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	$5.00	$7.00	$10.00	$15.00
2 inches	1.50	5.00	8.00	10.00	15.00	20.00
3 inches	2.50	7.00	10.00	13.00	20.00	30.00
4 inches	3.00	8.50	14.00	18.25	25.00	35.00
¼ col'mn	5.00	12.00	16.00	20.00	24.00	40.00
½ col'mn	10.00	20.00	25.00	33.00	50.00	75.00
1 column	20.00	40.00	60.00	80.00	100.00	150.00

Administrator's and Executor's Notices, $2; Auditor's Notices, $2.50; Business Cards, five lines, (per year) $5, additional lines $1 each.

Yearly advertisers are entitled to quarterly changes. Transient advertisements must be paid for *in advance*.

All resolutions of associations; communications of limited or individual interest, and notices of marriages or deaths, exceeding five lines are charged TEN CENTS per line.

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. 34-72.

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.18,'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. A. 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 travelling public. No pains nor expense will be spared to give satisfaction to those who may give him a call.
North side of Public Sqr are, 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. feb1'7.
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 99-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. (Apr4'76.

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 Brad. Co. [feb.1'78.

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

E. L. HILLIS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA. [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, 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, 1872 tf*.

MADILL & CALIFF,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Office in Wood's Block, first door south of the First National bank, up-stairs.
S. 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. (1877) S. H. 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.'76. TOWANDA, PA.

H. STREETER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
aug20. TOWANDA, PA.

OVERTON & MERCUR,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, P
Office over Montanyes Store. [may275.
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. jly17-73.

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, PHŒNIX, HOME, MERCHANTS,
March 16, '74 O. H. BLACK.

Poetry.

THE BOYS.

BY J. P.

'Twas part of my wedding portion,
This spot where the old house stands.
And I had the choosing of it
From all of my father's lands.
We were young, but we were not foolish,
Or wasteful, you may depend,
And my mother always taught me
'Twas better to save than spend.

For awhile, you know, it was lonely
With me in the house all day,
And no one to come anigh me
To hear what I had to say;
But when I sat with my baby,
My boy, asleep in my arm,
I didn't much care for the neighbors,
Or anything else on the farm.

There was Jack and Ben, you remember,
They were all that I ever had;
And Jack was his mother's idol
Though Ben was a likely lad.
And we saved up every penny,
Nor envied another's joys,
For a little farm is a little cramped
For a couple of growing boys.

I was bent on their having learning,
For I wanted my Jack and Ben
To be able to serve their country
Whenever she needed men.
And father said I was silly,
For he never could understand
The use of spending money
For anything else than land.

But I kept to my way of thinking,
And, though not otherwise, I saw
That both had a taste for study;
But Jack had a taste for law.
And I know that my prayers and prudence,
Would after awhile be acknowledged,
And I paid for all the trouble
When I entered my boys at college.

I can see that father is failing,
And there is no strength in his arm
To swing the scythe in the meadow,
Or do the work on the farm.
And somehow I've lost my courage
Though I try to be calm and brave,
But what can a mother do but weep,
With both her boys in the grave?

The house was never so lonely,
And my poor old man and I
Sit oft in the chimney-corner
And dream of the days gone by.
And when the too solemn silence
Is broken by sudden noise,
We start with the old-time gladness,
And whisper: "Here come the boys!"

Miscellaneous.

INSTANCES OF HEREDITARY GENIUS

Who was Aristotle? He was the founder of the Peripatetic school. He has been the teacher of twenty-two centuries. Who was his father? Nicomachus, a friend and physician to Amyntas II., King of Macedonia. He was the author of works on medicine and science. We have lost his manuscripts, but the father of Aristotle was a man of extraordinary ability and remarkable culture. Who was Aristotle's grandson? Nicomachus again—the name recurs—and according to Cicero, this grandson was the author of the book we call the Niccomachian ethics—a work generally attributed to Aristotle. Who was Aristotle's cousin? Callisthenes, the philosopher who accompanied Alexander the Great to the East. The mother of that Callisthenes was Hero, a near relative of Aristotle.

