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 29, 1877. | NUMBER 26.

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

Advertising in all cases exclusive of subscriptions to the paper.

SPECIAL NOTICES inserted at FIFTEEN CENTS per line, for the first insertion, and FIVE CENTS per line for subsequent insertions.

LOCAL NOTICES, same style as reading matter, TWENTY CENTS A LINE.

ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted according to the following table of rates:

Time	1w	4w	2m	3m	6m	1yr.
1 inch	$1.50	3.00	5.00	6.00	10.00	15.00
2 inches	2.00	5.00	8.00	10.00	15.00	20.00
3 inches	2.50	7.00	10.00	13.00	20.00	30.00
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½ column	10.00	20.00	30.00	40.00	55.00	75.00
1 column	20.00	30.00	60.00	80.00	100.	150.

ADMINISTRATOR'S and Executor's Notices, $2.00; Auditor's notices, $2.50; Business Cards, five lines, (per year) $5.00, additional lines, $1.00 each.

YEARLY Advertisements are entitled to quarterly changes.

TRANSIENT advertisements must be paid for IN ADVANCE.

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, 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.

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

MASON & HEAD, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Towanda, Pa. Office over Bartlett & Tracy, Main-st. G. F. MASON. [29'77] 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, Sullivan and Wyoming Counties. Office with Esq. Porter. [nov19-74.

L. ELSBREE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, TOWANDA, PA. 0-114-75.

C. L. LAMB, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, WILKES-BARRE, PA. Collections promptly attended to. July 27,'78.

JOHN W. MIX, ATTORNEY AT LAW, AND U. S. COMMISSIONER, TOWANDA, PA. Office—North Side Public Square. Jan. 1, 1878.

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. [Jan8-76.

DR. S. M. WOODBURN, Physician and Surgeon. Office over O. A. Black's Crockery store. Towanda, May 1, 18721y*.

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. [jan8-731y] J. N. CALIFF.

GRIDLEY & PAYNE, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. No. 1, TRACY & NOBLE'S BLOCK, MAIN STREET, TOWANDA, PA. F. GRIDLEY. (1477) S. R. PAYNE.

JAMES WOOD, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, mch9-76 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 Journal Office), Towanda, Pa. [June7'77.

JOHN F. SANDERSON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, OFFICE.—Means Building (over Powell's Store). mch9-76 TOWANDA, PA.

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

GEORGE D. STROUD, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW. Office—Main-st., four doors North of Ward House. Practices in Supreme Court of Pennsylvania and United States Courts.—[Dec7.'76. TOWANDA, PA.

H. STREETER, LAW OFFICE, aug20. TOWANDA, PA.

OVERTON & MERCUR, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, TOWANDA PA. Office over Montanyes Store. [may676. 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. [Jly17-72.

J. ANDREW WILT, ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR-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.

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. (apr14-70) N. C. ELSBREE.

H. C. WHITAKER, BOOK BINDER. REPORTER BUILDING, THIRD FLOOR, TOWANDA.

C. S. RUSSELL'S GENERAL INSURANCE AGENCY. May23-76tf. TOWANDA, PA.

INSURANCE AGENCY. The following RELIABLE AND FIRE TRIED Companies represented: LANCSHIRE, PHENIX, HOME, MERCHANTS, March 16, '74] O. H. BLACC.

1864. 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. Jan1-75tf.

M. D. L. DODSON, DENTIST. On and after Sept. 21, may be found in the elegant 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 base. Teeth extracted without pain. Oct. 34-72.

E. D. PAYNE, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office over Montanyes' 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 GRAPHIC PARLOR STOVE, FOR SALE AT H. T. JUNE'S HARDWARE STORE! IN MERCUR BLOCK, TOWANDA, PA., IS THE BEST IN USE.

Oct. 12-77.

HIGHEST AWARDS! CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION. J. REYNOLDS & SON, Northwest 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 4, 1877.

Clothing.

NOW IS YOUR OPPORTUNITY!

"There is a tide in the affairs of men, which Taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE TIDE IN BUYING YOUR READY MADE CLOTHING

Many dealers wonder why there is always such a rush at *ROSENFIED'S CLOTHING STORE!* But customers of this popular establishment, *know* that is because ROSENFIELD Keeps a better assortment of FASHIONABLE GOODS Than any other establishment in Northern Pennsylvania.

