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, MARCH 16, 1876. NUMBER 39.

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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ADMINISTRATOR'S and Executor's Notices, 2.00; Auditor's notices, $2.50; Business Cards, five lines, (per year) $5.00, additional lines, $1.00 each.

YEARLY Advertisements are entitled to quarterly changes.

TRANSIENT advertisements must be paid for IN ADVANCE.

ALL Resolutions of Associations, Communications of limited or individual interest, and notices of Marriages and Deaths, exceeding five lines, are charged TEN CENTS PER LINE.

JOB PRINTING, of every kind, in plain and fancy colors, done with neatness and dispatch. Handbills, Blanks, Cards, Pamphlets, Billheads, Statements, &c., of every variety and style, printed at the shortest notice. 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.

JAMES WOOD, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, mch9-76 TOWANDA, PA.

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

H. W. PATRICK, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office—Mercur's Block, next door to Express Office, Towanda, Pa. jly17-73.

JOHN F. SANDERSON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, OFFICE.—Means Building (over Powell's Store). mch9-76 TOWANDA, PA.

D. D. SMITH, DENTIST, Towanda, Pa. Office on Park street, north side Public Square, next to Elwell House. [mch9-76

H. STREETER, LAW OFFICE, aug20. TOWANDA, PA.

OVERTON & MERCUR, ATTORNEYS AT LAW. TOWANDA PA. Office over Montanyes Store. [may6'75. D'A. OVERTON. RODNEY A. MERCUR.

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. 14, 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.) apr2675.

McPHERSON & 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 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, upstairs. R. J. MADILL. [jan4-73ly] 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. [jun6-76.

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

GEO. V. MYER, C. E., COUNTY SURVEYOR.—Particular attention given to locating disputed lines. Office over Post Office. my13-75. Towanda, Pa.

DR. S. M. WOODBURN, Physician and Surgeon. Office over G. A. Black's Crockery store. Towanda, May 1, 1875ly*.

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. jan1-76.

M. D. L. DODSON, DENTIST. On and after Sept. 24, 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 in Gold, Silver, Rubber, and Aluminum bases. Teeth extracted without pain. Oct. 24-75.

DR. C. M. STANLY, DENTIST. Having removed his Dental office into Tracy & Mercur's new block, over Read & Watrous' store, is now prepared to do all kinds of dental work. He has also put in a new gas apparatus. mar1-75.

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, May28-76tf. 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. cor. Second and Elizabeth streets. J. E. FLEMING, Box 311, Towanda, Pa. jan24-75.

J. C. BIXBEE, CARRIAGE PAINTER AND DECORATOR. Also manufacturer of Ornamental Glass Show Cards, a few doors east of the REPORTER Office. jan24-75.

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 thebest steam or sailing lines, 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

Towanda, Dec. 4, '75.

Evans & Hildreth.

CALL ON EVANS & HILDRETH, AT THEIR NEW STORE, ON MAIN STREET, AND SECURE SOME OF THE GREAT BARGAINS, THEY OFFER IN PRINTS, SHEETINGS, SHIRTINGS, CASSIMERES, DRESS GOODS, WHITE GOODS, EMBROIDERIES, LACES, NOTIONS, &c., &c., &c., &c.. &c. EVANS & HILDRETH

Towanda, March 2, '76

Taylor & Co.

TAYLOR & CO A BEAUTIFUL ASSORTMENT OF HOLIDAY GOODS, AT TAYLOR & CO'S THIS WEEK

Selected Poetry.

A DEED AND A WORD.

A little spring had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well,
Where weary men might turn;
He walled it in, and hung with care
A ladle at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that toil might drink.

He passed again, and lo! the well,
By summer never dried,
Has cooled ten thousand parched tongues,
And saved a life beside.

A nameless man amid a crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love,
Unstudied from the heart;
A whisper on the tumult thrown,
A transitory breath;
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.

O germ! O fount! O word of love!
O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last!

(For the REPORTER.)

THE STORY OF A RAIN DROP.

As I looked out of my east window one morning, I saw the branches of my lilac bushes dripping with rain drops. The drops formed slowly amid the fog of the morning, hanging in rows under the twigs, clear and tremulous, until their increased size and the gentle breeze shook them to the ground. And as the drops upon the lilac bushes formed and glistened, they began to tell me the story of their life.

