# The Bradford Reporter.

S. W. ALVORD, Publisher. REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER. $2 per Annum in Advance.

VOLUME XXXIX. TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, JUNE 27, 1878. NUMBER 4.



Business Cards.

ELSBREE & SON,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
N. C. ELSBREE. L. ELSBREE.

PAINTINGS.
PORTRAITS AND LANDSCAPES
Painted to order at any price from $5 to $500.
Oil Paintings Re-Painted, Re-Touched, or changes made as desired.
All work done in the highest style of the Art.
JOHANN F. BENDER.
Towanda, Pa., April 18, 1878.

I. ROGALSKI,
Employed with M. Hendelman for the past four years, begs leave to announce to his friends and the public generally that he has removed to the Boston 25-Cent Store, one door south of the First National Bank, and opened a shop for the repair of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, &c. All work warranted to give entire satisfaction. (Apr4'78.

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 T. 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. S. 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. (jan'77) ARTHUR HEAD.

E. L. HILLIS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Office with Smith & Mercur. (nov11.'75.

E. F. GOFF,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
2nd Street (4 doors northof 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. Carter. (nov19-74.

L. ELSBREE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
(c.11-75. 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, 1877.*

MADILL & CALIFF,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Office in Wood's Block, first door south of the First National bank, upstairs.
S. J. MADILL. (jan5-'71y) J. N. CALIFF.

GRIDLEY & PAYNE,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
South side Mercur Block (rooms formerly occupied by Davies & Carnochan).
TOWANDA, PA.
E. A. GRIDLEY (jl'77) S. R. PAYNE.

JAMES WOOD,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
mch3-76 TOWANDA, PA.

CHAS. M. HALL,
Attorney-at-Law and Notary,
Will give care and attention to any business entrusted to him. Office with Patrick & Foyle, (over Journal Office), Towanda, Pa. (june27.'77.

JOHN F. SANDERSON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
OFFICE.—Means Building (over Powell's Store).
mch6-75 TOWANDA, PA.

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

H. STREETER,
LAW OFFICE,
aug29. TOWANDA, PA.

MERCUR & OVERTON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
TOWANDA PA.
Office over Montanyes Store.
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. jly17-75.

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

C. S. RUSSELL'S
GENERAL
INSURANCE AGENCY
May25-76tf. TOWANDA, PA.

INSURANCE AGENCY.
The following
RELIABLE AND FIRE TRIED
Companies represented:
ANCSHIRE, PHŒNIX, HOME, MERCHANTS.
O. H. BLACK.
March 16, '74
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.
Jan 1-'74.

W. B. KELLY, DENTIST.—Office over M. S. Row's Grocery, Towanda, Pa. Teeth inserted on Gold, Silver, Rubber, and Aluminum base. Teeth extracted without pain.
Oct. 24-72.

E. B. 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.

Clothing.

FAME.—In every community there are some men who become famous in some particular branch of trade. The history of

M. E. ROSENFIELD.

THE LEADING AND POPULAR

CLOTHIER!

Has enrolled his name on the roll of successful

ENTERPRISING MERCHANTS.

With his usual excellent taste and judgment Mr. Rosenfield has just opened an immense stock of

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS.

Selected with the greatest care, and every article guaranteed

He is selling elegant

SPRING OVERCOATS

at prices placing them in the reach of all.

Dont buy anything in the clothing line until you have examined

ROSENFIELDS STOCK

If you do you will regret it.

April, 18th, 1878.

JACOB'S

Is now receiving his

*Spring & Summer*

STOCK OF

CLOTHING!

WHICH HAS NEVER BEEN EQUALLED BEFORE IN THIS MARKET,

Either for

*Quality or Low Prices.*

Every Article First-Class.

PLEASE CALL & EXAMINE BEFORE PURCHASING.

Patton's Block, Main-St.

Towanda, Pa., March 28, '78.

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.

### THANATOPSIS.

BY WM. CULLEN BRYANT.

