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.

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YEARLY Advertisements are entitled to quarterly changes.

TRANSIENT advertisements must be paid for IN ADVANCE.

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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,

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 St., opposite Dr. Porter's Drug Store.

H. W. PATRICK, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office—Mercur's Block, next door to Express Office, Towanda, Pa.
jly17-72.

WOOD & SANDERSON,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.

JAS. WOOD. [may2?] JNO. F. SANDERSON.

E. C. GRIDLEY.

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
April 1, 1872. TOWANDA, PA.

G. F. MASON.

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
TOWANDA PA.

Office first door south of C. B. Patch Esq., second floor. Nov. 18, '75.

E. L. HILLIS,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.

Office with Smith & Montanye. [nov11-75.

GEORGE D. STROUD.

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

33 Chestnut St. TOWANDA, PA.
Late of Philadelphia. Dec. 9, '75

WILT & MAXWELL,
ATTORNEYS & COUNSLORS-AT-LAW.
Office over Dayton's Store, Towanda, Pa.
J. ANDREW WILT. WM. MAXWELL.
(May be consulted in German.)
aug2975

McPHERSOM & KINNEY,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

TOWANDA, PA. Office in Tracy & Noble's Block.

Towanda, Pa., Jan. 10, 1876.

W. H. THOMPSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, WYALUSING, PA. Will attend to all business entrusted to his care in Bradford, Sullivan and Wyoming Counties. Office with Esq. Porter. [nov19-74.

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

OVERTON & ELSBREE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, TOWANDA, PA. Having entered into co-partnership, offer their professional services to the public. Special attention given to business in the Orphan's and Register's Courts.
E. OVERTON, JR. (apr14-70) N. C. ELSBREE.

MADILL & CALIFF,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.

Office in Wood's Block, first door south of the First National bank, up-stairs.
H. J. MADILL. [jan8-73ly] 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 23-75. TOWANDA, PA.

H. PEET, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Is prepared to practice all branches of his profession.

Office, MERCUR BLOCK, (entrance on south side) TOWANDA, PA. [jan6-76.

GEORGE W. BRINK, Justice of the Peace and Conveyancer. Also Insurance Agent, LeRaysville, Pa.
March 18-87.

GEO. V. MYER, C. E., COUNTY SURVEYOR.—Particular attention given to locating disputed "lines."
Office over Post Office.
may13-75. Towanda, Pa.

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

DRS. JOHNSON & NEWTON. Physicians and Surgeons. Office over Dr. Porter & Son's Drug Store, Towanda, Pa.
T. B. JOHNSON, M. D. D. N. NEWTON, M. D.
jan1-75tf.

M. D. L. DODSON, DENTIST. On and after Sept. 21, may be found in the elegant new rooms on 2nd floor of Dr. Pratt's new office on State Street. Business solicited.
Sept. 3-74tf.

W. B. KELLY, DENTIST.—Office over M. E. Rosenfield's, Towanda, Pa. Teeth inserted on Gold, Silver, Rubber, and Aluminium base. Teeth extracted without pain.
Oct. 31-72.

DR. C. M. STANLY, DENTIST, Having removed his Dental office into Tracy & Moor's new block, over Kent & Watrous' store, is now prepared to do all kinds of dental work. He has also put in a new gas aparatus.
may1375.

HALE & PATTON, Agents for CONNECTICUT MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.
Office No. 3 Griffith & Patton's Block, Bridge Sts.
March 26-74.

C. S. RUSSELL'S

GENERAL

INSURANCE AGENCY,

May23-70tf. 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 at residence N. E. corner Second and Elizabeth streets.
J. E. FLEMING,
oct5-71. Box 511, Towanda, Pa.

J. C. BIXBEE, CARRIAGE PAINTER AND DECORATER. Also manufacturer of Ornamental Glass Show Cards, a few doors east of the REPORTER Office.
Jun24-75.

INSURANCE AGENCY.
The following
RELIABLE AND FIRE TRIED

Companies represented:

LANCSHIRE.
PHENIX.
HOME.
MERCHANTS.
March 19-74tf. O. A. BLABK.

W. W. KINGSBURY,

REAL ESTATE, LIFE, FIRE & ACCIDENT

INSURANCE AGENCY.

Office, corner Main & State Sts.,

March 13, 1872. 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

To or from the Old Country, by the best steam or sailing lins, always on hand.

FAMILIES BROUGHT OVER AT REDUCED RATES;

highest price paid for U. S., Bonds,
Gold and Silver.

JOS. POWELL, N. N. BETT, JR.
President, Cashier

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 10, 1876. NUMBER 34.

MOTHS IN THE CANDLE.

GOING HOME.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

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,

CLOTH'S & 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 23, '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 BRILLIANTINES, at	25c to $1 50
BLACK CASHMERES 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 3 cents a yard.

KENT & BLISS,

Towanda Pa. Nov. 23, 1875.

