The Bradford Reporter.

ALVORD & HITCHCOCK, Publishers. REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER. $2 per Annum in Advance.

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LOCAL NOTICES, FIFTEEN CENTS a line.

ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted according to the following table of rates:

	1w	4w	2m	3m	6m	1yr.
1 inch	$1.00	$2.50	$3.00	$7.00	$10.00	$15.00
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1 column	20.00	40.00	60.00	80.00	100.00	150.00

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The REPORTER having a larger circulation than any other paper in the county, makes it the best advertising medium in Northern Pennsylvania.

JOB PRINTING of every kind, in plain and fancy colors, done with neatness and dispatch. Handbills, Blanks, Cards, Pamphlets, Billheads, Statements, &c., of every variety and style, printed at the shortest notice. The REPORTER office is well supplied with power presses, a good assortment of new type, and everything in the printing line can be executed in the most artistic manner and at the lowest rates. TERMS INVARIABLY CASH.

Business Cards.

OVERTON & SANDERSON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
E. OVERTON, JR. JOHN F. SANDERSON.

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,'75-tf.

DR. T. B. JOHNSON,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office over Dr. Porter & Son's Drug Store, Towanda. jan1-75tf.

1864. 1876.
TOWANDA INSURANCE AGENCY.
Main Street, opposite the Court House.
W. S. VINCENT,
MANAGER.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK,
TOWANDA, PA.
CAPITAL PAID IN.....$125,000
SURPLUS FUND..... 50,000
This Bank offers unusual facilities for the transaction of a general banking business.
N. N. BETTS, Cashier.
JOS. POWELL, President. Feb. 14, 1878.

Hotels.

EAGLE HOTEL,
(SOUTH SIDE PUBLIC SQUARE.)
This well-known house has been thoroughly renovated and repaired throughout, and the proprietor is now prepared to offer first-class accommodations to the public, on the most reasonable terms.
E. AL. JENNINGS.
Towanda, Pa., May 2, 1878.

HENRY HOUSE,
(ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN,)
CORNER MAIN & WASHINGTON STREETS
TOWANDA, PA.
This large, commodious and elegantly-furnished house has just been opened to the traveling public. The proprietor has spared neither pains nor expense in making his hotel first-class in all its appointments, and respectfully solicits a share of public patronage. MEALS AT ALL HOURS. Terms to suit the times. Large stable attached.
WM. HENRY, PROPRIETOR.
Towanda, June 7, '77-tf.

ELWELL HOUSE, TOWANDA, PA.,
JOHN SULLIVAN
Having leased this house, is now ready to accommodate the traveling public. No pains nor expense will be spared to give satisfaction to those who may give him a call.
North side of Public Square, east of Mercur's new block.

THE CENTRAL HOTEL,
ULSTER, PA.
The undersigned having taken possession of the above hotel, respectfully solicits the patronage of his old friends and the public generally.
aug16-tf. M. A. FORREST.

SEELEY'S OYSTER BAY AND EUROPEAN HOUSE.—A few doors south of the Means House. Board by the day or week on reasonable terms. Warm meals served at all hours. Oysters at wholesale and retail. feb1'77.
J. L. Kent.

SUMMER GOODS!

CASH PRICES!

I HAVE NOW ON HAND A FULL LINE OF

Figured Lawns, Figured Lawns,

White Goods, White Goods,

Buntings, &c. Buntings, &c.

Fans and Parasols

IN GREAT VARIETY AT REDUCED PRICES.

J. L. KENT.
Towanda, Pa., June 6, 1878.

Business Cards.

G. W. RYAN,
COUNTY SUPERINTENDENT.
Office day last Saturday of each month, over Turner & Gordon's Drug Store, Towanda, Pa.
Towanda, June 20, 1878.

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 20-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 Y. M. C. A. Reading Room. [Jan.21'78.

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

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

MASON & HEAD,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Towanda, Pa. Office over Bartlett & Tracy, Main-st.
G. F. MASON. [apr77] 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.

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, 1873.

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, 1877tf*.

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. (jan5-731y) J. N. CALIFF.

GRIDLEY & PAYNE,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
South side Mercur Block (rooms formerly occupied by Davies & Carnochan),
TOWANDA, PA.
E. 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 Journal Office), Towanda, Pa. (June7'77.