The following poem, so religious in tone, so dignified in style, so lofty in conception, so finished in execution, was among the very first productions of the deceased poet's muse. It was penned at the age of nineteen, though not published until four years later. This sublime lyric was his masterpiece. He has done nothing finer since. It ranks with the very best pieces in our language and is as familiar to the people as "household words."

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart;—
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air,—
Comes a still voice—Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth to be resolved to earth again
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould
Yet not to thine eternal resting place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun—the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods—rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, traverse Barca's desert sands
Or lose thy self in the continuous woods,
Where rolls the Oregan, and hears no sound,
Save his own dashings—yet—the dead are there;
And millions in these solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest, and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom, yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron, and maid,
And the sweet babe and gray-headed man,—
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
By those, who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him and lies down to pleasant dreams.

## Miscellaneous.

### Soldier Freddy.

(Translated from the German for the REPORTER.)

There was once a merry, healthy boy, the son of a Corporal in the Prussian service, who was called Soldier Freddy: First, because his father was a soldier; second, because he was always playing soldier, and third, because he was known by his Christian name, Freddy.

Soldier Freddy was known in the whole City of Brandenburg. He was not at all offended if any one called him by that name; indeed, it really flattered him, and he was as real a soldier as it was possible for a child to be. When he had reached his thirteenth year the French war broke out, and the Prussian Regiments were ordered to march to the Rhine, also, the regiment in which Freddy's father was Corporal. He bade farewell to wife and child, and admonished the lad during his absence to be good, industrious and orderly; and then he marched off with all his baggage.

A half year passed away without the family hearing a word from our far-distant Corporal. At last, there came one morning a letter which contained good news, and among other things, also the announcement of his promotion to the rank of Sergeant.

"But what good does all that do me," said the letter. "One is not satisfied with honor alone, and it will hardly find one something to eat. If I only once had a peck of our beautiful potatoes! they would taste so good! Here on the Rhine many times we go hungry for three days together, until we are so weak we can scarcely stand, and I have not seen a potato since I left home."

This part of the letter made such an impression on Freddy's mind that he almost forgot to be glad at his father's promotion. It vexed and sickened him to think that his father must go hungry, while the cellar at home, from top to bottom, was filled with beautiful potatoes; and he racked his brain to find out how he could make his father happy and provide him a mouthful of good potatoes.

"Mother," said he, "give me a sack, and I will carry a couple of pecks of potatoes out to my father!"

"Child, you are crazy," answered his mother, laughing. "Just think of going a hundred miles with a heavy sack on your shoulder! Dismiss such thoughts from your mind, little dunce."

But that was sooner said than done. Freddy could not give up his idea, and wherever he went he thought of his father, and how longingly he was looking towards home and wishing for only a peck of the beautiful potatoes. Even at night he could get no rest, and often in his sleep he was carrying them, and would loudly call, "Father, you must have your potatoes!"

Two weeks passed by, and his mother worried herself almost to death concerning her foolish boy, for he was really becoming thin and pale. Yet, thought she, this notion will in time be forgotten.

One morning late in the summer, the sun being hardly risen, she went into Freddy's room to awaken him, and saw the bed standing empty and Freddy not there.

"Why, where can the little rascal be?" thought his mother. "Surely, he must have gone into the forest of fir trees to catch a squirrel. I must be a little more strict with him, for ever since his father has been away he has become less and less obedient."

Without looking any longer for the little lad, she went about her daily work, prepared the scanty dinner, put it on the table, and thought that now Freddy would certainly come, for he had never in his life missed a meal. But the clock struck twelve; it struck one, two, and—yet the boy came not.

Then the mother, becoming alarmed, left the house to ask some of the neighbors if any of them had seen him. No one knew anything about him, till at last an old road mender remembered having seen him in the morning before sunrise with a sack upon his shoulder.

