The Bradford Reporter.

ALVORD & HITCHCOCK, Publishers.

REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER.

$2 per Annum in Advance.

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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.

C. S. RUSSELL'S GENERAL INSURANCE AGENCY
May 26-70tf. TOWANDA, PA.

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, PHŒNIX, 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 days, Saturday of each month, over Turner & Hunton'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 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.
Dit'l 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 22-75. TOWANDA, PA.

DR. S. M. WOODBURN, Physician and Surgeon. Office over O. A. Black's Crockery store.
Towanda, May 1, 1877[1*.

MADILL & CALIFF,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Office in Wood's Block, first door south of the First National bank, upstairs.
S. J. MADILL. [jan8-79tf] J. N. CALIFF.

GRIDLEY & PAYNE,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.
South side Mercur Block (rooms formerly occupied by Davies & Carnochan),
TOWANDA, PA.
E. GRIDLEY. (1y77) S. E. PAYNE.

JAMES WOOD,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
mch9-76 TOWANDA, PA.

H. STREETER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Aug20. TOWANDA, PA.

OVERTON & MERCUR,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, P.
Office over Montanyes Store. [may6'75.
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.]

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. Jan1-79tf.

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.....$30,000
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, 1877.

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. feb17'77.

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 26 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 select'd stock in northern Pennsylvania.
SPECIAL BARGAINS.
The following great bargains are offered:

Men's Black tip-top Overcoats @	$2.50 and up
Men's first-class Grey Overcoats @	$3.00 and up
Men's all wool Suits @	$8.50 and up
Boy's Suits for 3 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.

MEAT MARKET.
MULLOCK & RUNDELL
Beg leave to thank the people of TOWANDA, for their very generous patronage extended to them heretofore, and respectfully solicit a continuance of the same. We shall at all times keep a full supply of
FRESH AND SALT MEATS,
FISH AND OYSTERS IN THE SEASON.
We also keep a good assortment of
GARDEN VEGETABLES, FRUIT, &c.
All goods delivered free of charge.
MULLOCK & RUNDELL.
Towanda, Pa., Sept. 19, 1878. 16tf

Poetry.

THE OLD HOME."

O little house lost in the heart of the lindens,
What would I not give to behold you once more?
To inhale once again the sweet breath of your roses,
An the starry clematis that climbed round your door—

To see the neat windows thrown wide to the sunshine;
The porch where we sat at the close of the day,
Where the weary foot traveler was welcome to rest him,
And the beggar was never sent empty away.

The wainscoted walls and the low-arched ceilings:
To hear the loud tick of the clock on the stair,
And to kiss the dear bending face over the Bible,
That always was laid by my grandmother's chair!

O bright little garden beside the plantation,
Where the tall fleurs-de-lis their blue bannons unfurled,
And the lawn was alive with the thrushes and blackbirds,
I would you were all I had known of the world.

My sweet pink pea-cluster! My rare honeysuckle!
My prim polyanthuses all of a row!
In a garden of dreams I still pass and caress you,
But your beautiful selves are forever laid low—

For your walls, little house, long ago have been leveled;
All in feet your smooth borders, O garden, have trod;
And those whom I loved are at rest from their labors,
Reposing in peace in the bosom of God!

THE CHILDREN!

The children! ah, the children!
Your innocent, joyous ones;
Your daughters, with souls of sunshine;
Your buoyant and laughing sons.

Look long in their happy faces,
Drink love from their sparkling eyes,
For the wonderful charm of childhood,
How soon it withers and dies!

A few fast-vanishing summers,
A season or twain of frost,
And you suddenly ask, bewildered,
"What is it my heart hath lost?"

Perchance you see by the hearth-stone
Some Juno, stately and proud,
Or a Hebe, whose softly ambushed eyes
Flash out from the golden cloud

Of lavish and beautiful tresses
That, wantonly floating, stray
O'er the white of a throat and bosom
More fair than blossoms in May.

Or perchance you mark their brothers—
Young heroes who spurn the sod
With the fervor of antique knighthood
And the air of a Grecian God.

But where, ah, where are the children,
Your houshold fairies of yore?
Alack! they are dead, and their grace has fled
For ever and evermore.

