# The Bradford Reporter.

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VOLUME XXXVII. TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 24, 1876. NUMBER 9.



TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

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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.

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

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 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

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, aug26. TOWANDA, PA.

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

WM. MANWELL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. OFFICE OVER DAYTON'S STORE, TOWANDA, PA. April 12, 1-76.

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 C. B. Patch Esq.'s Sec-ond floor. Nov. 1, '75.

E. L. HILLIS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, TOWANDA, PA. Office with Smith & Montanye. (may11-75.

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

ANDREW WILT, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Office over Crook' 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 & Nobles Block, Towanda, Pa., Jan. 1, 1876.

W. H. THOMPSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, WYALUSING, PA. Will attend to all business entrusted to his care in Bradford, Susquehanna and Wyoming Counties. Office with Esq. Vanfleet. [nov18-74.

L. ELSBREE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Jan. 1, 1875. 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. [aug18-6. 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 copartnership, offer their professional services to the public. Special attention given to business in the Orphan's and Register's Courts. D. A. OVERTON, Esq. [apr14-76] N. C. ELSBREE.

MADILL & CALIFF, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, TOWANDA, PA. Office in Wood's Block, first door south of the First National bank, up-stairs. F. A. MADILL. [Jan 5-76] 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 25-75. 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, Leßaysville, Pa. March 1-'67.

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

DRS. JOHNSON & NEWTON, Physicians and Surgeons. Office over Dr. Porter & Son's Drug Store, Towanda, Pa. T. B. JOHNSON, M. D. D. S. NEWTON, M. D. apr1-76.

M. L. DODSON, DENTIST. Office and residence 2nd door north of Post Office. Towanda, Pa. Office open every Monday, Tuesday and Saturday of each week. Artificial teeth inserted on Gold, Silver, Rubber, and Aluminum bases. Teeth extracted without pain. Sept. 27-'72.

W. B. KELLY, DENTIST.—Office over M. E. Strouse's Store, Towanda, Pa. Teeth inserted on Gold, Silver, Rubber, and Aluminum bases. Teeth extracted without pain. Oct. 5-'72.

DR. C. M. STANLY, DENTIST, Having removed from Troy to Towanda, offers his professional services to the citizens of Towanda and vicinity. Prepared to do all kinds of dental work in the best style and on as low terms as any first-class dentist. [apr1-76.

HALE & PATTON, Agents for CONNECTICUT MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY. Office No. 1 Goldsmith & Patton's Block, Bridge Sts. March 25-'74.

C. S. RUSSELL'S GENERAL INSURANCE AGENCY, May28-'70-tf. TOWANDA, PA.

M. O. MOODY, BLACKSMITH, Does all kinds of work in his line. HORSE SHOEING A SPECIALTY. Discount for cash. Manufactories the celebrated CALIFORNIA PICK. Shop in Stalker's Carriage Factory, on Pine-st. Towanda, Pa., Jan. 6, '76-tf.

INSURANCE AGENCY. The following RELIABLE AND FIRE TRIED Companies represented: LANCSHIRE. PHŒNIX. HOME. MERCHANTS. March 19 '73. O. A. BLACK.

FREDERICK TAFT & CO., GENERAL PRODUCE COMMISSION MERCHANTS, NO. 9, 8th WATER STREET, PHILADELPHIA. REFERENCES: HON. A. G. 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. apr20m2.


## Selected Poetry.

### THE WAITING ANGELS.

Two bright little angels were watching above:
Their faces were shining with joy and with love;
I wondered why thus, amid raptures so great,
They lingering stood beside Heaven's open gate.

I said to them, "Sweet are the songs that ye raise,
And loudly ye join in the chorus of praise;
All Heaven is your portion, then why do ye wait,
With looks of expectancy, close by its gate?"

When thus I had spoken, the angels replied:
"We two, when on earth, were a sweet mother's pride;
Ah! dearly she loved us; but we could not wait,
And entered without her the fair, pearly gate.

"Deep, deep was her sorrow, while bright were our joys;
And ever she mourns for her two darling boys.
Though we cannot mourn, we impatiently wait
To welcome her first when she comes to the gate.

"We left her too soon to respond to her love,
And first understood it while passing above;
So now, to reward her, we patiently wait,
To kiss her dear lips as she enters the gate.

