The Bradford Reporter.

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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.

CHAS. M. HALL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW AND JUSTICE OF PEACE
TOWANDA, PA.
FIRE INSURANCE IN RELIABLE COMPANIES.
Office over Dayton's harness store. Nov. 21, '78.

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

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.

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 changed 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 50-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. (Apr 4'78.

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 Atty Brad. Co. (feb. 1'78.

MASON & HEAD,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.
Towanda, Pa. Office over Bartlett & Tracy, Main st.
G. F. MASON. (nov7) 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 Hon. Potter. (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, 1872tf*.

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. (jan6-731y) J. N. CALIFF.

GRIDLEY & PAYNE,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.
South side Mercur Block (rooms formerly occupied by Davies & Carnochan),
TOWANDA, PA.
E. R. GRIDLEY. (1877) S. R. PAYNE.

JAMES WOOD,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
feb1-76 TOWANDA, PA.

H. STREETER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
aug23. 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. jly17-73.

J. ANDREW WILT,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Office over Crane's 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
May28-78tf. TOWANDA, PA.

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 Aluminium base. Teeth extracted without pain. Oct. 24-72.

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.....80,000
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 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.

Clothing.

GREAT BARGAINS!
J. DOUTRICH,
MERCHANT TAYLOR,
Opposite Park, TOWANDA, PA.
IN
FANCY SUITINGS
and
PANTALOONS.
GOODS JUST ARRIVED.
Fine Cheviots,
Worsteds,
Wool Diagonals, and Plaids,
OVERCOATINGS. OVERCOATINGS,
In great variety, made to order, at the
VERY LOWEST PRICE.
LACIEL MATALASSE CLOAKINGS,
GENTS FURNISHING GOODS,
at reduced prices.
Windsor Scarfs,
Silk Handkerchiefs,
Colored Hose,
Suspenders,
Underclothing,
From 36 to 52 in size.
☞ An inspection of our stock will convince the most fastidious.
J. DOUTRICH,
Main Street, Towanda, Pa.
Dated Oct. 24, 1878. 20tf

FACTS FOR THE PEOPLE.
$20,000
TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS WORTH
OF
READY-MADE CLOTHING,
GENTS FURNISHING GOODS,
Hats, Caps, &c., &c.
TO BE SOLD AT COST,
BETWEEN NOW AND JANUARY 1st, 1879,
AT
M. E. ROSENFIELD'S,
As I intend to make a change in my business, I therefore offer my entire stock AT COST, being the largest and best selected stock in northern Pennsylvania.
SPECIAL BARGAINS.
The following great bargains are offered:
Men's Black tip-top Overcoats @ $3.50 and up
Men's first-class Grey Overcoats @ $3.00 and up
Men's all wool Suits @ $4.80 and up
Boy's suits for 5 yrs old and up @ $3.00 and up
And everything equally as cheap, including Gents Furnishing Goods, Hats and Caps, &c.
A full line of
UNDERWEAR
both for men and boys. TRUNKS, VALICES, UMBRELLAS, &c., &c.
THIS IS NO HUMBUG.
The above stock must and shall be sold by Jan. 1st, 1879. Every one should take advantage of the present low prices quoted, and buy their winter supply.
Yours truly,
M. E. ROSENFIELD,
Main Street, Towanda, Pa.
Dated Oct. 24, 1878.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE—Notice is hereby given that all persons indebted to the estate of Philo F. Stages, late of Monroe Borough, deceased, are requested to make immediate payment, and all persons having claims against said estate, must present them duly authenticated for settlement.
ALBERT G. CRANMER,
Monroeton, Oct. 17, 75-6w.* Administrator.

Poetry.

THREE KISSES OF FAREWELL.

Three, only three, my darling,
Separate, solemn, slow,
Not like the swift and joyous ones
We used to know.
When we kissed because we loved each other
Simply to taste love's sweets,
And lavished our kisses as summer
Lavishes heats.
But as they kiss whose hearts were wrung
When hope and fear are spent,
And nothing is left to give, except
A sacrament!

First of the three, my darling,
Is sacred unto pain;
We have hurt each other often,
We shall again;
When we pine because we miss each other,
And do not understand
How the written words are so much colder
Than eye and hand.
I kiss you, dear, for all such pain
Which we may give or take;
Buried, forgiven, before it comes,
For our love's sake.