READER! If you have never satisfied yourself on this point, delay no longer, but convince yourself that you can save at least 25 per cent. in buying your READY MADE CLOTHING of ROSENFIELD. His stock consists of everything in the line of Ready Made Clothing for Men and Boys. Hats, Caps, Traveling Bags, Fine Shirts, Neckties, Hoisery, Gloves, and in fact Gents' Furnishing Goods of every description. Don't be deceived, but be not satisfied until you find

ROSENFIELD.

Oct. 9-77.

JACOBS Is now receiving his FALL AND WINTER STOCK OF CLOTHING! Which has never been EQUALLED before in this market, either for QUALITY OR LOW PRICES. If you doubt, call, and examine. Patton's Block Main Street. Towanda, Sept. 4, 1877.

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.

THE FARMERS' MUTUAL INSURANCE CO., OF TUSCARORA, Is now issuing perpetual policies on FARM PROPERTY ONLY.

Each member pays a fee, at the time of insuring; to cover charter and incidental expenses of the Co., after which no further payment is required, except to meet actual loss by fire among the membership. This plan of insurance for FARM PROPERTY, is coming rapidly into favor.

Place of Business, SPRING HILL, PA.

The Agent will canvass the Townships of Tuscarora, Pike, Herrick, Wyalusing, Asylum, Terry and Standing Stone, and farmers in those Townships wishing insurance or information, may address,

A. B. SUMNER, Sec. and Agt., Spring Hill, Bradford Co., Pa. W. M. SHUMWAY, Pres. (cto7sm

ROOFING PAINT.—The Rocky Mountain Vermillion Paint (mixed ready for use) is the best in the world for Tin, Iron, Felt, Shingles, or anything exposed to the weather. Price—1 gallon and can, $1; 2 gallons in can...$ 1.50. Three 2-gallon cans in one case.... 4.00. 1 barrel, 24 gallons.... 13.00. 1 barrel, 44 gallons.... 22.00. AMERICAN VERMILION WORKS, oct25-3m. 49 South Front St., Phila.

WANTED.—1,000 TONS PRIME TIMOTHY HAY. For price, &c., call on or address G. S. ACKLEY, wholesale dealer in Baled Hay and Straw, Spring Hill, Pa. Sept 13,'77 6mos.

SEELEY'S OYSTER BAY AND EUROPEAN HOUSE.—A few doors south of the Means House. Board by the day or week on reasonable terms. Warm meals served at all hours. Oysters at wholesale and retail. feb1'77.

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 pronounces 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 recommended 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 of my arms, one on my thigh, which extended to the seat, one on my head, which eat into the skull bone, one on my left leg, which became so bad that two physicians came to amputate 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 townsman 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 desire more than ever to live, that I may be of some services to my fellow-men, and I know of no better way to aid suffering humanity, than to inclose you this 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, Berrien 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 over 30 years with that dreadful disease, Catarrh, and had such bad coughing spells that it would seem as though I could never breathe any more, and VEGETINE has cured me; and I do feel to thank God all the time that there is so good a medicine as VEGETINE, and also think it one of the best medicines for coughs and weak sinking feelings at the stomach, advice everybody to take the VEGETINE, for I can assure them it is one of the best medicines that ever was.

MRS. L. GORE, 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. Being OXYGEN MAGNETIZED, it is the most wonderful Vitalizer of the human body over known. Therefore it should cure a greater variety of ills and a larger proportion of patients than any other agent. Eight years of experience fully confirms the expectation. The subscribers unite their forces to make known and available to the sick the wonderful virtues of the Compound Oxygen. It is the safest, surest and cheapest remedy in the world. Let all Consumptives, Dyspeptics, Paralytics (recent), and all even discouraged invalids, send for our Brochure of 140 pages, which contains many wonderful but true statements, best of testimonials, and our terms for home and office treatment. It will be mailed free of charge.

G. E. PALEN, B. Pit., M. D., G. R. STARKEY, A. M., M. D., STARKEY & PALEN, J123m. 1112 Girard Street, Phila.

Musical Instruments.

During the Hard Times, L. B. POWELL OFFERS A NUMBER OF SECOND-HAND PIANOS AND ORGANS AT VERY LOW PRICES FOR CASH.

4-Octave Rosewood Melodeons	$18.00
5-Octave Rosewood Melodeons	20.00
5-Octave Rosewood Melodeons, Piano-Case	30.00
4-Octave Portable Organs	25.00
5-Octave Black-Walnut, Double-Reed Organs	50.00
5-Octave Black-Walnut, Double-Reed Organs	65.00
5-Octave Double-Reed Organs, 6 Stops	75.00
6-Octave Mahogany Pianos	25.00
6½-Octave Rosewood Pianos	45.00
7-Octave Rosewood Pianos	80.00
7-Octave Rosewood Pianos, Carved Legs	150.00

WARRANTED ALL IN GOOD ORDER.

