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.

C. S. RUSSELL'S
GENERAL
INSURANCE AGENCY
May28-70tf 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. A. 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.
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 Clothing 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 T. M. C. A. Reading Room. (Jan31'78.

WILLIAMS & ANGLE,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.
OFFICE.—Formerly occupied by Wm. Watkins, Esq.
H. S. WILLIAMS. (oct. 17, '77) E. J. ANGLE.

L. McPHERSON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Dist Att'y Brad. Co. [feb.1'75.

MASON & HEAD,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Towanda, Pa. Office over Bartlett & Tracy, Main-st.
G. F. MASON. [ap3'77] 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, Susquehanna and Wyoming Counties. Office with Esq. Porter. [nov19-74.

C. L. LAMB,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
WILKES-BARRE, PA
Collections promptly attended to. July 27,'76.

JOHN W. MIX,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW AND U. S. COMMISSIONER,
TOWANDA, PA.
Office—North Side Public Square. Jan. 1, 1875.

DAVIES & CARNOCHAN,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
SOUTH SIDE OF WARD HOUSE.
Dec 23-75. TOWANDA, PA.

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

MADILL & CALIFF,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Office in Wood's Block, first door south of the First National bank, up-stairs.
S. T. MADILL. [jans-73ly] J. N. CALIFF.

GRIDLEY & PAYNE,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
South side Mercur Block (rooms formerly occupied by Davies & Carnochan),
TOWANDA, PA.
E. C. GRIDLEY. (1477) S. R. 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.
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 WIET,
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 Aluminum bases. Teeth extracted without pain.
Oct. 24-72.

B. M. PECK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office over Braund & Hill's meat market.
Towanda, Jan. 15, 1879.

MRS. H. PEET,
TEACHER OF PIANO MUSIC,
TERMS.—$10 per term.
(Residence Third street, 1st ward.)
Towanda, Jan. 13, '79-1y.

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.

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.

Miscellaneous.

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	@ $8.50 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.

ATTENTION FARMERS!
If you wish to sell your
HAY, GRAIN, BUTTER & PRODUCE
generally for READY CASH, at the highest market rices call at
SMITH & PARK'S WYSAUKING, PA.,
where you will also find a well selected stock of goods, selling at bottom prices.
Wysauking, Sept. 20, 1877.

Poetry.

THERE'S ROOM ENOUGH FOR ALL.

What need of all this fuss and strife,
Each warring with his brother?
Why should we, in the crowd of life,
Keep trampling down each other
Is there no goal that can be won,
Without a squeeze to gain it—
No other way of getting on,
But scrambling to obtain it?
Oh, fellow-men, hear wisdom, then,
In friendly warning call—
"Your claims divide, the world is wide—
There's room enough for all!"

What if the swarthy peasant find
No fields for honest labor;
He need not idly stop behind,
To thrust aside his neighbor.
There is a land with sunny skies,
Which gold for toil is given,
Where every brawny hand that tries
Its strength, can grasp a living.
Oh, fellow-men, remember, then,
Whatever chance befall,
The world is wide—where those abide,
There's room enough for all!

From poisoned air ye breathe in courts,
And typhus-tainted alleys,
Go forth and dwell where health resorts,
In fertile hills and valleys;
Where every man that clears a bough;
Finds plenty in attendance,
And every furrow of the plough
A step to independence.
Oh, hasten, then, from fevered den,
And lodging cramped and small;
The world is wide—in land beside,
There's room enough for all!

In this fair region far away,
Will labor find employment—
A fair day's work, a fair day's pay,
And toil will earn enjoyment;
What need, then, of this daily strife,
Where each wars with his brother?
Why need we, through the crowd of life,
Keep trampling down each other?
From rags and crime, that distant clime
Will free the pauper's thrall;
Take fortune's tide—the world so wide,
Has room enough for all!

Miscellaneous.

THE MIDNIGHT CRY.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

In the early days of a certain Western State, a crime was committed which has gained a place among the annals of dark deeds. It was murder; but the circumstances surrounding it are so noteworthy that we shall here transcribe them. They present the most remarkable instance of a young man sealing his lips when his own life was in jeopardy, in order to conceal a petty vice—the most remarkable instance of the kind on record.

