The Bradford Reporter.

S. W. ALVORD, Publisher. REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER. $2 per Annum in Advance.

VOLUME XXXVIII. TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 22, 1877. NUMBER 25.

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YEARLY Advertisements are entitled to quarterly changes.

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

JOB PRINTING, of every kind, in plain and fancy colors; done with neatness and dispatch. Handbills, Blank 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.

WILLIAMS & ANGLE,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
OFFICE.—Formerly occupied by Wm. Watkins, Esq.
H. N. WILLIAMS. (Jan 17, '77) E. S. ANGLE.

MASON & HEAD,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
Towanda, Pa. Office over Bartlett & Tracy, Main-st.
G. F. MASON. ('76-'77) ARTHUR HEAD.

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

E. F. GOFF,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Main Street (4 doors north of Ward House), Towanda, Pa. (April 12, 1877.

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. Foster. (nov19-75.

A. ELSBREE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office-75. TOWANDA, PA.

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

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 24-75. TOWANDA, PA.

H. PEET, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Is prepared to practice in all the Courts of Bradford Co. Office, MERCUR BLOCK, (entrance on Second St.) TOWANDA, PA. (1-6-75.

DR. S. M. WOODBURN, Physician and Surgeon. Office over Co. A. Black's Dry Goods store.
Towanda, May 1, 1873-ly.

MADILL & CALIFF,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Office in Wood's Block, first door north of the First National bank, up stairs.
D. J. MADILL. (Jan 5-'71) J. N. CALIFF.

GRIDLEY & PAYNE,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.
OFFICE IN NORTH'S BLOCK, MAIN STREET,
TOWANDA, PA.
A. H. GRIDLEY. (1877) S. D. PAYNE.

JAMES WOOD,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Jan 6-76 TOWANDA, PA.

CHAS. M. HALL,
Attorney-at-Law and Notary,
Will give careful attention to any business entrusted to him. Office with Patrick & Foyle, over Post Office, Towanda, Pa. June 7-'77.

JOHN F. SANDERSON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
OFFICE.—Means Building (over Powell's Store).
Jan 1-76 TOWANDA, PA.

S. W. & WM. LITTLE,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, TOWANDA, PA.
Office over Hoskins' Provision Store, Main Street, Towanda, Pa. April 18, '76.

GEORGE D. STROUD,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW.
Office—Mansion, four doors North of Ward House. Practices in Supreme Court of Pennsylvania and United States Courts. TOWANDA, PA.

H. STREETER,
LAW OFFICE,
Jan. 20. TOWANDA, PA.

OVERTON & MERCUR,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
Office over Montanye's Store. TOWANDA PA.
D. A. OVERTON. RODNEY A. MERCUR.

WM. MAXWELL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
OFFICE OVER DAYTON'S STORE, TOWANDA, PA.
April 12, 1-74.

PATRICK & FOYLE,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.
Towanda, Pa.
Office, in Mercur's Block. Jy 17-'73.

ANDREW WILT,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW.
Office in Court House Store, Towanda, Pa. Will attend to all business in Bradford and adjoining Counties. May 2, 1877.

M'PHERSON & KINNEY,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.
TOWANDA, PA. Office in Tracy & Nolan's Block.
Towanda, Pa., Jan. 10, 1876.

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 Orphans' and Register's Courts. D. A. OVERTON. (Jan 1-'74.) A. ELSBREE.

H. C. WHITAKER,
BOOK BINDER,
NORTH BUSINESS STORE, UP STAIRS, TOWANDA.

C. S. RUSSELL'S
GENERAL
INSURANCE AGENCY
(Jan 1-'76.) TOWANDA, PA.

INSURANCE AGENCY.
The following
RELIABLE AND FIRE TRIED
Companies represented:
ÆTNA, PHŒNIX, HOME, MERCHANTS.
(Nov 16, '74.) O. H. BLACK.

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

DR. T. B. JOHNSON,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office over Dr. Porter & Son's Drug Store, Towanda.
(Jan 1, '75.)

M. D. L. DODSON, DENTIST.
On and after Sept. 3d, may be found in the dental rooms on 2nd floor of Mr. Pratt's new building, Elmira Street. Business solicited.
Sept. 6-'77.

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.

E. D. PAYNE, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office over Montanye's Store. Office hours from 10 to 12, A. M., and from 2 to 4, P. M. Special attention given to diseases of the Eye and Ear.—Oct. 19, '76-tf.

