TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

The BRADFORD REPORTER is published every Thursday morning by GOODRICH & HITCHCOCK, at One Dollar per annum, in advance.

☞ Advertising in all cases exclusive of subscription to the paper.

SPECIAL NOTICES inserted at TEN CENTS per line for first insertion, and FIVE CENTS per line for each subsequent insertion, but no notice inserted for less than fifty cents.

YEARLY ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at reasonable rates.

Administrator's and Executor's Notices, $2; Auditor's Notices, $2.50; Business Cards, five lines, (per year) $5, additional lines $1 each.

Yearly advertisers are entitled to quarterly changes. Transient advertisements must be paid for in advance.

All resolutions of associations; communications of limited or individual interest, and notices of marriages or deaths, exceeding five lines are charged FIVE CENTS per line, but simple notices of marriages and deaths will be published without charge.

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.

RODNEY A. MERCUR,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.,
Office in Montanyes Block May 1, '79.

W. H. JESSUP,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW,
MONTROSE, PA.

Judge Jessup having resumed the practice of the law in Northern Pennsylvania, will attend to any legal business intrusted to him in Bradford county. Persons wishing to consult him, can call on H. Streeter, Esq., Towanda, Pa., when an appointment can be made.

HENRY STREETER,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Feb 27, '79

JAMES WOOD,

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

OVERTON & SANDERSON,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
E. OVERTON, JR. JOHN F. SANDERSON.

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.

E. H. ANGLE, D. D. S.

OPERATIVE AND MECHANICAL DENTIST.

Office on State Street, second floor of Dr. Pratt's office. apr 3 79.

MASON & HEAD,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Towanda, Pa. Office over Bartlett & Tracy, Main-st.
G. F. MASON. [a9'77] ARTHUR HEAD.

ELSBREE & SON,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
N. C. ELSBREE. L. ELSBREE.

O. D. KINNEY,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Office—Rooms formerly occupied by Y. M. C. A. Reading Room. [Jan.31'78.

I. McPHERSON,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Dis't Att'y Brad. Co. [feb.1'78.

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.

J. ANDREW WILT,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Office over Turner & Gordon's Drug Store, Towanda, Pa. May be consulted in German.
[April 12, '76.]

W. J. YOUNG,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.

Office—second door south of the First National Bank Main St., up stairs.

WILLIAMS & ANGLE,

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

WM. MAXWELL,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
TOWANDA, PA.
Office over Dayton's Store.
April 12, 1876.

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. [Jan8-731y] J. N. CALIFF.

DR. S. M. WOODBURN, Physician and Surgeon. Office over O. A. Black's Crockery store.
Towanda, May 1, 18721y*.

W. B. KELLY, DENTIST.—Office over M. E. Rosenfield's, Towanda, Pa. Teeth inserted on Gold, Silver, Rubber, and Aluminum base. Teeth extracted without pain.
Oct. 24-72.

E. P 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.'78-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.

MRS. H. PEET,

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

C. S. RUSSELL'S

GENERAL
INSURANCE AGENCY
May28-70tf. TOWANDA, PA.

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.

SUSQUEHANNA COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE. Spring Term will begin MONDAY, APRIL 7th, 1879. Expenses for board, tuition and furnished room from $180 to $188 per year. For catalogue or further particulars address the Principal. EDWIN E. QUINLAN, A. M.
Towanda, March 18, 1879. 7y1

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.

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 Bradford Reporter.

GOODRICH & HITCHCOCK, Publishers. REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER. **$1.00 per Annum in Advance.**

VOLUME XXXIX. TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, MAY 8, 1879. NUMBER 49

Poetry.

THE SUGAR MAPLES.

Along the vale and o'er the hill
I see a blue and smoky haze;
The afternoons are warm and still,
And presage longer, warmer days.
The blue-jay on the sumac bow,
Is screaming with discordant note;
The phœbe-bird arouses now
The *longing* heart with trembling throat.

The hills are peeping through the snow,
And buried fences greet the view:
On bare, brown knolls squaw-berries glow
Or tiny snow flowers flaunt in blue.
The fresh, new earth now scents the gale,
As, rising from her sepulchre,
She casts aside her snowy veil,
And greets her train who wait for her.

The gathered odors of the flowers
That lurk within the maple's veins,
The golden light of summer hours,
The hoarded wealth of summer rains,
The garnered sweetness of the years
That pulses through the mighty trees,
Await a wound to flow in tears
Sweet as the hoard of shining bees.

Now stands the *drowsy* team asleep
Before the bucket-laden sleigh,
While sinks the cruel steel full deep
To draw the crystal sap away.
The steady drip from wooden lip
Makes music in the soft spring air,
And soon the laden buckets tip
And waste the nectar rich and rare.

Anon the pungent smoke-wreaths rise
Around the kettles' tossing surge;
Hale youths attend the sacrifice,
And high the flames with *faggots* urge.
Ah, transmutation wondrous sweet!
That steals the blood of bare, brown trees,
And in the crackling flames and heat
His power those golden grains to seize!

O vanished youth! O balmy days!
The odors rise of early flowers,
I see again through smoky haze
The pictures of those fleeting hours;
I hear again the wild *halloo*
Of boys long silent in the tomb;
The camp-fire brings to view
Glad faces from the outer gloom.

They tell of an eternal spring
Forever bright with springing flowers,
Where morning is an endless ring,
Existence knows not passing hours.
It may be that the flames of strife
Have stored for us some sweets away,
Or frozen drifts of early life,
May yield for us a brighter day.

Selected Tale.

