The Bradford Reporter.

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VOLUME XXXVIII. TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, APRIL 4, 1878. NUMBER 44.

Business Cards.

W. J. YOUNG,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Office—second door south of the First National and Main St., up stairs.

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.
REX WILLIAMS. (oct. 17, '77) E. J. ANGLE.

I. McPHERSON,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Over Mfg Bend. Co. [feb.1'78.

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

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

E. F. GOFF,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Elk 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. [nov18-74.

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.

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

MADILL & CALIFF,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Office in Wood's Block, first door south of the First National bank, up-stairs.
S. T. MADILL. [Jan8-731y] J. N. CALIFF.

GRIDLEY & PAYNE,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
South side Mercur Block (rooms formerly occupied by Davies & Carnochan),
TOWANDA, PA.
L. C. 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 Dersch' 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. (may875.
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.
Office, in Mercur's Block. Towanda, Pa. jly17-73.

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.]

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.
D. A. OVERTON, Jr. (april-76) N. C. ELSBREE.

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

C. S. RUSSELL'S
GENERAL
INSURANCE AGENCY.
May2-76tf. TOWANDA, PA.

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

1864. 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.

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. 24-75.

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.

GERITY & MORREL,
[Established 1837.]
WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS
DRUGGISTS SUNDRIES, PATENT MEDICINES, &c., &c.
126, LAKE STREET,
Feb. 28, '78. ELMIRA, N. Y.

Poetry.

FAREWELL, MY YOUTH.

Farewell, my youth! I pass beyond
The threshold of thy closing door,
One backward glance, regretful, fond,
And I am exiled evermore.

O warden of the castle gate,—
Stern Time! who bars me from mine own,
Let me one tender moment wait,
Ere I must wander forth alone.

And as in parting days of yore
I loitered through my father's halls,
And said good-bye at every door,
While echo sighed her soft recalls,—

So let me pass these silent rooms,—
How dear I never dreamed till now,—
And in their hushed and holy glooms
Whisper anew the parting vow.

Wide halls, recrossed by many feet,—
Fair rooms, in which I sat with friends,—
Not desolate, but peopled yet
With that swift magic memory lends.

Low murmuring voices still are here;
Dear faces smile from every wall;
And softly on my listening ear
The old carols rise and fall.

They came and went, each bosom guest,
And some will meet me on the way;
And other few have passed to rest,
And we shall meet some brighter day.

Farewell, dear rooms! ye may not know
How much of life ye hold for me;
I give ye blessing ere I go,
And leave your charge to memory.

Again I pause where widely stands
The busy school-room's open door;
The books just dropped from careless hands,
The idle papers scattered o'er.

Farewell, beloved, enchanted work,
With young ambition's hopes and fears;
My life is still a sealed book,
And I must read it oft through tears.

Sweet chamber of the early days:
I reach by childhood's winding stair,—
Still hallowed by a father's praise,
A sainted mother's dying prayer,—

To thee belong my tears' bequest,
To thee my tenderest thought is given,
For thou art built above the rest,—
Above the rest and nearer heaven.

And now I pass the mystic door
That never yields to other touch,
I dare not count those jewels o'er,
Lest they should tempt me overmuch,

O inner temple of my life,
No eye but mine and God's may see,
I pass from all my bliss and strife
And firmly hold the golden key.

Farewell, my youth! thy halls were fair,
Thy gardens bright with lavish flowers;
But life's rich fruit is otherwhere,
And swiftly fly the warning hours.

And I must tread the path decreed
Across the wild, and o'er the sand;
Happy, if like the chosen seed
I reach at last the promised land.

Farewell, my youth! yet not farewell,—
My life from thee I will not part;
But bear thee with me where I dwell
O tabernacle of my heart!

MRS. H. A. BINGAM.

Miscellaneous.

The Mystified Messenger.

There were comparatively few persons who knew that George Gleason, the favorite express messenger of the P. C. and St. L. Road, was a somnambulist. His strange freaks performed during a somnambulistic trance were known to a small circle of friends and associates, who mention them not when our hero was appointed to the position he was destined to fill with honor.

For two years he ran his car without incident, no train robbers attacked it, and he became the favorite messenger of the road. Strange to say, that during the time, while he dozed often in his car, he did not once fall into the somnabulistic state, and he was congratulating himself that the singular trances had left him altogether, when occurred the incident I am about to relate.

