The Bradford Reporter.

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VOLUME XXXVIII. TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, MAY 2, 1878. NUMBER 48.

Business Cards.

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

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

F. B. SWISHER, DENTIST. Office over Mrs. Mingos' store, Tracey & Noble's Block. Treatment of diseased teeth a specialty. Gas and ether administered when desired.—mch.28.

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

I. McPHERSON, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW, TOWANDA, PA. Dist Att'y Brad. Co. [feb.1'78.

MASON & HEAD, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. Towanda, Pa. Office over Bartlett & Tracy, Main-st. G. F. MASON. [a9'77] ARTHUR HEAD.

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

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

W. H. THOMPSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, WYALUSING, PA. Will attend to all business entrusted to his care in Bradford, Sullivan and Wyoming Counties. Office with Esq. Porter. [nov19-74.

L. ELSBREE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, TOWANDA, PA. Oct14-75.

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, 1872ly*.

MADILL & CALIFF, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, TOWANDA, PA. Office in Wood's Block, first door south of the First National bank, up-stairs. H. J. MADILL. [jan8-73ly] J. N. CALIFF.

GRIDLEY & PAYNE, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. South side Mercur Block (rooms formerly occupied by Davies & Carnochan), TOWANDA, PA. E. C. GRIDLEY. [1l77] S. R. PAYNE.

JAMES WOOD, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, mch9-76 TOWANDA, PA.

CHAS. M. HALL, Attorney-at-Law and Notary, Will give careful attention to any business entrusted to him. Office with Patrick & Foyle, (over *Journal* Office), Towanda, Pa. [June7'77.

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

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. [may675. 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.

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. E. OVERTON, JR. (ap14-70) N. C. ELSBREE.

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

C. S. RUSSELL'S GENERAL INSURANCE AGENCY May28-70tf. TOWANDA, PA.

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

1861. 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 24-72.

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.

GERITY & MORREL, [Established 1857.] WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS, DRUGGISTS SUNDRIES, PATENT MEDICINES, &c., &c. 126, LAKE STREET, Feb. 28, '78. ELMIRA, N. Y.

Medical.

"VEGETINE,"

Says a Boston physician, "has no equal as a blood purifier. Hearing of its many wonderful cures, after all other remedies have 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 case of Canker.

VEGETINE Meets with wonderful success in Mercurial diseases.

VEGETINE Will eradicate Salt Rheum from the system.

VEGETINE Cures the most inveterate cases of Erysipelas.

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.

Wagons and Carriages.

THE OLD ESTABLISHMENT STILL TAKES THE LEAD!

Carriages CHEAPER THAN EVER, and Platform Wagons at a GREAT REDUCTION.

JAMES BRYANT

Proprietor of the Old Carriage Manufactory, cor. Main and Elizabeth streets, would call the special attention of FARMERS and others to his large and complete assortment of

OPEN AND TOP BUGGIES AND PLATFORM WAGONS,

All of his own manufacture, and warranted in every particular to be equal to the most expensive city work.

NOW IS YOUR TIME TO BUY!

Look at the figures, and remember that every vehicle is warranted:

PLATFORM WAGONS	$100 to $110
OPEN BUGGIES	80 " 100
TOP BUGGIES	125 " 150

The prices are far below the cost of manufacture and will not be maintained after the present stock is disposed of, so you must make selections NOW.

Don't be imposed upon by inferior work and poor materials, but purchase at the establishment which has been in operation for nearly half a century and is permanently located.

REPAIRING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

Office and Factory cor. Main and Elizabeth streets.

JAMES BRYANT.

Towanda, June 21, 1877.

NEW CARRIAGE FACTORY

East of the Reporter Office.

McIntyre & Spencer

Respectfully announce to the public that they are prepared to build all kinds of

FAMILY CARRIAGES, TOP AND OPEN BUGGIES, PHAETON & PLATFORM SPRING WAGONS, TROTTING SULKIES & SKELETONS,

Made of the best material and in the best style. All work warranted to give perfect satisfaction.

PAINTING A SPECIALTY.

We have one of the best Carriage Painters in the country, and do all work in this line at the lowest rates.

All kinds of REPAIRING Neatly and promptly done at reduced prices.

Making new springs and repairing old ones a specialty. All work guaranteed. Please give us a call.

McINTYRE & SPENCER.

Towanda, April 26, 1877.

Poetry.

LOVE SONG IN MAY.

My best beloved—the Spring is fair,
The woods are green, and life is good,
Will you not come with me, and tread
The tangle-covered paths and wood?
The wind-flower blanches all the copse,
With hyacinth the hedge is blue,
And every weakened leaf seems fair,
But not so fair as you!

