The Bradford Reporter.

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TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

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

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

JOHN F. SANDERSON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. OFFICE.—Means Building (over Pewell'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

S. W. & WM. LITTLE, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, TOWANDA, PA. Office in Patten's Block, cor. Main and Bridge-Sts. Towanda, Pa., April 18, '76.

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.

WM. MAXWELL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. OFFICE OVER DAYTON'S STORE, TOWANDA, PA. April 13, 1876.

PATRICK & FOYLE, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. Towanda, Pa. Office, in Mercur's Block. jly17-73.

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

G. F. MASON. ATTORNEY AT LAW, TOWANDA PA. Office first door south of V. 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

J. ANDREW WILT, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Office over Cross' Book Store, two doors north of Stevens & Long, Towanda, Pa. May be consulted in German. [April 12, '76.

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.

THE CENTRAL HOTEL, ULSTER, PA. The undersigned having taken possession of the above hotel, respectfully solicits the patronage of his old friends and the public generally. aug16-tf. M. A. FORREST.

C. L. LAMB, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, WILKES-BARRE, PA. Collections promptly attended to. July 27, '76.

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. R. W. OVERTON, Jr. [apr13-76] 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. [jan5-76-ly] J. N. CALIFF.

JOHN W. MIX, ATTORNEY AT LAW, AND U. S. COMMISSIONER, TOWANDA, PA. Office—North Side Public Square. Jan. 1, 1873.

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, Lellaysville, Pa. March 18-76.

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

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. [jan1-76tf.

M. D. L. DODSON, DENTIST. On and after Sept. 25, may be found in the elegant new rooms on 2nd floor of Dr. Pratt's new office on State Street. Business solicited. Sept. 2-74tf.

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. 24-72.

DR. C. M. STANLY, DENTIST, Having removed his Dental office into Tracy & Mott'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. may18'75.

HALE & PATTON, Agents for CONNECTICUT MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY. Office No. 5 Griffith & Patton's Block, Bridge Sts. March 26-74.

C. S. RUSSELL'S GENERAL INSURANCE AGENCY, May25-70tf. TOWANDA, PA.

M. O. MOODY, BLACKSMITH. Does all kinds of work in his line. HORSE-SHOEING A SPECIALTY. Diseased feet treated. Manufactures the celebrated CALIFORNIA PICK. Shop in Mullen's Carriage Factory, off Pine-st. Towanda, Pa., Jan. 6, 76-tf.

INSURANCE AGENCY. The following RELIABLE AND FIRE TRIED Companies represented: LANCSHIRE, PHŒNIX, HOME, MERCHANTS. March 19-76tf. O. A. BLACK.

FREDERICK TAFT & CO., GENERAL PRODUCE COMMISSION MERCHANTS. NO. 9, 8th WATER STREET, PHILADELPHIA. REFERENCES: HON. JUDGE TAFT, Secretary of War. HENRY SANFORD, Esq. Supt. Adams Express Co., New York. JEREMIAH WALKER, Esq., Philadelphia. HON. D. S. BENNETT, Buffalo, New York. JNO. J. BATES, Corn Exchange, New York. apr26-76

Taylor & Co.

TAYLOR & CO!

WE ARE RECEIVING OUR NEW SPRING GOODS THIS WEEK WE HAVE BOUGHT THEM AT THE LOWEST PRICES OF THE SEASON, AND WILL SELL THEM AT PRICES NEVER BEFORE EQUALED.

TAYLOR & CO.

Towanda, April 20, 1876.

Kent & Bliss.

NEW GOODS AT WAY DOWN BOTTOM PRICES!

DRY GOODS! DOMESTICS! DRESS GOODS! FLANNELS! FANCY GOODS! NOTIONS! &c., &c., &c., &c.

Bought during the LAST WEEK!

And will be sold at the Lowest Prices of the season, at

KENT & BLISS.

Towanda, June 27, 1876.

Selected Poetry.

ALL THINGS PERISH SAVE VIRTUE.

THE following truly charming lines, by the poet Powell, touch the heart-strings so tenderly that they remind us forcibly of Pope's "Vital Spark of Heaven yl Flame:"

Sweet morn—so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky.
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
And then must die.