His downward run on the night express extended from Coshocton to Springfield, a distance of one hundred and eighty miles. There were few stations of importance on the route and the train made but three halts between the two cities. The officers of the road were, at the date of our story, and still are careful men of business, jealous of their patrons' interests, and gentlemen of integrity.

When robberies became common on other roads, the messengers of the P. C., and St. L., were sure to receive orders commanding extra precaution, and it was to the obedience of these orders that much of the popularity of the road was attributed.

"Hello!" exclaimed Messenger Gleason one evening while looking over the columns of the Cleveland *Herald*. "The express car of the C. C. and I. C. robbed of $30,000! That's a good haul. Why don't the car thieves try my car? Here I've been on the road for two years, and never for a moment has the safety of a dollar in my safes been jeopardized."

He considered himself one of the luckiest messengers in the country, and with the paper in his hand stepped into the express car, which a moment later moved out of Cohocton.

It was a beautiful Autumn evening, and the messenger sat at the open side door, enjoying a cigar, until the sun went down and darkness fell over the earth. Then he shut the door, lighted the lamps, and saw that everything was safe.

He knew the value of the contents of the company's safes and he thought what a haul thieves would make if they would successfully burglarize his car on the present trip.

But he felt secure, for he dropped into his own chair and fell asleep.

The train had a run of forty-nine miles, before the messenger would again be called to service, and he thought of this perhaps when he settled into the chair, resolved upon a doze.

By-and-by he rose, and his eyelids parted. He walked directly to the safes which stood side by side, and opening the combination locks threw wide open the burglar-proof doors. Then he took forth valuable package after package until he had emptied the strongholds of their treasures. It is safe to say that Messenger Gleason deprived the safes of money and other valuables to the aggregate of seventy thousand dollars.

After doing this he closed the doors, and with the packages, walked out of the car to the tender.

It was filled with coal, black and grim, and the heavy smoke of the engine, the toy of the smart breeze blowing, beat against his face.

But he did not seem to heed it, for he climbed upon the tender with one hand and deliberately secreted the packages amomg the coal in one corner.

Having accomplished his singular task, he returned to the express car, washed his hands, which had been begrimed by the lumps of coal, and retired to his chair, where his eyes closed and he breathed like a sleeping man.

George Gleason had robbed the safes in a state of somnambulism, and their iron doors guarded the messenger's books and a few old papers of little value."

He slept for half an hour longer when he awoke and rubbed his eyes. His first action thereafter, was to consult his watch.

"We're approaching Grafton," he said to himself, and drew another cigar from his pocket for a quiet smoke.

A minute later the fragrance of a prime *flor del fumar* filled the car, and the messenger was half enveloped in smoke.

Grafton was yet nineteen miles away.

All at once Gleason heard his name pronounced, and turned quickly in his chair.

He sprang to his feet the moment afterwards, and as the half-consumed cigar fell to the floor, his hand flew to the pocket that held a revolver.

For there stood before him two men whose dark masks hung far below their chins.

"Don't draw, Mr. Gleason," said one of the strangers, and the messenger saw a revolver covering his head. "We don't want to be so ungentlemanly as to slay you here. The road can't spare you, indeed it can't!"

Gleason's hand shrunk away from the pocket it had touched, and he looked at the men for a moment in silence.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"What most men earnestly desire—money!"

"I have none."

"But the safes have."

"Then open them if you can," said the messenger with a smile.

"With your assistance we will," answered one of the masked men, who until that moment, had not spoken. "Mr. Gleason, we didn't come here to parley, and, as we mean business, we will proceed to it at once. You have the keys, and will oblige us by producing them."

The young messenger looked twice in the eyes of the men, and once into the muzzle of the revolver, before he displayed the keys.

"Here they are," he said extending them.

"No, no, Gleason," was the response, and the twinkle of the dark eyes told our messenger that the face beneath the mask was smiling. "It's a combination lock, you see, and we happen to be ignorant of the cabalistic word—your sesame. Open the doors for us if you please."

Gleason saw that pleading would avail him naught. There was stern determination in the robber's tone; death in the depths of the black eyes. He had often read of such burglaries; how cashiers were made to open the safes of their own banks and throw thousands at the feet of the robbers. He had never dreamed that such an event would happen in express car No. 56, much less that he would be compelled to assist in robbing the patronizing public.

