The Bradford Reporter.

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

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TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

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

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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.

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All resolutions of associations; communications of limited of 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.

DECK & OVERTON
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
D. A. OVERTON. BENJ. M. BECK.

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

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

W. H. JESSUP,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW,
MONTROSE, PA.
Mr. Jessup, having resumed the practice of the law in Northern Pennsylvania, will attend to any business intrusted to him in Bradford county. Persons wishing to consult him, can call on H. Wilcox, Esq., Towanda, Pa., when an appointment can be made. ([illegible])

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

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

H. L. BILLIS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA. (now11-75.

F. GOFF,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office south of Ward House, Towanda, Pa. [April 12, 1877.

H. THOMPSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, WYSOX, PA. Will attend to all business entrusted to him in Bradford county. Also, will give close attention to collections. Office with F. M. Wood, Esq., Towanda. [nov15-75

H. ANGLE, D. D. S.
OPERATIVE AND MECHANICAL DENTIST.
Office Second door south of Dr. Pratt's office, Main street, second floor of Dr. Pratt's building. apr 3 79.

MASON & HEAD,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Towanda, Pa. Office over Bartlett & Tracy, Mainst. [April 1, 1877] ARTHUR HEAD.

MCABEE & SON,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
N. C. MCABEE. L. MCABEE.

D. KINNEY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Room formerly occupied by Y. M. C. A. Building. [jan 1, 1878.

C. MCPHERSON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
[feb 28, 1878.

JOHN W. MIX,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW AND U. S. COMMISSIONER,
TOWANDA, PA.
Office—North Side Public Square. Jan. 1, 1878.

DAVIES & CARNOCHAN,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, of SOUTH SIDE OF WARD HOUSE,
[Jan 1, 1878. TOWANDA, PA.

ANDREW WILT,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Over Turner & Gordon's Drug Store, Towanda, Pa. May be consulted in German. [April 12, 1877.

J. YOUNG,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Second door south of the First National Bank. [Jan 1, 1878.

WILLIAMS & ANGLE,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.
Office over Mercur's Store, occupied by Wm. Watkins.
C. L. WILLIAMS. [Oct. 17, '77.] E. J. ANGLE.

M. MAXWELL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Office in Patton's Block.

CADELLA & CALIFF,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Wood's Block, first door south of the First National Bank. J. N. CALIFF.

R. S. M. WOODBURN, Physician and Surgeon. Office corner of A. Black's Store. [April 1, 1878.

E. KITTY, Dentist.—Office over M. L. Piatt's Store, Towanda, Pa. Will be in Athens the last week in each month, and Athens the first week without pain.

D. PAYNE, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office on Main Street, Office hours from 10 to 12 A. M. Special attention given to diseases of the Eye and Ear. [feb 14, 78-76-tf.

G. W. RYAN,
POST MASTER INTENDENT,
Will be at his office at each month, over Turner & Gordon's Drug Store, Towanda, Pa. [June 1, 1876.

MRS. H. PEET,
TEACHER OF PIANO MUSIC,
TERMS—Reasonable.
Towanda, Feb. 1st, 1878.

C. RUSSELL'S
GENERAL
INSURANCE AGENCY
TOWANDA, PA.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK,
TOWANDA, PA.
PAID IN.....$125,000
SURPLUS FUND..... 66,000
Additional facilities for the transaction of general banking business.
N. S. BETTS, Cashier.
H. WELL, President. April 1, 1879.

WELLEY'S OYSTER BAY AND RESTAURANT HOUSE.—A few doors north of the Post Office. Open all the day or week on reasonable terms. Warm meals served at all hours of the day or night, and retail. feb17'75.

EAGLE HOTEL,
(NORTH SIDE PUBLIC SQUARE)
This old house has been thoroughly renovated throughout, and the proprietor is 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.
Accommodations and elegantly-furnished rooms offered to the travelling public. No pains nor expense have been spared to make this house the best of its appointments in all its appointments, and respectfully solicits a share of public patronage. MEALS AT ALL HOURS. Terms reasonable. Large stable attached.
WM. HENRY, PROPRIETOR.
Towanda, June 7, 1877.

Poetry.

THE NEW EXODUS.

