President. WM. LEconte Stevens, Vice President. ORISON BLUNT, Cashier. GEO. W. PHILLIPS, Assistant Cashier. JAMES BUELL, Assistant Cashier.

CIGARS AND TOBACCO. The Best Brands of Cigars and Tobacco can always be found at the CORNER DRUG STORE, Opposite the Court House. CHAS. PARKER. THE INDIAN SQUAW.

Selected Poetry.

BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

Beautiful faces are those that wear—
It matters but little if dark or fair—
Wholesome honesty printed there.

Beautiful eyes are those that show
Like crystal panes where hearth-fires glow,
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful lips are those whose words
Leap from the heart like songs of birds,
Yet whose utterances prudence guards.

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest and brave and true,
Moment by moment, the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go
On kindly ministries, to and fro—
Down life's rough ways, if God will it so.

Beautiful souls are those that bear
Cheerfully burdens of homely care,
With patient grace and daily prayer.

Beautiful lives are those that bless—
Silent rivers of happiness,
Whose fitful fountains few may guess.

Beautiful twilight, at set of sun,
Beautiful life, with race well won,
Beautiful rest, with work well done.

Beautiful graves, where grasses creep,
Where flowers hover and where birds lie deep
Over wounded hearts! O, beautiful sleep!

Miscellaneous.

Mrs. Butterworth's Boarder.

Mrs. Butterworth's boarder had drawn Mrs. Butterworth's best rocking-chair out upon Mrs. Butterworth's front porch and was now sitting with his slippered feet upon the railing, smoking his meerschaum, as coolly as though it were December instead of July.

Mr. Dessaint—as Mrs. Butterworth had confided to her next door neighbor, the second day after his arrival, was the "quarest man you most ever did see." He was a big, ruddy, blonde young fellow, with a face that would have been rather boyish, but for the manly chestnut beard. He had written that he was a crusty bachelor of twenty-five, and wanted a good cool place to kill the summer in. He certainly looked cool enough in his white duck suit and panama hat, as he sat there puffing contentedly at his pipe and watched Kitty Butterworth, as she walked up the path, swinging her hat a little nervously by the strings as she came.

"Miss Butterworth," he said, letting his eyelids droop drowsily, and idly regarding her through a cloud of freshly emmitted smoke, "you look warm."

"And why should I not, pray? I've been walking. You look cool enough."

Without heeding this remark, which was delivered in rather a spiteful tone, Mr. Dessaint kindly motioned the smoke aside with his white hand, and languidly said: "Miss Butterworth, what do you suppose I was thinking of just now?"

"The person in whom you are the most interested, I suppose."

"And whom do you suppose that is?"

"Yourself, of course."

"No; yourself."

"Indeed!"—elevating her eyebrows provokingly.

"Yes—or rather of your name, Miss Butterworth, candidly, now, don't you think yours is a very—well, a very homely sort of a name?"

Kitty fired up at once. "It may be a homely name," she cried. "We are plain by people. But it has been good enough for my fathers before me, and I guess it is good enough for me."

"Well, but no offence, you know—don't you think you had better change it?"

"No, Sir, not for any other that I ever heard of," and Miss Kitty flounced up stairs in a state of highly wrought indignation.

"What right had he to talk to me like that?" said she to herself. "I change my name, indeed! I wonder what he meant. One thing I know. If I was thinking of so doing I should be the last person I would disagree with—that Mr. Louis Dessaint."

When she came down stairs, half an hour afterwards, looking fresh and smiling, in her white dress, she had forgotten all about the above conversation. Mr. Dessaint was still on the porch, and Kitty came out with her sewing and sat down on the settee near him. They often sat thus in the summer afternoons, and to tell the truth almost always enjoyed talking to Mr. Dessaint, for no man could be more agreeable and entertaining when he chose. But to-day some strange perversity seemed to have seized him. He satidly regarding her for some time, while neither spoke. Finally he got up, knocked the ashes from his pipe, carefully refilled and relighted it, and then came and stood by her, looking down curiously at her or her work, she could not tell which.