Selected Poetry.

LOVE UNEXPRESSED.

The sweetest notes among the human heartstrings,
Are dull with rust;
The sweetest chords adjusted by the angels
Are clogged with dust;
We pipe and pipe again our dreamy music
Upon the self-same strains,
While sounds of fear and desolation
Come back in sad refrains.

On through the world we go, an army marching
With listening ears,
Each longing, sighing for the heavenly music
He never hears;
Each longing, sighing for a word of comfort—
A word of tender praise—
A word of love to cheer the endless journey
Of earth's hard, busy days.

They love us, and we know it; this suffices
For reason's share;
Why should they pause to give that love expression
With gentle care?
Why should they pause? But still our hearts are aching
With the gnawing pain
Of hungry love that longs to hear the music,
And longs and longs in vain.

We love them, and they know it; if we falter,
With fingers numb,
Among the unused strings of love's expression,
The notes are dumb.
We shrink within ourselves in voiceless sorrow,
Leaving the words unsaid.
And, side by side with those we love the dearest,
In silence on we tread.

Thus on we tread, and thus each heart in silence
Its fate fulfills—
Waiting and hoping for the heavenly music
Beyond the distant hills.
The only difference of the love in heaven
From love on earth below
Is, here we love and know not how to tell it,
And there we all shall know.

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MY ANGLE CHILD.

Into my life came gently down
A beautiful angel without her crown—
And I knew her not, for she wore no crown—
But I dreamed that she was an earth-born thing,
Nor heeded I the sound of her angel wing
Though she spoke in the tones that the angels sing,
And my heart was replete
With a surfeit sweet,
Of her dark blue eyes and her golden hair,
Of her smile so pure and her face so fair,
With the love and devotion beaming there,
Of her willing hands and feet.

Into my life she brought a light
That flooded my path with a glory bright—
With a light that was more than an earthly light—
And she lingered awhile in the chambers deep
Of my heart; where fondest memories sleep,
That waken only to make me weep,
With a sorrowing meet
For her life so fleet,
For her dark blue eyes and her golden hair;
For her smile so pure and her face so fair;
With the love and devotion beaming there,
Of her willing hands and feet.

She lingered so long I thought her a part
Of the sorrowing thing I call my heart—
With all her beauty a part of my heart—
But a wave of sorrow has over me rolled,
And the knell of my hopes has sadly toll'd,
She has flown to her home in the heavenly fold.
Oh! to sorrow is meet
For a life so fleet.
For her dark blue eyes and her golden hair;
For her smile so pure and her face so fair,
With the love and devotion beaming there,
Of her willing hands and feet.

Miscellaneous.

THE TOWERS OF SILENCE.

The Prince of Wales has been permitted to visit the mysterious towers upon which the Parsees of India expose their dead. A correspondent accompanying him says:

In the southwestern corner of Bombay Island the low plain swells up rather suddenly in a hill 290 ft. high, from the top of which the whole city, and almost the whole island, are visible to the northeast, and to the west and south the wide city. It is a spot which, without a doubt, presents the finest view of what has been called one of the choicest scenes of the world, and might well, therefore, have been selected for the gayest villas of the richest inhabitants; but it is a fact that, till the Prince came to India, no European, except it may have been by stealth, had set foot upon it. None, certainly, were privileged to examine this strange place, and if any came, which may well be doubted, at most they could but cast furtive glance around them, and steal away again. Two centuries have passed since, in this then most desolate and savage spot, a grey tower was raised, no life or man's habitation, but an abode of death, and so well called the Tower of Silence. As time went on four other towers were raised around the first, the Parsees, to whom these towers belonged, grew in wealth and influence, the whole hill became theirs, and a high encircling wall, with iron gates, barred access to any but their own nation. Up to the Prince of Wales' visit I do not only say that no stranger had visited this spot; I say more, that no one ever expected to see it. The Parsees are not a proselyting sect; they would not accept proselytes tho' they came to them voluntarily. There is a veil of mystery and mysticism over-much that the Parsees do, and they do not love to talk with strangers about their sacred things. * *

As, next to the prince and his attendance, I was the first European to visit the Towers of Silence, and have their construction explained to me from the model, it will be well, perhaps, to preface what I have to say about Madras with an account of the last remarkable thing I have seen in Bombay. I may begin by saying that at the foot of the hill on which the Towers of Silence are erected there are two institutions which do infinite honor to the Parsees, and which deserve to be inspected by every visitor of Bombay. These are the dharamodhs, or hospices for the poor Zoroastrians of Persia and those of Bombay. I saw seventy-eight Persian Parsee women, seventy-three children, and fifty-eight adult males in the Persian hospice, and delighted they were to tell their grievances to one who could understand and sympathize with them. In the hospice for the poor Parsees of Bombay I saw thirty men and eight women, and I thoroughly convinced myself that they are treated with the most tender charity, which ministers to all their wants. Their food is good, they have clean rooms and a beautiful garden, and they live in one of the most salubrious spots of the whole island. Khurshedgi Ardasir and the sons of Nardouiji Sorabji Parak founded these most beneficent institutions, and their names deserve *volitare per ora virum.*

