The Bradford Reporter.

G. W. ALVORD, Publisher. REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER. $2 per Annum in Advance.

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TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

☞ Ad vertising 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.

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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. [may875.
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. jly11-73.

WOOD & SANDERSON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
AS. WOOD. [may273 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 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 Paxton's Store, Towanda, Pa.
J. ANDREW WILT. WM. MAXWELL.
(May be consulted in German.)
apr2675.

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,
Oct14-75. 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 Orphans' and Register's Courts.
E. OVERTON, JR. (apr14-70) N. C. ELSBREE.

MADILL & CALIFF,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Office in Wood's Block, first door south of the First National bank, upstairs.
H. J. MADILL. [jan5-73ly] J. N. CALIFF.

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. [Jan5-76.

GEORGE W. BRINK, Justice of the Peace and Conveyancer. Also Insurance Agent, LeRaysville, Pa.
March 18-3?.

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

DR. S. M. WOODBURN, Physician and Surgeon. Office over O. A. Black's Crockery store.
Towanda, May 1, 1873ly*.

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 Aluminum base. Teeth extracted without pain.
Oct. 34-72.

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 apparatus.
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. corn Second and Elizabeth streets.
J. E. FLEMING.
oct5-71. Box 211, Towanda, Pa.

J. C. BIXBEE, CARRIAGE PAINTER AND DECORATOR. 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,
PHŒNIX,
HOME,
MERCHANTS.
March 19-74. O. A. BLAKE.

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 line, always on hand.
FAMILIES BROUGHT OVER AT REDUCED RATES;
highest price paid for U. S., Bonds, Gold and Silver.
JOS. POWELL, President. N. N. 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,

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 CASSIMERES at 75c to 2 00
BLACK SILKS at $1 00 to 4 00
CAMISE, 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 7 to 2 cents a yard. Bleached Muslins from 1 to 3 cents a yard.

KENT & BLISS.

Towanda, Pa., Nov. 22, 1875.

Selected Poetry.

O WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD.

O why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a fast-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around and together be laid;
And the young and the old and the low and the high,
Shall moulder to dust and together shall lie.

The child whom a mother attended and loved;
The mother that infant's affection who proved;
The husband that mother and infant who blessed,
Each, all, are away to their dwelling of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, on whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are by;
And the memory of those who loved her and praised
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king who the sceptre hath borne;
The brow of the priest who the mitre hath worn;
The eye of the sage and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap;
The hardman, who climbed with his goats to the steep;
The beggar who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint who enjoyed the communion of heaven,
The sinner who dared to remain unforgiven,
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flower and the weed
That wither away to let others succeed;
To the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same that our fathers have been;
We see the same sights that our fathers have seen—
We drink the same stream, we feel the same sun—
And we run the same course that our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think;
From the death we are shrinking, they too would shrink;
To the life we are clinging they too would cling;
But it speeds from earth like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but their story we cannot unfold;
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved, but no wail from their slumber may come;
They joyed but the voice of their gladness is dumb.

They died: aye! they died; and we things that are now,
Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
Who make in their dwellings a transient abode,
Must the changes they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea, hope and despondence, and pleasure and pain,
Are mingled together like sunshine and rain;
And the smile and the tear, and the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud—
O why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

Miscellaneous.

Adventure With Robbers.

BY PAUL PLUME.

A severe storm kept me at Vaubani's ranche for several days, and during the time I had to resort to many expedients in order to relieve the monotony of the situation. I played cards and chess with Don Jose, but he being an indifferent hand at these games, they consequently gave me but little amusement. The thought occurred to me that the old man might afford me some entertainment by the narration of some points in his early life. I therefore adroitly introduced topics that I knew would lead to the subject, and pretty soon got him talking about the past.

"When I was about twenty years old," began Don Jose, I went to live with Don Refugio Torres at his hacienda on Escondido Creek. It was just three leagues distant from Durango, therefore nothing of a ride. I was employed in the capacity of an under superior of the cattle, and received my orders from Pedro Rivas, the major-domo, for Don Refugo was a very quiet, indolent and easy man, and troubled himself very little about business, the management of which he left entirely to Rivas.

