The Bradford Reporter.

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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 Sts., 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 Patton'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 12, 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 C. B. Patch Esq., second floor. Nov. 18, '75.

E. L. HILLIS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, TOWANDA, PA. Office with Smith & Montanye. [nov11-75.

GEORGE D. STROUD, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 33 Chestnut St. TOWANDA, PA. Late of Philadelphia. Dec. 9, '75

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, Oct 14-75. 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. E. OVERTON, JR. (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. H. J. MADILL. [jan5-73ly] J. N. CALIFF.

JOHN W. MIX, ATTORNEY AT LAW, AND U. S. COMMISSIONER, TOWANDA, PA. Office—North Side Public Square. Jan. 1, 1875.

DAVIES & CARNOCHAN, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, MERCUR BLOCK Dec 23-75. TOWANDA, PA.

H. PEET, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Is prepared to practice all branches of his profession. Office, MERCUR BLOCK, (entrance on south side) TOWANDA, PA. [jan6-76.

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

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

DRS. JOHNSON & NEWTON. Physicians and Surgeons. Office over Dr. Porter & Son's Drug Store, Towanda, Pa. T. R. JOHNSON, M.D. D. N. NEWTON, M.D. jan1-74.

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

W. B. KELLY, DENTIST.—Office over M. E. Rosenfield's, Towanda, Pa. Teeth inserted on Gold, Silver, Rubber, and Aluminum bases. Teeth extracted without pain. Oct. 3-72.

DR. C. M. STANLY, DENTIST. Having removed his Dental office into Tracy & Mercur'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. [jy13-75.

HALE & PATTON, Agents for CONNECTICUT MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY. Office No. 2 Griffith & Patton's Block, Bridge Sts. March 26-74.

C. S. RUSSELL'S GENERAL INSURANCE AGENCY, May2-76tf. 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, 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 '76. O. A. BLACK.

FREDERICK TAFT & CO., GENERAL PRODUCE COMMISSION MERCHANTS, NO. 9, 5th 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. DEWEY, Buffalo, New York. JNO. J. BATES Corn Exchange, New York. [jy1-76-y.

Political.

NASBY ON INGERSOLL.

The Corners Afflicted by the Gross Infidelity of Col. Ingersoll, of Illinois, now on the Stump for Hayes, Hold a Meeting to Denounce Him—Joe Bigler Makes Trouble.

CONFEDRIT X ROADS, WUN IS IN THE STATE UV KENTUCKY, September 22d, 1876.

The depth uv wickidniss hez been soundid by the Ablishnists at last. They hev Bob Ingarsoll' of Illinoy, on the stump shreekin for Hayes, and again our reform candidate, Samyoel Tilden. To say I am shocked is to state the state uv my feelins mildly. Don't they know that Ingersoll is a infiddle? Dont they know that he haint no vital piety?

I told Deekin Pogram uv it, and when I explained to him wat an infiddle wuz he wuz shocked.

"Wat!" sighed the Deekin, "not bleeve in religion? Well, I'm d—d! Let's hold a meetin and protest agin the cuss."

The Deekin's suggestion struck me ez bein an exceedinly good one, and I determined to act upon it. I hed mail to get thro with first, and that took me nearly all day. I cooden't stop even to rebook infidelity, till I did my biznis. I hed received $1,000 from the Noo York Committy to be youzed in sending voters to Injeany—I had to reed two letters from John Morrisey instructin me how to booze the money, and I hed to find quarters for an Irish brooser, who hed bin pardoned out uv the State's prison to assist in this campane, and who hed ben sent on to show us how to work repeeters to the best advantage. Afore I cood assist in roobookin Republican infidelity and castin a stigma on religon, I hed to get all this out uv the way.

I called the meetin at Bascom's, our Church not hevin been opened for religious meetins sence Johnston went out in 1869. It wuz a lively meetin. When the Corners wuz informed uv the impiety and irreligion uv this pet uv Republikinism, there wuz an indignashen manifested that wuz trooly encurridgin. They wuz all convinst that if such a contemner uv religion wuz permittid to go loose, without rebook, there wuz cussid little hope uv Republikin institooshens, and after drinkin around two or three times we organized, I takin the cheer.