"Soon, soon shall we hear the soft funeral chime,
Which tells that our mother has left earth and time:
The moments pass swiftly which here we shall wait,
Ere mother, sweet mother, will enter the gate."

## Miscellaneous.

### FATE'S CHOICE.

A THRILLING TALE OF THE WAR.

There were just three hundred and one of us as we marched out of the little inland village that morning, drums beating, flags flying, and men shouting and women weeping a farewell. It was May, 1861, and we were going to the "front."

A month later when the roll was called on the heights of Georgetown, there were only an even hundred in Company G. Death had claimed the three even before they had snuffed war's powder breath.

And a month later still the roll was called on the morning of Manassas. Foot-sore, hungry, excited and anxious, the men answered "aye" and "aye," and there were ninety-seven responses, making just a hundred with the three company officers. Would we fight? I saw our captain looking down the line. There were printers, lawyers, mechanics, students, farmers, and day laborers in Company G, and not a man knew what grim war was.

Down across the meadow, up along the edge of the wood, and there we rested and waited till the fight opened—waited half an hour later than that, and then came the order to move. It was like a dress parade as we moved by the left flank, down across the old pasture and into the edge of the blue cloud of powder floating on the morning air. Only the men's faces were white, and their eyes anxious as they caught the roar of small arms, and felt the ground tremble under the discharge of the heavy cannon which were throwing shot and shell into the hillside above us.

Down went a company to the edge of the forest, spread out like a fan, and the skirmishers were hidden by smoke. The rattle of musketry increased; they had found targets for their bullets. Standing in a line we looked down into the smoke cloud, trembled a little, and then came the order to go forward. March! march! and the smoke hid us, and we struck the confederate line of battle thrown out in front of an earthwork.

Crash! crack! roar! The line wavered, fell back, sprang forward again with a cheer, and we were all there—all but those dead or wounded. It was like a wild dream. Forward—retreat—forward—now at the earth-work, now hurled back by the sheet of flame, and finally driven back to stay. A thousand men had been fighting three thousand, and there could be but one result.

The roll was called at Arlington Heights, and seventy-four men responded—seventy-four from ninety-seven—twenty-three of the rank and file of Company G left dead along the little creek which meanders past banks of willows, over beds of gravel, and around gray old trees which have felt the blasts of half a century. We had no wounded—all dead—all lying under the smoke-stained leaves of the dark forest. It was sad and yet glorious. There would be thirteen widows in the little hamlet, and ten sons and brothers would be wept for, but we had been tried in the balance, and Company G had made the whole regiment famous.

Winter came and war was chained for awhile. When the south wind blew the frost away and war shook off its lashings, there were but seventy men to answer roll-call. With muffled drums and arms reversed we had followed the others to their last sleep, and they cared not whether it was war or peace. The Pennsylvania campaign was not for us, but the thunder of Jackson's cannon, as she swept down on to Manassas a second time, called us out. He was the flail, we the grain—it was no longer a battle, but a slaughter. We heard him coming. There was a weak brigade to oppose ten thousand confederate muskets, but if we could hold him one hour longer, help would come. Company G went groping through the woods that morning to meet death. There were sixty-eight of us then, and it was a poor thin skirmish line which crept under the trees and frightened away the birds just singing their morning songs. We crouched down beside a fence and saw a heavy line of gray come over and half way across the open field, and then Death took command. We staggered their line, and as it bent back and twisted about like a huge serpent in his death struggles, we cheered until the forest leaves danced and quivered. The line straightened, and with answering cheer it came straight forward—five hundred muskets to sixty-eight! And yet we held our own, and let them come, and men fought hand to hand over the fence with clubbed muskets and bloody bayonets. Each rail had its stain of blood; each corner had its burden of dead and wounded. They hurled us back, and then the great battle opened all around us.

I was first sergeant then, and when we fell back I was in command. Along the fence, where death had struck them down, lay captain, both lieutenants, and thirteen of the rank and file—sixteen out of sixty-eight. The fifty-two retreated behind the line of battle, joined our regiment, and again and again before nightfall we gave Jackson's veterans shot for shot. It was to be, and when night fell the brave fifty-two were living unharmed.

After Manassas they filled us up to eighty-five, but somehow we went on counting fifty-two, and felt as if the strangers were intruders. My commission as captain came one day, and the two lieutenants were men who had bravely won their shoulder-straps.