Who was Æsculus? He was the leader of all Greek poets, and perhaps superior to Sophocles, and even to Euripides. He was not only king of poets, but renowned as a warrior. Who was his brother? Cynægirus, who fought side by side with Æschylus at Marathon. In this Acropolis there was once a painting commemorating these two brothers for their action on that battlefield. Who was his second brother? Ameinas, who commenced the attacks on the Persian ships at Salamis. Who was his nephew? Phiocles, who was victorious in a poetic contest with Sophocles. Who were other nephews? Euphorion and Bion, who were four times victorious in poetic contests, and founded a tragic school which lasted 125 years.

Who was Cromwell? The first American. Who was his cousin? Hampden the patriot—the second American. You do well to remember these names with gratitude, Macauley says that Hampden and Cromwell were once on shipboard in England with the intention of coming to America for life. Cromwell, Hampden and Milton were the first Americans. The first cousin of Cromwell was Hampden, the patriot; another cousin once removed was Edmund Waller, the poet. The son Henry behaved with gallantry in the army.

Who was William Pitt? A man who gave England dignity in the four quarters of the globe. Who was his son? The man who throttled Napoleon between 1783 and 1801, and 1804 and 1806, as Premier of a power whose drum-beat was heard in all the zones. Among his relatives were Lady Hester Stanhope, Geo. Greenville and Lord Greenville, who was himself Premier.

Who was Lord Macaulay? His grandfather was a Scottish minister of Inverary, who was mentioned by Johnson in his account of his trip to the Hebrides. His father was Zachary, an abolitionist, who began a war which in its completion was the chief glory of Boston. Zachary Macaulay was in many respects a greater man than his son. Balanced, deeply philosophical, a massive soul, he went to the coast of Africa, he bore persecution there, he bore it for awhile with Wilberforce in England, in order to carry past its breaking that earliest slowly rising wave of anti-slavery, of which we now hear the retreating murmurs, half a million corpses borne floating within its green breast.

Who was his uncle? Aulay Macauley, a distinguished controversialist. Who was his first cousin? John Heyrick, head master of Ripton, a renowned scholar. Who was his nephew? George Trevelyn, a member of Parliament and junior lord of the treasury, and author of Cawnpore.

Assembled here upon the Acropolis, look about upon all the summits of intellectual, moral and social development, and you will find a sun rising behind them—a truth to which the ages have as yet hardly listened—that blood means God. Behind many clouds there brightens slowly in the rear of these summits in Attica, in Germany, in France, in England, a meek, soft, overawing dawn splendor, prophetic of new eras.

POSTAGE STAMPS.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE PROCESS OF MAKING THEM.

A New York correspondent thus describes the process of making postage stamps for the Government at an establishment in that city:

After the paper is "wet down," as the printers say—every hundred sheets being counted, and the number marked by a projecting tag—it is taken up to the printers. Each sheet is of the right size for making 200 stamps, of the ordinary size. Curiously enough, none of the gentlemen of whom I inquired seemed to know what paper-mill makes the paper; but it is made especially for the purpose. The printing-room is crowded with the hand-presses used for printing the stamps; no fewer than eleven presses being in operation. Each press has three persons in attendance—one to "tend press," one to ink the plate, and one—the "printer"—to brush off all the ink (in a wonderfully swift and dextrous way,) from the surface as soon as it has been put on.

The reason of this, which would otherwise be a piece of self-stultification, is that the stamps are "counter-sunk," or cut in, and the ink is not wanted above them, or on the plane surface. It would cost too much and take too long to prepare separate steel-engraved dies for every stamp; so a case-hardened steel die is made, down at the Continental Bank Note Company's, all carefully engraved and cut away to perfection, and then a steel plate softened for the purpose is by machinery rolled over the die, which leaves its impress, every time, until the entire plate is hardened and ready for use—one for every printing press in the room. These are hand presses, and the cylinder that makes the impression is merely turned by a single whirl of the wheel, obtained by the leverage afforded by the projecting spokes or handles. It is all done in a surprisingly quick way; and there is no "lost motion" of wheel, cylinder or elbows.