There is wailing in the rice swamps and in the cotton fields,
There is mourning where the stately cane its wealth of sweetness yields.
There are tracks of flying feet; do you hear the bloodhounds bay?
There are women, there are children, shrieking helpless in the way!
Did not the God of Moses those cries of anguish hear?
Because the sun has tinged the skin, to Him were souls less dear?
Answer each Northern city, each blood-stained Southern plain?
Answer, Oh! Egypt, weeping thy first-born sons again!
There is gladness and thanksgiving for the armed heroes di-band;
And each bell becomes a Roland, ringing freedom through the land;
An! the Stars and Stripes stream gally o'er this happy home of ours,
Where all colors and conditions have equal rights and powers!
. . . . . .
There is whipping, there is shooting, there is flying in the night,
There are armed horsemen tracking each helpless negro's flight!
Are our vows and prayers forgotten, are our pledges all in vain;
Was it for this that freemen poured out their blood like rain?
Hush! for an awful figure stalks through the sultry streets;
Woe to the man or woman whom that dread angel meets!
He soun is no trump; he speaks no word; he smites them with his breath;
As sure, and pitless as fire he leaves behind him—death!
. . . . . .
But still goes on the shooting, the terror and dismay,
And though the Lord hath spoken, yet Pharaoh still says nay!
He speaks to Him no longer, past is the day of grace,
But to the oppressed he sayeth, O, this is not your place!
And with one heart replying, like Israel of old
They go, they scarce know whither, from misery and cold;
Obedient to Thou their leader and guard them in their flight,
As I should do so with Thy cloud by day and guide by night!
. . . . . .
There is wailing in the rice swamps and in the cotton fields;
There is mourning where the stately cane its treasured sweetness yields;
No voice of rejoicing or song nor wailing or of prayer,
But all in the Nation and rain dwelling there!

—*Emily Sear, in Boston Journal.*

Selected Tale.

Mr. Palmleaf's Proposal.

White and glistening like a mammoth bridal veil, the December sun lay over all the New Hampshire hills; dark and delicate, like the tracery of lace-work, the leafless woods held up their boughs against the dazzling winter sky—and the Reverend Peter Palmleaf, studying over an embryo sermon in his own especial sanctum, glanced up where a blackbird was whistling in the casement, and thought to himself what a lovely world the Lord had made.

When, all of a sudden, a shrill voice called through the entry:

"Peter, the horse is ready."

"What horse?" asked the Rev. Mr. Palmleaf.

"Our horse, to be sure!" said Miss Paulina, his sister.

"What for?" demanded the parson, staring through his near-sighted spectacles at the door.

"To take you to Mr. Darrow's."

"Why am I going to Mr. Darrow's?" further questioned the man of theology.

"Well, I never!" said Miss Paulina, bouncing into the study, with a yellow pocket handkerchief tied around her head and her sleeves rolled in a business-like fashion up to her elbows. "Peter, you grow more moony and absent-minded every day of your life! Have you forgotten our discussion at the breakfast table? Why, you are going to Mr. Darrow's after a girl, to be sure!"

"A—girl!" repeated the young minister, dreamily, rubbing his forehead. "Oh, I do recall something of the conversation. A hired girl."

"Yes," nodded the lady, briskly. "She's going to leave Mr. Darrow's this morning, because the family is so large and the work so heavy. She can't find that fault with our establishment, I guess. Ask her how much wages she wants, and how old she is, and ask her if she has any followers—a follower is the one thing I can't tolerate, tell her—and be sure you bring her back with her bundles; as I must have her or some person to help me before cousin Philinda's folks come from the city."

"But suppose she won't come," said the young minister, dubiously, fitting on the fingers of his gloves.

"Then you must make her come," said Miss Paulina, hurriedly retreating, to look after a certain kettle, which was noisily boiling over, at the back of the house.

And thus charged with his mission, the Reverend Peter Palmleaf got into the one-horse cutter and jingled merrily away.

Mr. Darrow's farmhouse nestled under a hill, in the protecting shadow of a cluster of evergreens, with a green fence in front of it, a red barn at the rear, and a colony of dove-houses at the sunny southern angle; and Mr. Darrow himself, a ruddy-faced, elderly man with a fringe of white whiskers around his chin, was shoveling away the pearly masses of snow in front of his door.

"Eh!" said Mr. Darrow, leaning on the handle of his spade, as the bells jingled up in front of his gate, and then stopped. "How? Why, it's the minister! Good morning, Mr. Palmleaf—good morning! That there Sunday sermon o' yours was a masterpiece. Me and Squire Sen—"

"Yes," said Mr. Palmleaf, leisurely alighting and tying the horse to the post. "But I have called on business this morning."

For Mr. Palmleaf was emphatically a man of one idea; for the time being, the "hired girl" had chased all theology out of his head.

"Eh!" said Mr. Darrow; "business?"

"I've come after a young woman," said the minister.

Mr. Darrow dropped the spade in the middle of a snow drift.