But he was at the mercy of the villians, and his life was in startling jeopardy. He came forward with pale face, and stooped before the safes.

"Be lively about it," said one of the men. "You know the locks like a book, and we know how to treat a man who obeys our orders with alacrity. We give you two minutes grace in which to work. If at the end of that time the doors do not swing open, the P. C. and St. L. will lose her best messenger!"

The imperiled man did not reply, but fell to work on the locks. The combination was quite intricate, but Gleason was familiar therewith, and in less than a minutes' time he opened the first door.

"Now for the packages," said one of the men.

The messenger put forth his hand, unlocked an inner door, and started back aghast.

The money pocket of the safe was empty.

"What's up, Gleason?" exclaimed a mask, looking at the messenger with astonishment.

Gleason pointed to the empty receptacle, almost too amazed to speak, and the robbers exchanged strange glances.

"Open the other safe!" commanded one.

The messenger obeyed. It, too, was moneyless.

"George Gleason, we want no trifling. You know where the money is!"

"How should I know?" cried the messenger, mystified more than the robber. "Did I know that you were coming, and secrete the matter? If so, who betrayed you? Here are my books, look at them for yourself. I swear to you that there was seventy thousand dollars worth of express matter in the safes when we left Cohocton. I haven't left the car for one moment, though I have dozed, but like the cat a footstep, however soft, will rouse me. You ask me where the money is, I throw the question back at you. Upon pain of death I could not tell you!"

He ceased, and the foremost robber said:

"This beats me. I believe you, George Gleason. Somebody has robbed the safes before we struck. They did it while you slept. Will you slacken the speed of the train?"

The messenger seized the bell-rope, and the speed of the train began to diminish.

"Now good night, Gleason," said the disappointed robbers, moving to the sliding door. "We hope the company won't discharge you for sleeping at your post. Of course we are disappointed—we expected to make a big haul to-night."

The next moment they sprang from the car, and the messenger heard a prolonged whistle.

Then he saw the bell-rope moving, and the train fast returned to its usual speed.

He fell back into his chair completely mystified. He could not imagine who had robbed the safes, whose empty pockets stared at him from one corner of the car.

His thoughts were suddenly interrupted by the conductor, who bounded into his presence.

"They did it, eh? Money all gone! Curse the fiends! They had a man on each platform, masked and armed. How much did they get? They came on board as passengers."

"Not a dollar!" said Gleason.

The conductor looked at the safes, and then at the man, whom he seemed to regard as mad.

"Where is the money then?"

"I don't know!"

The train was stopped, and as the messenger had told his story, search for the packages began.

It came to an abrupt and happy termination. The engineer placed the lost valuables into Gleason's hands.

"Bob, the fireman, saw you climb on to the coal in the tender, and then you stuffed all these envelopes into one corner. When you went back into your car we pulled 'em out, and intended to keep 'em for you till we got to Grafton. Why, you had your eyes open, but Bob and me knew you were in a walking trance."

Thus spoke the engineer, and the reader may imagine with what thankfulness the messenger received the envelopes, not one of whose original numbers was missing.

I do not know whether the robbers ever learned the story of the missing valuables, but I do know that since that night George Gleason has not been a somnambulist.

SABBATH EVENING AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

Doubtless our readers have often indulged the wish that they might know what the home life of our Chief Magistrate is, and that of his family. As they sit around their own firesides during the long winter nights, enjoying the rest they bring, and the quiet and love and cheer that preside there, they wonder whether the homes of those in exalted stations are like theirs, or whether their unseen history is as unlike theirs as their seen is. They are apt to look upon those in place and power as quite remooved from them in the daily experiences of life and those sympathies which ought to make the whole world akin. The public acts of public men are known as they occur, and receive their criticisms, often unjust and heartless, but when they retire from the public view, how is it then? So much the more do we desire to know, because the home is the fountain of virtue and morality, public and private, the fountain of all the institutions of society, whether of church or State. If the homes of those in high places are illuminated with the light of virtue and religion, how happy the influence upon those of humbler life!

