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). mch1-76 TOWANDA, PA.

D. D. SMITH, DENTIST, Towanda, Pa. Office on Park street, north side Public Square, next to Elwell House. [mch1-76

S. W. & WM. LITTLE, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, TOWANDA, PA. Office in Patton's Block, cor. Main and Bridge-Sts. Towanda, Pa., April 13, '76.

H. STREETER, LAW OFFICE, aug30. TOWANDA, PA.

OVERTON & MERCUR, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, TOWANDA PA. Office over Montanyes Store. [may678. D. A. OVERTON. RODNEY A. MERCUR.

WM. MAXWELL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. OFFICE OVER DAYTON'S STORE, TOWANDA, PA. Apr 12, 1874.

PATRICK & FOYLE, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. Office in Mercur's Block, Towanda, Pa. jly17-72.

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

G. A. MASON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, TOWANDA PA. Office first door south of C. B. Patch's Drug Store, second floor. Nov. 18, '74.

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

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 & Nobles 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 1-75. TOWANDA, PA.

C. L. LAMB, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, AND 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. E. OVERTON, Jr. (apr4-76) 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. [jan5-73y5] 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 2-75. TOWANDA, PA.

H. FEET, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Is prepared to practice all branches of his profession. Office MERCUR BLOCK, (entrance on south side) TOWANDA, PA. [jan4-76.

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

E. D. PAYNE, M. D., can be consulted at Dr. H. C. PORTER'S Drug Store, from 10 to 12, A. M., and from 2 to 4, P. M. Special attention given to diseases of the Eye and Ear. Towanda, Oct. 19, '76tf.

DRS. JOHNSON & NEWTON, Physicians and Surgeons. Office over Dr. Porter's Drug Store, Towanda, Pa. T. H. JOHNSON, M. D. D. S. NEWTON, M. D. jan1-75.

M. O. L. DODSON, DENTIST, Office in and after Sept. 21, may be found in the elegant new rooms on 2nd floor of Dr. Pratt's new office, Grace street. Business solicited. Sept. 21, '76.

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

DR. C. M. STANLY, DENTIST, Having moved his Dental office into Tracy & Mercur's new block, over Kent & Watkins' store, is now prepared to do all kinds of dental work. He has added to his outfit a new gas apparatus. March 6, '76.

HALE & PATTON, Agents for CONNECTICUT MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY. Office in Patton's Block, Bridge Sts. March 25-71.

C. A. RUSSELL'S GENERAL INSURANCE AGENCY, May 2-70tf. TOWANDA, PA.

1864. 1876. TOWANDA INSURANCE AGENCY. Main Street, opposite the Court House. NOBLE & VINCENT, MANAGERS.

M. O. MOODY, BLACKSMITH. Does all kinds of work in his line. HORSE-SHOEING A SPECIALTY. Diseases of the foot treated. Manufacturer of the celebrated CALIFORNIA PICK. Shop on Pine Street, near old Agricult. Works. Towanda, Pa., Jan. 6, '76-tf.

INSURANCE AGENCY. The following RELIABLE AND FIRE TRIED Companies represented: LANCASHIRE. PHŒNIX. HOME. MERCHANTS. March 9, 1876. O. A. BLACK.

W. WALLICK, No. 729 NORTH SECOND STREET, PHIL'A, Manufacturer and dealer in FRENCH PLATE MIRRORS AND LOOKING GLASSES of every description. WINDOW CORNICES, SQUARE AND OVAL FRAMES FOR PORTRAITS PHOTOGRAPHS AND OIL PAINTINGS; FLOWER FRAMES, Etc., Etc. Nov. 2-6m.

Kent & Bliss.

THE LATEST NEWS!

KENT & BLISS

Have just opened another large stock of

DRY GOODS AND NOTIONS!

Consisting of

FANCY GOODS

FOR THE HOLIDAYS!

READY-MADE SACQUES, FULL LINE OF FURS, SHAWLS, SKIRTS, HOSIERY, GLOVES, CORSETS, ZEPHYRS, CARD-BOARD MOTTOES, CANVASS, &c., &c., &c.

EVERY DEPARTMENT IS FULL!

Call and be Convinced that we Sell as Cheap as the Cheapest!

KENT & BLISS.

Towanda, Nov. 23, 1876.

Boots and Shoes—Crockery.

1876. 1876. 1876. 1876.