The second kiss, my darling,
Is full of joy's sweet thrill;
We have blessed each other always,
We always will.
We shall reach until we feel each other,
In every place.
The earth is full of messengers
Which love sends to and fro:
I kiss thee, darling, for all joy
Which we shall know!

The last kiss, oh, my darling,
My love—I can not see
Through my tears, as I remember,
What it may be;
We may die and never see each other—
Die with no time to give
Any sign that our hearts are faithful
To die, as we,
Token of what they will not see
Who see our parting breath,
This one last kiss, my darling,
Seals the seal of death.

—*Kate Holm.*

TO THE WORKERS.

See this yellow, fretted foam,
Venice point—like Venice waves,
Lashed to whiteness, tossed to lightness,
By some madness in their caves;
And as mellow where it lies
As the moonlight, or the noonlight
Of her skies.

Can you fancy how it fell
Shimmering on a lustrous head?
Brown as royal, lips as loyal
As you overlean instead;
While the weaver wrought and died
And this airy web of fairy
Time defied.

Here's a cup a conqueror bore
Where it flashed on princely ways,
And the fairest and the rarest
Sung the triumph of his days.
Bare and still as banquet hall,
And the dancers send no answers
To your call.

And the conqueror's name is lost!
But the dainty cup shall hold
One undying, through the flying
Of the moons and hopes grown old;
For the potter, fashioning
Faith and duty into beauty,
Lives, a king.

And this portrait! when His Grace
Stood before it in content,
All the splendor it could render
Seemed his gracious monument.
Telling smiling dame and knight
And his might.

But to-day we only care
For the mantle's tint of flame;
And the measure of such treasure
Is the crowniess painter's name.
For the workers lose their lives
Giving purely, knowing surely
Work survives.

—*Fannie E. Robins.*

Miscellaneous.

NUMBER SEVENTY NINE.

A Thanksgiving Romance.

Rhoda Bruce sat alone by the parlor window in the dim November twilight, watching the flicker and flare of the gas in the street lamps, as the cold sweeps of the winter wind came surging round the corner.

It was Thanksgiving eve; and after a day of busy preparation for the morrow's festivities, everything had settled down into quiet at last.

Rhoda had heartily enjoyed the excitement of helping her aunt, with whom she lived, arrange rooms for the expected guests, and prepare flowers for the tables, and mantles, putting graceful, girlish touches upon all the adornments. Towards night aunts, and uncles, and cousins had poured in from the different trains, and Rhoda's brother Ralph, her especial admiration and adoration, had surprised her by coming from his college to spend the holiday with her. Altogether it had been a happy day, and was a joyous prelude to the hymn of praise and thanks, which Rhoda felt sure she should sing out gladly on the morrow.

But it was just a trifle dull alone in the parlor to-night; Aunt Carry had taken the girls, her own daughters, off up stairs for a confab, and others of the aunts and cousins were singing lullabys in their rooms to protesting babyhood; Uncle Boyed was smoking up in the library with the husbands and brothers, and Ralph, after a little confidential converse with Rhoda, had rushed down to the Continental to meet some of his chums.

It looked very pleasant over the way at the Welden girl's house; the gas was lighted in the parlor, the blinds up, and they seemed to be having a jolly time. Some one had told Rhoda that Letty Welden's beau was coming on from the West to spend Thanksgiving with her, and Rhoda descried him in the group.

"Heigho-ho!" sighed Rhoda, "he don't rush off to meet a comrade as soon as he has arrived. I wish I had a lover! They must be very nice. I wonder if I will have one next Thanksgiving?"

Just then, a voice in the darkness made her start with the words.

"If you love me, you'll do something I want you to very much."

But it was only Cousin Gilbert who had spoken, and as he was but fourteen, and only up to her shoulder, even a cousinly flirtation was out of the question.

"Well, what is it, Gil?" laughed Rhoda; "'faint heart never won fair lady,' you know; ask and see if I will not grant your favor."

"Rhoda, dear, it's awfully stupid up in the library, they're talking stocks, and if I go where mamma is, she'll want me to go to bed; and Rhodie," coming closer and coaxing in rough, boy fashion, "I never saw a great city lighted up; I wish you would take me down the street a little ways, please?"

"Certainly I will," replied Rhoda, jumping up; "get into your overcoat quickly, and wait in the hall until I come down;" then, running up stairs, after her own seal-skin jacket and cap, Rhoda burt into the nursery with an incoherent sort of explanation that she was going out a little ways, and would take Gilbert as escort.

