The Bradford Reporter.

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

VOLUME XXXIX. TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 3, 1878. NUMBER 18.

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

The BRADFORD REPORTER is published every Thursday morning by S. W. ALVORD and J. L. HITCHCOCK, at Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

Advertising in all cases exclusive of subscription to the paper.

SPECIAL NOTICES inserted at TEN CENTS per line for first insertion; and FIVE CENTS per line for each subsequent insertion.

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	$5.00	$10.00	$15.00
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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,'76-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 Sq 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.

Legal

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—Hiram Elsbree vs James Ellis and E. W. Ellis. In the Court of Common Pleas of Bradford Co. No. 657, September Term, 1877:
The undersigned an Auditor appointed by the Court to distribute the fund arising from the Sheriff's sale of defendants real estate, will attend to the duties of his appointment at the office of OVERTON & MERCUR, in the Borough of Towanda, on MONDAY, the 21st day of OCTOBER, A. D., 1878, at 10 o'clock A. M., when and where all persons having claims against said fund must present them, or be forever debarred from coming in on said fund. E. A. MERCUR.
Towanda, Sept. 19, '78-w4. Auditor.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE.—By virtue of an order issued out of the Orphans' Court of Bradford County, the undersigned, executor of the estate of James Finerty, late of North Towanda deceased, will expose to public sale on the premises, on WEDNESDAY, the 23d day of OCTOBER, 1878, at 10 o'clock A. M., the following described real estate in said township:
Bounded on the north by lands of Elijah Granger, east by lands formerly owned by the estate of Dennis McMahon, and now owned by E. T. Fox, south by the lands of Mrs. Catherine A. Brady, west by lands of John Devine and the public highway leading from Towanda to Ulster; contains about 40 acres more or less, with a framed house, a framed barn, and an orchard of fruit trees thereon.
TERMS OF SALE.—$200 down, $1,000 on confirmation, balance in two equal annual payments, with interest from confirmation.
E. T. FOX, Executor.
Towanda, Sept. 19, 1878-5w.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE.—By virtue of an order issued out of the Orphans' Court of Bradford County, the undersigned, administrator of the estate of George Horton, late of Shesbequin twp, deceased, will expose to public sale on the premises, on SATURDAY, the 19th day of OCTOBER, 1878, at 1 o'clock, P. M., the following described real estate in said township:
Bounded on the north by lands of Thomas Harvey, east by lands of John Horton and H S Vanetse, south by lands of Martin Horton, west by lands of Martin Horton and Isaac Horton; contains 50 acres more or less, about 40 improved, with 1 framed house, 1 framed barn, 1 framed wagon house, and an orchard of fruit trees thereon.
TERM OF SALE.—$50 down, $250 on confirmation of sale, and the balance April 1, 1879, with approved security. REUBEN YOUNG,
Shesbequin, Sept. 19, 1878. Administrator.

IN BANKRUPTCY. — District Court of the United States, for the Western District of Pennsylvania.
This is to give notice, That on the 16th day of September, A. D. 1878, a warrant in bankruptcy was issued against the estate of Arthur E Clement of Williamsport and Orlen C. Mills of East Smithfield, in the county of Bradford and State of Pennsylvania, who have been adjudged bankrupts upon their own petition; that the payment of any debts and the delivery of any property belonging to such bankrupts to them or for their use, and the transfer of any property by them are forbidden by law; that a meeting of the creditors of said bankrupts to prove their debts, and choose one or more assignees of their estate, will be held at a Court of Bankruptcy, to be holden at the Reville House in the city of Williamsport, Pa., before F. E. Smith, Esq., Register, on the 30th day of OCTOBER, A. D. 1878, at 10 o'clock A. M. JOHN HALL,
U. S. Marshal, as Messenger.
Pittsburg, Pa., Sept. 19th, 1878. 17w2

ORPHAN'S COURT SALE.—By virtue of an order issued out of the Orphan's Court of Bradford county, the undersigned administrator of the estate of Julia A. Calkins, late of Burlington borough, deceased, will expose to public sale on the premises, on THURSDAY, the 24th day of OCTOBER, 1878, at 2 o'clock P. M., the following described real estate in Burlington boro.
Bounded east by the Berwick turnpike, south and west by Long Brothers, north by Hezekiah Morley; being twenty-four by eighty feet, with a two-story wood building twenty by forty-five feet thereon.
TERMS OF SALE.—$50 down, $300 on confirmation, and the balance in three equal annual installments, with all interest annually.
M. B. CALKINS, Administrator.
Burlington, Pa., Sept. 25, 1878. 17w5