While blackbirds sing on hazel twigs,
Through the dim arches of the trees,
The cuckoo's distant cry is borne
Across the meadow of the breeze.
The thrush's song is sweetest far,
But saddens as the hours go by;
You hear?—the nightingale's in love—
But not so much as I.

Will you not listen to the Spring?
What tender voices do you hear?
Have violets no speech for you?
Is not the nightingale's song dear?
Yet, somehow, though you catch the sound,
You miss the meaning of the strain;
Ah! why not have more joy from love,
With not so much of pain.

—*Argosy.*

REST.

Too little rest, too little sleep,
Too many hours to sow and reap—
At last disease and pain!
Weak grows the never loosened band:
The strongest rope parts strand by strand,
Beneath a ceaseless strain.

Let him who burns his midnight oil
In the lonely and unwholesome toil,
Think when he trims his lamp,
That thus he trims his life as well,
And hastens towards his last low cell,
Its darkness and its damp.

He who would travel far and long,
And keep a stately stride and strong,
Must rest beside the way;
A ceaseless pace at first may win,
But he who halts at wayside inn,
At last shall win the day.

To weary feet all streams are deep,
All roads are rough, all hills are steep,
As way-worn travellers know.
One hour of rest is a priceless boon
To him who toils through heats of noon
With painful steps and slow.

Then, ye who hope to make your mark
Ere your last night-fall cold and dark,
And stand above the throng,
On some far, unaccessed height of thought,
Or do some deed no hand hath wrought—
Work, rest—and so be strong.

Miscellaneous.

My Correspondent Edwards.

I am a flour merchant. My office and ware house are in South Street, in this city. I buy and sell flour in the Corn Exchange; I also sell it through my correspondents, both home and abroad. Edwards was one of my country correspondents; Springfield, Mass., was where Edwards resided.

Every man has his own peculiar business history, and I have mine. Not long ago Edwards became singulary connected with my business career; and since people keep asking how it came about, I will tell the plain truth about it, because Edwards is silent.

From my earliest childhood I desired to be a miller. There was a fascination about the rumble of the mill stones, the endless mounting up of the elevator cups, the perpetual sifting of the long white bolts, and the clatter of the coopers on their barrels. It was all this that finally made me a flour merchant

Everyone thus has his peculiar tastes in early life, which in general affects all that follow. My taste was for the mill and flour, and I have retained it all through life.

But this taste for flour and the manufacture of it leads sometimes to quite unexpected results. I was satisfied with the working of the little old-fashioned country mill and water power until I made some money. Then I wanted a bigger, better mill, so that I could make money faster. Some said: 'Go to Ohio;' others said: 'Minnesota is the best State for wheat;' but old Bruce who had been nearly everywhere, said, 'You go to Illnois and you'll like it better than anywhere else.' And old Bruce was right.

I went to Illnois and liked it so well that I had no thought of going elsewhere. I made money on every barrel of flour turned out of the mill for four years. It was good luck; but somehow the luck, good or bad, seems to come together. About this time I invented the Invincible Bran-Duster, and that was the greatest luck of all.

People outside of a flouring mill don't know much about bran, and less about the machine called the 'bran-duster.' But the miller knows that it will save hundreds of dollars every year in a large mill.

Our fathers thought if they separated the flour from the bran by sifting it through fine silk bolting cloth of Dutch manufacture, they had done all that could be done—flour-making was perfect. It was a mistake, and the bran-duster proved it.

My bran-duster was called the Invincible Bran-Duster because it appeared to clean the bran wholly from the flour. It was a great saving, and millers knew it. I sold the machine far 500 per cent. profit, and was not wholly satisfied then. But when a little cross-eyed Chicago man with his pants tucked into his boots, and borrowing fine-cut from every man he met, went up stairs and down, all over my mill, and asked questions until I was tired out answering. I offered to sell him a machine at cost to get rid of him.

But he didn't want machines; he wanted to buy the patent and have the thing in his own hands. I asked that cross-eyed man fifty thousand dollars for my patent, and laughed to think that at last he must see how bored I was.

'Yes, my friend, just pay me fifty thousand dollars, and you shall have the patent and the independent fortune it will bring you.'

'That's what I am going to do,' reaching for another man's fine-cut and making very free with it. 'You fix the papers and the money is ready for you.'

I have had a kind feeling for Chicago ever since. But when that little cross-eyed man sat down and told me such a long story about his wife—'the smartest, prettiest, best little woman in the State'—I felt guilty, and it seemed somehow like I was robbing that nice woman. But then she couldn't be so smart, or she never would have married such a fool as he was.