At Sharpsburg we numbered forty-nine—forty-nine old veterans, I mean. The other three had been killed on picket. As we deployed to the left of the pike and filed across the fields, I wondered if the new men would do us credit. We were eighty strong as a company, and over thirty of the men had never been under fire. Lee's artillery was pounding at our columns half an hour before our brigade got the order to move. Meadows, fields, groves, knolls, fences and creek—and we knew that Lee was standing on the defensive, and a strong position. When the word came I could see that some of the men trembled, but the old forty-nine took up their knapsacks and fell into line as if they were breaking camp. Down across the fields we went, following the double line of skirmishers, and at last we struck the enemy. He had a fence, a long ditch, and a line of willows, and he did not yield until we crushed him by weight of numbers. As he retired we followed, men falling dead every moment. Unknown to us a weak three thousand were piercing Lee's line. He saw his danger, and a battery wheeled into the gap, opened upon us, and the left and centre of our brigade swung back under the fearful rain of grape shot and shell. The order to retreat, and go forward. Some fell back; others leaped the ditch with a wild cheer, and charged the battery. Company G led. Half way to the guns we left the recruits behind, and only the forty-nine kept on. Men could pause and retreat from that charge, and no one could call them cowards.

The smoke and the flame hid us for a moment, and then we reached the guns, leaped over them, crawled under, shot, stabbed, shouted and hurrahed. The whole battery was ours! We seized the guns to drag them off, when a heavy line of battle came down through the gap, closed it up, and men fought hand to hand over the cannon, over the caisons, over the great heaps of dead on the grass. Less than three hundred federals were fighting two thousand confederates! It could not last long. After a moment we were driven back, over the ditch, beyond the fence, into the federal line of battle.

"Pretty hot in there, captain!" shouted a brigadier, as the torn and mangled remnant halted to re-form.

"Pretty hot?" My God! It was the work of fiends and devils! Forty-nine of the bronzed old fighters in Company G had dashed at the cannon; only twenty-four came back! Twenty-five were lying dead under the guns, heaped up so that they blocked the heavy wheels.

The recruits were there to answer "aye" at the next roll-call. No one thought ill of them—men cannot turn to devils at once. We still had a strong company—stronger than some, but we went on counting twenty-four—counting only those who would stand until touched by the flame of death. Both lieutenants were gone, and they gave me men from the ranks.

We looked down upon the placid river from the north bank in front of Fredericksburg, and when the blue column crossed we were near the front. Death had taken some of the new men, but old ones had been spared. On through the curious old town, up through the valley behind it, and then the line of battle followed the line of skirmishers on to the low stone walls behind which Lee's veterans were panting for the word to fire. Their sheets of flame almost scorched our faces. The battle line melted, doubled, twisted, and then we fell back, the living leaping over heaps of dead. Forward again, back again, and then the walls were hidden from sight by the piles of dead dressed in blue, and we did not charge again. Six of the twenty-four were left close to the wall, and eleven of the new men never answered roll-call again. It was not war, it was not murder: it was butchery. The order had come to charge, and we had charged, although every soldier knew that he was charging into the open jaws of destruction.

Not a soul in Company G had been wounded; not one of those who fell back to the river's bank could show a scratch from bullet or bayonet. It had been thus ever since our first battle. There was nothing to report under the head of "wounded" and "missing," but all the names of those who had heard their last roll-call went down under the head of "killed in action." When they fought it was to the death.

After Fredericksburg more recruits were sent down to us. We received them kindly, but we kept on counting eighteen, just as if Company G would be wiped out when the last old veteran went. And they said that my company was fated. Other companies could show long lists of "captured" and "wounded," but no other company in the brigade had suffered like G.

Then came Gettysburg. The eighteen old veterans were there, and the company numbered sixty-eight with the new men. Other divisions were held in reserve, or escaped the hot test of the fight, but ours was to beat back the fiercest charge of the bloody war—the charge against Round Top. Somehow Company G was at the front again, and as the fierce yells of the coming confederates were heard above the mighty roar of the cannon, I looked down the line. Some of the new men were looking this way and that, as if seeking cover, but the old veterans peered coolly through the smoke, and waited with leveled muskets to catch the first glimpse of gray uniforms. On across the fields came the charging, cheering host, up the steep hillside, and then a sheet of flame leaped out and withered them. The gray line absorbed in that flame of death just as water dissolves salt. But a second line sprang at us, and a third and fourth, and they were at the guns which we were supporting. Some one gave an order. No one exactly understood it, but all rushed for the guns. Shrieks, groans, shots, shouts, and then the line of gray pushed back the line of blue. They were all around us—front, right, left—and men neither asked nor gave quarter. Back, back went the line of blue, and Round Top, the key of Gettysburg, was won for the confederates.