"For some cause or other—I never could find out what—the major-domo took a great dislike to me, and, being a surly man, I got from him nothing but an abundance of hard work, and no small quantity of ill will. I went to Don Refugio with an excellant recommendation from my former employers, and as my mother had been a sort of distant connection in the Terres' family, Don Refugio looked upon me with a certain degree of favor that was not accorded to every person on his place.

"We used to raise a good many cattle on Escondido Creek, and send them to Durango for sale. The herders always drove the beasts there while I followed leisurely in the rear until they arrived, when our agent would sell them and pay over the money to me, which I would secure on my person and bring to Don Refugio.

"I had been at the hacienda about a year when one of my friends made me a present of a fine blood-hound which I named Moro. The animal was but three months old when I got him, and as he grew to strength and stature he became very much attached to me. I really loved that animal, for though he had a savage nature, he was gentle as a lamb to me. He accompanied me wherever I went, and slept at the foot of my bed. It seemed to me that he was the only real friend I had in the world.

"One autumn evening, Pedro Rivas informed me that some cattle would start the following morning for Durango, and as one of the herders was sick, I would have to assist in driving them. At first I inclined to resent what I considered as an affront and a trick to mortify me; but, upon second thought, I concluded to have no words with him, as he might make it a cause of complaint to Don Refugio. Therefore, the next morning saw me on the saddle with one herder to accompany me, and my faithful Moro trotting by my side. There were thirty head of cattle in all, bearing Don Refugio's brand. The herder I had was named Benito, a surly fellow, who did nothing but grumble from morning till night, and get drunk every time he could obtain *pulpue*. You can imagine I wished the journey soon over, and pushed the drove on as fast as possible, so as not to be long on the road. It was always a rule of my life never to shrink from any task imposed upon me, and never evince any unwillingness at the imposition, so I journeyed along, whistling and talking to Moro, but paying little attention to the ill-natured Benito. We reached Durango in time for the great fair, which they have every year, and our agent speedily sold the cattle for a good price, and turned the money over to me to take back to Don Refugio. I always made it a custom to stop at the Fonda del Bomba, for Juanita the pretty daughter of the proprietor, was a great favorite of mine and I hoped some day to marry her when I was better off in life. A young man always looks forward to making money, and notwithstanding my situation yielding me only enough to support myself, still I thought there would come a turn in my affairs whereby I could claim Juanita for my bride.

"I found my sweetheart on the watch for me, for she had heard from a traveler that I was on the road, I spent two days in her company, and got ready to depart, when suddenly I discovered that Moro was missing. I searched about the stables for him, but he was nowhere to be found. I couldn't account for his absence, and was quite sure he wouldn't follow any one, for he had a certain ferocity towards strangers that made it unsafe for them to meddle with him.

"But Moro was gone, and I had to return, and the idea of going without him made me feel very unhappy. I had sent the herder, Benito, ahead of me the previous day, as I did not wish the fellow's society. Just as I was bidding Juanita good-bye, a Mexican passed through the room, and asked me to describe my dog. When I had done so, he remarked: "I saw two men about an hour ago have such a dog which they were leading away by a rope." He could not give me direction they took, but I determined to watch the roads as I rode along, in hopes of seeing my dog."

"Twelve miles out of Durango was a small farm, which stood a half mile off the road, I had almost arrived opposite to it when a heavy storm broke in full force upon me, and compelled me to ride to the place and crave a shelter. It was quite dark when I knocked at the door, and, to my astonishment, the man whom I had met at the Fonda del Bomba, asked me to enter, and took my horse and gave it to a boy to put in the stable. Suddenly I heard several sharp barks, which I at once recognized as Moro's. I made no remark, however, fearing I might be mistaken after all, but went up to the room he showed me, and sat down by the side of the tallow candle which afforded me light. Something made me suspicious of the man, and I determined not to go to sleep. The gold I had from the sale of the cattle I carried in the belt at my waist. The man evidently knew I had money. I looked at my pistols which I always carried, and found they were ready for use at a moment's notice. As I laid them down beside me, I heard a snuffing at my door. Getting up I opened it cautiously, and, to my joy, Moro, bounded into me, and commenced licking my hands. I fairly hugged him, as I exclaimed, 'We won't part again, my friend.'"