Ten Days in Love.

It was a cold night in January. People were hurrying along through the blinding snow-storm, battling with the wind that howled and moaned out by turns its story of woe.

Hugh Remington and his friend Williams, glad to be out of the storm, had settled themselves in gown and slippers for a quiet evening home. The shutters were closed and the curtains drawn, and on either side of the hearth was placed the favorite chair of each. These friends had lived together in their bachelor quarters for more than two years. Everything in the apartment showed refined taste and wealth. Some said that it all belonged to Hugh, and that he made it a home for his friend. No one, however, knew this to be true. Hugh was quiet and reserved, seldom spoke of his affairs to any one, never laid any special claim to anything, but allowed it to appear that all things were equally shared. After the evening papers had been read and discussed, the two sat talking of days gone by, of little episodes in their lives. Hugh was in a talking mood, and had told several good stories of his past life; stopping suddenly, he exclaimed:

“Did I ever tell you of my love for the widow?”

“No,” replied Williams. “Let's have it.”

“Well,” said Hugh, taking another cigar, and looking very serious as he leaned back in his great easy chair, “I met her in Paris.”

“Met who?”

“Oh, never mind who. Be content that I am telling you the story, and don't ask for names. I thought of her as ‘the widow.’ It is a sufficient title.”

“Well, I won't interrupt. Go on.”

So Hugh continued:

“I was calling upon my old friend Mrs. Lee, and while waiting for the servant to take her my card, an odd piece of bric-a-bric standing in the corner of the room attracted my attention. I got up and went over to examine it. While thus engaged, the door opened. I turned, thinking it was Mrs. Lee, when, oh! what a beauty met my sight—so small that she looked like a child, large deep blue eyes that came out from under the mass of light golden curls, a small nose, and a rosebud of a mouth. She was dressed in deep mourning, and I thought, as I looked at her, that I had never seen a more beautiful picture. She didn't see me until I made a slight movement, which startled her. Coming forward, I said:

“ ‘I frightened you, did I not?’

“ ‘Yes; I was not aware that there was any one in the room. You are waiting for Mrs. Lee?’ And she gave me the sweetest of smiles, showing a most perfect row of teeth.

“Before I could answer, Mrs. Lee appeared, and introduced us. Mrs. —— was making Mrs. Lee a short visit prior to her departure for America. I was glad of that, as I should then have the pleasure of seeing her again.

“The evening passed only too quickly, and I rose with an apology for staying so late. Mrs. Lee invited me to dine with them informally the next day. She said her friend preferred being quiet, so they should be quite alone. You may be sure that I accepted the invitation and was there promptly at the hour. The widow was more charming than on the previous evening. I longed to stop the hours from rolling on. Having been in the habit of dropping in at Mrs. Lee's at all hours, my frequent—almost daily—visits were not noticed as anything strange or unusual. Mrs. Lee thanked me for coming to them in their loneliness, and the widow would give me one of her sweet smiles, and I was thankful in my inmost heart that they were lonely, and that it fell to my lot to cheer them. So the weeks passed, until the time came for the departure of Mrs. Lee's friend.

“Now I had intended passing a month or two in England before coming home, but when I found that the widow was to return in ten days, I began to think that my duty called me back to my business. The more I thought of it, the more important it seemed to me to go.

“ ‘Do you know of any one going on the 15th?’ the widow asked me, one evening, in her dove-like way.

“ ‘No one but myself,’ I answered. ‘Business has called me sooner than I expected.’

“ ‘How delightful!’ from the widow; while Mrs. Lee exclaimed, ‘Oh, Mr. Remington, I am so glad! I couldn't bear the idea of my friend going entirely alone, and you of all others will know best how to take care of her.’

“We then began to make our plans. Mrs. —— intended making a visit of a few days to some friends in London. I was going direct to Liverpool. Mrs. Lee and I drove down to see our friend off, and I looked forward to the pleasure of meeting her on the steamer. My last days in Paris were spent in saying ‘good-bye’ to old friends, and buying presents for sister Nell and the children. I got every *nouveaute* that I could find, and felt well pleased with my selection. At last I was on the steamer, and stood looking at the ship move away. By my side was the widow, and I thought that I had never seen her look so lovely. I exulted in the knowledge that she knew no one on board. *I* was her only friend, consequently *I* should have her all to myself; this was (so I said to myself) what I had for weeks been longing for. Was I in love? That question had not occurred to me. I felt supremely happy, and thought the situation delightful. I was ready to do anything for this fair creature. She had *only* to command; I was all eagerness to obey. I soon had opportunities of showing my devotion.

“The *following morning* I came out on deck very early, and was surprised to find my little lady already there. She looked very miserable and very pretty. The morning salutations over, I asked her how she had slept.

“ ‘I havn't slept at all,’ she said, in a fretful, childish way, which I thought charming. ‘Such a noise all night,’ she continued, ‘I could not get to sleep; and the smells are simply dreadful. I must have another room. I'd rather sit up here all night than sleep in that horrid place again. Don't you think, Mr. Remington, if you asked the captain or somebody, he would give me another stateroom?’ and her big eyes looked inquiringly into mine.

“ ‘Certainly,’ I said. ‘I will go at once and see about it, and if there is no other, you shall change with me. Take my room, which is a good one, and as I don't mind either noise or smells, your room will suit me well enough.’ ”

Here Hugh leaned over his chair to knock the ashes off his cigar, and said to his friend: “I must have had it pretty bad—eh, Williams?—to have said that, for you know I can't endure either a bad odor or a loud noise. But I forgot everything when under the influence of those eyes, and when she exclaimed, ‘Oh, no; I couldn't let you do that,’ I felt that my fate was sealed, and that I should take the noise and the smells.