"Do you mean Dolly?" he said.

"If that's her name—yes," asserted the minister, solemnly.

"You don't mean that—it is to be an engagement?" cried Mr. Darrow.

"Well, yes—that is, if we suit each other," said Mr. Palmleaf, mildly.

"Jerusalem!" said Mr. Darrow, who had always heard that Mr. Palmleaf, like most men of genius, was an "eccentric," but had never realized it before. "Have you spoken to her?"

"Certainly not!" answered Mr. Palmleaf. "Of course, I shouldn't think of such a thing without seeing you first."

"Very straightforward of you, I'm sure," said the farmer. "But, of course, I can have no objection, if Dolly herself is suited. Though," and he smote one red-mitted hand upon his knee, "now I come to think of it, you've never seen Dolly."

"No!" said the minister, serenely. "But that need make no difference."

"Jerusalem!" again uttered the farmer. "It wasn't the way I used to look at things, when I was a young man."

"Tastes differ," said Mr. Palmleaf, a little impatient at this lengthened discussion.

"Oh, of course you can see her," said Mr. Darrow. "She's in the dairy, skimming milk. Dolly! Dolly!" raising his voice to a wild bellow. "Here's the Reverend Mr. Palmleaf wants to see you. There's the door, just to the left, sir."

And, in his near-sighted way, the minister stumbled into Farmer Darrow's dairy, where a rosy-cheeked girl, with jet-black hair, brushed away from a low, olive-dark brow, and eyes like pools of sherry wine, was skimming the cream from multitudinous milkpans into a huge stone pot.

"Young woman," said Mr. Palmleaf, turning his spectacles upon her amazed face, "do you want to engage yourself?"

"Sir!" said Dolly, her spoon coming to an abrupt standstill amid the wrinkly and leather-like folds of the cream on a particular pan.

"In other words," explained Mr. Palmleaf, "do you want a good home?"

"Indeed, sir, I never thought of such a thing!" said Dolly, all in a flurry.

"How old are you?" questioned Mr. Palmleaf.

"I am eighteen," said Dolly, in some confusion.

"Have you any followers?"

"Sir!" fluttered Dolly.

"Beaux, I mean," elaborately explained the clergyman.

"Of course I haven't," said Dolly, half inclined to laugh, half to be angry.

"Then I think you'll suit me," said Mr. Palmleaf, "or, rather, my sister. Our family is not large; the work is light, and Paulina is a most considerate mistress. Get your bundle."

"My—what!" said Dolly, in bewilderment.

"Your clothes. I am to take you back with me immediately," said Mr. Palmleaf. "Paulina expects company; it is essential that we obtain help at once."

Dolly Darrow looked up with cheeks crimson like any rose, eyes full of deep brown sparkles, and lips around which danced a perfect galaxy of dimples.

"Wait a minute, please," said she.

"Certainly," said Mr. Palmleaf.

And he sat down on a wooden stool in the corner, and fell to meditating on the "thirdly" of his uncompleted sermon, while Dolly sped up stairs, three steps at a time.

"Father," cried she, flying into the presence of her parents, "the minister has mistaken me for Bridget!"

"Eh?" said Mr. Darrow.

"You don't tell me!" said Mrs. Darrow.

"And he wants to hire me," said Dolly, her eyes gleaming with fun. "And I'm going. Quick—where's my hat and shawl and mufflers?"

Mrs. Darrow rose up in the majesty of her black silk gown and gold watchchain.

"Dorothy Darrow," said she, "you're never going to hire as a servant?"

"Yes, I am. It's better than private theatricals. He's so nice and absent-minded, and Paulina is a jewel! Oh, do make haste or he'll be tired of waiting!"

And Dolly succeeded in carrying her point. Fifteen minutes later she had got into the cutter, with a parcel, which Mr. Palmleaf stowed snugly away under the seat, and the minister drove home with secret exultation.

Miss Paulina was in the kitchen frying sausages for dinner, when Dorothy Darrow walked in, with cheeks like carnations, hair blown all over her face, and the bundle under her arm.

"Here I am," Miss Paulina," said she. "The hired help, at your service!"

Miss Paulina stared.

"Why, it's Dorothy," said she. "And I sent Peter after—"

"Yes, I know," said Dolly, brightly. "But Bridget was gone, and he mistook me for her, and he has engaged me to work here. And oh, Miss Paulina, please don't undeceive him. Because I am a smart little housekeeper, and I can help you just as much as any Irish girl could. Just give me a trial, that's all."

Miss Paulina had a shrewd appreciation of a joke; her hard features relaxed with a smile, as she stood looking down at the radiant little brunette.