Sweet rose—whose fragrance now I crave,
To gild my sense and joy mine eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
For thou must die.

Sweet Spring—so full of shine and showers,
It makes the weary spirit sigh,
To think, with all thy herbs and flowers,
That thou must die.

Sweet music—o'en the lovely song
Which from my harp in window nigh
Is floating on the breeze along,
E'en thou must die.

And all the bright and glistering train
Of stars that stud the deep blue sky
Must they all perish—none remain
To glad the eye?

And vales, and fields, and rushing streams,
And mountains that invade the sky,
Are they as baseless as our dreams?
And must they die?

And all that's beautiful and fair
On Nature's face—love's melody,
That makes sweet music of the air,
All—all must die!

And man, frail form of senseless clay,
Tho' now his glance is proud and high,
Perchance upon this passing day
He too may die!

But the bright soul—*that*, shrined within,
The quenchless light in mortal form—
Though dimmed by misery and sin,
Defies the worm.

When all the stars shall fade away,
And sun's in their own blaze expire,
And trackless comets cease to stray
With wand'ring fire.

The soul shall ever live, nor know
The lapse of time, but dwell on high,
And share—in endless joy or woe—
Eternity!

Miscellaneous.

HER OWN LIVING.

Tall and slight, with blue, wistful eyes, lips ripe and red as a woodberry, and a complexion all carmine and white like a damask rose in the sunshine. Erminia Hall's was a face that an artist would have fallen down and worshipped. But it is never as philosophers tell us, there is a compensation in all things. The pock-marked girl that sat across the aisle from her in church, was a millionaire's daughter, and this young thing with the angel face was on the out-look for an eligible position as governess.

For Erminia Hall was penniless, and it was necessary for her to earn her livelihood in some way or other, and the trade of governess was at least genteel.

"Keep a day school," suggested old Mr. Prince, who had been wont to dine every Sunday with Judge Hall during that eminent bankrupt's lifetime, and to consume a quantity of lobster salad, champagne and boned turkey, which was simply appaling upon those festive occasons.

"Nobody would come to me," said poor Erminia, with tears in her eyes. She had supposed, inexperienced child that she was, that Mr. Prince would have been ready with a twenty or fifty dollar bill in this her necessity.

"Needlework," suggested Mr. Clay, who had mysteriously made money out of the very speculation that had beggared the dead man.

"I never learned to sew," faltered Erminia. "I could not earn a cent that way."

"Humph!" grunted Mr. Clay. "The education of women in the present day is out-ra-ge-ous-ly defective. It should all be reformed."

"Do you suppose," meekly hazarded Erminia, "that I could obtain any copying from your office? Madamoiselle Leferu used to say I wrote an elegant hand. Here is a specimen."

"Up strokes thin, down strokes black, long tails to the 'g's and 'y's—Italian school, eh? Pshaw! Your writing may do for a perfumed note, or a young lady's album, but no lawyer would look twice at it. But I dare say you'll scratch along somehow."

"How?" murmured Erminia, resolutely repressing the tears that were rising to her eyes.

"How? Why, there are ways enough. Nobody needs to starve in this country. I dare say if you keep on the lookout something will turn up."

And that was all the satisfaction that Erminia Hall got.

She went next to her rich cousin, Mrs. Bellairs Belton.

"I am sorry you came this morning, Erminia," said that lady coldly. "I am busy with my accounts."

"I won't detain you an instant," said Erminia, with a sinking heart, "I—I—need something to do very much."

Mrs. Bellairs Belton shut her lips together, as if her mouth were a new patent portmonaie, and pencilled down her figures without looking up.

"And I thought," went on Erminia, her heart failing her more and more. "I could perhaps teach your little children. I would work for very little, and—"

"Quite out of the question," said Mrs. Bellairs Belton. "I have just engaged a Swiss bonne, who will give them the regular accent."

And Erminia turned away, feeling almost desperate. Lunch was now in process—she perceived the fragrance of the chocolate, and see the dining room girl setting French rolls and spiced salmon on the table, yet Mrs. Bellars Belton never asked her to stay and break bread with her.

"Oh, how strange and cruel the world is!" said Erminia, with a choking sensation in her throat. "I had so many friends when poor papa was alive, and now I have not one except Major Miles, but I will not go to him. He was always criticising and carping, even in the days of our prosperity; now he would be simply intolerable."