But only for a moment. A double-line of blue pushed its way through the line of smoke, hurled itself forward, and Round Top was won again. And how won? Men slipped and fell on the bloody grass, heaps of dead were piled up like logs, and the shrieks and groans of the wounded were awful to hear.

And when Lee faced southward, fighting as he marched, I called the roll again. None wounded, none missing, but upon the crest of Round Top we left ten old veterans and fourteen new men. Ten out of eighteen, twenty-four out of sixty-eight! The blood-thirsty fiend who wields the sword of war should have been satisfied with that. Sixteen more widows back in the little country village, more orphans, more sobs and tears. Not one of the living could show a wound, but each one of us would have rejoiced at the loss of an arm—at some grievous wound which would have made the surgeons shake their heads and look serious.

Only eight left! Only eight men of the one hundred and three who marched out of the hamlet that May morning! The new men had fought well, and we respected them, but we went on counting eight. Three held commissions, the other five were sergeants—not enough to officer the company!

In the dusk of evening Stonewall Jackson came down through the forest and thickets beyond the Rappahannock, and struck the federal camps and opened the battle of the Wilderness. The eight old veterans of Company G were there, and the new men made up a band of forty strong. As we heard the crash of musketry over on the left, our poor skeleton brigade, numbering twenty-three hundred instead of four thousand, fell into line and pushed on through the stunted pines after a line of skirmishers. Company G was on the left of the skirmish line, and we found the enemy first—a heavy line of gray coming through the wilderness at half run. Down we knelt among the vines and bushes, and our fire cracked them. They fired a few wild shots, retreated a little, and then we leaped and drove them—a band of forty drove a double line of skirmishers, supported by a line of battle! History has not told it to the world, but blood was left on the vines and corpses on the ground to prove it. They were feeling over strange ground, after a foe whose strength was not known, and that was the reason of our success. We pushed them back to the line of battle, attacked that, and then we were tossed back, torn and bleeding, almost blotted out of existence as a company.

Of the eight old veterans, six were lying dead under the trees; of the new men, twenty-five answered roll-call after the Wilderness! Was that war, or slaughter? A captain and a second lieutenant only were left to represent the one hundred and three!

The end was not yet, but the end was coming. There were no new recruits for my company, but we were marching toward Richmond numbering twenty-seven. Has the country forgotten the fierce conflict at Petersburg! As we fell into line to make twenty-seven in the brigade, I saw the lieutenant looking at me. Poor fellow! there was no need for him to speak. Would this fight wipe out the old company entirely, or would one be spared? And which one? He had a wife—I had none. I hoped he might live to call the roll after the battle was over, and that death would have taken me.

The line quivered as it felt the order coming, and then it dashed at an earthwork, went forward with the same old cheer which had been its own ever since its bronzed veterans heard the whistle of bullets. But it was too much for us. They had forgotten how weak we were, and some one had blundered. The lines withered before the storm of shot; we fell back; were charged in turn, and I went down among the heaps of dead and wounded. The roar of battle died away in a moment; daylight changed to darkness, and when I opened my eyes again the surgeons stood by me, and my left arm was gone.

There was no one to call the roll. The stark, stiff form of the lieutenant had been given to earth, and the seven men who represented Company G looked to themselves. Fate had a choice who should be taken and who left and death passed me by. I alone of the one hundred and three veterans returned to the village to tell them how this one and that one died; to hear the sobs of widow and orphan, until my heart ached.

Sometimes in my day reveries or night dreams I call the roll again, and shadowy forms stand in a line, and ghostly voices answer, "aye" and "aye," until I start up with a sob in my throat at the remembrance of those who sleep in the trenches beside the Potomac, beneath the shadow of Round Top, along the Rappahannock, and down among the dark thickets of the Wilderness, sleeping there never to know war again.—*Galaxy.*

GOD first—self last—all the rest will come in the right order.