"Poor fellow!" she said to herself as she tied her cardinal cloud tight down over her ears, and wound it arond her throat; "he lives a humdrum sort of life up in that little village; how grand the city by night will look to him! I'll walk a little ways down Broad Street, and then return; he will be protection enough, if he is only a boy, and I shan't feel at all timid."

A brisk walk, with Gilbert's constant boyish chatter and pleasure at seeing the long continuous line of lamps, that seemed a band of light along the straight stretch of streets, soon brought them down into the more central portion of the city; and almost before she realized it, Rhoda found herself in a crowd of men and boys, who appeared to think that keeping Thanksgiving eve consisted in shouting and jostling and pushing every one with whom they came in contact. Presently a loud clang and boom rang out upon the air, and then a rush on the part of the crowd, followed by a rattle and clatter of noisy engines along the street, and a whirl of hurrying people, with cries of "fire, fire!" upon their lips, flew past.

"O, Rhoda! I never saw a fire; come let us go!" and Gilbert caught her by the hand, and she obeying a wild sort of impulse which she could scarcely understand, and felt powerless to control, followed him until they stood at last in the midst of a shouting crowd, far down in the city, watching the raging flames that now burst forth from the building from whence the alarm had sounded.

There was a fascination in the sight of the long curling tongues of fire that licked the walls of the house caressingly, and a terrible grandeur in the final topple and the crash of the mighty fortress of flames. Rhoda stood as spellbound in the sight, as was her companion, until some one rudely pushed by her, peering into her face and laughingly addressed her as "Little Red Ridinghood," then she suddenly became aware that it was night, and that they two were far from home, and alone.

"Come, Gilbert, come," she whispered, quickly pulling him away; "we must go home;" and hurrying through the crowd, she discovered, upon reaching the first open street, that they were at least two miles from home, and from a clock in a store near by she saw that it was considerrbly after ten.

"Have you any money, Gilbert, we must ride home at once?" she asked, after feeling in her own pocket and finding her purse was not there.

"Ten cents; but that isn't enough, is it? Can't we walk, I'm not tired?"

"I don't believe we can; I am cold and tired, both! O Gilbert! why did we come?" and there was a a slight suspicion of tears in the trembling, frightened voice, as Rhoda realized their uncomfortable position; two miles from home, after ten o'clock, and not enough money to ride; it was not a pleasant state of affairs, surely. Rude men passing now, began to notice the girl, and boldly stared in her pale face. "Gilbert," she whispered, shrinking from their gaze, "Gilbert, we must get into a car; I will explain to the conductor, and we can pay the rest of the fare to-morrow."

But there were no cars in sight, and it was growing colder every moment. After waiting some time upon the corner, Rhoda cried:

"There is a policeman, Gilbert, I will ask him how soon the car will be along;" and, timidly accosting the officer who stood near by, and who appeared to be noticing their evident distress, Rhoda was informed that in consequence of the fire, that line of cars was stopped.

"But," added the officer politely, "you can take an Arch street car, and exchange with one of the northbound lines."

"O, Rhoda, two exchanges, eighteen cents, and we've only ten!" cried Gilbert, pathetically; "we'll have to walk, and you are shivering with the cold, and it's all my fault in bringing you out."

The officer came nearer now, and, speaking to Gilbert, but looking at the tired, pale face in the scarlet hood and seal-skin cap, said kindly:

"If you will allow me, my lad, I will arrange all that," and he took from his vest pocket a silver piece and put it into Gilbert's hand, adding, "your sister is not able to walk for this cold night, please accept this little loan."

Rhoda bowed and said:

"You are very kind; I do not think I could walk back, and you see we haven't any money; but I will recollect your station, and," looking up at his cap, "oh, yes! I see your number is 79. Remember, Gilbert, policeman No. 79. Thank you, very much, for the loan!" and taking her cousin's arm, Rhoda hurried on toward the car.

"I tell you, you've got first-class policemen here, Rhoda. Wasn't he a stunner?" cried Gilbert, as they reached the car, and he paid their fare out of the silver piece. "I'll return the money the first thing in the morning; it will be a real Thanksgiving, won't it? I don't know when I ever felt more grateful; why, we might have been arrested as tramps, and taken to the station-house."

