VOLUME XXXVIII.

BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, MARCH 21, 1878.

NUMBER 42.

Business Cards.

W. J. YOUNG, ATTORNEY-AT LAW. TOWANDA, PA." d door south of the First National

Bank Main St., up stairs. D. KINNEY,

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

McPHERSON, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW, TOWANDA, PA. Inst Att y Brad. Co.

MASON & HEAD, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW Towanda, Pa. Office over Bartlett & Tracy, Main-st G. F.MASON. [89'77] ARTHUR HEAD. E. L. HILLIS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Office with Smith & Montanye. [novi E. F. GOFF, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW:

ain Street (4 doors north of Ward House), To randa, Pa. (April 12, 1877. H. THOMPSON, ATTORNEY

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, TOWANDA, PA. C L. LAMB,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, TOHN W. MIX.

ATTORNEY AT LAW, U. S. COMMISSIONER, TOWARDA, PA. Office—Norta Side Public Square. Jan. 1/1875. DAVIES & CARNOCHAN, SOUTH SIDE OF WARD HOUSE.
Dec 23-75.

DR. S. M. WOODBURN, Physiian 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, R. J. MADILL. [jans=73fy] J. N. CALIFF. GRIDLEY & PAYNE, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. South side-Mercur Block (rooms formerly occupied

TOWANDA, PA.

E. C. GRIDLEY. (j477) S. R. PAYNE. JAMES WOOD,

CHAS. M. HALL, Will give careful attention to any business entrus ed to him. Office with Patrick & Foyle, (over Journal Office), Towarda, Pa. (June 777. JOHN F. SANDERSON.

OFFICE .- Means Building (over Powell's Store). S. W. & WM. LITTLE,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, TOWANDA, PA. Office over Decker's Provision Store, Main Street,

Towanda, Pa., April 18: '76. (TEORGE D. STROUD, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW Office - Main st., four don't North of Ward House.
Practices in Supreme Court
of Pennsylvania and United
States Courts. - Decr. 75.

H. STREETER, LAW OFFICE, TOWANDA, PA. OVERTON & MERCUR, Office over Montanyes Store. may675
D'A. OVERTON. RODNEY A. MERCUR

WM. MAXWELL, DATRICK & FOYLE,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. Office, in Mercur's Block. Towards, Pa. 11y17-73. I ANDREW WILT, ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW.

NEVS AT LAW, TOWANDA, PA. Having entered into co-partnership, offer their professional effices to the public. Special attention given to business in the Orphan's and Register's Courts. E. OVERTON, JR. (april-70) N. C. ELSBREE.

H. c. WHITAKER, BOOK BINDER, Befores Building, Third Flo S. RUSSELL'S

INSURANCE AGENCY delicate consideration. INSURANCE AGENCY. RELIABLE AND FIRE TRIED Companies represented; ANCSHIRE, PHENIX, HOME, MERCHANTS

GENERAL .

vinding her arms round her and lay-NOWANDAANSURANCE AGENCY. Main Street opposite the Cour House. W. SEVINCENT, WANAGER.

R. T. B. JOHNSON. . PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office over Dr. Porter & Son's Drug Store, Towanda.

B. KELLY, DENTIST.—Office over M. E. Rosenfield's, Towanda, Pa. Teeth inserted on Gold, Silver, Rubber, and Algerian nases. Teeth extracted without pain. mer; the moon, white and searching as a great timelight, shone on the companion to be not only young and handsome, but also a lover. D. PAYNE, M. D., 😓 PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

. His hand held hers, and his state ly head was often bent in unmistak-Office over Montanyes' Store. Office hours from 10 to 12, A. M., and from 2 to 4, P. M. Special attention given to direases of the Eye and Ear.—(ict.19, 76-tf. able adoration close to her tresses. while she leaned towards him in all the loving affection. (LERITY & MORREL,

THE DEARER DEAD.

You mourn for your dead ; you go

Shedding such bitter tears, and there

You place a white stone at the head

Where, craven with the sculptor's art,

But there are dearer dead. You know

And the dear name of your dead.

Till you close the dimming eves

You cross the hands of Love,

Of Honor and Truth and Trust.

To tell where a dead Love lies?

When did ever a mourner-say,

"Help me bury these dead away?"

These funeral trains men do not see;

Down to the heart where the grave is made

You are happy who mourn for your dead

A GLIMPSE OF YOUTH.

BY J. G. HOTLAND

Thy sweet, shy glance of conscious eyes,

For, from thy beauty and thy grace.

I met thee on the er, wded street-

A load of care on heart and brain-

And, for a moment, bright and fleet,

The vision made me young again.

How every age's complement

The age that follows overlays.

And ripe old age is but the crown

With brow and spirit undefiled,

And simple faith and frelie free,

Finds still in me another child.

