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 29, 1879. NUMBER 52

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.

PECK & OVERTON
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
DEA. OVERTON. BENJ. M. PECK.

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

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

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 M. 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,
mch26-76 TOWANDA, PA.

L. L. HILLIS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA. [nov11-75.

F. F. GOFF,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Main Street (4 doors north of Ward House), Towanda, Pa. [April 12, 1877.

W. H. THOMPSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, WAVERLY, PA. Will attend to business entrusted to his care in Bradford, Susquehanna and Wyoming Counties. Office with Esq. Parsons. [nov19-74.

E. H. ANGLE, D. D. S.
OPERATIVE AND MECHANICAL DENTIST.
Office on State St., second floor of Dr. Pratt's Dental Office. apr 3-79.

MASON & HEAD,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Towanda, Pa. Office over Barthol & Tracy, Main st.
G. E. MASON. [jan'77] ARTHUR HEAD.

ELSBREE & SON,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
N. B. ELSBREE. L. ELSBREE.

O. D. KINNEY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Office—Room formerly occupied by V. M. Cole, V. Building, Main St. [jun 3'78.

L. McPHERSON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Post Office Block, Co. [feb1'78.

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 26-75. TOWANDA, PA.

ANDREW WILT,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Office over Frank & Godden'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 E.—Formerly occupied by Wm. Watkins. Towanda, Pa., Oct. 17, '73. E. J. ANGLE.

WM. MAXWELL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Office over Dagget's Store. [apr 12, 1876.

MADILL & CALIFF,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Office—Wood's Block, 1 door south of the First National Bank. A. H. MADILL. J. N. CALIFF.

R. S. M. WOODBURN, Physician and Surgeon. Office over O. A. Black's Store. Towanda, Pa. [1-1-76-1y.

W. B. KELLY, DENTIST.—Office over M. E. Raymond's, Towanda, Pa. Operations on Gold, Silver, Rubber, and Aluminum Plates. Teeth extracted without pain.

E. P. PAYNE, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office on Main St., Towanda, Pa. Office hours from 10 to 12 A. M. and from 2 to 4 P. M., special attention to diseases of the Eye and Ear.—Oct. 18, '76-tf.

G. W. RYAN,
COUNTY SUPERINTENDENT.
Will be at Sayles's the 1st and 3rd Saturdays of each month, over Turner & Co.'s Drug Store, Towanda, Pa.
Towanda, June 2, 1875.

MRS. H. PEET,
TEACHER OF PIANO MUSIC,
TERMS—$10 per term.
Residence—Third street, 1st door west of Mercur's.
Towanda, Jan. 1, '79-1y.

C. S. RUSSELL'S
GENERAL
INSURANCE AGENCY
Represents the best Companies. TOWANDA, PA.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK,
TOWANDA, PA.
CAPITAL PAID IN $125,000
SURPLUS FUND 66,000
This Bank offers unusual facilities for the transaction of a general banking business.
N. N. BETTS, Cashier.
W. ROMAN POWELL, President. April 1, 1879.

SEELEY'S OYSTER BAY AND EUROPEAN HOUSE.—A few doors south of the Mercur House. Board by the day or week on reasonable terms. Warm meals served at all hours. Oysters at wholesale and retail. feb 17.

EAGLE HOTEL,
(SOUTH SIDE PUBLIC SQUARE.)
This well-known house has been thoroughly renovated and refitted 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 travelling 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.

Poetry.

DRIVING HOME THE COWS.

Out of the clover and blue-eyed grass,
He turned them into the river lane;
One after another he let them pass,
Then fastened the meadow bars again.

Under the willow and over the hill,
He patiently followed their sober pace;
The merry whistle for once was still,
And something showed the funny face.

Only a boy! and his father had said
He never could let his youngest go,
Two already were lying dead,
Under the feet of the trampling foe.

But after the evening's work was done,
And the frogs were loud in the meadow swamp,
Over his shoulder he slung his gun,
And stealthily followed the footpath damp.

Across the clover and through the wheat,
With resolute heart, and purpose grim,
Though cold was the dew on his hurrying feet,
And but one thought the whole way him.

Three then had the lanes been white,
And the orchards sweet with apple-bloom;
And now when the cows came back at night,
The feeble father drove them home.

For news had come to the lonely farm
That three were lying where two had lain;
And the old man's tremulous, palsied arm
Could never lean on a son's again.