One night in march, 1831, a farmer named Buskirk, left a thriving town where, during the day he had disposed of a lot of hogs. He rode a sorrel horse, andcarried the proceeds of his sales in heavy leathern saddle-bags. The money was mostly in silver coin of the dollar denomination, and the amount, therefore, was quite weighty. Buskirk, a fearless man, did not go armed, but rode unconcernedly from the town a little under the influence of liquor, but not drunk enough to call attention to the fact.

As he lived but twenty miles from the market, he expected to reach home about midnight. But when morning dawned Zimri Buskirk was still absent from his farm. His horse stood at the stable door neighing for admittance. The well-known saddle-bags were missing, which fact immediately gave rise to suspicion of foul play, and search for the farmer was at once instituted.

At a distance of five miles from home the body of Buskirk was found lying by the roadeside, and not far away lay the saddle-bags, rifled of their contents. The villain, in his haste to get at the money, had cut his way to it, instead of unbuckling the heavy straps. The farmer was found to be quite dead; one side of his skull had been crushed as if by a blow from a bludgeon, or some murderous weapon of that sort, and his pockets, like the saddle-bags, had been despoiled of their contents.

The excitement from the moment of the discovery became intense. Zimri Buskirk was one of the most influential farmers of the neighborhood, and a man universally liked. He was not known to possess an enemy, and no one ever dreamed that the murder had been committed for the sake of anything but that of subsequent plunder.

Though the country was scoured for the perpetrator of the deed, no traces were discovered: but a clew was suddenly furnished in a startling manner.

The body of the farmer had been discovered not far from a farmhouse, occupied by a family named Milliken, which consisted of the parents and two children, son and daughter, who had passed their majority.—While the excitement still raged, Ellen Milliken came forward and desired to make a statement which she said had tortured her ever since the night of the murder. She said that she was the possessor of a guilty secret which she could keep no longer; she could not sleep for it, and it was the spector of her waking hours.

The girl then proceeded to state that she was up at the hour of half-past eleven or thereabout, on the night of the —th, and that she heard a horse coming down the frosty road from the direction of P——. Not regarding the sounds of any moment, she was about to re-enter the house, when she heard an oath, followed by a dull thud and a groan. Then she heard a name uttered twice in a tone of mingled agony and application.

A moment later the sound of hoofs came again to her ears, and the horse seemed to be galloping toward the Buskirk farm.

The excitement that followed Miss Milliken's narration may be imagined, for pen cannot describe it. It was believed that the name which she had heard was that of the murderer, which had fallen from the lips of his victim before insensibility or death followed the blow. The young girl visibly hesitated when asked by the magistrate to pronounce the name. She covered her face with her hands, and in all probability would have fallen if she had not been supported by her brother Hiram. She did not like to utter the name that might doom one of the young men of her acquaintance to the gallows, for she could not believe him guilty, she had heard Zimri Buskird call on him to spare his life on that awful night.

Ellen Milliken was pressed to mention the name, and further the ends of justice, in which the whole country was interested, and at last her lips parted.

"God help him, and pity me!" she said. "The name I heard was Abner Tenney's.

If a thunderbolt had fallen into the breathless crowd, astonishment would not have been more complete. Men started at the name, and women uttered cries that added to the confusion.

Standing near the witness was a young man of five-and-twenty, the only son of a minister who watched over the little flock of believers that worshipped in the church hard by, and a youth of exemplary habits to the outer world. His face was pale as death, and at the mention of the name he started back with a cry, and found the eyes of all fixed upon him.

His name was Abner Tenney!

He made no effort to fly, and when strong hands were laid upon him, he would face the accusation.

The young man was formally arrested on Ellen Milliken's statement and brought to the bar of justice. He denied the crime but astonished every body with his answer to the inquiry concerning his whereabouts on the night of the crime:

"I admit that I was not at home, but where I was I will not tell!"

This answer was twisted, as it could easily be by the excited community, into broad strands of guilt, and the young man was remanded by the magistrate for a regular trial at the next term of court.

