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, FEBRUARY 3, 1876. NUMBER 33.

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	2m	3m	6m	1yr.
1 inch	$1.50	3.00	3.00	4.00	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	13.00	20.00	30.00
4 inches	3.00	8.50	14.00	18.25	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	20.00	50.00	60.00	80.00	100.	150.

ADMINISTRATOR'S 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, Statements, &c., of every variety and style, printed at the shortest notice. This 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,
aug20. TOWANDA, PA.

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

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

H. W. PATRICK, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office—Mercur's Block, next door to Express Office, Towanda, Pa. jly11-72.

WOOD & SANDERSON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
AS. WOOD. (may27) JNO. F. SANDERSON.

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

G. F. MASON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
TOWANDA PA.
Office first door south of C. B. Patch Exp., second floor. Nov. 14, '73.

E. L. HILLIS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Office with Smith & Montanye. (nov11-75.

GEORGE D. STROUD.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
52 Chestnut St. TOWANDA, PA.
Late of Philadelphia. Dec. 9, '75.

WILT & MAXWELL,
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELORS-AT-LAW.
Office over Dexter's Store, Towanda, Pa.
J. ANDREW WILT. W. M. MAXWELL.
(May be consulted in German.) may2675.

McPHERSOM & KINNEY,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA. Office in Tracy & Noble's Block.
Towanda, Pa., Jan. 10, 1873.

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 Ex. Porter. (jan13-74.

L. ELSBREE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Oct14-73. TOWANDA, PA.

OVERTON & ELSBREE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, TOWANDA, PA. Having entered into copartnership, offer their professional services to the public. Special attention given to business in the Orphan's and Register's Courts.
E. OVERTON, JR. (apr14-72) N. C. ELSBREE.

MADILL & CALIFF,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Office in Wood's Block, first door south of the First National bank, up-stairs.
H. J. MADILL. (jan5-74y) J. N. CALIFF.

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

DAVIES & CARNOCHAN,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
MERCUR BLOCK
Dec 28-75. TOWANDA, PA.

H. PEET, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Is prepared to practice all branches of his profession.
Office, MERCUR BLOCK, (entrance on south door) TOWANDA, PA. (jan6-76.

GEORGE W. BRINK, Justice of the Peace and Conveyancer. Also Insurance Agent, LeRaysville, Pa.
March 15-75.

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

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

DRS. JOHNSON & NEWTON.
Physician and Surgeons. Office over Dr. Porter & Son's Drug Store, Towanda, Pa.
T. B. JOHNSON, M. D. D. N. NEWTON, M. D.
(jan4-74tf.

M. DE L. DODSON, DENTIST.
On and after Sept. 27, may be found in the rooms now vacant on 2nd floor of Dr. Pratt's new office on Main Street. Public patronage solicited.
Sept. 27-tf.

W. B. KELLY, DENTIST.—Office over M. E. Dersheimer's, Towanda, Pa. Teeth inserted on Gold, Silver, Rubber, and Aluminum bases. Teeth extracted without pain.
Oct. 4, 1875.

DR. C. M. STANLY, DENTIST.
Having resumed his Dental office into Tracy & Mercur's Hardware Store, Keeps a Watchful eye, is now prepared to do all kinds of dental work. He has also put in a new gas apparatus.
(jan4-75.

HALE & PATTON, Agents for CONNECTICUT MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.
Office—No. 2, Griffith & Patton's Block, Bridge Sts.
March 28-75.

C. S. RUSSELL'S
GENERAL
INSURANCE AGENCY,
Mayes-ly. TOWANDA, PA.

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 and residence, N. E. corner North and Elizabeth Sts.
A. L. FLEMING.
may6-75. Box 41, Towanda, Pa.

J. C. BIXBEE, CARRIAGE PAINTER AND DECORATOR. Also manufacturer of Monumental Grave Stone Cards, a few doors east of the REPORTER Office.
June17-75.

INSURANCE AGENCY.
Representing
RELIABLE AND FIRE TRIED
Companies to represent:
LANCASHIRE, PHOENIX,
HOME,
MYER & HANYS.
March 19-75. O. A. BLACK.

W. W. KINGSBURY,
REAL ESTATE, LIFE, FIRE & ACCIDENT
INSURANCE AGENCY.
Office, corner Main & State Sts.
March 19-75. TOWANDA, PA.

