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, FEBRUARY 7, 1878. NUMBER 36.

Business Cards.

O. D. KINNEY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Office—Rooms formerly occupied by Y. M. C. A. Reading Room. [Jan.31'78.

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

I. McPHERSON,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Post Off'y Bro'd. Co. [feb.1'78.

MASON & HEAD,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
Towanda, Pa. Office over Bartlett & Tracy, Main-st.
G. F. MASON. [ap9'77] 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 22, 1875.

W. H. THOMPSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, WYALUSING, PA. Will attend well business entrusted to his care in Bradford, Sullivan and Wyoming Counties. Office with Ed. Porter. [nov13-74.

L. ELSBREE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Oct14-75. 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,
SOUTH SIDE OF WARD HOUSE.
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, 1877tf.

MADILL & CALIFF,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Office in Wood's Block, first door south of the First National bank, up-stairs.
R. J. MADILL. [1875-73tf] J. N. CALIFF.

GRIDLEY & PAYNE,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.
No. 1, TRACY & NOBLE'S BLOCK, MAIN STREET
TOWANDA, PA.
E. A. GRIDLEY. [jl'77] S. K. 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 E. 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 B. STROUD,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW.
Office—Mainst., four doors North of Ward House. Practices in Supreme Court of Pennsylvania and United States Courts. [dec27'76. TOWANDA, PA.

H. STREETER,
LAW OFFICE,
Aug23. TOWANDA, PA.

OVERTON & MERCUR,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
TOWANDA, PA.
Office over Montanyes Store. [may6'76.
D. A. OVERTON. RODNEY A. MERCUR.

WM. MAXWELL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
OFFICE OVER DAYTON'S STORE, TOWANDA, PA.
April 12, 1876.

PATRICK & FOYLE,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.
Towanda, Pa.
Office, in Mercur's Block. jly17-73.

ANDREW WILT,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW,
Office over Close Book Store, two doors north of Stevens & Long, Towanda, Pa. May be consulted in German. [April 12, '76.

OVERTON & ELSBREE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, TOWANDA, PA. Having entered into copartnership, offer their professional services to the public. Special attention given to Business in the Orphan's and Register's Courts.
D. A. OVERTON, Jr.* (april4-76) 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:
ANCASHIRE, PHOENIX, HOME, MERCHANTS.
March 16, '71. O. H. BLACK.

Ind. 1876.
TOWANDA INSURANCE AGENCY.
Main Street opposite the Court House.
W. S. VINCENT,
MANAGER.

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 new rooms on 2nd floor of Dr. Pratt's new building on State Street. Business solicited.
Sept. 27tf.

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. 14-72.

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.

HAIGH & BROADLEY,
Manufacturers of Woolen Goods, Yarns, &c
CARDING & DRESSING,
Done to order.
Cash paid for wool, also cloths exchanged for wool
jan3'78-2m LERAYSVILLE, PA.

Clothing.

ASSIGNEE'S SALE.

The verdict of the people is that M. E. ROSENFIELD'S is the

CHEAPEST PLACE TO BUY CLOTHING.

And now I am again before the people with the

BIGGEST INDUCEMENTS

That have ever been offered to the

CITIZENS OF TOWANDA

And its surroundings/

A large EASTERN CLOTHING HOUSE being obliged to

MAKE AN ASSIGNMENT

For the benefit of their creditors, the assignee has sent to me

$10,000.000

WORTH OF READY-MADE CLOTHING,

TO BE SOLD WITHIN THE NEXT TEN DAYS.

My positive instructions from the assignee are to sell these goods for cash, as soon as possible,

WITHOUT REGARD TO WHAT THEY COST.

We have also a large line of

GENTS' FURISHING GOODS, HATS, CAPS, &C.

Come Early if You Want Bargains.

M. E. ROSENFIELD.

Towanda, Dec. 1, '77.

SELLING OUT.

J. DAVIS

Is selling out his entire stock of

WINTER CLOTHING REGARDLESS OF COST.

Don't buy your

CLOTHING AND FURNISHING GOODS

Until you have examined his stock.

Every body says he gives the

BIGGEST BARGAINS EVER OFFERED IN TOWANDA.

J. DAVIS.

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.

Miscellaneous.