Whatever fault politicians may find with President Hayes for not submitting himself to their control, no one can find fault with his well order d home. As to the spirit that reigns there, let a Sabbath evening spent at the White House contain the revelation One of the institutions of the White House is the Sabbath evening devoted to song. Not gay frivilous song, but cheerful Christian Song. We met President and Mrs. Hayes, their nieces, Misses Platt and Foot, their son Webb, the Vice President, General Sherman and daughter, Secretary Shurz, Attorney General Devans, senator Ferry, Gen. Hastings, Congressman McKinley, Assistant Surgeon General Woodward and wife, and Mr. Dickerson, private secretary of the Vice President. Mrs. Woodward takes the piano, and the first hymn sung is "Jesus Lover of My Soul," followed by "Majestic sweetness sits enthroned," "Jesus let thy pitying eye," "Pass me not-O gentle Savior," "My days are gliding swiftly by," "Nearer my God to Thee," "Tell me the old, old story." The singing of such hymns filled up the hour, closing with

"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love."

A session of genial conversation, and the company breaks up. No cant, no assumed solemnity marred the hour. It was a time of Christian cheerfulness. Nothing was more pleasing than to see General Sherman, the hero of so many battles, whose name in history will speak in connection with Grant's and Molke's, join with evident relish in the exercises of the evening. We left with this thought in mind? When the righteous are inauthority, the people rejoice."—*Pittsburg Christian Advocate.*

Fond mother: "What would you do without a mother, Tom?" Tom: "Do as I liked, ma."

The mother of male twins, we learn from the Cincinnati *Times*, sings "The sweet boy-and-boy."

She stoops to conquer—is what the young lady does when she says Yes, on the front door steps.

The boy choked to death by a hunk of spruce pitch may be said to have suckgumed to the messenger.

Mr. Quick is a manufacturer of ale in Chicago. His motto should be, "Quick's ales and small profits."

The Englishman who said he'd been to "'ear an Horrortorio," perhaps hit nearer the truth than he intended.

The first acrobatic woman who joined a circus procession was Lot's wife. As she turned around she became a somer-salt.

A New York jouranlist has composed an "Editor's Waltz." An editor's waltz is usually danced to the tune of "More Copy," and the music is generally furnished by the devil.

"Ma!" screamed young Matilda Spillikins the other morning after she got the paper, "Ma, Silver Bill has just passed the House." "Has he, my dear?" replied Mrs. S. from up-stairs. "Why didn't you ask him in?"

THE DUTIES OF PARENTS.

The exercise of the perfection of any one quality alone will not insure the proper management of children. Their organization are like the exquisite mechanism of a watch—each part for a different use, yet all necessary for the operation of the whole each requiring the utmost care and attention, a grain of dust being capable of stopping the entire works. Each faculty and taste or inclination of the child must be studied and the good ones encouraged to full development, the bad ones repressed, and later explained, and if possiple, ridiculed into quiescence; for ridicule being almost certain death to good qualities, should be also to evil propensities. If their mind alone are fed the work will not be perfect. After the arduous studies of the day there should be a relaxation, with some healthy, cheerful amusement. If they have performed their duties well during the hours devoted to school, it should not be necessary for the home hours to be spent boring over lessons. The teacher giving lengthy tasks necessitating continual study at home should be severely censured as not knowing his or her duty. It may be necessary for a few of the duller scholars to spend an hour or so in study outside of school, but this should be an exception to the rule. Practicing music in the evening is not a cheerful amusement, either to the performer or listener; but playing or singing is and should often be indulged in. Even little boys are happier and gentler when they can sing or perform on some instrument. Nothing so strengthens the bonds of love in a family as singing together. It is one of the most charming memories of home. The scoffs and jeers of professors and philosophers against amateur musicians should be entirely ignored, remembered only the good that music does in a family.

Little informal gatherings of friends, young and old, with games, conversation, and even the simplest refreshments, help to make home attractive. Family visiting should be cultivated and family excursions, the art galleries and things of interest should be seen together, for the stranger the bond is the better and purer the children will be. Parties should not begin and end with the intellect of the feet. The early training of children should tend to render them, when grown, capable of those conversations that sometimes become historical and are always worth listening to. The practice of locking up the parlor except for company is most pernicious, rendering the refining influence of pictures, statuettes, and books of little avail. No parlor should be too good or too costly to render happier or better those most loved, and kept for the entertainment of those for whom we sometimes care so little. To cook, eat, and also exist in the kitchen, where a pleasant parlor is available, is not worthy a civilized being. But all carefully supervision will be almost neutralized by their influence of one bad companion; therefore children should be often questioned in a pleasant, uninquisitorial way about their associates at school and their companions in their hours of play. Much future misery and shame may thus be spared; the evil habits being formed will thus be discovered, and can and must be nipped in the bud. One thoroughly bad boy or girl will vitiate the morals of the children of a whole neighborhond, and his or her detestable character must be pointed out, the ignominy to which it tends contrasted with the nobilty of a purer life, and their hearts appealed to. A stern command that the association with such a one shall be immediately discontinued, without these good reasons given, is apt to increase the danger by rendering the forbidden companionship secret and more fascinating on that account.