Merchant Tailor.

THIS WAY FOR

SPRING SUITS

Made to order,

AND WARRANTED TO FIT!

J. L. McMAHON,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
OPPOSITE COURT HOUSE SQUARE,
Has just received a
NEW AND COMPLETE STOCK OF
CLOTHS,
GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS,
&c., &c., &c.

He is prepared to furnish to order, made to measure,

SPRING AND SUMMER SUITS,
OF
BEST QUALITY & LATEST STYLES,

At prices the most reasonable of any establishment in Towanda. Call and examine my stock.

J. L. McMAHON.
Towanda, Pa., April 5, 1877.

Hardware.

THE CHEAPEST
HARDWARE STORE
IN TOWANDA
IS IN MERCUR BLOCK!

Farmers can buy their

SCYTHES, SNATHS,
GRINDSTONES,
FORKS, FIXTURES, ROPES,
&c., &c., &c.,
Cheaper Than at Any Other Place!

I have always on hand Repairs for the YOUNG WARRIOR and CHAMPION Mowing Machines.

PERRIGOS SIDE HILL PLOWS,
Best in Use.

All kinds of TINWARE on hand, and Tin work of all kinds done at lowest prices.

H. T. JUNE.
Towanda, June 28, 1876.

Heaters, &c.

HIGHEST AWARDS!
CETENNIAL EXHIBITION,

J. REYNOLDS & SON,
Northeast corner
THIRTEENTH AND FILBERT STS., PHILA.
Manufacturers of patented,
WROUGHT-IRON AIR-TIGHT
HEATERS,
With Shaking and Clinker-Grinding Grates for burning Anthracite or Bituminous Coal.
CENTENNIAL
WROUGHT-IRON HEATERS,
For Bituminous Coal.
KEYSTONE
WROUGHT-IRON HEATERS,
Cooking Ranges, Low-Down Grates, Etc.
Descriptive circulars SENT FREE to any address
EXAMINE BEFORE SELECTING.
Philadelphia, April 26, '77-1y.

Planing, &c.

GREATLY REDUCED PRICES!
The undersigned is doing
PLANING, MATCHING, AND RE-SAWING,
And all kinds of Planing-mill Work.
AWAY DOWN! DOWN!! DOWN!!!
So far you can't see it!

I have also on hand a large stock of
SASH AND DOORS,
Which I am selling at prices to suit the times.
WINDOW-BLINDS
Made promptly to order, at a low price, for CASH.
IF YOU WANT TO GET RICH QUICK,
Call and see my Goods and Prices.
Lumber brought here to be milled, will be kept under cover and perfectly dry until taken away. Good sheds for your horses, and a dry place to load.
L. B. RODGERS.
Towanda, Jan. 18, 1877.

NEW STOCK
OF GROCERIES!
Choice selections of
FINE TEAS AND COFFEES
For sale cheap.
Cash paid for all kinds of
COUNTRY PRODUCE
At the old stand of C. B. Patch.
W. H. DECKER, Jr.
Towanda, April 5, 1877.

Vegetine.

JUDGMENT OF THE PUBLIC!

During the past five years the public have carefully observed the wonderful cures accomplished from the use of VEGETINE. From its use many an afflicted sufferer has been restored to perfect health, after having expended a small fortune in procuring medical advice and obtaining poisonous mineral medicines.

Its medical properties are Alterative Tonic, Solvent and Diuretic. There is no disease of the human system for which the VEGETINE cannot be used with perfect safety, as it does not contain any metallic or poisonous compound. It is composed exclusively of barks, roots and herbs; it is very pleasant to take; every child likes it. It is safe and reliable, as the following evidence will show:

VALUABLE EVIDENCE.

The following unsolicited testimonial from Rev. O. T. Walker, D. D., formerly pastor of Bowdoin Square Church, Boston, and at present settled in Providence, R. I., must be deemed as reliable evidence. No one should fail to observe that this testimonial is the result of two years' experience with the use of VEGETINE in the Rev. Mr. Walker's family, who now pronounce it invaluable:

PROVIDENCE, R. I., 164 TRANSIT STREET.
H. R. STEVENS, Esq.:
I feel bound to express with my signature the high value I place upon your VEGETINE. My family have used it for the last two years. In nervous debility it is invaluable, and I recommend it to all who may need an invigorating, renovating tonic. O. T. WALKER,
Formerly Pastor of Bowdoin Square Church, Boston.