The summer day grew cold and late,
He went for the cows when the work was done;
But down the lane, as he opened the gate,
He saw them coming, one by one.

Brindle, Ebony, Speckle and Bess,
Shaking their horns in the evening wind;
Cropping the buttercups out of the grass—
But who was it following close behind?

Loosely swung in the idle air
The empty sleeve of army-blue;
And were and pale, from the crisping hair,
Looked out a face that the father knew.

For Southern prisons will sometimes yawn,
And yield their dead to life again;
And the day that comes with a cloudy dawn
In golden glory at last may wane.

The great tears sprang to their meeting eyes;
For the heart knew well the listless tread
Beyond the silent evening skies
Together they followed the cattle home.

—*Kate P. Osgood.*

Selected Tale.

Bought at a Price.

Saturday Night.

"Father," exclaimed Madeleine Carlton, "*what* is this sacrifice that you demand of me? what *makes* it necessary?"

Mr. Carlton smiled, as he placed his arm about the slender waist of his only and well-beloved child.

"Sacrifice?" he repeated. "Few women, my darling, would call it such, were they honored with the choice of Fane Faring's name and fortune—a name old and honored, a fortune worthy its possessor; and this name, this fortune, with a heart, strong and tender and true, is laid at my Madeleine's feet, with the earnest prayer that she will stoop to claim it. But," and here his tone grew earnest with a deeper meaning, "other reasons are at stake, my child, which make this acceptance imperative. You have always been surrounded with luxury—have always known me as a very rich man, who prized his wealth the more that the father's heart need never close to his child's appeal. Madeleine, will you now close yours to mine? I stand to-day on the brink of ruin. Nay, do not start! I have kept back the knowledge from you, until, longer withheld, it must reach you from other lips; for by to-morrow, unless you will give yourself to Mr. Faring as his promised bride, I shall be bankrupt. He will then loan me the amount necessary to tide me over this crisis, which at the moment of your refusal I dare not ask him; nor would I urge my cause, did I not feel it would assure your happiness—did I not know it was, but a girl's folly which makes you hesitate. Have you not already heard of the marriage of the man whose incontancy you thus mourn? Shall he return to find you still weeping for his faithlessness?"

"You are right, father!" the girl answered, proudly raising her head. "I am weak, I know; but sometimes the thought comes to me that maybe, after all, some mistake has occurred—that Jack is *not* married, spite of that fatal announcement in the papers. He loved me so well, he so dreaded this long separation his lack of fortune made necessary, that my faith in him *will* not be killed: and yet—yet I know him false. I am only nineteen, papa—think of it! and already happiness and I have parted: but you shall not deem me selfish, nor unmindful of your welfare. I will consent to become Mr. Faring's wife, and name but one condition. He must know everything—that I have no heart to give him in return for the noble one he offers me—that I accept him to save you from ruin—that the man I loved proved false to me. But tell him, also, that his *falseness* has shown me his unworthiness; and, though I have buried even his memory, my heart lies in his grave; but that to my husband I will prove loyal and true—will make his happiness my aim—will strive with all my power to be to him a dutiful wife. Promise me this, father, and your will shall be obeyed."

"Bless you, darling! you have my promise: and in this moment have repaid me all the years of anxious watching over my motherless girl."

But even as he made the promise, Mr. Carlton knew that it could not be kept—knew that Fane Faring, dearly as he loved Madeleine, would not accept her as a sacrifice, nor, spite of the rare beauty of the outward image, have been happy in possession of its emptiness.

So Fane learned nothing but that a gracious consent had been given his suit, and attributing his betrothed's shyness, almost coldness, to the reticence of her maidenhood, he reveled in his dream of bliss.

The banker's confidential interview with him had been satisfactory to both, and left him proud indeed that his wealth thus early could benefit the woman he so passionately loved.

It was, however, a great surprise to learn how frail was the foundation on which stood Mr. Carlton's princely mansion, and a shadow of doubt crossed his mind as he questioned:

"Does Madeleine know nothing of this?"

"*Nothing!*" the father answered. "I felt sure of her answer, and would not have her thus perplexed. The embarrassment is but temporary, and soon with this aid, I can again ride triumphant on the waves of prosperity, and repay you tenfold for your generous compliance with my demands."

"I am already repaid a hundred-fold!" the young man exclaimed, grasping the banker's hand, and thinking of the rich prize soon to be his, little dreaming it bought at a price

So the wedding took place. It was a gay, a brilliant affair, and though the heart the bride thought dead beat fast and loudly, the glad notes of the orchestra silenced it to all ears save hers, and the marble paleness of her cheek but rendered her loveliness more perfect.