HIGHEST AWARDS!
CETENNIAL 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.

THE GREAT
WEDDING CARD DEPOT.
The latest styles in
WEDDING INVITAUIONS.
Prices lower than any House in the Country.
ORDERS BY MAIL
PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

WM. H. HOSKINS,
STATIONER AND ENGRAVER,
913 Arch Street, Philadelphia.
April 12, 1877.

"VEGETINE,"
Says a Boston physician, "has no equal as a blood purifier. Hearing of its many wonderful cures, after all other remedies had failed, I visited the Laboratory and convinced myself of its genuine merit. It is prepared from barks, roots and herbs, each of which is highly effective, and they are compounded in such a manner as to produce astonishing results."

VEGETINE
Is the great Blood Purifier.
VEGETINE
Will cure the worst case of Scrofula.
VEGETINE
Is recommended by physicians and apothecaries.
VEGETINE
Has effected some marvellous cures in cases of Cancer.
VEGETINE
Cures the worst cases of Canker.
VEGETINE
Meets with wonder success in Mercurial diseases.
VEGETINE
Will eradicate Salt Rheum from the system.
VEGETINE
Cures the most inveterate cases of Dyspepsia.
VEGETINE
Removes Pimples and Humors from the face.
VEGETINE
Cures Constipation and regulates the bowels.
VEGETINE
Is a valuable remedy for Headache.
VEGETINE
Will cure Dyspepsia.
VEGETINE
Restores the entire system to a healthy condition.
VEGETINE
Cures pains in the side.
VEGETINE
Removes the cause of dizziness.
VEGETINE
Relieves Faintness at the Stomach.
VEGETINE
Cures Pains in the Back.
VEGETINE
Effectually cures Kidney Complaint.
VEGETINE
Is effective in its cure of Female Weakness.
VEGETINE
Is the great remedy for General Debility.
VEGETINE
Is acknowledged by all classes of people to be the best and most reliable blood purifier in the world.

VEGETINE IS SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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.

THE REPORTER OFFICE
Does the
BEST JOB PRINTING
Of any establishment in Northern Pennsylvania.

Poetry.

FAILED.

Yes, I am a ruined man, Kate: everything gone at last;
Nothing to show for the trouble and toil of the weary years that are past;
Houses and lands and money have taken wings and fled,
This very morning I signed away the roof from over our head.
I shouldn't care for myself, Kate; I'm used to the world's rough ways,
I've dug, and delved, and plodded along through all my manhood days;
But I think of you and the children, and it almost breaks my heart,
For I thought so surely to give my boys and girls a splendid start.—
So many years on the ladder, I thought I was near the top—
Only a few years longer, and then I expected to stop;
And put the boys in my place, Kate, with an easier life ahead,
But now I must give the prospect up: that comforting dream is dead.
I'm worth more than my gold," eh? You're good to look at it so,
But a man isn't worth very much, Kate, when his hair is turning to snow;
My poor little girls, with their soft white hands and innocent eyes of blue,
Turned adrift in the heartless world—what can and what will they do?
"An honest failure?" indeed it was, dollar for dollar paid,
Never a creditor suffered, whatever people have said.
Better are rags and a conscience clear than a palace and flushes of shame.
One thing I shall leave to my children, Kate, and that is an honest name.
What's that? "The boys are not troubled? They are ready now to begin
And gain as another fortune, and work through thick and thin?"
The noble fellows! already I feel I haven't so much to bear,
Their courage has lighted my heavy load of misery and despair.
"And the girls are so glad it was honest? They'd rather not dress so fine,
And think they did it with money that wasn't honestly mine.
They're ready to show what they're made of, quick to earn and to save?"
My blessed, good little daughters! so generous and so brave!
And you think we needn't fret, Kate, while we have each other left,
No matter of what possessions our lives may be bereft?
You are right. With a quiet conscience and a wife so good and true,
I'll put my hand to the plough again, and I know that we'll pull through.

—*M. W. L., in Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

Miscellaneous.

TWAIN AT THE WHITTIER DINNER.

HIS FIRST AND ONLY ATTEMPT TO TRAVEL ON HIS NOM DE PLUME—THE EXTRAORDINARY GUESTS. AN OLD MINER HAD.