And so poor Erminia Hall crept into a cheap restaurant to appease the gnawing pangs of hunger. For she had lodged and boarded herself, in order to save the greatest possible amount of ready cash, and she had eaten but little the whole day.

An oyster stew and a cup of tea! It seemed like boundless extravagance to the girl; but she was very faint and hungry, and felt the sore necessity for food. She was early yet, there are few customers at the neat little white draped tables, and the proprietor was leaning against the counter talking to a woman who seemed to be some relative.

"They've struck, every one of 'em," said he.

"The ungrateful fellows, after I had paid them good regular wages, all of the autumn, when no one else did! and now, if I have to shut up shop, I won't have one of 'em back again. I'll employ women, hanged if I don't."

"I don't see why you shouldn't," said his interlocutor. "They'll come for less and work harder. Women always do."

"So I've heard," said the reastaurant man. "And I'll advertise to-morrow for a lot of girls to wait here."

Erminia rose and went timidly toward the red faced, good natured looking man.

"Sir," said she "you spoke of employing girls for waiters. I need work. I will come and work faithfully. Will you employ me."

The restaurant keeper looked bewi dered.

"You are a lady, Miss!" stuttered he.

"I know that," said Erminia, as if she were making some damaging admissions, "but ladies must live. And I am very poor."

So the next day she came in a frilled white apron and a French print dress, and began her new duties in the "Eagle eating saloon."

"At least," she told herself, "I am earning my own livelihood. And when I am busy I don't have time to think."

Mr. Bellairs Belton came in one day for a glass of ale and a plate of oysters.

"Bless my soul!" gasped he, as Erminia Hall, quick and neat, looking as if she had been born and bred to the trade, served him, "this is never you?"

"Why not?" said Erminia, laughing in spite of herself.

"My wife's cousin in a cheap restaurant?" he exclaimed, "Good heavens! what is the world coming to?"

"It's not so disagreeable a business as you might think it," said Erminia, "And I must live."

"Disgraceful!—perfectly disgraceful!" said Mr. Bellairs Belton, as he bolted out, leaving his oysters untasted.

Mr. Prince came in for a sardine and a cup of coffee—champagne and truffles were altogether out of the question when he had to settle the bill out of his own pocket—and he started and grew very red when he saw Erminia. But he looked straight into his cup of coffee, and pretended not to know her.

And Mr. Clay stared at her as if she was some rare curiosity on exhibition, when he gave his order one day for a bowl of mock turtle soup.

"So it's you, is it?" said he.

"Yes, sir, it is I," said Erminia.

"I think you might have gone into some more creditable business," said he.

"Any business is creditable which honestly supports a girl," retorted Erminia, "and if you can suggest any improvement I am ready to listen."

Our timid little lassie has grown independent, see.

Mr Clay muttered something about "distorted ideas," and then burned his tongue with his hot soup, while the young banker's clerk, who came to lunch every day, and sat opposite, laughed in his sleeve.

"That's the prettiest girl I ever saw," thought Rudolph Penfield. "If I could afford to marry, and she were willing—two rather essential 'if's,' by the way—I would make her my wife. I don't think that I am positively disagreeable to her, for gentle and modest as she is, I can see the color rise to her cheek when I come in; and I believe she would be a jewel of great price to shine on the breast of the lucky man who wins her."

Three weeks after, young Penfield had waxed more positive on the subject.

"I must have her," said he. "Little as the half of my salary is, it must be more than she earns here. And if my uncle looks favorably on the matter of my marriage, he'll be sure to do something handsome for us. I'll bring him here to see her. That will melt him."

And the next day Rudolph Penfield ordered cold roast lamb for two—himself and a portly old gentleman with grizzled hair and a beard, and keen blue eyes like a January sky.

"Hallo!" said the old gentleman. "It's Hall's daughter!"

"It's Major Miles," thought Erminia.

"Come here, my dear," said the Major; "you're a girl of pluck. I like you. So does my nephew here. A girl who isn't afraid to work is the girl for my money."

And when, a few months later, Rudolph Penfield and Erminia Hall were married, the Major took them home to his brown stone house on Madison avenue.