MR. POWELL IS THE GENERAL AGENT FOR THE CHICKERING PIANOS AND MASON & HAMLIN ORGANS, which are the most reliable instruments of their class made, and which are now sold at prices that place them within the reach of all. A number of each, which have been rented, are offered at bargains. One Rosewood Chickering Piano, seven-octave, carved legs and lyre, $300. One ditto, extra carvings, $350. One Mason & Hamlin Church-Organ, with three sets of reeds, $100. Pianos and Organs on easy monthly payments. Call on or address

L. B. POWELL, 115 Wyoming Avenue, Scranton, Pa. *Next to Republican Building.*

REDUCTION IN PIANO TUNING. I propose to tune Pianos hereafter for $2 EACH TIME, OR $4 BY THE YEAR. When instruments are outside the Borough, an extra charge will be made for travelling fee.

I continue to sell ORGANS AND PIANOS Of the best manufactures, as usual. Apply to or address PROF. WM. DITTRICH, Towanda, Penn'a. Towanda, Feb. 22, 1877.

DOWN, DOWN, DOWN! $5,000! WORTH OF DRY-GOODS, READY-MADE CLOTHING, HATS, CAPS, WOMENS' AND CHILDRENS' SHOES, HOSIERY, NOTIONS, &C., &C. Just arriving which we are selling for cash for one third of its original cost in New York City. NOW IS YOUR TIME FOR A GREAT BARGAIN AT SMITH & PARK'S. Wyalusing, Pa., Nov. 15, '77-4w.

Poetry.

THE OLD SERGEANT.

"'Come a little nearer, Doctor,—thank you,—let me take the cup:
Draw your chair up,—draw it closer,—just another little sup;
Maybe you may think I'm better; but I'm pretty well used up,—
Doctor, you've done all you could do, but I'm just a-going up!

"'Feel my pulse, sir, if you want to, but it an't much use to try'—
'Never say that,' said the Surgeon, as he smothered down a sigh;
'It will never do, old comrade, for a soldier to say die!'
What you *say* will make no difference, Doctor, when you come to die.

"'Doctor, what has been the matter?' 'You were very faint, they say;
You must try to get to sleep, now.' 'Doctor, have I been away?'
'Not that anybody knows of!' 'Doctor—Doctor, please to stay!
There is something I must tell you, and you won't have long to stay!

"'I have got my marching orders, and I'm ready now to go;
Doctor, did you say I fainted?—but it couldn't ha' been so,—
For as sure as I'm a Sergeant, and was wounded at Shiloh,
I've this very night been back there, on the old field of Shiloh!

"'This is all that I remember: The last time the Lighter came,
And the lights had all been lowered, and the noises much the same,
He had not been gone five minutes before something called my name:
"ORDERLY SERGEANT—ROBERT BURTON!"—just this way it called my name.

"'And I wondered who could call me so distinctly and so slow,
Knew it couldn't be the Lighter,—he cou'd not have spoken so;
And I tried to answer, "Here, sir!" but I couldn't make it go;
For I couldn't move a muscle, and I couldn't make it go!

"'Then I thought: It's all a nightmare, all a humbug and a bore;
Just another foolish *grape-vine**—and it won't come any more;
But it came, sir, notwithstanding, just the same way as before:
"ORDERLY SERGEANT—ROBERT BURTON!" even plainer than before.

"That is all that I remember, till a sudden burst of light,
And I stood beside the River, where we stood that Sunday night,
Waiting to be ferried over to the dark bluffs opposite,
When the river was perdition and all hell was opposite!

"And the same old palpitation came again in all its power,
And I heard a Bugle sounding as from some celestial Tower;
And the same mysterious voice said: "IT IS THE ELEVENTH HOUR!
ORDERY SERGEANT—ROBERT BURTON—IT IS THE ELEVENTH HOUR!"

"'Doctor Austin!—what *day* is this?' 'It is Wednesday night, you know.'
'Yes,—to-morrow will be New Year's, and a right good time below!
What *time* is it, Doctor Austin?' 'Nearly Twelve.' 'Then don't you go!
Can it be that all this happened—all this—not an hour ago!

"'There was where the gun-boats opened on the dark, rebellious host;
And where Webster semicircled his last guns upon the coast;
There were still the two log-houses, just the same, or else their ghost,—
And the same old transport came and took me over—or its ghost!