Passing on you may ascend the hill of the Towers of Silence by a long succession of terraces and flights of steps from the south, or you may drive in by a carriage road at the northern entrance, and read, as you pass the gate, the inscription, which tells you that the costly road was made at the expense of the son of the first baronet, Sir Jamshidje, in honor of his father's memory. After driving a quarter of a mile you proceed on foot up a long, rocky ascent till you come to a gate with the warning, "None but Parsees may enter!" But the prince had unsealed the entrance, and, in company with the courteous secretary of the Parsee governing committee, I went in, and found a little way on my right a stone chapel or house of prayer, where the Parsees who attend the funerals perform their devotions. From this spot there is a most enchanting and unequaled view over Bombay, which every European should see if he can. While I sat here a model of a tower of silence was brought and explained to me; the same identical model which had interested the Prince, and the explanation was given by the same expositor. As I listened, two corpses, one of which was that of a mohed or priest, were brought up the rocky ascent, each followed by about one hundred Parsees, in white garments. The biers were carried by four men, and two others followed, who alone are allowed to enter the towers. The Parsees who walked in the procession had their garments linked two and two; this had a mystic meaning. The towers are circular, and are so well built that the oldest has stood for two hundred years without requiring to be repaired. They are formed of hugh stone slabs, well cemented together, and the largest cost £30,000. If it may be assumed that the four other towers cost on an average £20,000 each, we should have a tenth of a million invested in these buildings alone. Add that Sir Jamshidje gave 100,000 square yards of land and defrayed the expenses of a road, and some idea may be formed of the cost of the whole cementery. In the circular external wall there is but one aperture, about 5½ ft. square and 13 ft. from the ground, and to this the carriers of the dead ascend by a flight of steps, and there take in the corpse. The outside wall is from 25 to 40 feet high, according to the inequalities of the ground, on which the tower is built. Inside is a circular platform, depressed gradually towards the centre, where is a wall about ten feet in diameter. The surface of the platform consisted of fluted grooves laid out in three series, with a circular path surrounding each series, to which communication is obtained by a straight path leading from the aperture to the outer wall to the well in the centre of the tower. This straight path intersects the circular paths, and is about 3½ ft. broad, and then three feet. The corpses are deposited in the grooves, those of men occupying the first series, those of women the second series, and those of children the third. All the bodies are absolutely nude, to fulfill the saying, "Naked came I into the world, and naked shall I go forth," and in half an hour from the time they are put in the grooves every particle of flesh is stripped from the bones by the numerous vultures that inhabit the spot. I saw at least two hundred of these filthy birds congregated round the two bodies which had just been brought in, and in half an hour all but a very few had retired from the feast gorged, and scarce able to flap their way to the surrounding trees. The skeleton is left to bleach in sun and wind till it becomes quite dry. Two carriers of the dead then enter with gloves on their hands and provided with bags, with which they carry the bones to the central well, where they are cast and crumbled into dust. There are perforations in the wall of the well through which any moisture caused by the rain or otherwise passes and descends into two drains at the bottom of the building, where it passes through charcoal and so becomes disinfected and inordorous before it reaches the sea. There is a ladder in the well by which the carriers of the dead descend when it is necessary to clear the perforations from obstructions. The dust in the well accumulates so slowly that in the forty years during which the largest tower has been used it has risen only five feet. There was no smell from the towers when I was there, and I suppose there was none when the prince visited the place, or he would not have remained a whole hour as he did.

The origin of the whole practice is no doubt the veneration with which the Parsees regard the elements. Fire is too pure to be polluted by committing corpses to the flames. Water is almost equally venerated, and so, too, is mother earth. Hence this strange system has been invented, by which it is supposed none of the impurities of the corpse can infect the elements, at all events directly. And everything that can be thought of is done to dispel the gloomy thoughts which some parts of the process naturally engender. The chapels are situated in a beautiful garden, where those who attend the funeral may sit and enjoy the beauty of flowers and flowing shrubs. Those who deposit the corpses in the towers go through a purification, and the garments they wear when in the Tower of Silence are put away in another tower erected for the sole purpose of receiving them, and there they moulder away. I saw this tower so filled that the wind was stirring the topmost clothes on the very brim of the building. For the rest, Parsees believe in the resurrection, but their creed is that the body raised will be a spiritual and a glorified body.

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Stumbling into his room, he sat down on the edge of the bed and soliloquized thus: "Feet wet, tight boots, a sore on one hand an' a felon on the t'other, and no boot jack in z' house. Sings got to be dfrent. E'ther I must get married, else get a boot-jack; whi' shall I do?"