The ink varies according to the kind of stamp. Some of the presses are printing the red 2-cent stamps, some the 3-cent green ones, and others different colors. Two-thirds of all the stamps, says the superintendent, are the 3-cent green ones. The "ink," a queer substance in bulk, and queerer still when seen on the ink table and roller, is made by the note company, and its secret is theirs. All they know at the printing-room is that some kinds have "laundry blue" in them, and that all kinds are made with reference to canceling—to the effect of the dauby canceling stamp used in the post-office. For the orange-toned 90-cent stamps (these are the highest denominations I saw) and also for one of the vermillion stamps a peg or two below that, the materials are imported from Europe, and mixed in New York. All the others are wholly made here. The different colored inks are apparently about the consistency of some styles of newspaper ink, but not by any means so sticky. The "printer" who brushes off the plate the moment before it goes into the press, does it all in six swift motions—three with a sort of cloth, and three (to conclude) with his bare hand. The operation, for deftness and celerity, is like one of Heller's, the magician. The ink is rolled over the plate with a roller made of Canton flannel.

The printers are paid by the hundred. Precisely how much they earn I couldn't find out, but it ought to be good wages, for they "work like beavers." There is no idling or play in that room—nor anywhere else in this busy establishment. The blank paper, all numbered, is charged to the printers to whom it is delivered, and the plates are also numbered and charged to them. When not in actual use the plates are kept carefully locked up in the safe—a little room in itself.

Each of these eleven presses turns out 1,200 sheets a day, or 7,200 a week. Each sheet contains 200, and as they are delivered to postmasters only in sheets of 100 it follows that each sheet must be cut right through the middle. This is done by hand. A girl, with a long pair of shears cuts them as accurately as a ruled line, showing what a good eye and a rapid hand can do. There is no room in the crowded street for any error, and the girls make none. One girl, whom I watched for a while, cut 50 sheets a minute—11,000 a day! It is a silent cut, cut, cut—from morning to night—working as if her life depended upon it. She sits at her work. The girls are all busy at a variety of processes in the preparation of the stamps, all of which require delicacy of touch as well as swiftness, and their wages average $8 a week, or a little over.

From the printing room and the drying room (the latter an insufferably hot place, where the sheets are placed in frames on drying racks) they go to the gumming room—which is also a drying room, but not hot—the drying being aided by revolving fans affixed to a shaft, which send their influence through lofty piles of the gummed sheets in frames. The gum used is not gum arabic—that would in drying cause the sheets to curl and crack—but is simply a kind of potato starch. It is made, I believe, in Providence. A girl swiftly adjusts the edges of a heap of printed sheets so as to slide them all into place while she deftly daubs them at a single stroke with the mucilaginous substance, which she applies with a single motion of a wide brush. This is the substance you "lick to make it stick" on the letter you drop in the post-office. The sheets are dried in wooden frames.

After the gumming and drying, the stamps in sheets, are flattened out and made smooth by being subjected to the persuasive power of a hydraulic press, the force being 450 tons. They are put in thin boards, which divide the several packages. And after they come out they are taken out and counted again by girls seated at tables, who also swiftly adjust them in even-edged heaps while counting. Let one of these damsels make a mistake, even of a single sheet, and she necessarily discovers it on the final footings and adjustments. Then there is a careful going over of all the weary piles—thousands of sheets—till that lost sheep is found. If he doesn't turn up then the piles are turned around, and gone through with from the edge on the side, not the opposite edge—and lo, the delinquent is probably found to have got turned under, and so, did not report at muster, for the count is done at the edges.

MINNIE WARREN'S FUNERAL.

Minnie Warren was buried at Middleboro, Mass., on the 25th, with her baby in her arms.

At two oclock the family assembled in the parlor around the casket. This was of black walnut, covered with blue silk velvet, and lined with white satain. It was the casket of a child of ten years, but as the friends looked within they saw the little mother with one arm embracing the girl baby, whose face lay nestled close to the mother's bosom. The mother's head was turned to the baby, and the two seemed quietly sleeping. The baby's face was a sweet one, a little dimple remaining in the chin that even death had not taken away. No one looked upon the little mother and her child without weeping. Gen. Tom Thumb sat near the head of the casket, and by him sat Major Newell, and he made no effort to control his feelings. He wept bitterly, as he has almost without cessation since his wife died. Besides these, Minnie's father and mother and her brothers and sisters, all large men and women, were in the room. They remembered Minnie as a daughter and sister who shared her wealth with them rather than as a famous little woman. Mrs. P. T. Barnum and Mr. Bleecker and his wife, who have traveled with the Tom Thumb party for fifteen years, were also among the chief mourners.