And rings an echo to his cheer,

What was it, when thy face I saw,

That moved my spirit like a breeze, Responsive to the primal law

Building each day thy fair romance-

Thou didst not dream a youth passed by,

Wheat returned thee glance for glance.

And breath from thee hath only blown

Æliscellancons.

Dora's Delusion.

ford at Elmsley, near London, and

stay with her until you are married

For General Guild and Colonel

to take place as soon as the young

gazing wistfully at the strange and

There was one clause in her dead

pliance had wrung from her many a

tear. Wholly unversed in the strong

minded ways of some English maid-

The journey was over at last.

most fervent assurances of welcome

from her sole surviving relatives,

who, of course, knew all about her

thairs, and treated her with the most

Mr. Arlingford was a bluff and

man had attained his majority.

unfamiliar land of her birth.

cousin Penelope Arlingford.

herself.

The leaves back to the golden age.

For all my youth is still my own-

he breathed his last.

Toward every ' rave and eateless boy,

The youth upon the child shuts down,

And struggled through the thronging ways

That keeps them both in changeless youth

My life has won a glad surprise.

By the side of graves kept green

Pray for those who in secret weer

For these are the dearest dead,

Ah! these other dead! Who dare

Robes of mourning for dead hopes wear?

And sorrowing bend above

Who bids a stone arise ...

They move silently

No ritual is said:

Over the dead;

Where the dead are laid.

No mean is heard there.

Hidden away from sight

By the tears you shed!

Lovingly where they sleep,

Who can lean

The dearer dead.

All the sad years.

Only the silent night

Seeth our tears.

No flowers are strewn there,

Of dying Hope-till mournful-wise

You strew flowers fresh and fair :

To the spot where they sleep;

We read your sorrow of heart,

Not the bitterest wee

And you weep,

loved another. The cold touch of his hand on hers, the distant salutation, as if she were the merest stranger, proclaimed that lonely at first-everything is so differhe was resolved to ignore the con-tract which was between them. ent—but who will make you happier than we can? Has anything offend-Dora shrank into the darkest corner of the room, and bitter disap-

pointment filled her soul. Very soon, however, the conversation going on round the table arrested her attention. Walter Cray was Mrs. Arlingford, here chiming in telling Mr. Arlingford and Penelope anxiously. "It is a mad thing for an account of a strange murder which you to think of, child." had lately occurred.

"The man," said he, "was rather

his purpose in a manner savoring inhaled the first time she made a rec- round." ord in the book, the result being a mysterious death which no one could account for."

The eyes of Penelope Arlingford vere fixed upon the narrator with a pulsating eagerness which arrested he attention of the orphan. "What could it have been?" she ilmost whispered. "Don't believe it," remarked Mr.

Arlingford, sententiously. The lovers were gazing at each other, and there was a half smile on the features of each other. Soon after this, Dora, being con-

idered weary after her railway journey, was conducted to her bed-chamber by her cousin, who again embraking her in a mute, clinging fashion, hoped she would rest well, and left her. Not one word had been said about her betrothal to the young man in the parlor; her claims had been last night. wholly ignored. Her cousin was like-

ly not only to rob her of her inheritance, but her husband also. The young girl retired to bed with which may be easily imagined, and was in the room but herself. py Indian life, where she was the tery.

The window was partly open, and the darling of The window was partly open, and blown the fell weeping bitterly for the old, hap-

hêr ayah. She awoke—or, rather, she strugmind—"the result being a mysteri-It was a disagreeable remark to

natural wakefuldess. She began to ponder over the her face, in its astounding events of the past evening, when suddenly something struck her ear that It was like the trailing of a long a The carriage is ready, and muslin robe over the thick carpet cousin," sighed she, tremulously. which covered the floor, and the cau-

that the room could not be seen; but | Dora diained, with a choking of the breath, the meaning of a strange

Penelope Arlingford was in the Before she retired. Dora had read Dora Guild was the daughter of an chapter from a large old Bible Indian general who died, covered which lay on her toilet table. She perfectly recollected placing literally friendless in Bombay, where window when she had finished read-

His dying words were: "Go home, She felt that her rival was on her down. It runs the whole breadth of main single. my poor girl, to your Aunt Arlingknees before the book, impregnating the house and when I tread on one its leaves with a "violatile poison" Walter Cray had spoken of, and that end creaks in this. Listen. as she finished each leaf, and turned Cray had been friends together and it slowly over, her long muslin sleeve ting the door after her, and in a mocomrades in many a battle, and had swept the edge of the book, making ment the veritable squaking comlong ago affianced their motherless the stealthy sounds which had arouschildren to one another, the wedding ed berintended victim.