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—W. H. Carmer vs. J. LeRoy Corbin in the Court of Common Pleas of Bradford county, No. 456, May Term, 1878.
The undersigned, Auditor appointed by the Court of Common Pleas of Bradford county, to distribute the money in the hands of the Sheriff, raised by the sale of defendant's real estate in the above entitled cause, will attend to the duties of his appointment, at his office, in Athens borough, on THURSDAY, OCTOBER 24th, 1878, at 1 o'clock P. M. at which time and place all persons interested will present their claims or be forever debarred from claiming any part of said funds.
Sept. 21, 1878. 17w5 H. C. BAIRD, Auditor.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—Estate of Allen R. Dorsey, deceased.
The undersigned, Auditor appointed by the Orphan's Court of Bradford county to distribute the money in the hands of the administrator of Allen R. Dorsey, late of Athens borough, deceased, received by the sale of the real estate of said decedent will attend to the duties of his appointment at his office, in Athens borough, on FRIDAY, OCTOBER 25th, 1878, at 1 o'clock P. M., at which time and place all persons interested will present their claims or be forever debarred from claiming any part of said funds. H. C. BAIRD, Auditor.
Sept. 21, 1877. 17w5

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given, that all persons indebted to the estate of G. H. Eaton, late of Towanda boro, deceased, must make immediate payment, and all persons having claims against such estate must present them duly authenticated for settlement. SUSAN EATON,
15w6 J. T. BOYSE,
Towanda, Sept. 4, 1878. Administrators.

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.
Old 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. (Apr4'78.

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.31'78.

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. (ap27) 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 WAED 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.
S. J. MADILL. (jan8-731y) J. N. CALIFF.

GRIDLEY & PAYNE,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
South side Mercur Block (rooms formerly occupied by Davies & Carnochan),
TOWANDA, PA.
E. C. GRIDLEY. (1-77) 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.'76. TOWANDA, PA.

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

OVERTON & MERCUR,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, P.
Office over Montanyes Store. (may6'75.
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, '74.)

C. S. RUSSELL'S
GENERAL
INSURANCE AGENCY
May22-70tf. TOWANDA, PA.

INSURANCE AGENCY.
The following
RELIABLE AND FIRE TRIED
Companies represented;
LANCSHIRE, PHŒNIX, HOME, MERCHANTS.
March 14, '74 O. H. BLACK.

Poetry.

UNDER THE VIOLETS.

Her hands are cold; her face is white;
No more her pulses come and go;
Her eyes are shut to life and light—
Fold the white vestures, snow on snow,
And lay her where the violets blow.

But not beneath a graven stone,
To plead for tears with alien eyes;
A slender cross of wood alone
Shall say that here a maiden lies
In peace beneath the peaceful skies.

And gray old trees of hugest limb
Shall wheel their circling shadows round,
To make the scorching sunlight dim,
That drinks the greenness from the ground;
And drop their dead leaves on her mound.

When o'er their boughs the squirrels run,
And through their leaves the robins call,
And, ripening in the autumn sun,
The acorns and the chestnuts fall,
Doubt not that she will heed them all.

To her the morning choir shall sing
Its matins from the branches high,
And every minstrel-voice of spring,
That thrills beneath the April sky,
Shall greet her with its earliest cry.

When, turning round their dial-track,
Eastward the lengthening shadows pass,
Her little mourners, clad in black,
The crickets, sliding through the grass,
Shall pipe for her an evening mass.

At last the rootlets of the trees
Shall find the prison where she lies,
And bear the buried dust they seize
In leaves and blossoms to the skies.
So may the soul that warmed it rise!

If any, born of kindlier blood,
Should ask, What maiden lies below?
Say only this: A tender bud,
That tried to blossom in the snow,
Lies withered where the violets blow.
—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

A CHILD'S STORY.

With rosy cheeks and golden hair,
And joyous smile, just turn'd of three,
He came and said that he must tell
A tale to me.

"Three little people," so happy he spoke,
"Went out to seek for God above,
And two of them were Faith and Hope,
The other love.