I remarkt that it wuz no ordinary occasion that hed called us together. Our liberties wuz in danger from the Republikin party, and our religion from the shockin infidelity uv one uv its cheef advocates. We may lose our liberties, but shel we lose our religion?

"Not by a d—d site!" cjackilated the awjence, ez one man.

I then presented a series of resolutions, ez follows:

WAREAS, The Republikin party hev, on the stump, advocatin its heresies, Bob Ingersoll uv Illinoy; and

WARSAS, Said Ingersoll is an infiddle uv the most radical stamp, a man wich denies the trooths uv holy writ—

"Wat is Holy Writ?" asded a dozen.

I had to stop and explain to em that Ingersoll wantid to destroy the Bible, wich infooriated em.

"Ain't we to be allowed to hev our regler township Bible? Wat'll we hev to sware witnesses on in hoss cases?" they indignantly demandid. "Go on! go on! down with the infiddler!"

When we come to order agin, Josef askt permission to make a few remarks. He sympathized with the meetin hartily. He knowed Ingersoll, and knowed him to be an infiddle and unbeleever. Feelin that he must add his unworthy testimony agin sich a man and sich doctrines he wood—but if the meetin wanted to heer him they must git away from the bar.

It took me some time to git em away, for a Looisville drummer for a likker house happened to come in for a drink, and the entire meetin had gathered around him expectin to be askt to take suthin. It wuz a bitter thing for me to stay away with such an opportoonity afore me, but "Dooty first," is my motto, and I stick it out.

The Looisville man havin trected twice, and there bein no show that he wood do it agin, they reassembled.

Josef then remarkt that sympathizin with the objects uv the meetin, he hed prepared some resolooshens himself, wich he shood offer, with the remark that if he wuz interrupted he wood to wunst lick the interrupter out uv his boots in less than a minit

WAREAS, The Republikin party is lissening, jist now, to Bob Ingersoll, uv Illinoy, a infiddle, wich denies the trooths uv revelashen, therefore, be it

Resolved, That Bob Ingersoll, in denyin the divinity uv our Savior, inflix a mortal stab at the Dimocratic party, to wich a savior is, especially, a necessity;

Resolved, That Bob Ingersoll, in denyin the divinity uv our Saviour, hurts our feelin ez Dimicrats, ez it wuz for us, mostly, that he come into the world and died.

WAREAS, The appearance uv sich a man on the stump is calkelated to outrage the feelins uv the Corners, and tare up the bulworks uv sosiety, therefore be it

Resolved, That the eleckshun uv Tilden and Hendrix is a necessity, and that after this exhibition uv infidelity on the part uv Ingersoll, every Republikin wich don't immejitly jine us and cast his ballot for Tilden and reform, is unworthy uv salvashen.

Afore we took a vote on the resolooshuns, we adjourned to take a drink, and while a takin uv it, Joe Bigler and Pollock come in. I shuddered when I saw em, for in all the twelve yeers them carpit-baggers hev bin here I never saw em without antissipatin trubble, and I wuz never yit disappointed.

Bigler offered the following:

Resolved, That when Bob Ingersoll denies the trooth uv one part of the holy skripters, he denies it all, and that when he shakes our faith in the savin uv the theef upon the cross, he destroys the only hope the average Democrat hez in a blessed immortality beyond the grave.

Resolved, That when Bob Ingersoll denies the necessity uv a place uv fucher punishment which shel be eternal, it shows that he hez never lived in the Corners, and is therefore ignorant uv wat the requirement uv the sitooashen really is.

Resolved, That Bob Ingersoll ought to be immejitly suppressed.