A WALKING MIRACLE.

MR. H. R. STEVENS:
DEAR SIR,—Though a stranger, I want to inform you what VEGETINE has done for me.

Last Christmas Scrofula made its appearance in my system—large running ulcers appearing on me, as follows: One on each thigh, one on my chest, which extended to the scalp, one on my head, which eat into the skull bone, one on my left leg, which became so bad that two physicians came in consultation the limb, though upon, consultation concluded not to do so, as my whole body was so full of scrofula; they deemed it advisable to cut the sore, which was painful beyond description, and there was a quart of matter run from this one sore. The physicians all gave me up to die, and said they could do no more for me. Both of my legs were drawn up to my seat, and it was thought if I did get up again I would be a cripple for life.

When in this condition I saw VEGETINE advertised, and commenced taking it in March, and followed on with it until I had used sixteen bottles, and this morning I am going to plough corn, a well man. All my townsmen say it is a miracle to see me round walking and working.

In conclusion I will add, when I was enduring such great suffering, from that dreadful disease, scrofula, I prayed to the Lord above to take me out this world, but as VEGETINE has restored to me the blessings of health, I feel more than ever before, that I may be of some services to my fellow-men, and I know of no better way to aid suffering humanity, than to bear testimony to the statement of my case, with an earnest hope that you will publish it, and it will afford me pleasure to reply to any communication which I may receive therefrom.

I am, sir, very respectfully,
WILLIAM PAYN.
Avery, Bertier Co., Mich., July 10, 1872.

RELIABLE EVIDENCE.

MR. H. R. STEVENS:
DEAR SIR:—I will most cheerfully add my testimony to the great number you have already received in favor of your great and good medicine, VEGETINE, for I do not think enough can be said in its praise, for I was troubled for years with that direful disease, Catarrh, and had such a loathsome smell that I would scream a-though I should lose my senses. By using VEGETINE I am cured, and I do not fear to thank God all the time that there is so good a medicine as VEGETINE, and I do think it one of the best medicines for weak and weary feelings at the some age, advise everybody to take the VEGETINE, for I can assure them it is one of the best medicines that ever was.

MRS. LYDORE,
Corner Magazine and Walnut Streets,
Cambridge, Mass.

Prepared by H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.

VEGETINE IS SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

THE COMPOUND OXYGEN TREATMENT.—This is no system of medication confined in its action to narrow limits. The OXYGEN MAGNETIZED, it is the most wonderful vitalizer to the human body ever known. Physicians have used it in a greater variety of diseases than any other medicine. Eight years of experience fully confirms its curative powers. The subscribers have their pamphlets to make known and available to the sick the wonderful virtues of the Compound Oxygen. It is sent free to any person who shall request it. Let all Consumptives, Dyspeptics, Paralytics, Neuralgic and all even discouraged invalids send for our Brochure of 128 pages, which contains many wonderful but true statements, best of testimonials, and our terms for home and office treatment. It will be sent free of charge.

DR. E. G. PALEN, 33 Tenth St.
DR. G. H. STARKEY, A. M., M. D.,
STARKEY & PALEN,
1112 Girard Street, Phila.
(Jan 25-'76.)

AGENTS WANTED—$50 TO $200 PER MONTH—A new, clear & concise UNIVERSAL HISTORY, commencing with the earliest period, closing March, 1877. Three volumes of the World's great Grand History to one. ANCIENT, MIDDLE AGES, and MODERN, including history of *Centennial Exhibition, Pacific Railroad, Hayes & Tilden Election*, etc. *Profusely illustrated and Tuckniskly cut.* A book of thrilling fact and romance, and not dull as most other histories. Beautiful illustrations, low price, quick sales, extra terms, circulars free. Address J. C. McCURDY & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.; Cincinnati, O.; Chicago, Ill.; St. Louis, Mo. (July 19 '76.)

$999 CAN'T BE MADE BY every agent every month in the business we handle, but these willing to work can easily earn a dozen dollars a day right in their own localities. Have no more room to explain here. Business pleasant and honorable. Women, boys and girls can do well as men. We will furnish you complete outfit free. The business pays better than anything else. We will bear expense of trying business. Write and see. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine. (jan25, '77.)

Clothing.

GET THE BEST.

HO! LOOK HERE!

Why do you continue to pay

HIGH PRICES

for

READY MADE CLOTHING

When you can go to

J. DAVIS'

(Store formerly occupied by Solomon)

And buy at prices that will astonish all who have been in the habit of buying of other dealers.