I was an old bachelor then, and Western bachelors always despise themselves if they think they have cheated a woman. It is all right to cheat a man in a trade—he must look out. But I continued to have that guilty feeling about that cross-eyed man's wife, and I hoped to meet her some day. Then I intended to act the part of an honest man by her. I sent $30,000 of the money paid by the cross-eyed man to Dewey & Blossom, my New York correspondents, with instruction to deposit it in some good bank, there to remain to my credit until wanted. Then I felt less guilty toward that injured Chicago lady.

A man in business never knows how much money he wants; nor does he know at all times how much he may use in his business. That was why I put that money away in New York for the cross-eyed man's wife.

It is true a rumor came that the cross-eyed man formed a stock company of capitalists, and sold them his patent for $100,000. I didn't believe it—who would? If he did do it he couldn't have been such a foll as he looked. And Chicago men are not so very liable to be fools either.

I had been doing business with Dewey & Blossom of New York, for many years, and had found them reliable, but of late their account sales were not quite satisfactory, and the money was never ready when due. Something was wrong. They owed me a good deal of money, and while it might not be wise to press the immediate payment, it would be prudent not to increase the debt. I stopped further shipments to Dewey & Blossom. Two weeks later that firm failed.

Dewey telegraphed me,

'Better come and see things for your self.'

I went and saw that thing were bad enough for me. The liabilities of Dewey & Blossom were $[illegible]00,000. The principal creditor, myself. The assets were very little beyond two young wives, with the largest and best assorted wardrobes that I ever saw. Nothing available for a bachelor creditor from Illnois. Two twenty thousand dollar outfits and not one garment that would fit me or anybody belonging to me. It was rough.

Dewey said Blossom's wife was a great deal too costly. Fifty cents a barrel profit on flour the whole year through would scarcely pay her dry goods bills. And it was true. Blossom said if Dewey's wife had only been satisfied when she had set the whole female part of Long Branch ready to drown themselves at the sight of her costumes, they could have paid seventy-five cents on the dollar and resumed. But when Long Branch was wholy inadequate, and unhappy unless she could rent the Grand Union at Saratoga and run the springs too, why the flour trade wouldn't stand it. And that was true, also.

The firm of Dewey & Blossom was hopelessly bankrupt. The principal sufferers, after all would be those foolish wives. They would now have to learn how many minutes it requirs to cook soft boiled eggs, and some other useful but not showy matters.

The only thing of any possible value to me among the assets of my bankrupt correspondents, was the good will of their business. I was then an Illnois miller, but, if there was money in it why not become a New York flour merchant.

Dewey & Blossom turned over their account to me, give me a detailed report of the commercial standing of each customer and correspondent. The sign of Dewey & Blossom was taken down, and the sign of "John Middleton, Flour," went up in its place. Then I became a flour merchant.

The failure of that firm was the beginning of bad luck and more followed it. For six months it seemed as if all the flour dealers in New York had conspired together to cheat me, and they had very gratifying success. I told old Plumb, a neighbor, about it, and he laughed heartily.

"Musquitoes are always most eager for fresh blood. These flour buzzards are always looking for fresh signs, new firms and fresh blood."

Old Plumb was right. By this advice those buzzards found lodging in Ludlow street jail for a time; after which there was general pleasantness in the flour trade.

Among the country correspondents of the late firm of Dewey & Blossom was Edwards of Springfield. The commercial standing of Edwards was estimated thus:

"Good, but a little slow. Too honest and kind hearted for this wicked world."

There was a singular record to make concerning the credit value of a person. I remember reading it over the second time and wondering what Edwards had done as a business man that he should be pronounced too honest for the rest of us. But there it was; and the statement was made by one who knew Edwards well or no such singular statement would be made.

Edwards owed the late firm something, and that debt had now became mine. To write Edwards that a charge had taken place was a matter of course: that a settlement of the balance due was desirable at an early day. Edwards responded promptly with a draft for half the amount, and an odd excuse for not sending more.

"Grandfather was worse, and she had gone up to Chicopee to see him. I can't leave the store to go collecting till she comes back."

It was signed "G. W. Edwards, per John."

"G. W." stood for George Washington, no doubt, but just what this grandfather at Chicopee had to do with the flour bills was not plain. "She" was probably the better and stronger half of the poor, hen-pecked Edwards. Some men act their way. They never dare call their wives by their own proper names, but say she and her, as if they were afraid. Perhaps they are. As for John, he deserved a spanking for writting a ridiculous, school-boy letter. I showed it to my ambitious office boy, and warned him of the shame he would bring upon himself if he was ever guilty of a similar letter.