One thought comforted her, as, with every word spoken by the minister, the memory of another scene (similar to this, yet all unlike, since the man she liked was to have knelt at her side) seemed picture before her—the thought that at least she had not deceived the noble heart which henceforth was to be her shelter. Yet she wondered how, knowing all, his eye could be so bright, his smile so fearless.

* * * * *

Six months had passed, and Mr. and Mrs. Faring were in London—six months of unallowed happiness to him, six months almost of contentment to her; and sitting this morning in her pretty parlor at the Langham Hotel, reviewing the past and present, recalling the innumerable acts of tenderest devotion her husband has showered upon her, it is as though dew from heaven had fallen upon the black places of her heart, and fresh seed was springing into life.

A knock at the door aroused her. Fane had left her, to be absent some hours on business, and, determining to deny herself to any visitors, she called:

"Come in!"

But glancing up to receive the card the servant doubtless had brought, he but ushered in a visitor unannounced, then withdrew.

Who dared thus intrude upon her?

Haughty surprise was in the glance she bent upon him, followed by a sudden pallor, as recognition leaped into her eyes.

The man made no movement forward, but stood regarding her, his arms across his breast, with scorn and reproach blended in his glance. He was both young and handsome, and, as she broke the silence by the low utterance of his name, something in the word told all the story.

Alas! for the seed that required such careful nursing ere it could blossom into flowers!

"Jack!" she repeated; then, burying her face in her hands, sank into a chair. "Why—why have you come here now?"

"It was a *mad folly*, doubtless, which brought me," he answered; "but I have crossed the ocean simply to look again upon your fair, false face. It has haunted me all of these months in my dreams; but it has been the face of an angel. It has tortured me since I learned the truth, and I said, '*I will* see her. Doubtless its beauty has fled. She cannot look the same and be so false.' But oh, my God! the fatal mask you wear is still the same. I shall see it before me, sleeping or waking, until I die!"

And, with a groan, the man staggered to a seat; but Madeleine had risen to her feet, and a scarlet spot now burned on either cheek:

"How dare you thus insult me?" she imperiously questioned. "How dare you hurl back *your* falseness at *my* feet? I am married, Mr. Downing; I was learning to be happy. Leave me to the forgetfulness I had so nearly found!"

"Not until I understand the enigmas in which you speak. You, the betrayer, speak of my falsehood. Explain your words."

"Were your wife present, she would render explanation superfluous."

"*My wife!* You, the only woman on God's earth whom I have ever loved, speak of my wife to me! Are you a fiend, that you should mock me thus? You, the wife of another man—false, *false* to me, whom you have sent wifeless, houseless, childless, to his grave!"

"Jack! Jack!" she pleaded. "Do not deceive me! Did you not, with your own hand, direct to me the paper which contained the notice of your marriage? Did you not thus cruelly, without one softening word, shatter the vase which held my fairest hopes? Did—"

"Stop!" His voice rang through the room, as, rising to his feet, he now stood facing her. "Did you not get the letter I sent with that paper—the letter explaining how a merry party of us, starting off with a wedding party, had been confounded by some stupid reporter in the place, until, in the next day's issue of the paper, I figured as the groom, in place of my cousin Robert? I sent you the paper as a joke, but the bridegroom took it more seriously, and punished the poor man severely. But, oh, Madeleine, I looked at it in the light of a foolish piece of fun, and wrote you how, some day, my name would indeed appear in print, with *yours* beside it!"

"I see it all," the young wife answered. "But your letters—who could have withheld them? From that day, I never received one."

"And you thought me false! Oh, Madeleine, why did you not wait? I brought home the fortune dear to me only because it would do away with your father's opposition to our marriage, and prove a worthy gift for your acceptance. I found you gone—married! Sleep forsook my pillow. I could not rest until I had seen you, and learned from your lips the truth."

"The *fatal* truth!" she gasped, in answer. "But now, Jack, you must leave me. The man I have married is good and true and noble. Ere I became his wife, my father told him all—of my early love—of my broken heart—and how I had but duty and respect to offer him. But he took me even thus; nay, more—repaired my father's shaken fortunes by a generous loan, which has turned the tide of wealth into his coffers, and has uttered no word of reproach to me in all these months, until—until I had *almost* learned to love him."