Children should be studied closely and supplied with healthy amusements, good companions, and a sufficiency of work. To give them proper home training is not incompatible with dignity, for their hearts, minds, and bodies should be brought as near perfection as possible.

A GREAT ENTERPRISE.

Ever since men began to dig for silver and gold in Colorado, one of the many hard things they have had to do, has been the journeying into the rich silver regions at the San Juan country. The great Sangre di Cristo range, with its uncounted peaks, all from twelve to fifteen thousand feet high, is a barrier which only seekers after gold or after liberty would have courage to cross. One of the most picturesque sights which the traveler in southern Colorado during the past two or three years, has seen has been the groups of white-topped wagons creeping westward toward the passes of this range; sometimes thirty or forty together, each wagon drawn by ten, fifteen or even twenty mules; the slow moving procession look like caravan lines in a desert; two, three four weeks on the road, carrying in people by households; carrying in food, and bringing out silver by the ton; back and forth, patient men and patient beast have been toiling every summer from June to October.

This sort of thing does not go on for many years befeore a railroad comes to the rescue. Engineering triumphs where brute force merely evades; the steam engine has stronger lungs than mules or men; and the journey which was counted by weeks is made in hours. Such a feat as this, the Denver and Rio Grand Railroad (narrow guage) is now performing in Colorado. A little more than a year ago I saw the plowshare cut the first furrow for its track through the cuchuras meadows at the foot of the Spanish Peaks. One day last week I looked out from the car windows as we whirled past the same spot, a little town stood where then was wilderness, and on either side of our road were acres of sunflowers whose brown centered disks of yellow looked like trembling faces still satonished at the noise. Past the Spanish Peaks; past the new town of Veta; into the Veta Pass; up, up, nine thousand feet up, across a neck of the Sangre di Cristo range itself; down the other side, and out among the foot-hills to the vast San Lois valley, the plucky little railroad has already pushed. It is a notable feat of engineering. As the road winds among the mountains its curves are so sharp that the inexperienced and timid hold their breath. From one track, running along the edge of a precipice, you look up to another which you are presently to reach; it lies high on the mountain-side, four hundred feet above your head, yet it looks hardly more than a stone's throw across the ravine between. The curve by which you are to climb up this hill is a thirty degree curve. To the non-professional mind it will perhaps give a clearer idea of the curve to say that it is shaped like a mule-shoe—a much narrower shoe than a horse-shoe. The famous horse-shoe curve on the Pennsylvania Railroad is broad and easy in comparison with this. There are three of these thirty degree curves within a short distance of each other; the road doubles on itself, like the path of a ship tacking in adverse winds. The grade is very steep—two hundred and eleven feet to the mile; the engines pant and strain, and the wheels make a strange sound, at once sibilant and ringing on the steel rails. You go but six miles an hour; it seems not like more than four, the leisurely pace is so unwonted a one for steam engines. With each mile of ascent the view backward and downward becomes finer. The Spanish Peaks and the plains in the distance, the dark ravine full of pine trees in the foureground, and Veta Mountains on the left hand—a giant bulwark furrowed and bare. There are so many seams on the sides of this mountain that they have given rise to name, Veta, which in the Spanish tongue means "vein."—*H. H.; Scribner for January.*

UNBELIEVED SLANDER.

It is doubtless a stimulant to some minds to repeat scandal, not for the purpose of injury, but for the titillation of the nerves produced by dealing freely with names intrinsically respectable. There is a consciousness, and even a common understanding, that it is not true, but it is none the less repeated with pungent effect. It is also a method of expressing momentary dislike or opposition. A man irritated with his friend exclaims, "Who would have thought that he would do such a thing?" when he does not believe that he did it, and expects to have the matter wholly cleared up. Party spirit especially is full of this perfunctory indignation and this unbelieved slander. It is not to be supposed that any American credited what the *Aurora* said of Washington, or that Fisher Ames really supposed that Jefferson's party were as bad as the French terrorists; and the *Spectator* says very well: "Every Democrat in America used to read every day that General Grant was a drunkard and a horse-jockey and a plunderer, and worse, but the Democrat who would not dine with General Grant, or who judged him differently on account of these stories, might be sought in vain. He read in them expressions of an opinion that the general should not be re-elected, and that was all."