IF our hearts were notes, entirely perverted no man in his senses would die in his sins.

THERE are some kinds of men who cannot pass their time alone. They are the flails of unoccupied people.

To leave men in error, may be as wrong as to lead them into it. Hence silence, on the part of those charged with teaching, may be as bad as false teaching itself.

## THE SOAP MINES OF CALIFORNIA.

The rock soap mine is situated in the lower mountains or foothills of the coast range in Ventura county, five miles from the city of the same name. It was discovered by A. F. Hubbard while prospecting for coal. He accidentally dislodged some that fell into water and dissolved. It being a new experience to see rock dissolve, he gave it his attention, found it soapy, took it home to experiment with, and soon learned its virtues; yet, strange to tell, his family used it for nearly a year before it was given to the public, when Mr. Hubbard associated himself with Messrs. Cronk and Bickford, forming the present company, who are sole proprietors of this wonderful mine. It is accessible only through a canyon leading to and opening upon the beach. The coast line stage road passes the mouth of this canyon three miles below the mine. This canyon or ravine penetrates one of the wildest possible volcanic regions. A little stream follows its course, an almost "lost cause" in summer, but in winter a raging, rushing torrent, which, after draining immense heights and many a rugged mountain side, finds its way to the ocean, often bearing along in its fearful strength huge boulders and entire trees. Along the side of the ravine, sometimes in the bed of the stream, sometimes high up in its precipitous banks, winds a little trail leading to the soap mine, traveled only by the safe pack mule and hardy miner. The rock resembles chalk or lime. At the southern extremity is an extensive deposit, veined, marbled and part colored, resembling Castile soap. The ledge at its opening is fifteen to twenty feet wide, and crops out for 2,000 feet to an unknown depth. The lode is well defined, with wall rocks of hard slate stone, and has, in common with the slate and sandstone strata about it, been thrown up from the depths and turned completely on edge. In its vicinity is the mountain of gypsum, also turned up on edge; indeed, the whole country bears evidence of fearful convulsions, also of some time lain peacefully at the bottom of the ocean; for on the highest mountain tops can be found almost perfect sea shells and various specimens of marine matter.

## CURIOSITY SHOP.

Hawks can fly at the rate of 150 miles an hour.

Ducks can fly at the rate of 90 miles an hour.

The crow can fly at the rate of 25 miles an hour.

The falcon can fly at the rate of 75 miles an hour.

Frogs live from 12 to 15 years (if not eaten).

120,000 little mouths or pores are found upon one square inch of a lilac leaf.

Sound moves at the rate of 123 miles a minute.

3,000 stars are only visible to the naked eye. Countless millions are revealed by the telescope—some are so remote that their light, traveling at the rate of 200,000 miles a second, cannot arrive at our little planet in less than 14,000 years.

The different species of birds is estimated at 6,000.

The different species of fishes will probably reach 10,000.

The different species of reptiles will probably reach 2,000.

There are 250,000 species of living animals in all.

The wings of some animals are so thin that 50,000 placed one upon another would not form a heap of more than a quarter of an inch in height.

25,000 eggs of a silk worm weigh one-quarter of an ounce. The worm lives from 45 to 53 days. It increases in weight in thirty days 9,500 fold, and during the last 28 days of its life, eats nothing.

Glass windows were first used for lights in 1180.

Chimney first put to houses in 1236.

Tallow candles for lights in 1290.

Spectacles invented by an Italian in 1240.

Paper made from linen in 1302.

Woolen cloth made in England in 1341.

Art of printing from movable type in 1440.

Watches first made in Germany in 1447.

Circulation of blood discovered by Harvey in 1610.

Newspaper first established in 1626.

First book printed on paper in England in 1508.

## GIANTS IN OLDEN TIMES.

The giant exhibited at Rouen in 1830 measured nearly eighteen feet.

Gorapus saw a girl that was ten feet high.

The giant Galabra, brought from Arabia to Rome, under Claudius Cæsar, was ten feet high.

Fannum, who lived in the time of Eugene II., measured eleven and a half feet.

The Chevalier Scrog, in his voyage to the Peak Teneriffe, found in one of the caverns of that mountain the head of the Gunich, who had sixty teeth, and was not less than fifteen feet high.