Upon reaching home the two runaways found that their stay had occasioned much consternation in the household. Rhoda's brother Ralph stood upon the door-step, anxiously awaiting their appearance, not a little disappointed and alarmed to find his sister gone upon his return from the hotel.

"Why, Rhoda! how imprudent to be out so late! Where in the world"—he began, but Gilbert rushed into such an enthusiastic description of the great fire they had witnessed, that Ralph was forced to laugh off the little brotherly scolding he had been preparing.

"And it was just awful!" said Gilbert; "and we would have had to walk all the way back, two miles in the cold, if"—a look from Rhoda, who did not care to be reproved further, changed his finishing the sentence, "if we had not have rode."

"That is an indisputable fact, surely," laughed Aunt Carry; "but I really think it is about time we all had some rest now; you, Gilbert, are dissipating too freely, and Rhoda, I want you to get some beauty sleep, for Ralph tells me his friend, Captain Hardy, will dine with us to-morrow, and you certainly will want to appear at your best."

Thanksgiving morning dawned bright and clear, and directly after breakfast, after a little whispered consultation with Rhoda, Gilbert started down town to find the officer who had been so kind the night before. He did not return in time to accompany his cousins to church, and Rhoda felt certain qualms of anxiety over his delay.

"I ought to have gone with him," she kept saying over and over to herself. "Oh, dear, what a bother boys are! It is all his own fault for insisting upon running to the fire; and now, perhaps, he has got lost, and I shall be blamed!"

Ralph Bruce wondered what made his sister so absent-minded and quiet all the morning; but as he, too, was feeling annoyed and anxious over the non-appearance of his friend Captain Hardy, he did not question her curiously silent manner.

Walking from church, as the two turned the corner of the street on their way home, what was their astonishment to behold both delinquents face to face. Gilbert merrily laughing and talking with a handsome young gentleman in full uniform, the gentleman as interestedly listening to his boyish chatter.

"Why, Hardy, my dear fellow, what—who—where—" cried Ralph, looking from the Captain to Gilbert, and from Gilbert back to the Captain in the greatest surprise.

"Here he is, Rhoda, and he isn't a policeman at all; he's a regular; but I found him there at the place, you know, and he wouldn't take the money, and he knows Ralph, and I brought him right along;" and, quite out of breath, Gilbert paused at length in his explanation.

Ralph now included his sister in his scrutiny.

"Why, really, Hardy," he began.

Rhoda blushed and looked confused.

"Shall I explain things a little more lucidly?" asked the Captain smiling and looking at Rhoda, who nodded affirmatively. "Things do look complicated, don't they Bruce?" he said, turning to Ralph; "but the solution of the mystery is, that last evening I met your sister and this lad in the crowd near the fire down town; and they, supposing me a police officer—I wore a fatigue cap—asked me a question concerning the cars, and—"

"And we only had ten cents," interrupted Gilbert; "and he loaned me a quarter to ride home, and I went down town to pay him back this morning, and—"

"Ah, I begin to see light dawning at last!" said Ralph. "It is a complicated case, as you say; but I thank you, Hardy, for your kindly personation of a policeman. I doubt if the genuine article would have dealt so gentlemanly with such a pair of greenhorns. But now let me introduce you to the damsel toward whom you have so gallantly played knight, Rhoda, my friend, Captain Hardy, of the 79th Regiment. Hardy, my sister, Miss Rhoda Bruce; and Gil, this is Captain Hardy, a 'regular' as you have discovered: Captain, my cousin, Gilbert Gaines; and now that we are at our gate"—the party having reached the door by this time—"let us go in and eat our dinner, with—"

"With thanksgiving and praise!" broke in Gilbert, who had been giving Rhoda a series of pokes and hunches as he walked along beside her.

"That is just it, exactly," replied the Captain. "It is a true Thanksgiving day to me; I don't know when I have felt such a desire to return thanks," with a warm look at Rhoda's bright, blushing face.

It was some time before Rhoda could summon sufficient confidence to address her brother's friend as Captain Hardy.

"Only think, Gilbert," she said, "I called him number 'seventy-nine' that night; and I shall always think of him as number 'seventy-nine,' and I am so afraid I shall address him by that name."

But with the Captain's frequent calls at the house, during the rest of the winter, Rhoda gradually overcame her timidity, and before spring she had learned not only to call him "Captain," but to qualify that title in her mind and thoughts with the tenderest of adjectives; and in due time it came to pass that she promised to change her own name of Bruce to that of Hardy.