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
From Liverpool or Queenstown, by the best steam or sailing lines, always on hand.
FAMILIES WISHING TO COME OVER AT REDUCED RATES;
highest price paid for U. S., Bonds, Gold and Silver.
JOS. POWELL, President. N. S. BETT, JR. Cashier

Evans & Hildreth.

MARKED DOWN.

We have this day "Marked Down" our large and complete stock of

DRY GOODS,

In order to reduce stock as much as possible before removing.

EVANS & HILDRETH.

MARKED DOWN.

We have "Marked Down,"

DRESS GOODS,

SHAWLS & SKIRTS,

CLOTHS & CASSIMERES,

FLANNELS & UNDERWEAR,

CLOAK'S & CLOAKINGS

EVANS & HILDRETH.

MARKED DOWN.

WHITE GOODS,

TABLE DAMASKS,

NAPKINS & DOYLIES,

EMBROIDERIES &C. &C. &C.

Buyers of DRY GOODS, will find this a rare opportunity to procure Bargains.

EVANS HILDRETH.

Dec 20, '75.

Kent & Bliss.

NEW PRICES,

AT

KENT & BLISS'.

FANCY DRESS GOODS,

of all kinds, from cheapest to best.

The best line of

BLACK GOODS

in the market, embracing our favorite brands.

BLACK ALPACAS, MOHAIRS, AND BRIL LIANTINES, at 25c to $1.00
BLACK CASIMERES at 75c to 2.00
BLACK SILKS at $1.00 to 4.00
TAMISE, HENRIETTA CLOTHS, BOMBAZINES, CREPE CLOTHS, &c., &c.

We feel certain that an examination of our

BLACK GOODS STOCK,

will convince you that we are justified in claiming for ourselves the cheapest and best line of

BLACK GOODS

in town.

FANCY GOODS,

In great variety with many jobs and bargains.

TRIMMINGS,

of all Kinds, including Silk and Worsted Fringes Silk and Yak Laces, Braids, &c.

IN DOMESTIC GOODS,

We have reduced Brown Muslins from 1 to 2 cents a yard. Bleached Muslins from 1 to 2 cents a yard.

KENT & BLISS,

Towanda, Pa. Nov. 22, 1875.

Original Poetry.

LINES,

Suggested by the Death of Mrs. Geo. B. Davidson, Of Troy, Pa.

A bright life, winding through the past
Its tracery of light,
Hath touched the borders of the tomb
With floods of living white.

A sweet voice linking all the years,
With love's undying strain,
Hath gone to add its strengthning chord,
To love's ingathered chain.

And still, white hands, soft folded down,
Upon a mother-breast,
Are beckoning from the upland hights
Of God's eternal rest.

The lips no straying impulse moved
To utterance unkind,
Are fully tuned to swell the theme,
That rules the Father's mind.

And striking in the grand old rhyme,
The circling spheres prolong,
Come gliding through the tender notes,
That thrilled her human song.

Ah, had this heaven a missing strain,
Or need of added light,
It might not seem relentless good,
To rob a home so bright.

To close for aye, the mother glance,
Away from children's plea,
And hush the loving, wifely words,
That wooed, and won to Thee.

It brings th untold bitterness,
To see the home lights pale,
A stricken mother left her moan,
And little ones their wail,

To mark the strong man in his grief,
Bowed o'er the silent clay,
That white souled friendship comes to bear
With reverent hands away.

But for the calm, uprising faith,
That bound her to the throne,
And designed her visions of the way,
She should not tread alone.

Go, bounding spirit, to thy place,
Among the harmonies!
Go, clasp thy babe within the skies,
In close enrapturing bliss.

And she, thy sentor in the life
Of the celestial years,
Shall count the over the blessings wrung
From all thy earthly fears.

Till human sorrow come to seem
A messenger of trust,
The Father's purpose maketh stern,
To those he loveth most.

And they will come, thy precious ones,
Safe home to heaven and thee,
Bringing the thoughts thy sweet lips dropped,
A fragrant memory.

And pressing toward the eternal shores,
Thy youthful feet have won,
Will learn at last, with faltering voice
To say, "Thy will be done."

L. W. T.

Towanda, January, 1876.

Miscellaneous.

BOUND TO ELOPE.

"This is a dreadful matter of fact world," said Lucy Graham, as she looked up into her cousin Lizzie's face; "all the romance has departed. Don't you think so, coz?"

"Well, I never gave the subject much consideration," said her cousin; "but I thought that I heard you say yesterday that Susan Grant's marriage was very romantic."