They wander'd near, they wander'd far,
But never found the God they sought,
And Faith and Hope were lost and gone,
And came to nought.

I asked of Love, and where was he,
"Oh, mother he is strong to bear;
He struggled on to God at last—
He now is there.

And I must go, and I must play."
He danced away with laughing eyes,
Blue as the glacier's sapphire depths,
Or Summer skies.

But in my brain the baby tale
Reiterated o'er and o'er,
As if it were the last true word
Of this sad hour.

Oh, hope deferr'd! oh, faltering faith!
Weak forces doom'd to droop and die,
Not yours to find man's mystic God,
Now or eternality.

In Love as yet but faintly known,
Lies all the future of our kind,
Cling to him, that on some far shore,
Faith Hope, ye find.
—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

Miscellaneous.

DIFFICULTIES ENCOUNTERED BY STANLEY.

Stanley's narratives gives us a vivid idea of travel in Africa under its best conditions; that is to say, through a country fairly known, which has been visited by white men and is now traversed by frequent caravans. Sometimes they crossed "broad and bleak plains, where food was scarce and cloth vanished fast," and sometimes they come to hilly countries, where the people were civil and hospitable. Sometimes they were in troublesome districts, where there were warring tribes, where the people were treacherous or hostile, and then Stanley could only sleep with his hand on his rifle. There were furious tempests, "and some days Nature and man warred against us, while on others both seemed combined to bless us." Other troubles came to the intrepid commander and his small army, more especially that potent and untiring enemy of all African travelers—Typhus. This was the enemy who menaced Stanley at Zanzibar, and never left his footsteps until he embarked at Loanda; who followed him night and day doing his awful will upon the expendition. And so from these misfortunes—from famine and fatigue, from fever and massacre, from mutiny and death—the little army dwindled away; and it is a wonder that it did not return, or at least content itself with visiting, Livingstone's country and exploring Victoria N'yanza, and return with the report which has been brought for so many countries—that Africa continued hostile to those who came to woo her, and would not be won. Nor does it surprise us that, amid all these discouragements, the heart of Stanley should have faltered. "The expedition seemed doomed. Promises of reward kindness, threats, punishments, had no effect." But at the same time the spirit of the leader was felt in the command. "The white men," he says, "Although elected out of the ordinary class of Englishmen, did their work bravely, heroically. Though suffering from fever and dysentery, insulted by natives, marching under the heat and equatorial rain-storms, they at all times proved themselves of noble, manly natures, stout-hearted brave, and, better than all, true Christians." These are the men by whom empires are made, but for them there was no empire but the memory of duty well done; no trophy, no reward, unless what is to come as the reward for well-doing in the final day of account. Two of them were to sleep near the banks of Victoria N'yanza, victims of disease; the other was to be whirled into eternity over the rapids of the Congo, when his journey was almost to an end.

Sometimes Stanley was in the wilderness without guides. This, however seemed a happiness compared to his position when he did have guides who betrayed him, as happened early in his expedition in Ukimbu, near the elephant country. In Ukimbu the guides ran away, and Stanley found himself on the edge of a wilderness with but ten days provisions. He had trusted his guides, and purchased a small quantity of food. He endeavored to pierce the wilderness, but his track was lost in a maze of elephant and rhinocerous trails. He could only depend upon his compass. The second day found a jungle of acacia and euphoriba, through which the men had to crawl and scramble along the ground "under natural tunnels of embracing shrubbery, cuting the convolvuli and creepers, thrusting aside stout thorney bushes, and by various detours taking advantage of every slight opening the jungle afforded." There was no water. Overcome with hunger and thirst, the command began to struggle and faint. Some managed to reach camp, where medicine and restoratives brought them strength. Five never returned. One of them was found dead in the woods and of the other four it is believed "they hopelessly wandered on until they also fell down and died." On the fifth day they came to a village, but the village comprised only four negroes, their wives and little children, and had no food for such a large command. Stanley learned that there was another village twenty-nine miles away, named Suna, and he sent a picked band of twenty, the strongest and most enduring, to visit Suna and bring food. He scoured the woods for game, but there was no game. A lion's den was found. In this den were two young lions, which were killed and skinned. But of what avail were two young lion cubs to an expedition of starved men? Surely here was death at last—death defeat, annihilation; and this proud expedition which had set out so gloriously from Zanzibar, resolved to force the mistery of a continent and fight its way to the Atlantic, why, all that could happen to it was to perish in an African jungle of lions and elephants, to perish as so many had done before, leaving only the name of Stanley to be added to the sad, dismal roll of martyrs in African discovery. "Returning to camp," says Stanley "from the fruitless hunt"—nothing in all that wilderness but the two lion cubs—"I was so struck with the pinched faces of people that I could have almost wept, if I might have done so without exciting fear of our fate in their minds. I resolved to do something toward relieving the pressing needs of fierce hunger." Stanley had medical stores, which in such an expedition are sacred trust. He opened a sheet-iron trunk and made it serve as a pot. Into this pot he doled out five pounds of Scotch oatmeal—perhaps the most precious of all his possessions—and three tins of "revalenta arabica," and made a gruel. "It was a rare sight," he says, "to see these poor famine stricken people hasten to that Torquay dress trunk and assist me to cook the huge pot of gruel; to watch them fan the fire to a fiercer heat, and, with their gourds full of water, stand to cool the foaming liquid when it threatened to overflow." The porridge kept the expedition alive for forty-eight hours, when Stanley heard the musketry of his returning embassy coming in from Suna with food. "The grain was most greedily seized by the hungry people, and so animating was the report of the purveyors that the soldiers one and all clamored to be lead away that after noon." And so our leader marched on.—JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG, in *Harper's Magazine for October.*