"'And the old field lay before me all deserted far and wide;
There was where they fell on Prentiss,—there McClernand met the tide;
There was where stern Sherman rallied, and where Hurlbut's heroes died,—
Lower down, where Wallace charged them, and kept charging till he died.

"'There was where Lew Wallace showed them he was of the canny kin,
There was where old Nelson thundered, and where Rousseau waded in;
There McCook sent 'em to breakfast, and we all began to win—
There was where the grape-shot took me, just as we began to win.

"'Now, a shroud of snow and silence over everything was spread;
And but for this old blue mantle and the old hat on my head,
I should not have even doubted, to this moment, I was dead,—
For my footsteps were as silent as the snow upon the dead!

"'Death and silence!—Death and silence! all around me as I sped!
And behold, a mighty TOWER, as if builded to the dead,—
To the Heaven of the heavens, lifted up its mighty head,
Till the Stars and Stripes of Heaven all seemed waving from its head!

"'Round and mighty based it towered—up into the infinite—
And I knew no mortal mason could have built a shaft so bright;
For it shone like solid sunshine; and a winding stair of light,
Wound around it and around it till it wound clear out of sight.

"'And, behold, as I approached it—with a rapt and dazzled stare,—
Thinking that I saw old comrades just ascending the great Stair,—
Suddenly the solemn challenge broke of—"Halt, and who goes there!"
"I'm a friend," I said, "if you are."—"Then advance, sir, to the Stair!"

"'I advanced!—That sentry, Doctor, was Elijah Ballantyne!—
First of all to fall on Monday, after we had formed the line:
"Welcome, my old Sergeant, welcome! Welcome by that old countersign!"
And he pointed to the scar there, under this old cloak of mine.

"'As he grasped my hand, I shuddered, thinking only of the grave;
But he smiled and pointed upward with a bright and bloodless glaive:
"That's the way, sir, to Head-quarters." "What Head-quarters!"—"Of the Brave."
"But the great Tower?"—"That," he answered, "Is the way, sir, of the Brave!"

"'Then a sudden shame came o'er me at his uniform of light;
At my own so old and tattered, and at his so new and bright;
"Ah!" said he, "you have forgotten the New Uniform to-night,—
Hurry back, for you must be here at just twelve o'clock to-night!"

"And the next thing I remember, you were sitting there, and I—
Doctor—did you hear a footstep? Hark!—God bless you all! Good-bye!
Doctor, please to give my musket and my knapsack, when I die,
To my Son—my Son that's coming,—he won't get here till I die!

"'Tell him his old father blessed him as he never did before,—
And to carry that old musket'—Hark! a knock is at the door!—
'Till the Union'—See! it opens!—Father! 'Father! speak once more!'—
'*Bless you!*'—gasped the old, gray Sergeant, and he lay and said no more."

*Canard.

AGONY personiged—A bachelor editor trying to prepare an able and judicious article on the baby show.

"MY lord," said the foreman of a Welsh jury when giving in the verdict, "We find the man who stole the mare not guilty."

LITTLE Johnny is quite sure the picture of a Spitz dog he drew on the parlor wall was good because it made his father mad.

Miscellaneous.

Playing the Dressmaker.

Mrs. Ross Ruslington sat dignified, haughty, self-possessed.

Mrs. Ross Ruslington was indignant, and took no pains to hide that fact, and all because her son had rebelled—all because her one darling had seen fit to consult his own heart in falling in love.

Ernest Ruslington was one of those handsome, tenderly-worshipful fellows—tall, strong, affectionate-hearted, with a devoted way that goes so surely to a woman's heart, that made his mother idolize him as he deserved, that made little Mamie Morgan fairly thrill with rapturous love for him, that made even stately Miss Genevieve Wallace admire him, and feel in no ways averse to the plan Mrs. Ruslinton had arranged, that her handsome son should present Miss Genevieve as his wife.

But in this especial instance Mr. Earnest Ruslington was proving, beyond the shadow of a doubt that, while he and Mamie Morgan and Cupid had proposed their future way of happiness, his mother was determined to dispose of them all—except her boy—very summarily. And to this end was the interview tending when Mrs. Ruslington sat in her blue silken-cushioned chair, with her fair blonde face as stern as her well-bred indignation could make it.

Mr. Ruslington stood at one end of the low mantle-piece, his elbow resting upon it, his head leaning lightly on his hand, listening courteously to his mother's low spoken, yet none the less passionate words.

"But you are so entirely mistaken, mother. If you would only permit me to bring Mamie to see you, if you would only give her an opportunity to let you see her I am positive you would change your mind. She is a dainty, refined high-bred little lady, with a face so sweet that it would appeal to you instantly. You would love her, mother, if you would only lay aside your pride, your injustice."