FALL TRADE.

I am now receiving the LARGEST AND MOST COMPLETE STOCK OF BOOTS AND SHOES TRUNKS, TRAVELING BAGS, &c., &c., &c., Ever offered in this town, and at prices that cannot fail to please the closest buyer. I have many bargains in all lines of goods that cannot be obtained elsewhere. Please call and examine goods and prices.

REMEMBER THE PLACE—Humphrey's old Stand, opposite Court House.

JOHN F. CORSER.

Towanda, Aug. 10, 1876.

BLACK'S CROCKERY STORE AT COST!

FULL STOCK—GOOD GOODS—MUST BE SOLD!

CROCKERY, CHINA, GLASSWARE, BABY WAGONS, LAMPS, &c., &c., &c.,

At the old stand of

O. A. BLACK.

Selected Poetry.

WE SHALL KNOW.

When the mists have rolled in splendor
From the beauty of the hills,
And the sunshine, warm and tender,
Falls in splendor on the rills,
We may read love's shining letter
In the rainbow of the spray;
We shall know each other better,
When the mists have cleared away.
We shall know as we are known,
Never more to walk alone,
In the dawning of the morning,
When the mists have cleared away.

If we err in human blindness,
And forget that we are dust,
If we miss the law of kindness,
When we struggle to be just,
Snowy wings of peace shall cover
All the pain that clouds our day,
When the weary watch is over,
And the mists have cleared away.
We shall know as we are known,
Never more to walk alone,
In the dawning of the morning,
When the mists have cleared away,

When the silvery mists have veiled us
From the faces of our own,
Off we deem their love has failed us,
And we tread our path a one;
We should see them near and truly,
We should trust them day by day,
Neither love nor blame unduly,
If the mists were cleared away.
We shall know as we are known,
Never more to walk alone,
In the dawning of the morning,
When the mists have cleared away.

When the mists have risen above us,
As our Father knows his own,
Face to face with them that love us,
We shall know as we are known.
Love, beyond the otient meadows,
Floats the golden fringe of day;
Heart to heart we hide the shadows,
Till the mists have cleared away.
We shall know as we are known,
Never more to walk alone,
When the day of light is dawning,
And the mists have cleared away.

Miscellaneous.

GIVING CHILDREN PLEASURE.

A GOOD LESSON FOR LOTS OF PARENTS TO LEARN.

It is so easy to give children pleasure, to make life a delight to them, that sometimes I fear, because it is so easy, we only do it by chance, in a haphazard way, not understanding the full importance of giving our children every pleasure that we can devise.

People who lose a child often speak of the regret they feel at the thought of something they might have done for it, but do we realize that in one sense our children are dead to us in a few short years, though they may live out their three score years and ten? Each day brings with it some opportunity, great or small, of brightening a child's life (if God has given you the treasure), and no pleasure that you can give next year will be given to the child of 1876—that child is with you now; will never be yours to win and impress again.

But let us see how differently the same thing can be done for a child; warming and cheering it, or leaving it with no special memory of the deed. Take the matter of a sleeping room. There are two mothers living next door to one another; each has a boy of seven or eight years of age, and in the general rearranging of rooms in the spring, each mother decides that her boy shall sleep alone.

One has a comfortable bed in a good sized room; the bureau is full of drawers not in use; he finds it locked, and is told to come to mother if he wants any change of clothing. He asks for a looking glass, and the request is considered in the light of a good joke, as he can't pretend to do his own hair. "You're just to sleep in that room," says his mother, "and mind you don't litter it up with any of your trash."

Harry's mother is house cleaning, and he complains bitterly of the time it takes, as he has to mind baby, and mamma is too tired to romp and tell stories, but on the last day of the cleaning Harry gets his reward for the help he has been in many little ways to his mother.

"Harry, darling, you are getting to be such a big boy, and such a good boy, too, that mamma is going to give you a little room for your very own."

"For me to sleep in?"

"Yes, dear, and play in sometimes; and where you can kneel down quite alone, and ask God to bless you and those you love; and it may be, if you should forget and be naughty, that you would have to sit there alone a long time—but we'll hope that won't happen. Come and see your little bedroom."