"We are small as you see, but our numbers cannot be counted: we are shining this morning upon a thousand bushes and trees, wherever the clouds of last night dropped their gifts, on roof, window-pane or branch, there we wait and glisten for a moment, and then hasten on our mission. We sail in the highest clouds. We drift in the fogs that lie along the valley. We gather in the dews that forms upon a summer night. We change our dress to suit the season. On the clearest day we float on the air in particles of moisture so fine and insensible that no one dreams of our presence until the hot sun and changing winds gather us into the storm-cloud, and we sweep down in a freshet upon the earth. Sometimes we float for weeks in light fleecy clouds, hiding the sun, drifting on the uper air, ever changing our forms and displaying many colored robes to the eyes of men. Again we settle down in damp mists upon the forest and fields, or, frozen by the winter cold we flutter in white snow flakes, and cover the fields with a carpet more beautiful than the finest fabrics of the weaver: the wind playing its tricks, blows us into the faces of travelers, or sends us careering into fence corners or piles us up in huge drifts to make roads impassable. Sometimes we harden into an ice crust upon the bosom of river and lake, and the boys and girls find merry sport skating upon our glossy surface. We drift in glaciers from mountain sides, and float in great icy bergs from northern seas. Our number and affinity are so great that we easily run together, and form streams along the pastures, and rivers that roll down the valleys, until we find our level in the great ocean. There we surge in great billows, now floating and now engulfing great ships, or lie in the depths far below, where fishes in infinite variety make their home. Then the winds sweep over us catching us up in the finest moisture, and raising us on high to float in clouds or fall again in rain."

I listened to the story as they glistend upon the branches of the lilac bush in the mist of the morning. But at this point I interrupted, and addressing one drop larger and seemingly more talkative than the rest, I said: "I have been looking upon you for some time with curious eyes, and I should like to know what you are made of." The rain drop answered, "Certain wise men not satisfied with calling us by our old fashioned names, have analyzed us, and they now declare in their books, that we are made out of two gases, oxygen and hydrogen. Hydrogen they say, is a combustible gas, and oxygen is a supporter of combustion."

"Wonderful," I said, "that you are so useful in extinguishing fires, when you are composed of such firey elements." "But what an endless variety of forms you take. You dress in different patterns at different seasons and altitudes. Last winter when my thermometer stood at less than thirty-two degrees, I found some of your fellow drops freezing into icicles as they dripped from the eaves of the house, and running into the kitchen where a kettle of water was boiling on the stove, I found the heat to be 212 degrees. Do you always harden into ice or evaporate in steam at those temperatures:" "Certainly," replied the drop, "we are subject to many changes, and we always obey the laws of our Maker. We harden into ice or evaporate into steam, or, we float in vapor or condense in rain, we crystalize in snow flakes or glisten in liquid drops as you see us now, and all these forms we take in obedience to supreme and unvarying laws." "But you are so small," I continued, "how can you be of any use in the world!" "Yes, small enough," said the drop, "often much smaller than you see us now, but we have a great mission to fill for all that. The mighty ocean is made of atoms so small as to once float invisible in the air. We work unceasingly, and with great results. We moisten the atmosphere and make it healthful. We fall in rain and refresh the dry fields. We gush forth from the hillside to water the thirsty cattle. We nourish the plants that grow for tables of men. And who can withstand our power when in ten million drops we leap in the mighty rivers, or lash the ships of ocean, or frozen in driving snows we smother the storm bound traveler, or in the mighty glacier we grind down the mountain sides and fill the valley with the drift of centuries." But the drop had scarcely finished its eloquent tales, when, glistening and tremulous, it fell from its perch on the lilac bush, and disappeared from my sight, but only to continue its humble and useful work. J.H.N.

East Smithfield, March 4th, 1876.

Miscellaneous.

ON THE BRINK.

I have known Arthur Gravely well and intimately. A part of this story came to my knowledge through my own observation, and part he told me himself.