"Oh, the little rogue!" cried the mother, clasping her hands together upon her head. "He has gone to carry some potatoes to his father! Ah, that is a fine story."

She ran home, looked in his bureau drawers, and found that Freddy's Sunday clothes were missing, and also a little sack, for which he had asked a few days before.

"He has surely gone," sighed she, as the bright tears ran from her eyes. "Oh, what a boy for playing pranks! God protect and keep him! If he only gets there safely, then I will say nothing,—but to leave me without a farewell, that is too hard!"

The poor mother cried as though her heart would break, and only at last, when thinking of the father's joy when his boy arrived, was her sorrow somewhat alleviated. Then, too, she had not the means, nor did she know the way, to bring the lad back again; so she gave up patiently to her fate, hoping that God would with success such faithful love reward.

Meanwhile ran Soldier Freddy in his holiday clothes gayly and cheerfully towards the Rhine. He could not find the right way there, but the general direction was known to him, as he had inquired of the schoolmaster for it, and so thought he could not fail to reach the end of his journey. Gold he had not, and also thought he would not need any. "Wherever he came the people will surely give me a piece of bread," thought he. "He need only to say that he was going to carry some potatoes to his father, and that would satisfy them. And how happy my father will be when I come! Oh, that will be a merry time! For have I not chosen the most beautiful potatoes in the whole cellar?" Just at noon, when at home the mother was watching for him, he came to a large village. He went to the best hotel and boldly seated himself on the wooden bench at the table, and wiped the perspiration which was dripping from his little face. There were many guests at the hotel, and among them an old invalid soldier with a wooden leg, who looked in a surprised and inquiring way at the strong, healthy boy with the sack. The landlord came to him and asked him who he was, where he came from, and where he was going. "Oh," said the boy, "I am Soldier Freddy from Brandenburg, and I am going to the Rhine to carry my father a dish of potatoes, because he wishes them so much."

"What are you going to do, boy?" asked the soldier, as he arose and went towards Freddy, measuring him from head to foot with an astonished glance.

"I am going to the Rhine," answered Freddy. "My father has become Sergeant, but that is nothing, because he has no potatoes, and I am going to take him some; they are here in this sack."

"Oh, you strange child," crid the old soldier, as he stroked his long, white moustache. "Say on, you little rogue, and tell at once your real story, so that we can understand it."

Freddy related it, and all who were in the hotel listened attentively. When he had finished his story, there stood the old soldier with his eyes full of tears, and the others were also wiping their cheeks. "Oh, you rogue!" cried the soldier. "Come here and give me a kiss. You are a genuine soldier's child, and my old heart trembles with joy when I look at you Come here, I say."

Freddy never knew how it happened, but the soldier seized him, lifted him up, and kissed him until he almost took away his breath. The other guests did the same, and the big landlord was in his inmost soul deeply affected. Freddy was not permitted to take up his walking stick again for that day; he must remain at the hotel, and was fondled and caressed as if he had been a real prince. In the evening, when more guests had assembled, he was again requested to relate his history, and was at last conducted by the landlord to a little room with a nice soft bed in it, where he slept soundly after his day of weary traveling.

When he was asleep and dreaming of his father, the old soldier made a speech to the people in the hotel, and told them it would be a sin and a shame to allow such a brave boy to go away empty-handed. He made it so clear to them that each gladly opened his purse and gave Freddy a bountiful gift. The landlord collected the money and put it in his bureau drawer until the next morning. When the morning dawned he harnessed up his little wagon, then went to the boy's room to awaken him. He set before him a plentiful breakfast, then gave him the money that had been so generously contributed, taking the precaution to sew it in the lining of Freddy's jacket. He said good-bye to the soldier, who up to this time had scarcely left his side, then jumped into the wagon and was rapidly driven to the next village, five miles distant; here the landlord left him, with many hearty wishes for his safe journey.