When she wrote a little note to Gilbert announcing their engagement, he wrote back: "You owe me one for him, anyhow; if it were not for me you would never have met him—so romantically at least. It was that pretty red hood of yours that first attracted him; he is my Thanksgiving present to you, and I want to come to Seventy-nine's wedding."

A year from the night Rhoda sat in the dim twilight waiting for a lover, she was married to Captain Hardy, of the 79th Regiment; and Gilbert was there!—*Godey's Lady's Book.*

MICHAEL MUNLEY, a Carbondale boy, and a fine scholar, aspires for the position of School Superintendent of Lackawanna County.

THE Tunkhannock *Democrat* says that wild ducks were never known to be so plentiful at Lake Carey as they are the present season, and hunters have already enjoyed some rare sport there.

A HUNGARIAN servant of Gen. Kilpatrick, of Deckertown, N. J., has fallen heir to an estate valued at $75,000 in his native country. The letter informing the fortunate man of his good luck, was accompanied by a draft for $5000 to pay his expenses to the old country.

ON Sept. 26, a monument to Frederick William III., of Prussia, father of the present Emperor of Germany, was unveiled at Cologne. It is a colossal equestrian statue, 22 feet high, representing prominent persons and events. It weighs 34,850 kilogrammes and cost 150,000 thalers.

A STORY OF TWENTY YEARS AGO.

Mr. B. was a great merchant in Baltimore. One morning as he was passing over the vessels that lay at the wharf, he stepped upon the deck of one, at the stern of which he saw a negro, whose dejected countenance gave sure indications of distress. He accosted him with:

"Hey! my man! What is the matter?"

The negro lifted up his eyes, and looking at Mr. B., replied:

"Ah! massa, I'se in a great deal of trouble."

"What about?"

"Case I'se fotched up here to be sold."

"What for? What have you been doing? Have you been stealing, or did you run away, or what?"

"No, no, massa, none o' dat. It's bekase I don't mind de orders."

"What kind of orders."

"Well, massa stranger, I will tell you. Massa Willum werry strict man, and cherybody on the place got to mind him, and I break frew de rule; but I don't care to break de rule, doe; I dun forgot myself and got too high."

"It is for getting drunk, then, is it?"

"Oh, no sah, not dat nother"

"Then tell me what you are to be sold for?"

"For praying, sah."

"For praying? That's a strange tale. Will not your master permit you to pray?"

"Oh, yes, he lets me pray easy; but I hollows too loud."

"And why do you halloo in your prayers?"

"Kase de sperit comes on me and I get happy fore I knows it; den I gone; can't 'trole myself; den I knows nollin 'bout massa's rule."

"And do you suppose your master will sell you for that?"

"Oh, yes; no help for me now. All de men in de world couldn't help me now—kase when Massa Willum say he do one ting he no do 'noder."

"What is your name?"

"Moses."

"What is your master's name?"

"Massa's name is Colonel William C—."

"Where does he live?"

"Down on de Easin Shoah."

"Is he a good master and treats you well?"

"Oh, yes; no better man in de world."

"Stand up and let me look at you."

And Moses stood up and presented a robust frame; and as Mr. B. stripped up his sleeve, his arm gave evidence of unusual muscular strength

"Where is your master?"

"Yander he is, jes' comin' to de wharf."

As Mr. B. started for the shore he heard Moses give a heavy sigh, followed by a deep groan. Moses was not all pleased with the present phase of affairs. He was strongly impressed with the idea that Mr. B. was a trader and intended to buy him, and it was this that made him so unwilling to communicate to Mr. B. the desired information. Mr. B. reached the wharf just as Col. C. did. He introduced himself and said:

"I understand you want to sell that negro on the schooner."

Colonel C. replied that he did.

"What do you ask for him?"

"I expect to get $700."

"How old do you reckon him to be?"

"Somewhere about 30."

"Is he healthy?"

"Very; he never had any sickness in his life, except one or two spells of ague."

"Is he hearty?"

"Yes, sir: he will eat as much as any man ought, and it will do him as much good."

"Is he a good hand."

"Yes, sir; he is the best hand on my place. He is steady, honest, and industrious. He has been my foreman for the last ten years, and a more trusty negro I never knew."

"Why do you wish to sell him?"