"*Almost!*" Alas for the one word, which rang like a knell in the ears of the man who had entered through his own dressing-room, paralyzed with emotion, an unseen listener to all.

He now saw it all—all his blindness. Yet she had *almost* learned to love him.

"Bless her!" he murmured, as, with a pallid face and a great groan, he noiselessly retreated as he had come, and wended his way out into the foggy streets of London; "she gave me her duty—I will give her back the happiness I so nearly wrecked."

It was a strange impulse which took Fane Faring, that morning, into his lawyer's office, and led him to re-word his will, so that all he had was given unconditionally to his young wife, coupled with a hope that she should not remain widowed for his sake.

But the expression of his face changed, and grew hard and stern, as he penned line after line of a letter, which he sealed and addressed to Roger Carlton, Esquire—Madeleine's father.

A few hours later, there was great excitement in the Langham Hotel. A bride of six months was soon to be widowed. The gentleman, through some strange carelessness, had been thrown down by a powerful team of horses, into whose path, were not the idea absurd, he would seem to have thrown himself, but doubtless the fog deceived him.

In one quiet chamber the wounded man lies, and in his eyes is only love unutterable for the young wife who bends so tenderly over him.

"My darling, you have made me very happy!" he says, brokenly. "In time—in time I *might* have taught you even to love me!"

And with these words he dies.

Madeleine finds a true friend, a faithful helper, in the sad rites that follow, in the young man who has forgotten his own selfish hopes in the very overthrow of their only obstacle.

The will and its conditions, made on the very day of Fane Faring's death, men call a coincidence; but one, reading the letter penned that day from the dead man's hand, knows it otherwise, and the letter falls from his trembling grasp, while a great wave of agony sweeps across his face, as, in God's book, he sees his name written as Fane Faring's murderer!

But Madeleine, mourning faithfully the true heart whose nobility she had learned to know so well, once again listens to vows of love her heart re-echoes, until, some three years later, Jack Downing's long-suffering is rewarded, and Madeleine's love-dream fulfilled.

But at the wedding feast, where all is joy and brightness, *one* alone, of that assemblage, raising their glasses to their lips to drink health to the bride, sees written on the wall, in letters of fire—"Bought at a Price!"

OUR WESTERN LETTER.

OSAGE CITY, Kansas, May 22, 1879.

MR. EDITOR: Osage City is a mining town, located 35 miles southwest of Topeka, on the A., T. & S. F. R. R., and contains a population of fifteen hundred or two thousand. It is like all other mining towns—does a considerable business, but a cheap class of houses. There are more new buildings in sight than in any town I have seen in the West. New buildings are going up in all parts of the city, but they are of a cheap class, being all wood. The country about it looks fine; still, the soil is not as productive as outside of the coal belt. The vein of coal runs under the city; coal shafts can be seen all about. There are but few buildings of note in the place. The Osage City Savings Bank is a brick structure, other business houses being either of wood or stone. They have the Kansas school house here, as elsewhere, costing from fifteen thousand to twenty thousand dollars. I passed over the country from Burlingame to this city in a wagon, and it was a beautiful sight. The country is quite rolling; could see a long distance on the high points, it looking like orchards and meadows, there being vast tracks of land held by speculators. The Reading Coal and Iron Company of Pennsylvania have about twenty-six thousand acres, I am told, in a body.

The county of Osage is undulating, and would suit those liking hills and valleys; has a good many streams of water and good wells; coal and wood plenty. The coal is not as good as our coal down the valley, still it is taken out in large blocks looking very much like the coal in Western Pennsylvania and Ohio; burns free, and costs much less than our coal. You can go to the shaft where it is mined and buy it from eight to ten cents a basket, twenty-five baskets making a ton. Wood as cheap, or nearly so, as at our place; corn, 21 cents per bushel; wheat, from 70 to 80 cents; oats, 18 cents; meats of all kinds much less in price than in the East. I regard this State for men of small means preferable to any State now being settled. The climate is that of Southern Missouri, the soil as good if not better than any prairie in the West. The tide of emigration is passing this place for Western Kansas and Colorado, but are doing it without a knowledge of the advantages here or the price of land. Land can be bought as cheaply here as 250 miles west, where you strike the sand hills—a country destitute of timber and coal, being compelled to ship the same from Eastern Kansas or from Colorado. Local freights being high, this makes fuel expensive.