There were a few who believed that he might be innocent. When it became generally known that he had been a suitor for Eva Buskirk's hand without the satisfaction of her father, revenge was added to the motive of the murder. Ellen Milliken's word was believed; she was a girl of violent passion, but her veracity in this case was not dragged into question. She acknowledged that she loved Abner Tenney—hence her reluctance to testify; and after the preliminary examination, she said that she regretted having revealed the secret.

But it was out now, and the young man lying in the county jail reiterated his innocence, but still he refused to make known his whereabouts and occupation on that night.

It was strange that Ellen Milliken's testimony should remain uncorroborated in its essential particulars; but there were several parties who had seen the accused near the scene of the crime at late hours of the night.

He did not deny this, but persistently refused to explain his presence there.

His father visited him and begged him to unburden himself; but to him he invariably returned the same reply:

"Were I to tell you, you would feel as badly as though I committed the murder."

The young man was visited by many acquaintances, to whom he would not reveal his secret, and it at last became more than half suspected that he had accomplices who had concealed the money, not one dollar of which had, as yet, been found.

Ellen Milliken continued to reaffirm her statement. She was confident that she had heard Buskirk call on Abner Tenney in tones that left no doubt on her mind that he addressed his murderer. As the time for the trial approached, she lost her reluctance, and openly declared that she *knew* that the accused had committed the crime.

Her brother not having been at home on the night of the murder, was not summoned as a witness. It was known that he, had visited the Buskirk homestead as a suitor for Eva's hand, but that of late he had turned his attention to another lady, to whom he was paying his devoirs.

The excitement consequent upon the farmer's violent death and Abner Tenney's arrest did not for one moment abate during his sojourn in jail. To a young man who visited him, he said:

"Spare me, John. You know where I was that night; you know what I was doing. If I escape this time, I will be a better man. The murder of my honor would send my father to the grave as quickly as the shedding of my blood by the law. Do not come forward and try to save me by sacrificing my honor!"

"They will hang you if you do not tell all," was the reply. "Let us swear to the truth. Do not let Eva believe that you killed her father."

The last sentence drove Abner Tenney to the wall of his cell with a groan. It seemed to unnerve him.

"She will never believe it!" he cried a moment afterward. "In her eyes I will ever remain guiltless of her father's murder, even though they hang me for the crime."

The young man's visitor left, and joined two other men of his age in the corridor of the jail.

"What does he say now?" was asked, with eagerness.

"He is still obdurate, and declares that we must not expose him."

"Can we save him without the exposure?"

"We must! We shall!"

The trio were youths of respectable parents, but considered fast young men. They had of late been Abner Tenney's companions, much to the regret of the few pious people who had noticed the familiarity.

"Look here," said one addressing his companions; "I hold myself in part responsible for Abner's present situation. We led him into the habits that have fastened themselves upon us. We must save him!"

The spokesman of the dissolute party was a young student of medicine, and it was not long afterward that a learned medical gentleman of Cincinnati came to the country. The body of Zimri Buskirk was exhumed and examined.

John French stood and watched the professor.

"You say that she swore to hearing Mr. Buskirk cry out after the thud of two blows?"

"So she swore."

"The first blow must have produced instant death. It drove pieces of skull into the brain. A stab in the heart could not prove more instantly fatal than the initial blow."

"That is your opinion?"

"I will swear to it."

The young man was satisfied, and the body, minus the head, was returned to the grave.

"If he will not sacrifice his honor to save his neck, I will save it for him, and his father need not know the truth."

These words passed from John French's lips as he passed from the house with the professor.

From that day the young student and his two friends were not idle. They made many trips from the country, and compared notes on their return.

The trial came at last, and the accused plead "not guilty," in a firm voice.

Ellen Milliken repeated her testimony, so damaging to the defence, and adhered to it through a rigorous cross-questioning to which she was subjected. She had heard the cries *after* the blows; she was positive of this.

The other evidence offered by the State was merely circumstantial. The defence introduced the professor, who explained the nature of the wounds, and swore that the first blow had produced instant death. This produced a sensation in the court; it staggered Ellen Milliken's testimony until that hour believed invulnerable. The blows that now followed from the defence were hard and telling ones.

No *alibi* was attempted. The accused had forbidden such a plan, on the ground that it would reveal the secret he was guarding so closely; but the defence became aggressive.