"Well," said she, "I don't mind if I do."

For one month Dorothy Darrow officiated as hired girl at the parsonage. Then she came to the clergyman, one day:

"Mr. Palmleaf," said she, "I am going to leave the place!"

Mr. Palmleaf looked up in amazement and dismay.

"I hope, Dolly," said he, "that neither my sister nor I have unwittingly offended you?"

"No!" said Dolly, patting her little foot on the staring green leaves in the carpet, "but oh, Mr. Palmleaf, I have done wrong, and I earnestly beg your pardon!"

"Dolly!" cried out the Reverend Peter, in mild surprise.

"Because you are so good and true," sobbed the girl, "and I am not a hired girl, and I only came here for a joke, and I can't bear to think I'm de-de-deceiving you!"

And Dolly began to cry piteously, behind the corner of her apron.

"You came here for a joke, eh?" said the minister.

"Y-es!" confessed Dolly, behind her apron.

"Well, then," said the minister, gently drawing her toward him, "suppose you stay in earnest?"

"Sir?" faltered Dolly.

"My dear," said Mr. Palmleaf, "I have got used to you around the house. I should miss you terribly if you should leave us. Do you think I am too old to think of a blooming young wife like you?"

"Not a bit!" cried Dolly, indignantly. "Old—you!"

"Do you like me a little bit?"

"A great deal," said Dolly, laughing and blushing.

"Then you will stay with me—always?"

And Dolly promised that she would.

Everybody wondered how so bashful a man as the Rev. Mr. Palmleaf ever mustered courage for a proposal; but nobody knew that that "engagement" began for a joke turned out in sober earnest.

ASA PACKER'S GOOD FORTUNE.

The early life of Asa Packer, President of the Lehigh Valley road, is pretty generally known, but still there is much connected with it that will bear repeating. Asa Packer came into the Lehigh region from one of the counties of New York bordering on Pennsylvania. He was a lanky, cadaverous specimen of yankee who looked as though he could work, and his looks in this respect never deceived any one. He got a job on a canal boat, and his wife obtained a position as cook on the same boat. It was while in this position, making his weekly trips to Philadelphia and unloading coal at Willow street wharf, that he got his start. In odd moments he used his inventive genius and constructed an old-fashioned cup-board, which he stained with poke-berries, and which in these early days made quite a respectable looking piece of household furniture. He traded it off for oats, as the farmer to whom he sold it had no money, and a few days after he received sixteen half-dollars for the oats.

Mrs. Packer, who had always acted as treasurer, received the money, and it was tucked away in the old blue stocking which in the primitive days was the repository for money in nearly every household. Some time after Asa came to her scratching his head and in a perturbed condition of mind. "Now," said he to the wife, "I want to buy an interest in a canal boat and I hain't got quite enough. There's a fellow who will sell one mighty cheap, and a good bargain might be drive." "The old stocking still has those eight dollars, Asa," said the wife, to the husband's astonishment, who thought it was all gone, and he became part owner in a canal boat. It was not long before he bossed all the boats; he became interested in coal lands, made money, undertook to build the Lehigh Valley Railroad himself, it was a success, and to-day he holds $8,000,000 of its bonds and draws $800,000 interest thereon. He is not worth less, according to various estimates that have been made, than $20,000,000. What a life of golden sunshine this old man and his wife must lead in the society of each other after having braved so nobly the storms of adversity, and reached a haven with not a ruffle to disturb its serenity. Fifty years they have lived together, and not long since celebrated their golden wedding, receiving the children's children of many who were there when they came, and have since passed away.—*Ex.*

WORK AND WIN.

The Toronto *Weekly Globe* very truly says that the worst thing that can happen to a young man in college is to have a father or mother so injudicious as to keep him amply supplied with pocket money. It is fatal to all studious habits, and in the end generally fatal to good morals. This is equally the case with a young man in business who is made to feel that to him "salary is no object"—that as wealthy father's purse is always open to his most extravagant demands. Nothing develops a young man like fighting his own way in the world. Some spur of necessity, some bracing air of adverse surroundings, is needful to most men, if they are to put forth their whole power. The rich man's heir, nursed and petted from infancy, and shielded from battling with the world, never fairly learns to stand erect and walk alone. If by any chance he is stripped of his inherited wealth, and has to learn to give and take hard knocks like others, he nearly always goes under in the struggle—at any rate he seldom regains by his own efforts the fortune he has lost. Nearly all of the wealthy and effective men of this country are poor men's sons. Nearly all of the scholars, poets, orators, statesmen, are poor men's sons. Wealth has its advantages, it is true; but after all, the son of a rich man begins life with the odds against him. The poor man's son has all the odds in his favor. He must work or starve. He has nothing to lose, and everything to gain. The rich man's son has already social position and everything that money can give him. There is much less to strive for, and infinitely less inducement to strive. This is particularly true of those whose parents buy farms for their children to start them on their way in life. In every walk in life the successful man grows and is not made.