GEORGE D. STROUD,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Office—Main-st., four doors North of Ward House. Practices in Supreme Court of Pennsylvania and United States Courts.—(Dec7,'74. TOWANDA, PA.

H. STREETER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
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.
TOWANDA, PA.
Office over Dayton's Store.
April 12, 1876.

PATRICK & FOYLE,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Office, in Mercur's Block. jly17-72.

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

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

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

Poetry.

JERUSALEM.

Thy queenly name, Jerusalem!
Goes journeying down the years,
Still wearing its front a crown
Of glory and of tears;
The songs that sounded on thy hills
When Adam's race was young,
Those lofty hymns to Israel's God,
Shall never be unsung.

Around thy walls old empires prowled
Like hungry beasts of prey;
Or, hovering on thy mountain paths,
In ensnaring ambush lay;
From age to age thy captive sons
Went forth in weeping bands,
To toil beneath the bloody rod,
In lonely tyrant lands.

Those empires now are ground to dust,
While thine undying race
Still finds in God—Its fathers' God—
Some secret hiding-place.
The seed of Abraham is not lost;
That tribe of wondrous birth
Still wander as a scattered host
In all the lands of earth.

Thy Temple, O Jerusalem!
On Zion's lonely height,
Has shed on nations, near and far,
A strange and holy light;
The watchman, on thy towers, beheld
The glad, unnumbered throngs,
The gathering tribes—that filled thy courts
With thy great festal songs.

From year to year—from age to age,
The long procession flowed
Through all thy vales, and o'er thy hills,
To Zion's blest abode;
Their white tents glistened on the slopes,
While they, with one accord,
Told the old legends o'er, and sung
High praises to the Lord.

Along thy streets, Jerusalem!
The Man of Sorrows trod,
And thou didst nail upon the cross
The loving Son of God.
That record of thy sin and shame
Was washed in thine own blood,
When war and storms swept o'er thy walls
A wild devouring flood.

But over all thy shame and guilt,
Thy stubbornness and pride,
The work which thou hast wrought for God
Shall evermore abide.
Thy name shall still go sounding on,
To every race and clime,
A glorious and immortal name,
That feels no touch of time.

Jerusalem! thine ancient grace
Has passed beyond the sky
To image forth that city fair,
The saintly home on high.
We read the prophet's burning words,
And wait the mandate, when
The New Jerusalem shall come
From heaven down to men.

—*I. N. Tarbox.*

Miscellaneous.

The Golden Tulip.

"What is the price of that plant, my friend?" I asked of the little German florist at the corner shop.

The man named exactly the sum which I possessed in the whole world, and I paid it and took the flower.

"Were you mad?" I hear a reader ask. No, friend. I was only in love.

The lady of my heart had a weakness for rare flowers, and I felt sure that she would prize such a gift beyond expression. Therefore I forgot the various persons to whom the sum that I expended was due for value received, and felt happy with the great pot with its nodding foliage in my arms.

It was the rarest tulip I had ever seen. I was not skilled enough in the varieties of flowers to know whether the man told me the truth or not when he said that only he possessed a flower of those colors, and that by certain mystic florist arts he had produced the flower, which he called the "golden tulip." But I felt that it might very well be so when I observed its splendor.

It was almost pure gold, save where, at the bottom of the cup, lay flecks of scarlet and white, and beside it the other tulips on the stand lost their beauty, and looked dull and faded.

The pot in which it was planted was a curiosity, too, a Chinese thing with a perspectiveless picture of a lady walking beside a blue little river, attended by a person with a fan and surrounded by square flower-pots.

The florist offered to send a boy with the pot, but I would not permit it; who knew that the plant would arrive whole and sound, and undecapitated at its destination?

I carried it myself high in my arms, the flower out of arm's reach above my head, the leaves fanning my face, and found myself in the presence of Helen Harrington, exactly at the moment when she tripped, watering-pot in hand, into her garden.

Of course she admired the flower, and of course she thanked me, and her smiles were so bewitching and her eyes so bright, and she was so evidently really pleased that I found courage to speak as I had not dared to speak before, and tell her how I loved her.