It is a little hall room. The walls are merely whitewashed and the window low and small, but mamma has managed a pretty little curtain out of one of baby's long dresses, and the cot bed has a white spread; a small bureau washstand containing Harry's clothes, with everything duly arranged for him to wash his own face and hands, and a chair comprises the furniture. Harry sees a pretty photograph of two little children playing about their mother's knee, a bright chromo of a bunch of flowers tacked up against the wall (what cares he that it is a "tea picture," as the children call them!), and above the washstand on a level with the proud little boy's face, hangs a small looking-glass, while over it he reads easily the large card, "Be ye kind to one another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another."

The child is delighted. He has grown mentally since he entered the door, and his heart is softened to listen to the few earnest words mamma says about his duties, and he tries to follow each word of the simple prayer she offers up, that God will be pleased to be with her boy.

Do you not see the difference between these two mothers? There was no expense in fitting up Harry's room, but his mother watches for every opportunity to give her boy a pleasure.

How often we withhold a word of praise from a child, when, it was plane that it merited, we should be sure to deal out full measure. There is no such pleasure in life, for old and young, as the reception of merited praise, and we should be very careful to give it when it has been earned.

Your little girl has been very good all the day. At night, you call her to your side, remind her of her naughty conduct, and tell her to ask God's forgiveness. Quite right; but the next day she is a very good girl indeed; so take care that you tell her to thank God for keeping her good all day. We all need to learn to expect God to keep us from sin if we leave ourselves in his hands, and children should be taught to recognize God's help when they have been good, and to be thankful for it. I remember as a little child, I was generally naughty, and always prayed earnestly for forgiveness, but once in a while, there would be a time when I could not help feeling I had been quite good, and I was always bewildered as to my prayers. I had the notion I must feel like a sinner all the while, and remember trying to feel sorry over the naughtiness of the day before, but I couldn't realize it, and at last I really felt happier when I had been naughty and could feel the blessed sense of being forgiven. I never forget this, and, for my part, every child I can reach shall be taught to thank God for the goodness He has enabled them to show forth as well as ask His pardon for their sins. Teach a little child of three years to say, "Forgive me *if* I have been naughty," and you will soon find he will know what days to say, "for being so naughty."

But I have apparently wandered from my subject; yet only apparently, for if you can teach your child the wonderful delight of looking to God for power to be kept free from sin, you are giving him the highest pleasure.

And now, as to simple home amusements. There are so many—do you use them? Let each have in his or her own bottle of mucilege, and a book in which he can paste pictures, if he is old enough—scraps of paper if a little tot. In their season, too, there are the children's gardens. No flowers will give so much delight as those your little daughter has tended so lovingly. Somehow, your little boy's vegetables thrive in spite of the various experiments he tries; perhaps it is that the soil is kept "stirred," while baby knows her own plot, which loving hands have filled with dear old-fashioned favorites, warranted to bloom. But, above all, give your children the pleasure of cultivated society. You do your little girl great injustice in supposing that she cannot appreciate whatever talent, whatever power of pleasing you may have; and to your boy, my heart grows full to overflowing at the thought of what you lose, when you let your little son, for want of better and higher companionship, spend his time with uncultivated, superstitious, and bigoted servants.

Almost all mothers can play a few tunes on the piano, and this can be made the scource of great pleasure to children, especially if a regular hour each day is devoted to it. What tender little complaints will be your reward when you sing your old favorites, and whatever others may think of the voice, worn and weakened by time and trouble, you are the star singer of the little home company.

HOUSE AND HOME.

To have a house look home like, personal taste must be exercised. The upholsterer may do his part well, but without the finishing touch of your own fingers there will be a stiff, formal, discontented air about your rooms that will obtrude itself upon your notice continually, although you may be puzzled to understand just what is lacking in the harmony. The more home work there is in an apartment—provided it be tastefully and neatly done—the more attractive it will be. There are so many pretty trifles now which ladies make, that, we are glad to say, most homes are more or less ornamented in true domestic beauty. One could scarcely enter a city or country house last winter without seeing gay bits of coloring, in the form of clusters, or wreathes, or baskets of bright autumn leaves and grasses and ferns; and no room was without a piece of dazzling applique work. One knew these decorations were the work of the housewife as soon as the eye rested on them, and they appealed insensibly to the admiration. Some one cared to make these little efforts to have home more home like, and they were beautiful but silent witnesses of the womanly presence in the household.

Many dainty little knick-knacks that will adorn a room beautifully can be made with comparatively little cost, and will furnish agreeable occupation for the idle hands of ladies, when weightier matters are thrown aside for the time.