DAVY CROCKET.

It was during his first session as a "legislator," that Davy met with James K. Polk, afterwards President of the United States, but then only an unnoticed young lawyer. Both happened one day to be standing in a crowd of members. Polk remarked that a bill would be immediately introduced to alter the judiciary, Crocket, who did not know what the deuce the word judiciary meant, briefly replied, "I s'pose so," and to cover up his ignorance hastily slipped away from the crowd. Some time after he got to Nashville, never having been in a town before, Colonel Crocket became the hero of another experience, which afterwards when a member of Congress, he was fond of relating to his friends. He was invited to pay a visit to a billiard saloon—the best in Nashville. He had never heard of billiards much and had never seen them played. Arriving at the saloon, his curiosity was greatly excited at seeing some men with long sticks shoving and punching at pretty red and white balls, which would roll off into their proper receptacles. He left highly pleased. It was during the same period that Crocket was invited to a splendid supper and banquet at the fine and aristocratic mansion of Mr. Irwin, in Nashville. Colonel Crocket arriving at the house, strode across the gallery or piazza to the door. Looking in, he was surprised to see the table-cloth spread all over the floor, never having before seen a carpet, except the one of bearskin which he had used on his cabin floor in the woods. Not knowing what the carpet was, and seeing no way to get to the fire-place except by crossing what he believed to be the table-cloth, Colonel Crocket, in full view of the other guests, cautiously looked this way and that to see if there was any chance except by crossing. At last he muttered to himself, "Who in the——is afraid?" He crept around the carpet till the fire-place was reached. Before supper was announced, Mr. Irwin and the "boys" had a high old time listening to Davy's b'ar stories. Now, he had never been at a banquet before and after the guests were seated at the table, a negro waiting boy came up to the back of the chair and asked if he would have tea or coffee. Crocket replied, "coffee, though I have plenty of sarsaparilla at home." Up stepped the boy with the coffee on a waiter. Crocket insisted not only on taking the coffee, but the waiter also, and so he and the boy had it lively for a while. Crocket was an old line Whig, and in his first race for Congress from Tennesee "licked" Colonel Hunt, a Democrat, awfully beating him with a tremendous majority. While a member of that body, and to his daughter, who wrote asking his advice about accepting the hand of a young man in marriage, he addressed the famous expression, "First be sure you're right then go ahead." And she did, to her satisfaction. Years rolled on, and Crocket, singularly enough, went to Texas, as General Houston did, in time to take part in the struggle of 1846 against Santa Anna and the Mexican power. While Huuston was appointed to command the Texan army, Crockett went to San Antonia and offered his services to Colonel Travis, commanding the "ill-fated" garrison of the celebrated Alamo fortress. He perished with its defenders, all of whom were put to the sword by the Mexicans. Crocket's body was found in a corner of the fortress surrounded by a number of the enemy. His name is embalmed in Texan history as one of Travis' immortal band.

THE MISDIRECTED LETTERS.