"Miss Kitty," he began in the old lazy tone, "excuse me for not saying Miss Butterworth. You know I dislike the name exceedingly—Miss Kitty, I have a very particular request to make. Will you grant it?"

"Not before I know what it is, most assuredly."

"But I'm going to tell you what it is."

"Very well," and she kept on with her needle work indifferently.

"I want you to marry me."

So abruptly, so unexpectedly was this very original proposal made that the meaning of the words was not at once apparent.

Kitty looked up inquiringly at the face which was looking down at her—a face kindly in its expression in spite of the cynical moustache, which gave the mouth an ill deserved appearance of insincerity. Then, as she began to comprehend the full force of the words, the blood came rushing to her face. Poor Kitty! She little knew the man who stood so coolly nonchalant beside her. She did not perceive the wistful, earnest light that showed deep down in his deep blue eyes, and she thought he was quizzing her. Slowly she gathered her work together, rose to her tallest height, and stood for a moment, her black eyes flashing back their indignation into his. Then she angrily brushed aside the tears that would come in spite of her, and turned away. "grand as Boadicea, and twice as beautiful."

She never stopped till she reached her room, where she flung herself, sobbing, on the bed, and reproached herself bitterly for actually admiring this great, handsome conceited fellow, whose greatest delight seemed to consist in tormenting and mortifying her. Perhaps it would have consoled her not a little, could she have heard Louis Dessaint scolding himself for his folly after she had left him.

"Confound it!" he muttered, "why must I always go about a thing in this kind of way? When I am most in earnest, I invariably seem most trifling. No wonder she was vexed. Nobody would have suspected I really meant to pop the question. She didn't say no, anyway. Perhaps I shall be more explicit next time. I'll try again this evening."

But Miss Kitty did not come down stairs again that night; and the next day, and the next, she kept herself so busy, and was so frigid when he approached her, that our hero found it impossible to explain himself. At length one evening he came down suddenly and found her alone on the porch. She would have run past him into the house, but his burly form filled the doorway.

"Just one moment, Miss Butterworth—it is a homely name, hang me if it isn't—I want to beg your pardon for my rudeness the other day."

In spite of his resolution, here he was speaking in the same provoking strain as before.

She bowed coldly and said: "It's of no consequence. Pray don't humble yourself to apologize. If you will allow me to pass, I think I will go in."

"But you will let me tell you first what I tried to make you understand before. Upon my honor, Miss Butterworth, I meant just what I said. I want you to marry me." And he made an unsuccessful attempt to take her hand.

"You are very kind, sir," she said in as freezing a manner as a poor girl nearly melted to tears well could, "but you must excuse me. I feel obliged to deny your request." And she hurried by him.

He stood a moment really grieved and very much puzzled to know how he should come to an understanding with her. Then as she vanished up the stairs, he could not for the life of him avoid calling after her:

"Excuse me for not taking such an answer. You are under age, and I shall take the liberty of asking your father."

Miss Kitty was already so far away that it is a chance if she heard the closing portion of his remarks; but as fate would have it, Farmer Butterworth did. He happened to enter the gate just at that instant; and Dessaint turning was much chagrined to find him thus within hearing. However, the young man's habitual impudence did not desert him and with characteristic decision, he determined to make the best of the situation. He came to the point at once.

"Mr. Butterworth—by the way dont you think your family name is a trifle awkward?—I want your consent to marry your daughter."

"Wall," slowly answered the farmer, "I don't know jes' what to say. What does she think about it?"

"I haven asked her yet—that is—well, I think if I had your permission I could bring her around."

"Wall, I'll tell ye just how it is, Mister Dessaint," said the farmer, after some thought, "even if she were willin', I don't know's I should be. I don't mind telling you that I'm in a mighty tight fix, just now. Old Sol. Wilson, down at the Tidemill, has bought up the mortgage on this place, and I've jes' got word that he intends to foreclose at once. 'Twas due long ago. He knows I can't pay the half of it, that's why he bought it. He's allus had a grudge gin me ever since I cut him out with Nancy. I don't keer so much for myself, but my wife and poor little kitty—it'll go hard with them—" and the farmer fairly broke down and sobbed as he thought of his wife and child turned away from the old homestead. Louis was affected, but it was not his way to show it. At length he said:

"Why not let me take care of Kitty for you?"