An authoress on home decoration gives us the following directions for making vases of lichens:

Take a thick pine board, about ten inches square, and nail upon this another square piece a little smaller; in the centre of this fasten an upright piece five inches square for the stem of the vase. For the bowl, wire and bind the edge of a common straw hat, such as is used for sea-bathing, with green material, and fasten it securely on to the top of the upright piece of wood, and then cover the entire thing, bowl, base and stem, with fine lichens, stuck on with gum tragacanth. This will make a most graceful, antique-shaped rustic vase, and a pair of them, filled with a tall bouquet of grass and bright leaves, with gay moss drooping over the edges, or with pots of growing ferns and vines set in them, will make beautiful window or corner pieces. The lichens, grass and leaves can be gathered during summer rambles, and the foundation will not cost anything, scarcely.

A pretty tripod for holding statuary or a vase of flowers, or any other ornament, can be made by covering a simple wooden frame in the following manner: Have a round flat board fastened on each end of a piece of pine studding, one board forming the top and the other the base of the tripod. Tack a straight piece of dark maroon velveteen or rep cloth in plaits around the edge of the top and bottom, and combine this covering either in the centre or along the [illegible] as you prefer to shape your tripod. Make a cover for the top of the same material used for the sides, and cover the edges of the boards with a fancy braid, put on with brass-headed tacks. Of course any color or material may be used, but the darker the color the more effective it is with a statuette or light vase upon it.

A tripod of this kind, which we have seen, had a plaited covering of scarlet opera flannel, confined in the middle by a band of white opera flannel, embroidered with scarlet, blue, green and yellow, the color of the top being of white, embroidered in the same colors, and hanging from this top were deep-pointed pieces of scarlet and white, alternating and overlapping each other, all embroidered in the most delicate tracy with the gay or colors. It was quite as handsome as some expensive table, and the lady who made it assured us it was made out of odds and ends from her scrap bag, and remnants of spools of silk. It was placed in a dark corner of her library, and from a fancy flower-pot on it was trained a luxurious English ivy up over a picture and a bust on a bracket.

Work-stands made in the same way as the tripod with deep pockets hanging from the top, are both useful and pretty. Some old chair may be covered to match the table, and the two placed in some cozy nook of the living-room, with a pretty rug in front of them, will form a bit of charming femininity that will delight the eye.

Brackets made with cardboard, and covered with opera cloth embroidered in gay colors, are so easily made that it is scarcely worth while to give directions for them; and yet they do wonders in brightening a room, especially if it be dark. We are gradually borrowing the Oriental ideas of coloring, and their artistic, although violent, mingling of tints.

A graceful standard for flowers can be constructed out of a few sticks and some tinfoil. Take three sticks of equal length, cut from slender tree branches, and crossing them at the top, tent fashion, wire them firmly together about an inch from the top, spreading them some distance apart at the bottom, and wire three short sticks across to hold them in place. This being done, cover all of it with tinfoil, which can be easily wound on the sticks in strips. Suspend from the place where the sticks are joined at the top a pretty shell that will hold a little earth or water, by a delicate silver cord, and you will have a pretty ornament for your table or tripod. An air plant or some small vines will grow in a very little earth, and will look pretty and fresh in the shell for a long time.

WHISKY DID IT.

The following paragraph contains the biography of thousands of families in the country, and yet men and women will continue to drink the accursed stuff: A few years ago she married William Heptenstall, she being only seventeen years of age, and a comely formed and more than ordinarily good-looking girl. Heptenstall was a cooper, and at the same time a drunkard, and the poor girl soon found herself eking out a miserable existence with a sot of a husband. When the hard times came on the condition of the Heptenstalls was correspondingly worse. Only a few weeks ago Mrs. Heptenstall called at the Mayor's office and stated that her child was dead, and that she had no means by which to procure its burial. The Mayor went to the premises shortly after to see about the burial, and found, the poor mother engaged in keeping the rats from the body of her child. Not long after the Mayor was notified that Heptenstall had deserted his wife, and that she was starving to death. The Mayor paid another visit to the premises, and found the woman in a most miserable condition, produced by hunger and inattention. The Mayor concluded to send her to the County Hospital, but on the way she died, and her sufferings were at an end. A short distance from the city the vehicle passed her brute of a husband on the highway, swaggering from the effects of drink.—*St. Louis Times.*

GOOD THINGS TO REMEMBER.—If work about the house is done quietly it seems to be easier. Slamming open doors, clattering dishes, and other kindred noises, weary and bewilder almost as much as the work itself. The most successful housekeepers are generally quiet workers.