"If I had suspicions before, they were confirmed now. Mr poor dog had escaped from the man's custody, and came to warn me of his treachery. I looked out the window. It wasn't very high from the ground, but it was impossible to jump from it, because there was a hot house with a glass roof directly under where I must fall."

"About midnight I heard a couple of men ride up, and dismounting, they entered. I picked my ears to hear the conversation, and soon learned they were talking of me. One of them seemed to be dissenting from his comrades."

'I won't do it,' he said, 'I'm getting tired of these jobs. I killed the peddler, and then I vowed I would shed no more blood, and I won't either. You must do it yourself, if it is to be done."

At this there was an angry discussion, and one of the party exclaimed:

"Well, we can do it without you, but you understand you have no division in the spoil."

"I don't understand anything of the kind," returned the other, "didn't I take his horse and hide him in the chapparal?"

"A big feat laughed the others."

"I now trembled for I knew my horse was gone, and I would have to escape on foot, if escaped at all. I drew my money belt tightly around me and placed my hand on Moro's head. 'We'll have to make a dash, old boy,' I whispered. The animal seemed to comprehend my situation, for he looked into my face and, growling low, showed his sharp, white teeth."

"Taking a pistol in each hand, I crept quietly down stairs, with Moro following at my heels, Peeping through the door, I saw my host and his two friends seated by the table, drinking."

"Now," thought I, "is my time." Giving the door a kick open, I cried, 'Seize them Moro!' and the same time discharged both my pistols at the group."

"Like a lion Moro sprang upon the men, and I dashed through the room and gained the road with my dog by my side. As there was no pursuit, I hurried on as fast as I could, till I overtook a man riding a mule. On the payment of a small sum of money I got up behind him and arrived at my home about noon."

"When I had delivered the money and Don Refugio had heard my story, he at once collected some men and set off for the house where I had made my exploit. The owner of the house was dead, shot through the lungs, and he proved to be a relative of Rivas, the major-domo. The other parties had escaped."

"Shortly after Don Refugio discharged Rivas, and I took his place. From that day I date my good fortune. Juanita and myself were soon married, and Moro was loved and petted by my wife to the day he died, which was at a good old age. Some years after three robbers were executed in Durango, and Pedro Rivas was one of them."

DIPTHERIA.

WHAT IT IS—NATURE—COURSE—TREATMENT.

There is no disease at this time that is more dreaded, more talked about, and less understood by the public, than diptheria. Most persons who speak with great confidence in their knowledge of the disease derive their little stock of information from impudent medical pretenders, who have themselves no exact knowledge of what they speak. So many false impressions exist in the minds of non-professional people that a short description of the disease, derived from responsible authorities, will doubtless be interesting to our readers.

The term diptheria is derived from a Greek word, signifying a skin or membrane. It is an epidemic sore throat of great severity, due to poisoning of the blood. It is attended with much prostation and characterized by the exudation of false membranes on the tonsils and adjacent parts. When it does not end fatally, it is often temporarily followed by an alteration in the voice, partial paralysis of the muscles of deglutition, weakness of the upper extremities, anæmia, and impaired vision. There is no doubt whatever that the disease prevailed extensively at different times in the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. In France an epidemic broke out in 1818, which was described by Bretonnean under the name of diptheria, in memoirs communicated to the Academie Royale de medicine, in 1821. The disease prevailed from time to time, but did not attract any very great attention from English or American physicians until the outbreak of an epidemic in Boulogne, in January, 1855, followed shortly after in this country by prevailing sore throat of a severe character. Since that time the disease has existed more or less, in the form of an epidemic all over the country.

Diptheria is a specific blood disease, which runs a rapid course. It is a spreading inflamation of the fauces, gullet and respiratory tract, with the exudation of lymph. In some instances it is confined to the mucus membrane of the nassal passage, recovery or death occurring before the morbid action has extended very extensively to the adjoining structures. The lymphatic glands of the neck often become swollen and tender, especially in scrofulous persons.