"Rudolph must keep on working just the same," said the major. "I can't afford to support him in idleness. But I want Erminia in the house with me. She's pretty, and I like to look at her; she's smart and I like to talk to her."

The Bellairs Belton left their cards when they heard the young couple had been adopted by the wealthy Major Miles; but Erminia never returned their call.

"I have worked out the problem of my destiny without any help from them," she said, quietly.

And so she had.

BORROWED clothes never fit.
BETTER go round than fall in a ditch.
BETTER go alone than in bad company.
CUT your coat according to your cloth.
CATCH the bear before you sell his skin.
DO NOT rip up old sores.
Diligence commands success.
EVERY couple is not a pair.
EVERYTHING is good in its season.

(For the REPORTER.)

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

We are now boasting as a nation that we are a hundred years old. This may be a great age for an individual, but it is only an infant's age when applied to a nation. Rome could boast of a thousand years before her decay. Great Britain had been growing for a thousand years before our nation was born, and, although she lost thirteen of her colonies in our war of independence, she stands to day the strongest and most influential empire in the world. A wiser method than boasting of our age and achievements is the study of our nation's history, and especially that part of our history which led to the Declaration of our Independence, one hundred years ago.

The revolutions of the American colonies to secure their independence did not spring from a sudden fanaticism. The causes which led to it can be traced back beyond even the Stamp Act of 1775. The British government had long resisted the commerce of the colonies, before she determined to oppress them by a more direct taxation. British statesmen reasoned that, as the mother country had incurred great expense in defending the colonies during the French and Indian wars, it was only fair that they should assist in cancelling the national debt, and hence Parliament proceed to obtain a revenue from Americans by laying a tax on tea and sugar, notes and bonds. No tea could be imported without paying a revenue into the British treasury, and no business documents could have legal value unless written upon stamped paper. The colonies protested against Parliament laying such taxes upon them, because of no representatives in that body. "No taxation without representation," answered our American statesmen, Samuel Adams, John Adams, and Patrick Henry. And the people said, ten years before the revolutionary war, "If Great Britain does not repeal the Stamp Act, we will repeal it ourselves." The tea they threw overboard, or stored it in damp cellars, where it soon spoiled, rather than pay the tax, and when the British government put down the price of tea, so that including the tax, it could be purchased for less in New York than in London, still the scrupulous Yankees would not buy. They were not contending to save a few shillings, but to sustain the principles underlying the government. Tea and sugar they would do without, rather than pay that odious tax, and as for clothing, they would make it at home. Then the colonies which had so often indulged in jealousies, one of another, began to see the importance of union, that they might the more fully resist the oppressions of Great Britain. "Join or die," became the watchword of the freedom-loving sons of the wilderness, mustering for the conflict.

The first blood of the revolution was shed April 19th, 1775. Soon the battle of Bunker Hill followed, and the citizens of New England, many of them farmers, forsook their ploughs and seized their rusty muskets to drive the British troops out of Boston. The same spring the second Continental Congress met at Philadelphia, composed of delegates from the various colonies, to enquire and plan for the redress of their grievances. Washington was appointed Commander-in-chief more than a year before the Declaration of Independence was adopted, and he hastened to Boston to look after Gen. Gage and the red coats. Within a year the British, hard pressed by the American forces, retired from Boston and directed their operations against New York and Charleston. The country was in a state of intense excitement. The colonies had now resisted unto blood. The war of arguments had culminated in a contest with fire-arms. The Americans were branded, in England as rebels, and, having gone too far to retreat, in fact, having no desire to retreat, unless Great Britain gave up the principle against which they were contending, the statesmen of the revolution began to state with increasing emphasis the causes of the war, and to set forth various declarations of their rights and grievances.