The Boston *Advertiser* gives the following report of the remarks of Samuel L. Clemens at the banquet given in honor of John G. Whittier recently:

Mr Chairman: This is an occasion peculiarly meet for the digging up of pleasant reminiscence concerning literary folly; therefore. I will drop lightly into history myself. Standing here on the shore of the Atlantic and contemplating certain of its biggest literary billows, I am reminded of a thing which happened to me 15 years ago, when I had just succeeded in stirring up a little Nevadian literary ocean-puddle myself, whose spume-flakes were beginning to blow thinly Californiaward. I started on an inspection tramp thro' the southern mines of California. I was callow and conceited, and I resolved to try the virtue of my *nom de plume*. I very soon had an opportunity. I knocked at a miner's lonely log cabin in the foot-hills of the Sierras just at night fall. It was snowing at the time. A jaded, melancholy man of fifty, bare-footed, opened to me. When he heard my *nom de plume*, he looked more dejected than before. He let me in—pretty reluctantly—I thought, and after the customary bacon and beans, black coffee and a hot whisky, I took a pipe. This sorrowful man had not said three words up to this time. Now he spoke up and said in the voice of one who is secretly suffering: "You're the fourth—I'm a going to move." "The fourth what?" said I. "The fourth literary man that's been here in 24 hours—I'm a going to move." "You don't tell me!" said I; "Who were the others?" "Mr. Longfellow, Mr. Emerson, and Oliver Wendell Holmes—dad fetch the lot!"

You can easily believe I was interested. I supplicated—three hot whiskeys did the rest—and finally the melancholy miner began. Said he.

"They came here just at dark yesterday evening, and I let them in, of course. Said they were going to Yo Semite. They were a rough lot—but that's nothing—everybody looks rough that travels afoot. Mr. Emerson was a seedy little bit of a chap—red-headed. Mr. Holmes was as fat as a balloon—he weighed as much as 300, and had double chins all the way down to his stomach. Mr. Longfellow was built like a prize fighter. His head was cropped and bristly—looks as if he had a wig made of hair-brushes. His nose lay straight down his face, like a finger with the end-joint tilted up. They had been drinking—I could see that. And what queer talk they used! Mr. Holmes inspected this cabin, then he took me by the button-hole, and says he:

"Through the deep caves of thought
I hear a voice that sings;
Build thee more stately mansions,
O my soul!"

Says I, "I can't afford it, Mr. Holmes, and, moreover, I don't want to. Blamed if I liked it pretty well, either, coming from a stranger that way. However, I started to get out my bacon and beans, when Mr. Emerson came and looked on a while, and then he takes me aside by the button hole and says:

"Give me agates for my meat;
Give me cantharides to eat;
From air and ocean bring me foods,
From all zones and altitudes."

Says I, "Mr. Emerson, if you'll excuse me, this ain't no hotel." You see it sort of riled me; I wasn't used to the ways of literary swells. But I went on a sweating over my work, and next comes Mr. Longfellow and button holes me. Says he:

"Honor be to Mudjikeewis:
You shall hear how Pau-Puk-Keewis—"

But I broke in, and says I, "Begging pardon, Mr. Longfellow, if you will be so kind to hold your yawp for about five minutes and let me get this grub ready, you'll do me proud." Well, sir, after they'd filled up I set out the jug. Mr. Holmes looks at it, and then fires up all of a sudden and yells:

"Flash out a stream of blood red wine!
For I would drink to other days."

"By George, I was getting kind of worked up. I don't deny it, I was getting kind of worked up. I turns to Mr. Holmes, and says I, 'Looky here, my fat friend, I'm a running this shanty, and if the court knows herself, you'll take whisky straight, or you'll go dry.' Them's the very words I said to him. Now I didn't want to sass such a famous littery people, but you see they kind of forced me. There ain' nothing onreasonable about me; I don't mind a passel of guests a-treading on my tail three or four times, but when it comes to standing on it, its different, and if the court knows herself, you'll take whisky straight or you'll go dry. Well, between drinks, they'd swell around the cabin and strike attitudes and spout. Says Mr. Longfellow,

"'This is the forest primeval,

Says Mr. Emerson:

"'Here once the embattled farmer stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world."