—*Harper's Magazine for December.*

Miscellaneous.

FOUND AT LAST.

How Harry Flotee Got the School at Cranberry Gulch.

"Mister, no doubt you have all the learnin' that's required in a school teacher, but it wants more that learnin' to make a man able to teach school in Cranberry Gulch. You'll soon find that out if you try. We've had three who tried it on. One lays there in the graveyard; another lost his eye and left; the last one opened school and left before noon time for the benefit of his health. He hasn't been back since. Now you're a slender build, and all your learnin' will only make it worse, for all our young folks are roughs and don't stand no nonsense!"

This was what one of the trustees of the district said to my friend Harry Flotee, when he made application for the vacant position of teacher.

"Let me try. I know I am slender, but I am tough and I have a strong will," said Harry.

"Jest as you like. There's the school-house, and I'll have notice given if you want it done," said the trustee.

"I do," said Harry; "and I'll open next Monday at nine A. M."

The notice was given, and there was a good deal of excitement in the gulch and along the Yuba flats. More than fifty young people of both sexes made an excuse to drop into the tavern to get a sight at the fellow who thought he could keep school in that district, and many a contemptuous glance fell on the slender form and youthful face of the would-be teacher.

Eight o'clock on Monday morning came, and Harry Flotee went down to the schoolhouse with a key in one hand and a valise in the other.

"Ready to slope if he finds we're too much for him," said a cross-eyed, broad-shouldered fellow of eighteen.

The schoolhouse was unlocked and the new teacher went to the desk. Some of the young folks went in to see what he was going to do, though school was not called.

Harry opened his valise and took out a large belt. Then, after buckling it around his waist, he put three Colt's navy revolvers there, each of six barrels, and a bowie knife eighteen inches in the blade.

"Thunder! He means business!" muttered the cross-eyed chap.

The new teacher now took out a square card about four inches each way, walked to the other end of the schoolhouse, and tacked it up against the wall. Returning to his desk he drew a revolver from his belt and quick as thought sent ball after ball into the card till there were six balls in a spot not much larger than a silver dollar.

By this time the schoolhouse was half full of large boys and girls. The little ones were afraid to come in.

Then the teacher walked half way down the room with the bowie knife in his hand, and threw it with so true a hand that it stuck quivering in the very centre of the card.

He left it there and put two more knives of the same kind in his belt, and quietly reloaded his yet smoking pistol.

"Ring the bell; I am about to open school."

He spoke to the cross-eyed boy, the bully of the crowd, and the boy rang the bell without a word.

"The scholars will take their seats; I open school with prayer," he said sternly, five minutes later.

The scholars sat down silent, almost breathless.

After the prayer, the teacher cocked a revolver and walked down the floor.

"We will arrange the classes," he said; "all who can read, write, and spell will rise. Of them we will form the first class."

Only six got up. He escorted them to upper seats, and then he began to examine the rest. A whisper was heard behind him. In a second he heeled a revolver in hand.

"No whispering allowed here!" he thundered, and for an instant his revolver lay on a level with the cross-eyed boy's head.

"I'll not do so any more," gasped the bully.

"See you do not. I never give a second warning," said the teacher, and the revolver fell.

It took two hours to organize the classes, but when done, they were well organized. Then came recess. The teacher went out, too, for the room was crowded and hot. A hawk was circling overhead high in air. The teacher drew a revolver, and the next second the hawk came tumbling down among the wondering scholars.

From that day on Harry kept school for two years in Cranberry Gulch, his salary doubled after the first quarter, and his pupils learned to love as well as to respect him. The revolvers went out of sight within a month.

They had found a man at last who could keep school. This is a fact.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

THE BUZZING OF INSECTS.