It proved that Hiram Milliken, Ellen's brother, was not where he said he was on the night of the murder. As the young man was not under arrest, the court forbade the introduction of such testimony, when John French rose and exclaimed:

"I do not accuse him of the murder of Zimri Buskirk! My affidavit is in the court-room; the sheriff holds it at this moment. Look at the man! Guilt is written on his face. He is trying to leave the house. Catch him."

The confusion that now ensued was intense. Ellen Milliken, with a loud shriek, fell forward on the floor, where she was permitted to lie, for all eyes were turned upon her brother.

Pistol in hand, the young man was clearing a path to the door. No one dared to lay hands on him, for he threatened to shoot the first one who touched him, and thus he reached the door leading to the street.

On the threshold he paused, and faced the excited occupants of the court-room.

"You will never put me in Abner Tenney's place!" he cried. "If I did kill Zimiri Buskirk, you shall not prove it and hang me!"

The next moment there was a loud report, and a human body, after owaying for an instant, fell heavily upon the floor.

Hiram Milliken had taken his own life!

This tragic occurrence, as might be supposed, put an end to Abner Tenney's trial. It established his innocence in the eyes of all, and the guilty was beyond the punishment of an earthly tribunal.

Upon her recovery, Ellen Milliken unfolded one of the darkest plots on record. She confessed that her testimony was but a tissue of falsehoods; that she knew that her brother had killed the farmer for the purpose of getting his money, and accused young Tenney, in order to prevent him from winning Eva Buskirk. Ellen piqued at Tenney's refusal to court her, had entered into the plot with revengeful spirit. But the game had failed.

Of course the minister's son was released, and Ellen Milliken left the country between two days. She died several years later in a den of infamy in the South.

Abner Tenney led Eva Buskirk to the altar several months after his release, and became one of the solid men of his State. I believe he is still living, but his father, the minister, is dead; and the secret which he guarded so zealously at one time is no longer one.

It was simply this: Despite the holy influences under which he had been raised, he had departed from the paths of rectitude, and became a gambler, along with John French and his companions. On the night of the murder of Mr. Buskirk, the quartette were in the midst of a carouse which the youth refused to confess for the sake of his father, who never dreamed of his wild life.

But John French had saved the young man whom he had led into vice, and kept him from the gallows. Tenneys secret was told by him after he had made a man of himself; but it puzzles many people who know it not this day.

THE TIMBER WE USE.—To make shoe pegs enough for American use, consumes annually 106,000 cords of timber, and to make our lucifer matches, 300,000 cubic feet of the best pine are required every year. Lasts and boot-trees take 500,000 cords of birch, beach and maple, and the handles of tools 500,000 more. The baking of our bricks consumes 2,000,000 cords wood, or what would cover with forest about 50,000 acres of land. Telegraph poles already up represent 800,000 trees, and their annual repair consumes about 300,000 more. The ties of our railroads consume annually thirty years' growth of 75,000 acres, and to fence all our railroads would cost $45,000,000, with a yearly expenditure of $15,000,000 for repairs. These are some of the ways in which American forests are going. There are others, our packing boxes, for instance, cost in 1874, $12,000,000, while the timber used each year in making wagons and agricultural implements is valued at more than $100,000,000.

THIRTY years ago Mr. Disraeli wrote in Tancred: "The English want Cyprus, and they will take it as a compensation;" and again, "they will not do the business of the Turk for nothing." He has now taken Cyprus to prove that truth is no stranger than fiction.

HISTORICAL COINAGE.

A Chapter on Hard Money.

History finds much of its safest material in coins, and these silent witnesses of the fate of nations are constantly reappearing to sustain or amend its narative. They reach back in a long yet varying career to the opening of European civilization; they fluctuate with all its changes. When nations were young their coins were rude and heavy, but always of full value; the early Roman quincussis contained its full five pounds of copper; it was a weight rather than a coin. The gold of the flourishing sea-port of Miletus, the Liverpool or New York of the East, is the earliest we meet with, and five centuries or more before our era, was current in the ports of the Euxine and on the coast of Spain. Miletus was long the centre of discovery, adventure, trade; its Raleighs and Cabots followed in the path of the Phoenicians, and almost equaled them. The colonies of Miletus covered the shores of the Black Sea; an honest currency supported its commercial enterprises. In Lydia, where coins are said to have been first used, it is also said the retail trade began. Gold coins were seldom or never struck at Athens, but the Attic silver was famous for its purity, and circulated over the known world. The most splendid of the Greek gold coins were the "Philips" of Macedonia. They were first coined by Philip II., were perfected by Alexander the Great, and these fine examples of ancient art still adorn the cabinets of the lovers of coins in Europe and America.