Remember, she had grown up amid cenes of passion and violence; she had been among the helpless ones at ing the end of her long journey, and Cawpore where the Sepoys massacred their victims in cold blood; and death was not so strange a weapon in the hands of a young girl, like her father's will which had resurred to as it would be to us; nay it seemed Dora's mind with ever present pain, the one weapon by which Penelope ever since she had first heard it; and Arlington would most likely strike that was, should she, upon making or love and wealth. the acquaintance of Walter Cray, re-

Motionless, her eyes distended, the old dew of agony dripping from fuse to marry him, the bulk of her fortune should be passed over to her every limb, the orphan girl lay and That her dear father should think ery.

All at once a board at the side of All at once a board at the side of listened to this evidence of treach-

the bed creaked, as, though a weary love each other dearly? We are foot was passing over it, and the long swish of the garments followed. ens, she had never dreamed of dis-Then the door softly burst open as if without hands, a flow of air from obeying him, or choosing a mate for the passage rushed across the girl's rigid face, and she heard, amid the suffocating throbbings in her ears, the situation burst upon her; "did Miss Guil i found herself in a quiet the first crow of some neighboring country house, surrounded by the

Her terror ended in a swoon. When 'she came to herself it was broad daylight. The golden sunshine was lying across her pillow, and the rich perhearty gentleman farmer, Mrs. Ar- fume of honeysuckle came in through

the window and filled the pretty lingford a reserved lady, who, however, seemed kindness itself; while chamber. Penelope, the only daughter, and All seemed peace and innocence Dora's possible rival for the fortune was a gentle-faced, chestnut-haired phan girl was filled with astonishgirl of twenty, who greeted Dora by ments

She' could scarcely arrange her thoughts at first, so terrible was the your teeth together firmly, and it ordeal through which she had pass- will save you many a useless and ungiving her aunt some account of her that she must relinquish both her cousin Penolope standing out on the feel that her life was safe.

> Dora, "you have made a terrible miswere all repacked.

"Why, cousin Dora, what is the which seemed habitual to her. Dora turned her back to her ing against your advice, do not seize

She was afflanced to a man who so urgent or so tenderly loving about it as Penlope. "Just try us, dear cousin!" sh

"Of course you will be pleaded. ed you, dear Dora?" "No," answered Dora, shuddering

"but I shall prefer to live alone." "You are so young, so ignorant of the ways of our towns," said quiet

"I must go," said the orphan, averting her pallid face that the a clever chemist, and accomplished dark misery of it might not be seen! So when the pursuasion of himmore of the exploits of the Arabian self, and the pleadings and tears of Nights' epoch than those of our day. his woman availed not, Mr. Arling-He got possession of her journal, and ford got offended, and cried, "Le impregnated its leaves with a sort of her please herself, Pensie. Ring the volatile poison, which she of course order Sam to bring the carriage

> Dora swollowed a cup of tea, an choked down a morsel of bread, and then went to her room to put on her 200 years old. This must be the "rock Locking her trunk took but a few moments.

She flung herself upon a chair, and wept silently, feeling herself to be the most desolate and friedless being on the face of the earth. What should she do in London? Go to her father's lawyer and tell him she did not wish to marry Wal-

ter Cray, then live alone in such lodgings as the remnent of her fortune could afford her. Ah! it was, indeed, a terrible mistake, that clause in the will. But into the midst of her musings stole a sound which thrilled her once

more with awe. The swish of a garment, the rustle of a paper just as it aroused her Dora gazed about her like one beeft of reason.

The large, old bible lay quiet enough and closed exactly where a feeling of desolation at her heart she had placed it-no living thing And then she saw the whole mys-

a slight puff of wind had blown the erisp white curtains in the room, gled back to consciousness - with then receding, had sucked them outthese words running through her ward through the aparture, while the imprisoned air, running up the blind, ous death, which no one could ac- had caused the tissue paper hanging at the top to rustle. There came another puff-the occur to one in the middle of the trail of the curtain over the carpet,

night, and it roused her to a preter- the rustle of the paper hanging. Dora sat gazing at the window, ness, a study for an artist. At this moment Penelope came in. sent the blood tingling to her heart. She had evidently been weeping.