Soon after two oclock, the house being uncomfortably filled, and fully a thousand persons on the lawn outside, a chant was sung by a choir, and the Rev. Mr. Dyer made a short prayer. He then spoke of Minnie's kindness and sweetness of disposition. Mrs. Tom Thumb, as she heard her sister's tenderness spoken of, fainted and was carried from the room. There was not a dry eye in the house. After another hymn had been sung, six young ladies, old friends and mates of Minnie, took their places as pall bearers, and then the family looked, for the last time, upon Minnie's face. Gen. Tom Thumb could not control his grief as he turned from the casket. The doors were then opened and the people passed through the parlor, looking for a few minutes at the faces of the mother and child. It was two hours before the last friend had passed and the casket closed. Borne by four young men the casket was placed in the hearse, and, followed by many carriages, taken to the villiage cemetery. Here, after the beneditcion, the casket was lowered into the little grave. Many stood near even after the clergyman had dismissed them.

The death of Minnie Warren will probably end the public appearance of the Tom Thumb party. Minnie's death was undoubtedly caused by maternal love. Had she listened to the advice of the physician sooner, her own life might have been saved, although her child would have been lost to her. But she would not until it was too late. During her sickness she seemed to think of nothing but the baby she soon hoped to fold to her bosom.

"I shall live," she said to her sister, Mrs. Southworth; and after her baby was born, she said with a smile, "I knew I should live; take me and rock me." The sister took Minnie in her arms as she would an infant, and rocked her. "Don't cry," said Minnie, "I shall live through it." Then, after a little, she said, "rock me on the other side, sister." Mrs. Southworth did so, and Minnie was quiet for a little while. At length she said with a sigh, "I don't know whether I shall get through after all. Please put me on the bed, I feel very badly; I am afraid I can't live through it." The sister put her tenderly on the bed. In a few minutes, without another word and with only a gentle sigh, Minnie died, three hours after her baby was born. The baby was a beautiful child, robust, and weighed just one seventh of Minnie's weight, six pounds.

PRESCRIPTION FOR FITS.

For a Fit of Passion.—Walk out in the open air. You may speak your mind to the winds without hurting any one, or proclaiming yourself to be a simpleton. "Be not hasty in thy spirit to be angry, for anger resteth in the bosom of fools."

For a Fit of Idleness.—Count the tickings of a clock. Do this for one hour, and you will be glad to pull off your coat the next and work like a man. "Slothfulness casteth into a deep sleep, and an idle soul shall suffer hunger."

For a Fit of Extravagance and Folly.—Go to the workhouse, or speak with the ragged and wretched inmates of a jail, and you will be convinced

"Who makes his bread of toiler and thorn
Must be content to lie forlorn."

"Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labor for that which satisfieth not?"

For a Fit of Ambition.—Go to the churchyard and read the gravestones. They will tell you the end of man at his best estate. "For what is your life? It is even a vapor, which appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away." "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall."

For a Fit of Repining.—Look about for the halt and the blind, and visit the bed-ridden, the afflicted, and the deranged; and they will make you ashamed of complaining of your light afflictions. "Wherefore doth a living man complain?"

For a Fit of Envy.—Go and see how many who keep their carriages are afflicted with rheumatism, gout and dropsy; how many walk abroad on crutches or stay at home wrapped up in flannel; and how many are subject to epilepsy and apoplexy. "A sound heart is the life of the flesh. Envy is the rottenness of the bones."

AN AWFUL WARNING TO YOUNG HUSBANDS.

A young wife in Michigan had just got settled in her new home. All seemed fair and promising, for she did not know that her husband was a drunkard. But one night he came home at a very late hour and much the worse for liquor. When he staggered into the house his wife, who was breatly shocked, told him he was sick and to lie down at once, and in a moment or two he was quite comfortably settled on a sofa in a drunken sleep. His face was reddish purple, his breathing was heavy, and altogether he was a pitiable looking sight.

The doctor was sent for post haste and mustard applied to his feet and hands. When the doctor came and felt his pulse and examined him and found that he was only drunk, he said:

"He will be all right in the morning."

But the wife insisted that he was very sick, and that severe remedies must be used.

"You must shave his head and apply blisters" she urged, "or I will send for some one who will."

The husband's head was accordingly shaved closely and blisters applied,

The patient lay all night in a drunken sleep, and notwithstanding the blisters were eating into his flesh, it was not till morning that he began to beat about disturbed by pain.

At daylight he woke up to a most uncomfortable consciousness of blistered agonies.