“The next thing I discovered was that my lady had no sea chair. There was only one left, and that had been spoken for; but I paid double the amount, and the chair was mine.

“ ‘You are so kind, Mr. Remington,’ she said. ‘I don't know what I should have done without you. I am not fit to travel alone,’ she added, in childish tones.

“The third day out the weather became bitterly cold.

“ ‘I am almost frozen,’ said Mrs. ——. ‘What shall I do? I have *nothing* to wrap around me, and I shall have to stay below, and, oh dear! it is so uncomfortable there!’ The face turned up to mine was that of a spoiled child.

“Now, I had a fine English rug, which I had used at night, for you know everything at sea is so horribly damp. It had been a great comfort to me, and I knew that I should miss it. But what of that? I couldn't see the woman I loved suffer. So I got it, and tucked her all up in it. Her delicious smile repaid me for the sacrifice.

“ ‘Oh, how nice!’ she said, as she put her hands under the warm rug. ‘It seems to me, Mr. Remington, that you have everything to make one comfortable. I never heard of such a man. I am so glad that I came under your care!’

“I was so love stricken that I did not reflect upon her apparent unconsciousness of the fact that I had deprived myself of these comforts in order that she should be made comfortable. She seemed to take it for granted that I was a sort of traveling missionary, with extra wraps, state rooms, chairs, and anything else that one might need; and I was such a slave to her fascinations that had she asked me to do the impossible, I should have attempted it.

“Every day I had it upon my lips to tell her of my love. Each day courage forsook me. We walked the deck day after day. She put her soft hand on my arm in the most confiding way, looked up from under her curls, laugh her low, sweet laugh, and asked the most innocent, childish questions.

“We were walking this way on the sixth day out. I had carefully rehearsed my part, and was about to tell my story. Her conversation seemed to lead to it, for she said:

“ ‘You will come to see me when you are in New York, won't you, Mr. Remington?’

“ ‘Nothing,’ I said, ‘would give me greater pleasure.’

“ ‘You will come often? Promise to dine at our house once a week. You won't forget me?’ and the blue eyes sought mine.

“I looked into them, and my look told what my tongue had refused to say. I pressed the little hand close to my heart, and after a pause said, below my breath, ‘Forget you!’ and I was about to pour forth my love when, she gave a little scream, and cried, ‘Oh, my veil!’ There, sure enough, was the confounded blue thing sailing before the wind, and all the passengers, it seemed to me, after it. Of course I had to go, too, and make believe try to capture it. I never hated anything so much as I did that yard of blue gauze. I couldn't go back and continue my story from where it was so suddenly broken off, and indeed the widow seemed quite shy of me.

"The incident had given the passengers an opportunity to speak to her, and when I joined her (without the veil, for it had, I hoped, struck bottom), she was surrounded by a group of people. I had no chance that day, nor the next, to get her to myself. I tried to think of something that I could do or show her that would amuse or detain her. It seemed as though I had exhausted all my resources, when at last a brilliant idea occurred to me. I would show her the presents I had brought for sister Nell. They were all in my little sea trunk, and I knew that she couldn't resist their attractions. She came on deck bright and beautiful as ever.

"'Isn't it delightful,' she said, 'to think that to-morrow we shall be at home? I can hardly wait for the time to come; and yet'—and her voice dropped into the dearly loved soft tone—'the voyage has been a most charming one, owing to your kindness,' she added, brightly.

"I longed to launch forth my tale of love, but thinking it more prudent to wait until I had secured her wholly to myself, I asked her in the most ordinary manner, if she wouldn't enjoy looking at some little trinkets that I had picked up in Paris. Her eyes sparkled.

"'Yes, indeed,' she said. 'Nothing could be more delightful than to get a *glimpse of Paris while at sea*.'

"I went below and got all my pretty *nouveautes*, and brought them up to her. Placing a chair in a quiet corner, and well hid from the other people, then drawing mine up beside her, I began showing one by one my collection of odd things.

"'Where did you get them, Mr. Remington? I hunted all over Paris, and found nothing half so pretty. What exquisite *porte bonheurs!*' and she slipped one after another of my carefully-chosen bracelets on to her little plump wrists, and turned them first on one side and then on the other.

"I knew Nell's taste, and had searched for something uncommon, and was well pleased with what I had bought. But Nell and everything were forgotten with this bewitching creature by my side, and when she made a move to take them off, I said, laughingly, of course, 'Oh, don't disturb them; they look so well where they are, and it is so pleasant, you know, to *get a glimpse of Paris while at sea*.'

"She kept them on, and I opened the other boxes. There were rings, crosses, medallions, chatelaines, and many other ornaments of curious design. The widow decked herself, and was in high glee. A child could not have enjoyed it more. I watched her with loving eyes, told her where each one came from, and helped fasten them on.

"'I feel like an Indian princess,' she said, 'and ought to have a throne and a crowd of kneeling courtiers, and the picture would be complete.'

"'Can't you imagine a throne?' I said, 'and take me for kneeling courtiers. Wouldn't my love compensate for the admiring crowd?'