The London *Times* in a recent issue says: The old naturalists thought generally that the buzzing of insects was produced by the vibrations of the wing, but they scarcely attempted to analyze the phenomenon, and their opinion was abandoned when Reaumer showed that when the wings are cut a blow-fly continues to buzz. Other explanations of the phenomenon have been advanced by various naturalists, but none of them are satisfactory. M. Jousset de Bellesme has been making some investigation on the subject, and, after proving that previous theories are unsatisfactory, he describes the results of his own researches. To avoid confusion, it should be distinctly understood what is meant by buzzing. In the scientific acceptation it means to imitate the sound of the humble bee, which is the type of the buzzing insects. But the humble bee gives out two very different sounds, which are an octave of each other—a grave sound when it flies and a sharp sound when it alights. We say, then, that buzzing is the faculty of insects to produce two sounds at an octave. This definition limits the phenomenon to the hynomoptera and the diptera. The coleoptra often produce in flying a grave and dull sound, but are powerless to emit the sharp sound, and consequently do not buzz. There are two or three ascertained facts which will serve as guides in the interpretation of the phenomenon. First, it is indisputable that the grave sound always accompanies the great vibration of the wings, which serve for the translation of the insect. It is easily seen that this sound commences as soon as the wings begin to move, and if the wings be cut off it disappears entirely. The sharp sound is never, on the contrary, produced during flight; it is only observed apart from the great vibrations of the wings when the insect alights, or when it is held so as to hinder its movement, and in that case the wing is seen to be animated by a rapid trembling. It is also produced when the wing is entirely taken away. From these two remarks we may draw the conclusion that the grave sound belongs properly to the wings; that is caused by their great amplitude. There is here no difficulty. As to the sharp sound, it is certainly not produced by the wings, since it survives the absence of these. Yet the wings participate in it and undergo a particular trembling during the production of this sound. To discover the cause it is necessary to go back to the mechanism of the movement of the wing. It is known that among nearly all insects the muscles which serve for flight are not inserted in the wing itself, but in the parts of the thorax which support it, and that it is the movement of these which acts on the wing and makes it vibrate. The form of the thorax changes with each movement of the wing under the influence of the contraction of the thoracic muscles. The muscular masses intended for flight being very powerful, this vibratory movement of the thorax is very intense, as may be proved by holding one of these insects between the fingers. But as the vibrations are repeated two or three hundred times per second, they give rise to a musical sound, which is the sharp note. In fact the air which surrounds the thorax is set in vibration by that directly, and without the wing taking part in it. There are then two simultaneous sounds, one produced by the vibration of the wings and the other by the thoracic vibration, and the latter twice as rapid as the former, and therefore an octave. This is why in flight only a single grave sound is heard. When the thorax moves along a sharp sound is produced. This, M. de Bellesme believes, is the only explanation that can be given of the mode of production of the two sounds which constitute buzzing.

DOES MACHINERY ROB THE LABORER?

The complaint that machinerp robs the laborer of his only capital is entirely unfounded. Machinery never lessened the amount of work to be done, though it has constantly changed the character of the work. The labor-saving machinery employed in agriculture is almost entirely the product of the inventions of the past thirty years. In no part of the world has the introduction of such machinery been more general or more rapid than in the grain-growing States of the West. The result is shown in the census reports. During the ten years ending in 1860, the farm hands of those States increased in number more than fifty per cent. During the next ten, in spite of the losses of the war, the increase was about thirty per cent. During the same twenty years, the population of the country as a whole increased only sixty-seven per cent.

When Walter Hunt invented his sewing machine in 1838, his wife protested that it would throw all the sewing women out of employment, and persuaded him to suppress it. Howe's and Singer's and no end of other machines, have come since then and yet there is work for women to do. Notwithstanding the thousands of family machines in use, the number of persons earning a living with the sewing machine in this country is to-day much greater in proportion to the population than was the number of tailors and sewing women before the invention of the machine, which a recent pretended labor-lover has classed with the steam engine as one of the two worst evils that ever befell mankind. In noting its influence on labor we must not forget the 20,000 or more mechanics employed in our sewing machine factories, and the thousands of others engaged in mining and making the iron, cutting and sawing the lumber, and in transporting and preparing these raw materials for the machines and their cases; nor the men employed in making the machinery used in the construction of sewing machines, and in transporting and selling the finished product. Counting these, the invention appears in its true light as a great creator of labor; and the average wages of the persons directly or indirectly employed by the sewing machine is doubtless four or five times that of the old time sewers.