As to fertility of the soil, there is no question about that all the way from Topeka until you strike the sand hills in Western Kansas, you enter the Arkansas Valley at Newton on the A., T. & S. F. R. R., which is undoubtedly the most fertile section in Kansas; at least, it has a record in the agricultural reports surpassing any other locality. I shall make a personal examination to Dodge City, the western terminus or nearly so of settlement at present of Kansas, and may in some particulars change my mind, as my information from this place west is from books and conversations with those acquainted with that part of the State. As my letters will be read by many who expect to make the West their future home, I shall aim to state facts as to soil, climate, natural resources, &c. A man with a few hundred dollars and a little pluck in Kansas can do well; yet, perhaps, there is a greater number come without money, except enough to land them, with pluck and a large amount of sand, that in a very short time are comfortable. No man need expect to come here and succeed that has no means, without industry and privation. If he accepts the situation, takes off his coat, rolls up his sleeves and goes in, he will win. I have traveled over considerable of the West, talked with a great many men that are comfortably fixed, and I find that nine out of every ten came here poor. They accepted the situation, commenced the battle of life, and have succeeded. If a man can come here with eight or ten hundred dollars—enough to get teams, tools, and supply them the first year—they can move right along, and do better than in any place East with that amount of capital.

This county is a great stock-raising section, from the fact of its undulating surface and abundance of stock water, and a county that has no herd law. All farmers here have their crops to fence, and consequently immense herds of cattle are kept on the large tracts of land held by speculators, with very little expense. They have pasture fields and meadows for mowing their winter supply almost limitless. Finch Brothers, of Burlingame, I understand, have thirty thousand dollars in cattle. They have several large herds in different sections of the county, with a herder to look after each herd during the season. These gentlemen came here but a short time ago with but little money; they are now among the first men in the county in the business. Men can come here with a few hundred dollars and make a fortune in a short time in the stock business. It costs comparatively nothing to keep their stock, either summer or winter. All their hay costs is in cutting and putting it up; their pasture costs nothing; corn the past winter, 15 to 20 cents per bushel. Patton Brothers passed through Burlingame to-day with two hundred head of two and three year-old cattle, on their way to Wabanusee county, joining this on the west, to pasture them for the season. These gentlemen belong in this county, also. Lord & Nelson, of Burlingame, are large operators. Cattle for slaughter are not put in market until they are four years old. The prairie grass, particularly where it is burned over early, is large enough to turn cattle upon. These large tracts of uncultivated land are burned over in the spring, which helps the grass to start early and grow vigorous and strong during the season. Stock men have their range which they burn,—some portions of it early for early feed, and other sections later for late feed.

As I did not mention in my letter to your paper from Topeka anything in regard to the price of horses, cattle, farm implements, etc., I deem it important, as many of your readers are expecting to settle in the West. Horses are a considerable cheaper than with you. Good team horses can be bought for from $75 to $100, or from $150 to $200 a pair. I saw a good team of horses sold for $160 to a gentleman from Michigan, who came here this spring with a large flock of Spanish Merino sheep. He has bought a quarter section of land adjoining these large tracts of uncultivated lands, and expects to let his sheep roam over this wild expanse of prairie land. Good cows are as high as with you; farming implements cost more, but are much better tools; farm wagons (first-class, double box, well painted), $60; groceries and dry goods are as cheap as in your place. It costs much less to live here than in your place. There is as much competition in mercantile business as in the East. All towns are well supplied with business houses, and goods of all kinds are sold reasonable.

C. F. NICHOLS.

WHERE TIN ORES ARE FOUND.—Tin is one of the earliest metals known, which is contrary to what, not many years ago was the general opinion of scientific men. The researches, however, which within the last twenty years, have been instituted with regard to the earliest races inhabiting Europe, have conclusively shown that weapons and instruments of bronze (an alloy of tin and copper) were probably the metallic articles earliest in use, after those composed of copper alone, and before the introduction of iron. In the curious "lake dwellings," discovered in Switzerland, not only bronze implements, but bars of pure tin, varies from four to twenty per cent., about twenty per cent. being the most common. The principal present sources of tin are, first, Cornwall, where it is now almost exclusively procured from the mines, instead of washing, or "stream works;" second, Saxony or Bohemia, in small quantities, and exclusively from mines; third, Banes and other islands of the Malay Archipelago, the Malay Peninsula, as well as parts of Hindoostan and Burmah; all the productions from these (now furnishing the greater part of tin commerce) now generally known as "Straits tin," being derived from steam works; fourth, New South Wales, Queensland and other parts of Australia, together with Tasmania, Spain, Bolivar and Mexico, also furnish (or have lately done so) some portion of the tin commerce; also Greenland, Japan, Finland, Siberia, Iceland and Madagascar.