"She looked up quickly, and was about to answer, when one of the eternal old bores that, no matter when you cross, are always to be found on shipboard, came up, and began telling of his early reminiscences; what the sea was twenty years ago—as though the sea had ever changed—and how, when he had first crossed, his friends never expected to see him again. He had made his will, and they parted as though he were to be forever lost to them. I assure you that I silently wished in my heart that he had never turned up again. Without saying a word, I got up, took my boxes, and left my Indian princess. I was thoroughly angry with the old fellow for interrupting our *tete-a-tete*, and seriously annoyed with Mrs. —— for listening to and answering him. I made up my mind that that game had been played long enough. I would ask her the simple question the first chance I got, and know my fate at once. But the chance did not come as soon as I expected it would.

"She went to her room with a sick headache, so she said, and I paced the deck alone. We were a long way up the harbor when she made her appearance the following morning. She said that she had hurried with her packing, thinking that we were nearer than we really were to the city.

"'Oh, Mr. Remington, I had no opportunity of returning your jewelry, and so I packed them with my things. But you are coming, you know, to dine with me on Saturday, and I will then give them to you.'

"'Certainly,' I said. 'There is no time for us to change them now. Wear them until I see you again.'

"I had fully made up my mind that as I had been baffled so often, I would now wait until I had seen her in her own home before I opened my heart to her, or rather before I asked her my fate. She already knew my heart. There was no time to talk; all was excitement; we were rapidly approaching; handkerchiefs were waving from the docks. The widow was straining her eyes, and suddenly leaving me and going further forward, I saw her throw a kiss. How I longed to catch it! I looked with jealous eye to see who would take it up and answer it. Foremost among the crowd was a great, big man—six feet, and broad in proportion. It was he who was returning her kisses. Could it be her brother, or was it a friend, and this merely a pleasant greeting from a distance?

"I watched him come on board, and what did the big idiot do but catch her up in his arms—my sweet one, whom, though loving, I had never dared to touch—and kiss her over and over again! I could have knocked him down.

"On drawing near to them, I saw that neither of them noticed me. She had forgotten my existence. With a heart-sick feeling I turned away. Was this to be the end? Why had I come home? I could hear them talking, though too miserable to listen. They came nearer, and the same soft voice that I loved so dearly said, 'Mr. Remington, I have been talking about you, telling how good and kind you have been, and how utterly forlorn I should have been had you not always looked out for my comfort. I have come to thank you, and *my husband* wants to thank you, too.'

"Her husband! Great heavens! And I thought she was a widow, and had made love to her! I listened as though in a dream, and a deuced unpleasant one it was, too. I believe he thanked me, and she praised, and he thanked again, and then they urged me to come to see them, and she said, 'Don't forget Saturday.'

"Whether I said anything, or remained mute, is more than I can tell. I was like a man asleep, and had to give myself a good shake to come out of the nightmare that I was in. When I looked around, she—they—were gone."

Here Hugh stopped as though he had finished; but his friend Williams, whose curiosity had been aroused, asked:

"Did you dine with her on Saturday?"

"No. I sent a regret."

"Have you ever seen her since?"

'No, never."

"What became of your *nouveautes de Paris?*"

"Nell went without them, as I went without my English robe."

"You don't mean that she never sent them to you?"

"I never gave her my address, and she was not supposed to know where I was."

Williams didn't like to ask any more questions, and Hugh remained quiet for a time. Then, rousing himself and getting out of his chair, he said:

"I have never made love since, and"—with a bitter laugh—"I always avoid women in deep mourning. And now as the fire has gone out with my story, I think we had better go to bed."

A GOOD DEED.

A month or two ago a young girl in Boston, the daughter of one of the richest men there, being about to marry, asked her father to let her wedding be as quiet and inexpensive as possible, and to give her the money which would have been spent in flowers, wine, etc. With the sum he gave her, she gave a certain sum to the poor of each city which she visited on her journey. She had the blessings of the hungry and naked strewed along her path instead of roses. The story without the names, crept into the newspapers. Recently the wedding of one of the great capitalists in this city, says a Boston paper, was marked by as touching and beautiful an incident. One of the gifts to the bride was the sending of 100 orphan boys to homes in the West.

A good deed is not so much like a candle, throwing its beams upon the night as a beacon which is no sooner kindled than it lights an hundred others in the distance.

Our people are learning each year, not only to appreciate better the esthetic side of charity, but to indulge their esthetic and emotional tastes in a practical way, helpful to others. Instead of stained windows in churches, to the memory of those that are gone, we see memorial beds in children's hopitals. In spite of the hard times, too, the amount given as shown by the reports of churches, asylums, etc., has not decreased half as much in this country, during the last two years, as the amount spent on individual luxury. We know of no finer indication of the integrity and genuine right-feeling of the American people than that. See how heartily and promptly, too, they seize on any hint of how to help the poor and unlucky Five years ago, thousands of children died in the tenement houses and cellars in New York and Philadelphia, during the hot season, for the lack of a breath of fresh air. Some good soul thought of free excursions, and the kindly idea spread like wild-fire, from city to city all over the country. Some other friendly soul conceived the idea of cheap summer hospitals by the sea shore, and it has enlarged now into a dozen sanitariums boarding houses at cost, etc.

WAITING AND A-WAITING.

Detroit Free Press.