It is but a little while since a metropolitan paper of high rank pointed to the shoe business as furnishing a forcible illustration of the disastrous competition of machinery with men. The truth is that while within twenty years, not less than eighty-five per cent. of the work done on factory boots and shoes has been turned over to machinery, there are to-day more men at work in shoe factories than then, and more than would now be employed except for machinery. It is but another illustration of the old industrial paradox. During these years of rapid progress in invention, the cost of material has advanced, wages have nearly doubled, and the quality of factory boots and shoes has been improved twenty-five per cent.; yet the cost of manufacture has been so much reduced by new and improved machinery that American shoes have not only excluded the foreign made from our market, but have successfully invaded the markets of the whole world. As a natural consequence, many more shops are required not only in New England, but throughout the Middle States and the West; more workmen are employed in shoe factories, higher wages are paid, and a great multitude of other men are furnished with employment in tanning the additional leather used, in packing and transporting and selling the additional product, and in making shoemakers' machinery and implements.—JAMES RICHARDSON, in *Scribner for November.*

IN EMERGENCIES.

1. Child two years old has an attack of croup at night. Doctor at a distance. What is to be done?

The child should be immediately undressed, and put in a warm bath. Then give an emetic, composed of one part of antimony wine to two of ipecah. The dose is a teaspoonful. If the antimony is not at hand, give warm water, mustard and water, or any other simple emetic; dry the child and wrap it in a warm blanket.

2. Hired girl sprains her ankle violently.

First bathe in warm water, then put the white of an egg in a saucer, stir with a piece of alum the size of a walnut until it is a thick jelly; place a portion of it on a piece of lint or tow large enough to cover the sprain, changing it as often as it seems warm or dry; the limb is to be kept in a horizontal position by placing it on a chair.

3. Bees swarm, and the man who hives them gets severely stung in the face.

The sting of a bee is hollow and barbed and as it contains poison the first thing to be done is to remove it. The part stung should then be bathed in warm water and a little ammonia rubbed in them.

4. Some one's nose bleeds, and cannot be stopped.

Take a plug of lint, moisten, dip in equal parts of powdered alum and gum arabic, and insert in the nose. Bathe the forehead in cold water.

5. The child eats a piece of bread on which arsenic has been placed for killing rats.

Give plenty of warm water, new milk in large quantities, grud, linseed tea, toment the bowels. Scrape iron rust off anything, mix with warm water, and give in large draughts frequently. Never give large draughts of fluid until those given before have been vomited, because the stomach will not contract properly if filled, and the object is to get rid of the poison as quickly as possible.

6. Young lady sits in draught, and comes home with a bad sore throat.

Wrap flannel around the throat, keep out of draughts and sudden changes of atmosphere, and every half hour take a pinch of chloride of potash, place it on the tongue and allow it to dissolve in the mouth.

7. Nurse suffers from a whitlow on her finger.

Place the whitlow in water as hot as can be borne, then poultice with linseed meal, taking care to mix a little grease with the poultice, to prevent it from growing hard. Bathe and poultice morning and evening.

8. Child falls backward into a tub of boiling water and is much scalded.

Carefully undress the child, lay it on a bed on its breast, as the back is scalded; be sure that all draughts are excluded, then dust over the parts scalded bi-carbonate of soda, lay muslin over it, then make a tent, by placing two boxes with a board over them in the bed, to prevent the covering from pressing on the scald; cover up warmly.

9. Mower cuts driver's legs as he is thrown from the seat.

Put a tight bandage around the limb, above the cut; slip a cork under it, in the direction of a line drawn from the inner part of the knee to a little outside of the groin. Draw the edges of the cut together with sticking plaster.

10. Child has a bad earache.

Dip a plug of cotton wool in olive oil, warm it and place it in the ear. Wrap up the head and keep out draughts.

11. Youth goes to skate; falls through the ice; brought home insensible.

Strip the body and rub it dry; then rub with a warm blanket and place it in a warm room. Cleanse away froth and mucus from the nose and mouth. Apply warm bottles, bricks, etc., to the arm pits, between the thighs and the soles of the feet. Rub the surface of the body with the hand incased in a warm, dry, worsted sock. To restore breathing close the nostrils and breathe steadily into the mouth; inflate the lungs till the breast be raised a little, then set the nostrils free and press gently on the breast until signs of life appear. Do not give up hope for at least three hours after the accident.