MY STOCK IS ENTIRELY NEW

And consists of

FALL AND WINTER

OVERCOATS! OVERCOATS! OVERCOATS!

Cheaper than you ever saw them!

SUNDAY SUITS! WORK SUITS! BOY'S SUITS!

And in fact everything in the line of

READY-MADE CLOTHING

AND

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

REMEMBER! that having just commenced business, I have no old-fashioned, moth-eaten, shoddy goods.

Call and see for yourselves

J. DAVIS.

Towanda Oct. 25, 1877.

Poetry.

LOVED AT LAST.

And so he loves me, though they said
No lover ever would come to me,
That I should never be wooed or wed,
Or nurse a child upon my knee;
They were so sure that I would miss
The woman's heritage of bliss.

And I, too, in the sad gray hours,
When through low clouds no sunlight shone,
And when the slow September showers
Seemed nature's tears for Summer gone,
I murmured with a long sad sigh,
"My Summer also has gone by."

But now I know that what to me
Seemed Autumn rains were showers of Spring;
Summer has come, and now I see
He says he loves me, and to-day
My year rolls back to early May.

How did it come? I ask of him:
He says my face is sweet and fair;
And yet to me these eyes seem dim,
And on this brow are lines of care:
But now these eyes shall yet be bright,
And once again this brow grow light.

He loves me! loves me! I repeat
The blest assurance every hour:
And now the wine of life is sweet
That yesterday was sharp and sour;
Now I can drink, with spirit bold,
Love's nectar from a cup of gold.

I look through long slow-coming years,
Made by his love all bright and fair;
I look around through happy tears,
And see his image everywhere;
In his great love I breathe and live;
If it be sin, dear God, forgive.

It cannot be. Since I have known
His love, God's love seems dearer too;
He has come near to me, and shown
What for the humblest he can do.
Life's fateful fingers intertwine
The human love with the divine.

Oh love, love, love! Oh blessed word,
That never did I understand
Till my soul heard the voice I heard,
And I felt the pressure of his hand;
No more I walk with eyes cast down;
I am his queen, love is my crown.

—*All the Year Round.*

Miscellaneous.

Ruth and her Lover.

"What is it Ruthie? Are you angry that you won't kiss me good night?"

Henry Harland stood at the threshold of a fine old mansion and looked into the black eyes of Ruth Ward, to whom he was engaged to be married, who stood a little back in the shadow of the hall and refused to kiss him good night.

"I cannot kiss you, Harry," she said, "because you have been drinking; and I cannot kiss a man whose breath is contaminated with liquor."

The young man dropped his eyes, and a blush stole up his brown cheek, and then he offered the same excuse that all men offer when they first commence to tamper with strong drink.

"Is that it, Ruthie?" he said. "I have only been drinking a glass of wine that Mrs. Gleason offered me. You don't object to that, for you know I don't drink."

"Henry, my only brother was ruined from taking a glass of wine, and I made a vow, when I saw him in his coffin, that I would never receive the attention of any young man who would trust himself to drink even wine, and feel that he was safe in doing so. In the beginning is the time to speak. The first glass is the one to avoid. If you knew what terrible anguish your breath scented with wine calls to my memory, you would understand better my firmness and determination."

"Then you are going to break our engagement because I have drank a glass of wine?" said Henry disdainfully.

"No, Henry, I love you," said Ruth; "and I think you will for my sake be abstemious in the future, and I wish you would sign the pledge. You have drank wine often of late, though I did not fully realize it until to-day, and if you do not abstain from it now, I must refuse your attentions in the future."

"You profess to love me," said he; "but you do not, for love would induce you to stand by me and try to keep me from temptation; but, instead you are driving me to destruction."

"Listen to me, Henry," said Ruth, her eye glistening, and her voice trembling. "You say I do not love you, because I will not sacrifice my happiness and welfare, and that of others, for you when you will not make the slight sacrifice for, me of signing the wledge. Reason is as necessary as love, and how could I keep you from destruction when you are determined not to listen to me, but to go on in the very path which, I am sure, leads to ruin and a drunkard's grave?"

"You are too hasty, Ruth; your experience with your brother blinds you. Wine doesn't harm me, and as it is offered me continually, I cannot well refuse it."

"Change your boarding place," said Ruth; Mrs. Gleason is doing more harm than she dreams of in treating her boarders to wine. Go to Mrs. Andrews to board. She is a strong temperance woman. If you love me, why will you not grant me this request?"