The balance due from Edwards was never paid, but Edwards urged the shipment of large lots of medium and lowgrade flour. The flour was sent. After a length of time sufficient for Edwards to sell the flour and remit the proceeds, I wrote Edwards, suggesting that money was the next thing in order. No money came, but a prompt reply, and an excuse as singular as that first one of John's

"The mills at Chicopee and Holyoke are idle now, but they will soon start up again. In the meantime they must eat, although they can't pay."

One thing was certain: Edwards owed me too much money. There must be a settlement. And I began to wonder if Edwards was not one of those kind-hearted humbugs who have the faculty of making somebody foot the bills for their foolishness.

I had business at Harford; so I telegraphed Edwards to meet me there. He didn't come, although I waited over one train and sent another message, sharp and saucy, over the wires. No Edwards appeared, and I had to return home in bad humor. The next day a letter came from Edwards; and it was enough to make the oldest flour merchant cut up rough:

"The mills are still idle and will be until the first of next month. They must eat, whether they pay or not. I haven't the heart to starve them, nor should you, either, I am sure."

It then occured to me that perhaps Edwards was feeding the unemployed operatives of the mills named with my flour and at my cost. There might have been improper language about in the office, but there was no reason why the porters should all at once step round as if they were in mortal fear of somebody, and say to each other:

"I never thought the gentleman could swear like that, did you?"

But I sat down and wrote Edwards a sharp letter:

"You have been doing a strange thing with my flour. What right had you to sell it in the way you have done? It is barefaced robbery, as I look at it; and if you can put any other and better face upon it, you had better do so at once. At any rate, come down to the city at once and bring your accounts with you, so that I can see what it all means."

Such a letter ought to have brought Edwards or any other man at once. but it didn't.

It was a busy time. McIntyre of Liverpool, Van Swartz of Hamburg, and one or two others cabled for something every day. Let them wait a day or two. This Edwards had stirred up the depth of commercial bitterness to the very bottom; now let him answer for it.

I went to Springfield full of mischief for Edwards. If he didn't show good cause for his outrageous doings I intended to close him up, sell him out, break him, and make an end of him as a flour merchant.

Most people are hungry when they reach Springfield, and that city is one of the few places in this world where there is always something good to eat ready and waiting for you. A good dinner makes true Democracy. Where there are ideas of all it makes them more broad and liberal. After my dinner I went to see Edwards in a better humor than before.

Standing in the door of the store to which I had been directed was a boy—a remarkable looking boy. His pants were tucked into his boots, he was covered with flour, he was cross-eyed; and if that little Chicago man had come and stood beside that boy, it would have been hard to tell which was the original and which the copy.

"I want to see Edwards," I said to the boy.

"Gone to Chicopee to see grandfather. Be back at 4 o'clock. Want some flour?"

"No. I want to see Edwards."

"Come at four o'clock."

At that moment a customer came, and the boy left me to attend to him. I went back to my hotel and waited.

At ten minutes past four I started out again to see Edwards. The same boy was on duty at the door as before, only now his face was so befloured that he was still more singular than at first.

"Is Edwards here?" I asked.

He nodded.

"Then I would like to see him at once."

He looked me fairly in the face, and actually grinned at me. Then, jerking his head toward the rear of the store, said:

"Back in the office."

I went back into the office and found only a lady there.

"I want to see Mr. Edwards. Is he in?"

"You want to see me, then. There is no Mr. Edwards. My husband died three years ago."

I was too much astonished to say anything for a moment.

"Is it possible that you are Edwards, the flour merchant?"

"I am the person, sir."

"And I am John Middleton, of New York. I must beg your pardon, madam, for writing you a very sharp letter. I supposed I was writing to a man, or it would have been very differently worded. You being a lady makes it a rudeness on my part."

"I know I deserved it," she said, smiling, "but, in spite of John's remonstrances (John is my boy) that I was ruining my credit with you. I simply couldn't see former customers starving when it was possible to feed them. You have come for your money, sir. Sit down and I will pay you what I have here. I must borrow from the bank enough to pay the rest. They offered to take a mortgage on our house, but I hoped to get along without that. But you must have your money, I know, even if there is a mortgage put on the house."

And she went to the safe and took out what money there was there—not much; and sat down to write me a check for what she had in the bank. While she was filling the check she kept looking up at me in the oddest way. Such a pretty little woman she was, too. But I was so much ashamed of myself that I sat dumb as an oyster. Here was the little widow going to mortgage her house, and perhaps herself, on my account. It was rough—the roughest I had ever seen. But I let her fill out the check—two hundred and seven dollars and thirteen cents. It took the last cent on deposit, and she had just given me the last cent in the cash drawer.

She was so pretty as she sat there gravely writing in her check-book, and every now and then glancing shyly up at me. Where had I seen that face before? I puzzled myself in vain; I couldn't tell.

She gave me the check, and now my wandering brains came back into a business channel again. I tore up the check.