In *Appleton's Journal* we find an article on the New York Post-office, from which we make this extract:

"This 'blind' department is a part of the seacher's office, which is presided over by John H. Hallet. Once a letter was turned over to the department, bearing the simple inscription, 'To my Mother, New York.' Now, Mr. Hallet and his assistant, with much deliberation, reached the conclusion that there were several 'mothers' in New York City, and, not having time to hunt them all up for the purpose of inquiry, the letter was laid one side. Some months afterward, when the dust had gathered to a considerable depth upon the curiously-addressed envelope, Mr. Hallett was startled one morning by the words of an elderly-looking lady, who entered the apartment and asked if he had a letter 'from her son?' Instantly the incident of the 'To-my-Mother' letter flashed across Mr. Hallett's mind, and he proceeded to question his caller. He found that she had a son at the point where the letter was postmarked, and that she had missed a letter from him about the time this one should have been received. He then showed her the envelope, and she, with evidences of gladness, declared that it was indeed the one she sought. There is but one case on record where a more remarkable delivery than this one has occurred. In that instance, a letter remained in the office at Washington nearly forty-two years, and at the end of that time reached the person to whom it was addressed. The circumstances were as follows: In October, 1835, there was mailed at Syracuse, New York, a letter addressed to Palmer Gardner, village of Detroit, Territory of Michigan. The letter contained a certificate of deposit for the sum of three hundred and sixty dollars, issued by the Onondaga Bank of Syracuse. Upon its arrival at Detroit Mr. Gardner did not claim it, and, after lying in the office for the customary period, the letter was sent to the dead-letter office at Washington, and from there to Syracuse for delivery to its writer. But he, too, had disappeared mysteriously, and was not to be found. In the regular course of postal-events, the letter was returned to Washington and filed away among the dusty old documents in the dead-letter office. After a time the history of the letter was found to possess some points of interest, and it was given a prominent place in the Museum, where it remained on exhibition until March 11, 1877, when Palmer Gardner, of Burlington, Wisconsin, sent for it. The manner of his learning its whereabouts is no less strange than the simultaneous disappearance of himself and the writer of the letter. It seems that some visitors at the Centennial, coming from Burlington, saw the age-stained parchment, and, recognizing the name of their fellow-townsman, informed him, upon their return, whereupon he took the necessary steps to recover his property. The certificate of deposit, however, has no value now other than as a relic, because the Onondaga Bank of Syracuse a number of years ago began the sleep that knows no waking."

THE SUN.

The sun is 32,000 times as large as the earth.

The sun is 400 times as far off as the moon.

A lady who weighs 100 pounds here would weigh 2,700 pounds if on the surface of the sun.

The heat given off by the sun would melt 287,200,000 cubic miles of ice every second.

The diameter of the earth bears the same relation to its distance from the sun as the breadth of a hair to 125 feet.

A railroad train traveling without stops at the rate of forty miles an hour, would get to the sun in 263 years.

The sun is believed to become some 250 feet smaller every year.

This contraction would be sufficient to generate the enormous quantity of heat which it radiates.

Another theory is that comets and metoric matter falling into the sun may be its aliment to effect the tremendous loss which combustion certainly involves.

It would require the combustion of thirty feet of coal over the entire surface of the sun every second to generate the same heat.

The stars are supposed to average larger than our sun and to have planetary systems like his.

The nearest star is 250,000 times as far off as our sun.

It takes light eight minutes to come from the sun, but it must have required 50,000 years to come from the farthest visible stars.

When the eleven-year storm on the sun occur, the magnetic needle on the earth is variably and sometimes considerably deflected.

The earth is flying around the sun at the rates of 1,000 miles a minute.

The sun and all the stars are moving through space, accompanied by their planetary systems, at a rate varying from 20 to 200 miles a second.

Some of the sun spots (crates) are 100,000 miles in diameter, and one of them would easily swallow up the whole of the planets, Jupiter himself only making a mouthful.

Maedler's curious and brilliant speculation is that the star Alcyone is the central sun of our universe, and that our sun and the visible stars are swinging around it in orbits measured by millions of years.

LIGHT, HEAT AND POWER.

From the New York Sun.