"You know I love you, Ruth, but you are unreasonable. I am in no danger and can govern my appetite. You talk as though I was very near a drunkard's grave."

It was all in vain that careful, black-eyed Ruth pleaded with her lover, and when she saw that pleadings were all in vain, she said, in a voice firm but full of anguish:

"Then dear Henry, farewell; I cannot break my vow. My brother's dead face would come to haunt me. I pray that you may see the error of your ways—farewell."

She was gone, and though Henry Harland called after her, she did not return. He walked slowly down the steps and along the graveled walk. More and more his feelings softened, and before he had reached his boarding house he said softly to himself:

"A glass of wine shall not separate me from my darling Ruth. I can much easier dispense with that than with her love, and I will sign the pledge to-morrow, and we will be happy again."

He entered the house and was passing to his room, but a young man opened a door and stepping into the hall, said pleasantly:

"That you, Harland? walk in a moment, I want to speak with you."

"It is too late," said Henry, passing on; but the young man urged, and finally grasping his arm, he half dragged him into the apartment.

"You shall have a taste of this wine," he said, "the best you ever drank; here's a glass ready for you."

"No, I thank you," said Henry looking, as he said this, longingly at the wine. "No, Darte, I don't wish for any wine to-night."

"Well, but taste of this," said Darte; "you can't object to that. Taste, it, and give me your opinion of it. I say it is the best wine ever made."

Henry drank, not only the first, but more and more, until his good resolve was forgotten and he staggered to his room. The next morning he awoke with a bad headache and a guilty conscience.

"I cannot see Ruth to-day," he said, "nor sign the pledge, while last night's indulgence is so near, but in a few days, when this has passed by, we will be good friends once more and I will not drink again."

Had he gone at that moment, confessed his fault, and pledged himself to abstain thereafter, he might have been saved; but he listened again to the voice of the tempter, and fell, and the drunkard's seal was upon him. A few months after he had heard Ruth Ward's farewell, he fled from his native city, determined to change his course and be again a man. A thousand times he thought of her warning, and a thousand times resolved to drink no more; but every time his resolution was broken, and at last, disgraced and despised, he fled, no one knew whither but himself.

The twenty thousand dollars which were his six months before, were all gone; his dress was shabby, his eyes bloodshot and his form emaciated. From the car window he looked anxiously at every station, not knowing when or where to stop.

At last he spied in the distance a beautiful village, made up of snow-white cottages, shaded with huge elms and poplars. It looked so quiet and peaceful, and inviting, that when the train stopped at the station he alighted and gazed with a wistful, hungry look at the shady streets and quiet homes.

How happy he might have been now, if he had listened to the words of Ruth Ward. It was the month appointed for their marriage, and with how much anticipated happiness had he looked forward to it. He was weak, and hungry, and heart-sick, and he leaned against a pile of boxes near him and groaned in agony of spirit. A man touched him on the arm.

"Look here stranger," he said; "you look faint. Come around the corner, here, and get a glass of whisky."

He started at those words; his thirst was maddened, and he was about to follow the man's directions, when another man, tall, gentlemanly, and kind, said in a low, earnest tone:

"Stranger, I see that you are unhappy; but whisky won't help you."

"Help me," screamed Henry looking at the man wildly; "it has already been my ruin; but what can I do? I am tempted on every side. I have no work, no home and no friends."

"I am the friend of just such as you," said the man, in a soft fatherly tone.

Henry looked up in surprise, and there was a gleam of hope in his face.

The kind gentleman drew his arm within his own.

"Come with me," he said, "away from these dens of murder and destruction, and I will give you every inducement to reform. I read your history in your face, and I know the whole story from my own experience, for once I was a drunkard, and was tempted alike as you are; but a kind heart cheered me, and a kind hand led me into a better path, and it is my greatest desire to help all those who have fallen into temptation."

Henry had indeed found a friend. He was soon at work and had joined a lodge of Good Templars, in the village, and his superior education, his refined manners and uncommon ability, soon raised him to a high position in society.

Mr. Ives, the gentleman who had befriended him was a merchant, and Henry was employed as a clerk in the store. He kept this position but a short time, however, for his abilities were soon discovered, and the position of head book-keeper was given him. Months passed on, and he became the handsome elegant gentleman he was before the wine cup maddened him, and many a young girl felt the blood rushing to her face when she heard his step or felt the clasp of his hand, but Henry had not forgotten the black-eyed girl who had so firmly refused his attentions, and his highest ambition and hope was to make himself worthy of her love, and then seek her out and make her his wife.