"Because he disobeys my orders. As I said, he is my foreman; and that he might be more available at any moment I might want him, I built his hut within a hundred yards of my own house, and I have never rung the bell at any time in the night or morning that his horn did not answer in five minutes. But two years ago he got religion, and commenced what he termed family prayers—that is, praying in his hut every morning and evening, and when he began his prayers, it was impossible to tell when he would stop, especially if (as he termed it) he got happy. Then he would sing, and pray, and halloo for an hour or two together, that you might hear him nearly a mile off. And he would pray for me and my wife and children, and our whole family connections to the third generation, and sometimes when we would have visitors, Moses' prayers would interrupt the conversation of the whole company. The women would cry and the children would cry, and it would get me almost frantic, and even after I had retired, it would sometimes be almost daylight before I could go to sleep, for it appeared to me that I could hear Moses pray for three hours after he had finished. I bore it as long as I could, and then forbid his praying any more—and Moses promised obedience, but soon transgressed, and my rule is never to whip, but, whenever a negro becomes incorrigible, I sell him. This keeps them in better subjection, and is less trouble than whipping. And I pardoned Moses twice for disobedience in praying so loud, but the third time I knew I must sell him or every negro on the place would soon be perfectly regardless of all my orders."

"You spoke of Moses' hut. I suppose from that he has a family?"

"Yes; he has a woman and three children, or wife, I suppose he calls her now—for soon after he got religion, he asked me if they might be married, and I presume they were."

"What will you take for her and the children?"

"If you want them for your own use I will take $ 00; but I shall not sell Moses nor them to go out of the State."

"I wish them all for my own use, and will give you the $1400.

Mr. B. and Col. C. then went to B.'s store, drew up the writings and closed the sale, after which they returned to the vessel, and Mr. B. approached the negro, who sat with his eyes fixed upon the deck, wrapped in the meditation of the most awful forebodings, and said:

"Well, Moses, I have bought you."

Moses made a bow, and every muscle of his face worked with emotion as he replied:

"Is yus, massa? Where is I gwine, massa? Is I gwine to Georgia?"

"No; I am a merchant in this city. Yonder is my store, and I have purchased your wife and children, too, that you may not be separated."

"Bress God for dat; and massa, kin I go to meetin' sometimes?"

"Yes Moses, you can go to church three times on Sabbath and every night in the week, and you can pray as often as you choose, and along as you choose, and every time you pray, whether at home or in the church, I want you to pray for me, my wife and all my children; for if you are a good man your prayers will do me no harm, and we need them very much; and if you wish to, you may pray for everybody of my name in the State. It will not injure them.

When Mr. B. was dealing out these privileges to Moses, the negro's eyes danced in their sockets and his full heart laughed outright for gladness, exposing two rows of as even, clean ivories as any African can boast; and his heart's response was, "Bress God, bress God all de time, and bress you, too, massa; Moses neber tinks 'bout he gwine to hab all dese commodations; dis make me tink 'bout Joseph in de Egyp'." And after Moses had poured a few blessings upon Col. C. and bidden him a warm adieu, and requested him to give his love and farewell to his mistress, the children and all the servants, he followed Mr. B. to the store, to enter upon the functions of his new office.

The return of the schooner brought to Moses his wife and children.

Early the next spring as Mr. B was one day standing in the store door, he saw a man leap upon the wharf from the deck of a vessel, and walk hurriedly towards the store. He soon recognized him as Colonel C. They exchanged salutations, and to the Colonel's inquiry after Moses, Mr. B. replied that he was up stairs measuring grain, and invited him to walk up and see him. Soon Mr. B.'s attention was arrested by a confused noise above. He listened and heard an unusual shuffling of feet, some one sobbing violently and some one talking very hurriedly; and when he reflected upon Colonel C.'s movement and the peculiar expression of his countenance, he became alarmed and went up to see what was transpiring.

When he reached the head of the stairs he was startled at seeing Moses in the middle of the floor, down upon one knee, with his arm around the Colonel's waist, and talking most rapidly, while the Colonel stood weeping audibly. So soon as the Colonel could sufficiently control his feelings, he told Mr. B. that he had never been able to free himself from the influence of Mose's prayers, and that during the past year he and his wife and children had been converted to God.

Moses responded: "Bress God, Massa C., doe I way up heg, I neber forgit you n my prayers; I olles put do ole massa 'side de new one. Bress God, dis make Moses tink 'bout Joseph in de Egyp' again."