Freddy commenced his wanderings on foot, and after awhile came to another village where he must spend the night. He again told his story and was kindly cared for. After many long and weary days of marching he at last saw in the distance the first sentinel of the Prussian encampment, and with hasty steps approached him.

"Do you know where I can find my father?" asked he, breathless, of the sentinel.

"Stupid boy," harshly answered the bearded sentinel; "how should I know anything about him, when I do not know his name, or even what regiment he is in?"

"Oh, in the Brandenburg Grenadier regiment; he is Sergeant, and his name is Martin Vollermann," quickly replies Freddy.

"Now, if that is so, you may look for him," said the sentinel. "You may go past."

Freddy ran joyfully along, and soon came to another sentinel; then to a third, and at last he fell into the hands of an Adjutant, who questioned him severely, but the more he asked and the more he heard, so much more interested he became, and patted the brave boy in a friendly manner upon the cheek.

"Come with me," said he; "I think we will be able to find your father."

The Adjutant nodded to him confidently to accompany him, and Freddy, with his potato sack upon his shoulder, trotted gaily and fearlessly along until they came to a tent. In the tent he saw an elderly, splendidly-dressed officer, who was seated in a large arm-chair before a camp-table, and appeared to be studying. He scarcely looked up, and merely nodded his head as the attendant respectfully led in our Soldier Freddy. "This is certainly a General," thought he, feeling a little shy and remaining at the entrance; and he was right. His attendant, the Adjutant of the General, spoke in a low tone to the latter, who soon raised his eyes from the chart and appeared to listen attentively to the Adjutant's story, now and then casting a searching glance upon Freddy. After conversing together for some little time, he sent the Adjutant away and motioned to Freddy to come to him. He immediately obeyed, and with soldierly bearing stepped before the General.

"Who are you?" asked he, after he had looked at him from head to foot.

"Freddy Vollermann, but called 'Soldier Freddy.'"

The General laughed, and asked again: "Where are you from?"

"From Brandenburg."

"Why did you come here?"

"To bring my father some potatoes."

"Is it, indeed, really true?" murmured the General. "Have you got them in that sack?"

"Yes,—the best out of our whole cellar," replied Freddy, taking the sack from his shoulder and emptying it. "Only see, sir! all as round and smooth as a pebble."

"Good, good, my son," answered the General; "they are really very beautiful, and give one a first-rate appetite. But go now into the other room and remain until I call; do you hear? You can leave your sack here."

Soldier Freddy laid his potato sack on the floor, slipped into the next room, and seated himself in a large arm-chair, which he thought very easy and comfortable. Weary from the strain of his long march (yet more, perhaps, from his affection), he began to nod, and soon fell fast asleep. So the General found him, as he in half an hour after came in the room. He left him quietly sleeping, and stepped back again into his room. Although Freddy had forgotten his weariness in sweet slumber, the General was giving himself no rest until he found Martin Vollermann of the Brandenburg regiment, and invited him to supper with the highest officers, not forgetting in the meantime to give his cook some necessary orders. In those days the people took their suppers earlier than at present, so the guests came together in good time, and seated themselves at the table. And yet they wondered to find a mere Sergeant, in Sergeants' uniform, seated at the General's table But the one who was most astonished was Sergeant Vollermann himself.

There was something else strange at the table beside the Sergeant, and this was a large, covered dish, in which, without doubt, was something costly and dainty, as the guests supposed, while they often cast longing glances towards it. The General noticed the curiosity the dish excited, but he gave not the slightest hint to satisfy it. He often laughed to himself, and at times exchanged significant glances with his Adjutant, which none understood only the two who were in the secret, and consequently their curiosity became in the highest degree excited. When, at last, the General commanded the Sergeant to remove the cover, all eyes were fixed upon him and the mysterious dish. But what did they see? Potatoes in their skins! All very fine indeed, but yet which could not satisfy the dainty palates of the officers, who had looked for something more tempting and of course they were greatly disappointed. The only one who was from his heart rejoiced was Sergeant Vollermann, and he could hardly refrain from crying out at the agreeable surprise.