"No, no, not her marriage; that was very stupid and matter of fact," said Lucy. "It was her meeting with George that was romantic. She fell over near the Five Bells at Putney, last summer, and George, who was one of the party, but had never seen her, sprang from the bank and rescued her. To be sure, she was only wet and frightened; and the water was shallow, but still the incident was delightfully romantic. I wanted her to elope, but she wouldn't, and they were married in the old humdrum style. If ever I am married I am determined to elope. The present style of courting, proposing and wedding is just as flat as dish-water. I want a little spice of romance in my matrimonial proceedings."

Yet Lucy was no empty headed, romantic simpleton. Far from it! She was very pretty, very fascinating and very intelligent, highly accomplished, and in most things very intelligent; but unfortunately, Miss Lucy had got her head full of sentimental nonsense, and had taken quite a dislike to matter of fact incidents. As her father was rich and her mother loved society, Lucy did not lack admirers. Among these there was one that cared nothing for Lucy's money, but loved her with a deep, earnest love for herself. He was handsome, talented, well connected and rich, and in every way a suitable match for the coquettish beauty. But Lucy treated him with the utmost indifference. Did he bring her flowers she tossed them aside while he was present, with an air of profound contempt; and yet, if he could have peeped into Lucy's most cherished books he would have found that between the leaves were pressed many of the same flowers. Did he ask her to dance she was invariably engaged, and yet her eyes would follow all his movements if he took another partner. If he asked her to sing she was invariably hoarse, yet if she heard him mention any air as a favorite, Lucy always purchased and studied it. In short, disguise or deny it as she would, she was in love with Hugh Murray.

"Lucy," said cousin Lizzie to her as they sat sewing together, "don't you think you are treating Mr. Murray shamefully?"

"Shamefully, Lizzie? Shamefully? Why, I positively accepted an invitation to ride with him across the common this very afternoon."

"Yes, I know that, but you flirt with him outrageously. Are you going to marry him, Lucy?"

"He never asked me, Lizzie."

"But he will. He loves you, Lucy. He told me so, and—and Lucy, he thinks you—you, perhaps—that is, you will not refuse him."

"Does he? He will find out his mistake."

"Why, Lucy! Surely you do not intend to refuse him?"

"But I do!" said Lucy.

"Why, he is everything desirable. Your father would be delighted with the match."

"There, now, you have just hit the very reason. He would ask me, and then ask papa, and there would be nothing romantic about it; no opposition, a real stupid wedding; a trip to Cheltenham, and then just settle down like all the rest of the world. Bah! the very idea is tiresome! No, I am determined that when I marry I will elope."

One week later Lizzie and Hugh Murray parted at the door with these words:

"You are sure," said Hugh, "that this is Lucy's only objection?"

"Sure," replied Lizzie.

"Well, I'm glad it's no worse Good bye."

And leaving her with a warm shake of the hand, young Murray took his way to Mr. Graham's counting house in the city. He was closeted with Graham for a long time, and then came out with a beaming face and a light step. The same evening found him alone with Lucy in the drawing-room of Graham Villa. He was very silent and apparently sad, while Lucy was remarkably cheerful and chatty.

"Positively, Mr. Murray, you are very tiresome," said Lucy; "you are as silent as if you were dumb. Have you anything on your conscience?"

"Lucy," said he, looking up into her laughing eyes, "Lucy, I love you!"

"Really. Well, so you have said before. If you have nothing more original to say, you had better relapse into silence."

"Yes; but, Lucy," said he, with a lugubrious sigh, "I have loved you long, but I never felt how dear you were to me so forcibly as to-night. Before, I have loved with hope; now that I must lose you——"

"Lose me? I—I mean— that is I——"

"Yes, Lucy, to-night we must part. Your father forbids our thinking of each other."

"My father!" cried the astonished girl. "Why, I thought he said—I—might——"

"Then you have spoken of it?" and there was a joyful thrill in his voice. "Oh, Lucy, may I hope that you love me?"

"I—I like you," said she.

"Is that all?" said her lover. "Alas, your father was right. He said that you were too young to love, and I was too poor to marry."

"Poor!" said Lucy.

"Yes. Didn't you know that the Spanish stock has gone down to nothing, and that all my property was invested in it? Didn't you know that I was penniless? And yet I dare to love you. Alas, in vain!" and Hugh's head went down on the arm of the sofa in an attitude of deep despair.