Then I discovered that she returned my affections, and to end the story as briefly as possible, before we parted we were betrothed.

Certainly, under the circumstances, my trust in Macawber's expectation of "something turning up" was remarkable. I had not a cent in the world, not a patient, though my sign, bright with gilding — "Theodore Holly, M. D."—had glittered on my office door for two months or more, and no wealthy relatives to aid me in time of need. Yet I asked a girl accustomed to refinement, if not luxury, to keep house for me in a year's time with as much *sang froid* as a millionaire could have exhibited, as coolly as I had spent my last dime (promised to my landlady that very evening) upon a tulip!

I intended vaguely to be rich some day, of course—every man does—and I had no doubt that luck would change before long. Therefore I felt no compunctions of conscience, but went right home in a merry mood, thinking myself the happiest fellow under the sun.

Of course, I expected that my course of love would run on smoothly; but before the next day had passed I found out my mistake. I had an early caller in the morning, no other than Helen's father, a stout old gentleman with an imposing manner and a loud voice, and a general air of well-to-do respectability quite annihilating to one of my peculiar disposition and habits.

Hitherto, however, he had been very gracious to me, and I was quite unprepared for the angry frown with which he stalked into my untidy room as I opened the door for him.

My heart sank, but I placed a chair for him, and assuming my sweetest smile, remarked that we were having "charming weather."

"Charming fiddlesticks!" was his answer. "I did not come here to talk about the weather, and you know it. Don't you consider yourself a precious rascal, sir?"

I stared at him in amazement.

"No one has ever dared to call me one, sir," I answered. "I ——"

"Hold your tongue, sir!" cried the old gentleman. "No affectation with me. You know you are one. A pretty fellow, indeed, to ask a girl to marry him within the year. What do you mean by it?"

"That I love her, sir," I said.

"Bah!" cried the old gentleman. "Love—a fine love, indeed. When we love people we have some consideration for their comfort. What is your wife (if you ever have one) going to live on, sir? Air, sir, like a chameleon? Good Heavens! your impudence surprises me."

"We must all have a beginning, sir," I said. "You had yours, I believe."

"A beginning," cried the old man. "I did not begin by associating with wild young fellows whose very acquaintance was ruinous to my reputation. I did not spend my nights drinking or gambling. I did not waste my substance in riot. I did not spend the hours which should have been devoted to study in recovering from the effects of whisky and beer. A new way to rise in the world! And that is your way. You can't deny it. Rise! you'll sink down to the very gutter. What right have you to ask a girl to marry you?"

I put my head down on my hands, and hid my face for very shame. It was all true enough. I was reckless, wild, unsteady. Yet I tried to falter forth an assertion that I was not so bad as some men after all, and that I intended to have a large practice, and be steady and prosperous some day. Above all, that I loved Helen better than my life; which was true enough, Heaven knew.

"Good intentions pave the lower regions," said the old gentleman, when I had finished. Speaking rather more kindly than before, but still decidedly: "I cannot give my daughter to one who has given no proof that he intends to put them into practice. But, aside from your habits, I have always liked you. I think you might, if you choose, become an honor to your profession, and rise in the world in every sense; and since Helen has given her heart to you, I will make a compromise. You are both young. You can afford to wait each other. Abandon your evil habits, go to some distant city, then work hard, and strive to become worthy of the love of a good woman, and at the end of three years return. Then, if you are what you should be, you may have my child."

Three years! It seemed an eternity to a young and ardent lover, but Helen was the only girl in the world for me, and I had only the choice of my obeying her father's mandate or parting from her forever. Besides, the old gentleman was right; my companions and my habits had not won me the regard of our own town, where the medical students were almost a public nuisance from their wildness and dissipation. I resolved to do what I knew would ultimately be for the best; and having declared my resolution, found a friend in the old merchant.

He gave me letters of introduction to persons of influence in San Francisco, loaned me the wherewithal for my journey, and wished me well. But he forbade me to write to Helen during my absence, or to communicate with her in any way.

"If your love is worth anything it will live without *billet doux* for three years," he said, and Helen had never disobeyed her father.

"He is very kind, Theodore," she said, "and we may trust him at his age to know what is best for us."