A mother and father are trying to force their daughter to marry. Daughter (loquiter)—"There are many reasons why I don't want to marry him; in the first place he is too hideous and stupid." Mother (with dignity)—"Stephanie, did I not marry your father?"

Every mouth learns for itself that the candle burns. Every night, while the candle lasts, the slaughter goes on, and leaves its wingless and dead around it. The light is beautiful, and warm, and attractive; and, unscared by the dead, the foolish creatures rush into the flames, and drop, hopelessly signed, their little lives despoiled.

It has been supposed that men have reason, and a moral sense. It has been supposed that they observe, draw conclusions and learn by experience. Indeed, they have been in the habit of looking down upon the animal world as a group of inferior beings, and as subjects of commiseration on account of their defenselessness, yet there is a large class of men, reproduced by every passing generation, that do exactly what the moths do, and die exactly as the moths die. They learn nothing by observation or experience. They draw no conclusions, save those which are fatal to themselves. Around a certain class of brilliant temptations they gather, night after night, and with singed wings or lifeless bodies, they strew the ground around them. No instructions, no expostulations, no observation of ruin, no sense of duty, no remonstrance of conscience, have any effect upon them. If they were moths in fact they could not be sillier or more obtuse. They are, indeed, so far under the domination of their animal natures that they act like animals, and sacrifice themselves in flames that the world's experience has shown to be fatal.

A single passion, which need not be named—further than to say that, when hallowed by love and a legitimate gift of life to life, it is pure as any passion of the soul—is one of the candles around which the human moths lie in myriads of disgusting deaths. If anything has been proved by the observation and experience of the world, it is that licentiousness, and all illicit gratification of the passion involved in it, are killing sins against a man's own nature, that by it the wings are singed not only, but body and soul are degraded and spoiled. Out of all illicit indulgence come weakness, a perverted moral nature, degradation of character, gross beastliness, benumbed sensibilities, a disgusting life, and a disgraceful death. Before its baleful fire the sanctity of womanhood fades away, the romance of life dies, and the beautiful world looses all its charm. The lives wrecked upon the rock of sensuality are strewn in every direction. Again and again, with endless repetition, young men yield to the song of the siren that beguiles them to their death. They learn nothing, they see nothing, they know nothing but their wild desire, and on they go to destruction and the devil.

Every young man who reads this article has two lives before him. He may choose either. He may throw himself away on a few illegitimate delights, which cover his brow with shame in the presence of his mother, and become an old man before his time, with all the wine drained out of his life, or he may grow up into a pure, strong manhood, held in healthy relation to the joys that pertain to that high estate. He may be a beast in his heart; he may have a wife whom he worships, children whom he delights in, a self-respect which enables him to meet unabashed and noblest woman, and an undisputed place in good society. He may have a dirty imagination, or one that hates or spurns all impurity as both disgusting and poisonous. In brief, he may be a man, with a man's powers or immunities, or a sham of a man—or a white sepulchre—conscious that he carries with him his own dead bones, and all uncleanliness. It is a matter entirely of choice. He knows what one life is and where it ends. He knows the essential quality and destiny of the other. The man who says he cannot control himself not only lies, but places his Maker in blame. He can control himself, and, if he does not, is both a fool and a beast. The sense of security and purity and self-respect that come of continence, entertained for a single day, is worth more than the illicit pleasures of a world for all time. The pure in heart see God in everything, and see Him everywhere, and they are supremely blest.

Wine and strong drink form another candle in which millions of men have singed themselves, and destroyed both body and soul. Here the signs of danger are more apparent than in the other form of sensuality, because there is less secrecy. The candle burns in open space, where all men can see it. Law sits behind and sanctions its burning. It pays a princely revenue to the government. Women flaunt their gauzes in it. Clergyman sweep their robes through it. Respectability uses it to light its banquets. In many regions of the country it is a highly respectable candle. Yet every year 60,000 persons in this country die of intemperance; and when we think of the blasted lives that live in want and misery, of wives in despair, of loves bruised and blotted out, of children disgraced, of alms-houses filled, of crimes committed through its influence, of industry extinguished, and of disease engendered, and remember that this has been going on for thousands of years, wherever wine has been known: what are we to think of the men who still press into the fire? Have they any more sense than the moths? It is almost enough to shake a man's faith in immortality to learn that he belongs to a race that manifest so little sense, and such hopeless recklessness.

There is just one way of safety, and only one, and a young man who stands at the beginning of his career can choose whether he will walk in it, or in the way of danger. There is a notion abroad among men that wine is good—that when properly used it has help in it—that in a certain way it is food, or a help in the digestion of food. We believe that no greater or more fatal hallucination ever possessed it for so long a time.