Curious is it to trace the varying features of the rulers of mankind on these unchangeable memorials. Their countenances often almost indicate their history or confirm it. On the fine coins and medals of Alexander we see the hero's striking face, half intellectual, half debased and brutal. Smyrna, proud of its ancestry, places on its coins the head of Homer. From Ephesus come countless medals and pieces of money inscribed with the image of the temple and the form of Diana. On the coins of Greece and Rome appear the symbols of the earliest republicans. Republics began the system of exchange by which all modern business is transacted. Archons of Athens, officals of various rank, are recorded on the fine silver money of Greece. At Rome grave consulars, tribunes, popular leaders, engrave their names or faces on the varying currency. It is easy to detect them, to distinguish the republican from the monarch, a Brutus from a Caligula, the higher elements of character shining out from the countenances of men who studied the public welfare rather than their own. But at length the world acknowledges a single master. The Roman emperors appear on their coinage represented with a singular exactness. The fair, false Augustus, the symbol of reaction, is stamped on a thousand coins; one can never mistake him. Then comes the brutal Tiberius, heavy Claudius, Vespasion, rude but almost honest. Trajan the beloved shines on many a medal and coin. The gentle, pleasant countenance of Marcus Aurelius still smiles upon us from his metal shield, or the dead face of Commodus.

The gold aureus of the Antonines is a magnificent coin, the symbol of the world's prosperity. It was worth about five dollars and a dime, but as the Empire fell, its coinage was debased. The tyrants plundered the people by every art; they lowered the value of the gold and silver money until it was nearly worthless; they circulated pieces washed over with a thin coating of gold and silver; they were advocates of inflation and "absolute" money. Commerce stopped, the world stood still, until Constantine—perhaps Diocletian—reformed the currency; issued gold and silver coins of full value, and fixed at Constantinople that taste for pure money—that financial honesty—to which it owed much of its wealth and renown. Through the Middle Ages the gold bezant of Constantinople was seldom tampered with, and was almost always pure. The great city on the Bosphorus was the wealthiest of all, its revenues in the twelfth century enormous. Soon after, Venice, in the fullness of its commercial greatness, began to coin its excellent gold and silver; and the mints of Florence poured forth a ceaseless tide of gold florins, the purest and finest money of the time. Even the Mohammedans of Syria imitated the bezant of Constantinople, changing only the inscriptions. The solidus, the aureus, the bezant, the splendid coins of the Roman Empire, became everywhere the instruments of trade. The modern coins imitate their value. An English sovereign is worth a little less than a solidus, an American half-eagle not quite so much as the bezant. Our most common gold coin is the direct descendant of that on which shone the mild faces of Trajan and Marcus Aurelius, or the earlier, still more splendid, stater of Alexander and republican Miletus.

Honest money and commercial and manufacturing greatness have always appeared together. Its coins are the surest indication of the character of each government, of its prosperity, its decay. Weak, dishonest governments have always debased the currency; strong ones improve it. The stern, vindictive, ruthless rulers of Venice kept their gold pure in the midst of ceaseless wars. Holland became the center of commercial honor and greatness; its credit and its wealth are still unlimited. England in Elizabeth's reign reformed its currency, imitated Holland; it has steadily pursued its practice of preserving a perfect purity in coinage; it has had for sixty years the best currency in the world; its sovereign and its shilling circulate everywhere; their value is immutable. From the rude coins of the honest Alfred, the common ancestor of the Saxon race, to the latest money of Victoria, the English merchants and farmers have always held a tolerable means of exchange. The purity of its coinage has helped to make England rich, to give it the carrying trade of the world, to make it the successful usurer, the prosperous manufacturer, the modern Tyre or Venice.