So in a few weeks we parted, and no one can blame me, loving her as I did, if the moment was one of intense sadness.

Three years—three weary years before I might see her sweet young face again, and one of us might die, or another might take my place in her heart! Who could tell? I felt sure of myself, but how could I be sure of her? Who was so beautiful, so good, and so every way charming that others than myself must also be enamored of her, and strive to win her?

"Do not forget me," I pleaded, as I kissed her lips at parting, and she promised to be true to me until we met.

My last glimpse of her was taken as I turned my head and saw her waving her handkerchief to me from the window, on the sill of which my golden tulip in the Chinese pot nodded its gorgeous head in the breeze as though it were also bidding me adieu.

I shall say nothing of my voyage to California, nor of my first struggles in the city of San Francisco. Enough that I abandoned my habits of dissipation, and became steady and industrious. I established a small practice almost immediately. It increased. I did my best to earn the favor of my patients by thinking of their real benefit, instead of merely grasping at my fees, and considering the sufferers who had turned to me for aid only so many "good cures."

Doctors would often succeed better in this way than any other—I found it so at least; and my health and strength of body and mind were augmented by the regular life I led, despite the severe mental labor I imposed upon myself.

I thought of my dear Helen constantly, and a letter from her would have been very precious. I believe it would have been kinder in her father to have permitted a correspondence. I suffered much anxiety on her account, which might thus have been avoided. But I had promised to submit patiently, and I worked without intermission, thus leaving myself as little time for thought as possible.

There were women, of course, within my circle of acquaintance, who were neither old nor ugly, but they never made the least impression on my heart. What were they when compared to my dear Helen?

I even shunned society; not from any fear of their fascinations, but because it involved expense, and my object was economy. And so the three years passed, and at their end I found myself with a fine practice, splendid health, a sum of money laid away for a rainy day, and every wild habit of my early youth discarded.

It is needless to say that when the moment my time of probation had expired, I lingered no longer.

Confiding my patients to a brother physician on whose skill I relied, I took passage for New York at once, and arrived there upon a glorious October day, with a heart beating wildly with the emotions which were naturally born of the near approach of my reunion with Helen.

I only lingered in the city long enough to banish the traces of travel from my person, and then, dressed as becomingly as I knew how—for who ever forgot personal appearance on such occasion?—I jumped upon a train of cars which ran through the town where I had parted, three years ago, from my darling.

The time of the journey was four hours—it seemed an eternity to me.

I could scarcely wait for the train to slacken speed when the town was reached. I strained my eyes to catch sight of the poplars that grew above her dwelling, and rather ran than walked down the wide street which led to the green lane on which Mr Harrington's mansion stood, when a scene met my eyes that transfixed me to the ground in horror.

The poplars stood green and tall as ever, but beyond them arose only one ruined wall, with empty windows, and at its foot a heap of rubbish, charred and blackened, and telling, as I thought, of a recent conflagration.

I was too much overcome to move for many moments, but at last I summoned courage to make inquiries with a throbbing heart. I walked up to an old woman who stood at an opposite door, and asked her if she could tell me where to find Mr. Harrington.

She shook her head.

"No," she said; "nor no one in the place. They went away in the night, and we've never heard of 'em. Perhaps you're a friend of theirs?"

"Yes, yes," I gasped. "Tell me all you know."

"You see, Mr. Harrington failed two years ago," said the woman, "and that crushed him down, and then the bank broke where he had a little left after things were settled, and then some one set his house afire, and he was so burnt that he lost his sight, and they couldn't bear, I suppose, to live where they'd lived so well as they'd have to live, so they went away secret like, and hain't been seen since, nor heard of. They did say she was married, but that may be nonsense, and some say they're in New-York, but it's all guess-work. Why, how pale you do look! You are a relation?"

But I could not answer her. I leaned against the door-way, faint and ill. It was to hear this at last that I had struggled with fate and denied my heart a glimpse of her I loved for all these years.

The old woman was right. No one knew more than she. I went to New-York and searched for her for months. I advertised, but all in vain. At last, believing that I had indeed been forgotten, and that the tale of her marriage was true, I settled down in that city as a physician, determined at least to be worthy of her and to live the life which I had lived for her sake. And so two more years passed without a glimpse of her.

