

The Record

ALVORD & HITCHCOCK, Publishers.

REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER.

TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 26, 1878.

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NUMBER 17.

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Fourth Insertion	25	62	125	250
Continued	15	37	75	150

Advertisements for one insertion will be accepted for insertion in any other paper in the county, at the rate of one dollar per insertion, and a larger circulation than any other paper in the county, at the rate of one dollar per insertion.

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Business Cards.

OVERTON & SANDERSON,
TOWANDA, PA.
JOHN F. SANDERSON
W. B. KELLY, Dentist—Office over M. E. Rose's, Towanda, Pa. Teeth extracted without pain.

D. PAYNE, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon. Office over Montgomery's Store, one hour from 12 1/2 A. M. and 10 P. M. Special treatment in diseases of the Eye and Ear—Oct. 10th, 78.

DR. T. B. JOHNSON,
Physician and Surgeon. Office over Dr. Porter & Son's Drug Store, Towanda, Jan 1st.

Poetry.

AN EMBROIDERED POEM.
Darning from first in air of early spring,
I took a fly growing sweet and wild;
I pinned a daisy blossom, money fair, to bring,
As type of restraint, to my child;
With it to show
How out of time divinity might grow.

I told her then what Easter meant, and why
There sacred feast is given to the world;
Why cleaved cloister sang so exultantly
The joyful anthems "Christ is risen again!"
That, singing, He
Had taken from the grave its life.

"He came and died and rose again," I said,
"The dark and shadowy valley none need fear;
The little brother that to heaven had fled
Was with the angels, waiting for the day."
There is no tomb
Can protect or hide the soul's immortal doom."

"O! impulses of words! Who can explain
This sacrament mystery? And yet, perchance,
Through one hour of God's gift after light,
My child may grasp the daisy's significance,
And, kneeling, say—
"A little child took her heart to-day!"
—Mrs. L. C. WILSON.

THE UNTRUSTED ORACLE.

She picked a little daisy flower
With fringe of gold and heart of gold;
And stood to leave her fortune told:
"I'll love me, no," was the maid's said,
And plucked the daisy leaf to read:
"A little—no much—no at all—
With trust heart—oh, magic best!
"So range the changes over and over;
The tiny leaflets intoned a song,
And strove the maiden's gray hair,
"A little—no much—no at all—
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Her's value on a daily tale!
Was as she pulled the latest leaf,
"With 'no at all,' I'd never be so,
"As surely, no, my only flower,
"He'll love me till his sunny day,
—Merry Alms of Yore.

IF WE WOULD.
If we would but check the speaker
Who is so prone to brag and fame;
If we would but help the erring
Who we utter words of blame;
If we would but show many more
Than from paths of sin and shame.

Ab, the wrong that might be righted
If we would but see the way!
Ab, the pain that might be lightened
If we would but be kind and gay!
If we would but hear the pleading
Of the hearts that go astray.

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And we shall find our true way,
Let us sit our fasting brothers,
Let us strengthen our weak;
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THE OIL SUPPLY OF NEW YORK.
The Catskill Recorder says: Travelers on the Hudson frequently see towers made up of huge white barges, each with a windmill at work pumping out the oil.

FOUND WANTING.

"And you really fancy yourself in love with this fair-haired little shop girl?"
"Mr. Meredith, a tall, noble-looking man of fifty, looking rather sadly at his fanciful young nephew,"
"Fancy, uncle? This is hardly an appropriate word to use. I am quite certain of the fact."
"I suppose you will consider me a very bad judge of human character, if I tell you that I like her little cousin's demure face best. Believe me, Harry, there is more real stamina in Ruth Durr than in her pretty cousin Rachel."
"That is the question, isn't it?"
"Well, my boy, you must choose for yourself. Remember, it is no question of a partner for a while, or a pair of bright eyes whose glitter is caused by your for or two evenings. The woman whom you now select for your wife must necessarily exert a more or less potent influence over your whole life."
"I'm not sure of that," said Harry, musing over the moment almost grave.
"That she earns her own living behind the counter of a fancy store—my eyes. Independent and self-reliant. Her own individual virtues and even though your wife will be raised into an atmosphere of comparative wealth, a few less taken before-hand in the impartial school of worldly experience will be of incalculable benefit to her."
"Harry Meredith sat long, that night, before his snug bright fire in his snug little bachelor apartment, musing over his uncle's words."
"He had met the two cousins. Rachel and Ruth Durr at a quiet little birthday gathering at the house of a friend, and had instantaneously felt drawn toward the older one, elder by eighteen months. She was a beautiful blonde, white as her brother's of the brunette type."
"During the few months which had followed upon his first introduction, Harry Meredith had contrived to see the cousins several times a week and consequently fell deeper in love with the golden-haired lassie even while he was quite conscious of Ruth's deeper character and stronger intellect."
"Sometimes he was almost tempted to waver in his allegiance toward the elder and then he would look toward the younger with a wistful smile and a sigh of regret."
"To-night, however, he passed the whole of the last few weeks in review before his memory, and decided that inaction was the very worst policy in the world."
"This suspense must be put an end to," he muttered out loud, and he smiled mischievously to himself, as an idea came into his head.
"I'd do it," he thought biting his lip. "Of course it's merely for the fun of the thing. I have no real intention of a dot that she is all she seems, but still—"
He was silent for a few minutes, and then arose to prepare for slumber.
"Upon my word, Ruth, you are the greatest fool I ever saw," he thought, while the old gentleman bobbed out of the store. "I would have seen the old beggar in Jericho before I would have given him anything. Why doesn't he go to the poor house?"

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FUN, FACT AND FAULTS.

I mean my witness that condense in man is water folly, and brings seaward in the soul; but I mean to prove certain that condense in God is always wise, never leads to disappointment, and never causes regrets.

The love of glory, the fear of shame, the design of making a fortune, the desire of rendering life easy and agreeable, and the honor of public approval; these are often the cause of that valor so celebrated among men.

Can't the radiance of your soul in your face? Let the world have the benefit of it. Let your cheerfulness be felt for whoever you are, and let your smiles be created and sustained "on the just as well as on the unjust."

"Tear! is no power like that of oratory. Caesar conquered by weeping; his tears were his armor, and his enemies were his shields. Every man should be a weeper, and every man should be a conqueror."

Turn it tonight. It will not break like a bubble, at a touch; you may kick it about all day like a football, and it will be more likely to burst than a bubble. Mr. Bryant says that truth gets well if it is run over by a locomotive, while error goes to pieces if it is scratched by a finger.

The financial wrecks of our times, the miseries endured by so-called "successful" men, the up and down of commercial life, and the general unhappiness of the very rich, ought to teach the philosophy of contentment to those who enjoy a respectable and steady income, without cares or harassments.

Go before and above all things! Such is the command, such is the law, and every reason should be sacrificed, every obligation cancelled, for the furtherance of this supreme duty. He who does not do this for consolation and joy of the soul; serve God, pray to Him, and you will thus come into the presence of God; you will find consolation of spiritual joy.

God ever sees not only our outward actions, but the inmost thoughts of our hearts. He is watching us with more than a father's solicitude; not to blame, and rebuke, and overcome, and condemn, but to prompt, to guide, and encourage us to every right feeling, and every struggling effort to please Him. What an incentive to labor! What a motive to live so as to honor Him!

The Christian must stand in a posture to receive every message which God shall send. He must not be afraid of any test; his reason should be sacrificed, every obligation cancelled, for the furtherance of this supreme duty. He who does not do this for consolation and joy of the soul; serve God, pray to Him, and you will thus come into the presence of God; you will find consolation of spiritual joy.

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