Arthur came of an old, well-defined and respectable stock, with just enough aristocratic pride, inherited from his progenitors, to give him refinement and self-reliance. At an early age he was left an orphan, and received most of his education under the care of an uncle. When he was one and twenty he was admitted to the employ of a banker named Vanderlain, and very soon took a position of trust and responsibility in the house. A year later he took Fanny Summerton for his wife—one of the fairest and sweetest of earthly treasures. He had loved her long and truly, and her love in return had been single and devoted. Thus was life opening for Arthur Gravely with bright and happy promise. He had friends whichever way he turned; his business prospects were of the very best, and his home was an earthly paradise.

One enemy, and one enemy alone at this time, stood in Arthur's path. His wife did not see it then. She loved him so fondly and trustingly that she could not see a fault.

A few of Arthur's friends feared danger, and one of them, more boldly than the rest, spoke to him warningly, but kindly; but he turned away from the warning with a sneer of derision.

The months and the years went on—from twenty-two to twenty-eight.

Six years of married life,—six years of blessing so far as the outer things of life can give blessing. In the bank Arthur had assumed a position very near the head, and his salary was munificent.

From early youth Arthur Gravely had found the wine cup among the symbols of life's social phase. He had kept wine in his own house; he had used it upon his sideboard and upon his table; and he had partaken freely abroad. In the earlier years it was wine, and only wine of the best and the purest. Later, stronger liquors were required to keep up the tone. At the age of eight and twenty there had come an undue flush upon Arthur's cheek, and there were blotches in the eye which ought not to have been there. He now took brandy before breakfast, and through the day he was forced to supply fuel to a fire which else might have consumed all bodily comfort. As yet he had never been helplessly intoxicated. He was confident in his own strength.

Alas! for the man thus trifling! He knows not that his powers of understanding are dying out as the body perishes!

At length Mr. Vanderlain called Arthur into his private office, and told him that he was going to suspend business.

"I have money enough," said Mr. Vanderlain, "and I know that my close application to business is wearing upon me. I am growing in years, and need rest. I think of going to Europe."

"And of closing up your business?"

"Yes."

"But, sir, there is no need of that. If you will trust your bank under the guidance of some capable and responsible agent, with your name at its head, it might go prosperously on, and you could go away on your trip at will."

A cloud came upon the banker's face and he shook his head.

"It is too late," he said. "Some time I may tell you more."

Shortly after this, in process of closing up his business, Mr. Vanderlain sent Arthur to a distant city to make some important settlements. Arriving at his destination, the young man called upon the correspondent of the bank, and having made preliminary arrangements he found himself with a few days upon his hands which he might enjoy in pleasure. On the very evening of his arrival he had fallen in with John Hatton and William Roberts, two classmates of earlier years. He was startled when he saw them. They were evidently going down hill—were drinking to excess. Yet they were gentlemen, and Arthur joined them. He spent a first and a second night in their company. On the second night, for the first time in his life, Arthur Gravely drank to a state of helpless stupefaction. He awoke on the next day feeling sad and humiliated. When he met his companions in a private parlor connected with their sleeping apartments, he found them with a bowl of hot brandy between them. A spirit of true friendliness came upon him when he saw the marks of the destroyer so deeply fixed upon the companions of his boyhood.

"Boys," said he, "this won't do. You are going down."

They regarded him curiously, and asked him what he meant.

"You forget, old boy," said Hatton, "that you are in the same boat. If we took psasage before you, it is no less sure that our route now is the same. Don't preach, Arthur. Try a bit of hot brandy."

There are moments in a lifetime—great crises when the events of the past flash before the mind as upon a magic mirror—when a man, in a brief instant, recalls every salient point of his earthly career. Such a moment was the present to Arthur Gravely.

"Let it alone," he said, solemnly. "I tell you, Jack, and you, Will, that you are going down. You can't last much longer at this rate."

"Well," retorted Roberts, with an attempt to laugh, "it appears to me that what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. Hadn't you better try to let it alone yourself?"

"If I will try it, will you try it?" he asked.

"Will you try it?" demanded Hatton.

"I will if you will join me."

"Done!"

And they did it. They joined hands and promised one another that they would be true and steadfast.