One Christmas Eve, the fifth of our parting, I sat alone in my office, and could have wept with loneliness. What was the wealth and fame I now might confidently hope to win, if her smiles did not bless me, if no wife ever sat beside my heart, and no child called me father? I began to wonder whether it might not be better for me to find some woman worthy of respect and admiration, and bestow upon her what remnants of a heart I had to give, ere I grew cold and selfish in my loneliness. And as I thought thus, a woman came rapping at my door to beg me to come at once to 47 —— street, where an accident had happened.

I hurried on my overcoat and hat, and followed her.

It was a tipsy hod-carrier who had scalded himself with boiling punch, and it was no easy task to bind up his wounds and convince him that he was in no danger, if he would obey my instructions and refrain from tippling.

Consequently it was late when I hurried down stairs on my way home. All the lamps in the house were lit, and over the table of a rather respectable room on the lower floor flamed a jet of gas. Its sharp hissing—for it was turned on too far—attracted me. I glanced at it, and remained riveted to the spot. Beneath it, on the table, stood the "golden tulip" I had given five years before.

The same flower in the same pot, but covered by a glass case.

Without pausing to think of the propriety of the act, I strode in and bent over it. Then I saw it was made of wax—the flower, at least. The pot must be, I knew, the very same.

It was not my tulip, but its portrait from life. I struck with my cane upon the table, and a dingy little girl ran in.

"To whom does this belong?" I asked.

The girl stared.

"It's her's," she said. "She makes 'em. It's wax."

"Yes, yes," I said, remembering on the instant that wax flower-making was a favorite amusement of Helen's. "Let me see her."

The girl ran away.

I waited in intense anxiety, expecting my darling, sure that I should see her, my heart palpitating, my hands trembling. At the sound of a step upon the stair I started to my feet and stood ready to clasp her to my arms; but alas, only a stout, elderly female, with a vulgar face and coarse, red hair, entered!

I shrunk back as she stared at me in surprise, and strove to compose myself.

"I desired to see the lady who made this," I said.

"That's me, sir. I dispose of 'em," she answered. "What can I do for you?"

"You!" I faltered. "I beg that you will tell me from what that flower was copied, and where you obtained the vase."

She looked at me in amazement.

"Honestly," she said. "But bless you, you're not ill?"

"No," I said, "but that flower is an old friend of mine; I will pay any sum for information in regard to it."

The woman looked at me doubtfully. I laid a bill upon the table.

"Tell me all you know of the plant from which this was copied," I said.

She smiled—her fingers touched the money.

"It's breaking faith," she said. "but I'll own up. I didn't make it—I couldn't; but you see a lady does 'em that boards with me. I was her servant once, and she's come down to earn her living that way. That ain't for sale. It's one she made for herself to keep a flower she was fond of before her eyes. But she makes others—beauties—and she supports herself and her blind father by it. He's very proud, and won't let it be known. So I pretend it's me, and sell 'em."

My heart beat rapturously.

"Is she here?" I asked; "in this house?"

The woman answered that they were, but "would see no one."

"Give her this card," I said; "she will see me."

And I waited once more in the little parlor—this time not in vain, for in a few moments the door opened once more, and I clasped my Helen, as beautiful and charming as when I left her, to my bosom.

The tale is soon told. She loved me still, and we were married, and beside our happy fireside the old merchant ended his days in peace and tranquility, and died blessing us.

And still upon a stand in one of our apartments nods the waxen tulip in all its golden splendor; and when I look upon it I often think how small a price I paid for it compared to its worth, for who would have thought that when in my extravagance I gave all that I possessed for a flower, that through its means I should have found at last the joy and comfort which now crown my days—that by its means my love should be restored to me?

HOW THE DIGGER-WASPS MAKE THEIR HOMES.

July had come again, and brought with it such warm, sultry days that it almost seemed as if no living creature could stir abroad. Nevertheless, there was a wonderfull deal going on in our garden. Through the air and over the flower-beds hastened hundreds of little people. Some lived in the trees and bushes, others in the ground, and all were hard at work.

One morning especially, then seemed to be something unusual going on; the buzzing, and humming was fairly deafening.