"Says I: 'O, blackguard the premises as much aa you want to—it don't cost you a cent.' Well they went on, drinking, and pretty soon they got out a greasy old deck and went to playing cut throat euchre at 10 cents a corner—on trust. I began to notice some pretty suspicious things. Mr. Emerson dealt, looked at his hand, shook his head, says:

"'I am the doubter and the doubt—'

and calmly bunched the hands and went to shuffling for a new lay out. Says he:

"'Then reckon I'll who leaves me out;
They know not well the subtle ways
I keep. I pass and deal again!'

"Hang'd if he didn't go ahead and do it, too. Oh, he was a cool one. Well, in about a minute, things were running pretty tight, but of a sudden I see by Mr. Emerson's eye that he judged he had 'em. He had already corraled two tricks, and each of the others one. So now he kind of lifts a little in his chair, and says:

"'I tire of globes and aces too
Too long the game is played!'"

—and down he fetched a right bower. Mr. Longfellow smiles as sweet as pie, and says:

"'Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou has taught!'

—and dog my cats, if he didn't down with another right bower!! Well, sir, up jumps Holmes, a war-whooping, as usual, and says:

"'God help them if the tempest swings
The tree against the palm!'

—and may I wish I may go to grass if he didn't swoop down with another right bower. Emerson clasps his hands on his bowie, Longfellow clasps his on his revolver, and I went under a bunk. There was going to be trouble; but that monstrous Holmes rose up, wobbling his double chins, and says he 'Order, gentlemen; the first man that draws, I'll lay down on him and smother him!' All quiet on the Potomic, you bet your life!

"They were pretty how-come-you-so, now, and they began to blow. Emerson says:—"The bulliest thing I ever wrote was "Barbara Frietchie." Says Longfellow:—'It don't begin with my "Biglew Papers."' Says Holmes, 'My "Thanatopsis" lays over 'em both.' They mighty near ended in a fight. Then they wished they had some more company, and Mr. Emerson pointing at me says:

"'Is yonder squalid pheasant all
That this proud nursery could breed?'

"He was a-whetting his bowie on his boot—so I let it pass. Well, sir, next they took it into their heads that they would like some music; so they made me stand up and sing 'When Jonny Comes Marching Home' till I dropped—at thirteen minutes past four this morning. That's what I've been through, my friend. When I awoke at 7 they were leaving, thank goodness, and Mr. Longfellow had my only boots on, and his own under his arm. Says I, 'Hold on there, Evageline, what you going to do with them?' He says: 'Going to make tracks with 'em; because—

"'Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime;
And departing leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of Time?'

"As I said, Mr. Twain, you are the fourth in 24 hours—and I'm going to move—I ain't suited to a literary atmosphere.

I said to the miner; "Why, my dear sir, these were not the gracious singers to whom we and the world pay homage; these were imposters."

The miner investigated me with a calm eye for a while, and then said he, "Ah! Imposters, were they?—are you?" I did not pursue the subject and since then I haven't travelled on my *nomde plume* enough to hurt. Such was the reminiscence I moved to contribute, Mr Chairman. In my enthuiasm I may have exaggerated the details a little, but you will easily forgive that fault, since I believe it is the first time I have ever deflected from perpendicular fact on an occasion like this.

Now, conscience is God's alarm c'ock. God has wound it up so that it may warn us whenever we are tempted to do that which is wrong. It gives the alarm. It seems to say, "Take care, God sees you. Stop!" How important it is to have a conscience that will always warn us of the danger of sin! But if we desire such a conscience, we must be willing to listen to it. If we stop when it says "stop," if we do what it tells us to do, then we shall always hear it. But if we get into the habit of not heeding its warning and not doing what it tells us to do, then, by and by, we shall cease to hear it. Our conscience will sleep, its voice of warning will be hushed, and we shall then be like a ship at sea that has no compass to point out the right way, and no rudder to keep it in that way.

FUN, FACT AND FACETIÆ.

Dr. Synakle wants to know whether Job ever tried to color a dollar-store meerschaum.

Call to mind the heavier sufferings of others; so may you better bear your own small troubles.

Ten to one it used to take Eve three hours and a half to pick out a leaf-green dress to suit her.

An envious paragrapher remarks: "It has been observed that the lady with a diamond ring will scratch her nose, in a given period, four times as often as any other woman."