Most prominent among the declarations is that of the Virginia Convention, which met in May 1776. This convention was composed of the ablest men of the colony, who prided themselves upon their loyality to the British constitution, but were indignant in common with the multitude at the arrogance of George the III, and the Parliament. The most influential man in this convention and the one who framed its Declaration, was George Mason. He was a member of the Church of England, adored the British constitution, and would have defended it with the last drop of his blood. But he, too, felt the popular sentiment of resistance against the encroachments of Great Britain. Here are some of the thoughts embodied in this Declaration, "All men are by nature equally free, and have inherent rights, namely, the enjoyment of life and liberty, with the means of acquiring and possessing property and pursuing and obtaining happiness and safety." "All power is vested in and consequently derived from the people; magistrates are their trustees and servants." "No man ought to be deprived of liberty except by the law of the land, or the judgment of his peers, and the ancient trials by jury ought to be held sacred." "The freedom of the press is one of the greatest bulwarks of liberty." "Religion can be directed only by reason and conviction, not by force or violence; and therefore all men are equally entitled to the free exercise of it according to the dictates of conscience, and it is the mutual duty of all to practice christian forbearance, love and charity towards each other." This declaration was unanimously adopted, and while Virginia was thus proposing independence, Washington at New York, after a year of experience in the camp, was heard to say, "When I first took command of the army, I abhorred the idea of Independence, but I am now fully convinced that nothing else will save us."

Thus far I have traced some of the causes that led to the Declaration of Independence. In my next paper I shall speak of that document as prepared and published by the Continental Congress.

J. H. N.

East Smithfield July 26, 1876.

SOCIAL SELFISHNESS.

"What can be done to save those young men?" asked a lady of one of her associates. They were young men of wealth and high social advantages, who were being rapidly swept into dissipation. "The only thing to save them," was the reply, "is the society of ladies."

Without fully accepting this answer, we do not hesitate to assert that our Christian women, both married and unmarried, hold in their hands an immense power, especially over young men. Were one half the acute thought now expended upon amusements, dress, or housekeeping, given to gaining a hold upon young men to benefit them, thousands of homes would not need to mourn over the sons now going to ruin.

This matter is worthy of serious thought, and by men as well as women. Like every other good work, it will cost something, but the results will justify the effort. God has given us all the ability to exert influence over others. It is far easier to ignore and forget this fact than to seek to make our conversation tell upon those with whom we are not in full sympathy. But shall we exercise a selfishness in the use of our social power, of which we should be ashamed if it were money?

Our readers are not, as a class, the slothful or the self-indulgent, but we suspect that after a little self-examination they will admit that this sin of selfishness in conversation lies at their door. We converse gladly with those entirely congenial, but avoid social intercourse with those to us unattractive. Where conversation is a pleasure, we seek it; where it might be a means of doing good, we avoid it. We make an agent of self-gratification, not for conferring happiness and blessing for others, especially on the unattractive and uncongenial to us. Is it not so with you, our excellent friend? Press this question into your life, and see whether it will not convict you of your selfishness and neglect. Then look around you for those whom you can influence for good.

It is not needful to neglect the friends in whom you delight, but do not overlook the duty of seeking out others whom you may benefit. Let it be a purpose to make your society tell for good upon those who need your active sympathy, not because they are poor or suffering, but because they are in danger of leading lives of carelessness, worldliness and sin.—*Presbyterian at Work.*

HOW IT FEELS TO BE SCALPED.—"I had been sent on ahead up the hill, just where the big stone hut stands by the road, and with a boy named Kountze from Omaha, sat down to wait for the wagons, which were slowly coming up out of the valley. When the wagons reached us I started on alone through the rocks and pine bushes to seek a good camp. A few hundred yards further on I looked down on a ravine and saw five mounted Indians ride across the valley. I started to go back to the train, when at least a dozen Indians ran at me out of the bushes, and you bet I ran and halloed for help. In a minute more two or three of them shot at me. I felt a sharp stinging pain in my left leg and another in my left shoulder, and I fell. Then they were upon me in a minute, and one of them put his knee on my back, while another hit me a clip with a club or a gun. I don't know which, as I had no time to think. All I knew was I was being scalped, my hair was held tight—I felt a hot, red-hot, stinging sort of pain all around the top of my head—the hair being torn out by the roots—it was too much; I couldn't stand it; I died—at least I thought I did. But my scalp was saved just as it was being torn off. The boys at the wagon had seen me running; saw the Indians, and came on—thirteen of them—and got up just in time to prevent the red devils finishing their work. The Indians, as well as my friends thought I was dead. But I came to again. It was only half torn off, as you will see, and is growing again nicely."