The Colonel then stated to Mr. B. that his object in coming to Baltimore was to buy Moses and his family back again. But Mr. B. assured him that was out of the question, for he could not part with him; and he intended to manumit Moses and his wife at forty and his children at thirty years of age.

Moses was not far wrong in his reference to Joseph. For when Joseph was sold into Egypt, God overruled it to his blessings that were far beyond his expectations; so with Moses, he eventually proved the instrument in God's hands, of saving the soul of the man who sold him.

Old Moses is still living, and at present occupies a comfortable house of his own and is doing well for both worlds.

HEIGHT OF SEA WAVES.

The height of sea waves is a question that has been much and not always satisfactorily discussed. One difficulty arises from a misunderstanding of terms. Some mean by the height of a wave the actual elevation above the surface of the sea in smooth weather, others mean the distance between the bottom of the hollow of a wave to its crest; and that seems to me the only rational, practical way to arrive at any sure data. Taking that, then, as the mode of measuring wave-heights, it may be said Atlantic waves in a gale often rise twenty-five feet; thirty feet is by no means uncommon in mid-ocean, and the second wave sometimes heaves to a height of thirty-five to forty feet. Storm-waves have a curious rhythm of motion. At intervals three waves larger than usual rush by, of which the middle one is the highest. At longer intervals five large waves come together, and very rarely seven. They often come just as a squall begins to moderate, springing up elastically from the pressure of the wind. Sometimes the fury of the wind farely beats down the sea, and lashes and tears it into foam or spoon-drift, that sweeps over the ocean a white mist, like snow blown over a frozen lake, and, when such a tremendous squall lulls, the waves instantly rise to enormous dimensions. The length and form of waves depends upon the room in which they have to run, and the direction of the tides. They are short and abrupt in small seas or lakes. Among the Channel islands counter-current tides sometimes raise the waves to over forty feet in height. These estimates, the result of long and careful observations, has been confirmed by the comparing them with the experience of others who have also given the subject careful study, among whom I may mention the captain of one of the Cunard steamers.

In hurricanes of course the waves are far more tumultuous and broken and near the storm-center, pyramidal in form, owing to the contrary forces or cross-seas, and their height is greater. It is not uncommon, off the Cape of Good Hope, to see the waves sixty feet high; but they come such a distance they have a long, easy ascent, which renders them generally less dangerous than the more rugged waves at the Atlantic. On the Shetland isles the breakers, rolling from a distance of several thousand miles, have a perpendicular height of sixty feet when they heave on shore. In the hurricane of 1866 the sea broke completely over Hog island in the Bahamas and the foam-crest was repeatedly on a level with the top of the lighthouse, sixty-eight feet above the sea. There are pnotographs of rollers at Medeira whose vertical elevation is nearly forty feet above the beech. Nor is it difficult to ascertain the length of waves: one way of measuring them is when an ocean steamer over four hundred feet long is head on to the sea, and is rising to meet a wave just as another one rushes from under the quarter, a vast, roaring mass, running over thirty miles an hour, and leaving behind a long, streaming main or foam.—*Appleton's Journal.*

TRUE.

True to the promise of thy far-off youth,
When all who loved thee, for thee prophesied
A grand, full life, devoted to the truth,
A noble cause by suffering sanctified.
True to all beauties of the poet-thought
Which made thy youth so eloquent and sweet;
True to all duties which thy manhood brought
to take the room of fancies light and fleet.
True to the steadfast walk and narrow way,
Which thy forefathers of the covenant trod!
True to thy friend in foul or sunny day,
True to thy home, thy country, and thy God;
True to the world, which still is false to thee,
And true to all—as thou art true to me.
True to the vow that bound us in the lane,
That summer evening when the brown bird sang,
Piercing the silence with sweet notes of pain,
While echoes over all the woodland rang.
True to the troth we plighted on that day,
Each to forsake all others for the one;
Cleaving together through the unknown way,
Till death made void the union that begun.
True to the love brought by a little hand:
True—though the patter of the childish feet
Have passed from earth into the silent land;
Lost half—as love, and love is still complete;
I can lift up mine eyes from teardrops free,
For thou are true to all these things—and me.

—*All the Year Round.*

"DON'T GIVE IT AWAY."

From the simplest flowers by the wayside,
Fair wi-dom may cull a boquet;
A street-phrase may oft point a moral;