A new surprise was in store for Arthur Gravely. He found upon cutting off his spirituous liquors that his body weakened, and that his hands shook as with palsy. He applied to a physician for help. Fortunately, he applied to a man of sense and understanding.

"Can you give me something to steady my nerves and restore my appetite?" Arthur asked, after he had frankly stated his case.

"This shows you, my dear sir," said the physician, "into what a dangerous state you had fallen. I can give you something to steady your nerves, but it will not help you in the end. If you will be brave and true, you will come out all right in a few days."

Arthur said he should not go back. He wanted no stimulant—no more of that.

The trial was a severe one, and it may have been a blessed thing for Arthur Gravely that it was so. He felt more heroism in the conquest, and he also saw more clearly how deeply the evil habit had become fixed upon him. On the morning of the fourth day of his trial he awoke with an appetite for food, and was able to eat a hearty breakfast. He was a new man from that time fourth. The physician had given him certain hygienic directions which he followed implicitly, and thus he held fast upon his health as it came back to him.

And on the fourth day Arthur saw Hatton and Roberts. They had kept the faith, and had been unexpectedly prospered. An excellent opening in business had been presented and accepted.

On the fifth day the business which brought Gravely from his home was concluded, and he set out on his return. And the last struggle had passed. His nerves had become steady, his appetite had started as if by magic, his cheek had grown fair, and the white of his eye was growing clear and pearly again.

He reached his own city in the morning, and went first to the bank and gave in a return of his business. Mr. Vanderlain had glanced quickly and eagerly into his face when he entered, and a wondrous change came on the banker's manner as the business proceeded. Something outside the business in hand was evidently on his mind.

Arthur did not reach his home until time for dinner, but he had sent a boy from the bank with word that he should be there.

"Fanny!"

"Darling! O, I'm so glad to see you back!"

Something made the wife even happier than she had thought as she rested within her husband's embrace; but in the sudden joy she could not see it,—she could only feel a great warmth, like the glow of heaven, as Arthur's kiss came, sweet and pure, to her lips.

As they entered the dining-room Arthur saw the decanter of wine near his plate.

"Take it away, Fanny," he said, smiling. "If you want it hereafter for a medicine, keep it. For myself, I shall not want it."

"Not want it?—Arthur?"

"I have done with it forever!"

He spoke solemnly, with a manliness that was strong and reliant.

And the wife saw whence had come the great warmth in her heart; saw it in the pure cheek, in the clear eye, as she had caught it in the sweet breath.

"Arthur—my husband," she whispered, as though hardly daring to trust her own senses, "is it true?—do you mean—forever?"

"While I live, darling, God giving me strength and reason."

Fanny was upon the opposite side of the table. She tried to speak, but her voice failed her. She turned white—then she pressed her hand for an instant upon her heart—and then, as the crimson flood once more bounded on its course, she covered her face and sank down, weeping like a child.

Arthur was by her side in a moment.

"Fanny!—my wife!—what is it?"

She looked up and caught his startled gaze through her tears. With a quick movement she threw her arms around his neck, and pillowed her head upon his bosom.

"Oh, Arthur!—bless you! I could die for joy if I did not feel that I could have more happiness in living now for you!"

Here was a new revelution. Arthur Gravely now learned how his sweet wife had suffered without daring to complain—how the worm had gnawed at her heart!—saw it all the more clearly because he saw in his present time her surpassing joy and ecstacy.

Not many words were spoken. This was not the time for such a heart-moving theme. And now, as they eat the meal, Arthur told of his trip to the distant city.

After dinner Arthur went out to carry a budget to a neighbor, and when left alone, Fanny sat down and cried again for joy. And so Mr. Vanderlain found her. He had stopped in passing to go on an errand.

"Mrs. Gravely! What has happened? Wadt is wrong?"

"Wrong?" she repeated, looking up. "O, sir, it is for joy I am crying; And then she told him the source of the new happiness that had opened to her.

Mr. Vanderlain listened, and after a deal of thought he slowly said, with his hand upon Fanny's fair head—

"Dear child, you may rejoice without fear. If Arthur has pledged his honor to this new life, be sure he will keep the faith!"

Most of the afternoon Arthur spent at the bank; and as he sat at the table in the private office waiting for the banker, a feeling of sadness and regret came upon him. It would be hard to leave the old place, and it might be a long, long time before he could find another so pleasant.