"So far, gentlemen," said the General, as a happy smile played around his lips, "so far you have been my guests, but now, if you would enjoy those splendid potatoes, you must become the guest of Sergeant Vollerman. They belong to him."

The officers heard this with a haughty shrug of the shoulders, and at this sign the General was much displeased. "If you knew how these potatoes found their way into our camp, you would esteem it an honor to have some of them."

"How so? How came they here?" asked the gentlemen. "Tell us, if you please."

"I? Oh, no; I am a poor hand at telling stories," replied the General. "But I see how your curiosity has tormented you concerning our honest Vollermann, so I will make it all known to you in a different manner. Adjutant, bring in, if you please, my little story-teller."

The Adjutant disappeared from the room, and all eyes were fixed at the same time on the entrance. The heart of the honest old Vollermann beat as though it would burst, and there dawned in his soul a weak foreboding of the truth. His color came and went, and he noticed not how intensely the General fixed his gaze upon him. After a few moments the curtain of the room divided, the Adjutant stepped in, and at his side, looking around with clear and fearless eye, was our Soldier Freddy.

"Freddy!" cried the Sergeant (all reverence for his superiors forgotten), as with outstretched arms he sprang forward, "Freddy! how in Heaven's name did you get here?"

The boy answered not, but sprang with a loud cry into his father's arms, and both held the other in a long, close embrace. The officers stared, and were strangely affected at this singular occurrence, and in the eye of the good General there glistened a tear of emotion and sympathy. In a kindly manner he separated father and son, and somewhat restored quiet to their excited minds.

"Tell, my boy, why you came here," said he. "But sit down at the table. Do not fear; if it was the King's table you need not hesitate, for your faithful filial love has well earned the honor."

Freddy looked lovingly at the General, took his father's hand, and moved not from his side as he related what you already know. The officers were all attention, and as the truth was revealed their faces became clearer and their looks more friendly. Their joy was really sincere, as they looked at the merry, healthy boy, who had so deeply loved his father that he had traveled more than a hundred miles to bring him his favorite dish. The old Sergeant appeared quite overcome with delight; sometimes he laughed and sometimes he cried. When Freddy had ended his story he appeared to have quite forgotten his distinguished surroundings. He again embraced his courageous boy, and gave him a hundred kisses upon his fresh red lips, and certainly asked him a thousand questions. Freddy answered all openly and honestly. Upon a sign from the General the officers took their departure, and left the happy father alone with his deeply-beloved boy. In an hour the General came back and gave the brave old Sergeant in one hand a large paper, and in the other a purse full of gold.

"Here, friend, is your dismissal, together with your full salary as a life pension, and there is a little present for your brave boy that we officers have collected for him; keep it until he is old enough to make good use of it. And now you may go home to your family; they will be happy to again see the father of the house."

"Oh, General, you are too good to me," stammered the delighted Sergeant, who knew not which to rejoice over the most—the condescension of the General, the pension, or over Freddy's riches. "How have I deserved such favors?"

"Through your honest behaviour, through the wounds received in the last battle—though disabled you fought so bravely—and lastly, through your brave boy Freddy. I see that you have been a good father to him, and such an one our King can use better at home than in the campaign, which is nearly ended. Go thence freely, and with God's help bring up all your boys as you have this one, who is a genuine soldier boy. Live well, and forget not to send Freddy to my command when he is old enough to bear arms for his King."

Deeply affected, the old Sergeant kissed the hands of the good General, and thanked him from the bottom of his heart for the great favors he had shown him. The distinguished officer patted Freddy's cheek in a friendly manner, and kissed him upon the brow.

"Remain good and brave," said he, "and you will certainly become an upright man. He who honors father and mother God loves, and it will be well with him upon earth. Good-bye, my brave boy!"

The father and son were at once discharged and started for home on the following day, permitting themselves no rest until they arrived.