"Wall, Mister Dessaint," the farmer answered, brushing the tears from his eyes, and looking the young man straight in the face, "to tell you the truth, you ain't just the man to trust a girl with. I like you fust-rate, and I suppose you are a fine gentleman enough, but your hands don't look to me as if they could work much for a woman. You don't seem to have any business; and fine clothes and kid gloves won't support a family.

Louis Dessaint sat for a long time smoking his pipe in silence. It shamed him, more than he cared to own, that a keen, just man like this could speak to him in such a way, and he could find no word for himself.

He had never told his host that he was wealthy, and it really pained him now to think that he, a young, strong, and, as he believed, a man not without talent, should appear to this honest farmer so poor a dawpler that he dared not trust his daughter to him.

Must he then say to the father, "I am rich," in order to win the daughter? His pride revolted at the idea, and the subject was dropped for the time.

Long after the farmer went in the young man sat in no satisfactory reflection upon the worthlessness of his own life. There, alone with himself and the night, he resolved that he would no longer waste his youth and talent in idle playing, but would rouse himself to action, and show the woman he loved and the man who had so kindly reproved him, that he was not the useless thing he seemed. Meanwhile, he was rich, and the farmer must not be driven from his home.

How could he pay the debt without betraying the fact of his own wealth? Sleep came upon his weary brain while the question was yet unanswered. But the morrow took the question into its own hands.

The next night, just after tea, the farmer, his wife and daughter sat together on the porch. Dessaint had been with them a few moments, but the sadness which they vainly strove to banish from their faces made him somehow feel that their's was a circle of which he formed no part at such a time and from which he ought to withdraw.

So he had betaken himself to his room just overhead, and was sitting at the window, playing softly on his flute. While thus engaged he saw a small, unprepossing looking man drive up to the gate, and after securing his horse walked quickly into the yard. Presently loud tones below caused him to cease playing, and then the angry words of the stranger caught his ear.

"Well, well, John Butterworth, every dog must have his day. You had yours twenty years ago when you brought Nancy Colegate home to your father's house; and now I'll have mine when I drive her out. She might have had me, and been a rich woman to-day; but she chose you, and now she may lie in the bed she has made."

Then Louis heard the manly but discouraged reply of the farmer, and then the spirited tones of his wife as she said:

"Yes, Solomon Wilson, I have made my choice, and be sure I had rather take my John to-day without a cent, than you with all your thousands."

"Very well. Saturday morning at ten o'clock I'll have the Sheriff on this porch to sell the farm to the highest bidder. And I shall be the purchaser, Nancy Butterworth, I shall be the purchaser—and that very week you and your good-for-nothing husband and that huzzy who can do nothing but embroidery and piany playing—you'll all go packing off to the poor house—"

But the "said mortgage" was just here interrupted in his eloquence by a very large sized apparition which appeared suddenly before him.

A quick step on the stairs and Louis Dessaint had passed the family group and stood with rage before the startled visitor. "Another word, sir," he gasped, "and I shall forget you are an old man and I a young one—you contemptible old scoundrel, do you think because you hold a mortgage on this place that you can come here and abuse an honest man in this way? My name is Dessaint; you've had dealings with my father, and you know I can do as I say. Bring your mortgage here to-morrow and it shall be paid. Not a word, sir," he went on, shouting as the old man opened his lips to reply, and the white hand that Farmer Butterworth had ridiculed, unable to restrain itself, seized Mr. Wilson by the ear and led him writhing and snarling to the gate.

The man drove off shaking his fist at them in a threatening manner; and Louis, usually so calm, came back looking so fierce and red, that they all laughed in spite of themselves.

"Mr. Butterworth," said he, "you must let me take up the mortgage. I have more pocket money than I know what to do with, and, besides, I consider it a first class investment. you can pay it when you get ready."

We pass over the scene which followed—the many protestations of the sturdy farmer, and his final yielding and warm expressions of gratitude. An hour later, as Louis found himself alone with Kitty Butterworth, in spite of his previous rejection by both father and daughter, he ventured to renew his suit.