Diptheria and scarlet fever sometimes occur as epidemics in the same district, while occasionally they coexist in one individual. This will account for the impression that some entertain that diptheria is only scarlet fever without an eruption. There is now and then, in modified scarlet fever, an exudation resembling the diptheretic membrane. While they resemble each other in many features, investigation shows that they are perfectly distinct diseases. Very few persons indeed suffer more than once from scarlet fever. An attack of diptheria may, at any time, be followed by an attack as severe as the first. There is also a very marked difference in the sequelæ of the two affections. Diptheretic affections are contagious (not infectious). By contagion is understood the transmission of a disease from one person to another by direct or indirect contact. Contagion and infection are generally regarded as synonymous. Frequently contagion is applied to diseases not produced by contact, as measles, scarlet fever, etc., while infection is used for those that require positive contact, itch, etc., and conversely. Diseases which cannot be procured in any other way than by contagion are said to have their origin in specific contagion. Bretounean asserts, from the consideration of innumerable facts, that those who attend patients with diptheria cannot contract it, unless the diptheretic secretion, in the liquid pulverulent state, is placed in contact with a mucous membrane, or with a part of the skin denuded of epidermis.

By these means any sore can be converted in a diptheric appearance. Diptheria attacks all classes of persons and at all ages. Children are not liable to contract it. It is probably most fatal to the poor, or such as reside in damp situations and in badly drained houses; while spring and autumn appear to be the seasons when its ravages are greatest. Diptheria sets in very gradually, with feelings of depression and muscular debility, headache, nausea, slight diarrhea, chilliness and drowsiness. In some cases there is much less suffering, than in simple quinsy sore throat, and in fact, in many fatal cases there has been little more than a feeling of uneasiness. The duration of diptheria is commonly from twelve to fourteen days. The only remedies of any value given internally are those of a supporting nature. There is no specific for the disease. Any person stating otherwise is an imposter. So far as known, local treatment does not afford much benefit unless commenced in the early stage of the disease. Inhalations may then be of value; but the main reliance must be placed in the good nursing, hygiene of the sick room, and a supporting treatment to enable nature to work her wondrous cures. Of course, the physicians suggests the treatment to be pursued, as difficult and untoward features arise, but his skill is best displayed in the exercise of judgment of what to do and what not to do. In very difficult and forlorn cases, tracheotomy (opening the windpipe) is performed; this, however, is only resorted to in desperate cases. After convalescence nothing is so beneficial as change of air—particularly to the seaside. Beware of the quacks and imposters who deceive the public by making them believe that any and every little attack of simple sore throat is an attack of diptheria.

A FEMALE teacher in Maine recently attempted to chastise a boy, when he turned upon her and stabbed her with a gimlet. She has quit teaching since it has become such a bore to her.

TO A YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.

After marriage go to housekeeping. Do not allow any one to persuade you to board. If your means will not permit of renting and furnishing a whole house, get two or three rooms; there can be a world of happiness inside two compartments, and as it is your great wish to be happy and contented, begin with a good solid foundation. Vow you will live within your means, and keep that vow religiously. Do not be troubled if your friends Annie and Nellie are making a greater show with an equal income. You will get up after a while, when, perhaps, they will have to take rooms and reduce their expenses.

We take it for granted your husband is engaged in some occupation; now as he goes daily to his business you go to yours, determined to be a "help-meet" and not simply a "help eat."

Dress neatly, have your calico wrappers made for work, not with long trails suitable only for fine ladies who can afford Bridget; wear a plain linen color, or, if you prefer, one of calico made on the dress. Be well supplied with kitchen aprons and one of some heavy, coarse material for scrubbing, washing, etc., and do not be ashamed to be seen working. Your husband has to work for your bread and butter; is that a disgrace? You answer no; then 'tis none for you to aid him. Don't begin to apologize if a friend drops in and finds you at the wash-tub—you can be and are as much of a lady in the kitchen as in the parlor.