It was toward evening when Mr. Vanderlain came in, looking flushed and self-satisfied.

"I have kept you waiting, Arthur, but I have been busy. I have made a most important change in my programme."

"Ah! Then you are not going away!"

"Yes—I shall go to Europe; but I shall not give up my banking business. I have found a new man—one safe, reliable, and competent—who, I think, will take my business when I am absent."

"Mr. Vanderlain," cried the young man, frankly, "I am glad of this, for I know I shall be able to persuade you to let me keep my place in your employ."

The banker shook his head.

Arthur trembled, and started to speak.

"Tut, tut—not your present place, Arthur. Know then you are my new man. If you will take charge of my business, I shall not let it go from me; and I shall leave it in your hands, knowing that both it and you will prosper. What say you?"

"Mr. Vanderlain!"

"Ah, my boy! I have seen your wife. I found her crying for joy. And when she told me whence her joy came, I knew there was joy for me also. To the new man I give my entire confidence, and in his hands I fear not to trust my name and my honor."

It was Arthur Gravely's turn now to weep; and he could no more help it than he could have helped the great flood of peace and blessedness that flowed in upon his heart.

"My dear boy," said the banker afterwards, "I did not speak to you in the other times as perhaps I ought. I knew how you treated others who did speak, and I forbore. I had intended to speak, however, before I went away, and, if possible, to get you a good place. But it is all done now. God bless and keep you."

And now, looking back, Arthur Gravely sees how near upon the fearful brink he stood. From his position of wealth and honor and love, he can see the dark pit from which he escaped, and he sees hundreds upon hundreds sinking into it yearly. He helps the fallen ones when he can, and finds unfailing satisfaction in the work.

THE EDUCATION OF THE PRESIDENTS.

The Syracuse *University Herald* has made up the following table of Presidents and their places of education, which is of interest:

"Washington, good English education, but never studied the ancient languages; Adams, Harvard; Jefferson, William and Mary; Madison, Princeton; Monroe, William and Mary; Adams, J. Q., Harvard; Jackson, limited education; Harrison, Hampden Sidney College; Tyler, William and Mary; Polk, University of North Carolina; Taylor, slightest rudiments; Filmore, not liberally educated; Pierce, Bowdoin; Buchanan, Dickinson; Lincoln, education very limited; Johnson, self-educated; Grant, West Point. Monroe and Harrison did not graduate. Monroe left college to join the Revolutionary army. Financial reverses deprived Harrison of a full course. Polk was the oldest when graduating, being twenty-three; Tyler the youngest, seventeen. Jefferson probably had the most liberal education and broadest culture. It is said that his range of knowledge would compare favorably with that of Burke. The drill at West Point may be considered equal to a college course, and in many respects superior. In discipline and mathematical training it is not equaled by any American college. Counting General Grant, two-thirds of our Presidents have been college men. To be sure the two whose names have become household words, Washington, the Father, and Lincoln, the Martyr, were not liberally educated; but theirs were special missions. They live in the affections of the nation rather than in the intellect, as embodied in the constitution and laws. Theirs was to execute, not to mould."

THE BRAIN.

One of the readiest roads to the brain is through the lungs. You may reach the brain in a minute with cloroform, for example. The power of this drug is something marvelous. When under its influence a man may have his limb cut off without any sensation whatever; and even when he recovers from the artificial trance, he may still have neither pain or uneasinsss. Why? Have you ever seen a person after a fit of epilepsy? After a fit of that kind people have no remembrance of anything done to them during the fit. During the epileptic paryoxysms, the brain is all but completely torpid. The same thing happens after anæsthetic sleep of chloroform. In neither case can a man remember what he never felt. But mark what may happen after amputation performed on a patient under chloroform. The same man who felt no pain in the stump in or after amputation, may continue for many months to be attacked with the identical local symptoms for which his limb was removed, at the hour of the day or night when he was wont to suffer martyrdom before its removal. And more than this—if siezed with the old enemy during sleep, he may wake exclaiming, "Oh, my leg, my leg! it pains me the same as when it was on!" More curious still, he may tell you he can, as far as feelings are concerned, actually move the foot of the amputated limb. What do these facts prove? They prove: 1. That the brain is the source of all motion and all sensation, morbid or sane; they prove inversely. 2. That the brain is the source of all paryoxismal recurrence whether the more prominent symptoms be general or local.