12. Child gets sand in his eye.

Place your forefinger on the cheekbone, having the child before you. Then draw up your finger and you will probably be able to remove it; but if you cannot get at the sand in this way, repeat the operation while you have a knitting needle laid against the eyelids; this will turn the lid inside out, and then the sand may be removed with a silk handkerchief. Bathe in cold water and exclude the light for a day.—*Rural New Yorker.*

RULES FOR ACTION.

Buffoonery is the corruption of wit as knavery is of wisdom.

Better suffer without cause than to have cause for suffering.

Better face danger at once than to always be in fear.

By learning to obey you will know how to command.

Be mindful of things past and provident of things to come.

By the approval of evil you become guilty of it.

Be circumspect and cautious in whatever you undertake.

Begin nothing until you have considered how it is to be finished.

Beauty without honesty is like poison in a box of gold.

Be cautious of believing ill, but more cautious of reporting it.

Beauty is the flower, but virtue is the fruit of life.

By entertaining good thoughts you will keep out evil ones.

Candor and open dealings are the honor of man's nature.

Consult not with a fool, for he can neither give nor keep counsel.

Cherish thy friend and temperately admonish thine enemy.

Combat vice in its first attacks and you will soon come off conqueror.

Comprehend not few things in many words, but many things in few words.

Counsel and wisdom achieve more and greater exploits than force.

Civil war is a deluge that levels alike the cottage and the palace.

Consent to common custom, but not to common folly.

Condemn not poor acquaintances, nor flatter rich friends.

Contentment is to the mind as light to the eye.

Conveniences have their inconveniences and comforts their crosses.

Consecrate to God the first-fruits of your daily thoughts.

Carefully study nature and look through nature up to nature's God.

Civility is a kind of charm that attracts the love of all men.

Charity is friendship in common and friendship is charity endorsed.

Carnal sins proceed from fullness of food and emptiness of employment.

Cheerfulness is perfectly consistent with piety.

Chide not severely nor punish hastily.

Clemency is the brightest jewel in the crown.

Command your temper lest it command you.

A cheerful face is nearly as good for a patient as healthy weather.

A true Christian may fall into sin, but he will not lie down in it.

Men who avoid female society have dull perceptions and gross tastes.

The weakest spot in every man is where he thinks himself the wisest.

Men, like books, have at each end a blank leaf—childhood and old age.

The beauty of the body is for a day, but the beauty of the soul is for eternity.

He who hath good health is a rich man and don't know it.

PHILOSOPHY OF SORROW.

There are endless troubles that must come upon men. Not to have great grief is, in the Scriptures, a sign of not having great manhood. It is well that we do not anticipate our troubles, but sooner or later the storm will break and none can escape. Those who have been most exquisitely organized will be likely to suffer most. Sensibility increases with the organization of nerve. Those who are coarse in fibre and dull in function gain a sort of peace at the expense of manhood. Suffering goes in the direction of completeness in this world. If men are sensitive by organization, and are educated to bear one another's burdens, they are more and more open to the assaults of sorrow. Men also suffer more in the proportion in which they silly themselves to God, although this suffering comes in a different way.

On the other hand, bad men escape many sufferings that afflict good men. The law of suffering seems to be a part and parcel of the law of existence. There is a mystery yet about the philosophy of suffering. It is not our option whether we will or will not suffer. It is claimed that if men live in conformity to the laws of nature they will escape much suffering. Such an "if" is an impossibility, for the laws of nature have not been revealed. There never has been a fundamental revelation of the laws of God, which are the condition of perfectness. Then it is not easy for a man to obey natural laws in artificial conditions. In the complications of business, obedience to natural laws is not easy. Men must sleep when they can and eat when they can. Besides, if he were to obey natural laws perfectly, he would not be happy. He is subject to social conditions. He can't dodge his father's sin or his brother's misfortune. Frequently prudent men are swept away by imprudent men. Our keenest sorrows, I think, come from our connection with those about us.