Arrange your work systematically; by so doing you will accomplish more—have time for visiting, receiving visitors, &c. Of two women we know, of equal means and time, one accomplishes one-third more than the other—never seems in a hurry, her house is as neat as a pin, herself likewise, while the other—how shall we describe her home! Go in with me; every chair full—"Oh, my! excuse the looks of the house; I am washing, baking, and trying to get some cleaning done, and had not time to make the bed and rid up." "No system there!" you mentally exclaim. 'Tis better to take Monday, if possible for your washing—you are less liable to be interrupted; Tuesday, ironing; Wednesday, sweeping, cleaning, etc.; Thursday, sewing; Friday, same; Saturday, baking, cleaning, etc.; Sabbath, rest—do not spend it in cooking all the time, visiting or receiving visitors.

As we urged you to be neat in your dress and house, be particular so in arranging your table; it is not necessary to have the finest linen, china or silver; of course, they are something to be desired, and we not undervalue either their beauty or their worth; but with a table covered with a fine white cloth, of course, neat stoneware (white and perfectly plain), good and wholesome victuals well cooked, you can raise yourself greatly in the esteem of a hungry man; no matter if you are not as handsome as you would like, you will get better looking in his eyes every day. Be cheerful, welcome your husband with not only a neat house, but a smile. He may have had many annoyances through the day, try and drive the thoughts of them away, and if it is tea, have an easy chair and the newspaper or favorite book where it will catch his eye on rising from the table. Tempt him to spend the long autumn and winter evenings at home with you, improving yourselves with useful reading, music, if you have the talent, etc. Get him a pair of slippers and make him a dressing gown. These will cost money and labor, but they will pay. Put the gown on the chair, the slippers near by, and if he puts these on, picks up his paper or book, you will have your husband safe for the evening. He will feel so very comfortable that it would take a good deal to get him out; and if business compels him to go, be assured he will soon return; and it behooves every good woman to do all she can to make her home attractive. The saloon keepers understand this power of attraction perfectly, and they are always ready to win your husband away from his home. They care not for the lonely, suffering wife and children.

THE DANGERS FROM GREAT CITIES.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, in his lecture in Philadelphia, recently on "The Political Situation," had this to say about great cities:

"Another danger is now menacing us. It comes from the nuclei of the nation, from the focus of which radiate an irresistible influence. I mean the great cities. The nineteenth century is a century of cities. These mass up men into a small space while the country is depleted. London doubles while England gains nothing. Boston and New York double while the States lag behind. But from these radiate the journals which mould public opinion, the greatest enterprises, and the energy which directs the force and the method of wealth. They are at once the brain and the hand of the State. Now it is an unanswerable statement that only the despotisms of Europe with their system of education, concentrated wealth and training for the army, can govern a great city. In this country with its boasted free institutions there is not a great city which within the last twenty five years has not at some time been in the hands of a mob. More than that, there is not one whose Chief Magistrate does not represent the crime of the city. Take any one half a million of men with one thousand millions of dollars, and there will always be found two distinct and prominent classes. One is progressive, the other conservative. Both are honest and both necessary. But between them stands a mass of men who don't know where to get the morrow's meal. They live on the edge of want, dragged up, not brought up. They are ready food and timber for the demagogue; they have no high aspirations, no many-sided life, and can only be approached by pandering to their temptations. At one end of a telegraph line is 5,000 grog-shops at the other end is Tweed. I am not referring particularly to persons. It would be another name in another city. But these two lowest classes of which I spoke have between them this criminal class demoralized by crime crawling in the lowest stratum of society. Their one vice which over-tops all others is the Anglo-Saxon vice of intemperance. One thousand club-men in London spend less for alcoholic liquors than one thousand workmen from the shipping yards of Portsmouth. The club-men are surrounded by wealth they have education, society, music, art, books, and travel, all of which give the stimulus which human nature needs. The workmen are uncultured and capable of nothing but physical pleasure, and they put all they have into this one channel of relief. This is why the lower classes, naturally become the tools of the demagogues, and I say it is not possible for either party in this country to elect a magistrate not agreeable to this criminal power. Both parties must provide an available candidate, or the weight of this class will be thrown on whichever side happens to be most likely to answer their vicious purposes. The Chief Magistrate of a great city, however honorable his desires or blameless his private life, could not have been elected without the support of this hidden but vicious power I do not see how a conflict of principles and classes is to be prevented; how the magistracy of a great city is to represent law, not crime. These two great powers—the criminal classes of the cities, and concentrated, intelligently and selfishly directed wealth are the perils we are to fear. One undermines the brain of the nation cities—the other makes vassals of the Legislatures of forty States. There is not a journal nor a lawyer nor a clergyman in them that dare peep or mutter till the railroad sets the time. Where is the remedy?