Bro. Gardner's address to the Lime-Kiln Club of Detroit is practical. "Gem'en," said Brother Gardner, as Waydown Beebe finished breaking out a pane of glass with his elbow, "it has pained me to observe on various occasions dat de cull'd populashun of dis kentry am on de wait. Dey am given to sittin' down in de house or on de fence an' waitin' for de good time comin'. I war ober to see de ole man Penny las' night. He ar' on de wait. He's bin waitin' for de last fifty y'ars, an' de good time hain't got 'long yit. I found him wid de raggest sort o' clothes on ye eber seed, pockets empty, wood gone an' flour out, an' de way he looked up at me as I walked in was 'nuff to bring on a chill. All de odder folks aroun' him had work an' plenty to eat, but de ole man was waitin' fur somebody to com' 'long an' take him out to hunt a job in a keeridge an' pay him fo' dollars a day. He ain't the only man 'round heah who am waitin', 'stead of gwine out an' lookin' for work. I tell you dis big world doan' car' a copper wedder sich men starve to death or not. De world owes nobody nuffin. De man 'spects to git 'long an' hev sunthin to eat an' a place to live hez got to bounce aroun' an' let de world understan' dat he's on de git! If any well man, no matter what de culler, walks dis town wid an empty stomach, it am his own fault, an' I hain't gwine to fill it fur him. Now let de purceedin's purceed."

CINCINNATI *Saturday Night:* An Irishman who couldn't get his money, deposited high in the church, was asked why he didn't appeal to the See. "The Say? So I would," replied Pat, with a twinkle in his eye, "if it was in the Cash-payin'-say."

DECORATION DAY.

The winter storms of blooming spring
  Give way, as clouds of battles fly
Before the soft winds fanning wing,
  And leave to sunshine all the sky.

So in the dark and wintry Past
The storms of war rose wild and vast,
In clouds of ever-widening girth—
Clouds not of heaven, but of earth—
Veiling the scenes whose only light
Was Heroism's lustre-white,
As now not many days ago
Winter's one glory was the snow.

What host is this again called forth?
Peace reigns alike o'er South and North;
  Yet sprung to being in a day,
All weaponed as to guard a king,
Wreath-laden as to welcome Spring,
  Behold its legions on their way—
Its van a front of battle lowers;
  Its rear-guard children armed with flowers—

To yonder tents, so green, so deep,
  Where never tread of sentinel,
Or drum beat, breaks the soldier's sleep—
  For watchful thousands guard them well.

In bays like theirs no venom lurks;
Such laurels noble lives renew;
Redeemed and victors crowned shall they
In wider spheres, by holier works,
Grow brighter to the perfect day;
For patriot souls so brave and true;
In every land so nobly few,
Believe it, God has more to do.

But see, where o'er yon camp of graves,
Above each the starry banner waves!
From each the sanguined stripes are gone—
  By sunshine bleached and rainy flood;
So from our memories, while we mourn,
  Our tears should bleach the trace of blood.

The battles of our dead are done;
  To them what sacred rite so sweet
As that while they in heaven are one
  We at their graves as brothers meet!
Oh, South! oh, North! their longings crown;
Let no more suns on wrath go down!

Like fathers whose long feud is done,
Since each has lost his champion son,
Give to your pent-up tears relief—
  Together mourn this spirit fled;
And pitying each the other's grief,
  Beside their graves, with drooping head,
  At last casp hands above your dead.

PUT ME DOWN.

"Put me down," he said, as the officer led him in holding him by either arm. "Put me down as Lord Drum Dreary, and be hanged to you."

They put him down in black and white and then put him in a cell. When he had sobered off a bit he earnestly inquired if there was a Son of Malta about the place and was recommended to Bijah. When the old janitor came in the prisoner uttered three distinct coughs, and drew down his right eye.

"What's the matter with you?" growled the old man, who never saw a Son of Malta as he knows of.

The prisoner then whispered in a peculiar manner, pinched his right ear, and whispered: "The valley is dark—give me a light."

"I'll give you a douse of cold water if you don't stop fooling around!" roared Bijah.

"Are you not a brother?"

"Not by a dozen jugs full."

"And you will not respond to a cry of distress from a Son of Malta?"

"Not any! All I know about 'em is that one of 'em once raided my hen coop and I took a solemn oath to be revenged. If his honor lets you off I'll be around the corner to embrace you."

All night long the prisoner was calling out to the brothers who heard him not, and when trial came he tried a new dodge. After coming before the bar, and indulging in unbounded astonishment at the sight of the court, he cried out:

"What! do I see before me the friend of my boyhood days?"

"I wouldn't see him if I were you," quietly responded His Honor.

"Why, we used to play together—slid down the same hill, bathed in the same mill-pond and went to the same school."

"I can't help that Mr. Dum Dreary, at that time you were innocent and high-minded; now you are a lawbreaker and on your way hence."

"Didn't I divide my apples with you?" And didn't I let you beat me playing marbles?"

"I don't remember. All I know is you are going up for thirty days."

"How can the human mind become so debased?" gasped the man, as he limped into the corridor, and Bijah replied that he didn't know, but would look in the city directory and see.

CHANGES IN LIFE.—Change is a common feature of society—of life. Ten years convert the population of schools into men and women, the young into fathers and matrons, make and mar fortunes, and bury the last generation but one.

Twenty years convert infants into lovers, fathers and mothers, decide men's fortunes and distinctions, convert men and women into crawling drivers, and bury all preceding generations.

Thirty years raise an active generation from nonentity, change fascinating beauties into bearable old women, convert lovers into grandfathers, and bury the active generations or reduce them to decrepitude or imbecility.

Forty years, alas! change the face of all society. Infants are growing old, the bloom of youth and beauty has passed away, two active generations have been swept from the stage of life, names once cherished are forgotten, unsuspected candidates for fame have started up from the exhaustless womb of Nature.

And in fifty years—mature, ripe fifty years—half a century—what tremendous changes occur! How Time writes her sublime wrinkles everywhere—in rock, river, forest, cities, hamlets, and villages, in the nature of men, and the destinies and aspects of all civilized society!