When a St. Louis man has been adjudged a bankrupt he is at once overwhelmed with subscription lists for churches etc. Christians in that burg know when to tackle a fellow.

You cannot be buried in obscurity; you are exposed upon a grand theatre to the view of the world. If your actions are upright and benevolent, be assured they will augment your power and happiness.

It's well enough to be fashionable, and all that sort of thing, but aristocracy can grind us into oblivious dust, and shroud us in solitary dark, before we'll ever try to eat custard pie with a fork again unless we have on a bib.

Before starting for the river for the purpose of taking a bath or a swim, or to the garret or barn to indulge in a swing, please send your cards to this office. We hate exceedingly to spell a man's name wrong in an obituary local.

Job bore all sorts of privations and yet was patient, Washington underwent all the hardships of a long war, and yet was always cheerful, but it utterly crushes the heart of a pretty young lady if her "bang" flies out of order just before she enters the parlor.

Mrs. Hanaford says you can judge of a Christian by the shape of his head. One of the gloomiest periods of her life was the afternoon she passed in the ladies' gallery of the House of Representatives, surveying the heads of the national legislators.

Children must have love inside the house, and fresh air and good play and some good companionship outside—otherwise young life runs the greatest danger in the work of withering or becoming stunted, or at best of prematurely growing old and turning inward on itself.

"Did I not give you a flogging the other day?" asked a schoolmaster of a trembling boy. "Yes, sir," answered the boy. "Well, what do the Scriptures say upon the subject?" "I don't know, sir," said the boy. "except it is in that passage which says, "It's more blessed to give than to receive."

A five-year old tot, who had always closed her prayers at night with "And God help Katy to be a good girl," opened her eyes on that point one night in green apple time, and said, very decidedly, "I ain't going to say the rest, for I don't want to be a good girl; I want to eat green apples and swallow 'em."

Spurgeon says he has often thought, when hearing certain preachers of high order speaking to the young, that they must have understood the Lord to say, "Feed my camelleopards," instead of "Feed my lambs," for nothing but giraffes could reach any spiritual food from the lofty rack on which they place it.

Begin the education of the heart, not with the cultivation of noble propensities, but with the cutting away of those that are evil. When once the noxious herbs are withered and rooted out, then the more noble plants, strong in themselves, will shoot upwards. The virtues, like the body, become strong and healthy more by labor than nourishment.

A venerable collector for a religious benevolent society failing to get any money from a Roman of benevolent means, intimated that the Roman could carry no wealth to Heaven. "Heaven!" retorted the victim, "where all the missionary and tract and Bible society agents go? Why, if a man went there with five cents in his pocket, they would worry his life out in less than a week."

Liberality, courtesy, benevolence, unselfishness, under all circumstances, and toward all men—these qualities are to the world what the linchpin is to the rolling chariot. And, when these qualities are wanting, neither father nor mother will receive honor and support from a son. And because wise men foster these qualities, therefore do they prosper and receive praise.

Fuller, in his description of a good wife, says—"She commandeth her husband in equal matters by cons antly obeying him. She never crosseth her husband in the springtide of his anger, but stays till it be ebbing water. Her clothes are rather comely than costly, and she makes plain cloth to be velvet by her husband wearing it. In her husband's sickness she feels more grief than she shows.

It is a grateful moment, that of being well nestled in bed, and feeling that you shall drop gently to sleep. The good is to come, not past; the limbs have just been tired enough to render the remaining in one posture delightful; the labor of the day is done. A gentle failure of the perceptions creeps over you; the spirit of consciousness disengages itself once more, and with slow and hushing degrees, like a mother detaching her hand from that of a sleeping child, the mind seems to have a balmy fid closing over it. Like the eye, it is closed—the mysterious spirit has gone to take its airy round.

Any husbandman can get a good crop out of good soil; but God is the husbandman who can grow cedars on rocks, who can not only put the hyssop on the wall, but put the oak there too, and make the greatest faith spring up in the most unlikely position. All glory to His grace! the great sinner may become great in faith. Be of great cheer, then, sinner! If Christ should make thee repent, thou hast no need to think that thou shalt be the least in the family. Oh! no; thy name may yet be written among the mightiest of the mighty, and thou mayest stand as a memorable and triumphant instance of the power of faith.