"Mrs. Edwards, I am heartily ashamed of myself for what has just passed between us. You shall not mortgage your property for me. Do the best you can. When you can collect and pay me, do it. If the whole world was like you it would be a better world than it is."

She was crying, actually crying; and I felt—no matter how I felt; but it was time to hasten back or miss my train. Perhaps I said so, but this is what she said:

"God bless you! You haven't changed one bit since you were a boy. And why can't all the world be like you, John Middleton?"

Then there was a perfect torrent of tears. Who in the world was this little woman who knew me in my boyhood?

"You may laugh or frown as you please; I don't care. It's nobody's business if I did take that little woman in my arms and kiss her when I found that she and I had been playmates and schoolmates. She was the widow of that Chicago man, too, and that money I had kept on deposit so long was hers.

It took so long to say all we wanted to say, to ask about all the living and the dead, that the train went on without its passenger.

And it is singular how many tender recollections returned when discussing the scenes of youth. It was not Mrs. Edwards and Mr. Middleton, but it was George (for her name was George Washington, oddly enough) and Jack, precisely as if we were twelve instead of forty.

Of course I shall tell the whole story, and if persons laugh, why let them.

When I came back to New York I brought Georgie with me as Mrs. Middleton. And that is all all there is about it.

DEBT.—Debt!—there is no worse demoralization of character. The sad records of defaulting, embezzling and dishonest failures which we meet with so constsntly in the daily press are often, indeed most frequently, the result of the demoralization of debt, and consequent desperate efforts of extrication. The financial props have given away. The little debt, which at first was as small as a grain of mustard seed, like the rolling snow-ball, has gathered weight and multiplied itself a thousand fold. And still it grows, and like the fabulous hydra which Hercules was sent to kill, you no sooner strike off one head than two shut up in its place. The struggle is severe, but in the end decisive; either confession is made of a hopeless bankruptcy, which might have been avoided, or integrity is sacrificed to the moment. Debt ruins as many households and destroys as many fine characters as rum.

MEMORY AND ITS CULTURE.—A professor suggests this for the cultivation of the memory: Before you go to bed at night implant in your mind that which you desire to remember, and repeat it in the morning. Mind never sleeps, but retires into that spiritual cathedral which the Almighty has prepared. Problems unsolved before retiring become clear and intelligible in the morning, after the night has rolled away. Classify your knowledge as much as possible, and have suitable pigeon holes in your brain for a proper assortment of your information; sound logic, clear head and conscience, good humor, healthy digestion, are essential in the cultivation of good memory.

MARRIAGE, as well as cutting of the finger nails, has its superstitions. Among the Romans no marriage was celebrated till an augur was consulted and a fortunate time selected. There is an old rhyme which tells us to marry on

"Monday for wealth,
Tuesday for health,
Wednesday for the best day of all,
Thursday for crosses,
Friday for losses,
Saturday no luck at all."

This makes the first of the wee. propitious and the last of the week an unpropitious time to get married. And yet, an old superstition makes Thursday marriages fortunate and happy.

BETTER THAN A SCHOOL TEACHER.—Bishop Ames, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, has a remarkably level head on the value of a newspaper as a public educator. In a recent interview he said:

"I was an old school teacher, but my conviction is that a good newspaper among a family of children is worth more than any $10 that you can pay a school teacher. It will give more sound views of life and its duties, so that any time that you can lodge a religious newspaper in your family you will be lodging seed that will bring forth fruit after you are gone."

As prayer is the food and breath of all practical religion, so secret prayer in particular is of vast importance: insomuch that I verily believe that if a man were to keep a particular and accurate journal of his own heart but for one month, he would find as real and exact a correspondence between the temper of his soul at the seasons of secret devotion, and in other parts of his life, as we find between the changes of the barometer and the weather.—*Doddridge.*

THE GUEST.

Speechless sorrow sat with me,
I was sighing wearily!
Lamp and fire were out; the rain
Wildly beat the window pane,
In the dark we heard a knock,
And a hand was on the lock;
One in waiting spoke to me,
Saying sweetly,
"I am come to sup with thee."

All my room was dark and damp;
"Sorrow," said I, "trim the lamp;
Light the fire and cheer thy face;
Set the guest chair in its place."
And again I heard the knock;
In the dark, I found the lock.
"Enter! I have turned the key!
Enter, stranger!
Who art come to sup with me."

Opening wide the door he came,
But I could not speak his name;
In the guest chair took his place,
But I could not see his face!
When my cheerful fire was beaming,
When my little lamp was gleaming,
And the feast was spread for three,
Lo! my Master
Was the guest that supped with me!

THE BEAUTIFUL MAIDEN.

A PARSEE FABLE.