"Kitty," he softly whispered, as he bent over her, "don't you think you might be induced to reconsider that resolution? As true as I stand here, I love you better than any one on earth."

There was no answer, only the little hand struggled but slightly to free itself, and even softly returned his warm pressure.

"And you will marry me?" he murmured.

"I will grant your request"—and somehow her head, of its own accord found its way to his shoulder, and his arm stole around her waist.

"And now, Kitty," said he, after a long hour of the most sentimental nonsense you ever heard of, "on your honor, ain't you glad you are going to get rid of the name—of Butterworth?"

And then he smothered her soft affirmation with a kiss.

WONDERFUL MEMORIES.

Pliny says that Cyrus had a memory so prodigious that he could name every officer and soldier in his armies; and that Lucius Scipio knew every Roman by name when that city contained more than two hundred thousand capable of bearing arms. Seneca speaks of a friend, Pontius Latro, who could repeat *verbatim* all the speeches he had heard declaimed by the Roman orators. It is said that Joseph Scaliger committed to memory both the Iliad and the Odyssey in twenty-one days. Sir William Hamilton tells us of a young Corsican of good family who had gone to Padua to study civil law, in which he soon distinguished himself. "He was a frequent visitor at the house and gardens of Muretus, who, having heard that he possessed a remarkable art or faculty of memory, though incredulous in regard to reports, took occasion to request from him a specimen of his power. He at once agreed; and, having adjourned with a considerable party of distinguished auditors into a saloon, Muretus began to dictate words, Latin, Greek, barbarous, significant and non-significant, disjointed and connected, until he wearied himself, the young man who wrote them down, and the audience who were present;—'we were all,' he says, 'marvelously tired.' The Corsican alone was the one of the whole company alert and fresh, and continually desired Muretus for more words, who declared he would be more than satisfied if he could repeat the half of what he had taken down, and at length he ceased. The young man, with his gaze fixed upon the ground, stood silent for a brief season; and then says Muretus, 'Vidi facinus mirificissimum.' Having begun to speak, he absolutely repeated the whole words in the same order in which they had been delivered, without the slightest hesitation; then, commencing from the last, he repeated them backward till he came to the first, the third, the fifth, and so on; did this in any order that was asked, and all without the smallest error. Having subsequently become familiarly acquainted with him, I have had other and frequent experience of his power. He assured me (and he had nothing of the boaster in him) that he could recite in the manner I have mentioned to the amount of thirty-six thousand words. And what is more wonderful, they all so adhered to the mind, that after a year's interval he could repeat them without trouble. I know, from having tried him, he could do so after considerable time."—*E. S. Drone in Scribner's.*

WILLIAM AND MARY COLLEGE.

"William and Mary," the oldest of American colleges, with the single exception of Harvard University, has so many historical associations connected with it, that a full and minute history of it from its foundation to the present time would be almost the history of Virginia. It began its career soon after the settlement of the country, and is, consequently, now nearly two hundred years old. During all this long period it played an important part, first in the colony, and then in the commonwealth. Founded in the reign of William and Mary, it was a flourishing institution when Marlborough was fighting Louis XIV., and Addison was writing the "Spectator." The royal governors, from Spotswood to Dunmore, began and ended their official careers, and the country, from being a dependency of the British crown, become a great confederate republic, and the old college was in the full tide of its energy and usefulness. From its situation at Williamsburg, the colonial capital, it witnessed and was a part of all that was eminent, brilliant, and attractive in Virginia society. The sons of the planters were uniformly sent to the college to be educated, and the sons in turn sent their own sons to the venerable institution. It was always regarded as an important and conspicuous feature of the "viceregal court," under the old royal rulers, and had in its library rare volumes with the coats-of-arms of kings and noblemen who had delighted in connecting their names with its history. Burned down more than once, the buildings were always erected again, and the work of education was steadily resumed. Almost every Virginian of any eminence in the eighteenth century had been trained for his work in the world within its walls. It gave twenty-seven of its students to the army in the Revolution; two Attorney-Generals to the United States; it sent out nearly twenty members of Congress, fifteen United States Senators, seventeen Governors, thirty-seven Judges, a Lieutenant-General and other high officers to the army, two Commodores to the navy, twelve Professors, four signers of the Declaration of Independence, seven Cabinet officers, the chief draughtsman and author of the Constitution, Edmund Randolph; the most eminent of the Chief-Justices, John Marshall, and three Presidents of the United States. And this list, honorable as it is, by no means exhausts the number of really eminent and influential men who owed the formation and development of their intellects and characters to "William and Mary." In the long list of students, preserved from the year 1720 to the present time will be found a great array of names holding a very high rank in the commonwealth of Virginia and the States of the South and West—in the pulpit, at the bar, and in the local legislatures. These, without attaining the eminence of those first mentioned, were the most prominent citizens of the communities in which they lived, and were chiefly instrumental in giving character and direction to social and political affairs. One and all, they received from their education at the old ante-revolutionary college the stamp and mold of character which made them able and valuable citizens—leaders, indeed, in opinion and action, whenever intellect and virtue were needed for important public affairs.—*Scribner's.*