The giant Faragus, slain by Orlando, nephew of Charlemagne, was twenty-eight feet high.

In 1814, near St. Gernad, was found the tomb of the giant Isplent, who was not less than thirty feet high.

The giant Bacart was twenty-two feet high; his thigh bones were found in 1703 near the river Moderi.

Near Palermo, in Sicily, in 1516, was found the skeleton of a giant thirty feet high, and in 1559 another forty-four feet high.

Near Magrino, in Sicily, in 1816, was found the skeleton of a giant thirty feet high; the head was the size of a hogs head, and each of his teeth weighed five ounces.

We have no doubt that there were "giants in those days," and the past, perhaps, was more prolific in producing them than the present. But the history of giants during the olden times was not more remarkable than that of dwarfs, some of whom were even smaller than the Thumbs and Nutts of our own time.

## HINTS TO GIRLS CONCERNING HOUSEKEEPING.

Don't keep going to your mother. You have every one of you probably some little independence of money, or some possibility of economizing it. Buy your own utensils; set up your own establishment, if only by slow degrees. You will know the good of it then; and you will be setting up your character at the same time. There will be no sudden violent resolution and undertaking, which drafts aid and encouragement from everybody about you, getting up prospective virtue by subscription, and upsetting half the current order of the household for an uncertain experiment. Be in earnest enough to make your own way, and before you or anybody else thinks about it, you will have become a recognized force in the domestic community; you will have risen into your altitude without assumption, just as you are growing, by invisible hair-breadths, into your womanly stature. Then some day you may say to your mother, "Let me have charge of the china closet, and pantry, please;" and you may enter upon a new realm, having fairly conquered your own queendom. And I can tell you this new one will be a pretty and a pleasant realm to queen in; an epitome of the whole housework practiced in dainty, easy little ways. Shelves to be kept nice, wiped down with a soft wet cloth wrung from the suds that cups and silver have come out bright from; cups and silver, plates and dishes, to be ranged in prettiest lines and piles and groups on the fresh shelves; cupboards to be regulated with light daily touches and replacements; yesterday's cake and cake-basket, fruit or jelly, custards or blanc-mange, to be over-looked and newly dished for the next table setting; the nice remnant of morning cream to be transfered to a fresh jug and put in a cool, clean corner: to-day's parcels, perhaps, to be bestowed; and the doors closed, with a feeling of plenty and comfort that only the thrifty, delicate housewife—who knows and utelizes the resources that are but uncomfortable odds and ends to the disorderly, heedless procrastinating one—ever has the pleasure of. All this is cosily and in minature to the larger care of kitchen and larder, what the little girl's baby-house has been (if she began, like a true woman-child, to "spin and weave" for her womanly vocation) to the "house of her own" that she—you—began to talk of then, and that you are earning a right to now. And pretty soon this daily care—this daily pleasure will have become a facile thing, a thing easily slipped into the day's programme, and never to be a mountain or a bugbear any more, either to do or to teach; because you "know every twist and turn of it" and it is not a process of conscious detail but a simple whole that you can dispose of with a single thought and its quick mechanical execution.

In a like manner, again, you can take up cooking. You can learn to make bread, until the fifteen minutes' labor that it will be for you to toss up the dough for to-morrow's baking will not seem to you a terrible infliction, when it happens that you may have it to do, any more than the mending of a pair of gloves for to-morrow's wearing; simply because it will be an old accustomed thing that you know the beginning and the end of—not a vague, untried toil looming in indefinite proportions, that are always the awful ones.—*St. Nicholas.*

## DRAPERIES.

A room can hardly be called finished without drapery of some description. It may be applied to doors, dressers, or as table-covers. The most natural place for this seems to be the window. Indeed, its origin was probably due to the need of it there, for the purpose of keeping off those draughts which found their way through the imperfectly fitting sashes, and the prototype of window hangings was a simple curtain made to achieve this purpose. The nearer we come to this primitive idea, the more satisfactory, I think, we shall find it. The present fashion of elaborately dressing our windows, in which damask and lace are festooned and looped up, vieing in their fullness with the fashionable woman's dress, is inartistic in the extreme. These absurd folds, burdening our casements and shutting out the light, have a cumbersome appearance, while a little drapery, tastefully arranged, is suggestive of elegance and grace.