Let us pass on to eighty years—and what do we desire to see to comfort us in the world? Our parents are gone; our children have passed away from us into all parts of the world, to fight the grim and desperate battle of life. Our old friends—where are they? We behold a world—a world of which we know nothing, and to which we are unknown. We weep for generations long gone by—for lovers, for parents, for children, for friends in the grave. We see everything turned upside down by the fickle hand of Fortune, and the absolute destiny of Time. In a word, we behold the vanity of life, and are quite ready to lay down the poor burden and be gone.

TOO HOT FOR HIM.

A STORY OF THE LATE WAR.

As Confederate war reminiscences are in order, here is one too good to be buried. The hero of the joke was one Jim. He was attached to Rosser's cavalry, in Stuart's command. Jim was noted for his strong antipathy to shot and shell, and a peculiar way he had of avoiding to close communion with the same But at last all his plans failed to keep him out, and he, with his companion, under a lieutenant, was detailed to support a battery that composed a portion of the rear guard. The enemy kept pressing so close, in fact, as to endanger the retreating forces, and the troops covering the retreat had orders to keep the enemy in check a given period at all hazards, and the order was obeyed to the letter under a galling fire. Jim grew desperate. He stuck behind trees that appeared to his excited vision no larger than ramrods. He then tried to lie down. In fact he placed himself in every position that his genius could invent, but the hiss of the bullet haunted him still. At last, in despair, he called to the commanding officer:

"Lieutenant, let's fall back!"

"I cannot do it, Jim."

"Well, I'll be dearned if we don't get cleaned out if we stay here!"

"My orders, Jim, are to hold this place and support the battery of guns If we fall back, the enemy will rush in and capture the guns."

Just at this moment a well-directed bullet impressed Jim with the fact that a change of base was necessary. Jim found another apparently protected spot, and as soon as he recovered his mind, he sang out:

"Say, lieutenant! what do you think them ere cannons cost?"

"I suppose about a thousand dollars, Jim."

"Well," said Jim, "let's take up a collection and pay for the guns, and let the d——d Yankees have them!"

FOR BETTER OR WORSE.

Detroit Free Press.

The old man Bendigo keeps a pretty sharp eye on his daughter Mary, and many a would-be lover has taken a walk after a few minutes convesation with the hard-hearted parent. The old chap is struck this time, however, and cards are out for a wedding. After the lucky young man had been sparking Mary for six months the old gentleman stepped in as usual, requested a private confab, and led off with:

"You seem like a nice young man, nda perhaps you are in love with Mary?"

"Yes I am," was the honest reply.

"Haven't said any thing to her yet, have you?"

"Well, no; but I think she reciprocates my affection."

"Does eh? Well, let me tell you something. Her mother died a lunatic, and there's no doubt that Mary has inherited her insanity."

"I'm willing to take the chances," replied the lover.

"Yes, but you see Mary has a terrible temper. She has twice drawn a knife on me with intent to commit murder.

"I'm used to that—got a sister just like her," was the answer.

"And you should know that I have sworn a solmen oath not to give Mary a cent of my property," continued the father.

"Well, I'd rather start in poor and build up. There's more romance in it."

The old man had one more shot in his carbine, and he said:

"Perhaps I ought to tell you that Mary's mother ran away from my home with a butcher, and that all her relatives died in the poorhouse. These things might be thrown up in after years, and I now warn you."

"Mr. Bendigo," replied the lover "I've heard of all this before and also that you were on trial for forgery, had to jump Chicago for bigamy, and serve a year in state prison for cattle-stealing. I'm going to marry into your family to give you a decent reputation! There—no thanks—good by!"

"Mr. Bendigo looked after the young man with his mouth wide open, and when he could get his jaws together he said:

"Some infernal hyena has went and given me away on my dodge.

SUCH GOOD FRIENDS.

When we left St. Louis, says Burdette, five young men climbed into the "varnished cars" who had been having a good time. They all tried to sit in one seat, and when the conductor scattered them they wept. One of the young men, whose collar was clinging desperately to one button, told me the other four young men were his friends, and they "would see him through," and further, that in every possible, however improbable, contingency, they would "stand by him." It seemed to me, however, that if he couldn't stand in one place better than he was doing just then, his friends would have to move with the speed and eccentricity of so many comets to stand anywhere in the immediate vicinity of him.

Presently another young man lurched up to my seat, and in very husky tones assured me that those four young men were his friends, and whoever tried to ride over them would have to fight him. I looked at the four swaying and restless bodies of the young men, and could imagine how it would puzzle a man with sixty-four legs to run over all of them at once.

And yet a third young man came and tried to sit down in my lap, or on the ceiling of the car, it was hard to tell which objective point he was aiming to reach, and told me he would die for any or all of the other four young men. I was greatly affected by this display of friendship, and when the fourth young man came to me and assured me that he regarded all the other young men as his brothers and sisters, I was too deeply moved to speak. The last of the happy five tried to come and tell me of his affectionate regard for his friends, but he was unable to get up from his seat.

In about ten minutes after the last of my new acquaintances left me, there was a great uproar in the car. I looked, and three of the five friends were lustily pounding the other two. Then the scene changed, and another combination of four mauled the other one. And so they were bounced off the car, and the last we saw of them, out on the prairie, four of them were standing on one, fighting each other. Friendship is a lovely thing while it lasts.

FINE CUT.

SPECIMENS OF SHORT SPEECHES AND COURT CORRESPONDENCE.

New York Times.