Our own coinage began in 1786-93; but instead of the faces of senators and monarchs, it bears only the figure of Liberty. A new era had begun; it was not men but ideas that ruled. The coinage with us ceases to be historica. Some few coins were stamped with the face of Washington, and are highly valued by collectors; then the practice ceased. It was an innovation that marked an austere republicanism. The English sovereign bore always the face of the ruling king—the Tudors, Stuarts, Georges are recorded in varying outlines; the emperors of Rome, the tyrants of Greece, had perpetuated themselves in gold, silver, copper. Our ancestors altered all this. The decimal coinage was adopted; a full measure of purity; gold and silver were employed. The chief gold coin of America is scarcely less beautiful than the stater of republican Miletus, and nearly of the same value.

The coinage has steadily improved in purity and excellence; it has always been kept equal in fineness to that of any other land; it has never been debased, like the coin of imperial Rome, of France, of Spain. It is only in the new silver dollar that our national credit has been tainted, our coin borne a false value. An ineffectual attempt has been made to alter the laws of trade, and this can be easily amended by adding of sufficient weight of metal.

Trade demands a perfect coinage, and all civilized nations are bound by its immutable rule.

Among uncultivated races the strangest fancies prevail on the subject of money. Even to-day on the coast of Guinea cowry shells are preferred to gold and silver, an "absolute" to a real coinage. In Staffordshire they forge great quantities of these shells; the negroes take them without suspicion. Among the ancient Mexicans, in the land of gold, the cocoa bean was used as money; Peru, the pod of the capsicum. Beads are still the money of Abyssinia; rings of metal in Nubia; fish hooks in Ceylon; bars of metal in China; silver in India. Even in our own intelligent communities we have enthusiasts who hape to make money out of worthless paper, who profess to prefer a depreciated currency to a real one, a cowry shell to a guinea. But the history of money shows that it must have a real value. And the country is always most prosperous that has the best coinage.—*Harper's Weekly.*

SHE WOULDN'T MELT.

A day or two ago when a servant opened the side door of a house on Sibley street, in response to a tramp's knock, her face looked so kind and benevolent that the hungry man had no doubt that a good dinner awaited him. He had, however, laid out a certain programme, and he therefore began:

"My dear woman, I haven't had anything to eat for two days, and I wanted to ask if you would spare me one of those icicles which has fallen from the eaves?"

"Well, I dunno," she slowly replied, as she looked out, "I suppose we might spare you one, if you are really suffering, but of course you won't take the largest and best?"

He stepped down and selected an icicle about two feet long, and, in a hesitating manner, inquired:

"If you would only sprinkle a little pepper on this I would be grateful."

"It's rather bold in you to ask it, but I suppose I can sprinkle on a little—a very little," she replied, and she got the pepper and dusted his "luncheon" very sparingly.

He started to move away, but, seeming to recollect something, he turned and said:

"You seem so benevolent I'll ask you to sprinkle on a little salt as well. I like my icicles seasoned up pretty high."

"You are a bold man, sir, and it's plain that you have the appetite of a glutton, but I'll give you a bit of salt and then you must be gone," she replied.

When the icicle had been duly salted, the man expressed his thanks, but didn't move away. His game wasn't working to suit him. Some folks wouldn't have stood there and seen him bite off the end of a big icicle, but this girl did. And, further, when he hesitated to go, she indignantly called out:

"I know what you want. You now want me to warm the icicle in the oven for you and then put on some mustard, but I'll never, never do it."

The man moved slowly out of the gate, and, as he threw his icicle at a passing dog, he gave utterance to his disgust in language punctuated entirely with a slung shot.—*Detroit Free Press.*

LIFE IN ICELAND.—Men and women, masters and servants, all inhabit the same room, while cleanliness is not much attended to; but, poor as they are, and accustomed to great privations, they set an example of cheerful contentment. The beauty of the girls is remarkable; their fair hair falls in long plaits partially covered by a cloth coil daintily worn on one side of the head, finished at the top with a tassel of colored silk run through a silver or steel buckle, which floats on the shoulder. It reminds the traveler of the Greek head-dress, but the blue eyes, with their sweet, benevolent expression, soon recalls to their mind their Danish origin. The dress is made of the cloth woven in the country, and on festive days the bodice is gaily adorned with silver braid and velvet, while the belt and sleeves are ornamented with silver devices, beautifully chased and often of great value. On wet and cold days the shawl becomes a beautiful mantilla, completely enveloping the head, and defending the wearer from the effects of the frequent storms.