ALL of the Lorne clothes'-pins are ornamented with diamonds, garnets, rubies, topazes, amethysts, and similar trifles. Louise counts them over carefully with her own princely fingers on the evening of every wash-day. Our readers are going to get all the ins and outs of the household of the Governor General of Canada, even if it breaks down every wire of the Western Union Telegraph Company to flash along the weighty particulars.

EDISON has decided not to turn on a full supply of the electric until California makes up her mind to interpose no obstacles to a free influx of the Asiatic.

THE COTTAGE GATE.

In the sultry time of mowing,
When the fields are full of hay,
Pretty Janet brings her sewing
To the gate, at close of day.

Do you wonder that she lingers—
Often glances down the lane?
Do you ask me why her fingers
Seem to find their works a strain?

Love dreams hold her in their tether;
Love is often (as we know)
Idle in the summer weather,
Idlest in the sunset glow.

Now the toil of day is over;
Janet has not long to wait
For a shadow on the clover
And a footstep at the gate.

How is this? The slighted shearing
Has been taken up anew;
Very quiet is her greeting
Scarcely raised those eyes of blue.

Now he leans upon the railing,
Tells her all about the hay;
Still his palms seem unavailing—
Very little will she say.

If you think it strange, my reader,
Learn a lesson from the rose,
From the garden's queenly leader,
Fairest flower that ever blows.

Not at once she flaunts her petals;
First a bud of sober green;
By and by the stretching sepals
Show a dash of red between.

Breezes rock her; sunbeams woo her;
Wide and wider does she start;
Opens all her crimson treasure,
Yields the fragrance at her heart.

Ah! the rosebuds will not render
All their secrets in one day;
And the maiden, shy and tender,
Is as diffident as they.

—*Ethel Tane in London Lamp.*

FENCELOR'S FORT.

A NARRATIVE CONTAINING MUCH FACT AND SOME FICTION.

Fencelor's Fort, a place of considerable interest, is located on Bullard's Creek, a branch of the Wysox, a few miles east of the Susquehanna river in the township of Rome, Bradford county, Pa. Its history is rapidly fading out, and it may be well to revive it, giving some things that are known, and making the story readable by giving other things that are, strictly speaking, unknown, but quite probable.

Fencelor was a Frenchman, his father having come to this country during the Revolutionary war, inspired by the example of the immortal LaFayette to aid the colonies in their struggle for independence. After the war closed, he, like many others of the French patriots, remained in the country he helped to make free. He settled in Philadelphia, and soon after married a French girl by whom he had a son, the hero of our tale. The French peculiarities, and the mental perturbances caused by the exciting and disturbing influences of several years of war, seem to have been transmitted to the boy, whose first name has been lost. He undoubtedly had a "first name," for his parents were Catholics, and at the christening they always give a name that sticks by, and young Fencelor could not have been an exception to the rule; but for our present purpose, he will have to be known simply as Fencelor.