There was a great feast when Soldier Freddy and his father came back. A merry-making it was, which cannot be described. The mother cried for joy, and the children shouted and danced. The father had enough to do as his friends came forward to congratulate him, but to Freddy they awarded all praise. He stood by with tearful eyes, and it was easy to see that he thought he did not deserve all the flattering words given to him.

When Freddy became a man he did not disgrace his name. He dedicated himself entirely to a military life, and became a brave officer. He took part in several campaigns, and rose step by step, and is now a much esteemed and beloved Colonel in the service of his country.

A CONVINCING ARGUMENT.—He was squirting tobacco juce over the floor of the saloon, and telling how capital oppressed labor, when one of the dozen men in the place inquired:

"Air you one o' them cummunists?"

"I hold, sir, that we must have an even distribution of property—yes, sir, or we'll fight sir!" was the pompous reply.

"Stranger, kin ye lend me a chew of tobacco?" asked the inquirer.

A box full of fine-cut was handed him. He put it in his pocket, and was walking away, when the communist called out:

"Beg parden, but you're carrying off my tobacco!"

"S'all right—s'all right," replied the other. "I was out, and you have plenty. We've got to even this business up, you know, and you keep the box, and I'll keep the tobacco."

He was to big to lick, and the communist put the empty box in his pocket, and refused to laugh with the crowd.—*Detroit Press.*

### A BIBLE IN A HOTEL.

A small party of friends, gathered about a cosy tea-table, were discussing the propriety of the Bible Society placing copies of the Holy Scripture in Railroad cars, steamers, hotels and other places of public resort.

One or two of this party raised the objection to the practice that in such public places the Bible often received rude and careless treatment at the hands of irreverent and irreligious persons.

After all the rest had expressed an opinion, a woman, the sweet graces of whose Christian character gave her a wide-reaching influence in the village, related this touching incident of personal experience.

It seems that two or three years after her conversion and union with the church, troubles came upon her and her family. Instead of bearing her trials with patience and submission she lost faith in the goodness of God in his ever watchful care, doubted the genuineness of her conversion ceased to pray, to read her Bible, or to ever think of seeking Divine guidance.

While in the pitiable state, circumstances made it imperative for her to visit the city of New York on very painful business. She was of a retiring disposition, unused to traveling and had never been in a large city.

While on her journey, in the cars a slight act of courtesy led her to make the acquaintance of a gentleman and his wife who took her under their protection, and after their arrival in the city went out of their way to leave her at the entrance of a respectable hotel.

She ascended the stairs oppressed with almost an overwhelming sense of loneliness, mingled with the consciousness of an inability to preform the unpleasant errand she had in hand. On being ushered into the capacious and elegantly-furnished parlors she walked mechanically to a center-table, and opening the single book which lay on the marble top, her eyes fell upon these words: "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

An emotion of tenderness, born of her old-time love of God and trust in his promise, suddenly stole into her heart. Still bending over the precious book, the gathering tears beginning to dim her eyes, she read farther on: "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day and forever." The comfort which those passages of Scripture brought to her it was impossible to describe, The black clouds of unbelief and doubt sullenly but quickly rolled away. The glorious sunlight of divine love and protection shone in upon her soul, and the bow of promise seemed to span the arch through which she looked toward the beneficient days that were near at hand.

She was no longer alone; and this assurance came to her heart like a balm and a blessing. Her perturbed and distracted mind was at rest now; the by gone joy, peace and trust sat again upon the throne of her heart and held more potent, loving sway than ever. "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day and forever!" she kept saying to herself over and over.

Quieted and perfectly self poised now, she gave her orders with the assurance of an experienced traveler. She ate a hearty supper, went to her room, and in time to her bed, with as great a sense of security as if she had been in her own house. She slept peacefully, and awoke at her usual time in the morning thoroughly refreshed,

Unexpected facilities for transacting her trying business opened upon all sides. She was uniformly treated with respect. Her questions were promptly answered. She was marvellously aided in her quest, and her mission proved successful.