CHILDREN IN THEIR DEVELOPMENT

One of the ablest papers read at the recent meeting of the Western Academy of Homeopathy at Davenport, Iowa, was that by Dr. T. C. Duncan, of Chicago, on "The Effect of Different Regions of Country upon the Development and Diseases of Children." The geography of diseases is the most important, and especially with reference to children and their complaints. Hills, vales, prairies, moist and dry lands, and the various soils have their effects upon children, and adults are by no means uninfluenced by them.

Children raised in a new country or on new land are large, lusty and strong. The bones, tendons and muscles are all well proportioned. If the region is *dry* the child will grow up tall, strong and active. If the locality is *moist* the individual will become rugged, squatty and gross. In sandy soils there is a tendency to rotting of bones, in limestone regions to protuberances upon the bones. In alkaline sections digestion will be difficult unless much fat is also taken. This explains why butter, bacon, etc., are craved in primitive countries, an acid child matures rapidly, and is small like the Bushmen living in a carbonic acid gas section. The alkaline child develops slowly. If excessively alkaline, it is usually classed a dunce, but often develops into a smart man. * *

The effects of certain forms of food laden with starchy elements is to hasten development, and this is largely responsible for the degeneracy of the American people. We can greatly modify this degeneracy in the West by insisting on our people taking more alkaline food, and especially water which is laden with alkaline elements. In populous cities the great cause of infant mortality is the acid nature of the air. It is laden with carbonic acid gas, which tends to congestion, prostration and death. Dirt is not unhealthy to children, but when mixed with fat on the surface of the body, it not only retards the natural exhalation but also becomes rancid (sour), and thus poisons the health of the child. Too much washing carries off immense quantities of cuticle—the natural covering of the body,—and if much soap is used a deal of fat is also thrown from the body, so that the child becomes anaemic and debilitated as if suffering by hemorrhage, etc.

NAPOLEON'S TREATMENT OF HIS GENERALS.

He was born a king, if to command the obedience of men be the whole art of kingship, which may perhaps be doubted. He seems in general to have acted on the plan of Frederick the Great; that is, he demanded nothing but success from his lieutenants, and was careless of the means they took to obtain it. Only failure he would never forgive. It was a favorite saying of his that he never judged men but by results. It was to no purpose that Massenna gave excellent reasons for his defeat by Wellington: Napoleon wanted victories, and not explanations. There is a foolish story, to which so eminent a man as Southy could give credence, to the effect that Admiral Villeneuve was assassinated by order of the Emperor after his disgrace at Trafalgar. There can be no serious doubt that the unfortunate commander committed suicide in sheer terror at the idea of an interview with the stern master whose plans he had caused to miscarry. It is fair to add that those of his captains who were successful had no need to complain that their services were insufficiently appreciated. Even Massena had acquired an income of $100,000 while his star was in the ascendant. Soult had $60,000 a year; Ney nearly $150,000; Davoust $150,000; while Berthier, Prince of Neuchatel, enjoyed a princely revenue of some $270,000. "They will no longer fight," Napoleon once exclaimed in a moment of dejection, referring to his Generals. "I have made them too rich." It may be suspected that it was rather from motives of policy than of gratitude that Napoleon thus created the fortunes of his Marshals in a day. He was anxious to establish as a support to his throne a powerful aristocracy, which in splendor and (to do him justice) in the brilliancy of its achievements, should rival the old nobility of France. He forgot, however, that though monarchy and democracy can exist and have existed without prescription, an aristocracy to be venerable must absolutely bear the seal of antiquity. In none of his projects had Cromwell failed more hopelessly than in his attempt to reconstruct the House of Lords in England. Napoleon, it is true, did not propose to confer legislative functions on his nobles as such; nevertheless, he intended them to be a privileged class, and this alone was a more courageous than a wise idea on the morrow of 1789.—*Galaxy.*