Whir-r-r! whirr-r-r! What was that great creature that darted past my face? And here came another, and another; why, the garden was full of them!

Big brown-and-yellow-wasps these strangers were, and all in a most desperate hurry. Scores of them were already hard at work digging away in the firmly packed sand of the path.

As these new-comers seemed to care very little who watched them at their work, I sat down on an upturned flower-pot in the shade of a friendly lilac, determined to make their acquaintance.

Hardly had I settled myself before one of the wasps approached. She seemed searching for something, for she flew rapidly back and forth, now alighted for a moment—now darting away again. At last she dropped upon the ground close to me and began to bite the earth with her strong jaws. When quite a little heap lay before her she pushed it to one side with her hind feet and then returned to her digging. In five minutes she had an opening big enough to get into; every time she appeared she backed up out of it pushing a huge load of sand as big as herself behind her. Soon all around the hole was a high bank of earth, and she found it necessary to make a path across it, and push her loads off that. Two hours' hard work, and the house was finished. It was very simply planned and had only one room down at the end of a long, narrow passage. But simple as it was, this little creature had done more work in the two hours than a man could do in a day. That is, of course, taking her size into consideration. And she did not even stop to rest. Not she! With one last look into the house, to make sure she was leaving all as it should be, she flew away. In a moment her strong wings had taken her quite out of sight but it was not long before she re-appeared. Back and forth she hastened, at one moment flying thro' the grape-arbor, at the next wheeling above the cabbage-bed. All this time the object of her search, a fat young locust, was quietly sitting on the gate-post, quite forgetting, as even locusts sometimes will, that he had an enemy in the world.

A moment later and the wasp's sharp eyes had found him out; and then, quick as lightning, she darted down upon him, and pierced him with her sting. When the locust lay perfectly still, the wasp seized him and flew off. Arrived at the hole, she tumbled him head foremost in at the door, expecting him, of course, to fall quite to the bottom. But her calculations had been slightly at fault; the locust was too fat to go in, and there he stuck with his head and shoulders in the hole and his body in the air. Here was a dilemma! But my wasp friend was evidently not one to be overcome by difficulties of this sort. She flew off again, and this time returned with two other wasps; they crowded round the hole, and began digging away the earth round the hole, and began digging away the earth which pressed closse about the locust. In a short time they seemed satisfied, for they stood up and pushed at the object of their toils. Slowly he slid down out of sight, and she who had brought him hurried after. She laid an egg close to him in her house; then, hurrying up, began to carry back the earth she had before taken out, and in a short time the door was securely closed. Then she scraped away, and patted down all loose earth till she had made it quite impossible for any evil-minded creature to find any traces of her home.

The wasp knew very well that her egg would soon hatch out; that the little white grub, her chick, would at once begin to feed upon the locust, which would supply food till the young one was full-grown.—*E. A. E., St. Nicholas for August.*

PEOPLE AT PORT SAID, EGYPT.

They are a strange people. Even their coin, of copper, silver or gold is made for them in England, and their postage-stamps printed in New York. The numismatist may collect varieties of modern coins to his heart's content at Port Said, where the money brokers, cash-boxes are museums of the coins of all nations.

These rough board shanties were built in the hurry of the opening of the Suez Canal a few years ago, and will be displaced by the more permanent mudwalled houses common in Egypt in a short time, but the customs of the people will remain unchanged, and the traveler next year and next century will find the same Orient, rich and rare among the nations of the earth in all that dazzles and bewilders the mind. Life in the Levant is yet in our day more like the scenes described in the tales in the *Arabian Knights* than one of Western sober reality. At least so it seems to the traveler who looks on the outside of things at Port Said. The fine old gentleman who smiles on the buyer, cheats him out of half of his change, blesses Allah, and begs him to call again at his shop, and in the same breath, supposing he has no knowledge of Arabic, curses him for being an infidel dog. Religion is foremost and uppermost with all classes, and there is no place where there is more ceremony and cant and less religion than at Port Said. The worst specimens of all nations have gathered there, and by attrition with each other have become polished but not changed. They exchange vices, but do not traffic in the noble virtues.

It is one of the results of the war that the Russian is no longer seen at Port Said, and England will probably take good care that he will never be more than a visitor at the entrance to the "great highway in India."