Neglect of small things is the rock on which the great majority of the human race have split. Human life consists of a succession of small things, each of which is, comparatively unimportant, and yet the happiness and success of every man depend on the manner in which these small events are dealt with. Character is built upon little things—little things well and honorably transacted. The success of a man in business depends on his attention to little things. The comfort of a household is the result of small things well arranged and duly provided for. Good government can only be accomplished in the same way—by well regulated provisions for the doing of little things.—*Smiles.*

Look on the bright side. It is the right side. The times may be hard but it will make them no easier to wear a gloomy and sad countenance. It is the sunshine and not the cloud, tha gives beauty to the flower. There is always before and around us that which should cheer and fill the heart with warmth and gladness. The sky is blue ten times where it is black once. You have troubles it may be. So have others. None are free from them—and perhaps it is as well that none should be. They give sinew and tone to life—fortitude and courage to man. That would be a dull sea and the sailor would never acquire skill, where there was nothing to disturb its surface. It is the duty of every one to extract all the happiness and enjoyment he can from within and without him; and above all he should look on the bright side. What though things do look a little dark? The lane will have a little turning, and the night will end in broad day. In the long run the great balance rights itself. What appears ill becomes well—that which appears wrong right.

SLIPPING AWAY.

They are slipping away—those sweet, swift years,
Like a leaf on the current cast,
With never a break in their rapid flow,
We watch them as one by one they go
Into the beautiful past.

As silent and swift as a weaver's thread,
Or an arrow's flying gleam;
As soft as the languorous breezes bid,
That lift the willow's long golden lid,
And ripple the glassy stream.

As light as the breath of the thistle down,
As fond as a lover's dream;
As pure as the flush in the sea-shell's throat,
As sweet as the wood-bird's wooing note,
So tender and sweet they seem.

One after another we them pass,
Down the dim-lighted aisle;
We hear the sound of their steady tread
In the steps of the centuries long since dead,
As beautiful and as fair.

There are only a few years to come,
Shall we watch them in idle strife?
Shall we trample under our ruthless feet
These beautiful blossoms rare and sweet,
By the dusty way of life?

There are only a few swift years—ah, let
No envious taunts be heard:
Make life's fair pattern of rare design,
And fill up the measure with love's sweet wine,
But never an angry word!

—*National Repository.*

WRITING FOR A PASS.

The following correspondence took place between the superintendent of an asylum for the feeble-minded in Illinois and a well-known railroad superintendent, Wm. B. Strong:

Dear Sir—You sent me a few days since a half fare permit, which please fully permit me to thank you for. Half-fare permits are usually sent to preaches, and perhaps you have mistaken my calling. At all events as you have classified me with the preachers (though I am not one,) I will take the liberty of quoting Scripture to you, and of drawing such conclusions from said Scriptures as seem applicable to our relation to each other.

If my authorities are inapplicable and my conclusions unsound, please remember that the principal of an asylum for feeble-minded children is trying to preach because an individual labeled Strong, very early in life, by his parternal or maternal ancestor, has insinuated that he is a preacher.

I respectfully call your attention to the following passages of Scripture:

Exodus xi: 10—"With a strong hand shall let them go."
Judges xiv: 14—"Out of the strong came forth sweetness."
2 Chronicles xxxi: 5—"Strong in behalf of them."
(Half in this case means, not the half I now have, but the other half of a permit, so that I shall expect a full, free pass for the year.)
Psalm xxxix: 21—"He hath showed me his kindness in a strong—"
1 Kings ii: 2—"Be strong and show thyself a man."
1 Sam. iv: 20 (Wm.) Be(e) Strong and quit yourself like a man."
1 Cor. iv: 10—"We are weak, but ye are strong."
Jeremiah xv: 14—"I will make thee to pass—"
Ezekiel xxxii: 2—"And caused me to pass—"
Joshua xx: 19—"Then pass over."

Special comment is unnecessary.

If the above passages do not find or touch some responsive chord in your bosom, other language will, of course, utterly fail to impress you.

A few practical applications, and I am done.

First—What I want, and I think you might send me, is an annual pass over the Michigan Central Railroad and Great Western (if in your power), because Samuel, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Joushua, and Judges, plainly instruct you to do so (as I construe them).