SHE who does not make her family comfortable, will herself never be happy at home; and she who is not happy at home, will never be happy anywhere.—*Addison.*

THE BACKBITER.

There's some one living in this town,
(Maybe you know her name,
And maybe should I write it down,
Your own might prove the same).
Who, when you say, "He's good," will cry,
"Indeed! You think that's true,
But, very confidentially,
"You wouldn't—if you knew!"

One says, "What pretty girl goes by?
"Oh, horrors! you don't think
So!—Since we're you and I,
I'll say, her parents drink.
And she—well, I won't tell it out,
Though I've no doubt 'tis true.
You think she's nice and pretty—but
You wouldn't, if you knew!"

If one sings sweetly, "How she flats!"
If dressed in taste, "What style!"
Supremely "vulgar" all her hats,
Her dresses simply "vile."
And when good Deacon Busby failed
(A noble man and true),
She said, when we his lot bewailed,
"You wouldn't, if you knew!"

Let those admire and love who can
This malice-breathing dame,
Who seems to think a prosperous man
Must surely be to blame.
That beauty is a mark of sin;
That goodness must be crime;
She sees but thieves and rascals in
The heroes of the time.

Sometimes she doesn't hesitate
To tell us what she knows,
And in seven cases out of eight
A lie is all she shows.
For virtue's sake, I hope to find
One good old doctrine true,
Some heat for such I should not mind,
You wouldn't—if you knew.

—*Kate Clark.*

MONEY.

Governments can not make money. They can coin it and regulate its weight and fineness. Labor makes money. The coin, whether of gold or silver, represents a certain amount of labor expended in producing it. It is used as a medium of exchange for an equivalent amount of labor expended in producing either natural or mechanical commodities. Gold and silver are selected for this purpose because they possess the qualities of divisibility and durability, and are not produced in such abundance as copper, lead and iron or other metals. It is the labor the coin has cost that gives it intrinsic value. It represents just so much hard work, and is used as the measure of hard work in other fields of industry.

Paper money lacks this quality. It costs no more to print a thousand dollar bills than it costs to print a one-dollar bill. Hence it can never stand for a certain amount of labor as the coin dollar does. Hence it is, also, that it will never be accepted as the equivalent of labor unless there stand behind it not only the pledge but the ability to redeem it in something that does represent the equivalent of labor. It is not the power of the most absolute Government in existence to give to paper money a quality that in the very nature of things it cannot possess.

When, therefore, men talk of a Government making money, in the sense of creating it, they talk absolute nonsense. Aside from coining and regulating the weight and fineness of the various denominations of coin, it can emit bills of credit, or bill bearing interest, as greenbacks. But what is a bill of credit but the issuing of a note, to be paid in money—to be paid in the equivalent of the labor, or the product of labor, for which it is accepted. To get its non-interest bill into circulation, the Government may declare it lawful tender for public and private indebtedness, and may thus force it upon a people. Then it represents nothing more nor less than a forced loan by the Government, which it is in honor bound to redeem when it is able to do so. It is the evidence of the indebtedness of the Government to the individual holding the note.

Now, if the credit of the Government is good, the idividual may not care to demand payment. The notes of the House of Rothschild, for example, circulate as money among bankers and capitalists, and may remain outstanding for a great length of time. It is the general confidence in the ability of the house to redeem its notes that floats its paper. But let there be any weakening of the commercial credit of the house, and the paper would find its way to the doors for redemption without delay.

And so it is with a Government. The credit of the Government of the United States is good, because it has kept faith with its creditors. It has demonstrated its capacity to manage and keep control of its great debt, reducing its bulk one-third in thirteen years. Its commercial standing with the world, therefore, is unexceptionable, and will remain unshaken so long as it redeems its pledges. It has pledged itself to pay gold and silver on demand for its notes, after the 1st of January next. If it makes good the pledge probably nobody will care to present the notes for redemption. They will remain out just so long as the Government is willing to let them remain out, because the belief of the people will be universal that it is able to redeem them on demand. If they were absolute money, there would be no need of any prepar