A city is not always the best place for bringing up children, especially when the sequences of a protracted war pervade the atmosphere like the fogs of two sluggish rivers. All attempts at schooling were fruitless. To run away from school, and receive the inevitable flogging at night, were preferable to the confinement and occasional flogging in the school-room. If a string of fish from the Delaware did not entirely avert the evening castigation, it softened it very much; so success in angling from the docks became an important factor of his everyday life. He grew up idle, illiterate and wayward; hated by the family, with a fair degree of hatred returned. Thus he became a rough street Arab, kicked and cuffed about by everybody; till he learned to hate as he was hated and to treat as he was treated. He made up his mind that the "City of Brotherly Love" was also a city of brotherly hate, and at an early age he shook the dust of the city from his dirty feet and struck out into the country. For a year or two he worked for farmers along the way, and learned something of farming and gardening. At Lancaster he chored it for his board and clothes; and wandering aimless and onward, he soon found himself on the banks of the Susquehanna at Columbia, a village rapidly becoming an important lumber port. This business grew rapidly by the increase of lumbering on the upper Susquehanna. A large amount of it was hauled overland from Columbia to Lancaster and Philadelphia before the canals were opened for that purpose. He found plenty of work about the river, pulling rafts and handling lumber in various ways; but this did not suit him. There was too much labor about it, and he thought the jolly raftsmen, that came down the river with their lumber and jolly songs, had an easy and happy time of it. Forming the acquaintance of some of these rough fellows, he struck out again—this time for the northern portions of the State, to try his hand at this easy and jolly business. Two or three years satisfied him that there was nothing easy about lumbering, or, in fact, anything else that he had tried; so he wandered about six or eight miles up Wysox creek in Bradford county, squatted in a wild, weird nook, and built a sort of cabin which ever after was known as "Fencelor's Castle." It was built partly underground by digging into the side of a mountain, and in part it was made of slabs and boards picked up about the creek; still it was roomy enough for a hermit, and warm enough to protect him from the winter's cold. It does not appear that he owned any land, but occupied his castle and garden spot by sufferance, and was never disturbed by the owner of the soil. From thence he went out, as hunger drove him, and worked for farmers and lumbermen as chances offered. He associated with no one, except as his daily labor required, became misanthropic, and for many years was known as the "Hermit of Wysox." His solitary and rather mysterious mode of life made him an object of wonder and suspicion among the few people living in the vicinity, and at times he found employment difficult and food scarce. Then he would wander farther away where he was almost unknown, and work one day for food for the next. The valley of Sheshequin became a favorite place for Fencelor, as that was a fruitful locality, with well-to-do people.

One day in the month of December, the ground white with snow, he had been threshing for a farmer in the valley, and receiving among other things for pay a quarter of mutton, he slung it across his shoulder and started for his castle. The sun was just going behind the western mountain, and his castle twelve long miles away. The road lay over the high river-range of mountains, thence thro' a dense forest down to Bullard's creek; down the creek some three miles to its junction with the Wysox, and thence three miles to his home. The way was little better than a path, and but one or two settlers were on the route. This journey would be tough under favorable circumstances, but through dark woods, and in the night, it was anything but easy or pleasant.

Before he had reached Bullard's creek he was greeted with the howling of wolves; and as he hastened his footsteps the wolves evidently hastened theirs, and drew uncomfortably near. The savory mutton attracted them from all around, and the howling of one was answered by another hungry beast; and so they gradually gathered about him in considerable and dangerous numbers. He hurried to his utmost speed; frequently checked their approach by hurling stones and clubs at them; but they became more bold as their numbers increased, and the clubs became more familiar to them. Thus down the creek they went, Fencelor covering his retreat as best he could, and the wolves charging upon him with glaring eyes and snapping teeth, till they reached what was ever after Fencelor's Fort, about a mile above the junction of the creeks. Here the Bullard branch dives against the mountain, makes a short bend around a sharp point of rocks, leaving them jutting out into the stream. Next the water the rocks are some twelve or fifteen feet high, perpendicular and insurmountable. In front lay the body of a large fallen tree, and the triangle thus formed appeared to Fencelor as a fine strategic point. So leaping over the log he faced the enemy, and kept them at bay for some time with the use of such missiles as his fort was provided with; but the wolves became more determined as Fencelor's ammunition gave out, and as a last resort he threw the leg of mutton among them as a temporary flag of truce. While they were fighting over and devouring the meat, he, with flint, steel and punk, succeeded in starting a fire among the dry leaves he found under the fallen tree. Then with a cordon of fire in front, and strong works in rear, he kept them off long after the leg of mutton was consumed. They could only glare at him through the flames, and snap their teeth in anger at their defeat till daylight streaked the east, when they retreated in more or less disorder to their hiding places in the forest, and he marched in triumph to his castle, having saved his life at the expense of his belly. He never again tried a night-trip from Sheshequin to Fencelor's Castle. Some years after he was found dead in his burrowing place, and was buried under an apple tree on his plot of ground, which alone marks the resting place of the Hermit's bones.

The point of rocks where he fought so desperately has ever since been called Fencelor's Fort, and it is frequently pointed out to the younger generations and to strangers, and a fragment of its history told to earnest and interested ears.

WOMEN EYEING WOMEN.