Dora passed her hand over her tions rustling of paper; the one head then, facing her rival, asked, in sound following the other with the a hurried tone: "Were you up last slow and regular monotony of a manight at any time Miss Arlingford? "Yes" answered Penelope, in surprise. "About four odlock I rose the head of the bed was in a cove, so and shut my window. The wind other proof of the blewglass theory. was rising." "Did you hear a cock crow as you

did so?" "Yes, I did. Why do you ask dear? Stay! I know why! You are frightened by hearing a board creak beside your bed. I should have told all the difference in the world whose dress you about that board; how stupid of

"I heard a board creak," said it on the end of the sofa near the Dora, scarcely believeing her own "Yes, it ought to be fastened

She ran across the passage, shut-

menced, accompanied by the clicking of the door, which had so petri-When the young lady returned

the expression of her cousin's featu es was so mightily altered that she exclaimed, "Why, my darling girl, I do think you wanted to leave us because you thought the house was haunted. "Per-perhaps-yes," faltered

Dora, wistfully gazing at her. "You poor little darling," murmured Penelope, in a deep voice of know, Dora," and a smile played around her lips, "that we ought to both going to marry a Walter Cray,

"Are there two Walter Crays?" ejaculated Dora. "What!" cried Penelope, her countenance slowly crimsoning as you—imagine—"

and be the closest sort of cousins.

out, snatching up the poor tired little orphan to her bosom, strained her there, and kissed her tearful, smiling face, which was fully returned. But Dora never revealed the whole of her terrible mistake.

to speak. Close your mouth, shut der the greatest goose I could find." "Oh, papa! my papa!" wept poor noisy household flock. One word up the joke became monotonous. spoken in passion will, make a scar that a summer of smiles can hardly

matter? Are you ill, dear?" exclaim- has been talking about hard times. "Ah! yes, sare, you are in ze right; I they are inexorably crammed into a was not one spear or bow and arrow ed Penelope, in a soft, cooing voice, It is, most assurely, the wrong time, mean Philip." If he has entered upon an undertakdamaged. As for education, it must and defleacy—to look more according to make him greater than Elias. He so that sign make him greater than Elias. He so that sign make him greater than Elias. He so that sign make him greater than Elias. He so that sign make him greater than Elias. He so that sign make him greater than Elias. He so that sign make him greater than Elias. He so that sign make him greater than Elias. He so that sign make him greater than Elias. He so that sign make him greater than Elias. He so that sign make him greater than Elias. He so that sign make him greater than Elias. He so that sign make him greater than Elias. He so that sign make him greater than Elias. He so that sign make him greater than Elias. He so that sign make him greater than Elias in his rude, austere way for the life of society, speak calmly, said to Mr Arlingford, "I told you so!" In fact, it is never the prosperity of the world. Very soon they entered the parlor, and Walter Cray was directly presented to Miss Guild.

And he the lover of Penelone!

District Strict Complete C

FUN: FACT AND FACETIE

Sound investment—buying a telephone Spring bonnets will be worn on the por-

A stick in time saves nine when the fire is low.

To lard-makers: If at first you don't succeed, try, try again. screw driver but once. How do you make a Maltese cross? Answer: Tread on her tail.

A bit of lemon bound on a corn is sai to give lemon aid to the feet immediately. How should love come to the door? Certainly with a ring but not without a rap. A cradle in a Connecticut family is over

"Earring sister, go in peace," said the eweler to the purchaser of the diamond Why are all games of chess of equal

of ages.

duration? Because it takes four knights A paper at Columbus, Ind., advises people not to call a man a liar when the tary light burning in a dark place, I

ground is frozen. The four daughters of a York State man named Pints, are known as a half

The sarvival of the fittest is illustrated n the case of a Leavenworth tailor, who s 101 years,old. When is neuralgia in the face like the ancient money-changers? When it is

seated in the temple. What is that which is neither flesh nor oone, and yet has four fingers and a my joy, while we mingled our praythumb? A glove.

What word is that of eight letters, from which, if you take away five, ten will still remain? Tendency. A little boy being asked "What is the chief end of man"? replied, "The end

what's got the head on."

It was an apprentice to a merchant tailor who sponged a dollar greenback to orevent further shrinkage. Why is a husband like a Mississippi

when he may get a blowing up. Because he takes notes, and must hav quick fingers to insure success. A man used to say to his barber, "Thin

"How can I leave thee?" said Adam to Eve. She made no reply, but calmly A glass blower has recently died at the age of 120 years. His great age is an-

In Switzerland, donkeys have bells on their necks. In this country, it is not unusal to see them with belies on their arms, cheer those whose lives are shaded criticisms of each other's attire. It makes to-day rules the world of to-morrow

"Silk stockings, with lace medallions covering the instep, are thirty dollars a lowing is a selection from the lecture pair," remarks a fashion editor. And yet of Col. Bob. Ingersoll: people wonder why so many editors re-

"Don't you think," said a husband in mild form of rebuke to his wife, "that women are possessed by the devil?" Yes," was the answer, "as soon as they are married,'

from a slight-of-hand entertainment. "I moon-lit waves, and charm the lovers

What's the difference between a funeral and a bar-room? This will be easy enough after we have told you. At a sed boundary line between beast and funeral the bier holds the casket, but in a man, and every wayward wave of