CINDERELLA.—The London *Pictorial World* says that the story of Cinderella is not the invention of some imaginative genius, but that it is founded on fact. It sites Strabo as its authority. The story is as follows: One day a lady named Rhodopis was bathing in the Nile, and the wind carried one of her sandals and laid it at the feet of the King of Egypt, who was holding a court of justice in the open air not far away. His curiosity was excited by the singularity of the event and the elegance of the sandal, and he offered a reward for the discovery of the owner. Rhodopis claimed it, and it was found to fit her exactly. She was very beautiful and the King married her. She is remembered in history as the "Rosy-Cheeked Queen" of Egypt, and she lived two thousand years before the Christian era.

A TRUE STORY FOR BOYS.

Many years ago a gentleman from the town of Methuen, Massachusetts, while on a visit to a prominent merchant in Boston, was asked by the merchant if he knew a boy in Methuen that he could recommend to work in his store. At first the gentleman could think of no one, for he knew none but a faithful, honest boy would suit the thrifty merchant. At length, however, he called to mind a boy of excellent character in his neighborhood, but he feared that he would hardly do, as his parents were very poor, and he had no education or other advantages to fit him for such a position. But the discription of the boy's habits pleased the merchant so much that he paid the man a dollar with which to pay the boy's fare to Boston by stage, and requested him to send the lad to the city, and if, on a personal interview, all should not prove satisfactory, he would pay his fare back home again.

The gentleman, as requested, visited the boy's parents, and stating the merchant's proposal, advised them to send the boy for trial. He then gave him the dollar which was sent to pay his fare to Boston, and departed.

Under similar circumstances ninety-nine out of every hundred boys would have said: "Now for a good time! I never saw a city, and never rode in a stage. Oh, there will be much to see, and it will be such a long ride, and here is the money to pay my way." Not so with this boy. Putting the money carefully in his pocket, he said to himself. This is the first dollar I ever had, how I wish I could save it. It is only twenty-five miles to Boston. I can walk there in a day. I'll do it and save my dollar."

His mother patched up his clothes as well as she could, and early next morning the little fellow parted with his parents at the door of his humble home, and set out on his long tramp to the great city, which he reached, tired and dusty, a little before sunset. He soon found the merchant who sternly asked. "Where have you been all day? The stage came in hours ago." The boy thought that he had displeased the merchant at the outset, and with downcast head and tremulous voice he answered, "I did not come on the stage, sir." "Did not come on the stage! What do you mean? Didn't I send you money to pay your fare?"

The boy thought it was all up with him, sure, and amid gathering tears he managed to reply, "I am very sorry, sir—I did not intend to offend you, I thought I would walk and save the dollar, I never had one before."

Placing his hand gently on the boy's head, the merchant replied, "My little man, you did exactly right. Come home with me and get some supper." Then turning to a bystander he remarked "I wouldn't take a thousand dollars for this boy to-day."

That boy has grown to manhood and has since become widely known in business circles. He is the owner of the extensive mill at Methuen, the Pimberton mill at Lawrence, a banking house in Boston, and one of the finest farms in Massachusetts.

A COSTLY BUILDING.

A neighbor was telling me what a convenient and beautiful residence Charles Kullen had just built. I knew Kullen. He was rich, and his wealth was the profits of a grog-shop which he had kept for about thirty years. One day circumstances compelled me to go to his house. He wanted that I should see it all.

First he led me into the cellar, where everything was as convenient as heart could wish; but, as I looked at the cemented wall, "There," thought I, "are stones and mortar which belong to Bill Lee, who has wasted large sums of money at your bar. This part of the wall belongs to the widow and children of Eli Bell, who bought his death from you. Scores of young men have paid for other parts by living lives of misery and degredation. And what ruined hopes are in every stone!

We left the cellar. Next he showed me the parlor.

"The furniture in this room," said he, "cost five hundred dollars!"