Mrs. Ruslington only smiled faintly.

"I am sorry you look upon me as prejudiced, my dear boy. I have always studied your interests, I think, and now, when I recommend you so strongly to marry Genevieve Wallace, you surely must understand I regard it for your great good. Genevieve is very pretty, undeniably a lady in birth, manners, education and position. She is very rich, and would make a most suitable match for you."

"If I loved her which I do not and cannot. Mother, it seems to me you should not seek to bias my judgment in this, the most important event of my life. All my life I have tried to please you, all my life been governed very much by your wishes and advice; but in this case, you must permit me to know my own heart. You must remember that where one has carefully hoarded all their wealth of affection, and not frittered it away on every pretty face, when one has never loved until they have brought their judgment and their disciplined muturity to concur as I do, that such love is a resistless passion, not to be trifled with by any one."

Mrs. Ruslington looked at his very quiet, determined face, and knew he would stand by what he said, and the realization that Mamie Morgan would be the wife of Ernest Ruslington came to her with such abhorrent force that she rose from her chair, flashing-eyed, frosty-voiced.

"I remember nothing but that my son intends to disgrace his family and himself. I shall never mention the matter again, but, rest assured, that if you marry this obscure, ordinary girl, whose pretty face is her only commendation—hush, if you please!—if you do it, all further communication with me and this house, and your income, will be ended."

* * * * * * *

"And you are sure, perfectly sure, it was right, Ernest? I am so afraid that I have been doing wrong in permitting myself to stand between you and your mother. Oh, Ernest, it is the only unhappiness that comes to me as your wife—this knowledge that I am the cause of you and her being enemies."

Mamie Ruslington, the year-old wife, was leaning her lovely head on her husband's shoulder, and together they were looking interestingly down on a little golden-flossed head nestled among blankets and lawn, from which it will be deduced that Ernest Ruslington had not been intimidated by his mother's threats, but had bravely forsworn luxury and elegance for the sake of the girl he loved and who loved him, and married her, conscious that he was in the right.

Mamie Morgan had never been accustomed to surroundings that were more than plainly comfortable, so that to her the pleasant little home her husband took her to, and which he was enabled to make for them in consideration of a snug little sum of money in the bank, saved from his income, was a very paradise to her, where she was as happy as the day was long, after Ernest had reasoned her into believing it was not her fault that his mother refused to countenance them.

He had not been long in obtaining a good position, and on the salary he received, he and his young wife lived well, even elegantly.

Then a little baby-girl had come to them, and over the nestling cradle, over this child, Mamie's conscience condemned her afresh, and she cried over baby's flossy golden hair.

"I wish as heartily as you do, darling, that my mother would be friends with us, and she shall know your delicate compliment in naming baby Helen Berwyn, after her own maiden name. Who knows but that this pet of ours will prove a peacemaker?"

True to his word Ernest wrote to his wother, telling her of the birth of his child, her grand-daughter, and renewing his invitation—in his frank, eager way, that was yet perfectly free from fawning—to come to his home and be convinced that Mamie had made, not marred, his happiness.

Mrs. Ruslington was conquered by the letter—by the sweet news that always touches a true woman's heart.

Almost all those long months since her darling had gone from her home to be the delight of another loving woman's life, she had been wearying for him, and daily, hourly, regretting that she had said such cruel things to him.

Within an hour she was with her son at his office, the first time she had seen him since the day he had told her Mamie Morgan was his wife, and this proud woman sobbed out her true heart fullness on her son's breast.

"It was wrong in me, Ernest, I'll admit it. I will endeavor to atone by going at once to your wife. But, my boy, if I can't love her as I would like to, you mustn't blame me, will you? I'll try for your own and your baby's sake."

Ernest smiled confidently.

"You won't have to try, mother. You'll find the dearest little woman in the world glad to receive you, and waiting to love you as a dear child should. Go to her at once."

She did go, and was shown into the parlor by the maid without giving her name, merely requesting the girl to tell her mistress a lady desired to see her.

There came into the room a slight, graceful, girlish creature with beautiful violet-blue eyes, and hair of soft, lustrious brown, that was crimped slightly from the parting, and gathered into a thick Grecian knot at the back of the classic little head.

She wore a wrapper of gray serge, with pockets, collar and buttons of brown silk.

There was a dainty linen collar and a bright blue ribbon bow at the neck, and linen cuffs at the small, round wrists.

There were no earrings or jewelry of any kind, and Mrs. Ruslington's judgment gave a thrill of approval—even under a protest from pride—as this girlishly-womanly creature came forward with an ease and graciousness that never could have been acquired.