SOME ONE TO LOVE.

Perhaps one of the most positive proofs we have of the soul's independence of the body is our great need of love and of something to love. Were we mere animals—creatures doomed to perish after a few years of life in this world—that which contents the brute would also content us. To eat and sleep well, to have an easy time of it would be enough. As it is, we may have all these things and health to enjoy them and yet be utterly wretched. Neither can mental food satisfy us. "Some one to love" is our heart's cry.

When the atmosphere of tenderness is about us we rejoice: when people are harsh and unkind we suffer. We begin life wishing to love all people, and believing that they love us. Experience hardens us. Our dear ones grow fewer; but, as long as reason lasts, we must have some one—we must at least imagine that some one loves us. To parents come the little children—frail, helpless babies, who need our care so much, and friends to whom we are not kin, yet who grow dear to us.

Some have many loved ones, and some but one. Heaven help those who have none, though they are generally to blame for their empty heartedness, for kindness wins love. They are always wretched, and they often show their craving for something to love by cherishing some dumb animal—a dog, a kitten, a parrot, perhaps, on which they lavish caresses, which, better spent, would have bound some human heart to theirs. Pride of morbid sensitiveness may have been at the bottom of their loneliness, and these pets of theirs fill the aching void a little.

Some one to love! It is the cry of the human soul, the note to which every human heart responds; the bond which will bind us all together in that other world where mourners shall be comforted and love shall reign forever.

THE FAMILY PHYSICIAN.

He is but a man; he pursues a science founded on shifting sands; his work is largely experimental, and in many places he gropes in a more than twilight, gloom. But to our ignorant helplessness his limited knowledge seems to be the clear sight of a god, his slightest averment a thing to treasure up and consider carefully for its store of truth, his decision an affair as immutable as the laws of the universe. If we die, we cling to his hand as we enter the dark river, while he is like the comforting rod and staff of the Scripture; if we live, we feel as though it were through his determination and because of his effort.

Not that we ignore, by any means, the great and merciful Power behind him—but we recognize him as the agent of that Power, who has put into his hands, as it were, the issues of birth and the grave.

The doctor, indeed, seems to us unlike all other men. He is impersonal as a spirit. We send for him in our troubles: we go to him with our grievances; we confess to him the ailments we would hide from all the world; we no more try to "put the best foot forward" with him than we would if he were omniscient, for we are aware that unless he sees us as we are, he can afford us no aid. He indeed, and no other, is the "Tomb of Secrets." He is acquainted with the inner recesses of households, with the histories of tortured lives; he knows over what home peace broods; he knows where neglect and contention and abuse work havoc, and where the dark stains run in the blood from generation to generation, to reveal themselves some day in foul fungus or distraught brain. To all he brings a consolation of his own, a delicate sympathy, a promise of the whole that he has an assurance of best effort, a sense that everything which skill and science can do is being done, and that the rest is only in the hands of God.