Secondly—The aforesaid roads will not lose anything by it, but probably gain, for if I have this pass it is more than likely that I shall go east once or twice this year, and take parties with me who will otherwise go by the Toledo, Wabash and Western, and the Lake Shore, if they are deviated from that course to accompany me.

Thirdly and lastly, (in order that I may, as Mr. Moody recommended to the preachers of Philadelphia, not exceed thirty minutes in my discourse, and lose something of its power by excessive length), I would suggest that I desire to operate upon Michigan, to see if I cannot stimulate them to build an asylum for idiots. I have succeeded in getting the legislature of Illinois to give $185,000 for a new building for its asylum; and as this is in process of construction, I would like to visit the charitable institutions in Michigan, Canada, and the east, to see what should be done to make ours what it ought to be. I cannot go unless I get passes.

You probably can, if you will, get me the aforesaid; but if you do not, in the hereafter, when you are are seeking a free pass to the better world, look out that somebody don't send you a half-way permit, and land you considerably short of your desire. (Pardon me.)

THE ANSWER.

Dear Sir—My absence from the city last week prevented a prompt answer to yours of the 4th inst. It is an old experience that the scripture can be made to sustain any doctrine or dogma if it be ingeniously applied, but I confess that I was astonished at such an array of texts upon which to base a claim for travel over our road, and the more so, because in sending you the half-fare permit, I thought I was complying strictly with the most liberal offers of transportation to be found in the Bible.

Early in the history of the Jews, we find the account of their emigration from Egypt, and certainly, going in such numbers, they would be entitled to as low a rate of fare as could be consistently asked by, or granted by, any one; yet in the 13th verse of the 30th chapter of Exodus, I find the following: "This they shall give—every one that passeth—a half." If this does not cover the case, I know not where to look for authorities.

In one of your citations you refer to what you are pleased to call the "other half" of the permit which I sent you. I fear that it would be of little service since our conductors, being better versed in mathematics than theology, would be sure to collect full fare from any one travelling on two half-fare permits.

But to convince you that I look to Holy Writ as an authority for declining free passes permit me to quote a few precepts on the subject of passenger transportion, wich I as seem especially addressed to the passenger:

1 Kings xx 32—"Thou shalt pay."
King iv. 7, 8: 1 Samuel v. 7—"Go and pay."
Ecclesiastes v: 4—"Defer not to pay."
Exodus xxi: 36—"He shall pay."
Exodus xxi: 19—"He shall surely pay."
Numbers xx: "Thou shalt not pass."

With the following from the third verse of the first chapter of Jonah, showing that passes were no easier to procure then than now: But he paid the fare, and went.

In addition to these precepts to the passenger, I find the following injunction to the railroad manager:

Judges viii: 23—"Suffer not a man to pass."
Nahum i: 15—"The wicked no more pass."
Isaiah xxxiv: 10—"None shall ever pass."
Matthew xxiv: 34; Mark xiii: 30; Luke xxi: 32—"This generation shall not pass;" and the following from the prophet Jeremiah, lxi: 42—"Though they roar, yet shall they not pass."

Perhaps after this array of scripture authority I shall not be justified in sending the annual pass desired, yet I find my sympathies stronger than my theology, and so having overwhelmed you with my citations, and convinced you that a concordance is an article as well known in Chicago as in Jacksonville, I take pleasure in sending you the pass requested.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE VATICAN LIBRAY.