The King of Zulu-land is said to have recently addressed a note to a British officer in South Africa, as follows: "Excellency—First came the missionary; next the Consul; now the Army. CETYWAYO." This brief letter recalls some short speeches and court correspondence, which will doubtless be delightful reading in these times of long harangues at Albany and Washington. A western Judge once upon a time addressed the Grand Jury in these words: "Gentlemen; The weather is extremely hot; I am very old; you know your duty—perform it." Another American Judge once intervened in an odd way to prevent a waste of words. He was sitting in Chambers, and seeing from the pile of papers in lawyers' hands that a certain case was likely to be a long one, he asked, "What is the amount in question?" "Two dollars your Honor," said the plaintiff's counsel. "I'll pay it," said the Judge, handing over the money; "call the next case." An English Judge was more patient. He listened a couple of days to the arguments of counsel as to the construction of an act, and finally observed, when they were done: "Brothers that act was repealed years ago." One morning a women was shown into Dr. Abernethy's room. Before he could speak she bared her arm saying, "Burn." "A poultice," said the doctor. Next day she called again, showed her arm, and said: "Better." "Continue the poultice," the response. A few days afterward she came again; then she said: "Well. Your fee?" "Nothing," said the great physician; "you are the most sensible women I ever saw." Lord Berkley, wishing to apprise the Duke of Dorset of his changed condition, wrote: "Dear Dorset: I have just been married, and am the happiest dog alive. BERKELEY." The answer came: "Dear BERKELEY: Every dog has his day. DORSET." The editor of a Chicago newspaper wanting the details of a terrible inundation in Connecticut, telegraphed to a correspondent at Hartford: "Send full particulars of the flood." The reply came quickly: "You will find them in Genesis."

SOMETHING SAVED FROM THE WRECK.—The scene was in Portland, Me.; the characters, a rising young merchant and a pretty woman. He had an affection for her, she a liking for him, so they became betrothed. After a time she found out that she didn't love him well enough to marry him, and the match was broken off. It was a severe blow, and he staggered under it; but he fought well for himself, protested that his life was ruined, asked if she could not learn to love him, and in all ways did the proper thing. She was immovable, however, and he sadly and reluctantly took his leave. While his eyes were full of gathering tears he bade his faltering farewells, then closed the door upon his hopes. A moment later he opened it, stepped back into the room, and, with tears in his voice, brokenly murmured, "I hope this will make no difference about your coming to the store, Miss ——; and that your mother will continue to trade with us. I shall be happy to give the usual discount. Our stock is large and varied; our aim to please." And the door shut finally, leaving him alone with his grief.

FEW people who see bananas hanging in fruit dealers' shops think of them as more than a tropical luxury. In fact, they are a staple article of food in some parts of the world; and, according to Humboldt, an acre of bananas will produce as much food for a man as twenty-five acres of wheat. It is the ease with which bananas are grown that is the obstacle to civilization in some tropical countries. It is so easy to get a living without work that no effort will be made and the men become lazy and shiftless. All that is needed is to stick a cutting into the ground. It will ripen its fruits in twelve or thirteen months without further care, each plant having from seventy-five to one hundred and twenty-five bananas; and when that dies down, after fruiting, new shoots spring up and take its place. In regions where frosts never reach, bananas are found in all stages of growth, ripening their fruit every month in the year.

"OFF DUTY, SAH, FOH GOOD."—Major Joseph Dunbar, of Newport, Perry County, was made an assistant doorkeeper of the House by Congressman Stenger two years ago. When Congress assembled on the 18th, Joseph was noticed at his post by a Republican member who was accustomed to pass in and out by the door he guarded. The next day the Congressman did not see Joe standing guard at his old post, but in his stead was a man with long hair and mustache, broad-brimmed hat and butternut coat, cracked boots and dirty finger nails—every mark of the typical Southerner. "Where's Dunbar?" asked the Congressman. "Off duty, sah, foh good; Pennsylvania has enough offices. We 'uns who do the work want the offices. I'm from Sou' Carolina, sah." And the Congressman was satisfied.

Many of the imported dresses have small paniers.

SHOWER AND FLOWER.

Down the little drops patter,
Making a musical clatter,
Out of the clouds they throng:
Freshness of heaven they scatter
Little dark rootlets among.
"Coming to visit you, Posies!
Open your hearts to us, Roses!"
That is the raindrops' song.

Up the little seed rises;
Buds of all colors and sizes
Clamber up out of the ground.
Gently the blue sky surprises
The earth with that soft-rushing sound,
"Welcome!"—the brown bees are humming,
"Come! for we wait for your coming!"
Whisper the wild flowers around.

"Shower, it is pleasant to hear you!"—
"Flowers, it is sweet to be near you!"—
This is the song everywhere.
Listen! the music will cheer you!
Raindrop and blossom so fair
Gladly are meeting together,
Out in the beautiful weather:—
Oh, the sweet song in the air!

FUN, FACT AND FACETIÆ.

Miss-employed: A young lady at work.

A MERCHANT who rests on his owers is in bad business.—*Picayune.*

Is a lady's hair something to a-dore when it is banged?—*Chicago Tribune.*

A LOST tart—The one that was left alone with the small boy.—*Inter-Ocean.*

WHEN you have a family jar you can't always preserve the peace.—*Boston Traveller.*

THERE'S music in the heir," says Jones. Jones has a brand-new baby at his house. —*Boston Transcript.*

IT is the trade dolor that we want to get rid of now more than the trade-dollar. —*Chicago Advertiser.*

The dairymaid pensively milked the goat,
And pouting, she paused to mutter:
"I wish, you brute, you would turn to milk,"
And the animal turned to butt her.