"I am glad you have come. Lay off your cloak and hat, please, and we will go into the nursery. I have all my dress-making done there now, so that I can keep an eye to baby, you know."

Mrs. Ruslington liked the voice very much, but hardly the peculiarity of address.

"In the nursery, Mrs. Ruslington? I certainly would be glad to see the baby."

"You will see plenty of her." Mrs. Ernest laughed, "before I am done with you. Oh, did you bring the polonaise pattern, Mrs.—there! I told my husband I never could remember the dressmaker's name he said he would send—Mrs.—oh, yes—Mrs. Abercrombie! You did bring the polonaise pattern?"

Mrs. Ruslingtoh, senior, understood it all in a flash.

Her daughter-in-law, whom she had finally condescended to visit, mistook her for the dressmaker.

Mrs. Ruslington, junior, was inly astonished to see such dignified, well-dressed lady come to help her make up her black silk, and while Mamie was absent a moment in response to a little nestling cry from baby Helen, grandmamma Helen suddenly began to enjoy the situation, and when Mamie came back, said:

"I have forgotten the pattern, Mrs. Ruslington, but I think we can make the skirt first and leave the polonaise until to-morrow."

And Mrs. Helen Berwyn Ruslington, or Mrs. Ross Ruslington, as her cards read, actually cut out and basted the breadths in her despised daughter-in-law's black silk.

She contrived the trimming, and made such stylish suggestions that Mamie congratulated herself on her acquisition.

And the while, there was not a look, a word, a gesture of the young wife's that escaped the eyes of the deft-handed masquerader. She watched the tender, womanly way she cared for her little one; the sensible, economical mode of her housekeeping arrangements; the plain, palatable lunch; the dignity of the young mistress to her one servant; her intelligent industriousness and her sewing while baby slept; her patience, her amiability, and her beautiful unconscious adoration of her husband that betrayed itself at every turn.

It was not yet three o'clock of that memorable day before Mrs. Ross Ruslington had thoroughly made up her mind that her son's wife was far superior to Genevieve Wallace, and that Ernest had shown his accustomed foresight, judgment, and taste in choosing between the two.

"If I only can get her to talk about me," she thought, as she made side-plaiting, thoroughly enjoying the excitement of the occasion.

A while later she purposely introduced the subject.

"Your baby has an uncommon name, madam. Is it a fancy name?"

"Oh, no—it is for my husband's mother. Isn't it a beautiful name?"

Mamie then stroked the soft little hand lying doubled up on her bosom while the child slept.

"Very pretty. So old Mrs. Ruslington's name is Helen, is it? Do you know I never had much of an opinion of her? They say she is haughty, unforgiving, and obstinate."

"Oh, no Mrs. Abercrombie. My mother-in-law is one of the most perfect ladies you can imagine. She may be haughty—rich people are apt to be, and she—may be—is unforgiving where she feels she has been illused. Any one would be, would they not? But obstinate—no, I am quiet sure not."

"You are well acquainted with her; you should know."

Mamie's fair cheek flushed.

"I am not acquainted with her, at all. I have never seen her, for she was so disappointed when her son married me that she refuses to know me. If she only would, I am sure I would make her love me. I would give baby into her arms, and let her see she is Ernest all over again. I would tell her how I had called her after her, hoping my child would make as noble a woman as reared my husband. I—"

And just as Mrs. Ruslington dashed down the plaiting her trembling hands could no longer hold, just as she was going to snatch Mamie to her well-won heart, the door opened, and her son, handsome, cheery, gay, came.

"This is splendid! Mother dear, this is all my home needed—to see you here! Mamie how natural and cozy it all is! Why—what—"

For Mamie had risen from her chair, bewildered, pale; and Mrs. "Abercrombie" stood, laughing and crying by turns.

"I've been here—taking advantage of a mistake Mamie made, and I've discovered what a jewel she is, Ernest. She shall never again want my love or care. Children, it's the best day I ever saw!"