These resolooshens, Bigler's and all, wuz passed yoonanimously, and we wuz agin on with our bizinis when the Looisville man happenin to come in agin, the meetin all rushed to the bar, so az to be in time of he shood invite the crowd to another drink. The fool treetin twice or three times, it wuz with difficulty I got em back to bizinis. I hed another resolooshun wich I hed given Deacon Pogram to present, but the old saint wuz too much overcome by so much gratooitus likker, and he sunk prostrate on the floor, afore he could read a word uv em. Then, jist ez Capt. M'Pelter wuz about makin som remarks agin the alarmin increes uv infidelity, in consekence uv toleratin such men ez Ingersoll, the Looisville man assaulted him for pikin his pocket uv his handkercher, while at the bar, and the brooser that Morrisey hed sent me jined the skrimmage without knowin where or wich to strike, the meetin ended in a skrimmage that wreckt Bascom's place. I managed in the row to git the Looisville man's hat and coat, which de hed injudiciously thrown off, for my share, (I shel stump for Tilden and reform in that coat,) and got out to put em away in a safe place.

When I returned the entire meetin wuz snorin soundly on the floor, for they had got at a barl uv Bascum's an it hed finished em.

I writ out the resolooshuns denouncin Ingersoll's infidelity on Deekin Porgam's back, for every table wuz bustid, and sent em to Looisville to be published, and went home. It won't do for the Ablishnist to put any infiddles on us.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY, Reformer.

A PENNSYLVANIA STORY.

Charles Reade has written a story, the facts for which come from Honesdale, Pa. Thirty years ago John Seitz, a German clerk in a New York store, was engaged to a young girl named Katherine Rief. The California gold fever broke out, and he joined a party of adventurers. The first letter that he received from home bore the tidings that his sweetheart was soon to become the mother of his child. He pledged himself to return as soon as possible and marry her. She went to Honesdale to live with her brother, and to wait for her lover's return. Two or three letters came, and then there was a silence for years. A young blacksmith, named Wendt, professed great love for her, and after putting him off for four or five years she accepted him, fully convinced that her gold-hunter was dead. She took her child to New York and lived with her husband. He was a brute. He abused her, he neglected her, and threw her into consumption. Meanwhile Seitz, instead of writing letters or dying, had made an enormous fortune, and returned to Honesdale after his sweetheart and child. The news of her marriage stunned him. He went to New York and found her dying in a tenement, with no one near her but her baby—his child. Seitz buried her in Greenwood, and a week afterward Wendt, overcome with remorse, shot himself over her grave. The child was left in Honesdale with her brothers family, and his father returned to San Francisco, where he married, built a fine house with an elegant apartment, known as "Johny's room," and provided liberally for the boy in his will. "Johnny" was a frail lad, with his mother's consumptive tendencies. He never occupied that palatial room; he died a week ago Tuesday, as rich as a prince. But he did not know of his good fortune, for the father died in San Francisco barely an hour before the son's death. The boy's inheritance goes to his aunt.

A MAIL PACKAGE CAST ON THE WATERS FOUR YEARS AGO.—Over four years ago a package valued at $50 was mailed at Lindenville to a postoffice in Pennsylvania, and as means of security had it registered; but somewhere on its passage it disappeared and could not be found. The case was investigated by special officers, and everything possible done to find the lost package, but without avail. Lindenville is a country postoffice, and from there the mail is carried to Williamsfield, a railroad station, by a route agent, and in all cases registered mail matter has to be receipted for before he takes it away. In this case the Lindenville postmaster had a receipt from the agent, but as the agent had none from the Williamsfield postmaster the package could be traced no further. After a vigilant search the package was given up for lost, and the route agent was compelled to pay the loss. The matter was almost forgotten, until a few days ago the package turned up, and it had been all those years lying within an arm's length of the Williamsfield postmaster's desk. It had been received from the route agent in a small pouch, together with about forty letters, and as the pouch was an extra one, only occasionally used, it was by mistake hung upon a hook near the desk, and there having been no use for it since, it had been there all these years. One day last week the pouch was taken down for use, and its contents found intact.—*Cleveland Herald.*

"They (*the framers of the Constitution*) left revolution organized whenever it should be demanded by the public opinion of a State; left it with power to snap the tie of Confederation as a nation might break a treaty, and to repel coercion as a nation might repel invasion."—*Samuel J. Tilden, in 1860.*

"The great issue is not hard or soft money, civil service reform or the tariff question, but whether violence and disorder shall control this Government or the sentiment of the law-abiding people. The South would secure control of the Government by violence, and the Democratic party is but the ally of the South."—*General Banks, in 1875.*

Original Poetry.