HOLD UP THE LIGHT.—The famous Eddystone Lighthouse, off the coast of Cornwall, England, was first built in a fanciful way, of wood, by the learned and eccentric Wistanley. On its sides he put various boastful inscriptions. He was very proud of his structure, and from its lofty balcony used boldly to defy the storms, crying, "Blow, O winds! Rise, O ocean! Break forth, ye elements, and try my work!" But one night the sea swallowed up the tower and its builder. It was built a second time of wood and stone, by Rudgard. The form was good, but the wood gave hold for the elements, and the builder and his structure perished in the flames. Next the great Smeaton was called in. He raised a cone from the solid rock as the oak is fastened to the earth by its roots. From the rock of the foundation he took the rock of the superstructure. He carved upon it no boastful inscription like those of Winstanley, but on its lowest course he put, "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it;" and on its keystone, above the lantern, the simple tribute, "*Laus Deo!*" and the structure still stands, holding up its beacon-light to the storm-tossed mariner.

Christ, the Light, must be held up before men, or they will perish. Let us place him on no superstructure of our own device. Let us rear no tower of wood, or wood and stone. But taking the word of God for our foundation, let us build a structure upon its massive, solid truth, and on every course put Smeaton's humble, trustful inscription, and then we may be sure that the lighthouse will stand.

FALSE friends are worse than open enemies.

SAGACITY OF CIRCUS ELEPHANTS.

A correspondent of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, describing the experience of Howe's circus and menagerie after the late storm in Iowa, speaks as follows of the sagacity of the trained elephants:

"Assistant Superintendent Royce sent a large force to repair damages and relieve the circus train, and the task was great—every bridge gone and miles of track under water and badly washed out. Friday night the road was put in temporary repair, and the train started in three sections. When about ten miles out a trestle sank and five cars of the third section capsized in the soft mud. The first car contained horses, the second an elk and camel, the other three the five performing elephants. The roofs were cut away and the first two cars easily emptied, but the elephants were all in a heap, and giving emphatic expression of their discomfiture. To get them out was not so easy, yet with the intelligence and sagacity which characterizes the semi-human brute it was accomplished, they receiving not a scratch. They obeyed every instruction, kneeling down, putting out one leg, then another, turning and twisting with all the intelligence of a child, eclipsing in marvellousness anything performed in the ring. When relieved from their perilous situations they gave expressions of joy which were emphatic and unmistakable. They fairly laughed all over.

"The remainder of the trip was made overland, and this the animals enjoyed hugely, as the night was cool and the moon bright. The missing bridges on the route gave the elephants repeated opportunity for indulging in sport. They arrived here before the train; cars had to be provided for them, but ordinary cars were too low. Finally two were found which were about an inch higher than the largest elephant's back. The elephants were brought alongside, and 'Jack,' the largest, was called first to mount the platform. He noticed the strange car, and gave a careful scrutiny, seized the door-post with his trunk, and gave the car a powerful shake, mounted the platform and cautiously walked in, headed to the front, rocked the car sidewise, and then humped his back. His back struck the roof ribs, when he crouched and marched out of the car in a jiffy. The keeper remarked, 'He won't go back there again.' It was decided to remove the roof ribs, which was done, the five elephants closely watching the operation. When this was done, 'Jack' was again invited to take a ride. He promptly assented, entered the car, rocked it and swayed it, and then humped his back. Finding it all right, he trumpeted his assent, marched around it few times, and went to eating hay. Each elephant tested the car himself."

HOME COURTESIES.

"Will you?" asked a pleasant voice. And the husband answered, "Yes, my dear, with pleasure."

It was quietly but heartily said: the tone, the manner, the look, were perfectly natural and very affectionate. We thought how pleasant that courteous reply! How gratifying it must be to the wife! Many husbands after ten year's experience are ready enough with the courtesies of politeness to the young ladies of their acquaintance, while they speak with abruptness to the wife, and do many rude little things without considering them worth an apology.

Though words seem little things, and slight attentions almost valueless, yet depend upon it they keep the flame bright, especially if they are natural. The children grow up in a better moral atmosphere, and learn to respect their parents as they see them respect each other. Many a boy takes advantage of the mother he loves, because he often sees the rudeness of his father. Insensibly he gathers to his bosom the same habits, and the thoughts and feelings they engender, and in his turn becomes the petty tyrant. Only his mother! Why should he thank her? Father never does. Thus the home becomes a seat of disorder and unhappiness. Only for strangers are kind words expressed, and hypocrites go out from the hearthstone, fully prepare to render justice, benevolence, and politeness to any one and every one but those who have the justest claims. Ah! give us the kind glance, the happy homestead, the smiling wife and courteous children of the friend who said so pleasantly, "Yes, my dear, with pleasure."