"POPPING THE QUESTION."

The *Saturday Review* has an article which it calls "Proposals," meaning proposals for marriage. Some of the various methods of "popping the question" are very good. As an instance of the serious method the following is very good:

"An Irish girl, who was very anxious that her scatter-brained brother should not be refused by the demure young Englishwoman with whom he had fallen desperately in love, implored him to try to propose with the seriousness becoming the occasion. He vowed solemnly that he would behave as if he were acting as chief mourner at his father's funeral. The demure young lady, in imitation of many of her countrywomen, graciously accepted her wild Irish lover.

She, however, confided to her bosom friend that Edmund had proposed in rather an odd way. He had taken her after church to see the family vault, and had there, in a sepulchral voice, asked her if she would like to lay her bones beside his bones. This he evidently thought was a proper way to fulfill the promise made to his sister of treating the matter with becoming seriousness.

There are the sly and oblique devices. When a man says to a girl, with whom he has waltzed several times, that, if ever he becomes a Benedict, he hopes his wife will exactly resemble and dress precisely as she does, if the girl answers, "You must ask papa," there may reasonably be a difference of opinion as to whether the pretty speech can be twisted into a proposal or not. When, however, a shy man, having got his mother to plead his cause, says to the beloved one, with a tremenduous gasp, "Won't you do the thing mother asked you?" there is no doubt that, to all intents and purposes, he has asked her to be his wife.

More than one proposal has been made by underscoring the lines in the marriage service, "Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?" and passing the book and pencil, during the sermon, to the adored one. It sometimes comes back with a faint but still visible stroke under the "I will."

A bold and audacious method is illustrated by the subjoined: The officer whose leave had nearly expired without his having been able to bring a pretty little coquette to the point of acknowledging that she cared for him even a little, wee bit, was not unwise to take her, ostensibly for the purpose of sketching, to the top of the church tower, to lock the staircase door, put the key in his pocket and vow that, if she did not promise solemnly to marry him within a month he would throw himself off the parapet before her eyes, key and all. Perhaps the loss of the latter was the more potent argument."

DON'T WORRY ABOUT YOURSELF.—To regain or recover health, persons should be relieved from all anxiety concerning diseases. The mind has power over the body. For a person to think he has a disease will often produce that disease. This we see effected when the mind is intensely concentrated upon the disease of another. It is found in the hospitals that surgeons and physicians who make a specialty of certain diseases, are liable to die of it themselves; and the mental power is so great that sometimes people die of diseases which they only have in imagination.

We have known a person to die of cancer in the stomach when he had no cancer or any other mortal disease. A blindfolded man, slightly pricked in the arm, has fainted and died from believing that he was bleeding to death. Therefore, well persons to remain well, should be cheerful and happy; and sick persons should have their attention drawn as much as possible from themselves. It is by their faith men are saved, and it is by their faith men die. If he wills not to die he can often live in spite of himself; and if he has little or no attachment for life he will slip away as easily as a child will fall asleep. Men live by their souls and not by their bodies. Their bodies have no life of themselves; they are only resources of life—tenements of their souls. The will has much to do in continuing the physical occupancy or giving it up.—*Journal of Health.*

CONFEDERATE MAKE-SHIFTS.

Every household became a nest of domestic manufactures, every farm had its cotton patch and its sorghum field. Spinning-wheels and looms, which in former days had been used for clothing the slaves on large plantations, but which during the era of cheap dry-goods were comparatively idle, were again set going. Ladies whose white hands were all unused to such labor learned to card, to spin, and to weave. Knitting became as fashionable in Southern parlors as it is in German homes. Homespun dresses were worn by the first ladies in the land, and she who was cleverest to contrive and deftest to execute had highest praise from her associates. Foreign dyes were well-nigh unattainable, and the woods at home were ransacked for the means of coloring the home-grown flax, wool and cotton. Black-walnut bark furnished a rich brown, varying in intensity with the strength of the dye; swamp-maple, a clear purple; pokeberries, a solferino, bright, but not durable; wild indigo gave a tolerable blue, and elderberries an unsatisfactory black. Indeed, no experiment with bark, root, leaf, or berry ever resulted in any substitute for logwood; and as black was the dye most needed for Southern garments in those dark days, the blockade-runners made it part of their regular cargo.