Several years passed away, and a great temperance convention called him to his native city.

His eloquence as a speaker had been discovered, and he had often addressed meetings on the subject of temperence, hoping thereby to save some soul from destruction. The evening appointed for him to address the meeting was very fair and the attendance was large. Tall, graceful and manly, he bowed before the audience, and proceeded with his lecture; but he had spoken but a few moments before he discovered a pair of black eyes fixed upon him, the expressive black eyes of Ruth Ward. He hesitated a moment, embarrassed and confused, then regaining his self-possession, he broke the thread of his discourse and related his experience. There was a dead silence in the room, as the handsome man told his past degradation, his temptations, his broken resolves, and his meeting with the good man who had befriended him. Not an eye in that great assembly was free from tears, and when he had closed with an eloquent peroration of warning to young men, there was a moment's silence, then cheer after cheer rent the air, and men and women crowded around the platform to clasp the hand of the young orator. In vain he looked for those black eyes which had inspired him to speak with such eloquence, they were not there to greet him. Disappointed, he was about to depart, for the hall was nearly empty, when he felt a touch on his arm, and turning beheld the black eyes full of tears, but the red lips wreathed with a smile.

At the threshold of the old mansion that night, he received the good-night kiss, and the promise that the early spring should find them man and wife.

DON'T FOR HUSBANDS.

Don't think when you have won a wife that you have also won a slave.

Don't think that your wife has less feeling than your sweetheart. Her relationship to you is simply changed, not her nature.

Don't think that you can dispense with all the little civilities of life toward her you marry. She appreciates those things quite as much as other women.

Don't be gruff and rude at home. Had you been that sort of a fellow before marriage the probabilities are you would be sewing on your own buttons still.

Don't make your wife feel that she is an incumbrance on you by giving grudgingly. What she needs give cheerfully, as if it were a pleasure so to do. She wil feel better and so will you.

Don't meddle in affairs of the house under her charge. You have no more right to be poking your nose into the kitchen than she has to walk into your place of business and give directions to your employees.

Don't find fault with her *extravagance* in ribbons, &c., until you have shut down on cigars, tobacco, whisky, &c.

Don't leave your wife at home to nurse the children, on the score of economy, while you bolt down town at nights to see the show or spend a dollar on billiards.

Don't bolt your supper and hurry off to spend your evening lounging around away from your wife. Before marriage you couldn't spend evenings enough with her.

Don't prowl in loafing resorts until midnight, wasting your time in culpable idleness, leaving your wife lonely at home to brood over your neglect and her disappointment.

Don't think the woman you promised to "love, cherish and protect" becomes your servant as her part of the contract.

Don't think that board and clothes is a sufficient return for all a wife does for you.

Don't expect your wife to honor and love you if you prove a brute unworthy of love and honor.

Don't caress your wife in public and snarl and growl at her in private. This proves you both a hypocrite and a dog.

Don't wonder that your wife is not as cheerful as she used to be when she labors from early morn till late at night to pander to the comfort and caprice of a selfish pig who has not soul enough to appreciate her.

Don't, if your wife has faults, be constantly reminding her of them while you have never a word of commendation for her virtues. If she did that with you you'd be as mad as a hornet.

Don't expect your wife to have no failings. Not to have is not to be human; and you thought you were marrying a women when you married her. She thought she married a *man*, and don't deceive her.

DOWN IN A SILVER MINE

Those who have never personally inspected the lower levels of our mines may obtain some idea of the degree of heat to be found therein by visiting the Savage works at the change of shafts. The men—packed together as close as they can stand on the cage—are popped out of the cage all steaming hot, for all the world like a bunch of asparagus just lifted from the pot. They make their appearance in a cloud of steam that pours up continuously from the "depths profound," and are dimly seen until they step fourth upon the floor of the works. As the men land and seprate, each carries with him for half a minute his little private cloud vapor. As this passes off the man is seen to be naked from the waist up, his skin as wet as though he had just been lifted out of a pool of water. The men bring up with them—besides the steam—an amount of heat that may be felt by the spectator as they pass.