A darkey gives the following reason why the colored race is superior to the the world to catch and hold all the compassion, and she took Dora's un- white race. He reasons—that all men tears of grief. resisting hand in hers. "Why are made of clay, and like the meerschaum would you not tell me? Don't you pipe, they are more valuable when highly

The coldest storm-wave of the season was experienced by a yong man from Syhome sunday night, and was detected by her father just as he was in the act of putting his moustache where it would do her the most good.

afternoon and noticed that there was one from moderate drinkers, and moder ended, the forests across the river match remaining in the box. "Now, if ate drinkers from the untaught, or seemed to thunder mysteriously that shouldn't hurn when I come in to." wrongly educated children of our "Sennene! Sennene!" We dropped night," soliloquized he, "what a fix I should be in." So he tried it to see if it

was a good one. It was. Lord Mayo imported a female emu. While his lordship was away from homo THE RIGHT TIME.—Reproof must she laid an egg, and his perplexed balliff, around her, but the soul of the or- be administered gently, if at all. If writing to inform him of the occurrence, you are annoyed and vexed at people began his letter as follows: "In the abjust remember it is not the right time sence of your lordship, I put the egg un-

ed; but at length she saw that she availing regret, and many a bitter pressmen of Meriden, Conn., were sent Miss Guild's arrival, while she was must leave the house immediately; enemy. If you happen to feel a lit- in great haste to a hotel to take the trunk tle cross-and who among us does of L./E. Phant to the depot. The landroyage from India, she observed her affianced and her fortune, if she would not at some time or other-do not lord took the joke kindly at first, but as

A Frenchman, stopping at a tavern,

BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.

The noble missionary Moffat tells beautiful story. He says: "In one of my early journeys I came with my companions, to a heathen And the jasper walls, pure and fair to behold, village on the banks of the Orange | Which the righteous alone ever see. river. We had travelled far, and were hungry, thirsty, and fatigued; but the people of the village rather roughly directed us to halt at a distance. We asked for water, but they would not supply it. I offered the three or four buttons left on my jacket for a little milk and was refused. We had the prospect of anoth-A man never uses his thumb nail for a fer hungry night, at a distance from water, though within sight of the river. When twilight grew on, a woman approached, with a cooking vessel on her head, and a leg of mutton in one hand and water in the other. She sat down without saying a word, prepared the fire and put on the meat. We asked her again and again who she was. She remained silent till affectionately entreated to give us a reason for such unlooked for kindness to strangers. Then the tear stole down her sable cheek, and she replied, 'I love Him whose servants you are, and surely it is my luty to give you a cup of cold water in His name. My heart is full; therefore I cannot speak the joy I feel to see you in this out-of-the-world place.' On learning a little of her history, and that she was a soliasked her how she kept up with the light of God in her soul in the entire absence of the communion of saints. She drew from her bosom a copy of the Dutch New Testament, which she had received from Mr. Helm when in his school, some years before. 'This,' said she, 'is the foun

ers and sympathies together at the throne of our Heavenly Father. A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.—It is hard for a young mother, who has not yet overcome the wayward tendencies of her own youthful nature, to realize the influence she exerts over her little ones. She is constantly surrounded by critical imitators who copy her morals and manners. As the mother is, so are her sons and daughters. If a family of children steamboat? Because he never knows are blessed with an intelligent mothing idly through the thousand and one affectation; nothing iddifferent for that is with appetite. But you can't unless er, who is dainty and refined in her experiences as we struggled through manners, and does not consider it the dense darkness and mystery of drawing-room and an entirely differ- citing contests I have briefly describ- to youth, and the stern truths of philosowho is a true mother, and always a who delighted in fraud, treachery testimonies of experience are to the hopes out my hair a little." Wives were not tender, charming woman, you will and cruelty, who regarded us much of the other. invariably see her habits of speech as we regarded the noble beast that and perfect manners repeated in her rove over the plains of Usukuma, as children. Great, rough men, and so many berds of seasoned game to noisy, busy boys, will always tone be slaughtered and carved and broil-

tain whence I drink; this is the oil

which makes my lamp to burn.' I

looked on the precious relie, printed

by the British and Foreign Bible So-

ciety, and the reader may conceive

down their voices and step quietly, and try to be more mannerly when spears, assegays poisoned arrows and she stops to give them a kind word or a pleasant smile-for a true moth- ually surrounded our camp with hider will never fail to say or do all the kind, pleasant things she can, that into the ground, so that in the charge will in any way help to lift up and with care and toil. The mother of

THE LAUGH OF CHILDHOOD.—Fol-

well your home treasures.