Mr. Edson says that he has discovered how to make electricity a cheap and practicable substitute for illuminating gas. Many scientific men have worked assiduously in that direction, but with little success. A powerful electric light was the result of these experiments, but the problem of its division into many small lights was a puzzler. Gramme, Siemens, Brush, Wallace and others produced at most ten lights from a single machine, but a single one of them was found to be impracticable for lighting aught save large foundries, mills and workshops. It has been reserved for Mr. Edison to solve the difficult problem desired. This, he says, he has done within a few days. His experience with the telephone, however, has taught him to be cautious, and he is exerting himself to protect the new scientific marvel, which, he says, will make the use of gas for illumination a thing of the past.

While on a visit to William Wallace, electrical machine manufacturer in Ansonia, Conn., he was shown the lately perfected dynamo-electric machine for transmitting power by electricity. When power is applied to this machine it will not only reproduce it, but will turn it into light. Although said by Edison to be more powerful than any other machine of the kind known, it will divide the light of the electricity produced into but ten separate lights. These being equal in power to 1,000 candles, their impracticability for general purposes is apparent. Each of these lights is in a substantial metal frame, capable of holding in a horizontal position two carbon plates, each twelve inches long, two and a half wide and one-half thick. The upper and lower parts of the frame are insulated from each other, and one of the conducting wires is connected with each carbon. In the centre, and above the upper carbon is an electro-magnet in the circuit, with an amateur, by means of which the upper carbon is separated from the lower as far as desired. Wires from the source of electricity are placed in the building posts. The carbon being together, the circuit is closed, the electro-magnet acts, and lowering the upper carbon enough to give a bright light. The light moves towards the opposite end from which it starts, then changes and goes back, always moving towards the place where the carbons are nearest together. If from any cause the light goes out, the circuit is broken, and the electric magnet ceases to act. Instantly the upper magnet falls, the circuit is closed, it relights and separates the carbon again.

Edison on returning home after his visit to Ansonia studied and experimented with electric lights. On Friday last his efforts were crowned with success, and the project that has filled the minds of many scientific men for years was developed.

"I have it now!" he said, on Saturday, while vigorously turning the handle of a Ritchie inductive coil in his laboratory at Menlo Park, "and, singularly enough, I have obtained it through an entirely different process than that from which scientific men have ever sought to secure it. They have all been working in the same groove, and when it is known how I have accomplished my object, everybody will wonder why they have never thought of it, it is so simple. When ten lights have been produced by a single electric machine, it has been thought to be a great triumph of scientific skill. With the process I have just discovered, I can produce 1,000—ay, 10,000—from one machine. Indeed the number may be said to be infinite. When the brilliancy and cheapness of the lights are made known to the public—which will be in a few weeks, or just as soon as I thoroughly protect the process—illumination by carbureted hydrogen gas will be discarded. With fifteen or twenty of these dynamo-electric machines recently perfected by Mr. Wallace I can light the entire lower part of New York city, using a 500 horse power engine. I purpose to establish one of these light centres in Nassau street, whence wires can be run up town as far as the Cooper Institute, down to the Battery, and across to both rivers. This wire must be insulated, and laid in the ground in the same manner as gas pipes. I also propose to utilize the gas burners and chandeliers now in use. In each house I can place a light-meter, hence these wires will pass through the house, tapping small metallic contrivances that may be placed over each burner. Then housekeepers may turn off their gas, and send the meters back to the companies whence they came. Whenever it is desired to light a jet, it will only be necessary to touch a little spring near it. No matches are required.

"Again, the same wire that brings the light to you," Mr. Edison continued, "will also bring power and heat. With the power you can run an elevator, a sewing machine, or any other mechanical contrivance that requires a motor, and by means of the heat you can cook your food. To utilize the heat it will only be necessary to have the ovens or stoves properly arranged for its reception. This can be done at trifling cost. The dynamo-electric machine, called a talemachon, and which has already been described, may be run by water or steam power at a distance. When used in a large city the machine would of necessity be run by steam power. I have computed the relative cost of the light power and heat generated by the electricity transmitted to the telemachon to be but a fraction of the cost where obtained in the ordinary way. By a battery or steam power it is forty-six times cheaper, and by water power probably 95 per cent, cheaper."

It has been computed that by Edison's process the same amount of light that is given by 1,000 cubic feet of the carburetted hydrogen gas now used in this way, and for which from $2.50 to $3 is paid, may be obtained for from twelve to fifteen cts. Edison will soon give a public exhibition of his new invention.

FAITH may sometimes exceed reason, but not oppose it; and belief may be often above sense, though not against it.