Lucy stood still looking at him. For a moment romance was forgotten, and the true woman's nature was strong in her young heart. Poor and despairing! Ah, now she knew that she loved him. Unconfessed before, even to herself, there stood the strong love in her heart, defying her to tear it out.

"Hugh," said she. The voice was very low, and the lips close to his ear. "Hugh, look up!" A low groan was the answer. "Hugh!"—and the little soft hand lay among his masses of curls, and there was almost a sob in the sweet voice—"Hugh, look up, for I do love you."

Dear me, how the relative position of the parties changed! Hugh, erect, manly, holding her close to his heart, while his whole face glowed with love and pride; and Lucy, timid and shrinking, her face hidden on his breast, and clinging close to him.

"Say that again, Lucy."

But Lucy, thinking once was sufficient, raised her head suddenly with a look of laughing defiance, and would have run away, but he held her fast. Then they talked long together. Hugh declared Mr. Graham to be resolute in forbidding their union, and before they parted they had planned an elopement.

A few days later, Lucy shut herself up in her room one morning, declaring that a severe headache would prevent her joining the family. She refused medicine and all attendance, pleading only for quiet, and at last her mother and Cousin Lizzie left her alone. After they had gone Lucy employed her time very peculiarly for an invalid. She packed all her jewels and money in the smallest possible compass, and then put some clothes into a carpet-bag. She laid out her traveling dress upon the bed, and arranged a new brown ribbon on her traveling bonnet.

Early in the evening, Lizzie and her mother came to bid her an affectionate good night, and then she was left alone again. Instead of retiring, she dressed herself in her traveling dress, and taking the bag, sat down by the window. The night passed slowly, and early the next morning there came a low tap upon her window. Looking down into the garden beneath, she saw Hugh armed with some tiny stones, which he was throwing against the glass. She threw up the sash, a ladder was placed against the sill, and in a few minutes Lucy stood beside her lover. A carriage was waiting at the gate, and they posted away. Having changed horses some four times, they stopped at a village church in Berkshire, where the marriage service was performed, and the happy pair drove to the adjoining station to wait for the train for Cheltenham.

Two days later, and the young bride is sitting by herself in an elegant apartment at a hotel at Cheltenham.

Lucy looked weary. Hugh was away, and if the truth must be told Lucy was a little ashamed of her escapade. She remembered her mother's tender care for her, and her father's kind indulgence all her life, and she knew that she had made them but a poor return for their love. While she was thus musing, Hugh came in.

"Lucy," said he, "I have just received a telegram from home. I have bad news for you, poor darling."

"Father, mother?" cried she, springing to meet him.

"Your mother is ill, very ill, dearest, I fear. We should go home, immediately."

"Oh, Hugh, can I go home; I have been so ungrateful and naughty? Oh, mother, mother!"

"Why, dearest, if the truth must be told——"

"Father may refuse to let me see her. I did not leave them any word where I was going; perhaps it was fretting for me made mother ill," and the poor little beauty threw herself, sobbing, into her husband's arms.

"Why, Lucy, I—don't cry so, darling; they are not angry. They know all about it."

"All about what?" said Lucy.

"Our elopement," he replied. "Forgive my having deceived you, my bonnie wee wife; but you were so determined not to marry with your father's consent, that I told you several very dreadful fibs to get you to confess that you loved me."

"Why, havn't you lost all your money?"

"Not a penny," he replied.

"And did papa know I was going to run away?"

"Yes," and here a glow of honest pride came into Hugh's face. "I am not a man," he said, "to steal my wife, No; I loved you, but had your father really refused me, I would have crushed out my love——"

"Would you?" said Lucy, archly. "At least I would have concealed it," he replied. "But come, darling, we will go by the next train."

"And I can go to mamma? Oh, I am so glad. Oh, Hugh, I have felt dreadfully guilty, but now I am happy."

"And you forgive my deception?"

"Yes, for it proved your love. That you could feign to do an act from which your noble soul revolted, when you found that I was——"

"Bound to elope," said Hugh, finishing the sentence.

The repentant Lucy found her mother getting better, and received a warm welcome home, which she humbly acknowledged she did not deserve. Since then, when she has a very willful fit, her husband can always make her submissive by alluding to her memorable elopement.

WIND POWER—WIND ENGINES.