THE dead leaves cling
To the boughs till spring,
But the beautiful buds are swelling under;
And a thousand things
With legs and wings
Now wait for Spring in the woods out yonder;
The Arbutus weaves
Its crown of leaves,
But beneath the sweetest flowers are springing
No blue eggs rest
In the last year's nest,
But the robin his ancient tune is singing,
Awaking love in his sweet heart's breast:
And nothing's been lost
In the snow or frost,
For the Good Lord watches over all.

ENHALOED.

The pink and love of bursting bloom
Were on the apple trees,
The air was full of sweet perfume,
And fragrant was the breeze.
Along the scented meadow land
The merry robbins sang;
And where the sugar-maples stand
The blue birds' call outrang.

The brook ran on, a silver line
Where golden cowslips shone;
The fern-fronds waved their branches fine,
Round mossy stump and stone;
And where the sunny valleys lay
Was heard the hum of bees,
Seeking the violet's purple spray,
And starred anemonies.

The daisies showed their faces sweet
Among the tender green
Of clover leaves; the bearded wheat
Waved the low hills between,
Nor yet had come its golden prime,
That gleams in harvest days,
When locusts wake their droning chime,
Amid the orchard ways.

How swift the months! How short the years!
It seems but yesterday,
When your low voice stilled my love's fears,
In that cool meadow, way;
And now the threads of silver show
Amid the soft brown hair,
Where sunlight made a golden glow,
That morn so dear and fair.

Ah, earth for us has not been cold,
Nor full of bitter woe,
Though death's dark tide has by us rolled,
Its swift resistless flow;
Love's holy light has lit the path
Wherein our feet have trod,
And sweet and clear life's aftermath
Glows with the hope of God.

—*Thomas S. Collier.*

THAT HOUSE TO LET.

"Heigho!" yawned Mr. Ellicott, the real estate agent, as he looked out of the window at two old women, a market cart and the postman. "Times are dull—fearfully dull! Never have known 'em stagnate so since I was in the business. A list of houses to let and for sale that would suit anybody, at prices that are absolutely scandalous, as far as cheapness is concerned, and no demand for 'em—literally none!"

And Mr. Ellicott lighted his cigar, arranged the "To Lets" a little more accurately in the window, and shook his head mournfully at the big ledger on the high desk.

But just at the instant in which he drew a Borean sigh, indicative of the extremist degree of despondency, a stout, middle-aged gentleman, with a felt hat, an umbrella under his arm, and square-toed boots, walked into the neat, little carpeted office. The agent slipped nimbly off his chair, laid down his cigar, and resumed his business smile.

"What can I do for you?" he said, rubbing his hands, and scenting a brown stone sale, or a red brick exchange, at the very least.

"My name is Jones," said the stout stranger.

"Happy to see you, Mr. Jones," simpered the real estate agent, rubbing away harder than ever.

"And I want to rent a respectable house in a pleasant neighborhood," added the gentleman. "I am sick of boarding, and I intend to take a house and go a-housekeeping."

"Certainly, by all means," said the agent, beginning to flutter over the leaves of his book. "We have, I am happy to say, a number of most eligible residences here, which can hardly fail to meet your requisition."

"Give me a list," said the old gentleman.

"Certainly," said Mr. Ellicott, dipping his pen into the wooden standish.

"I mean business," said Mr. Jones.

"I am glad to hear it," said the agent.

And scarcely more than five minutes had elapsed before the middle-aged gentleman, with the alpaca umbrella and the square-toed boots, was where a fat-lettered "To Let" hung conspicuously beside the door.

Miss Pamelia Peppermint was just taking her hair out of crimps in the front third-story department as the bell sounded its hollow toesin through the house.

"Joanna," said Miss Pamelia, over the stairs, "look out of the area window and see who it is."

"It's a gentleman, ma'am," Joanna answered, in a shrill whisper, "in a superfine broadcloth coat and a new umbrella."

"Come to answer the advertisement," said Miss Pamelia, radiantly. "Show him into the parlor, Joanna, and tell him I'll be down directly."

She settled the crimps once again, pinned a petite ribbon bow in her back hair, gave her forehead a farewell dab with a powder puff, and read over, for the last time, a paragraph in that morning's paper, which ran as follows:

WANTED—By a lady of education and experience, a position as housekeeper to a gentleman of means. No triflers need apply to Miss P., No. 99 Nixon street.