Wine is a medicine, and men would take no more of it than of any other medicine if it were not pleasant in its taste, and agreeable in its first effects. The men who drink it, drink it because they like it. The theories as to its healthfulness come afterwards. The world cheats itself, and tries to cheat itself in this thing; and the priests who prate of "using this world as not abusing it," and the chemists who claim a sort of nutritious property in alchohol which never adds to tissue (!) and the men who make a jest of water-drinking, all know perfectly well that wine and strong drink always have done more harm than good in the world, and always will until that millenium comes whose feet are constantly tripped from under it by the drunkards that lie prone in its path. The millenium with a grog shop at every corner is just as impossible as security with a burglar at every window, or in every room in the house. All men know that drink is a curse, yet young men sport around it as if there were something very desirable in it, and sport until they are hopelessly singed, and then join the great, sad army, that with undiminished numbers, presses on to its certain death.

We do not like to become an exhorter in these columns, but if it were necessary, we would plead with young men upon weary knees to touch not the accursed thing. Total abstinence, now and forever, is the only guaranty in existence against a drunkard's life and death, and there is no good that can possibly come to a man by drinking. Keep out of the candle. It will always singe your wings or destroy you.—*By Dr. Holland, in Scribner's Magazine.*

BATTLES AND STORMS.

It has been observed for many centuries that storms, meteorological changes of a striking nature, occur during or at the close of great battles Whether these results are coincidences, or as the sequence of physical disturbances in the atmosphere. is a question not decisively settled Of the fact that storms do occur in close connection with battles there is no doubt. During the late war in this country, hardly an action of any magnitude took place, which was not accompanied with wind and rain. The operations on the Peninsula under McClellan, were apparently productive of continuous rains, and in the great fights around Richmond and Petersburg meteorlogical disturbtnces occurred which at times seriously impeded military operations. So too abroad. The loss of the great battle of Solferino was attributed by the Austrian commander to terrific thunder storms which broke upon the field and obscured the movements of the powerful masses of the enemy. The decisive battle of Sadowa, which closed the Austro-Prussian war in 1866, was in like manner accompanied by a violent storm. Napoleon was heard to remark that so certain was he of causing rain by the explosions of his artillery during battle, that he disposed his troops in a way to take advantage of clouds when formed.

No reasonable objections can be urged against the theory that great explosions, producing violent concussions in the air, may change its hygrometic conditions and cause condensation of moisture. Beside the disruptive effects produced in a great battle, there is the evolution of much heat from the combustion of gunpowder and from the massing together of large bodies of men. Altogether, it is not difficult to find a satisfactory cause for sudden meteorological changes during great battles, and therefore wind and rain are not to be regarded as simply coincident with active proceedings in war. It may be urged that our national anniversary, the Fourth of July, is usually clear, nothwithstanding the vast amounts of gunpowder burned in all parts of the country. This does not, however, meet the case; the explosions occur all over the country and are comparatively upon a small scale. There is not usually a decided concentration of noise at any one point. If this occurs, a shower is pretty certain to take place. Last year the day was particularly noisy in Eastern Massachusetts, and in the afternoon the most violent thunder-storm of the season burst over that section of country. The question is one of much interest to meterologists, and is worthy of more careful consideration than it has received.—*Journal of Chemistry.*

LOVER AND HUSBAND.—Perhaps there is no more painful time in a woman's life than the time of transition, when the assiduous husband is passing into the matter-of-fact husband, and the wooer is gradually changing into the master. Women, who are so much more sensitive than men, more sentimental, too, and less content to trust in silence to an undemonstrative affection, are for the most part happy only while they are being made love to. It is not enough to be loved; they want to be told twenty times a day, and to have the harmonies of life enriched by a crowd of "occasional notes" embroidering the solid substance by which they live.

Men, on the contrary, get tired of making love. When they have wooed and won, they are content to be quiet and take all the rest for granted. They are not cold, however, because they are secure; and to most—and those the best—practical kindness is better than flattery, security ranks before excitement and hysteria, and life passed in serene friendship, fearing no evil, knowing no break, and needing no praising, is better than life passed in a perpetual turmoil of passion, where there are scenes and tears, and doubt and broken hearts, if there are not endless courtship and fatiguing demonstrations.

SHALL WE PRAY.—If it were not for prayer who could abide the ills of life? How can any one help crying out when in jeopardy or anguish of soul? The rough, thoughtless sailor when the storm sweeps down upon him threatening to engulf him, and human aid seems futile, will always call upon God for protection, and surely the good man will prize the privilege of seeking divine aid. Even the dying Stephen prayed, "Lord Jesus receive my spirit."—*Ex.*

It was scarcely more than an hour's drive along a quiet country road. For a mile or two the reluctant village straggled after. Then we passed solitary farmhouse and laborers' cottages, a vinyard, an old graveyard and the rugged sides of a rocky hill. And then a little belt of wooded swamp lands stretched out its arms of fir, and pine, and hemlock, full of spicy odors, and merry little birds, and squirrels and gray rabbits, all the summer long. In the winter this was the place where the faries hung out their washingh, and sometimes their pearls and diamonds. Beyond, the road grew rougher and narrower, winding up hill and down hill, over tumbling brooks and by a noisy river.