Passing down the right colonade of St. Peter's, the visitor reaches the chief entrance to the Vatican, the Scala Regia, a gigantic and highly-adorned staircase leading to the audience hall. After traversing various broad and interlacing passages, one comes into a corridor 2,000 feet long, in the walls of which are 3,000 slabs, covered with ancient inscriptions. This is the famous Lapidarian Gallery. The fragments of pagan origin on the right are confronted on the left with early Christians epitaphs. While walking through this gloomy corridor toward the heavy iron doors near its further end, one can but feel that the striking contrast between the pagan and Christian epitaphs, forms a fit approach to the halls which entomb that vast collection of heathen and Christian literatures, the *Libraria Vaticano*. The scene bursting upon the view as the visitor enters this library is one of ideal splendor. Imagine a grand hall over 200 feet long, divided by seven large ornamental pillars: its walls and high arched ceilings decorated with graceful frescoes and illuminated in gold and brilliant colors; its luminous perspective extended to a junction with two long transverse galleries, each as richly adorned as the main hall; the whole displaying a line of over half a mile of magnificent paintings, while in the recesses are shown collections of costly and royal presents, vases of malachite, porcelain and alabaster, mosaic tables, cabinets of enamels, carvings in ivory, and numberless other precious objects of art. There is no visible suggestion that these halls are a library. Nowhere is a book to be seen. Yet these galleries hold more than 125,000 books and manuscripts, comprising many of the rarest literary treasures in the world. But all are locked up in gilded and decorated cabinets, and seem to be made as difficult of access as possible. Only one small obscure room is assigned for literary work; and this is open but three hours in the day, and from these days are excluded all the numerous church festival days. The Vatican Library is a vast tomb of books; the tomb is a splendid one, but its decorations and external beauty by no means compensate for the entombment of the treasures which it shuts up from public use.—*Sunday Afternoon.*

An Anecdote of Sir Isaac Newton.—The house which Newton occupied on the south side of Leicester Square, in London, is still standing and his observatory is shown to visitors. When he took up his residence there, his next door neighbor was a widow lady, who was much puzzled by the little she had observed of the philosopher. One of the Fellows of the Royal Society of London called upon her one day, when among other domestic news, she mentioned that some one had come to reside in the adjoining house who, she felt certain, was a poor, crazy gentleman, "because," she continued, he diverts himself in the oddest way imaginable. Every morning, when the sun shines so brightly that we are obliged to draw the window blinds, he takes his seat in front of a tub of soapsuds, and occupies himself for hours blowing soap bubbles through a common clay pipe, and intently watches them till they burst. He is doubtless now at his favorite amusement," she added; "do come and look at him."

The gentleman smiled and then went up stairs, when, after looking through the window into the adjoining yard, he turned around and said: "My dear madam, the person whom you suppose to be a poor lunatic is no other than the great Sir Isaac Newton, studying the refraction of light upon thin plates, a phenomenon which is beautifully exhbited upon the surface of a common soapbubble."

"Remember and Recollect."—"Remember and recollect" are used interchangably as if they were synonyms and the preference seems to be most generally given to the latter. But they are not synonymous, and the distinction between them is an important one, which ought to be observed. That which lies in our memory at hand ready for use at any moment, we remember, but we also really do remember much that we cannot find in our mind's storehouse on the instant; and this we try to recollect, that is, to re-collect. Therefore, the expression I don't remember but I will try to recollect, is not only correct, but it sets forth a condition of the mind expressible in no other way, and to speak of which we have frequent necessity. The ability to do so will be impaired if not altogether lost, when the distinction between them is done away.—*Richard Grant White.*

A whole mince pie was given to each of the convicts in the Connecticut State Prison on Thanksgiving. The authorities evidently intend that the prisoners

CHRISTMAS IN GERMANY.

Congratulate us, dear Home Reader, that we have been permitted to spend one Christmas at least in a land where its observance is as universal as the "good tidings" uttered by the angel to the shepherds over 1800 years ago.

We are told that one mile from Bethlehem is a little plain where, under a grove of olives, stands a bare and neglected chapel known by the name of the "Angel to the Shepherds." Here, according to tradition, is the spot where the shepherds kept watch over their flock by night. "And lo! the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them;" and to their awe-struck ears came the thrilling words, "Fear not, for behold I bring you tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

Thus in St. Luke's beautiful language, we learn that Christ was born in the night. Hence in Germany Christmas is called Weihnachten—holy or consecrated night. The festival of Christmas includes twelve days. The first traces of its celebration were in the second century. That it was kept before the time of Constantine we have melancholy proof. It is related of Diocletian, that among other acts of cruelty, finding multitudes of Christians assembled to celebrate Christ's nativity, he commanded the church doors where they were met to be shut and fire to be put to it, which soon reduced them and the church to ashes.

But in the easliest ages of the Church it was the custom to celebrate the death of remarkable persons rather than their birth. And so it was not until the fourth or fifth century that the festival of Christ's birth was observed regularly. As no especial date could be obtained, it was made to fall upon the day of the old Roman fe