Zinc that is used under stoves should never be dampened. If it becomes soiled or dim, rub with soft flannel and a little fresh lard. Cleaned in this way, a zinc may always be kept as bright as when first purchased.

To sprinkle damp bran upon a carpet before sweeping is a good way to lay the dust without injury to the carpet. Oil-cloth should be cleaned in warm water, and rubbed dry with a cloth wrung out of milk and water.

Gilt frames should have a coat of demar varnish, which will keep them from becoming soiled with dust or fly specks, and permit their being washed with a damp cloth.

MORAL GEMS.

STUMBLING proves our tendency to fall, but it proves also our capacity to stand erect.

THERE are a thousand hacking at the branches of evil to one who is striking at the root.

A SINGLE sigh breathed from the bottom of a bird-ned heart is a loud cry in the ear of God.

MANY persons are more desirous to know what that they should do, than to do what they know.

THIS world of ours is like a fair bell with a crack in it: it keeps on clanging, but does not ring.

COMBAT all thy discontent through prayer, every care through faith, every fear through hope.

TAKE things as they are, and make the best of them. That is the only true and practical philosophy.

IN EVIL times it fares best with them that are most careful about duty, and least about the safety.

IF RICH, be not too joyful in having, too solicitous in keeping, too anxious in keeping, nor too sorrowful in losing.

THE man who loves children and whom children instinctively love is always [illegible]

THE MORALS OF POTITICS.

The following is an abstract of an address delivered last week on "The Morals of Politics," by Ex-Governor Bullock, of Massachusetts, before the Protestant Episcopal Church Congress, in session at Boston:

"In the daily business of trade among men the immortal element is simple in itself and proceeds from a simple cause. This is almost alone the unregulated love of money—in other words, it is avarice. But in the domain of politics the disturbing causes and forces are more numerous, more varied and more subtle. In the first place, the citizen is tempted away from the rule of individual accountability by his participation in large numbers of men, and by sharing with them his responsibility. He parts with his own mind. He gives in his adherence to lax customs long before they become immoralities, and out of these the highest resultants expected is the average moral sense of the whole number. The scrupulousness of the individual is merged in an average public conscience. The finer sensibilities are impaired and the finer moralities effaced by contemplation of expediency and necessity of compliance. This from numbers alone. But then we are to add to this the vehement, tumultuous, overwhelming influence of numbers combined into parties. There is no despotism like that of a political or religious party, and if it has lost the power to bring recusants to the fagot and the block, still its means of command and discipline, though rapidly weakening, are not yet overthrown. It debases honorable ambition. Personal ambition is both a good and a bad element in the solution of politics, but it becomes more especially bad when it is subsidized by avarice.

"And yet let us be just to our own generation. The English historian assures us that two centuries ago public men were immeasurably more unprincipled than now, and we know that this opinion is warranted by facts which are familiar to every discerning reader of English history. I believe as well in the progressive political virtue of the American people. It is true that disclosures of recent years would impart vivid and painful coloring to the foreground of a truthful picture, but we ought frankly to acknowledge that the distance of the perspective in all historical pictures shuts off the background from our sights. We ought honestly to admit that as concealment of wrong was once more easy, discovery is now more inevitable. The telegraph and the press now as never before flash their calcium light upon the hidden recesses of peculation. It is true, the late war, and the engagement of government in vast public enterprises, have let loose a foul horde of immoralities which have reached to the House and the Senate, to the Cabinet and the foreign service, till the cheek of every honest American has been suffused with the deepest carnation of shame. But are we quite sure, do we altogether know, that the legacy of our first war was absolutely better? We know that when Hamilton organized the national credit, and the public securities were handled as kites, there were suspicions attached to members of Congress who sat by the side of Ames and Gerry, of Sedgwick and Madison. We rejoice that the haze of oblivion has gathered over their names, that we do not know who they were. It is enough that human nature does not change by epochs, and that the evil still abounds.