All this is at the top of the shaft, where it is considered quite cool—what then must it be hundreds of feet below, where the men started from—down where the water stands at 157 Farenheit? Down there no steam is seen—it is too hot for it. It is only when the hot moist air coming up from the lower regions strikes the cool air toward the top of the shaft that it takes the form of steam. Down there where the men come from you must keep your hands off the pump column and the pipes, and if you pick up any iron tool you will at once put it down without being told to do so. Down there they handle things with gloves, or wrap rags about the drill they are guiding and iron apparatus they are moving, and down there, too, you will learn to keep your mouth shut after you have drawn a few mouthfuls of hot air into your lungs.

Perspire? It is no name for it. You are like a sponge that is being squeezed. You are ready to believe that you have ten million pores to every square inch of surface, or as many more as any authority may mention, and that all these pores are as big as the cells of a honey-comb. You go for ice water and it almost seems to kiss as it passes down your throat—you keep going for it, and thus, in a short time, find out what becomes of the tons and tons of ice that are daily consumed in the mines. Remain below among the miners for an hour or two, and when you are finally popped out at top of the shaft all red-hot and steaming, among the other asparagus sprouts, you will appreciate the beauty the light and the coolness of the upper world.—*Virginia (Nev.) Enterprise.*

WORDS OF WISDOM.

He that has no friend and no enemy is one of the vulgar, and without talents, powers, or energy.

Conscience, be it ever so little a worm while we live, grows suddenly to a serpent on our death-bed.

Franklin says, "A poor man must work to find meat for his stomach, a rich one to find stomach for meat."

The unpleasant sensation that is produced by modesty, is amply compensated by the prepossession it creates in our favor.

He who has guineas for his subjects, is, untortunately, the king of most men.

A man may start at impending danger or wince at the sensation of pain; and yet he may be a true philosopher and not be afraid of death.

A passionate man should be regarded with the same caution as a loaded blunderbuss, which may unexpectedly go off and do us an injury.

Too much sensibility creates unhappiness; and too much insensibility creates crime.

He who surpasses or subdues mankind, must look down on the fate of those below.

The pitying tears and fond smiles of women are like the showers and sunshine of spring.

Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much—Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.

If you wish to keep your enemies from knowing any harm of you, don't let your friends know any.

The epicure, the drunkard, and the man of loose morals are equally contemptible; though the brutes obey instinct, they never exceed the bounds of moderation; and besides, it is beneath the dignity of man to place felicity in the service of his senses.

He is wise who never acts without reason, and never against it.

The beginning of anger is foolishness and its end is repentance.

He who pretends to be everybody's friend is nobody's.

If you do what you should, not, you must bear what you would not.

The imagination is of so delicate a texture that even words wound it.

If we lack the sagacity to discriminate nicely between our acquaintances and our friends, our misfortune will readily do it for us.

It is not so easy as philosophers tell us to lay aside our prejudices; mere volition cannot enable us to divest ourselves of long established feelings, and reason is averse to laying aside theories it has once been taught to admire.

Hath any wronged thee? Be bravely avenged; slight it, and the work is begun; forgive, and it's finished. He is below himself, that is not above an injury.

It is often better to have a great deal of harm happen to one than a little; a great deal may rouse you to remove what a little will only accustom you to endure.

The great man should retire occasionally from the stage to avoid wearying admiration; for however brilliant the sun may be, it would be wrong for it never to set.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS' BONES.

The United States counsul at San Domingo has transmitted to the Department of State at Washington an account of the recent discovery of the bones of Columbus in the cathedral in that city. Dying in Spain in 1506, the remains of Columbus were first deposited in the convent of St. Francis. In 1513 they were transferred to the Carthusian convent of Las Cuevas, from whence they were shipped to Santo Domingo in 1536, and deposited in the cathedral of that city. In 1796 the remains, as it was then and up to the present discovery believed, were conveyed in great pomp to the cathedral of Havana, where they were supposed to have reposed ever since.

The counsul at San Domingo says that while some workmen were digging up the floor around the pulpit in the cathedral to make some repairs they exposed to view a walled orifice containing a leaden case, two feet long by eight inches deep and eight inches wide, the inscriptions on which bore incontestible evidence that the contents, were the bones of Christopher Columbus. Immediately on this discovery being made the remains were restored to their original resting place, and the receptacle walled up. On the 10th of September, in the presence of the Governor and other government officials and the various counsuls, amid sounds of martial music and the booming of cannon, the remains were again exhumed, and the facts recorded, and attested to by all the officials and consuls present.