The eyeing of women *by* women is one of the most offensive manifestations of superciliousness now to be met with in society. Few observant persons can have failed to notice the manner in which one woman, who is not perfectly well-bred or perfectly kind-hearted, will eye another woman whom she thinks is not in such good society, and, above all, not at the time in so costly a dress, as she herself is in. It is done everywhere—at parties, at church, in the street. It is done by women in all conditions of life. The very servant girls learn it of their mistresses. It is done in an instant. Who cannot recall hundreds of instances of that sweep of the eye which takes in at a glance the whole woman, and what she has on, from top-knot to shoe-tie? Men are never guilty of it, or with such extreme rarity, and then in such feeble and small-souled specimens of their sex, that it may be set down as a sin not masculine, or at least epicene. But women of sense, of some breeding, and even of some kindliness of nature, will thus endeavor to assert a superiority upon the meanest of all pretenses, and inflict a wound in a manner the most cowardly, because it cannot be resented, and admits of no retort. If they but only knew how unlovely, how positively offensive, they make themselves in so doing, not only to their silent victims but to every generous-hearted man who observes their manœuvres, they would give up a triumph at once so mean and so cruel which is obtained at such a sacrifice on their part. No other evidence than the eyeing is needed to convince a sensible person that such a woman, whatever be her birth or her breeding, has a small and a vulgar soul.

THE jokes on queer prayers were going out of fashion by reason of becoming a little threadbare. But here comes a new and fresh one, which is strictly in season. It is at the expense of a Massachusetts parson, who, being about to leave, introduced with his closing prayer a petition for choir, organist, sexton and ushers, graphically describing all these officials according to the nature of their services. But when he came to the least known of the church officials his eloquence failed him. He prayed for "the one although hidden from sight, contributed so much to the musical part of our worship," ending with: "Oh, Lord, I mean the boy who blows the organ."

SALUTATIONS.

To bare the head was originally an act of submission to gods and rulers. A bow is a modified prostration. A lady's courtesy is a modified genuflection. Rising and standing are acts of homage; and when we wave our hand to a friend on the opposite side of the street, we are unconsciously imitating the Romans, who used to stand before the images of their gods solemnly moving the right hand to the lips and out, as if to cast kisses. Again, men remove the glove when they shake hands with a lady, —a custom evidently of feudal origin. The knight removed his own gauntlet, the pressure of which would be too severe for the palm of a fair *chatelaine;* and the custom, which began in necessity, has traveled down to us as a point of etiquette. Each nation has its own method of salutation. In Southern Africa it is the custom to rub toes. In Lapland your friend rubs his nose against yours. The Turk folds his arms upon his breast and bows very low. The Moor of Morocco rides at a gallop toward a stranger, as though he would unhorse him, and when close at hand suddenly halts and fires a pistol over the person's head. The Egytian asks you: "How do you perspire?" and lets his hand fall to his knees. The Chinaman bows low and inquires: "Have you eaten your rice?" The Spaniard says: "God be with you, sir!" or "How do you stand?" and the Neapolitan piously remarks: "Grow in holiness." The German asks: "How goes it?" and the Frenchman bows profoundly and inquires: "How do you carry yourself?"

Foreigners are given to embracing, and in France and Germany the parent kisses his grown-up son on the forehead, men throw their arms around the necks of their friends, and brothers. It is a curious sight to Americans, with their natural prejudices against publicity in kissing. In England and America there are three methods of salutation—the bow, the hand-shake, and the kiss. The bow is the proper method of salutation between acquaintances in public, and should never be a mere nod, but when made by a gentleman to a lady should be accompanied by the removal of the hat from the head and the cigar from the lips. In regard to the hand-shake, etiquette is simple. A man has no right to take a lady's hand until it is offered. He has even less right to pinch or retain it. A lady should always rise to give her hand; a gentleman, of course, never dares to do so seated. There are several varieties of the kiss—that of respect, on the hand; that of friendship, on the cheek and forehead; and the lover's kiss, which, it is needless to say, is never paraded in public.

ONE MAN'S VIEW OF IT.

A forlorn and greasy tramp called at this office yesterday and said:

"I dropped in to call your attention to the fact that we stand vindicated."

"Who stands vindicated?" asked a reporter, pricking up his ears.

"We do, sir—the gentlemen of the road."

"You mean tramps, I suppose."

"Yes, sir, tramps; so called."

"How does it happen that you stand vindicated?"

"Public sentiment did it sir; I knew it would. Why, my dear sir, just look at it? It has become as popular as seven-up."

"You refer to this walking mania, do you."

"I do, sir. The whiligig of time has spun us around in our proper place, and our occupation is no longer a reproach. The change of public sentiment has made it just as popular in the higher walks of life as the iron heel of poverty has in the lower walks of whom I am an humble representative."

"So it would seem."