You have been born and entered into the household of human life, and you have come into conditions which imply pain. You are soldiers of the Cross, and must take your part of that suffering which belongs to humanity. The question should not be, Why am I afflicted? But, How shall I bear my troubles? Sorrow lasts long because we hug it. Look through it and beyond it. Sorrow ploughs deep furrows, but God sends his angels to plant in these furrows the seeds of everlasting life. By and by, in the land of interpretation, we shall look back and thank God for the sorrows that cleansed us, exalted us, deified us.

DESERTED.

A briery lane, where wild-bird sing
All through the summer day;
A beech-tree old, whose branches fling
Long shadows o'er the way.

A nest, built up in the rustling boughs,
Lined soft with moss, so green,
A tiny dwelling—a woodland house,
With leaves for a sheltering screen.

Three delicate eggs, that pearl-like lie
Beneath two brooding wings,
A mate that hovers all watchful by,
Or sits beside, and sings.

A careless boy, with a pitiless heart,
That cares not for lovely things;
A bird, that rises with timid start,
On scared and fluttering wings.

A sorrowful note of plaint and woe
Rings out on the quiet air,
And the pearl-like eggs lie crushed below,
On the beech-roots, old and bare.

And still, in the boughs of the old beech tree,
'Mid its rustling sprays of green,
The deserted nest, you still may see
Peep out from its verdant screen.

But the bird on its gay and gladsome wing
Returns to the nest no more;
And the mate that would sit on the boughs and sing,
Hi summer songs are o'er.

And sought can bring from the happy Past
When light and love have fled
Though the walls of the dear old home may last,
But memories of the dead.

—*Chambers' Journal.*

THE CONDUCT OF LIFE.

Be it good that we do, let us do it,
Giving soul and our strength to the deed;
Let us pierce the hard rock and pass through it,
And compass the thing that we need.

Does Fate, as a dark cloud hang over,
And cover our heads from the light?
Does hate mock the heart of the lover?
Must wrong be the victor of right?

Yet in Fate there is freedom for each one
To make or to mar, as he will;
And the bolts of ill fortune that reach one
May maim, but they never shall kill.

Ever onward and upward pursuing
The aim that is thine for the day,
Adding strength to thy strength by thy doing,
Thou shalt gain it, nor faint by the way.

And though thou art busied with small things,
Though menial thy labor may be,
Do thy utmost in that and in all things,
Thou still shalt be noble and free.

Dost thou love? let it be with full measure;
Nor mingle with coldness nor hate
Of others the joy of thy pleasure
The passion that crowns thy estate.

Be to every man just; and to woman
Be gentle, and tender, and true;
For thine own do thy best; but for no man
Do less than a brother should do.

So living thy days full to number,
In peace thou shalt pass to the grave;
Thou shalt lie down and rest thee, and slumber,
Beloved by the good and the brave.

—*From Tinsley's Magazine.*

THE DRAWBACKS OF RICHES.

Some recent occurrences in this City point more strongly than any homily could to the inconveniences of possessions. Perhaps in the mad rush for wealth which engages the energies of most men, some will stop and bless themselves that they will leave no riches behind them for heirs to quarrel over, no estate on which black-mail may be levied, no inducement for graveyards ghouls to disturb his poor remains when they have once been buried. For it seems that the ingenuity of man is not exhausted in attempts to plunder his estate while he lives. As soon as he dies, all sorts of impudent claiments spring up to snatch at the riches which he no longer can defend. Even in his grave he is not allowed to rest, literally or figuratively, his memory is blackened, his foibles are dragged out and exposed to the public gaze, and his body is stolen from its sepulcure, in hopes of large ransom being offered for it. We who are not burdened with great riches may console ourselves that we shall not leave a property so vast as to tempt the cupidity of presumptive heirs and adventurers, nor so bequeathed that a legatee may be expected to pay roundly for the stolen body of the testator. Though one may not, in this life, possess much goods, he may die without being harassed by the thought that rapacity will persue him beyond the grave.