At one time in some sections of the South there was fearful destitution of salt. Speculators held it at enormous prices. Even the rich were forced to use it sparingly. The poor seemed likely to suffer for lack of it, and live stock were in many cases denied it altogether.

Barrels and boxes which had been used for packing salt fish or pork were soaked in water afterward, which was boiled down and evaporated for the sake of the salt thus extracted. The earthen floors of smoke-houses, into which the precious mineral had been trodden year after year, were dug up, and the earth given to cattle, or treated with water after the same manner as the salt-seasoned boards.

The government at Richmond came to the rescue, and seizing the salt-works throughout the country, issued regular rations to each family at nominal prices for the rest of the war. By this high-handed measure the people were saved from a salt famine.

Coffee was a luxury seldom enjoyed, and for which rye or wheat, toasted and ground, was the usual miserable substitute. Some quick-witted person conceived the idea of using sweet-potato chips instead. These made a more palatable drink, but were, after all, only a hollow mockery. Dried raspberry leaves were used for tea, and some people fell back upon sassafras, the North Carolinian beverage, grimly assuring those who scorned it that it was good for the blood and would save doctor's bills. Not a few eschewed all these transparent deceptions—if that may be called deception which deceived nobody—and when unable to afford milk, drank cold water with patient heroism.—*Harper's Magazine.*

LITERARY VIRILITY.—One of the most notable characteristics of such writers as Shakespeare, Scott, Thackery and Dickens, is what may be called, for lack of a better word, *virility*. They write like men. There is no dandyism or dilettanteism about them. If they deal with the passion of love, they deal with it heartily; but it is not the only passion which enters into their work. Hate, revenge, avarice, ambition, all play their part. Love is not the only passion which inspires them. It is not regarded as the begin-all, and the end-all of life. They deal with great questions and large affairs. They find themselves in a world where there is something to be done besides dawdling around petticoats and watching the light that dances in a curl. They do not exhaust themselves on flirtations or intrigues. They enter into sympathy with all the motives that stir society, all the interests that absord or concern it, and by this sympathy they touch the universal human heart. Their poems and novels are pictures of life in all its phases; and the homely joys a cottager's fire-side, the humble cares and ambitions of the simple hind, the disgusting "tricks and manners" of social shams, as well as the greedy ambitions of the miser or the politician, are depicted with the same fidelity to fact as the loves and relations of the sexes.—*Scribner.*

PERSONAL BEAUTY.—How eagerly men are engaged in the pursuit of beautiful women, and how little do they dream of its brief existence. This is undoubtedly in obedience to a supreme law growing out of our organization, for who does not love order, harmony, symmetry and perfection in all things? But in this eager pursuit it would be well to remember that there are qualities of far more importance than personal charms. True, we may be fascinated with a dark, lustrous and beautiful eye, a crimson blush of the cheek, a graceful, symmetrical form, but, after all, the inquiry should be, is there a soul within, is there elevation of thought, generous principle, noble purposes, cultivated intellect? If not, what else would a woman of beautiful personal appearance be but a doll or gilded toy? How long could a man of genius be induced to worship such a shrine? How long before his affections would assume the form of hatred or contempt? Powerful passions and strong affections almost invariably accompany the man of genius. Hence it is clear that unless personal charms envelop a cultivated mind, as well as the sterling qualities of virtue, the noblest impulses of affection in such a man will soon be extinguished, and the fondest hopes blasted in the selection of a partner for life.

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WM. MCGUIRE has been imprisoned in Philadelphia for biting off the nose of Mr. Rose. A rose without a nose will not smell as sweet.

NOTES ON THE INTERNATIONAL LESSON.

MARCH 12, 1876.

2 Sam. xvii-14.—GOLDEN TEXT FOR THE QUARTER.

FIRST QUARTER.