"The last man to join our ranks is M. Gambetta, the new President of the French Chamber, whom the cable announces as walking eight miles daily around the delightful lawn of the Presidential garden—one of the prettiest of the *rive gauche*. I envy M. Gambetta his lovely tow-path, as it were, but welcome him with open arms to our fold. I think he'll like us," and the man of shreds and patches backed out of the room, for the reason, we think, that the front of his garments were more presentable than the rear. Pausing on the threshold, he added:

"Don't forget to mention that we stand vindicated. And, by the way, Sergeant Bates is one of our pioneers. Be good enough to say so in italics that the Sergeant also stands vindicated.—*Cincinnati Inquirer.*

A HISTORICAL COUNTRY.—Egypt was the land visited by Abraham in search of food when there was a famine in his own country—the land to which Joseph was carried as a slave, and where he governed as Prime Minister. From Egypt Moses led the Israelites through the waters of the Red Sea. Here Jeremiah wrote his "Lamentations." Here Solon, Pythagoras, Plato, and many other Greek philosophers, came to study. Here Alexander the Great came as conqueror. Egypt taught the world the use of paper made of its rushes—the papyrus. In Egypt was founded the first public library and the finest college of learned men—namely: the Alexandrian Museum. Here Euclid wrote his "elements of Geometry," Theocritus his "Poems," and Lucian his "Dialogues." Here the beautiful Cleopatra, the first Egyptian Queen, held Julius Cæsar, and then Mark Anthony, captive. In Egypt were built the finest monasteries. The Christian fathers' (Origen and Athanasian) controversy began there. The buildings which now remain are the oldest and largest in the world. On the bank of its great river may be seen the oldest arch, and the oldest column. Up this noble stream sailed Herodotus, the most entertaining of travelers, and Strabo, the most judicious. Indeed—as the country is watered by the Nile's overthrow—from the river may be seen almost all its great cities and temples.

FORGET ME NOT.

'Twas but a little flower
Born in the early spring,
Plucked from a fairy bower
Round which fond memories cling—
Sweet memento of the past;
Still within thy faded form,
A fragrance lingers to the last,
Breathing love through winter's storm.

Love's remembrance—ne'er forgot
Will be the angel loved one!
Whose every act and every thought
Speak the love of days now gone;
Whispering zephyrs gently playing
Round me in the gloaming,
Echo words my love is saying,
Charms my heart, forbids its roaming.

Strange that with each faded emblem
Of the golden summer time,
Lingers still a halo round them
Lovely as that smile of thine.
Little flower, I'll cherish thee;
'Till that day that's sure to come;
Near may the glad fruition be,
Then, fond heart, you'll find a home.

—*Plon Plon.*

HIS SAD MISSION.

DEATH IS SOLEMN BUT "BIZ IS BIZ."

Mrs. Nichols is a wealthy lady. She is the wife of an invalid. The other day she was summoned to the parlor to see a visitor. "Good morning, sir!" she said, as she swept into the room. "Good morning!" he replied, very politely; I understand you have an invalid husband?" "I have." "What seems to be the matter with him?" inquired the caller, with professional gravity. "Consumption." "Been troubled long," he went on, as he drew his handkerchief across his face a couple of times, "or is it hasty?" She told him in a very dignified manner that her husband had been a sufferer for five years. "Five years—five years!" he murmured, meditatively, as he drew out a memorandum book and commenced to figure. "Well, I guess about another year will settle him. I suppose you've had him in Florida, but that amounts to nothing. Consumption is awful uncertain; you can't tell when it is going to yank you." The lady made no reply, but tears trickled down her cheeks, which caused her caller to remark: "Yes I know it is sad; but then there's no use of taking on. Death is inevitable and can't be escaped. Now, then, say we'll give him till next May." The lady sobbed audibly. "Yes, I suppose he was a kind, indulgent husband, and it will be hard for you to part with him; but you must brace up and face the shock with heroic fortitude." Still no reply from the lady, whose face was now buried in her handkerchief. "I didn't come here this morning to stir up your feelings and make you feel sad. Death is awful solemn, but business is business." He then paused and drew a card from his pocket, and, presenting it, said: "Perhaps after you are a widow you will have no use for your husband's garments; if not, I should be pleased to make a bid on them. I keep a second-hand clothing store, and I just thought I'd step around early and get the refusal. If you'll just let me take a look at some of his things I can give you a decent idea of what they'll fetch." Then she summoned the coachman, but he didn't arrive in time to get a kick at the clothier.

CHINESE DRUGS.—Among the most highly-reputed drugs and medicines which the Celestials exhibited at the Paris Exposition were a variety of exceptional medical curiosities. The larvæ of grasshoppers, for instance, dried and roasted, are prescribed for headaches; dried fowl's gizzards for indigestion; the inside of a stag's horn for rheumatism and bronchitis; a glutinous decoction of donkey's skin is labeled as having a great reputation, being taken in case of pulmonary diseases; while a powder pr