There is no day so sacred but that the laugh of a child will make it holier still. Strike with hand of fire, O weird musician, thy lyre strung with Apo lo's golden hair. Fill the vast cathedral aisles with symphonics sweet and dim, deft toucher of organ keys. Blow, bugler, blow, until your "Papa," said a bright boy just home silver notes do touch and kiss the wish I was a conjurer." "Why, my son?" | wandering on the vine-clad shore; I would turn you into a rat, call up the but know your sweetest strains are discords, all, compared with childhood's happy laugh—the laugh that fills the eyes with light. Oh, rippling river of laughter, thou the blesthine doth drown some fretful fiend of care. Laughter should make dimples of joy enough in the cheeks of

> AN IMMENSE EVIL AND THE REMEthere no way to stop it?

Why, certainly. Drunkards grow til for a time, even after they had homes. There is a point where the our stone anchors abreast, and near stop can be put on, and that is in the home. Every parent is responsible for the intemperance of his child, if the canoes to approach. he has not by example and precept done everything to prevent it. pains to form a pure, healthful taste ought to call them-"manned" surely, though sometimes uncon-

It is a mistake which many parents | —it was not fear—drew their canoes make, that of trying to make men out alongside—enormous things, twice of boys, and holding them aloof from the length of our boat—and completselect that season for reproving your express wagon after express wagon drove all the emotions, symphathies, pleas- ly hid, almost crushed, the tiny canoe When she joined the family, in heal over. If you are a wife, never asked for Jacob. "There is no such per- and the discipline that makes them the two women, and the tiny mesanswer to the breakfast bell, she was tease your husband when he comes son here," said the landlord. "Tis not so before their time will probably senger of peace and comfort to us in pair, and showed Miss Arlington's in her travelling dress, and her trunks home, weary from his day's business. any person I want, sare; but ze beer distort or cripple some of their finest the midst of our days of trial. On It is not the right time. Do not ask make warm widze poker." "Well," and qualities. The roots of a young tree looking into the great warrior concess him for expensive outlays when he swered the landlord, "That's 'flip," must have room to spread, and if I observed, with pleasure, that there Mow cometh the yong man to his tailor, Now cometh the yong man to his tailor, and real womanicod. Now, it is the business of all true woman to call and delicacy—to look more attended of his life and the importance of

am thinking of home, of my Father's house, Where the many bright mansions be,

Oh home, sweet home, I am thinking and longing for home, Beyond the pearly gates, many a mansio For the weary ones who journey home. I am thinking of home, of my loved ones there,

am thinking of home, I am homesick now, And my spirit doth long to be in that fa Where the saints ever sing,

Chorus-Oh home, etc.

caught that canoe and made those two And of mercy so costly and free. slaves your own, but when you allowed Chorus-Oh home, etc. I am thinking of home, yes of home, sweet hom With the white-covered throng, and exultingly ris

WEARY.

MRS. ANNA W. COE, of HOOD RIVER, OREGO Weary of living, so weary.! Longing to lie down and dio;

The end of life's pilgrimage nigh. Weary, so weary of wishing, For a form that is gone from my sight, For a voice that is hushed to me ever,

For a hand to be laid on my forehead, For a glimpse of the dark chestnut hair-For a step that to me was sweet music, And a brow that to me was noble and fair.

Weary, so weary of waiting, Writing for sympathy sweet; For some one to love and to cherish And pleasures that are but too fleet

Tired, so tired of drifting Adown the dark billows of life : Tired of breasting the billows-

Wishing, and wal ing so sadly-

Willing to die, ob, so gladly ! If that would bring quiet and rest. STANLEY'S JOURNEY DOWN THE

For love, that was sweetest and best ;

CONGO. The following is an extract from Henry M. Stanley's letter to the New ever! York Herald describing his journey

down the Congo River. I have endeavored to take you rapbe one woman in the the unknown into light. A few exed and caten. They attacked us with muskets, and at one time they actden nets. They drove poisoned sticks to scatter them from the neighbor hood of the camp our people might have their feet pierced with these instruments of torture. On all sides death stared us in the face, exuel eyes watched us day and night, and a

Think of it, dear sisters, and guard thousand bloody hands were stretched out to take advantage of the least carelessness. We defended ourselves like men who knew that pusillanimity would be our ruin—that mercy people, and myself as well, on whom levolved the responsibility of tak- have an end. ing this expedition through these savage regions, I wished naturally that it might have been otherwise, and looked anxiously and keenly for any sign of forbearence and peace, as I saw my African comrades drop one by one from my side in the oblivion of the terrible wilds. We thank heaven that those dark days are