The cheapest motive power in existence is the force of the wind. It can be utilized without preparation; no reservoirs, dams or flumes are needed to apply it to our machinery, and the proper engine alone is to be provided. In some countries wind power is extensively used. The traveler in Europe scarcely loses sight of a windmill in his journeys, and in some places the landscape is thickly dotted with them. Substantial grist mills, which have faced the breezes for centuries, still wave their arms, and promise to do so for centuries more. Much pumping and drawing is done by these mills, and thousands of acres are either watered by irrigation or dried by drainage, and rendered valuable and productive by their help. A few years ago a windmill was an unusual sight in this country, except in the very oldest portions. We were not a sufficiently settled people, and did not remain long enough in one place to make it profitable to build such substantial mills as have been so long in use in other countries; we needed cheaper and more quickly constructed mills. Those which we could then procure were not satisfactory; they were slightly built, and were not able to take care of themselves when the breeze became a gale or a hurricane. Recently our mechanics have turned their attention to wind engines, and great improvements have been made in their construction. We have now a choice of several kinds of them, all of them useful, but differing chiefly in their degree of adaption to varying circumstances. At the recent Illinois State Fair there were no less than thirteen different wind engines on exhibition, from the small one eight feet in diameter, costing but $100, of but half a horse power, and fitted for pumping stock water and churning, to those of 30 or 40 horse power, costing $3,000, and able to run a grist mill or woolen factory. Between these two extremes there are a number of mills capable of adaptation to almost every purpose for which power is needed on the farm or in the workshop. A mill of 22 ft. in diameter, costing about $500, has a power of five horses; a two-horse power mill is about 16 ft. in diameter, and costs about $325. This cost is less than that of a steam engine, and a wind engine needs neither fuel nor skilled attendance. Neither is there danger of fire or explosion from accident or careless. The wind engines are now made self-regulating, and in a sudden storm close themselves. They are also made to change their position as the wind changes, facing the wind at all times. With these engines one may saw wood or lumber, thrash, pump, hoist hay or straw with a hay fork, shell corn, grind or cut feed, plane lumber, make sashes or doors, or run any machinery whatever. There is but one drawback, when the wind stops the mill stops. For work that may be done when it is convenient to do it, as most of the mechanical work on a farm is done, these engines are just what is wanted. On the Western prairies, and almost everywhere except in sheltered valleys in the East, we have wind enough to spare, which offers a power to us that is practically inexhaustible and illimitable, and the means of utilizing this power is chiefly given to us in the numerous excellent wind engines now manufactured. In fact, so cheaply can these mills be procured that it will not pay for any one to spend his time in making one, although he may be a sufficiently good mechanic to do it.

THE BIRDS' CHRISTMAS-TREE.—In Norway and Sweden the last sheaf from the harvest is never thrashed, but is carefully reserved till Christmas Eve, when it is brought out and fastened to a pole, and then set up in front of the dwelling or on top of the roof, as a feast for the hungry little birds. A little friend of ours, on hearing of this custom, was so delighted with it that she wished she could provide such a feast. But she lived in the city and had no sheaf nor grain of any kind. She thought she might provide a Christmas tree, and induced her mother to purchase a small one, which she placed in the yard at the rear of the house. On it she hung some bright berries and a few apples, and several little cups filled with water and seed. To her delight, the little birds soon came flocking toward it, and, alighting upon its branches, began to peck at the fruit and dip their bills into the seed-cups, seeming to enjoy the feast amazingly.—*Children's Banner.*

FOOTSTEPS ON THE OTHER SIDE.

Sitting in my humble doorway
Gazing out into the night,
Listening to the stormy tumult,
With a kind of sad delight,
Wait I for the loved who comes not,
One whose steps I long to hear;
One, who though he lingers from me,
Still is dearest of the dear.
Soft, he comes—now heart be quiet,
Leaping in triumphant pride;
Oh! it is a stranger footstep,
Gone by on the other side.

All the night seems filled with weeping,
Winds are wailing mournfully;
And the rain and tears together
Journey to the restless sea;
I can fancy, sea, your murmur,
As they wish your waters flow,
Like the grief of single beings
Making up a nation's woe.

Branches, bid your guest be silent:
Hush a moment, fretful rain:
Breeze, stop sighing, let me listen—
God grant not again in vain!
In my cheek the blood is rosy,
Like the blushes of a bride:
Joy!—alas! a stranger footstep,
Goes by on the other side.