And when Ernest put one arm around his wife and child, and the other around his mother, with tears in their eyes, and smiles on their lips, they all endorsed her opinion.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Boston *Transcript* tells this pleasant story of the late Senator MORTON, which fully confirms the statement of Rev. Mr. CLEAVER in regard to his strong domestic nature:

In other times, when I lived neighbor to the capitol, I used to look in upon the debates of the national Senate, and watch men quite as much as to hear speeches. It was a busy day, and blood was up among the wordy contestants. Pages flew here and there; angry men paced the floor behind Senator's desks; absentees were recalled in hot haste from refreshment and committee rooms, and important men from home button-holed impatient men of office. All was bustle, hurry, life, and those not of the pleasantest kind, when one of the doors swung wide and suddenly, and a neatly dressed boy of some six years bounded on to the floor, and made his quick, fearless way, straight and unabashed, to where sat a grave-faced Senator—one of the active parties in the exciting scene. Just the suspicion of surprise flashed across his swarthy face as he stopped and lifted the little fellow to his knee and kissed him. A little whispering made it evident that the small boy's visit had something to do with some want common to small boys, for the father's hand sought his waistcoat pockets, and something was then dropped into the waiting hand of the boy, who without parental bidding, at once bounded out of the grave senatorial presence with the same easy freedom with which he had bounded into it. While men are recalling the war Governor, or the Senator, the politician, the orator, the leader, I only recall the great man who kissed the little boy that morning in the Senate chamber. A man's greatest honors are the instinctive homage of our hearts. That one act, little in itself, significent when its surroundings are recalled, said out plainly that a tender human love lay within that dark browed man, and it welcomed the little child. A cold man would have rebuffed, and a shallow man rebuked. It was a daring violation of the rules—an invasion no man would have dared. Who shall tell the refreshing of that bright and joyous presence, of the moment's prattle, or the mutual embrace? or with what better spirit the weary and beset man turned again to the hard conditions of daily service? Others, beside myself, must recall the incident for even grave and reverend seignors of the Senate half arrested in their various occupations, looked on with pleased smile. It was an episode the like of which had probably never entered into that place before; and it flashed in upon one memory, at least, a beautiful picture of the blessing that comes through little children.

SLEEP NORTH AND SOUTH.—A learned German says: "In sleep any position except north and south is disagreeable, but from east to west almost intolerable, at least in our hemisphere it is otherwise. The cause of this phenomenon can obviously be found only in that great magnet which is formed by the earth with its atmosphere—that is, terrestrial magnetism. The terrestrial magnetism exerts on certain persons, both hearty and otherwise, who are sensitive, a peculiar influence wonderful enough to disturb their rest, and in the case of diseased persons disturbing the circulation, the nervous functions and the equilibrium of the mental powers. There are persons whom I know, the head of whose bed is to the north, and who, in order to wake early, will reverse their usual position in bed, but without knowing the reason why, beyond that they could always wake earlier, the sleep being more broken. I have had it related to me that, at a military hospital in Russia, there was some sick patients of highly sensitive natures, and who were rapidly recovering. When necessity compelled them to be removed to another wing of the building they did not get on so well; in fact, prostration seemed to be setting in; and it was found advisable to get them back to their former wards as quickly as possible, where the heads of the beds were to the north. I haved heard of horses going blind through changing their position from north to south to that of west to east."

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—When the summer of youth is slowly wasting away on the nightfall of age, and the shadow of the path becomes deeper and life wears to a close, it is pleasant to look through the vista of time upon the sorrows and felicities of our early years. If we have had a home to shelter and hearts to rejoice with us, and friends have been gathered around our fire-side, the rough places of way-faring will have been worn and smoothed away in the twilight of life, and many dark spots we have passed through will grow brighter and more beautiful. Happy indeed, are those whose intercourse with the world has not changed the tone of their feeling, or broken those musical chords of the heart whose vibration are so melodious, so tender and so touching in the evening of life.

BULL-FIGHTING IN LISBON.