TRUE ECONOMY OF LIFE.—The true economy of human life looks at ends rather than incidents and adjusts expenditures to a moral scale of values. De Quincey pictures a woman sailing over the water, awakening out of sleep to find her necklace untied and one end hanging over the stream, while pearl after pearl drops from the string beyond her reach; while she clutches at one just falling, another drops beyond recovery. Our days drop one after another by our carelessness, like pearls from a string, as we sail the sea of life. Prudence requires a wise husbanding of time to see that none of these golden coin are spent for nothing. The waste of time is a more serious loss than the extravagance against which there is such loud exclaim.

There are thousands who do nothing but lounge and carouse from morning till midnight; drones in the human hive, who consume and waste the honey honest workers wear themselves out in making, and insult the day by their dissipation and debauch. There are ten thousand idle, frivolous creatures who do nothing but consume and waste and wear what honest hands accumulate, and entice others to live as useless and worthless as themselves. Were every man and woman honest toilers, all would have an abundance of everything and half of every day for recreation and culture. The expenditure of a few dollars of taste is a small matter in comparison with the wasting of months and years by thousands who have every advantage society can offer, and exact every privilege it affords as a right.

A TALK ABOUT THE LITTLE ONES.

The child has a right to employment and the free use of its faculties. Educate the faculties to prompt action, teach the senses to respond fully to every impression made upon them.

The child in his normal condition is an embodied interrogation. He cannot wait for the eyes alone to report the objects about him; every finger-tip is pressed into service and made to convey tidings to the eager intelligence. The little creature is overwhelmed with impressions, stunned with the music of the spheres, blinded by excess of light. His greatest need is a wise and tender interpreter; some one to walk beside him and explain the significance of what he sees and hears, to distinguish between the important and the unimportant, the high and the low, the near and the far. Do we realize what we are doing when we sit stolid and dumb under a child's questions, allowing the keen intelligence to be blunted against our indifference, the glowing enthusiasm to be damped by our apathy, the buoyant hope crippled by our unbelief? Having eyes we see not, having ears we hear not, and, standing before the great wonder book of God's universe, we watch the turning of its leaves with scarcely any emotion. Verily, we need to be taught of the child.

What one is determines his possession, and whether the child shall be beggar or prince depends upon the training of his faculties and the education that he receives. In the fairy story it was only the children of the king who were invested with the golden key to which all doors swung open, but every child is of the blood royal, heir of the King of Kings, a prince in his own right, lord of a province peculiarly his own, for the unlocking of all whose treasures he should carry the golden key.

In the training of children the object to be attained is not the illustration of your theories, not by any means your pleasure or convenience, not even the embodiment of your ideal; but a recognition from the outset of a fact beyond you, a character to be developed according to the laws of its being; the infolding from a child of a self-centered, self-directed man or woman; the securing to a soul the power to make good the faculties of itself.

The old barbarism still clings to us. We interpret too literally the term "my child," and assume ownership where only guardianship was intended. Paternity imposes duties, it does not in itself establish claims.—*English Fortnightly Review.*

HIS RETAINER.—Some time ago a young man and his sweetheart straggled into an attorney's office and awkwardly inquired if the justice of the peace was at home. The young limbs of the law were sitting inside reading a newspaper and took in the situation.

One of them said: "Yes, sir; what can I do for you?"

"Well, you see, Emaline and me want to git married, and"—

"Ah, I see; you wish to get married, and you want to be sure the thing is done properly, and everything all straight, eh? Is that it?"

"Well, I suppose"—

"Very well; $5 if you please," said the young man, extending his hand; "$5 is my usual fee."

The young man forked over the V, and said: "Now drive ahead, squire."

The youthful scion of Blackstone excused himself for a few moments, stepped out and hunted up a justice of the peace, and taking him one side, said: "My cousin is here from the country, and wants to get married. Come up and do the job, will you?"