There is a great deal of truth in this good-humored statement, and a striking illustration of it was the speech of Colonel Ingersoll delivered in New York soon after the election of last year, in which he acknowledged that he had done his full share of feeding the angry fires of the campaign. The fact is that as a "campaign" proceeds, the audience and the orator demand stronger and stronger stimulants, until at last brandy and cayenne are indispensable. There is perhaps an unconscious and even half-amazed conviction all the while that the "other man" is not quite so black as he is painted, and in the high paroxism of eloquence in which he is prophesying the overthrow of the Constitution and the wreck of liberty which are to follow the defeat of his own side, the orator perhaps recalls with a smile Timothy Pickering's views of Jefferson and his Jacobites, or Jefferson's grave remark that it would not be advisable to resort to arms against the tendencies of John Quincy Adams' administration "until much longer and greater sufferings." This is one of the most ludicrous outburst of party spirit in our political history, but it meant only that the Federalists must be defeated in the election, "and that was all."

HINTS TO BOOK-BORROWERS.

When you borrow a book, borrow only the best and what you need at the time.

You cannot afford to borrow and then let it lie on your shelves for some weeks, or months, before you commence to read it. It will do you far less good by such negligence, for your interest in it may wane, and instead of being a pleasure to read it, it will be a task. If you would derive the greatest profit from a book, read it as soon as possible after you borrow it.

When you borrow the book your interest is awakened, indeed, your very interest in its contents prompted you to borrow it; now, this awakened interest is a command to you to read it. Other duties will claim you atttntion, and other subjects engage your thoughts, and perhaps, finally, you will omit to read it altogather unless you do it at once.

Next we would urge: do not abuse a borrowed book. Remember it is not your own. It is the private property of your friend, and it would be a gross insult to his obliging kindness to abuse the property which for a time he has intrusted to your care. This perhaps applies especially to those borrowing from Sunday school and public libraries.

Do not lend a borrowed book to others without the owners' consent. While you may take the best care of a book, the friend to whom you lend it may not, and besides, his borrowing from you will cause unneessary detention from its owner, either while your friend is reading it, or neglecting to do so. If you have lent it unknown to the owner, all abuses arising therefrom will be justly accredited to your account.

The most important thing, after reading a borrowed book, is to return it. Do not pack it snugly away in your library among your other books, or on your table, with the sweet satisfaction of having enjoyed a literary feast, as if you were the last to be fed from its bounties, but give it promptly and thankfully back to its owner.

Surely, none of the readers of the *Christian Weekly* will be guilty of "selling" borrowed books as in a case which the writer knows to be a fact, though he had not the misfortune to be one of that party. A gentleman having loaned some of his most valuale books to another literary friend, was wondering why his books were so unusually long away from his libarary; but supposing his friend had a touch of the prevalent disease called "book-keeping," patiently waited. Having occasion, however, to go in a store, one day, he saw his books in the posession of another gentleman. On inquiry, he learned they had been "sold" by the the borrower.—*C. H. Polhemus, in Christian Weekly.*

THE VAMPIRE BAT.

South America also has its large bats, of one of which everybody has heard—the vampire. Much nonsense has been written about it, but there was some foundation for the stories of its sucking the blood of men and animals until it killed them. In the interior of South America nearly everybody sleeps in a hammock either out-of-doors or with the window open, and the weather is so warm that little covering is used. The vampire comes in on silent wings, and finding a toe exposed, gently pricks it with his sharp tooth, and draws the blood until he can swallow no more. The sleeper rarely is awakened, and does not know his loss until morning. He may then feel weak from the flow of blood, but I am not aware that a man was ever known to die from the cause. Horses are very greatly troubled by them also. Mr. Charles Watterton, an enthusiatic naturalist now dead, who spent several years in New Guiana, has told us much about this ugly bat, but could never induce one to taste of his toe, although he would have been very glad to be able to say that he had been operated upon. For eleven months he slept alone in the loft of a deserted wood-cutter's hut in the deep forest. There the vampire came and went as they wished. He saw them come in the moonlight on stealthy wings, and prick the ripe bananas; lay in his hammock and watched them bring almost to his bedside the green wild fruit of the wild guava; floating down the river on other moonlight night was struck by the falling blossoms of the lawarri-nut tree which the vampire pulled from the branches to get at the tinder seed-vessel, or the insects that lurk in the deep corollo. He lay night after night with his bare foot exposed, but could never get them to lance it, although his friends and companions were all bled by this nocturnal surgeon; and except that he once caught one fastened to the shoulder of one of his animals, he came away no wiser than when he went of how the vampire does his horrid work.