"What does this mean?" he said putting his hand to his bandaged head.

"Lie still—you musn't stir," said his wife; "you have been very sick."

"I'm not sick."

"Oh! yes you are; you have the brain fever. We have worked with you all night."

"I should think you had," groaned the poor victim. "What's the matter with my feet?"

"They are blistered."

"Well, I'm better now; take off the blisters—do," he pleaded piteously.

He was in a most uncomfortable state—his head covered with sores, and his feet and hands were still worse.

"Dear," he said groaning, if I should ever get sick in this way again, don't be alarmed and send for a doctor, and, above all, don't blister me again."

"Oh! indeed I will; all that saved you were the blisters, and if you have another such spell I should be more frightened than ever; for the tendency, I am sure, is to apoplexy; and from the next attack you will be likely to die unless there are the severest measures used."

He made no further defence. Suffice it to say, he never had another attack.

STRENGTH OF GREEK SOLDIERS.—The physical superiority of the ante-Alexandrian Greeks to the hardiest and most robust nations of modern times is perhaps best illustrated by the military statistics of Xenophon. According to the author of the "Anabsis," the complete accoutrements of a Spartan soldier, in what we would call heavy marching order, weighed seventy-five pounds, exclusive of the camp, mining and bridge-building tools, and the rations of bread and dried fruit which were issued in weekly installments, and increased the burden of the infantry soldier to ninety, ninety-five, or even to a full hundred pounds. This load was often carried at the rate of four English miles an hour for twelve hours *per diem*, day after day; and only in the burning deserts of Southern Syria the commander of the Grecian auxiliaries thought it prudent to shorten the usual length of a day's march by one-fourth. The gymnastic tests applied by the *systarchus*, or recruiting-officer of a picked corps, would appear even more preposterous to the uninformed exquisite of modern 'crack regiments.' Even tall and well formed men of the soundest constitution could not pass the preliminary examination unless they could jump their own height vertically, and thrice their own length horizontally, and two thirds of these distances in full armor; pitch a weight equal to one third their own to a distance of twenty yards, and throw a javelin with such dexterity that they would not miss a mark the size of a man's head more than four out of ten times at a distance of fifty yards, besides other tests referring to their expertness in the use of the bow and the broadsword.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

IMITATING PETER THE GREAT.—The legend of Peter the Great's apprenticeship is brought to mind by a little story which is told by the Philadelphia *Times*. In August last a quiet looking Russian of the blonde type applied to John Roach's shipyard at Chester for work. August Blummier was the name he gave, and previous to going there he said he had been connected in some capacity with the Russian frigate Craysser, which had a few days before left Cramp's shipyard, where it had been lying some time for repairs. Bluminer could speak tolerably good English, and seemed quite easy on the matter of salary telling the ship-builder that wages was not so much an object with him as the acquiring of knowledge as to the American method of building ships. He was in the employ of his own Government, he said, and received a regular salary from it. Mr. Roach placed him in the machinists' or erecting department. There he worked about three months. In October he gave up his situation and left town, and his companions had already forgotten him when it was announced that a Russian naval constructor in this country was in active communication with the Russian Minister at Washington, and with his own Government, in reference, it was believed, to fitting out American ships for cruisers. Incidentally it was mentioned that he had been employed at Roach's shipyard.

"THERE iz no good substitute fur wisdum," says Josh Billings, "but silence iz the best that haz been discovered yet."

A LESSON TO MOTHERS.

One night not long ago, a young girl in a haunt of vice, in Philadelphia, accidently, while at supper, put her foot on a parlor match, which set fire to her clothing. Another girl, who ran to her rescue, shared her fate; their dresses were of thin material and blazed over their heads, while they fled shrieking to the street, and there burning slowly to death. The men, their companions, stood and afforded no help. The signification part of this horrible story is that both women were young attractive, of good birth and social position, both educated (one a graduate of Vassar College); both had left homes of comfort and ease, husbands and children, voluntarily, to take up this mode of life, which in their case could boast of no attractive gilding. The house in which they met their terrible fate was one of the lowest in its class; the men whom they chose as friends belonged to a wretched negro minstrel show—degraded, cowardly brutes who stood off in safety watching them die. Only two or three days ago the police records of our own city told an even more pitiful tale.