CENTENNIAL LYRIC.

Welcome! thrice welcome! each people and nation;
Come from wherever your homelands be:
From populous city, and lone reservation,
And from the far-away Isles of the Sea:
Join with Columbia, in grand acclamation
Of joy, on this Hundredth Birthday of the Free!

May your sun-lition banners that flaunt unto heav'n
With our own starry emblem in union twine,
Till gently caress'd by the breezes of heaven,
And kissed and reklissed by the golden sunshine,
They tell of an Era far pleasanter even
Than ever was dreamed of by Bard or Divine!

Cast, cast to the winds all your strife and commotion
O People! on this our Centennial Year:
That our Peace may henceforth, like the current of ocean,
Flow onward, with nothing to check its career,
Till the clashing of Creeds shall be still'd in Devotion,
And Love bloom in beauty, unshadowed by Fear!

Clasped hands—as a symbol of union—wo stand
In this dazzling sun-burst of glory,
While the voices of winds and of waves on our strand,
Shall echo for ages the glad story
Of Liberty wrested from Tyranny's hand,—
Most luminous page in our history!

Welcome! thrice welcome! each people and nation;
Come from wherever your homelands be:
From populous city and lone reservation,
And from the far-away Isles of the Sea:
Join with Columbia, in grand acclamation
Of joy, on this Hundredth Birthday of the Free!

TOWANDA, Oct. 1, 1876. W. R. F.

Miscellaneous.

EDEN OF WILDWOOD.

Paul Renford was thunderstruck. For once in his life he was aroused to something like consideration of a subject in hand.

Paul was four-and-twenty. At the age of fourteen he had been left an orphan, and heir to an estate worth a million; and his uncle—his mother's brother—had been appointed his guardian. This uncle was Anson Betterman, an enterprising merchant and a true hearted man. After Paul came of age, and became master of his property, through the advice of his uncle he employed a lawyer named Lovett to act as his agent—to look after rents, and so on—and gradually this Lovett, who was an apt and ready man of business, had gained into his hands the control of the whole property; and so completely had Paul trusted him that he had not even demanded vouchers for his bank transactions.

In fact, Paul Renford had degenerated into a listless, aimless being. His natural abilities, of the very highest order, had been prostituted to the most useless of all pursuits, the mere seeking of pleasure for the purpose of killing time. At first he had lived moderately; his youthful vigor had held him aloof from the need of stimulants; but of late a long continued round of dissipation—parties, balls, clubs and billiards, in which night was appropriated to wakefulness and the day to sleep—had so reduced his physical vim that without stimulants he found no comfort.

And now Anson Betterman had come to inform him that Porter Lovett had left the country with every available scrap of his property.

"Do you mean," gasped Paul, when he could breathe, "that he has taken all?"

"Yes, everything. You had allowed him such unlimited sway that he found no difficulty in getting every dollar into his hands."

"And I am penniless?"

"You know best whether you had any of your vast property invested in business."

"Not a penny."

"Then I fear that you have little at hand which you can now really call your own."

"In Heaven's name, Uncle, what shall I do?"

"Really, Paul, I see but two ways open to you. You can lie down and wither and die under the stroke, or you can do as thousands of others have done in misfortune—arouse yourself, put on the whole armor of true manhood, and fight the battle bravely."

"I must earn my own living?"

"It would seem so."

"And how?"

"I can give you a place in my store."

"No, no, I cannot begin the battle here—not here in the city where I have led the van of folly and dissipation. Let me have time to think."

"All right, my boy; and meantime I will be thinking too."

On the following day Mr. Betterman called again; but Paul had not thought what he would do.

"What have you thought about it, Uncle?"

"I'll tell you what I have thought, my boy. Back in the country—and yet not very far from the city—are the mills owned by my friend Sargent. They are in a quiet, secluded village, the inhabitants of which are mostly his own operators. Mr. Sargent will give you a clerkship there and the pay will be ample for your support."

"But," said Paul, "may we not find Lovett?"

"As yet we have been able to gain no clue to his whereabouts. He is a man not easily to be entrapped. But we can try further."