JOHN'S LETTER HOME.

Workee, workee,
All same workee;
No time thinkee,
No time see;
Me no likee,
Why for workee,
Dampoor ricee,
Dampoor tea.

Washee, washee,
All day washee,
All pay geiee,
One rupee;
No buy smokee,
All damboshee,
No buy drinkee,
Poor whiskee.

Chinee countree,
All one samee,
John have pickee,
Big ladee;
Here no likee,
Big damshame,
All John havee,
Mulattee?

GUIDE ME IN THE PATH OF RIGHT.

Father, all my soul goes out
In a prayer of trust to thee!
Still the longing and the doubt
Which do now abide in me,
Weak my strongest efforts are,
Vainly seek I for the light
That for me doth shine afar;
Guide me in the path of right.

Guide me, Father, lest I stray
Far from thoughts of heaven and thee;
Keep me in the narrow way,
Howe'er rough that way may be.
What care I though feet may bleed,
If at last I gain the light
Unto which the path doth lead?
Guide me in the path of right.

Father, ever be my guide!
Then, whate'er my trouble be,
Peace will still with me abide,
Clearly I my way will see.
Be thou as the cloud by day,
As the flaming fire by night,
Ever pointing out the way
Of the Christian's path of right.

Father, how my spirit thrills
As I speak thy hallowed name!
I can bear the myriad ills
That beset my earthly frame;
I can put the tempter's wiles
And his every snare to flight,
If the Father on me smiles.
Guiding me in paths of right.
—*Eliot Ryder.*

WONDERS OF THE ATMOSPHERE.

The atmosphere rises above us with its cathedral dome arching towards heaven, of which it is the most perfect synonym and symbol. So massive is it that when it begins to stir it tosses about the great ships like playthings, and sweeps cities and forests like snow-flakes to destruction before it. And yet it is so mobile that we have lived for years in it before we can be persuaded that it exists at all, and the great bulk of mankind never realize the truth that they are bathed in an ocean of air.

Its weight is so enormous that iron shivers before it like glass, yet a soap ball sails through it with impunity, and the tiniest insect waves it aside with its wings. It ministers largely to our senses. We touch it not, yet it touches us. Its warm south wind brings back color to the pale face of the invalid: its cool west winds refresh the fevered brow and makes the blood mantle to our cheeks, even its north blasts braces into new vigor the hardened children of our rugged climate.

The eye is indebted to it for all the magnificence of sunrise, the brightness of mid-day, the chastened radiance of the morning, and the clouds that cradle near the setting sun. But for it the rainbow would want its "triumphant arch," and the winds would not send the fleecy messengers on errands around the heavens; the cold ether would not shed snow feathers on the earth, nor would drops of rain gather on the flowers. The kindly dew would never fall, nor hail, storm, nor fog diversify the face of the sky. Our naked globe would turn its tanned and unshadowed forehead to the sun, and the dreary, monotonous blaze of light and heat dazzle and burn up all things.

Were there no atmosphere, the evening sun would in a moment set, and without warning, plunge the earth into darkness. But the air keeps in her hand a sheaf of his rays, and lets them slip slowly through her fingers, so that the shadows of evening are gathered by degree, and the flowers have time to bow their heads, and each creature in space to find a place of rest and to nestle to repose. In the morning the garish sun would at once bound burst from the bosom of the night and blaze above the horizon; but the air watches his coming, and sends first but one little drop to announce his approach, and then another, and then a handful, and so gently draws aside the curtain of night and slowly lets the light fall on the face of the sleeping earth, till her eyelids open, and like man, she goes forth again to labor till evening.

WHAT BECOMES OF WEALTH.—A boot and shoe dealer has hanging in his store a pair of boots worth seven dollars. They constitute a part of his wealth, and a portion of the wealth of the world. A man buys them and begins to wear them; by friction against the pavement little particles of the leather are rubbed off, and thus separated from the rest of the sole. Every particle that is thus removed takes out a portion of the value of the boots, and when the boots are entirely worn out the seven dollars of wealth which they formed are consumed. The wheat, corn, etc., which was raised by our farmers last summer is being eaten up. No particle of matter is destroyed by this process, but the value which was in the grain is destroyed. As, while men are wearing out clothing and eating up food, they are generally busily employed producing wealth of some kind; the wealth of the world is