At the present time, when our workmanship is of that superior order as to exclude these unwelcome draughts, there is no practical necessity for curtains at all, as shades are sufficient to subdue the light; and, as we have stated in a former chapter, if the window mouldings are colored darker than the walls, and thus do for the window what a picture-frame does for the canvas, curtains seem almost superfluous.

The original mode of hanging draperies was by rings run on a metal rod, over which, the more fully to keep out the draughts from above, a slight valance or canopy was suspended. These valances, however, are no longer necessary, and had better be done away with altogether. The metal rod and rings may be somewhat embellished, and form an ornamental crown to the curtain, as shown in dinning-room of former chapter. But instead of adopting this method, we have stupidly retained this now meaningless feature, which has been developed into a huge and useless border, called the lambrequin, surmounted by a monstrous gilt cornice, covering up the real construction; and indeed the curtains are usually nailed to this, rendering it impossible to slide them at all, and making it necessary to loop them up at the side. The edges of the folds thus become prematurely faded, while the space between might retain their freshness were they not the natural receptacles of dust and vermin.

The lambrequin seems to be the favorite system of a vicious art, and is not only applied to windows, but to doors, mantles, and even arranged along the walls. It must not be supposed that I object to hangings as a rule; on the contrary, I think, when properly disposed, they do much to relieve the stiffness of a room, making it cozy and "livable," and I would not advise their introduction in windows, but in niches, and in place of sliding doors—in fact, as I have before said, for every opening where scrutiny is not a consideration. But to place them unmeaningly on walls and mantles, where they can serve no other purpose than collecting dust, seems in the highest degree absurd; and one would suppose that careful housekeepers would object to them on that account; for the only merit they do possess is that, in the absence of color, they sometimes form a relief to a white or cold-tinted wall. These ideas, which have been developed during an age of perverted taste, are in a measure becoming reformed; and when we are sufficiently advanced to judge for ourselves as to what is suitable, better things may be expected; and the sooner we free ourselves from the upholsterers' notions of elegance, the better.

Silk and damask we consider as inappropriate for window hangings, and "rep," which is a good covering for furniture, should not be employed for curtains. There is an article of German manufacture, called "cotelan," which is a mixture of silk, wool, and cotton, and when artistically designed forms one of the best of materials for this purpose. Vertical stripes should always be avoided. Laternal bands, with zigzag borders top and bottom, may be used with advantage, giving somewhat the effect of frize and dado to the wall, and, like these latter, may be treated with any degree of elaboration, while the centre, if not entirely plain, is best of a quiet running pattern. Some of the English material has advanced to a great degree of perfection within the last few years, and the most celebrated architects have contributed designs for this purpose, among whom are Blomfield, Godwin, Burgess, Eastlake, and Talbert. Mr. Talbert seems to excel in his appreciation of the loom, and his designs are exceedingly satisfactory, as evidenced in some of the fabrics manufactured by Cowlishaw, Nicol, & Co., of Manchester, whose superior goods are becoming widely known both in this country and on the Continent. Jute, for a cheap article, has proved an excellent material for hangings. Another stuff, made of raw silk and cotton, not only wears well and retains its color, but has a great advantage over wool, as it is not liable to moths.—*Harper's Magazine.*

## SAMARITANS WANTED.

When Sir Philip Sidney was mortally wounded, he requested a cup of cold water. As it was being brought he heard a dying soldier make the same request. "Hand it to him," said the General, "his needs are greater than mine." Sir Philip was mighty in his country's service, but what act of his life approaches this one in grandeur? He died for his country, and he died also making willing sacrifices for his fellows. His name and the deed are remembered.

In these trying times, when so many are unable to find employment, the first question with generous individuals and families should be: Is it well with all our friends? Men are still falling among thieves as they journey through life; are the Samaritans on the increase or decrease? This world wants nothing half so much as the brotherliness exemplified by Christ, whose mission was the welfare of the bodies and souls of men. When we do meet a Christian we find a man who is spending and being spent in these divine acts of self-dying charity.

The most effectual way of reforming the depraved and scoffing is to be found in liberal acts of self-sacrifice. Faith and works are never separated. The man who has been habitually helping others through life, may, in his day of need, ask assistance with boldness and confidence; but who authorizes the penurious arm to be stretched out for returns where the seed of liberality was never sown? What right has a man to expect assistance in his day of trouble from friends or strangers, who never lifted his little finger when they were calling for help?