"I think I will go up and look at the mills."

And so Paul went up to Wildwood, as Mr. Sargent had named his settlement, and he found it rural and retired enough. But it was a beautiful spot, and he had a strong inclination to accept the offer. He returned to the city on the evening of Mrs. Spuitenstinger's grand party. He was wondering if he had better go, when he learned from a servant that no invitation had been sent him. On that very afternoon he met the Misses Spuitenstinger on the avenue, and they did not acknowledge his salutation.

"So, so!" he muttered, "and that is all I am worth to them."

For a little time his heart sunk, but he rallied.

"Come, come, my boy," he exclaimed, smiting himself upon the breast, "there may be something in life yet. Be brave for once."

And on the very next day he accepted the clerkship at the Wildwood mills, and entered at once upon his duties. For a time he found it dull, hard work; but gradually his health improved, and the vigor of youth came back to him; and under simple living his muscles had strengthened, and his whole frame received a perfect tune of manly beauty and elasticity. And now his duties become light and cheering, and he sang and whistled at his work.

The overseer of the mills was Mr. Grayson, and with him Paul found a home. Mr. Grayson's daughter, Delia, was a healthful, light hearted, true spirited girl of nineteen. She was one of those blonde beauties whose whole presence is sunshine, and her merry laugh rippled like the sweet music of dancing waters in the pebbly brooklet. The student of human nature who heard that laugh would unhesitatingly declare that only a heart of native purity and gentleness could underlie it.

At first Delia Grayson, when she saw that Paul Renford was weak and dejected, sought to cheer and entertain him. She had heard the story of his great loss, and she pitied him. She played for him upon the harp and upon the piano, and she sung to him, and talked with him. But by-and-by, when he had grown strong and vigorous, and when his inate manhood had manifested itself, she grew shy and taciturn, and finally sought to avoid him.

And then, for the first time in his life, Paul knew what true love was. For the first time he experienced that sense of devotion which leads the heart to offer itself upon the altar of faith in the woman loved. He asked Mr. Grayson if he might seek his daughter's love. The overseer did not object.

And Delia? Had Paul been as versed in reading the human heart in its native truth as he had been in translating the siren song of flattery, he might have known that the love of the beautiful girl was all his own.

So, when Paul Renford had been a year at Wildwood, Delia became his wife, and he was happy—happier far than he had ever been. And he was advanced in the mills from a clerkship to a responsible agency; and thus he had frequent occasion to visit the city; but there was nothing in its din and glare attractive to him, and he always came home with a deeper and more abiding love for his own fond hearthstone at Wildwood.

During the first year of Paul's marriage, a branch railroad was opened to Wildwood, and thus they were within an hour of the city; and the mill property was greatly enhanced in value.

"Ah," said the young man one day, as he stood upon the piazza of his cottage and looked off upon the rolling landscape of hill and dale that stretched away beyond the river, "if I only owned that sweep of land!"

"It is certainly a pleasant prospect," said his Uncle Betterman, who had come up to pay him a visit.

"Aye," added Paul, "and how it must increase in value now that the rail has opened this way."

At this juncture Delia came out and called them in to tea. She took uncle Anson by the arm and told him he was her prisoner. And he bent over and kissed her, and said it would be a most blessed imprisonment.

"Don't you find it so, Paul?"

"It is heaven where she is!" was Paul's answer.

And upon that she left Uncle Anson and threw her arms about her husband's neck.

"Dear Paul, you are a blessing to me."

Shortly afterward the old merchant said to his nephew:

"Paul, do you ever find yourself longing for the old life in the city?"

"Does the saved mariner look back with longing upon the fearful death he has escaped and willingly return to storm and wreck?"

"I think not, my boy."

"And can a man, in his full sense, long for the dazzle and glare of the empty life that brings only pain and unrest, when a bright spirit like this holds watch and ward for him over an earthly heaven?"

He held his wife by the hand as he spoke, and his eye was radient with a light supernal.

It was on the following day, a beautiful day in early autum, that Paul and Delia walked out upon the gentle hill that sloped up from the cottage. And again he looked off upon the grand spread of landscape beyond the river.