A father found his daughter in an infamous place, and strove by legal means to take her out. She defied him, the courts sustained her, and she went out gaily from the court room with her vile companion, giggling at the discomfiture of the broken-hearted father and brother, who stood with heads bowed in shame as she passed by.

The most frightful fact in our social life faces us in these stories. It is that there are women in the lowest deep who are not driven there by want or cruelty, nor led there by a betrayed affection; women who have been gently reared, educated, beloved whose natures are so tainted that they choose to go out, like the prodigal of old, from the home God gave them, to feed with swine. How many such are hidden in these dens God only knows; how many remain in their original positions, the records of our divorce courts, the foul gossip with which so-called fashionable society reeks, in not only this country but England, give us an appalling hint.

It is useles to ignore this fact. Neither the pulpit nor the press, if it means to help at all in the work of bettering our social life, ought to ignore the fact that a certain portion of American and English society is rapidly becoming as licentious as that of Paris.

Who is to blame for it? Not human nature. Women and men are born as pure as they were a generation ago. Not Christ's religion. His hand is as strong to save the Magdalen in the streets of New York as of Jerusalem. It is the mothers who are to blame. Mothers in fashionable society in the cities, and in that society which feebly apes the fashion in town and villages and farm places from Maine to Orogon, who set before their daughters, from their birth, dress, and show and style, as the sole god they are to follow. We venture to say that "Style," that most vulgar of words and things, has done as much to corrupt the women of America as liquor has.

Not only was it the cause of our financial downfall, but modesty, honesty, decency are sacrificed to it. Fashion now publishes even the rules for "First Communion Dresses," and sets forth the pipings and coiffure in which an innocent girl may properly approach her God. There is nothing so holy that it is not made subservient to it. It is not the wealthy mother alone who vitiates her child's mind by this worship of folly, but the mechanic's wife, the poor seamstress whose aim is to "push her daughter on in society," to give her stylish dresses instead of a modest heart, a clean mind, and a God-fearing soul. The moral training which such mothers neglect is supplied by hot-pressed sensation juvenile literature, and the reports of foul scandal in the daily newspaper.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

THE RELIABE MAN.—Of all the qualities that combine to form a good character, there is not one more important than reliability. Most emphatically is this true of the character of a good business man. The world itself embraces both truth and honesty, and the reliable man must necessarily be truthful and honest. We see so much all around us that exhibits the absence of this crowning quality that we are tempted in our billious moods to deny its very existence. But there are, nevertheless, reliable men to be depended upon, to be trusted, in whom you may repose confidence, whose word is as good as their bond, and whose promise is performance. If any of you know such a man, make him your friend. You can only do so, however, by assimilating his character.

The reliable man is a man of good judgment. He does not jump at conclusions. He is not a frivolous man. He is not a partial or one-siden man. He sees through a thing. He is apt to be a very reticent man. He does not have to talk a great deal. He is a moderate man, not only in habits of body, but of mind. He is not a passionate man, if so by nature, he has overcome it by grace. He is a sincere man, and not a plotter or a schemer. What he says may be relied on. He is a trustworthy man. You feel safe with your property or the administration of affairs in his hands. He is a brave man, for his conclusions are logically deduced from the sure basis of truth, and he does not fear to maintain them. He is a good man, for no one can be thoroughly honest and truthful without being good. Is such a quality attainable? Most assuredly so. It is not born, it is made. Character may be formed, of course, then its component parts may be moulded to that formation.

You need not be afraid of giving too much. The old darky said, "If any ob you know ob any church w'at died ob liberality, jes tell me where it is, an' I will take a pilgrimage to it, and by the soft light ob de pale moon I will crawl upon its moss-covered roof an' write upon de topmost shingle, 'Blessed am de dead who die in the lord.'"

MY DARLING.

Why do I love my darling so?
Good faith, my heart, I hardly know,
I have such a store of reasons:
'Twould take me all a summer day—
Nay, saying half that I could say
Would fill the circling seasons.

Because her eyes are softly brown,
My dove, who quietly hath flown
To me as to her haven?
Because her hair is soft, and laid
Madonna-wise, in simple braid,
As jetty as the raven?

Because her lips are sweet to touch,
Nor chill, nor fiery overmuch,
But softly warm as roses.
Dear lips that chasten while they move,
Lips that a man may dare to love
Till earthly love time closes?