"As ye sow, so shall ye reap."

MARRIAGE AMONG THE ANCIENTS.—The Romans not only rewarded those who married, but decreed penalties for men who remained in a state of celibacy. Fines were first levied upon unmarried men about the year of Rome 350; and when pecuniary forfeitures failed to ensure their obedience to these connubial edicts, their contumacious neglect of the fair sex was punished by degredations, from their tribe. Celibacy continued, however, to gain ground in Rome; and to counteract its effects we find that in the year 313 from the foundation of the city, the censors had resource to the extraordinary measure of obliging all the young unmarried men to pledge themselves on oath to marry within a certain time.

In Babylon an auction of unmarried ladies used to take place annually. The virgins of marriageble age in every district were assembled on a certain day of every year. The most beautiful was the first put up, and the man who bid the largest sum of money gained possession of her. The second in personal appearance followed; and the purchasers gratified themselves with handsome wives in accordance with the depth of their purses. When all the beautiful virgins were sold, the crier ordered the most deformed to stand up; and after he had openly asked who would marry her for a small sum, she was adjudged to the man who would be satisfied with the least. In this manner, the money arising from the sale of the handsomest women served as a portion to those who were either of disagreeable looks, or who had any other fault or imperfection.

EXPERIENCE is a torchlight in the ashes of our delusion.

A GOOD place for match-makers—The School of Design.

## THE CATERPILLAR AND THE LARK.

"I believed everything I am told," said the Caterpillar, with as grave a face as if it were a fact.

"Then I will tell you something else," cried the Lark; "you will one day be a butterfly."

"Wretched bird!" exclaimed the Caterpillar. "You jest with my inferiority. Go away! I will listen to you no more."

"I told you you would not believe me," said the Lark, nettled in her turn.

"I believe everything I am told, that is," and she hesitated, "everything that is reasonable. But to tell me that butterflies' eggs are caterpillars, and caterpillars leave off crawling and get wings and become butterflies! Lark, you are too wise to believe such nonsense yourself, for you know it is impossible."

"I know no such thing," said the Lark warmly. "Whether I hover over cornfields of earth, or go up into the depths of the sky, I see so many wonderful things I know no reason why there should not be more. Oh, Caterpillar, it is because you crawl, because you never get beyond your cabbage leaf, that you call anything impossible."

"Nonsense!" shouted the Caterpillar; "I know what's possible and what's not possible as well as you do. Look at my long green body, and these endless legs, and then talk to me about having wings and painted feather coat! Dunce—."

"And dunce you!" cried the indignant Lark. "Dunce to attempt to reason about what you cannot understand! Do you not hear how my song swells with joy as I soar upward to the mysterious wonder-world beyond? Oh, Caterpillar, what comes to you from there, receive as I do, upon trust."

"How am I to learn that?" asked the Caterpillar.

At that moment she felt something at her side. She looked around—eight or ten little caterpillars were moving about. They had broken from the butterfly's eggs! Shame and amazement filled our green friend's heart, but joy soon followed; for, as the first wonder was possible, the second might be so too. And the Caterpillar talked all the rest of her life to her relatives about the time when she should be a butterfly.—*Parables from Nature.*

## AUGUST, THE 8TH MONTH.

August was formerly called Sextilis, or the sixth month, the year beginning with March, but the Roman Emperor Augustus, to whom many lucky events occurred during this month, made a sort of pet month of it, instead of the twenty-nine days it had under the old Roman calendar, robbed February and gave August thirty-one days.

The harvests are ripening. Prospects of plentiful crops delight the farmer on every hand. Summer is on the wane, and even now, the scattering yellow leaves are seen peeping through the green, the avant couriers of coming autumn. Flora has decked herself gorgeously, but her chaplets and wreaths and nosegays are fading—she has passed her prime. The fruits are swelling and changing their hues, for the ripening process has begun, and the measure of every fruit bearing tree is being calculated by thrifty husbandmen. The plums are purpling, the pears are reddening, the peaches are blushing, the apples are mellowing, while now and then beneath the trees, one may pick up a fully ripened wind fall, and smack his lips as the old time fruity flavor is again called to his memory. The ev