But every rod of the way was as familiar as our father's house. We knew where and when to look for the waxen cups of shining laurel, for pink azaleas, for the earliest May flowers, and the latest trails of clematis and swinging southern moss. We knew, too, when a meadow fence had been built, or mended, and saw, with ready interest, every patch of new shingles on a wayside house or barn. We noted whose haying was coming on earliest, whose woodpile was largest, and whose corn promised best: while every face we met was the face of a friend. So with many a nod and smile, and word of neighborly greeting we drove at last faster, as we came to the end of our journey, up to our father's door.

They had heard from within the sound of our coming wheels, and there, on the threshold, stood our mother, smiling, and stretching out her hands. Presently, from across the street, and across the gardens, one and another of our friends came in, always so glad to see us. Glad to see us for ourselves, and glad for the ripple of outside life we brought to the quiet neighborhood. The table was laid with the choicest of farm and dairy; the little family troubles were brought out for consideration and sympathy as well as the family joys; and for our brief stay were the centre of the household and neighborhood.

But of all the pleasures of the welcome home, the smiling mother with the outstretched hands is the dearest symbol now. It is eight years since the eager hands were folded for their rest under the grass on the hillside. Folded forever? We go and come, and come and go, but they becken nevermore. We see the white headstone that says so little, and yet so much, from the windows of the room that was hers, but we see nothing besides.

Has that loving heart forgotten then? Are the hands to be stretched out to us never again? Are the swift feet stayed forever in their coming? No! No! It is only that our journey home is not yet accomplished. This empty, hungry, aching "mother-want" will be some day satisfied.

We are on our journey, up hill and down hill, and in all sorts of weather. Along familiar scenes, and among friendly faces. Nearer and nearer, faster and faster, Already they, within the vail, may have heard the sound of our coming, and be pressing to meet us with out-stretching welcome. The things which God hath prepared have not entered into the heart of a man, but we have each our own thought and expectation of heaven. And for me, my heaven is as a going home. And as the heavens are higher than the earth, so will be the joy of that home coming higher than the joy of this.

Temperamce Influence.—It is a common mode of argument among those who excuse themselves for dissipation, by saying: "What good is done by temperance societies and speeches? There is just as much drinking as ever." I have always insisted that a rapid change had taken place in relation to using stimulants. It is now unpopular to be seen about tippling houses. If a man wants employment, the question is asked, "does he drink?" If a young man is to be married, the first question is, "does he drink?" If he applies for membership in the Masonic, Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias or other orders, the question is, "does he drink?" And so it is, all business is governed by the principle of temperance; no man has the confidence of his neighbor if he drinks. The newspaper organs of the order have hoisted the banner of temperance; some of the Masonic Lodges have established as a rule that a drinking man, or one who deals in liquor, is not fit for membership.—*California Rescue.*

Woman.—Woman is a very nice, and a very complicated machine. Her springs are indefinitely delicate and differ from those of a man very nearly as the works of a repeating watch do from those of a town clock. Look at her body; how delicately formed! Examine her sense; how exquisite and nice! Observe her understanding; how subtle and acute! But look into her heart; there is the patchwork, composed of parts so wonderfully combined that they must be seen through a microscope to be clearly comprehended. The perception of a woman is as quick as lightning; ask her how she formed it, and she cannot answer the question. As the perception of a woman is uncommonly quick, so their souls and imaginations are uncommonly susceptible. If few women write, they all talk; and every one may judge of them in this point from every circle they go into. Spirit in conversation depends entirely upon fancy, and women all over the world talk better than men. Have they a character to portray, or a figure to describe, ~~they~~ give but three traits, either the one or the other, and the character is known or the figure is before your eyes

The recuperative forces of childhood are at times extraordinary. The boy who left school, sick at 10 o'clock in the morning will go to the circus at 2 P. M. the same day, fall off a seat sixteen feet high, and never hurt himself enough to miss more than four or five seconds of the performance.

Our own ancestry in England and Scotland have observed some very funny customs within the last three centuries. At one time valentines were fashionable among the nobility, and, while still selected by lot, it became the duty of a gentleman to give to the lady who fell to his lot a handsome present. Pieces of jewelry costing thousands of dollars were not unusual, though smaller things, as gloves, were more common.

A gossippy old gentleman named Pepys, whose private diary has come to afford great interest and amusement to our times, tells how he sent his wife silk garters and stockings for her valentine. And one year, he says, his own wife chanced to be his valentine, and grumbles that it will cost him five pounds.

There was a tradition among the country people that every bird chose its mate on Valentine's day; and at one time it was the custom for young folks to go out before daylight on the morning and try to catch an owl and two sparrows in a net. If they succeeded, it was a good omen, and entitled them to gifts from the villagers. Another fashion among them was to write the valentine, tie it to an apple or an orange, and steal up to the house of the chosen one in the evening, open the door quietly, and throw it in.