"I rejoice that the ministers of our church are not in the habit of dipping their hands in the current stream of politics, but I cannot doubt that it is one of their high duties to help protect the public fountains in their purity. Far away let the day be when they shall tune the pulpit of this church to the discordance of party politics, but I am sure of yourassent that they should inculcate without fear or favor those principles and duties of citizenship upon which alone all pure politics must depend. They stand over the vestal light at the shrine. I beseech them, in their sacred office, not merely once a year in their preparation for a Thanksgiving day, but in their preparation several times in every year, that they shall consider, and instruct, and expand, how great and solemn a thing a nation is."

A CLERGYMAN AND A BURGLAR.

The Rev. Mr. Price, formerly rector of St Steppen's Episcopal church, lived until recently at 100 West Twenty-second street, New York. Early in the summer he went to Hempstead, leaving his furniture and silver locked in his dwelling. A week ago Friday, the doctor came to New York, unlocked the front door and entered the parlor. Soon he heard footstep, coming softly down stairs. He went into the hall and there he discovered a burglar. "What are you doing here?" asked the doctor. The burglar pointed a pistol at the clergyman's head and said: "If you move I'll blow your brains out," and dragged him into the parlor and told him to sit down. He began to talk to him," said the doctor to a reporter. "My good fellow," said I, "what induced you to commit this crime upon society? You have committed burglary, and now you are about to commit murder. It will do you no good to kill an old man like me. You have already run the risk of twenty years in State Prison and to little purpose. If you kill me you will be found out, for I have many friends in the city, and am well known here. The murder will cause great excitement and you will be hanged for it. As a mere matter of policy it is folly to kill me. And then why do you want to add crime to crime?" "Well, you take the matter pretty coolly," said the burglar. "Who are you, anyhow?" "I'm the Rev. Dr. Price of the Episcopal church, and have spent a portion of my time, laboring among your class of people." The burglar's manner changed when I said this, and he took the pistol away from my head. Taking the burglar's left hand in mine (the right held the pistol) I [illegible] Why do you do so? The hand containing the pistol dropped by the burglar's side. "I am suffering," he said, "for food to eat, and am without work, and no one pities me. You are the first man, sir, that has spoken a kind word to me in a long time. I shall not harm you; I am surprised at your coolness. You are the most remarkable man I ever saw.

The doctor had a heavy gold chain hanging from his vest and a gold watch attached to it. He also had money in his pockets. The burglar did not attempt to rob him. He said: "You have destroyed all my desire to steal, and as for harming you, you need not fear that. But I must escape, and how to do it I don't know. I am afraid to go out, for you will give an alarm and I'll be arrested. I cannot stay here, that's certain, and I cannot harm you, you talk so kindly to me. I haven't the heart to injure you. I don't see any other way than to tie you. Is there a closet handy to put you in?"

"That is unnecessary," said the doctor. "I will allow you to escape. I will give you all the time you want I will not make any alarm until you are out of danger. My life is in danger, and I promise you that you shall have all the time you want."

"Well, I guess I'll trust you."

He started for the door. As he was about to go out the doctor called to him: "My good fellow, you say that you are in want. Here, take this dollar (handing him a silver dollar.) I am willing to help you further if you write to me when you get away. You need not fear to do so, for I will not trouble you if you wish to reform."

The burglar stood leaning against the front door of the house, with one hand on the knob, looking pensively at the floor. Drawing a long breath, he raised himself full length, and, changing his position to rest himself, he said, slowly, and with much feeling, "Ah, thank you, sir, I expected to have a fight with you when I heard you come in the front door. You have conquered me without fighting. You shall hear from me again, sir. I will never forget this occurrence I believe there is one kind-hearted man in the world. Good-bye."

The burglar, casting a glance behind him, slid out upon the stoop, and shutting the front door after him, walked rapidly away toward Fourth avenue.

THE SALE OF A MENAGERIE.

The announcement that part of the menagerie connected with Cooper & Bailey's great peripatetic, circumnavigating, skyfuling, hippodromecealopic circus would be sacrificed at auction to the highest bidder drew a large number of showmen, several Darwinian evolutionists and innumerable persons of compulsory leisure to the Mechanics' Pavilion on Wednesday. On entering the building a very interesting sight presented itself. The elephant was standing in the middle of the floor, and an unwashed Democrat was vainly endeavoring to make up his mind which end of the beast he should offer a plug of tobacco to, at the instance of a depraved small boy who wanted to see the Democrat in a lofty tumbling act among the rafters. The unwashed man gave up in disgust, as the animal had a tail at both ends, and he couldn't tell which was the front end.