pleasure even during that stormy after a desperate battle with a mar tial tribe above who, it seemed, had oppressed them greatly-warned by the huge drums that sounded the dense crowds along the river bank, manned their enormous canoes rand DY .- "An ounce of prevention is bore down on us, taking care how worth a pound of cure," says an old ever, to cry out the magic word proverb. Let us apply this to temperance. A long line of reeling, stag- our guns and echo the happy word gering candidates for perdition, with such fervor of lungs that the 150,000 in number, one after another, thousands on the bank, who might drop out of sight and memory. And have been a little distrustful, instant still the death march goes on. Is ly distinguished its hearty sincerity

and repeated it with equal ferver, unenough to the vast crowds on the banks, and invited the warriors in From childness shyness they would

not come nearer than fifty yards or If parents would take as much so, and two old women—ladies, I in their children as they now take, small canoc, and, coming straight to my boat, they brought their tiny vesciously, to form a taste for stimulants, sel alongside, and after an introducwe should see fewer entering the path tory laugh offered us palm-wine and a couple of chickens. Presently the warriors, shamed out of their shyness

ures and pursuits of youngsters. It of the women; but the most pleasing is not natural for boys to be so staid, sight to me, to which my eyes were reserved, nor always well-mannered, constantly attracted was the faces of they are inexorably grammed into a was not one spear or bow and arrow hole big enough for only one-half of in one of them, which caused me— he is Elias; and if he be not really Elias and real womanhood. Now, it is the

(Selected for the REPORTER. TRINKING OF HOME.

day before, they said that though the

With whom we went down to the dark river sid And so sadly thought as we watched by the side

of the love of Christ, their Redeemer and King.

saying "Sennene," we knew that you beat our drums for war, but for peace. If you had taken that little canoe this. To the triune, God's sweetest anthems of praise. morning you would have had to fight Singing glory and honor and might. Chorus-Oh home, etc. us now. You killed our enemies

The eyes of other people are the eyes To find for my sad heart, and dreary. Never affect wisdom. Great men are

our friends."

Ideas are oft times shy of the close fur-For eyes that to me were so bright. Men are like words; when not properly

nost like children

Avoid formality as you would the measles. A good marksman is not a day in 'taking aim."

placed, they lose their value.

When I asked how it happened

that they were so kind to strangers,

vhen we had fought three times the

when you left that island where you

lept last we sent very early a canoe

in it, with potatoes and palm wine.

yesterday and you did not injure our

BITS OF WISDOM.

graceful, they decide against him. The blessing of a house is piety. The honor of a house is hospitality. The ornament of a house is cleanliness. The happiness of a house is contentment.

Lost, yesterday, somewhere between

sunrise and sunset, two golden hours,

each set with sixty diamond minutes. No

reward is offered, for they are gone for-Say nothing respecting yourself, either good, bad, indifferent—nothing good, for about them. You want sleep, calm, that is vanity: nothing bad, for that is sound sleep-and eat your dinner

ent person in her every-day life, but ed-contests with human demons phy are as fatal to the one as the chilling

Affection can withstand very severe

on wonderfully little hope, but not altogether without it. Contentment abides with truth. And Try it, if you are afflicted. It is not ou generally suffer for wishing to appear a patent medicine. It has proved its ther than you are, whether it be the

richer or more learned. The mask soon

becomes an instrument of torture. If we make mistakes solving the problem of life, our very blundering may teach us to exercise more care. If we learn to well, leaving no disagreeable effects, know our errors, and gain a little wisdom,

life.

It is a high, solemn, almost awful thought for every individual that his. was unknown to the savages. Out earthly influence, which has had a comof the charity and regard for my own | mencement here, will never, through all ages, were he the very meanest of us all.

> the nump will not work, we pour a little water into it, and that enables it to bring nothing just as truly as it lets out nothing, and selfishness thus out-wits itself. This is true spiritually as well as in temporal and pecuniary matters. A good aim well kept to is a good deed. To live with a high ideal is a successful

he tries to do, that makes the soul strong

and fit for a noble career. All life is a

God's will as our own, we gain the highapproach of strangers, turned out in est success that is possible to man.-E. occupation is monotonous and engrossing, | continually into such company, acfull supply of excitement for the leisure quire like habits, and finally find hours may be desirable; but where the mental powers have been taxed to their would be impossible to extricate himitmost through the hours of labor, it is absolutely necessary to health and happi-

> east a portion of the time that is left. strength, inflames the blood, causes inter- educated men traveling from door to nal, external, and incurable wounds; is a door in search of food-men who devil to the soul, a thief to the purse; the beggar's companion, a wife's wee and in the world, and have fallen so low children's sorrow; makes a strong man that they have lost all shame. We weak, and a wise man a fool. He is worse than a beast, and is a self-murderer, who drinks another good health and robs himself of his own. 🦼

tages, they are lost. Act toward others as you would they should act towards yourself. It is the the same dangers to be aware of. As long help those who have suffered shipwreck. Wio can say that you will not be overtaken by a storm?-you are not yet in port; the same conduct that you have to you by your fellow-voyagers.