The drollest valentine I ever heard of belongs to those old times in England, and consisted of the rib of a small animal wrapped in white satin ribbon, which was tied in true lover's knots in several places. This elegant and suggestive gift was sent to a bachelor, and accompanied with verses:

> "Go contemplate this lovely sign,
> Haste thee away to Reason's shrine,
> And listen to her voice:
> No more illusive shades pursue,
> To happiness this gives the clue,
> Make but a prudent choice."

So far, it is uncertain whether or not the lines refer to the pleasures of eating, suggested (to modern minds) by a rib. But they go on to explain:

> "Till Adam had a partner given,
> Much as fair Eden bloomed like heaven,
> His bliss was incomplete;
> No social friend these joys to share,
> Gave the gay scene a vacant air:
> She came—'twas all replete!"

which leaves nothing to be desired, I'm sure.

Those were the days of charms, and of course the rural maidens had a sure and infallible charm foretelling the future husband. On the eve of St. Valentine's day, the anxious damsel prepared for sleep by pinning to her pillow five bay leaves, one at each corner and one in the middle (which must have been delightful to sleep on, by the way). If she dreamed of her sweetheart, she was sure to marry him before the end of the year.

But to make a "dead sure" thing, the candidate for matrimony must boil an egg hard, take out the yolk, and fill its place with salt. Just before going to bed, she must eat egg, salt, shell and all, and neither speak nor drink after it. If that wouldn't insure her a vivid dream, there surely could be no virtue in charms.—*Olive Thorne, St. Nicholas for February.*

The World's Population.—A paper was read before the Manchester Statistical Society a short time ago, calling attention to the researches of the German statisticians, Behm and Wagner, with respect to the population of the world. Of the many estimates of the number of inhabitants of our globe, none are accounted trustworthy. In 1685, Vesuvius estimated that there were 5,000,000,000. Behm and Wagner set down the number at the present time at 1,391,030,000. The subjects of Victoria are rated at 300,000,000. Russia has a population of 82,000,000. India, supposed to be the most populous country on the face of the globe, has probably 300,000,000 inhabitants. China is said to have 400,000,000 inhabitants, but the estimate is undoubtedly grossly exaggerated. The population of South America has been checked by internal discord. In Paraguay there is said to have been an actual loss of 337,000. An estimate based upon the growth of Great Britain and the United States gives to the former country in the year 2000 a population of 546,000,000, and to the latter of 91,000,000.

NOTES ON THE INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.

FEBRUARY 20, 1876.

2 Sam. v: 17-25. Golden Text—2 Chron. xx: 20.

First Quarter. Lesson VIII.

David's first anointing as King has already come under our notice (I Sam., xvi.) The second anointing took place at Hebron (2 Sam. ii.) This was done by Judah; the other tribes recognized Ishbosheth, the son of Saul, as their king (2 Sam. II: 8-10). David was thirty years old at this time. The third anointing was as King over all the tribes (2 Sam. v: 1-3) It occurred seven years and six months after the previous one. The representatives of the tribes who were present at Hebron on this occasion numbered 280,000 (1 Chron. xii: 23-40). "King David made a league with them in Hebron before the Lord." "They had no intention of placing their rights at the disposal of the king. Certain conditions were agreed to on both sides, defining his rights and theirs; and where such conditions exist, the monarchy is constitutional, not absolute."

In our present lesson we see David's throne established thro' the two-fold attack and defeat of the Philistines.

I. (a.) The first attack; vs. 17-19. During the civil dissensions among the tribes the Philistines had remained quiet, probably because they hoped that in this way they would destroy themselves, and feared that any interference on their part with the family quarrel might lead to union and combination of all the tribes. But as soon as they learned that these dissensions were healed and David anointed King over all the people, they felt that it was necessary to strike an immediate blow and crash the government in its infancy. They were no doubt emboldened by their past success during the reign of Saul. But they forgot or saw not the great difference in the two cases; that Jehovah who had rejected Saul, fought for David. By this attack they freed David from any embarrassment about warring against those who had formerly protected him. The stolid courage of the Philistines is apparent in this—that tho' David had so gloriously triumphed over them fifteen years before, they came up to seek David. The latter was not ready in human appearance for the conflict; so he went down to the hold, probably the cave of Adullam (1 Sam. xxii: 4); or it may have a more general sense and denote the mountain stronghold in the desert of Judah where David withdrew for so long a time to defend himself from Saul (1 Chron. xii: 16). The battle-ground chosen by the Philistines was the Valley of Rephaim (*i. e.*, of the giants). "On the west side of the Valley of Hinnom rises a bare, rocky ridge, beyond which commences an upland plain, considerably lower than the ridge but almost on a level with the city. It extends southward towards Bethlehem more than a mile; declining gradually on the southwest, it contracts at length into a narrow and deep valley called Wady-el-Werd. The plain is flat and fertile, but is shut in on all sides by rocky hill-tops and ridges. This appears to be the Valley of Rephaim."—*Porter.*

In the hold David sought advice and direction of the Lord. He had with him the High Priest with the Urim and Thummim (Light and Truth)—the means appointed by God for ascertaining his will on theocratic questions. David recognized that he ruled through God's will for God's glory, and he felt his entire dependence upon His guidance and strength. The spirit of Jehovah led him always—except on one or two occasions during his exile—and that was the secret of his great success. His inquiry in the present case is two-fold —(1) as to duty, and (2) as to success. God gave him a positive, clear answer. The victory was to be the Lord's.