The auctioneer mounted the Brazilian ape's cage, and, stripping off his coat, ordered one of the men to fetch on the parrots. The man held up a big green bird that looked as if he had engaged in a dispute with a corn sheller, and said: "Now, gents, here is one of the finest parrots on the American continent, swears like a Barbary coast pirate, knows the whole First Testament, and can sing the Tral-la-loo like Jenny Lind; how much'mofferedf'rm, five cents, guess you don't know whaty'r buyin, gents, ten do I hear it, he talks better'n some of your Congressmen, two bits 'mofered, why gents he knows Tennyson all by heart, and'll outswear any man in the crowd, just the thing for the children, 'nonly two bits bid." Here he stopped to take breath and look reproachfully upon the crowd. The accomplished bird was finally knocked down to a Methodist preacher, who came in just in time to hear that the parrot could sing all of Watts' hymns. The old gentleman started out highly elated with his prize; but when the disreputable bird told him to pull down his vest and go to—well, not exactly to heaven, he went back to the auctioneer and wanted to swop for a camel or something that didn't talk.

There was considerable competition over the big elephant, one of the Supervisors making strenuous efforts to purchase the animal for the city, as a companion piece to the House of Correction, but Adam Forepaugh's agent secured the mountain of flesh for $1,900. The Supervisor was determined to get something, so he purchased a fine hyena with a healthy appetite, for $5. As the Supervisor has not been heard from since he left the pavilion and the hyena has been seen meandering alone through Golden Gate Park, it is evident that the Supervisor had a very cheap funeral, and two or three men have started out with shot-guns to hunt his unique coffin. The ostrich had just eaten a set of double harness and several of the benches that were left carelessly within its reach, and was put up as ostrich, harness and sack of kindling wood. The lot brought $4.43. The sacred cow and calf were sold for $32.50. The African bear was bought for $150 by a female broker, who wants him to fill a vacant seat in her new Stock Board, and the camels were knocked down to various parties who don't know what to do with them now that they have bought the hump-backed birds from sunny Sahara. The followers of Darwin had a fine opportunity for studying the theory of evolution when the auctioneer broke through the top of the cage he was standing on, and found himself embraced by its occupant as a long lost brother. The doctrine of the survival of the fittest would have had a practical illustration if the auctioneer had not been pulled out suddenly. The [illegible] class of pets did not seem to be in great demand, and no bids were received. The giraffe ate up all the decorations hung from the roof of the pavilion which were left after the fair and had a severe attack of dyspepsia, which prevented his sale, and the kangaroo was taken into partnership by a well-known claim jumper. The leopards, wolves, hippopotamus and other undesirable animals, were not sold.

ONE THING.

The man who turns his life to best account for himself and others is the man who does one thing, who, choosing for himself at the outset one line of action, usefulness, and eminence, devotes all his energies to its prosecution. Such a man must have firmness and self-denial, resolution to forego many immediate advantages, tempting offers, specious allurements, and turn his back, though it be with a sigh, on many openings that exhibit flattering prospects of pleasure and profit.

"Let thine eyes look right on," says the wise king of Israel, "and let thine eyelids look straight before thee. Ponder the path of thy feet, and let all thy ways be established. Turn not to the right hand nor to the left: remove thy foot from evil." Wiser or fitter words than these, even when viewed relatively to both worlds, were never uttered to the sons of men. A man who has a journey before him sufficient to occupy a day, and only a day in which to perform it, must not allow himself to turn aside, to pluck the flowers which grow by the wayside, or examine the green lanes that diverge from his track. If he loiters to mineralize and botanize, to saunter in cool shades, or rest by sparkling fountains, night will overtake him before his journey is ended. He may do anything that will not interfere with his central purpose of finishing his journey in the time allotted, but nothing that will consume the time and waste the strength which the completion of it demands.

Thus it should be in regard to the religion of the glorious Gospel. It proposes to supply the loftiest and most valuable part of man's being with its appropriate nutriment. It reveals the way by which a man can be reconciled to his God and fitted for his sublime destiny. It was to implant this *one* thing in the heart that the Son of God became incarnate and died upon the cross—that the Holy Spirit was poured out—that the Scriptures were written—that the law was given—that the Psalmist was inspired to record his sorrows, confessions, aspirations and devotions—that prophets uttered their predictions—and that apostles penned their gospels and epistles.