Ah! how many wait forever
For the steps that do not come:
Wait until the pitying angels
Bear them to a peaceful home.
Many in the filth of midnight,
In the streets have lain and died,
While the sound of human footsteps
Went by on the other side.

CHEMISTRY FOR GIRLS.

Something that every woman should read. This is properly styled a utilitarian age, for the inquiry, "What profit?" meets us everywhere. It has entered the temples of learning, and attempted to thrust out important studies, because their immediate connection with hard money profits cannot be demonstrated. There is one spot, however, into which it has not so generally intruded itself—the female academy—the last refuge of the fine arts and fine follies. Thither young ladies are too frequently sent, merely to learn how to dress tastefully and walk gracefully, play, write French and make waxen plumes and silken spiders—all pretty, but why not inquire "What profit."

I take my pen, not to utter a dissertation on female education, but to insist that young ladies be taught chemistry. They will thereby be better qualified to superintend domestic affairs, guard against many accidents to which households are subject, and perhaps be instrumental in saving life. We illustrate the last remark by reference merely to the study of poisons.

The strong acids, such as nitric, muriatic and sulphuric, are virulent poisons, yet frequently used in medicine and the mechanic arts. Suppose a child in its rambles among the neighbors should enter a cabinet shop, and find a saucer of aqua fortis (nitric acid) upon the work bench, and in his sport seize and drink a portion of it. He is conveyed home in great agony. The physician is sent for, but ere he arrives the child is a corpse. Now as the mother presses the cold clay to her breast and lips for the last time, how will her anguish be aggravated to know that in her medicine chest, or drawer, was some calcined magnesia, which, if timely administered, would have saved her lovely, perchance her first and only boy. Oh! what are all the boquets and fine dresses in the world to her, compared with such knowledge.

Take another case: A husband returning home, on a Summer afternoon, desires some acidulous drink. Opening a cupboard, he sees a small box, labelled "salt of lemon," and making a solution of this, he drinks it freely. Presently he feels distress, sends for his wife, and ascertains that he has drank a solution of oxalic acid, which she has procured to take stains from linen. The physician is sent for; but the unavoidable delay attending his arrival is fatal. When he arrives, perhaps he sees upon the very table on which the weeping widow bows her head, a piece of chalk, which, if given in time would certainly have prevented any mischief from the poison.

Corrosive sublimate is the article generaly used to destroy the vermin which sometimes infest our couches. A solution of it is laid upon the floor in a tea-cup, when the domestics go down to dine, leaving the children up-stairs to play; the baby crawls to the tea-cup, and drinks. Now what think you would be the mother's joy if having studied chemistry, she instantly called to recollection the well ascertained fact, that there is in the hen's nest an antidote to this poison? She sends for some eggs, and breaking them, administers the whites. Her child recovers and she weeps for joy. Talk to her of novels—one little book of natural science has been worth to her more than all the novels in the world.

Physicians in the country rarely carry scales with them to weigh their prescriptions. They administer their medecines by guess, from a tea-spoon or the point of a knife. Suppose a common case. A physician in a hurry leaves an over-dose of tartar-emetic, (generally the first prescription in cases of bilious fever,) and pursues his way to another patient, ten miles distant. The medicine is duly administered, and the man is poisoned. When the case becomes alarming, one messenger is dispatched for the doctor, and another to call in the neighbors to see the sufferer die. Now there is, in a canister in the cupboard, and on a tree that grows by the door, a remedy for this distress and alarm—a sure means of saving the sick man from threatened death. A strong decoction of young hyson tea, oak bark, or any other astringent vegetable, will change tartar emetic into a harmless compound.

Vessels of copper often give rise to poisoning. Though this metal undergoes but little change in a dry atmosphere, it is rusted if moisture is present, and its surface becomes covered with a green substance—carbonate or protoxide of copper, a poisonous compound. It has sometimes happened that a mother has, for want of knowledge, poisoned her family. Sour-krout, when permitted to stand for some time in a copper vessel, has produced death in a few hours. Cooks sometimes permit pickles to remain in copper vessels, that they may acquire a rich green color, which they do by absorbing poison.—*E. Thompson D. D., in Church Union.*

FEVER INFECTION.