(b.) The Defeat of the Philistines; v. 20. Encouraged and led by the spirit of Jehovah, David went up to the valley of Rephaim and charged the vast enemy. They reeled and fled before him in great confusion and fear. How graphic and succinct the description! "David smote them there." With true humility and piety he acknowledged the Lord's goodness. "The Lord hath broken forth, &c.;" *i. e.*, God has smitten them before me and broken their power as a flood breaks through and carries away whatever opposes it. It is a grand figure and worthy of a great poet. In commemoration of the Lord's breaking forth upon his enemies, David called the place Baal-perazim; *i.e.*, "Lord of breaches."

Nothing speaks more clearly the sudden and complete rout of the Philistines than the fact that they left their images behind them on the field; v. 21. These idols were evidently of wood. They had brought them to the war, as the Israelites once did their Ark, to encourage their army and secure victory. David's disposition of these was according to the Law; (Deut. vii:5,24). Thus by a wonderful instance of poetic justice, David avenged the disgrace brought upon Israel by the Philistines, when they carried away the Ark.

II. (a). The Second Attack. vs. 22-24. The Philistines, nought dismayed, came up again to the same valley, probably with increased force. The stubborn, persistent courage of this people is very noticeable all thro' their history. What period intervened between these comings up we cannot certainly determine. Again David sought direction of the Lord by Urim and Thummim. The answer was somewhat different. He was not to assail them directly in front this time, but to make a circuit and come out secretly behind them, over against a certain mulberry plantation. The battle was to be the Lord's, and hence David was simply to follow Jehovah in his movements. So a sign was given. It was "the sound of a going in the tops of the mulbery trees." That is, the wind would produce a sound in the tops of the trees like the marching of an invisible army, and this would be a sign that the host of God was moving against his enemy and David's. Then the King would know that the battle had begun, and he must be sharp, quick and active.

(b). The Second defeat. v.25. David obeyed the Lord's direction fully and the result was another great victory. He routed the Philistines from Geba to the neighborhood of Gazer. Geba is the same as Gibeon, (1 Chron. xiv:16). It is a low, isolated hill about six miles north-west of Jerusalem on their way to Gazer. Gazer is the same as Gezor (probably a *precipice*), a Canaanitish royal city between Beth Horon and and the Mediterranean, on the south-western border of Ephraim. Both of these victories seem to belong to the period between the anointing of David at Hebron over all Israel and the conquest of the citadel of Zion.

Lessons. 1. In King David we see a picture of the Messiah in the present dispensation of his Kingdom. The heathen rage and the kings of the earth set themselves against him in vain (Ps. II). Christ's enemies meet together in the Vally of Giants, but out of the mouth of babes and sucklings he perfects praise. (St. Matt. xi:25). The time is coming when he shall be established and recognized as King of Kings and Lord of Lords (Rev. xix).

2. Every believer should use discretion in opposing evil. It may be necessary sometimes to retreat temporarily to some hold until the way is open for attack and victory. We must not go before we are sent, nor disregard the openings of Providence.

3. Every believer is now a High Priest with God, and has a Urim and Thummim for his own use. He has the "light" of the Spirit and the "Truth" of the Word. He can always obtain God's direction and know his will. "They shall all be taught of God."

4. We need never fear defeat when God says, "Go up?" It matters not how numerous and strong may be the enemy. "If God be for us, who can be against us?"

5. We must not defile ourselves with the idols of this world. 1 John II:15-16.

6. We must not think because we have conquered sin once that our wareface is ended. The Devil never knows when he is beaten. He will not stay whipped. He follows us to the very threshold of Heaven.

7. God gives his people gracious indications of his presence and march to victory. We can always hear the going in the tops of the trees, if we listen for it. The spiritual can hear the delicate wavings of the Spirit as he moves among men. When God is about to revive his work, he lets his praying servants know his purpose.

8. "Observe tho' God promised to go before them and smite the Philistines, yet David must bestir himself and be ready to pursue the victory. Note, God's grace must quicken our endeavors. If God work in us both to will and to do, it does not follow that we must sit still, as those who have nothing to do, but we must therefore work out our salvation with all possible care and diligence." (Henry).

"I'm glad that this coffee don't owe me anything," said Brown, a boarder at the breakfast table. "Why?" said Smith. "Because I don't believe it would ever settle!"