"Indeed!" I exclaimed, while mentally I asked, "Is that all it cost? It cost the health and happiness of many. It cost mothers their sons, sweethearts their lovers, wive their husbands." Calling to mind a murder which his whiskey had caused, I reflected. "There is in this very room something which cost the murdered man his life, and Heaven alone knows how many have been sent to premature graves by swallowing your villainous rum, and thus helping to pay for these things."

We went into other rooms.

"There are," thought I, "men who would have given their money to the poor, men who would have built churches, men who would have founded institutions of learning, men who would have sent the gospel to the heathen, men who would have carried the 'good news' throughont the world, if you, Kullen, had not enticed them to drink, and thus help to build and adorn these rooms. The fine things which you exhibit with such pride have cost the world all the good these men would have done. Even now I can almost hear the wailing of those whose souls, ruined by the poison sold in your slaughter-house, have paid for the luxuries which you enjoy. Your own son fills a drunkard's grave! Are you so dead to the cries of humanity that you can enjoy the goods whichhave cost him his life?"

I started for home, and on the way soliloquized: "So much the house cost that should Kullen live ten thousand years, he could not begin to pay the debt. But is the cost of that building ended? No, verily. Through the influence of those whom he has made drunkards, whose property he has taken to enrich himself, other drunkards will be made, and crime and misery and death will ensue, as long as time shall last."

MRS. PARTINGTON hearing of a a pedestrian's "great feat," wondered why they didn't interfere with his fast walking.

LIFE IN SILVER LAND.

The tourist, on first setting his foot down in this strange city, is struck by the startling phases of character which meet him on every hand. Every nation under the sun has its representative entered here in the race for gold, and every situation in life may be encountered. With a gross population of fifteen thousand souls Virginia City supports not less than twenty gambling hells and two hundred saloons; the chink of gold and silver resounds everywhere from early dawn till after midnight. The mad pursuit of wealth never halts, and the burning desire to spend it when once it is secured knows no cessation. There are men here with incomes of three hundred thousand dollars per month on the one hand, and shivering wretches without a farthing on the other.

The most startling illustration of the wonderful opportunities of the country has been the experience of what is popularly known as the bonanza crowd, composed of four men—John. W. Mackey, James G. Fair, James C. Flood and William O'Brien. Three years ago Flood and O'Brien kept a retail grog-shop in San Francisco, a "sample-room," where the thirsty might imbibe bad rum and a worse headache at any hour of the day or night. Mackey, a few years ago, ran a steam-engine at one of the mines; he has been a mining superintendent for many years. It happened that Mackey and Fair became cognizant of the fact that a certain mine, the stock of which was at a very low ebb, contained some exceedingly rich ore. Having saved a few hundred dollars, they induced the proprietors of the San Francisco grog-shop to join them in purchasing a controlling interest in the stock. Instead of levying an assessment on the stock, as the rule had been under the former management, they declared a dividend, and were not long in proving the soundness of their judgment by the developments which they brought to the surface. From that time they have prospered. Their next venture was the purchase of the Consolidated Virginia Mine, a property which had hung like a dead weight around the necks of its stockholders. They sunk the shaft deeper, and still deeper, until they reached a depth of fifteen hundred feet, and not only proved the existence of rich ore, but had the satisfaction of recognizing in the deposits which they opened up unlimited wealth for themselves, and generous dividends for their stockholders. For more than a year this mine has been yielding nearly $2,000,000 a month, and paying dividends of $10 per share per month.—*Virginia City (Nev.) correspondence of the Chicago Tribune.*

BAD EFFECTS OF BEER DRINKING.