Viraf, whose anointed eyes
Pierced the walls of Paradise,
Saw a youth of spotless grace
Pass within the holy place.
Wandering 'neath the blooming trees—
Faint with his first ecstacies—
Nectarious odors sweet and rare
Wooed him on each vagrant air,
And silver brooklets broke in song
All his flowery way along.
At once a maiden strangely fair—
Beautiful beyond compare—
From a near approaching height
Dawned upon his ravished sight.

"Who art thou?" he quickly cries,
"Sweet enchantress of my eyes?
For, never in terrestrial air
Shone a vision half so fair.

Then the maiden by his side,
To his wonder, thus replied:
"'Tis the life you led below
Went to form my nature so;
I am, therefore, what thou art—
I am shapen from thy heart;
Where you faltered and fell back
I so much of beauty lack,
For the semblance that I wear
Is thy life serene and fair;
Behold! *thy earthly deeds agree
With all the beauty born in me.*"

—*Joel Benton, in Baldwin's Monthly.*

WHEREVER THERE'S A BOY THERE SHOULD NEVER BE A BOTTLE.

A friend gave me lately the experience of a skillful professional man in about the following words: "My early practice," said the doctor, "was successful, and I soon attained an enviable position. I married a lovely girl; two children were born to us, and my domestic happiness was complete. But I was invited often to social parties where wine was freely circulated, and I soon became a slave to its power. Before I was aware of it I became a drunkard. My noble wife never forsook me, never taunted me with bitter words, never ceased to pray for my reformation. We became wretchedly poor, so that my family were pinched for daily bread.

"One beautiful sabbath my wife went to church, and left me lying on a loune, sleping off my previous night's debauch. I was aroused by hearing something fall heavily on the floor. I opened my eyes and saw my little boy of six years old tumbling about on the carpet. His older brother said to him—'Now get up and fall again. That's the way papa does; let's play we are *drunk!*' I watched the child as he personated my beastly movements in a way that would have done credit to an actor! I arose, and left the house groaning in agony and remorse. I walked off miles into the country—thinking over my abominable sin and the example I was setting before my children. I solemnly resolved that with God's help I would quit my cups, and I *did*. No lecture I ever heard from Mr. Gough moved my soul like the spectacle of my own sweet boys 'playing drunk like papa does.' I never pass a day without thanking my God for givng me a praying wife, and bestowing grace sufficient to conquer my detestable sin of the bottle. Madam! if you have a son, keep him, if you can, from ever touching a glass of wine."

The narrator of the above touching story may never see it in these columns; but if he does, I know he will pardon its publication. It may be a timely warning to more than one father who is putting the wine glass right before his own children. It is the ready excuse of many a young lad for taking a glass of champagne. "We always have it at home." The decanter at home kindles the appetite which soon seeks the drinking-saloon The thoughtless or reckless parent gives the fatal push which sends the boy to destruction.

Long labor in the temperance reform has convinced me that the most effectual place to promote it is at home. There is the spot where the mischief too often is done. There is the spot to enact a prohibition law. Let it be written on the walls of every house—"Wherever there is a boy, there should never be a bottle."

INDICTMENT OF KING ALCOHOL.

The history of King Alcohol is a history of shame and corruption.

He has taken the glow of health from the cheek, and placed there the reddish hue of the wine cup.

He has taken the luster from the eye and made it dim and blood-shot.

He has taken beauty and comeliness from the face, and left it ill-shaped and bloated.

He has taken firmness and elasticity from the step, and made it faltering and treacherous.

He has taken vigor from the arm and left flabbiness and weakness.

He has taken the vitality from the blood, and filled it with poison and the seeds of disease and death.

He has transformed the body, fearfully and wonderfully made, God's masterpiece of mechanism, into a vile, loathsome, shrinking mass of humanity.

He has entered the brain, the temple of thought, dethroned reason, and made it reel with folly.

He has taken the beam of intelligence from out the eye, and left in exchange the stupid stare of idiocy and dullness.

He has taken the impress of ennobled manhood from the face, and left the mark of senuality and brutishness.

He has taken cunning from the hands and turned them from deeds of usefulness to become instruments of brutality and murder.

He has broken the ties of friendship, and planted the seeds of emnity.

He has transformed the kind and affectionate mother into a friend of brutish incarnation.

He has made obedient sons and daughters and breakers of hearts and the destroyers of homes.

He has taken the luxuries off the table and compelled men to cry on account of famine and to beg for bread.

He has stolen men's palaces and given them hovels in exchange.

He has robbed men of valuable acres and given them not a decent burial place in death.

He has filled our streets and highways with violence and lawlessness.

He has complicated our laws and crowded our courts.