The vampires measure about twenty-six inches across the wings; frequent old houses and hollow trees, and repose in clusters, head downwards, from the branches of forest trees.—*Ernest Ingersoll in April* WIDE AWAKE.

WORK.

If we were asked, what is the one thing which more than any one is the basis of true self-respect, our answer would be, work. We do not see how any idle person could respect himself. Any idle person may be proud he may be in vain, he may be arrogant; but self-respect in the parent of all manly enterprise: so is idleness the parent of all vice.

"An idle brain is the devil's workshop." Why? Because self-respect cannot abide in such quarters. We have all of us noticed the new light that comes into a young man's face, the new grace that marks his general bearing, when the doubtful period between school days and active life is bridged over, and he is fairly entered on his new career, whatever that may be. We have all noticed in that doubtful period, what a strain there was on his self-respect, in what fearful jeopardy it was sometimes; and even in after life, if ere the time has come when a man feels that he can retire from business with a good conscience, he is thrown out of business, how easy it is for him to loose time, to get "down at heel," to feel himself generally out of place and out of tune. Work a curse! It is the greatest of all blessings. The necessity which enforces it is the most beneficial of all necessities.

Not work merely, but faithful and efficient work, is the ground of self-respect. We can go in a treadmill if the mill makes something go; if it helps on the world's work and benefit.

Our work may not be efficient, it may have to be done over again by other hands, but we must have faith in efficiency. We must at least believe that our failure will hasten the ultimate success, or self-respect will utterly refuse to wait apon our endeavors. The work done may be much or little, but if it is our best, it need never make us ashamed.

But besides work, the there must be good economy. It is necessary to self-respect that one shall at least feel that he could paddle his own canoe, if at any time his pointer should fail by those who now have it in tow. It is almost fatal to our self-respect to feel that we are dependent for our daily bread on friendly benefactors. The best of charity, however kindly given, has something bitter in it until we can get along without it. But independence sweetens every gift.

MY FIRST PROPOSAL.

At last, the long day's haying done,
I turned to leave the fragrant meadow,
Where, on the grass, the setting sun
Before me cast my lengthened shadow.

I struck a narrow path that ran
By Lovell's farm, a crooked by-way
Which somewhere thereabouts began,
And ended on the dusty highway.

It reached their barn yard first of all,
Then wandered through a wooded hollow,
And darted past an old stone wall,
As if inviting you to follow.

It climbed a hill where all the day
The crows rehearsed a mimic Babel;
It crossed a brook which flowed that way,
Then slid beneath our barn's brown gable.

A shorter cut it was, that led
To our own homestead from the meadow,
And so I followed it instead,
And on before me went my shadow.

Then nearing Lovell's farm, I heard
The white-horned cattle faintly lowing,
While, bubbling, in the bright pails stirred
The milk from well-filled udders flowing.

I glanced behind the barn-yard wall,
And there sat Katy milking "Speckle,"
The favorite cow among them all,
Her fine coat flecked with many a freckle.

Then up got Katy—so by that
I knew her milking done—and straightway
While my own heart went pit-a-pat,
Came toward me through the open gateway.

The sun dropped down from out the sky,
And left the west with rich gold laden;
An awkward country lad was I,
And Katy but a simple maiden.

Her eyes met mine, as if by chance,
Not knowing who it was; then shyly,
'Neath drooping lids withdrew their glance,
Then back again to mine stole slyly.

With that last look my courage grew;
I said—it may have been I swore it—
She was the prettiest girl I knew,
And told her how I loved her for it.

Perhaps she gave me no reply,
Perhaps it was the night's gray curtain,
Slow-falling from the twilight sky,
Which left her answer too uncertain.