Had it not been for that copy of the Bible found so opportunely in her pathway, she was sure she would have taken the next return train to her distant home without making an effort even toward the accomplisment of her mission. The Bible in the hotel was in the right place.

### HOW THE WEATHER IS FORETOLD.

In former times, the chief herald of the weather was the almanac, which ambitiously prophesied a whole year of cold and heat, wet and dry, dividing up the kinds of weather quite impartially, if not always correctly.

But the almanac, good as it was now and then, and the weather-wise farmers, correct as sometimes they might have been, were not always able to impart exact information to the country; and they have been thrown quite into the shade of late, by one who is popularly known under the somewhat disrespectful title of "Old Prob," or "Old Probabilities." He has become the Herald of the Weather to the sailor, near the rocky, dangerous coasts; to the farmer, watching his crops, and waiting for good days to store them; to the traveler, anxious to pursue his journey under fair skies; and to the girls and boys who want to know, before they start to the woods for a picnic, what are the "probabilities" as to rain.

Every one who reads the daily paper is familiar with the "Weather Record," issued from the "War Department, office of the Chief Signal Officer," at Washington. These reports give, first, a general statement of what the weather has been, for the past twenty-four hours, all over the country, from Maine to California, and from the Lakes to the South Atlantic States; and then the "Probabilities," or "Indications," for the next twenty-four hours, over this same broad territory. The annual reports of the Chief Signal Officer show that in only comparatively few instances do these daily predictions fail of fulfillment.

The reason these prophecies are so true is a simple and yet a wonderful one. The weather itself tells the observer what it is going to do, some time in advance, and the telegraph sends the news all over the country, from the central signal office at Washington.

We shall see, presently, how the weather interprets itself to "Old Probabilities." Although it has proved such a fruitful subject of discourse in all ages, yet I am afraid many people who pass remarks upon it, do not really think what the weather is *made of*. Let us examine its different elements.

The atmosphere has weight, just as water or any other fluid, although it seems to be perfectly bodiless. We must comprehend that the transparent, invisible air is pressing inward toward the center of the earth. This pressure varies according to the state of the weather, and the changes are indicated by an instrument called a barometer. Generally speaking, the falling of the mercury in the tube of the barometer indicates rain, and its rise heralds clear weather. Sometimes the rise is followed by cold winds, frost and ice. What these changes really indicate, however, can be determined only by comparing the barometric changes, at certain hours, in a number of places very far apart. This is done by the Signal Service. Observations are made at about one hundred and fifty stations, in different portions of the country, at given hours, and the results are telegraphed at once to Washington, where our faithful "weather clerk" receives them, reasoning from them the "probilities" which he publishes three times in every twenty-four hours.

But the atmosphere varies not only in weight, but also in temperature. The thermometer tells us of such changes.

Besides this, the air contains a great amount of moisture, and it shows as much variation in this characteristic as in the others. For the purpose of making known the changes in the moisture of the atmosphere an instrument has been invented called a "wet-bulb" thermometer.

We are thus enabled to ascertain the weight or pressure, the temperature, and the wetness of the air, and now it only remains for us to measure the force, and point out the direction, of the wind. This is done by the familiar weather-vane and the anemometer. The vane shows the direction, and the anemometer is an instrument which indicates the velocity of the wind.

It is by a right understanding of all these instruments that the signal service officer is enabled to tell what the weather says of itself; for they are the pens with which the weather writes out the facts from which the officer makes up his reports for the benefit of all concerned. Thus, however wildly and blindly the storm may seem to come, it sends messengers telling just where it arose, what course it will take, and how far it will extend. But it tells its secrets to those only who pay strict attention.—*James H. Flint, St. Nicholas for July.*

### RAIN.

The first water,—how much it means! Seven-tenths of man himself is water. Seven-tenths of the human race rained down but yesterday! It is much more probable that Cæsar will flow out of a bung-hole than that any part of his remains will ever stop one. Our life is indeed a vapor, a breath, a little moisture condensed upon the pane. We carry ourselves as in a phial. Cleave the flesh, and how quickly we spill out! Man begins as a fish, and he swims in a sea of vital fluids as long as his life lasts. His first food is milk; so is his last and all between. He can taste and assimilate and absorb nothing but liquids. The same is true throughout all organic nature. 'Tis water-power that makes every wheel move. Without this great solvent, there is no life. I admire immensely this line of Walt Whitman.