"The Vanderbilt will case," as it is called, is one of the great scandals of the time. The robbery of the grave of A. T. Stewart is one of the most offensive crimes which has ever shocked humanity. Had Vanderbilt or Stewart died poor, neither of these shocking revelations of greed, vulgarity, and cupidity could have been made. Had these men not left behind them the curse of great wealth, the roofs would not have been lifted from some private homes in this City the helpless dead might have moldered into dust without disturbance. It is not that the dead care, but that the living suffer from these postmortem turmoils. It is vain for us to project our thoughts into the vague unseen world and wonder what the dead man knows or thinks of the prodigious scandal which starts up when his grave is covered. It is futile for us to ask how the disembodied spirit regards the rifling of his tomb. But we who live are likely to think that death would have for us new terrors if we could know that the inmost privacy of our lives should some day be blazoned in the newspapers, or our frail tenement of clay, when we have done with it, should be pilfered, hauled about, and treated as a peculiar booty—offensive but valuable. It is better to die poor than to die beset by horrible visions of what has happened to the memory and the mortal remains of rich dead men.

And it happens, too, that in many instances the plots and conspiracies against a rich man's estate, which thicken when he is not alive to defend it, are only continuations of plots and conspiracies which harassed him during his lifetime. When he lived, his great riches cost him innumerable anxieties. His house must need be a fortress, and his costly delights be partaken of within strong walls and bolts and bars. He had reason to suspect the sincerity of every one who approached him with an appearence of friendship. He saw the meanest side of human nature. He could not be sure of the disinterestedness of his own kinsfolk. He was surounded by the machinations of people who regarded him only as legitimate object of plunder. He was deceived by artful tales of simulated distress until he lost confidence in humanity. He was harassed daily with multitudinous schemes to despoil him. If he expanded with generous affection toward any fellow-being, he found his warm impulse made merchantable, or jealous people poisoned him with slander against his friends. He was like a man walking in the midst of savage thieves with a precious jewel in his bosom—burdened with the rich possession which all seek to snatch from its lawful owner. Yet, where is the man who would refuse to be the custodian of great riches?

It is sometimes said that the Almighty shows His estimate of great riches in the character of the people upon whom He bestows them. But it happens that many noble men have been endowed with vast wealth. Nevertheless it is true that great estates have often been fruitful of great mischiefs and miseries. To those of us who hold in loving reverence the memory of a dead father or mother, it seems a horrible thing that a domestic quarrel over a property should drag to light the innumberable weaknesses which might have been laid forever in the grave with the dead man's bones. "If a man die, shall he live again?" asks the skeptical inquirer. In these days, though he die, his death does not end all, if he leave great possessions behind him. He is not permitted to rest in the grave, if dissection of his most secret motives and impulses can invalidate his last will and testament, or if his worn-out frame can be held for ransom. There is no length of villiany, no depth of meanness, into which men will not go for plunder. And though the world is full of unhappy rich men, who do not know how live, millions stand ready to take their hard places. Dives, looking around upon his vast possessions, complains that he cares for all these, and is only rewarded with food, clothing, and lodging. Nevertheless, the average man thinks that *he*, at least, could manage this estate with comfort to himself. Let the average man consider how Dives is pursued beyond the grave, and be content.—*N. Y. Times.*

THE SANGUINE BRIDE.

A not unusual kind of a bride is that sanguine creature who believes that life is now to be all honney and butter, and that never a cloud will cast its shadow over the sunny sky. All is so new—and it will never grow old! Holiday has come in perpetuity, and there are no more painful lessons of duty to learn, and no more disagreeable tasks of self-suppression to fulfill. Tempers, disputes, peevishness, anxieties, are buried beneath the sugar and the almond of the wedding cake, and life is to be a fairy tale, where "they live happily for ever after," finishes the picture. All the buttons will keep sewed to the shirts, and there never will be a pair of socks to darn. If children come they will be born like so many little doves, and give no more trouble than a covey of cherubs flitting about the house. She looks forward to a halcyon sea which not the faintest ripple is to disturb, and in her world blight and storms are to be unknown. Her also we pity, poor self-deceiving creature—taking life as she does at such a false angle, and looking at the dust and ashes of inevitable decay or sure disappointment through spectacles of such deluding rose-color. She has not the faintest idea that her husband will ever cease to be her lover, and she imagines that the poetic exaltation of the courtship—the raptures of honeymoon—are to continue far into old age. Of the sense of reality she is absolutely destitute;