A LITTLE Milwaukee lad lately drank a pint of red paint while his mother's back was turned. So much for the interior decoration fever.—*Albany Journal.*

"JANE," said he, "I think if you lifted your feet away from the fire we might have some heat in the room." And they hadn't been married two years, either.

PROVIDENT Minister—"I wish to state that I have procured an alarm-clock that will wake up the congregation as soon as the services are over."—*Chicago Journal.*

It is always the fair thing—
And honest men have said it—
That the way to treat a clipping,
Is to give it proper credit.
—*Chicago Journal.*

THERE was a burst of very appreciative applause in the senior recitation-room when one of them translated *Unsu, homo, nullus homo,* a single gentleman is no man.

A THIEF made a hit the other day in the Tombs Police Court, when confronted with the jewelry he had stolen, by saying: "I never saw the Pinafore."—*Eastern Express.*

"ONE-HALF the world don't know how the other half live!" exclaimed a gossipping woman. "Oh, well!" said her neigh- "don't worry about it, 'tisn't your fault if they don't."

"YOU are nothing but a damagogue," said a tipsy fellow to Tom Marshall, who, promptly paid him back: "Put a wisp of straw around you, and you will be nothing but a demijohn."

THE Danbury *News* has ascertained that Paris-green does not exactly kill the potato bugs, but it so seriously impaired their intellect that they have gone to eating Canada thistles.

AN English writer says, in his advice to young married women, that their mother Eve married a gardener, and in consequence of the match, lost his situation.— *Commercial Advertiser.*

AN old Judge told a young lawyer that he would do well to pick some of the feathers from the wings of his imagination and stick them into the tail of his judgment.—*Christian at Work.*

A DIVINE passing a fashionable church, on which a spire was being erected, was asked how much higher it was to be. "Not much; that congregation don't own very far in that direction."—*Tribune.*

AN aristocrat, whose family had rather run down, boasting to a prosperous tradesman of his ancestors, said: "You are proud of your descent. I am on the opposite tack, and feel proud of my ascent."

SPRIGHTLY Young Lady: "I am afraid I have a very large foot." Polite Shopman: "Large, miss! O dear, no, miss! We have lots of gent—that is, customers —with much larger, miss."—*Inter-Ocean.*

IT is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than it is for a young woman in a furlined silk cloak to walk along without letting it flap open just a little, to show that the fur is more than mere border.

WHEN the mitten is presented by a young lady, the color is generally blue.— *New York Commercial Advertiser.* Mistaken again, old boy; the mitten may be any color. It's the young man that's blue.—*Picayune.*

SPEAK gently, speak gently; no matter how much bigger and how much broader across the shoulders the other man is, nor how cross he looks, speak gently. The bigger and broader and crosser, the gentler.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

NORRISTOWN *Herald*: Two women of Watertown are going to have a talking match for the championship, and twenty-two hundred and ninety-eight of the twenty-three hundred inhabitants of the place have already purchased tickets for the West.

PEDESTRIAN (who had dropped half a crown in front of "the blind"): "Why, you confounded humbug, you ain't blind!" Beggar: "Not I, sir! If the card says I am, they must have given me a wrong one. I am deaf and dumb."—*Eastern Express.*

IT is said that a murderer hung recently at Indianapolis came to life on the dissecting table. The students were too quick for him, however, and he felt so cut up at the position in which he was placed that he immediately died again.— *Picayune.*

BASHFUL lover (to his sweetheart)— "Ahem, miss, I want to see your father. I've an important matter to propose to him." Young lady (considerately)—"I'm sorry papa is not at home; but couldn't you propose to me just as well!" He did, and with perfect success."—*Boston Post.*

THE venerable wife of a celebrated physician, one day casting her eyes out of the window, observed her husband in the funeral possession of one of his patients, at which she exclaimed: "I do wish my husband would keep away from such processions; it appears so much like a tailor carrying home his work."

FITZ HUGH LUDLOW, in "The Heart of a Continent," has told about a man who said that "it was so cold the thermometer got down off a nail," but a man down our way says he has seen the thermometer wobble into the stove, with the remark that if this blamed weather didn't let up it was going to resign as weather clerk.

"ARE you engaged?" said a gentleman to a lady from Marysville, at a ball the other evening. "I was, but if that Pete Johnson thinks I'm going to sit here and see him squeeze that freckle-faced Wilkins girl's hand all the evening, he'll be mistaken, solitaire or no solitaire!" The gentleman explained, and went out to get air.—*San Francisco Newsletter.*

A YOUNG woman married an old widower in Tannerville, Georgia, and soon fell in love with his son, who was about her own age. The matter was fully discussed by the trio, and all agreed that it would be better for her to become the wife of the son. The transfer was amicably made by means of a divorce. Since then the old man has married his ex-wife's mother, and the re-arranged family is harmonious and happy.—*Troy Times.*

AN interesting question is now agitating the religious authorities of New Britain. The cannibals of that delectable region murdered a missionary party, whereupon the Rev. George Brown organized an expedition and everlastingly whipped the savages. "It is true," he says in his report, "that many lives have been lost— probably between 50 and 80—but the present and future good of thousands will far outbalance that."—*Troy Times.*

AT a children's party, the other day, oysters were served for supper. Noting that one little shaver was remarkably fond of the bivalves, the lady of the house, anxious lest he should allow his appetite to exceed his judgment, inquired if he thought his mother would permit him to eat so many oysters at home.

"Yes!" said the young gourmand, "if there was enough to go 'round!"—*New Haven Register.*