The markets at Port Said are supplied with a great variety of melons, which are at once both meat and drink. They have a variety of cucumber that grows to the length of three or four feet, and is a delicious refreshment on a hot day.

It is not an unusual custom for men or women to lie and sleep on their counters between the tides of visitors. To the artist such groups afford many a choice subject. The neighbors probably keep watch at such times. On inquiry it was said to be very seldom that any thing is stolen at the bazars. When a begger comes along he mutely looks his wants, and they are relieved. There are few, if any, more charitable people than the Arabs—charitable in gifts and services; but (such is the weakness of human nature) they do so love scandal! The very air is burdended with tales of social life that just border on the forbidden, and suggest the misfortuues of the unwary. Both men and women indulge in the dangerous pastime, which takes the place of the newspaper.

ABOUT SCOLDS.

Be the mass of printed assertion what it will, the experience of the world proves that men can scold as bitterly and as unjustly as women. There is always some tender woman to excuse the short-comings of a man some mother, or wife, or sister, or daughter, who puts in her gentle "ohs" and "ahs" and "my dears," like sticks to stay the progress of a torrent, when a man gives way to temper. And around him she folds the mantle of her soft excuse, thinks of his headache, or his corns, or his tight shoes, or the dinner he ate did not agree with him; and as for her thorn-pricks, she hides them under lace and velvet, and defies her dearest and nearest friend to see or suspect them. That is what she does when she is loving and confiding; and, as with the other accusation, never resented, that women have the monopoly of gossip, so it is with the imputation of scolding. Now men scold and women scold is the impulse of an undisciplined human nature, in which both men and women share. It shows a weakness of character, as well as infirmity of will, and is almost always a complete demonstration of a feeble mind. A strong well-balanced, cheerful, sunny make-up, mental and physical, has not to descend to vituperation and offensive talking.—*Women's Journal.*

WIFE.—What do you think the beautiful word "wife" came from? It is the word in which the English and Latin languages conquered the French and Greek. I hope the French will some day get a word for it instead of that dreadful word, femme. But what do you think it comes from? The great value of Saxon words is that they mean something. Wife means "weaver." You must either be housewives or housemoths, remember that. In the deep sense, you must either weave men's fortunes and embroider them, or feed upon and bring them to decay. Wherever a true wife comes home, home is always around her. The stars may be over her head; the glow worm in the night-cold grass may be the fire at her feet; but home is where she is; and for a noble woman it stretches far around her, better than houses ceiled with cedar or painted with vermilion, shedding its quiet light for those who else are homeless. This I believe to be a woman's true place and power.—*Ruskin.*

Our remembering an injury does us more harm than our receiving it.

HIDING THE BABY.

Hold him close, and closer hold him.
(Ah, but this is time to cry!)
Bring his pretty cloak and hold him
From the Old Man going by.
What Old Man?—you cannot guess?
Not the Old Man of the Sea,
Nor the Mountains, I confess,
Can be half so cold as he.

Could we only catch and bind him,
To some prison, shutting low,
Where the sun could never find him,
This Old Man should surely go.
We would steal his scythe away,
(Grass should grow about our feet),
And he should not take to-day
From us while to-day was sweet.

Gypsy ways he has, most surely,
(Gypsy ways are hardly right),
Wandering, stealing, yet securely
Keeping somehow out of sight.
From our trees the fruit he shakes;
Silver, lace, or silk we miss
From our houses; this he takes—
This, and other things than this.

Here he comes with buds that wither;
Here he comes with birds that fly;
Pretty playthings he brings hither,
Just to take them by-and-by.
He could find you in the night,
Though you should put out the moon—
He can see without a light...
He will take the Baby soon.

Head with gold enough about it
Just to light this whole world through;
Ah, what shall we do without it?
Children, say, what shall we do?
Toll me, is there any place
We can hide the Baby? Say.
Can we cover up his face
While the Old Man goes this way?

There is one place, one place only,
We can hide him if we must—
Very still and low and lonely:
We can cover him with dust—
Shut a wild rose in his hand;
Set a wild rose at his head:
This Old Man, you understand,
Cannot take from us the dead.

Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt.

FUN, FACT AND FACETIÆ.