Because her hand is soft and white,
Of touch so gentle and so light,
That where her tender finger
Doth fall or move, the man to whom
The guards of Eden whisper "Come!"
Beneath the spell might linger?

Beneath her heart is woman-soft,
So true, so tender, that I oft
Do marvel that a treasure
So rich, so rare, to me should fall,
Whose sole desert—so small, so small,
Is—loving past all measure?

Because she has such store of moods,
So archly smiles, so staidly broods,
So lovingly caresses;
So that my heart may never tire
Of monotone, or more desire
Than she, my love possesses?

Ah me! what know or what care I?
Or what hath love to do with "why?"
How simple is the reason!
I love her—for she is my love,
And shall while stars shall shine above,
And season follow season.

FUN, FACT AND FACETIÆ.

A PAISLEY publican was complaing of his sevant maid that she never could be found when required. "She'll gang oot' the house," said he, "twenty times for ance she'll come in."

A WOMAN forgot to send home work on Saturday. On Sunday morning she told her little niece to put on her things and take the bundle under her shawl to the lady's house. "Nobody will see it," she said. "But is it not Sunday under my shawl, aunt?" asked the child.'"

A MINISTER going to visit one of his sick parishioners, asked him how he rested during the night. "Oh, wondrously ill, sir," he replied, "for mine eyes have not come together these three nights." "What is the reason of that?" said the other. "Alas, sir!" said he, "because my nose was betwixt them."

A clerial wit, while sitting in his library one evening, was greatly disturb by a servant girl singing in a loud, cracked voice—

"There's a mansion in Heaven for me
A light in the winder I see,"

"Well!" exclaimed he, after waiting a provokingly long time for her to stop for breath, "I am grateful that in my father's house there are many mansions!"

RECENTLY a wealthy and eccentric citizen called upon the undertaker of Westfield, Mass., to pay a bill for burying a member of his family. The account was handed to the gentleman, who, taking it, stood for some moments in a contemplative mood, eyeing it closely and murmuring an accasional "Hum," "hum." "Anything wrong in the bill?" inquired the undertaker. "No," replied the honest old chap, "but I was wondering how poor people care to die in this town."

A YOUNG and pretty girl stepped into a shop where a spruce young man, who had long been enamored but dared not speak, stood before the counter selling drapery. In order to remain as long as possible she cheapened everything, and at last she said, "I believe you think I am cheating you." "Oh, no," said the youngster; "to me you are always fair." "Well," whispered the lady, blushing," as she laid an emphasis on the word, "I would not stay so long bargaining if you were not so dear."

SALUTATIONS.

With us the usual modes of salutation consist in shaking hands, removing the hat or courtesying, accompanying the action with the words, "How do you do?" or "How are you?" Hand-shaking takes its rise in the ancient custom of enemies seizing each other by the right or weapon hand to guard against treachery, while treating of a truce. The removal of the hat is a relic of the old custom of putting by the helmet when no danger was to be apprehended, as if one would say, "I dare stand unprotected in your presence." Women formerly knelt before men of rank to plead for mercy, and later to acknowledge inferiority. From this we get the courtesy.

The negro Kings on the African coasts salute each other by snapping the middle finger three times

In Otaheite they rub noses, a custom common with many savages.

The inhabitants of Carmine, when they show particular attachment, open a vein and present their blood to their freind to drink.

The Japanese remove a slipper; and the natives of Arracen their sandals in the street, and their stockings in the house.

Phillippine Islanders take a person's hand or foot and rub it over their faces.

Laplanders smell of the persons they salute.

In the Straits of the Sound they raise the left foot of the person addressed, and pass it over the right leg and then to the face.

The usual words of salutation in Cairo are, "How do you sweat?" an absence of prespiration being, in that climate, an indication of fever.

The Dutch say "May you eat a hearty dinner," or "How do you sail?"

Greenlanders use no salutation, believing all men equal, and none deserving of any especial mark of respect.

The Spaniards say, "How do you stand?" and the French, "How do you carry yourself?"

And most absurd of all, young ladies kiss, in public and in private, in the parlor, in the church and at home; no place is too sacred, no street too public. But while osculatory refreshment indulged in by two of the fair sex seems sweetness wasted in the desert air, he is a hardened wretch who can witness the operation and not have his heart fill with the most wicked envy.

AS TO THE LEGS.

The position of the legs, while the body occupies a sitting posture,