Our manner of life should be such that we may be known as servants of God; but we should not try to pass for what we are not. St. John tells the Jews that he is not Elias. He who humbles himself shall be exalted. Our Lord declares that

PULFILLMENT OF DREAMS.

"Men mark when they hit," ob-

serves Bacon, "and never mark when drums above-river summoned them to they miss;" and to this circumstance fight us, some of their people had he attributes the belief in dreams been up-river fishing among the and popular predictions. No donbt islands the day before, and the drums an extraordinary number of fulfilled had caused them to hide themselves presages and prophesies could easily and see what took place. They had be collected. There are, for instance, seen us talk to the natives, offer few better attested facts than the cercloths and beads, and had seen them tainty of his death which Nelson enrefuse all proffers and fight us. "They tertained before the battle of Trafalare always fighting us and stealing gar. As the captain of the "Eurysour people, but we are not strong lus" took leave of him on the morning enough to kill them. "This morning ing of the 21st of October, "God bless you, Blackwood," he said. "I shall never see you again." It is, with two slaves—a boy and a woman however, equally certain that Nelson. by wearing his full-dress uniform, If you were bad people you would have with his four orders of knighthood. did his best to accomplish the mournful foreboding with which he was haunted. First came the feelings of were good people, and we did not gloom and then a recklessness consequent upon it. The rest followed naturally enough. M. Campan relates another singular presage which occurred to Marie Antoinette. The Queen, who usually went to bed very two slaves this morning. You are late, was sitting in her room one evening toward the end of May, 1789, talking to a few intimate friends over the events of the day, which had been a troubled one. There were four candles on her dressing table. One of these suddenly went out of itself. Madame Campen relighted it. A second then went out of itself, and s third. The Queen shuddered, and seizing Madame Campen's hand, said: 'Misfortune can make one superstitious; if the fourth light goes out like the others nothing will prevent me from regarding it as a sinister pressage." The fourth light went out. Her attendant, however, pointed out to the Queen that the four candles had probably been cast in A man's fortune is frequently decided the same mould, and that a flaw in by his first address. If pleasing, others one had naturally, been repeated in at once conclude he has merit; but if un- all. In confirmation of this view it, had been noticed that the candles had gone out in the order in which

REMEDY FOR TROUBLE.—Work is your true remedy. If misfortune hits you hard, you hit something else hard; pitch into something with a will. There's nothing like good, solid, exhausting work to cure trouble. If you have met with losses, you can't want to lie awake and think you work. If you say you don't feel like work, and go loafing all day to tell Tom, Dick, and Harry the story keep your wife awake by your tossto-morrow feeling ten times worse storms of rigor, but not a long popular than you do to-day. There are some frost of indifference. Love will subsist great troubles that only time can heal, and perhaps some that never can be healed at all; but all can be helped by the great panacea work. efficiency since first Adam and Eve left behind them, with weeping, their beautiful Eden / It is an efficient remeny. All good physicians prescribe it in cases of mental and moral disease. It operates kindly as and we assure you that we have tawe shall be better prepared for a higher ken a large quantity of it with most beneficial results. It will cure more complaints than any nostrum in the materia medica, and comes nearer to being a "cure all" than any drug or (compound of drugs in the market. And it will not sicken you if you do not take it sugar-coated.

they had been lighted.

A Young Man and His Company. —A young man, just launching into ousiness, should make it a point not to mix with those of whom he would

be ashamed of in years to come. good prospects, and intending to act upright lives, and would have undoubtedly done so had they associa ted with men of unsullied character. whose names, were above reproach: but no. the frivolities of the other discipline; and if we are brought to take Dicture, they were unable to undernamed temptation. If a person's intentions were good and he should accidently fall into bad society, he REST FOR THE MIND.—While the daily | would eventually, from being thrown self. Such cases as these are daily occurring in our midst. How many ness that they be entirely released for at of us know of men who have had golden opportunities, men who lost wealth, position, and honor Drunkenness expels reason, drowns the through the influence of immoral somemory, - defaces beauty, diminishes ciety. Look at the numbers of well

have lost their names and standing

think we have drawn the picture well

enough to satify the young man that

now is the time-now is the harvest,

and if they fail to take these advan-

THE GIRL THAT'S GOOD. - The higher and more perfect the training She will not want for suitors who is worthy of them. Men are not blinded by glare and glitter, by long ringlets of false hair, by mammoth pa niers, artificial insteps, unnatural complexion, and that long languish of the eye-lashes due to deceptive arts-not even when the soft rustle of silk is thrown over this, and is softened by draperies of real lace, and embellished with the gleam of costly jewels. Most of them carry,