He has filled to overflowing our houses of corruption and penitentiaries.

He has peopled with his multitudes our poor house.

He has strengthened us for room in the insane asylum.

He has taken away faith, hope, and charity—yea, all that is lovely and of good report; and given despair, infidelity, enmity, and all the deeds and emotions of wickedness.

He has banished Christ from the heart; and created hell within it.

He has wrecked and enfeebled the bodies, shattered and destroyed the minds, imperiled and damned the souls of our fellow men.

He has caused obeyors to the law to pay the fines and costs of those who disobey.

He causes the laborer, the innocent, to pay for the case of the idler, the criminal.

These are the counts of indictment Let the world judge of their truth.

"VARIETY THE SPICE OF LIFE."—This proverb, repeated and yet so little thought upon, furnishes the occasion for a few remarks upon food for children and adults. One of the most necesary allowances in diet if we would preserve the best health, is a change in the nature of the food we eat. But not only variation from time to time, but variety at the same meal. The cost of adding a few expensive vegetables to a meal is trifling to the cost of the headachs and general indisposition brought about by constantly eating the same article of diet. The method of eating largely from the same dish, whether from necessity or choice, is vicious. Nothing furnishes a surer road to dyspepsia and such ailments than such a course. If you are feeding your baby, change the gruel for farina, for cornstarch, for arrow root, and for the host of such articles, from time to time; if it be a child add an additional vegetable to its beefsteak and potatoes; and if an adult seek to vary your meats and vegetables constantly; and, may I finally add, if it is possible, change your method of preparing food. In this way your children will never lose their appetites, our lady readers will not over indulge in sweets, from a loathing of the food provided for them, and the happiness which comes from a well-fed system will bless our homes.

THE FRIGATE BIRD.—I see a small blue point in the heaven. Happy and serene region, where has rested in peace above the hurricane! In that blue point, and at an elevation of 10,000 feet, royally floats a little bird with enormous wings. A gull? No; the bird is to small. It is the little ocean eagle, first and chief of the winged race, the caring navigator who never furls his sails, the lord of the tempest, the scorner of all peril —the man of war or frigate bird. We have reached the culminating point of the series, commenced by the wingless bird. Here we have a bird which is virtually nothing more than the wings; scarcely any body —barely as large as that of the domestic cock—while his prodigious pinions are fifeeen feet in span. The great problem of flight is solved and over passed, for the power of flight seems useless. Such a bird, naturally sustained by such support, need but allow himself to be borne along. The storm bursts; he mounts to lofty heights, where he finds tranquillity. The poetic metaphor, untrue when applied to any other bird, is no exaggeration when applied to him; literally, he sleeps upon the storm. When he chooses to soar his way seriously, all distance vanishes; he breakfasts at the Senegal; he dines in America.

SOME TIME.

Some time, I think, you will be glad to know
That I have kept you always in my heart,
And that my heart has only truer grown
In all the time that we have been apart.

Some days when you have slipped away from care,
And idly fall to dreaming of the past,
And sadly think of all your life has missed,
You will remember me in truth at last.

Or may it come to pass some dreary night,
After a day that has been hard to bear,
When you are weary, heartsick and forlorn,
And there is none to comfort or to care—

That you will close your tired eyes to dream
Of tender kisses falling soft and light;
Of restful touches smoothing back your hair,
And sweet words spoken for their hearts delight.

Oh, then you will remember, and be glad
That I have kept you ever in my heart,
And that thy heart's true home will yet be there,
Although we wander silent and apart.

—*Star.*

A wise man is never less alone than when he is alone.

Faith is the best elbow for a heavy soul to lean upon.

Charity loses its benign influence when heralded by ostentation.

Flowers are the stars of earth—stars are the flowers of heaven.

Danger should be feared when distant and braved when present.

It is better to plant virtue to be imitated, than vice to be shunned.

You have gently ventured, but all must do so weo would greatly win.

The first and last thing which is required of genious is the love of truth.

Take care not to go to the brink of vice lest you fall down the precipice.

Mankind worship success, but think too little of the means by which it is attained.

Occasions of trouble and adversity do not make a man fail, but they show what he is.

FUN, FACT AND FACETIÆ.

"Just one little drink" has made all the drunkards in the world.

He is no true friend who has nothing but compliments and praise for you.

Most people find their only happiness in forcing themselves to be unhappy.

Sharp, intelligent rascals are more respected by the world than virtuous fools.

To borrow a pocket knife and find it will cut is one of the pleasant surprises of life.

When a religious society quarrels and splits, it stand to reason that the devil gets one of the divisions.

It is not difficult to do good, for the means are constantly clustering about every man's lip and hands.