Men of science speak of epidemic waves, and of scarlet fever being communicated by the few drops of milk which you pour into your tea, or cream diffused in a dish of strawberries. On a late occasion at a fashiodable dinner-party in London, as many as eight or ten guests, and seven members of the household, took scarlet fever. Obviously, the infection must have been caught at the dinner party; but how, was the puzzling matter of inquiry, for no one in the samily of the host was known to have been affected with the disorder. Was the disease brought to the house by the waiter? Was it conveyed in the table-linen from the washerwoman? Was it somehow incorporated in the cream that had been used in the desert? An investigation on these and other points, as we understand, was made, but not with any satisfactory result. The cream was thought to be most likely the vehicle of infection; but how could any one be certain on the point? The cream employed in fashionable dessert in London is possibly made up of half a dozen creams from as many dairies and inquiry ends only in vague conjecture. Rather a hazardous thing, one would say, going out to dinner where you may run the chance of being killed in a manner so very mysterious. People, in their innocence, are not aware of the manner in which contagious diseases may be communicated by public conveyances, by articles of dress, by dwellings, by the very atmosphere. We have just heard an instance of the communication of scarlet fever by means of a "kist," the name usually given in Scotland to a servant's trunk. A servant girl in Morayshire fell ill with scarlet fever, and died. Her kist, a painted wooden box, containing all her worldly goods, her later clothing included, was sent home to her relations, and lay for some weeks at a station on the Speyside Railway before an opportunity occured for removing it by a cart to her mother's cottage among the hills. During this interval the station-master's children, in romping about, conducted their gambols on the kist, which was a repository of contagion, and in due course were struck down with scarlet fever. At length, the fatal kist was conveyed to its destination, and the contents were dispersed among friends and neighbors. The donations were kindly meant but they proved fatal. No precautions had been taken to disinfect the articles, the result being that wherever the clothes of the deceased girl were taken in, scarlet fever found its victims. For several months the fever regard, until the wave of its infection was expended. Now ensued a remarkable event. The outbreak proved to be an opposing barrier to the spead of a virulent type of scarlatina advancing from another quarter at the latter period of the year. On reaching the former scene of the disease, it was arrested for want of material to feed upon; a second attack being very unusual.—*Chambers' Journal.*

GIFTS WHICH COST NOTHING.

An exchange, in hinting what can be done in the way of kindness, says:

"A young man begins to tread the downward path—comes home flushed and unsteady; the older brothers watch him keenly and sternly, the sisters cry in secret, but there is an unaccountable repugnance to interfering with him, unless in the way of lecturing. Perhaps if some effort were made to brighten the evenings at home, if his sister coaxed him out with her, if brothers took him in their confidence, if each gave a little quick, tender care and tact to guard him, the terrible end might never have come.

In how many households, too, has a certain chill and reserve fallen up on the intercourse of husband and wife, which saddens not only their own lives, but irreparably the years which should be happiest for their children. It arises from difference of employment and taste rather than from lack of affection, and would disappear if either made an effort to follow or sympathize with the other. In how many more households will you find one member set apart from the rest—uncared for, treated with cool, kindly indifference; it may be the dear old man, the unmarried aunt, the mother-in-law, who keenly feels every newspaper gibe at her expense, but who has no other home than this in which she is so unwelcome; or it may be Bridget in the kitchen, who is human after all, and not a machine. In a word, there are few of us who when we look around our own hearth, cannot find somewhere a sore need of gifts which we have long stubbornly withheld, gifts which cost no money, but are priceless."

"AS MUCH ALIKE AS ANTS IN A HILL."—I don't know what the lady was talking about. I merely heard the above remark as she was passing through my wood. Ha! ha! thought I to myself, why, there is as much difference between ants as between people! I'll tell you how I know it: The little schoolma'am has a turn for experiments, and I've seen her make one or two on this very point. One day she picked up several ants from one ant-hill, and carried them to another ant-hill, where there appeared to be thousands of inhabitants all looking just like the new-comers. But it seems the ants could see the difference, for the unfortunate strangers were recognized as intruders, and were instantly set upon and killed.

Another time the little lady took some ants from a large hill, and shut them up in a bottle with some very ill-smelling stuff called asafœtida. The next day she returned, bringing the bottle with the imprisoned ants. Of course the poor things smelled strongly of the asafœtida, and their nearest relations could hardly be blamed for refusing to know them. So I felt quite frightened for their sakes when the schoolma'am returned them to their home. But no. Tho' they were at first threatened by their fellows, they were soon recognized and allowed to pass. "Blood" was stronger than asafœtida.—*St. Nicholas.*

THE LAND OF THE CZAR.