And when we are in the dreadful presence of some sickness whose unknown issues touch upon the awful mysteries of death, who is there that comes into the room so like the commander of the forces of light, scattering those of darkness, as the family physician? Who seems, like him, to be the actual vicegerent of the great spirit of good, fighting the inroads of evil? How he labors, how indefatigable he is, how he suffers with us, and wrestles with fate for us! He rises in the dead of night, perhaps to walk through furious storm, perhaps to skate over frozen rivers, perhaps to drive miles in biting wintry winds. Light comes in with him, then, out of the thick darkness. In the morning he brings in the outside vigor of the healthy world. He is sure to come and give us reassurance just when the sun is departing and taking all our little cheer with him as the dreadful night sets in again. And when the balance hangs so that a hair's weight may incline it either way, up into the happy light or down into the dark region where all abandon hope, then he spends sleepless nights besides us, discards less serious matters, is away only on flying visits, makes our woes his own, and manifests on his errand of mercy all the devotion of love.

And what motives are they that urge him to this sublime unselfishness, this work and suffering? It can be only the love of science and the love of his fellow-men that spur him to this heroic duty, to this unfailing self-sacrifice; and beyond his success from day to day, the chief reward he has is that his very work at once refines and enlarges his nature, and gives his soul all the time a stronger and nobler existence.

Never, then, can we pay or attempt to pay to a good family physician the obligation of gratitude that we owe him.—*Episcopal Register.*

MOTHER'S BOY.

Mother, cherish your boy. Respect him, and encourage him to talk with you. Ask questions about things that interest him. Caress and kiss him, and prove yourself the best friend by showing your love. How is your little boy to know that you love him, if you never fondle him? if you continually repel his advances?

Many mothers cease to show their love as soon as a child is four or five years old. Little boys after this get fewer kisses, because frequently they soil their hands and faces in play, and come in noisy, warm and dirty, not just the sweet cheeks and lips we loved to kiss, and instead of putting back the matted curls, and with a little cold water bathing the hot face, we say, go away with you, dirty boy, I don't want to look at you. How much better fold him to your heart, kiss and send him away happy. I have not said indulge your boy, but make him love you.

You need not suffer him to correct you, when older persons are talking. Teach him to be silent in company, unless drawn out by your guests, but alone at home, make him your companion. If you hold his love till he is fifteen, he will always cherish you. Up to that age, many boys have little real love or respect for their mothers, and the fault lies nearer the mother than the son.

FUN, FACT AND FACETIÆ.

When may two people be said to be half-witted?—When they have an understanding between them.

Why must the letter "d" be the most wonderful letter in the alphabet?—Because it is the centre of "wonders."

The following sign is painted on a fence in the neighborhood of Rochester: "Kash pade for little kalves not mourn to daze old."

It was observed of a deceased lawyer, that he had left but few effects, to which a lady remarked that "he had but few causes."

"Where do people go who deceive their fellow-men?" asked a Sunday-school teacher of a pupil. "To Europe," was the prompt reply.

"Charity begins at home," is well defined by a little Sunday-school child as meaning "Giving to others what we don't want for ourselves."

"If a dog's tail is cut off entirely, will it not interfere with his locomotion?" "Not exactly. It will not affect his carriage, but it will stop his waggin'."

How doth the busy little pig improve each shining hour, and gather sausages all the day from every opening flower; and, when the shades of twilight fall, he slumbers in the sty or sings his pretty evening hymn, "Root, little pig, or die."

Nothing is so discouraging to a young lawyer just as he waxes eloquent about angel's tears, weeping willows and tombstones, as to be interrupted by the cold-blooded justice with, "You're off your nest, bub; this is a case of hog-stealing."

THE FAMILY DOG.

It couldn't properly be called a family picnic if the dog didn't go along. He is so playful, and can eat so much and get into such a variety of scrapes, that he keeps up a constant alarm that he will either burst or break his neck, which is quite exhilerating. Long before they get to the chosen spot that dog gets into a fight and is rescued by his master, who works into a ferocious state of temperament and perspiration, coming within an ace of being licked himself by the other dog's owner. Then he goes to investigate the Bushkill, falls in and howls piteously for help, but as soon as he is fished out deliberately shakes a gallon of muddy water over the womens' white dresses.

If a girl sits down he goes to work at once on her back hair, and in three seconds it is a howling wilderness. When the oldest girl goes to the farmhouse for milk, of course he goes along