"The slumbering and liquid trees."

The tree and its fruit are like a sponge which the rains have filled. Through them and through all living bodies there goes on the commerce of vital growth, tiny vessels, fleets and succession of fleets, laden with material bound for distant shores, to build up, and repair, and restore the waste of the physical frame.

Then the rain means relaxation; the tension in Nature and in all her creatures is lessened. The trees drop their leaves, or let go their ripened fruit. The tree itself will fall in a still, damp day, when but yesterday it withstood a gale of wind. A moist south wind penetrates even the mind, and makes its grasp less tenacious. It ought to take less to kill a man on a rainy day than on a clear. The direct support of the sun is withdrawn; life is under a cloud; a masculine mood gives place to something like a feminine. In this sense, rain is the grief, the weeping of nature, the relief a burdened or agonized heart. But tears from Nature's eyelids are always remedial and prepare the way for brighter, purer skies.—*John Burroughs, in Scribner for July.*

A CAUTIOUS MAN.—A friend of mine went recently to have a tooth stopped. The dentist advised him that he had better have the tooth taken out, and assured him that he would feel no pain if he toook laughing gas.

"What is the effect of the gas?" asked my friend.

"It simply makes you totally insensible," remarked the dentist; "don't know that anything takes place."

My friend submitted, but just previous to the gas being administered he put his hand in his pocket and pulled out his money.

"Oh, don't trouble about that now," said the dentist, thinking he was going to be paid his fee.

"Not at all," said the patient; "I was simply going to see how much I had before the gas took effect.—*London Truth.*

All ills spring from some vice, either in ourselves or or others, and even many of our diseases spring from the same origin. Remove the vices and the ills follow. You must only take care to remove all the vices. If you remove part you may render the matter worse. By banishing vicious luxury without curing sloth and an indifference to others, you only diminish industry in the state and and nothing to men's charity or their generosity.

### THE RESPONSIVE CHORD.

Rev J. William Jones, in an address before the National Sunday School Convention, Atlanta, Georgia, related the following incident: "In the early spring of 1863, when the Confederate and Federal armies were confronting each other on the opposite hills Stafford and Spottsylvania, two bands chanced one evening, at the same hour, to begin to discourse sweet music on either bank of the river. A large crowd of soldiers of both armies gathered to listen to the music, the friendly pickets not interfering, and soon the bands began to answer each other. First the band on the nothern bank would play 'Star Spangled Banner,' 'Hail Columbia,' or some other national air, and at its conclusion the 'boys in blue' would cheer lustily. And the band on the southern bank would respond with 'Dixie' or 'Bonnie Blue Flag' or some other Southern melody, and the 'boys in gray' would attest their approbation with an 'old Confederate yell.' But presently one of the bands struck up—in sweet and plaintive notes which were wafted across the Rappahannock—were caught up at once by the other band and swelled into a grand anthem which touched every heart, 'Home Sweet Home!' At the conclusion of this piece there went up a simultaneous shout from both sides of the river—cheer followed cheer, and these hills (which had recently resounded with hostile guns) echoed and re-echoed the glad acclaim. A chord had been struck responsive to which the hearts of enemies—enemies then, * * * * could beat in unison, and on both sides of the river.

'Something down the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.'"

—*Columbia (S. C.) Register.*

STRAY THOUGHTS ABOUT WOMEN.—He who has a good wife can bear an evil.

When time sp