Then winding homeward, torn with doubt,
The tree-toads trilled their firm conviction;
The patriarch frogs, with deep bass shout,
Grew hoarse and loud in contradiction;

The katydids pronounced both ways;
But ere the moon was one hour older,
I sat beneath its silvery rays
With Katy's head upon my shoulder.
—*Globe-Democrat.*

UNDER SLAVERY.

I well remember the day, twenty years ago, when Buchanan was in the White House and Mr. Douglas—in what was then regarded as his fine mansion—received hosts of friends. Jeff Davis, Bob Toombs, Biglar of Pennsylvania, Speaker Orr, and many others now nearly forgotten, were the idols of society then. Major Wallace dispensed profuse hospitalities from his residence near the city Hall. The District was then completely under the domination of Southern men and ideas. It was essentially a Southern city. Black people were bought and sold as freely as horses now. The streets were quagmires; a hack was frequently so mired on one of our principal streets that it remained two or three days stuck in the mud. A dead horse sometimes lay a week on a by-street. Dead dogs and cats were considered ornamental rather than otherwise in our streets. Things jogged along after the old style of slavery. No colored person—slave or free—dare enter one of our parks except in charge of a white child. There were no colored schools except a little private one kept by Miss Minor, and it was in constant danger of being suppressed.

Dr. Bailey published his *National Era* then, and it was at the height of its circulation. I think it nearly reached thirty thousand, which in those days was a great success. The good doctor did so well that he lived in generous style, and he used his means in a noble manner, for his house was at all times the refuge of anti-slavery people. Mrs. Stowe had just finished "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in the *Era*; Gail Hamilton was governess in the doctor's family; autograph poems by Whittier were then to be had for the asking in the *Era* office. I picked up one day among the loose "copy" the whole of "The Witch's Daughter" in Whittier's handwriting. Soon after other journals of the North began to advocate the anti-slavery cause. The *Tribune* and other papers began to crowd the *Era*, and the sudden death of Mr. Bailey finished its brilliant career.

This was all only about twenty years ago. The great conflict over slavery was rapidily coming to a head. Two years after the John Brown raid brought terror into this city. The anti-slavery men in Congress were almost afraid to remain, so intense was the temporary feeling against them. When Mr. Seward, returning late from a summer trip in Europe, took his seat in the Senate in February—eighteen years ago, I believe—he was shunned by most Southern men. Slavery in its most hideous form was king. In a few short years it was destined to a most humiliating overthrow.

And now we have negro schools, negro suffrage, universal freedom, and an ex-slave is Marshall of the District! The change is simply marvelous. That it has its drawbacks is true; the age is dishonest. It "jobs" a great deal, and "rings" flourish. The blacks do not behave so well as they might, and thousands of them suffer. More *go hungry*, I think, under freedom than under slavery. In this District, certainly, there is a great deal of crime, vice and suffering among the colored people. Probably there is a larger number of them who suffer for good and decent clothes than at any previous time; but, on the other hand, there is a large and constantly increasing class who live respectably and are intelligent. Large numbers of colored children are in excellent schools, and many young men are in Howard University. The experiment of freedom among colored people is precisely God's experiment with the human race. How many abuse their freedom; and yet we hope there is gradual improvement.

Some of the most striking sights to be seen here are some of the old Southern men who linger about the scenes of their former greatness,—Clingman of North Carolina, Foote of Mississippi, Stephens of Georgia, and others. Twenty-five years ago they were in their glory. Foote was threatening to hang John P. Hale, or drawing a pistol on old Tom Benton in the Senate lobby. An now this formerly passionate politician and fire-eater is as gentle as a sucking dove, and looks like a saint. He is a good Republican and an advocate for generous treatment of the negro. He is often to be seen in the Senate and society here. Mr. Stephens everybody is familiar with. He is still a power in Congress; but twenty years ago he seemed as now to have one foot in the grave. Boyce of South Carolina was the one member of the delegation from 1856 to 1860 who believed to dislike the secessionists, but he was compelled to go out with his delegation in the winter of 1860-61. He had the sympathies of many Republicans, and during the war they watched for news of him. He did not take an active part in the rebellion, and at the first opportunity came out as a Union man; and the moment peace was declared he came to Washington, where he soon found employment. Ex-Senator Clingman was a furious secessionist in 1860, and is now a mild Democrat. He spends his