He who eats mince pie in a restaurant affords beautiful and touching evidence of child-like faith in his fellow man.

If you would secure the favor of an intelligent men, cut off your story as soon as he smiles an understanding of its point.

The physical attributes of man are constantly at war with his moral and intellectual forces—notably in case of boils.

There is no sadder moment in a poor man's life than when he rakes together the last few grains of a fifty-cent bag of smoking tobacco.

Tears at a funeral are sometimes a mere disguise for joy; just as laughter and gayety and social festivities may mask a broken heart.

"I am afraid you will come to want," said an old lady to an English Gentleman. "I have come to that already," was the reply. "I want your daughter." The old lady opened her eyes.

A boy, who said his father was "a philanthropist by profession," was asked by another boy how he made it pay? "Oh," was the reply, "he collects money for the poor and builds tenement houses out of it."

A son of Erin once accosted a reverend disciple of Swedenburg thus: "Mr. ——, you say that we are to follow the same business in heaven that we do in this world?" Yes! That is in perfect accordance with reason—for the Creator himself is not idle, and why should his creatures be?" "Well, then, yer honor, do people die there?" "Certainly not!—they are as immortal as the Creator himself." "Then I should like to know, yer honor, what they'll find for me do—for I'm an undertaker in this world."

A gentleman relates, after leaving the paper of which he was the editor, and returning on a visit, he wrote a leader for the new editor, and he really thought it good, better than he had written for months. Next day he met an old acquaintance with a paper in his hand. "Ah," said he, "this paper is but a miserable thing now—nothing like what it was when you had it!" And pointing to the article he had written, he continued: "Look, for instance, at that thing! Why didn't that fool let you write that article?"

BITS OF WISDOM.

The truly great are calm in danger, merciful in prosperity, eloquent in the assembly, courteous in war, and anxious for fame.

The truly great are calm in danger, merciful in prosperity, eloquent in the assembly, courteous in war, and anxious for fame.

There is no union between the thoughts, the words, the actions of the wicked; but the thoughts, words, and actions of the good, all agree.

There never did and there never will exist anything permanently noble and excellent in the character which is a stranger to the existence of a resolute self-denial.

Talents give a man superiority far more agreeable than that which proceeds from riches, birth, or employment, which are external. Talents constitute our very essence.

The man who lives right and is right has more power in his silence than another who lives differently has by his words. Character is like bells which ring out sweet music, and which when touched accidentally even, resound with sweet music.

No one who has the charge of the young can be too careful in preventing the daily recurrence of, apparently, the most insignificant irregularities, for, allowed to-day, they come with a little more strength to-morrow, and after a few more "to-morrows" become fixed characteristics for life.

The goodness which struggles and battles, and goes down deep and soars high, is the stuff of which heroism is made, by which the world is salted and kept pure. It is the seed which bears fruit in martyrs and makes men nobler than their nature —and demi-gods and the prophets of a better time.

The instincts of the hearts are very true. There are eyes that are like no other eyes to us when we first meet them. There are voices that, having been once heard, haunt our dreams. All the cool reasoning in the world is worthless when compared to the signs and tokens with which reason has nothing to do—which say to us, "He has come," or "She is here."

We cannot impede the progress of the hour of death, or of the day of judgment. How soon these may arrive, is known alone to infinite wisdom. Should we not tremble in expectation of the approach of some mighty chieftain, whose commission was to slay each foe he vanquished? This is the province of the conqueror Death, and none shall escape! He may not come to-day or to-morrow, but as sure as we are born, we are born to die.

It was finely said by Socrates that the shortest and most direct road to popularity is "*for a man to be the same that he wishes to be taken for.*" People are egregiously mistaken if they think they can ever attain to permanent popularity by hypocrisy, by mere outside appearances, and by disguising not only their language but their looks. True popularity takes deep root, and spreads itself wide; but the false falls away like blossoms; for nothing that is false can be lasting.

FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.

Believe a woman or an epitaph.

All went merry as a marriage bell.

I stood among them but not of them.

And there was mounting in hot haste.

O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea.

I have not loved the world nor the world me.

Man! the pendulum betwixt a smile and tear.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods.

Time writes no wrinkle on my azure brow.

Know ye the land where the cypress and the myrtle.

"Heart on her lips, and soul within her eyes."

Soft as her clime, and sunny as her skies.

And both were young and one was beautiful.

Who track the steps of glory to the grave.

Christians have burned each other, quite persuaded that all the apostles would have done the same as they did.

A baffling cry of some strong swimmer in his agony.

He was the mildest mannered man that ever scuttled ship or cut a throat.

The mountains look on Marathon and Marathon looks on the sea.

O "darkly, deeply, beautifully blue."

Truth is always strange—stranger than fiction.