One of the national sights is the bull-fight. The idea is general that such a spectacle is peculiarly Spanish; this is to a degree untrue, for not only is the sport common in Portugal, but it is in many respects quite unlike and superior to the bull-fighting of Spain. In that country the horses are miserable, untrained hacks, brought into the arena blindfolded to be slaughtered, and the chief part of the amusement is to shed the most blood possible, with little science and the utmost cruelty to both bulls and horses, of which sometimes 25 or 30 will be slain in one afternoon. The Portuguese, while yielding to none of the Latin nations in physical courage, are naturally more humane. The bulls are often very fine animals, but by law their horns are wrapped with felt, and it is impossible for them to gore a horse, although they may give him some hard hits. The horse, on the other hand, is generally very valuable and admirably trained, and goes into the fight with his eyes open. No weapon more severe than a small barbed pike is used, which rarely penetrates much below the hide, but suffices to arouse the mettle of the spirited bull. These pikes are planted in the neck by the man on horseback, or by the footmen, as he lowers his head to attack. A very dangerous exploit is to sit in a chair directly opposite the gate from which the bull is to rush, and plant two pikes in his neck before rising. Should the bull fail to make directly for the *picador* with lowered horns the man is lost. Another trick full of danger is literally to take the bull by the horns, as he lowers his head; as soon as this is done the rest of the performers rush on the bull, and by main force drag him off the man. Two men were killed in one afternoon's sport, when I was in Lisbon, by having their spines broken when in the act of seizing the bull between the horns. The arena is surrounded by rows of seats, rising tier above tier; the last one is divided into boxes and roofed. As no curtain is drawn over the arena, half of the miniature wooden coliseum is open to the full blaze of the sun, and the tickets are sold accordingly for the shady and sunny sides. Punctuality is not observed; the dense mass of spectators have about an hour to gaze at each other, flirt, fling nutshells, shout, bawl, hiss, and stamp their feet. When the excitement and suspense have reached their limit, which is apparently timed in order to bring the audience to the proper pitch, a trumpet sounds. Silence and breathless expectation succeed. The horses, with ears erect, half-startled eyes, and every nerve and muscle tense, awaits the crisis; the picadors, in gay uniforms, with their queues braided and bound each into a little ball on the back of the head, are in their respective positions, a lance in either hand. Every eye is turned on the entrance; the sliding door slips up, and, as if sent out of a catapult, forth rushes a magnificent bull, his eyes blazing and fury in the poise of his tremendous head and neck. Half an instant he pauses and takes a hurried survey of the scene, and then makes a fearful lunge at the white horse awaiting him on the opposite side of the arena. The rider adroitly backs his steed and plunges a lance into the neck of the bull. Maddened by the pain, the bull chases horse and rider around the arena; he gains on them; he is just on the point of goring the horse; the excitement exceeds language; at this critical instant an agile picador contrives to thrust another dart into the bull and diverts his attention. Every one again breathes freely. I saw the bull once give the horse a tremendous blow in the belly, which, notwithstanding the horns were blunted with felt, at once became scarlet. When the bull becomes wearied out or cowed, as often happens when he finds his neck completely fringed with javelins, and is unable to retaliate in a manner commensurate with his rage, a number of oxens are driven in; the bull runs up to them for sympathy, and readily follows them out of the arena. At intervals during the sport the picadors come forward and salute the audience, holding out their hats for coppers, which are rained down plentifully if the sport has been exciting and skillfully conducted.—*The Atlantic Monthly.*

BRILLIANT PROSPECT FOR THE SOLID SOUTH.—We have again unquestioned power in the National Legislature. Let us beware how we use it. Let us be sure to exercise it with all due caution, prudence, and wisdom. Any step on our part which will revive the spirit of sectionalism and tend to solidify the North against the South, will prove disastrous in the end, whatever temporary advantage we might gain by it. We must bear in mind that the Democracy have the House by but a small majority. A change of ten districts will put the Republicans in power, and lead in the direction of Republican success in 1880. Let us be sure not to let the House slip from our grasp. With such a prospect in view: with victory in its broadest, most comprehensive and most glorious sense, almost perched upon our banners, any mistake by the Representatives of the South in Congress likely to jeopardize our majority in the next House, would be folly akin to crime. With elevated statesmanship, true moderation, and broad, national patriotism guiding our counsels, we shall see the South in a few years hence once more in controlling position in national affairs.—*Raleigh News.*

"SAID a politician to his son, "Look at me! I began as an alderman, and here I am at the top of the tree, and what is my reward? Why, when I die, my son will be the greatest rascal in the city." To this the young hopeful replied, "Yes, dad, when you die—but not till then."

PROFESSOR (describing ancient Greek theatre)—"And it had no roof." Junior (sure he has caught professor in a mistake)—"What did they do, sir, when it rained?" Professor (taking off his glasses and pausing a moment)—"They got wet, sir."

"DID you steal the complainant's coat?" asked the magistrate of a seedy individual who was arraigned before him. "I decline to gratify the morbid curiosity of the public by answering that question," responded the seedy individual with a scornful glance at the reporter.

RECENTLY a newly-married couple were in a store on State street looking for suitable ornaments to adorn their rooms. The young wife was quite pleased with the picture entitled "Suffer little children to come unto me," which they bought.

A barefooted little boy stepped on a bee and soon after said to his mother: "Ma, I didn't know that bees had splinters in their tails!"

WHEN a young ladies offers to hem a cambric handkerchief for a rich bachelor depend upon it she means to sew in order that she may reap.

DR. D—sent in his bill for visits and medicine to Snodgrass, the other day, whereupon our friend proposed to pay for the pills and to return the visits.