"Ah," he said, "if I owned that land I would do a great work, Delia."

"What would you do?" asked a voice behind him.

Paul turned and beheld his uncle.

"If you owned that land, what would you do with it?"

"I would make it bloom with life," replied the youth, eloquently. "Think, now that the rail is laid, how near it is to the city. Think of the toilers there who might find ligh and comfort in these healthful shades. If I owned that land I would invite capitatol to operit to the life that ought to occupy it. I would lay out streets, and portion off lots for dwellings, each with its garden, and I would call it 'The Eden of Wildwood.'"

"And suppose you had the capital of your own, my boy?"

"The Eden of Wildwood should be a verity."

A shadow passed over the old man's face, and then came a shining light. He reached out and took his nephew's hand.

"Paul, the capital is yours, the land is yours!"

Paul would have laughed if his uncle had not looked so solemnly upon him while he spoke. As it was, he simply exhibited bewilderment,

"I heard you express an earnest wish to own the land, and secured it for you," continued Betterman.

"Uncle! This is a serious jest"

"It is no jest, Paul. In one word—Porter Lovett has returned."

"Lovett!—returned?"

"Yes, and your fortune is safe."

Paul Renford was not sure that he was in his waking senses. His uncle was not the man to utter language jestingly.

"It is true, my boy. Lovett has come back, and every dollar that he ever had of yours is not only safe but the amount is well nigh doubled."

"Uncle Anson—what is this?"

"Do you not guess?"

"I dare not. Tell me."

Again the old man took his nephew's hand, and after a brief, silent pause, he answered:

"Paul, you may blame me if you care, you may heap wrath upon my head if you like, but you must know that Lovett has only acted at my bidding. I sent him away, and he stayed away until I had called him back. I saw you failing and sinking my boy. I saw my sister's son wasting and dying of a disease which could not be cured except he was lifted up out of the pit into which he had fallen. I saw his young manhood—so full of native power and goodness—bowed, and—"

"Stop! Stop!" said Paul, raising his other hand. "I see it all."

"And do you blame me."

"Blame you?"

"Aye, do you blame me for the hard, harsh remedy I applied?"

"Blame you, uncle? Shall I blame you for my salvation? Shall I blame you for my manhood's health and strength and vigor? Shall I blame you for—this?" And he let go his uncle's hand and drew his wondering wife to his side. "I only pray to God that the return of my lost wealth does not make my wife love me any less. It can never overshadow with its bulk these other joys which have now grown up from the better life.

It was all as Uncle Betterman had related. Lovett had gone away at his bidding, having first secured the property so that no harm could befall to it—and it had all been done that Paul might be thrown upon his own resources, and be thus saved from the sloth that was eating away his young life. And it worked well.

And when Paul Renford had recovered back his great fortune he was true to the promise he had made concerning the beautiful tract of land across the river; and this is the true story of how the toilers of the city came to be blessed with those pleasant healthful homes in the Eden of Wildwood.

FAILURES IN BUSINESS.—The real cause seems to rest in an over-development of the business idea: too much grasping too much mentality along the line of material things. New England is too full of mills which are too long, too wide, and too many stories high. The west is too full of too large farms, and too large storehouses. In brief, the country, in running after money, has run itself out of breath. It should not at this time be the chief end of man to discover how soon again he may take the race course, but rather he should consider whether the chain-lightning method is either necessary or desirable. We need to be impressed with the thought that we are dwellers upon the margin of eternity, and to remember that those who pursue wealth for wealth's sake are only children running after gaudy butterflies. Over every counter should be written these words, 'Time is only a gateway.' * * * All nations seem to be sharers in the prevailing financial distress; so too all should be sharers in a living faith in the words of our Lord, 'Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is and to morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith? Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.—*Chicago Alliance.*