"Dear me," said Miss Peppermint, "how my heart flutters—for surely this is a crisis in my life! How often does the housekeeper eventually become something nearer and dearer to a gentleman of susceptibility and appreciation! I hope he is fond of poetry."

She crossed the threshold with a tripping step. To her surprise, the apartment was empty.

"Where is he, Joanna?" said she, looking around in dismay.

"Please, ma'am," faltered the little maid, "I think he's an escaped lunatic—for he's walkin' all around the back kitchen, and peerin' into the stationary wash-tubs, and mutterin' to himself like everything."

"Ah!" said Miss Peppermint, with a satisfied smile. "Very natural—quite so. He means to find out what sort of a practical housekeeper I am. Ahem; here he comes. Run, Joanna, there's stoveblacking on the bridge of your noise, and a hole in your stocking. Ahem! Please to walk in, sir," to the middle-aged gentleman, who now appeared on the threshold, with his spectacles tipped over the bridge of his nose, and his umbrella carried, javelin fashion, under his arm. "I have the pleasure of addressing—"

"My name is Jones," said the gentleman, brusquely. "You are the person who—"

"Who advertised? Yes," said Miss Peppermint, with a smiling inclination of her head.

"Then I wonder at you!" enunciated Mr. Jones.

"Sir!" said Miss Peppermint.

"As old as the hills," said Mr. Jones; "all out of repair. Fifty years old at the very least."

"*Sir!*" ejaculated the lady, more astounded than ever.

"Truth is truth," said the gentleman. "Not even decently painted."

"*Painted?*" gasped Miss Peppermint, instinctively remembering the pearl powder.

"Rheumaticky, and full of fever and ague!" energetically added Mr. Jones. "But forty dollars a month!"

"Only twenty," said Miss Peppermint, faintly.

"I wouldn't consider the question at any price!" roared Mr. Jones. "A tumble-down old ruin!"

"Sir, you insult me!" cried the spinster, bristling up.

"Then, madam, you shouldn't obtrude your damaged wares before the public."

"I never was so abused in my life!" faltered Miss Peppermint, wringing her hands:

"It's high time somebody spoke the truth," said Mr. Jones.

"Leave the house, sir!" said Miss Peppermint.

"And welcome," said Mr. Jones, putting his hat beligerently on the side of his head, and shouldering his umbrella like a bayonet. "But first, ma'am, let me give you a piece of advice. The next time you have a house to let—"

"But I haven't a house to let," indignantly interposed Miss Pamelia.

"Eh?" said Mr. Jones.

"And never had," added the lady, breathlessly.

"Isn't this house to let?"

"Yes, but it isn't mine and I've nothing to do with it."

"You said you advertised."

"So I did," said Miss Pamelia, with difficulty keeping back her hysteric tears. "But it wasn't in Elliott's show-windows. I wanted a position as housekeeper and—"

The middle aged bachelor stood aghast, the full horror of his situation gradually breaking upon him.

"Madam," said he, "I beg your pardon—"

"Sir," said Miss Peppermint, "there has been an unfortunate misapprehension all around."

"I was alluding to the house, ma'am, when I used those unfortunate adjectives," explained Mr. Jones. "I hope you don't think, ma'am, that I could apply them to a lady?"

"I am a solitary female," said Miss Peppermint, retiring behind her hankerchief, "and I find myself compelled to earn my bread in a genteel way. You couldn't recommend me to any single gentleman in want of a capable housekeeper, could you?"

"No—no, ma'am, I couldn't that is, not just at present," stammered Mr. Jones. "But if I hear of one I will certainly let you know. Good morning."

And he bolted out of the door in a state of cold perspiration.

"What a fool I have been!" said he to himself as he strode along the windy April streets, wiping his forehead with a red silk pocket-hankerchief. "I'll go back to Miss Budget's boarding-house and engage my rooms there for the next ten years."

And so he did.

Nobody answered Miss Pamelia Peppermint's advertisement; no one rented the desirable mansion, No. 99 Nixon street.

Mr. Elliott, the real estate agent, declares that business is duller than ever, and Mrs. Budget the boarding-house keeper, says to her daughter:

"Whatever has come to Mr. Jones, I don't know, but he's docile as a lamb, and hasn't found fault with the roast joint in a month."