The box containing the remains was then inclosed in another box, carefully sealed with the seals of the counsels, to be opened only in their presence, and placed in the custody of Padre Bellini, in the Church of Regina Angliorum, to be held by him, subject to invest gation by any foreign commission desirous of satisfying themselves of the facts, and until a suitable amount can be raised to erect a fitting monument over the remains. It being suggested that other countries might like to contribute to the erection of this monument the various consuls were requested to bring the subject to the attention of their respective governments, in order to give them a chance to do so. The ancient records of the cathedral in San Domingo having been long ago destroyed by vandals, no facts concerning the supposed removal of these remains to Havana can be ascertained in San Domingo, but it is conjectured that the monks palmed off on the Spaniards the remains of somebody else, retaining to themselves and their cathedral the venerated bones of the great navigator.

A STUTTERING professor says: "The Dog Star is no star at all. It is a p-p-p pup-planet."

WHO cares for Ohio? Haven't the Republicans carried France?

"ONLY the female mosquito bites;" but they average ninety-nine females out of a possible hundred.

HOTEL keepers are people we have to put up with."

MEAN speed, according to *Punch*, is running away from one's creditors.

GRANT UNDER FIRE.

While I was standing by the pontoon bridge watching the boys crossing the bayou, I heard somebody cheering, and, looking round saw an officers on horseback in a major general's uniform. He dismounted and came over to the very spot where I was standing. I did not know his face, but something told me it was Grant—Ulysses Grant, at that moment the hero of the Western army. Solid he stood—erect; about five feet eight, with square features, thin, closed lips, brown hair, brown beard, both cut short and neat.

"He must weigh one hundred and fifty pounds; looks just like the soldier he is. I think he is larger than Napoleon, but not much—he is not so dumpy; looks like a man in good earnest, and the rebels think he is." And this was the first time I saw Grant. I think I still possess some of the feeling that overcame me at that moment as I stood so near to one that held our lives and, possibly, our country's, in his hands. I heard him speak: "Men, push right along; close up fast, and hurry over." Two or three mounted on mules attempted to wedge past the soldiers on the bridge. Grant noticed it, and quietly said, "Lieutenant, send those men to the rear."

Every soldier passing turned to gaze on him, but there was no further recognition. There was no McClellan, begging the boys to allow him to light his cigar by theirs, or inquiring to what regiment that exceedingly fine marching company belonged. There was no Pope, bullying the men for not marching faster, or officers for some trivial detail remembered only by martinets. There was no Bonaparte, posturing for effect; no pointing to the Pyramids, no calling the centuries to witness. There was no nonsense, no sentiment; only a plain business man of the Republic, there for the one single purpose of getting that command across the river in the shortest time possible.

On a horse near by, and among the still mounted staff, sat the general's son, a bright looking lad of about eleven years. Fastened to his little waist by the broad yellow belt was his father's sword—that sword on whose clear steel was soon to be engraved Vicksburg, Spottsylvania, the Wilderness and Richmond. The boy talked and jested with the bronzed soldiers near him, who laughingly inquired where we should camp; to which the young field marshal replied: "Over the river." Over the river! Ah! that night we slept with our guns in our hands; and another night, and another, saw more than one of our divisions camped beyond and over the river—in that last tenting-ground where the reveille was heard no more forever.

I next saw Grant on May 18, 1863, and this time at the battle of "Champion Hills," in the rear of Vicksburg. We had crossed the Mississippi river at Grand Gulf and swung off east and north; had fought the battles of Port Gibson, Raymond and Jackson, and were overtaking Pemberton's army hastening to the walls of Vicksburg. It was a very hot day, and we had marched hard, slept little, and rested none. Among the magnolias on Champion Hills the enemy, forty or fifty thousand strong, turned on us. Sherman's Corps was already engaged far on the right as we approached the field in that ever-powering Mississippi sun.

Our brigade was soon in line, on the edge of a meadow, or open field sloping toward the woods, where the enemy were concealed and steadily firing on us. We were in that most trying position of soldiers, for regulars even—being fired on without permission to return the shots. We were standing two files deep, bearing as patiently as we could, not a heavy, but a steady fire from infantry, while an occasional canon-ball tore up the turf in front, or behind us. A good many men were falling, and the wounded were being borne to the rear of the brigade, close to an old well, whose wooded curb seemed to offer the only protection from bullets on the exposed line. "Colonel, move your men a little by the left flank," said a quiet, though commanding voice.

On looking round, I saw immediately behind us Grant, the Commander-in-