The worst results from accidents in the London hospitals are said to be draymen. Though they are apparently models of health and strength, yet if one of them receives a serious injury it is nearly always necessary to amputate in order to give him the most distant chance of life. The draymen have the unlimited privilege of the brewery cellar. Sir Astly Cooper was once called to see a drayman, who was a powerful, fresh colored, healthy looking man, and had suffered an injury in his finger from a small splinter of a stave. The wound, though trifling, suppurated. He opened the small abscess with his lancet. He found, on retiring, he had left his lancet. Returning for it, he found the man in a dying condition. The man died in a short time. Dr. Gordon says, "The moment beer drinkers are attacked with acute diseases, they are not able to bear depletion, and die." Dr. Edward says of beer drinkers, "their diseases are always of a dangerous character, and in case of accident, they can never undergo the most trifling operation. They almost invariably die under it." Dr. Buchan says, "Malt liquors render the blood sizy and unfit for circulation; hence proceed obstructions inflammation of the lungs. There are few great beer drinkers who are not phthiysical, brought on by the glutinous and indigestible nature of ale and porter. * * These liquids inflame the blood and tear the tender vessels of the lungs to pieces." Dr. Maxon says, "Intoxicating drinks, whether taken in the form of fermented or distilled liquors, are a very frequent predisposing cause of disease." The hospitals of New York show an equally unfavorable record of the intemperate, and private practitioners everywhere have the same experience.—*Sanitarian for January.*

CONCERNING WATCHES.—At first the watch was as large as a saucer; it had weights, and was used as a pocket clock." The earliest known use of the modern name occurs in the record of 1552, which mentions that Edward VI, had "one larum or watch of iron gilt, with two plumets of lead." The first great improvement, the substitution of the spring for weights, was in 1550. The earliest springs were not coiled, but only straight pieces of steel. Early watches had only one hand, and required winding twice a day. The dials were of silver or brass; the cases had no crystals, but opened at the back and front, and were four or five inches in diameter. A plain watch cost the equivalent of $1,600 in our currency, and, after one was ordered it took a year to make it. There is a watch in a Swiss museum only three sixteenths of an inch in diameter, inserted in the top of a pencil case. It is a relic of the old times, when watches were inserted in saddles, snuff boxes, shirt studs, breast pins, bracelets and finger rings. Some were fantastic—oval, octangular, cruciform, or in the shape of pearls, melons, tulips or coffins.

THE best thing out—an aching tooth.

His hat was gone, his coat tails were twisted around his neck, one eye was filled with coal dust, and he had a general appearance of having been pulled up by the roots. You would have thought he had been in a fight with a threshing machine. But he had not. He had merely tried to cross a street where one of Heaven's zephyrs played.

A DIAMOND CROSS IN PAWN.

A Washington correspondent of the Boston *Transcript* writes: A pawnbroker being indebted to a gentleman, and the debt remaining unpaid for some time, went personally to collect his dues. Seated in the dingy couting-room, he could, unseen, survey the front of the store. A lady entered whom he at once recognized. She was married and stood high in social rank. Refusing to name her errand to the clerk, the principal was summoned; then unclasping a flashing cross, she explained that she must have $500 at once; the cross was worth $1,200. Of course the man of loans demurred, haggling for the greatest advantage; then, finally giving her $350, she hurried away with haughty tread, but in nervous haste, little dreaming who had seen her. That same evening at a brilliant party my friend met her. In her ears costly diamonds gleamed; from her bracelets they glittered again, and, when the gloves were withdrawn, her hand sent back the light from splendid rings. Gay chat and merry laughter passed back and forth, till after some light jesting to test her self possession my friend complimented her jewels and asked, "Where is that magnificent cross I have so often seen?" Not a quiver of an eye-lid or a deeper flush on the cheek betrayed the lady as she quickly replied, "Oh I broke it last week, and, not liking to have it repaired here I sent it to New York. I was vexed enough that it was not return-in time for this party."

And that lady rides in her carriage, queens it over a splendid home, has a husband who idolizes her, and children on whose pure hearts it is hers to write the lessons of life. How little we know of the secret heartaches whose anguish is resolutely hidden; of the dreadful misery which tortures the quiet hours of thoss we envy.

PROPER EXERCISE.

When we talk about exercise, we are very apt to forget that it is a many-sided word. We use it as if it referred only to the movement of the muscles. It is necessary to health that all our powers should be exercised, and the continued disuse of any one of them results in its partial or total loss. If one should lie in bed for years without the slightest ailment, still one would lose the use of the limbs; and this is equally true of quite different faculties. All our powers grow by use. If we neglect to cultivate the habit of observation, we might as well walk through the world blinded.

We lose our faculty—what artists call our "touch"—by neglect of practice on other things beside the piano. The man who seldom reads,