GOD is not in haste, but his aim is sure.

WHO has so often deceived thee as thyself?

AIM high; but not so high as not to be able to hit anything.

TIME is gold; throw not one minute away, but place each one to account.

LEARN not to judge too harshly of any one, either in respect to good or evil.

HE that watches the Providene of God, never wants a Providence to watch.

SOULS are not saved in bundles. The Spirit asks of every man, "How is it with thee?"

HOPE is like a bad clock, forever striking the hour of happiness whether it has come or not.

HE who thinks he has humility enough, shows that he is far short of the practice of humility.

THE grafts that circumstances make in our character, we are apt to regard as its native fruit.

HUMAN things must be known to be loved; but divine things must be loved to be known.

A MAN is called selfish, not for pursuing his own good, but for neglecting that of his neighbor.

A GOOD FATHER.—Years ago Senator Morton sent to his children a New Year's letter, which said among other things:

"You can never know the depths of a mother's love—how constantly you are in her thoughts, her anxiety about you from day to day; and what sacrifices she would make for you. We have been talking about you and wondering what you have been doing and hoping you will make great progress in your studies during the year which has just come in. One year is great portion of one's lifetime. Much may be done in one year in getting an education and fitting yourselves for the duties of life. Lost time can never be recalled and cannot be made up. Each year should show a great deal learned and great improvement in the manners and characters of my dear children. My great anxiety and desire are about my little boys. I am constantly wondering what they will be when they grow up to be men. Will they be learned, talented, good, prosperous, and an honor to their parents and country? Such is my daily prayer. We hope you think of us, and love us, and think of your dear absent brother, who is so far away on a lonely island in the Northern sea. You must constantly remember him in your prayers, that he may be preserved in health, and be prosperous and be safely returned to us during the year."

During the last meeting of the Lime Kiln Club, Brother Gardner rose and said: "Gem'lem, I hole heah a comunikashun frum a pussun down in Richmond, Virginny, who sails aroun' under de cognomen of de Rev. Jasper. In peroosin' ober de noosepapers I hes seed him infered to ez tryin' to climb out'n his own clothes by claimin' dat de sun moves aroun' de y'arth, instead of de contrary way. Dis pusun now writes to me to ax if de Lime Kiln Club won't jine in wid him an' gin his theory our support. Gem'len, some of us may be weak in de back durin' de strawberry an ice-cream sezun, but I doan' believe dat usin' de whitewash brush hez worked our brains down atwixt de shoulders. 'Spose we am gwine to buck agin all de geografies, directories, novels spelin'-books an' sich to 'commodate one poor ole darkey wid a stiff knee an' a lame back! Shoo! Let dis letter be used to light de fiah next winter!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

SMOKING.—A certain doctor, struck with the large number of boys under fifteen years of age whom he observed to be smoking, was led to inquire into the effect the habit had upon the general health. He took for his purpose thirty-eight boys, aged from nine to fifteen, and carefully examined them; in twenty-one of them he discovered injurious traces of the habit. In twenty-two there were various disorders of the circulation and digestion, palpitation of the heart and more or less taste for strong drink. In twelve there was frequent bleeding of the nose, ten had disturbed sleep, and twelve had slight ulceration of the mucous membrane of the mouth, which disappeared on ceasing from the use of tobacco for some days. The doctor treated them all for weakness, but with little effect until the smoking was discontinued. Now, this is no "old wife's tale," as these facts are given under the authority of the *British Medical Journal.*

SHARP EYES.

A man has a sharper eye than a dog, or a fox, or than any of the wild creatures, but not so sharp an ear or nose. But in the birds he finds his match. How quickly the old turkey discovers the hawk, a mere speck against the sky, and how quickly the hawk discovers you if you happen to be secreted in the bushes, or behind the fence near which he alights.

I find I see almost without effort, nearly every bird within sight in the field or wood I pass through (a flit of the wing, a flirt of the tail are enough though the flickering leaves do all conspire to hide them), and that with like ease the birds see me, though, unquestionably, the chances are immensely in their favor. The eye sees what it has the means of seeing truly. You must have the bird in your heart, before you can find it in the bush. The eye must have purpose and aim. No one ever yet found