How comes it that the little volume, the Bible, composed by humble men in a rude age, when art and science were but in their childhood, has exerted more influence on the human mind and on the social system than all other books put together? Whence comes it that this book has achieved such marvelous changes in the opinions of mankind—exalted the condition of women—raised the standard of public morality—created for families that blessed thing, a Christian home—and caused its other triumph by causing benevolent institutions, open and expansive, to spring up as with the wand of enchantment? What sort of a book is this, that even the wind and waves of human passion obey it? What other engine of social improvement has operated so long, and lost none of its virtue? Since it appeared, many boasted plans of amelioration have been tried and failed—many codes of jurisprudence have arisen, and run their course, and expired. Empire after empire has been launched on the tide of time, and gone down and expired. But this book is still going about doing good—leaving society with its holy principles—cheering the sorrowful with consolation—strengthening the tempted—encouraging the penitent, calming the troubled spirit and smoothing the pillow of death. Can such a book be the offspring of human genius? Does not the vastness of its effects demonstrate the excellency of the power to be of God.

CAUSE OF INSANITY.—Drinking is a main cause of insanity. Alcohol flies to the brain, and not unfrequently dethrones reason, and leaves its victim a helpless idiot or a raving maniac. Drinking parents often have imbecile or insane children. Dr. Howe, of Boston, tells us that out of 300 inmates of an asylum there, he knew that 147 had drunken parents. In addition to deranging the mental powers of otherwise perfectly sane persons, drinking develops tendencies to insanity that already exist. As there are grades to insanity, so there are grades between perfect mental soundness and insanity. Every one knows people who are "eccentric," "flighty," or "weak-minded." Alcoholic liquors readily affect such, and numbers of the inmates of our asylums are people of this class who have had the tottering balance of their reason completely upset by drinking. Many are driven mad by anxieties on account of losses and death caused by intemperance.—"*The Drinking System*," *from Macmillan's Magazine.*

SHE was plump and beautiful, and he was wildly fond of her. She hated him, but womanlike, she strove to catch him. He was a fool.

OCTOBER.

The month of carnival of all the year,
When Nature lets the wild earth go its way,
And spend whole seasons on a single day.
The spring-time holds her white and purple dear;
October, lavish, flaunts them far and near.
The Summer charily her reds doth lay
Like jewels on her costliest array:
October, scornful, burns them on a bier.
The winter hoards his pearls of frost, in sign
Of kingdom. Winter pearls than winter knew,
Or Empress wore, in Egypt's ancient line;
October, feasting 'neath her dome of blue,
Drinks at a draught, slow filtered through
Sunshiny air, as in a tingling wine!

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

(For the REPORTER.)

OUR CENTENNIAL.

BY MARY N. ROCKWELL.

Arriving at our destination with the usual aching void in the place where nature no doubt *intended* brains to have been, and consequently unfitted to find our destination, though it had been blazoned in fire before our very nose, it therefore seemed little less than a special providence to see the imposing figure of our anticipated host looming up at the portals of the depot. Quickly we were under his hospitable roof, and handed over to the kindly care of his sister. Our young companion was not left to feel himself a stranger in a strange city, but taken with another newly-arrived party to see the nearest lion (Girard College), and on his return adopted into the fraternity of boys (who are mutual Free Masons), escorted to the theatre, and finally making the sixth in the jolly crew who occupied the same room—and of course indulged in a "pillow fight" in the morning.

Every one up early; toilets and breakfast quickly dispatched, to be in readiness for the "one-horse shay," which was quickly loaded up with five ladies, two gentlemen, two boys, the Dutch driver (invariably happiest of the whole load), and last but not least, darling little Eda, who, ever chattering and laughing, was the crowning glory of the whole, and always elected to ride in the lap of "that gentleman,"—a perfect stranger to her, whom she had divined with the unerring instinct of childhood to be a *manly* man. Oh, those jolly rides, clattering three miles down the avenues with never-failing fire of fun and laughter, till we brought up and were *dumped* at the trysting place, the Elm-st. entrance, opposite the "Ghost Show!"

What happiness to wander through that Alladdin's palace of delight, the Main Building, with its treasures gathered from many lands!—caught now by the weird light gleaming from the great Hungarian opal; listening to solemn organ tones beside plashing fountains; beguiled now by John Chinaman; now standing spellbound before the dead Christ in the sepulchre; again wending our way where gentle policemen stand sentinel beside Tiffany's Golconda.