The possession of vital piety, then, is the *one* thing at which the Bible aims. To say of a human being,—a rational, sinful, and immortal creature, he has everything but religion, is as if we should say of a citizen, he has everything but patriotism—of a husband, he has everything but marital affection. It is just that want for which no assemblage of acquisitions and other excellencies can be the smallest substitute or compensation. God demands this one thing, and nothing else will answer its place. Besides, man's frailties require it. They will contract, darken, and suffer without it. At the day of judgment, this one thing will be the only thing inquired after. And without this one thing, Heaven with its spotless holiness and weight of glory will be lost, for how can we conceive of "fulness of joy" in the presence of God, without the love of God warming the heart? This one thing must be sought, humbly, penitently, faithfully, earnestly, preservingly, or the soul will be lost—lost forever.

WHO ARE YOU, SIR?—The following story is told of Colonel Samuel Colt, who, in his lifetime, was sometimes inclined to be a trifle pompous. When he was building dwelling houses for the workmen employed in his great pistol factory, he one day encountered a boy picking up chips on his grounds.

"What are you doing here?" he said, gruffly.

"Picking up chips, sir," replied the youngster, evidently unawed by the great presence.

"Perhaps," said the Colonel, drawing himself up with dignity, "you don't know who I am. I am Colonel Samuel Colt, and live up in that big house yonder."

The boy straightened up, swelled out and answered:

"Perhaps you don't know who I am. I am Patrick Murphy, and I live in that shanty down yonder," pointing in the direction.

"Sonny," said the Colonel blandly, patting the boy on the head, "go on and pick up all the chips you want, and when you get out, come for more."

NOTES ON THE INTERNATIONAL LESSONS

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

DECEMBER 10, 1876.

SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

Acts xi: 19-30.—GOLDEN TEXT: St. Mark xvi: 20.

FOURTH QUARTER. LESSON XI.

St. Luke here drops the record of Peter's visitation of the churches in Judea Samaria and Galilee, and goes back to the dispersion that followed the death of Stephen (viii: 1-4). In consequence of that event he shows (1) how Philip carried the Gospel to Samaria; (2) how Saul was converted and providentially prepared for his work, and (3) how Peter opened the doors of the church to the Gentiles Now he takes up a new line of fact and shows how the gospel spread among these Gentiles.

I. We have the result of lay effort. (Vs. 19-21).

The men who were scattered abroad were not apostles, neither probably elders nor deacons, but simply private Christians. They traveled as far as Phenice (a tract of country, of which Tyre and Sidon were the principal cities, to the north of Palestine, along the coast of the Mediterranean Sea; bounded by the sea on the west and by the mountain range of Lebanon on the east) and Cyprus (an island off the coast of Syria) and Antioch. This city was the capital of Syria, about fifteen miles from the sea, along the banks of the Orontes. During the first two centuries of the Christian era, it was the "gate of the East." It was a very rich, splendid and profligate city; almost "an Oriental Rome." Its population for the most part was a worthless rabble of Greeks and Orientals. As the church now takes a new departure and directs her labors henceforth in part towards the Jews then, a new centre of activity is needed, and this is found in Antioch. From this point St. Paul sets out on his successive missionary journeys.

Those scattered believers spake the Word (v. 19); or as it is expressed in v. 20, they announced the glad tidings of the Lord Jesus. They did not preach, of course, as men preach now. They talked, disputed, and expounded the Scripture in the synagogues. It is probable that the majority of them were Jews, and these addressed the Jews only. They had not heard of Peter's vision, or the baptism of Cornelius' household, as these had occurred, probably, since they left Jerusalem. So their old prejudices controlled them. But some of them were Cyprians (from the island of Cyprus) and Cyrenians (from Cyrene, a province and city of Lybia in Africa). These were Greek-speaking (foreign) Jews, and for some reason disregarded the bigoted notions of the Hebrews. They spake unto the Grecians (Hellenes or Gentile Greeks). The hand, or the power, of the Lord was with them in their love and labor; and in consequence a *great* number believed and showed their sincerity by turning unto the Lord; *i. e.*, by confession of the Lord Jesus and by holy obedience to his Word. It is probable that nearly all the conversions were among the Grecians. Thus early in the history of his church did the