"Wonders will never cease," says Miss Bodget, devoutly.

WHY HE SHOULD NOT BE A FARMER.

Burlington Hawkeye.

It is spring, and the animal warfare begins. Early in the morning the jocund farmer hies him to the field and hunts around in the dead weeds and grass for the plow he left out there sometime last fall. When he finds it he takes it to the shop to have it mended. When it is mended he goes back into the field with it. Half-way down the first furrow he lays, he runs the plow fairly into a big live-oak root, the handles alternately break a rib on this side of him and jab the breath out of him on the other, and the sturdy root, looking up out of the ground with a pleased smile of recognition, says cheerfully:

"Ah, Mr. Thistlepod, at it again, eh?"

Fifty feet further on he strikes a stone that doubles up the plow-point like a piece of lead, and while the amazed and breathless agriculturist leans, a limp heap of humanity across the plow, the relic of the glacial period remarks sleepily:

"Ah, ha! Spring here already? Glad you woke me up."

And then the granger sits down patiently tries to tie on that old plow-point with a hickory withe, and while he pursues this fruitless task, the friendly crow swoops down near enough to ask:

"Goin' to put this twenty in corn this years, Mr. Thistlepod?"

And, before he has time to answer the sable bird, a tiny grasshopper, wriggling out of a clod so full of eggs that they can't be counted, shouts briskly:

"Here we are again, Mr. Thistlepod, dinner for 500,000,000,000."

And then a slow-moving, but very positive potato bug crawls out into the sunlight to see if the frost had faded his stripes, and says:

"The old-fashioned peach-blow potatoes are the best for a sure crop, but the early rose should be planted for the first market."

Then several new kinds of bugs who haven't made any record yet, climb over the fence and come up to enquire about the staple crops of the neighborhood, and before he can get through with them, Professor Tice sends him a circular stating that there won't be a drop of rain from the middle of May till the last of October. This almost stuns him, but he is beginning to feel a little resigned when a dispatch from the Department of Agriculture at Washington, saying that all indications point to a summer of unprecedented, almost incessant and long continued rains and floods, and advising him to plant no root crops at all. While he is trying to find words in which to express his emotion, a neighbor drops in to tell him that all the peach trees in the country are winter killed, that the hog-cholera is raging fiercely in the northern part of the township. Then his wife comes to tell him that the dog has fallen into the well, and when the poor man gets into the door yard, his children with much shouting and excitement, meet him, and tell him there are a couple of rats, of the pole denomination, in the spring house, and another one in the barn. With tears and groans he returns to the field, but by that time it has begun to snow so hard that he can't see the horses when he stands at the plow. He is discouraged and starts for the house with his team, when he meets a man who bounces him for using a three-horse clevis, he made himself, and wrung ten reluctant dollars out of him for it. When he reached the house, the drive-well man is waiting him, and while he is settling with him, a clock peddler comes in, and a lightning-rod man, screened by the storm, climbs upon the ten dollar smoke-house, fastens $65 worth of lightning rods on it, and before the poor farmer can get his gun half loaded the bailiff comes in to tell him that he has been drawn on the jury.

No, I would not, even if I could, be a farmer.

The life is pleasant and independent, but it seems to have its drawbacks.

If I were a farmer I would grumble all I wanted, and thump the man who found fault with me for it.

THE LIBBY PRISON TUNNEL.

G. W. Gibson in Rochester Democrat.

The tunnel was first proposed and started by Captain Martin Flick, of the Sixty-seventh Pennsylvania Veterans, who was captured, together with nearly all his regiment, while under Millroy, in the valley of the Shenandoah, at the time of Lee's second invasion of Pennsylvania and Maryland. There was not a single hatchet or axe of any kind used in the whole work; nothing but bare hands, a few poor case-knives and one iron poker, together with a firm determination to secure freedom at any hazard, and escape the terrible sufferings endured at the hands of Captain Turner, Winder's chief tool at Libby. The tunnel was first started by Captain Flick loosening the bricks out of the chimney on the second floor above the basement, back of the stove used for cooking. This, of course, was done at night, and in the daytime the hole made was closed by a board that was kept near the stove. The chimney was built from the ground up, and as soon as the inside was reached, communication of course could be had with the basement of the prison. Pieces of rope and twine of all kinds were gathered together, until finally enough was had to enable our men to descend to determine what next to do. Then, and only then, were other than Captain Flick and a lieutenant from his regiment concerned in the work. After this other officers were approached