Outstripping the giant's "seven league boots" in our car ride through Wonderland; past the winged horses and past the giant bronze hand that holds up its light to guide belated mariners upon the Pennsylvania sea; alighting at the Turkish Bazar, where a villainous-looking chap with magnificent black eyes and a non-descript garment (was it trousers or petticoat, I wonder?) strides around with an egg cup filled with black coffee, held, like Charley Bates' candle, in a cleft stick (see Oliver Twist), shouting in stentorian tones, "look out!" coming again with the same strident step and voice, bringing a dish of fire and miniature pair of tongs to the aid of some unfortunate swells who are making spectacles of themselves trying to smoke the great Turkish pipes.

Home again, happy and hungry as children just out of school. General rush next morning from second story, of ladies with half-buttoned dresses and boots, and two boys from third, a volunteer escort of the host to market. But here arose a hopeless conundrum. The parlor where the hats of all had been left over night, was occupied (as are nearly all parlors of this beleaguered city) by sleeping guests, and none were so hardy as to arouse them. But the hostess and her sister (ever kind) found up for the ladies' head-gear, would have astonished even Robinson Crusoe! First boy was accommodated with a cap, which descended upon his ears and remained stationary. Second, ditto, with a hat of our host, who being of the proportions of Goliath of Gath, the unfortunate young person disappeared under it like a candle under an extinguisher; but with great presence of mind he extricated himself, and wedging up the refractory *tile* with paper, hastened to bring up the rear of the procession, who streamed after the amiable host like the witches in Macbeth. Back again to breakfast and our pleasant morning ride.

Roaming now through the Women's Pavillion, pausing beside the "Dreaming Iolanthe," (medallion in butter.) What *is* the patent spell of this wondrous face? Crowding and being crowded in the Colorado house to see the stuffed animals (any housekeeper could show those), and the woman who shot them with her "little gun." Now through the wonderful Art Gallery, with its pure marbles and glorious bronzes; and here it was that, while intoxicated with beautiful pictures, Norwegian suns, old burgher faces, lucious fruits, and lastly, writhing in agony with the poor wretch whose feet are being burned at a slow fire (why allow such a horrible painting here, which holds you with an awful fascination?), that it occurred to Madame Noodle to loose herself from her division of the party; hoping to regain them, she hastened to the trysting place, listening not even to the organ tones or tinkling fountains. Resting sometimes beside great China vases that towered above her head, interviewing the guardian angels of the stranger,—

"Gentle policeman, tell, I pray,
Have my party passed this way?"

Trying to feel very tall and very brave, but failing miserably; making ineffectual attempts to get upon the crowded cars from which people hung like bees from a swarm; receiving a sudden poke from a Centennial cane she turned to see the kind faces she had been seeking. But another "lost lamb was there," for at this juncture, with crimson cheeks and swelling throat, came up Madame Noodle No. 2, saying, "I—tho—thought I—I would n't cry!" Whereat No. 1 burst into a hysterical laugh. Just here her portmonia was grasped by an invisible hand, and turning in wrath she beheld Mr. H——, the incorrigible of the party.

Now a new difficulty arose. Horse and vehicle were discovered in a neighboring court-yard, but the driver was *nowhere*. The incorrigible proceeded with the greatest *sang froid* to take possession of the equipage, notwithstanding a slight unpleasantness with the guardian *pro tme*, and commenced loading it up; but after his wife and little daughter were in, the other ladies demurred, alleging a dislike to being accessory to "horse lifting." Just here the driver put in an appearance, and all were once more happily on their homeward way, the two *noodles* protesting they would never be so heedless again.

Shindy on the third floor at midnight; stalwart young gentleman startled by the apparition of a rampant cat upon the footboard of his bed. Up and away again for the glorious "Pennsylvania Day" Flags of all nations flying from their respective buildings; the chimes playing our national airs; militia marching to their different State houses; soldiers' orphans from the various schools; and, most touching of all, a company of veterans (gentlemen of distinction, from their appearance) marching with broken ranks, each break marking where one or more brave men have fallen; gay "West Pointers" finding time to flirt with the pretty girls. The Governor no doubt was there, but it would take more than mortal ey