Together they entered the office, and while the ceromeny was going forward, the lawyer applied himself to the work of transforming a page of legal cap into manuscript. After the holy bonds of wedlock had been properly welded, and the marriage certificate duly signed and witnessed, the justice requested the sum of $1.50 as his fee. The young man was astonished. He said:

"Why, I thought"—

"That's all right," broke in the attorney, "that's all right, pay him."

"Why, look here; I just gave you $5 to pay for the business, didn't I?"

"That, my dear sir," said the youthful counselor, smiling blandly, and deprecating the young man's ignorance, "that was a retainer; and here, sir, is my opinion written out, guaranteeing the marriage to have been perfectly formal and legal in all respects!"

The countryman, in a dazed and bewildered manner, pocketed the opinion, paid the justice his fee, and went out, seeming ashamed to think he didn't know that a marriage would be void unless supported by an attorney's opinion.

A POWERFUL MAGNET.—Professor Smith was lecturing in Ossipee on Natural Philosophy, and in the course of his experiments he introduced one of Carrington's most powerful magnets, with which he attracted a block of iron from a distance of two feet.

"Can any one of you conceive of a greater attractive power?" the lecturer then demanded.

"I ken," answered a voice from the audience.

"Not a natural, terrestiral object, I opine."

"Yaas, sir!"

The professor challenged the man who had spoken to name the thing.

Then uprose old Seth Wimlet. He was a genius in his way, and original at that.

Said he:

"I ken give ye the facts, 'Squire, an' you ken judge for yourself. When I were a young man, thar were a little piece o' natural magnet done up in kaliker and dimity, as was called Betsy Jane. She could draw me fourteen miles every Sunday. Sakes alive! it wor just as natural as sliidin' down hill. Thar wa'n't no resistin' her. That magnet o' yourn is pooty good, but 'taint a circumstance to the one that draw'd me. No, sir!"

The audience sympathized with Seth, as was manifested in their uproarious applause.

NOTES ON THE INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.

BY REV. JOHN S. STEWART, D. D.

AUGUST 13, 1876.

THE CALL OF WISDOM.

PROV. 1: 20-33.—GOLDEN TEXT: REV. 3: 20.

THIRD QUARTER. LESSON VII.

The Book of Proverbs is, probably, an inspired compend of national proverbs, made up mainly of those composed by Solomon. They represent the wisdom and piety of the Hebrew nation in its palmiest age. "In looking carefully through the whole book there will be seen a collection of moral and prudential maxims, which attain a high elevation in the domain of morality, industry, social kindness and, indeed, of all civil and social virtues. A people who originated these, and brought them into popular use, must needs have made great advances in civil and social life. Better by far lose all that Socrates, and Plato, and Plutarch, and Epictetus, and Cicero, and Seneca, and their heathen compeers left behind them on subjects of this nature."—*Stuart.* "The Book of Proverbs is the best statesman's manual that was ever written. An adherence to the political economy and spirit of that collection of apothegms and essays would do more to eradicate from a people the causes of extravagance, debasement and ruin, than all the contributions to political economy of Say, Smith, Malthus, and Chalmers together."—*Coleridge.*

The design of the Book is set forth in the opening verses of ch. I (vs. 1-6). The wise man wrote with the design of making others wise. "The more they are pondered, and prayed over, and reduced to practice, the more are their hidden treasures of wisdom brought to light. Whoever gives himself, in the fear of God, to the study of these proverbs, and conforms his life to the principles which they set forth, will be a truly happy and prosperous man."—*Barrow.*

Hence in the part of the chapter which constitutes our lesson, Wisdom stands personified before us, and is represented as a teacher, who, having taken her station in the place of usual concourse ("in the streets," "in the openings of the gates"), invites all whom she meets to forsake the paths of ignorance, folly and sin, and to attend upon her gratuitous instructions. By "wisdom" he evidently means true piety, which consists first in a knowledge of divine truth, and secondly in a practical obedience thereto. She may be regarded as a personification of God's Word, which goes forth everywhere inviting men to hear and obey, or as a poetical conception of the Lord Jesus Christ, the only wise God and the only perfect teacher of men, who proclaimed the glorious wisdom of God in the roads and villages of Palestine.

Several points may be noticed in this lesson. I. The Persons addressed