A writer in the Cologne *Gazette* gives an account of the results of the emancipation of the serfs in Russia, so far as they have manifested themselves after fourteen years' experience of the new relations established between the peasantry and their former masters. "If one travels," he says, "through the Governments of Russia proper, from the Volga district to the extreme South, visiting the villages and observing the family life of the peasants, one is driven to the sad conclusion that the condition of the Russian peasantry has not only not improved, but has in several respects, both moral and material, become unquestionably worse. * * It is sufficient to visit any village to become convinced that the prosperity of the peasants has diminished to such a degree that a great number of them have been reduced to absolute poverty. Their moral condition is even more lamentable, and drunkenness has become far more prevalent than it was before the emancipation. The results are listless indifference, unwillingness to work, and an increasing discontent which manifests itself in brutal acts of destruction and incendiarism. In the South-western Governments, and especially in those of Pensa, Kursk, and Voronej, a day rarely passes but the sky is reddened by the flames of a burned village. The reason of this state of things," proceeds the writer, "is not to be found in any peculiarity of the Russian peasant's character, though it frequently prompts him to misuse his liberty, but chiefly in the unfavorable position in which he has been placed by the new system of administration, which makes him depend on the commune and on a number of officials whom he is obliged to pay out of his own pocket. The rural commune has unlimited power over the person and property of the peasant, so that in reality he has only changed his master, and his present dependence on the commune is not much better than his former state of serfage. * * * He is bound to pay a fixed sum to his former master as redemption money for his house in which he lives and the land on which it stands. This, to a certain extent, restricts his freedom of action, but it is rendered quite illusory by the circumstances that the land which he cultivates for himself and family, and for which he must pay, is not his own, but the property of the commune, which may dispose of it at pleasure. Thus Ivan, after devoting all his care to the cultivation of a piece of land alloted to him, may find it in the following year transferred by the commune to another peasant, while he himself gets in exchange a field which is perhaps not so well situated or negligently cultivated. Nor is this all. The commune is responsible for the payments due from the peasants, and if any of these fall into arrear through the insufficiency of the poorer members, those who are better off have to make up the deficiency, failing in which the commune seizes their horses and cows. Another restriction on personal liberty of the peasant in Russia is the right of a commune to refuse him a pass when he wishes to seek service away from his village. The grant of these passes often depends on the arbitrary will of a clerk, who refuses it from motives of personal hostility or requires a bribe before he will give it. It very frequently happens that peasants who have obtained passes for St. Petersburgh or Moscow are called back for some trifling reason, and if they refuse to return they are taken back by the police like common criminals, without even being given the opportunity of winding up their business in the town. Such are the circumstances—without the security for the produce of one's labor and in constant fear of what the next day will bring forth—in which not hundreds of thousands but millions of people live in Russia.

PUT HIM DOWN.—There is a feeling of jealously that seems to be innate in some natures. There are many persons who can neither look with pleasure nor approbation on the successful accomplishments of their neighbors, and if by honest worth one struggles to achieve an unblemished reputation there are hundreds ever anxious and ready to pick flaws both in his personal character and business relations, their motives being prompted by no reasonable prejudice, but rather impelled by their inordinate selfishness and envy. If a young man just starting in life with buoyant hopes and laudable ambition struggles to assert his mental and moral supremacy, there is often a feeling created against him, and many jealously exclaim, "Put him down" as if one born in lower estate had no right to rise above the level in which he was created. Would it not in the brotherhood of man, seem more like Christian charity, to aid and encourage the soul that struggles to enlarge and help itself.—*Ex.*

LITTLE FRAUDS.—The *Congregationalist* puts its finger on a weak spot in some Christians' armor:

"There are a great many people who never would commit a great fraud—oh no!—who yet do not hesitate to commit a small one. The woman returning from Europe with lace hidden away on her person, is one of this class. The contributor to the *Congregationalist* who sends his manuscript at printed rates, is another. The Postmaster-General of Great Britain says that 14,000 were detected doing this illegal service between England and the United States and Canada last year. If we are going to have anything to do with religion, let us adopt it fairly and fully, and be honest in that which is least, as well as in that which is greatest."

No woman was ever known to die between the time she ordered her new bonnet and its being brought home.

THE prettiest trimming for a woman's bonnet is a good humored face.

"OF what is cider made?" "I don't know sir." "What a stupid boy! What did you get when you robbed Mr. Upton's orchard?" "I got thrashed sir."

THE latest defenition of a lover is a man with whom one woman deceives another, with whom she receives herself, and