The Bradford Reporter.

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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.

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The REPORTER having a larger circulation than any other paper in the county, makes it the best advertising medium in Northern Pennsylvania.

JOB PRINTING of every kind, in plain and fancy colors, done with neatness and dispatch. Handbills, Blanks, Cards, Pamphlets, Billheads, Statements, &c., of every variety and style, printed at the shortest notice. The REPORTER office is well supplied with power presses, a good assortment of new type, and everything in the printing line can be executed in the most artistic manner and at the lowest rates. TERMS INVARIABLY CASH.

Business Cards.

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

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

OVERTON & SANDERSON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
D. 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. Parties wishing to consult him, can call on H. Foster, Esq., Towanda, Pa., who can at present always be found.

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

JAMES WOOD,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Mch 6-76 TOWANDA, PA.

E. L. HILLIS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA. [nov 11-78.

W. H. THOMPSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, WYALUSING, PA. Will attend Court in Bradford, promptly to his care in Bradford, Susquehanna and Wyoming Counties. Office with Esq. Porter. [nov19-74.

E. H. ANGLE, D. D. S.
OPERATIVE AND MECHANICAL DENTIST.
Office on State street, second door of Dr. Pratt's office. apr 8 '76.

MASON & HEAD,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Towanda, Pa. Office—over Satterlee & Tracy's Market.
O. F. MASON, ABNER HEAD.

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

O. D. KINNEY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Office—Rooms formerly occupied by V. M. C. A. Opening Room. [Jan. 9 '78.

I. McPHERSON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Draft from Bank C. [feb 1 '75.

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,
NORTH SIDE OF WALL HOUSE,
Dec 1 1875. TOWANDA, PA.

J. ANDREW WILT,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Office over Tim. A. Coolbaugh'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 building.

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

WM. MAXWELL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Office over Dr. Pratt's Store.
April 12, 1876.

E. F. GOFF,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Pine street, one door west of Davies & Carnochan's. Agency for the sale and purchase of all kind of Security Bond for making bonds in Real Estate Attorney will be carefully and promptly attended. [June 1, 1876.

MADILL & CALIFF,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Office in Wood's Block, third door south of the First National bank, upstairs.
R. J. MADILL. J. N. CALIFF.

DR. S. M. WOODBURN, Physician and Surgeon. Office over O. A. Black's Clothing store.
Towanda, May 1, 1879*.

W. B. KELLY, DENTIST.—Office over M. J. Rosenfield's, Towanda, Pa. Teeth inserted on Gold, Silver, Rubber and Aluminum plates. Teeth extracted without pain. [Jan 1, 1872.

E. P. PAYNE, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office over Mercur's Store. Office hours from 10 to 12, A. M., and from 1 to 4, P. M. Special attention given to diseases of the Eye and Ear.—Oct. 19, '76-tf.

G. W. RYAN,
COUNTY SUPERINTENDENT.
Will be at his office on Saturday of each month, over Turner & Co.'s Drug Store, Towanda, Pa.
Towanda, June 2, 1875.

MRS. H. PEET,
TEACHER OF PIANO MUSIC,
TERMS—Reasonable.
(Residence Third street, 1st ward.)
Towanda, Jan. 1, 1879.

C. S. RUSSELL'S
GENERAL
INSURANCE AGENCY
May 25-'76-y. 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
JOS. POWELL, President. April 1, 1875

SEELEY'S OYSTER BAY AND EUROPEAN HOUSE.—A few doors southof the Means House. Board by the day or week on reasonable terms. Warm meals served at all hours. Oysters at wholesale and retail. feb 1'77.

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 7, 1879.

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 no 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 stock attached.
W. M. HENRY, PROPRIETOR.
Towanda, June 7, 1877.

Poetry.

A MORNING DREAM.

I, far removed from meadows green,
From tranquil shade or woodland lane,
Lie in my attic, all alone,
And dream the while the morning dawns.
About my brain there flit, like birds,
Thoughts of a past surpassing fair;
I hear old, unforgotten words,
Remembered footsteps on the stair.

Old odors, o'den so gay, perhaps—
Sleep seems to melt them into one—
Come back, and all the long elapse
Of time rolls back to days long gone.
I know I'm dreaming; if I wake
I shall descend to narrow days
And petty cares, which grudge and take
The time I'd spent in other ways.

My daily labor, hard and stern,
Gives me so little, takes so much;
Gives me such wages as I earn,
But chills my life with icy touch.
There's nothing left. Vainly I think
In duty done to find content;
Each dawning day wakes me to shrink
From life, from which the soul seems rent.

This is my happiest hour, this time,
Brief moment of my morning dream,
Before I hear the unwelcome chime,
Sounding far more in rain than gleam.
'Tis then I smell the lilies white
Whose tall stalks swayed in that still place,
Half garden, half a desert bright,
Where last I saw you face to face.

I see you as you stood, I hear
Your voice that rob'd with the birds',
And all the sounds far off and near,
Making a prelude to your words.
I look beyond, across the world,
To where the windmill stood and hurl'd
Its giant arms, that turned and rolled
In dizzy motion, quickly whirled.

I see the pigeons wheeling high
Above our heads; the golden bees,
Treasured with honey-laden thigh,
Like strong-d insect argosies.
I see it all; it fades and dies
Into the gray of waking hours,
As rainbows fade in summer skies,
While so brilliant color mocked the flowers.

Oh, weary light! that comes to glad
A hun'red hearts; no smile you bring
To me, whose heart, though now so sad,
Was once as light as swallow's wing.
Oh, fields! where next more my feet
Will tread, as in the long ago,
In dreams I smell your fragrance sweet,
And see the corn flowers sway and blow.

—*William Geoghegan in Celtic Monthly.*

Selected Tale.

The Right Man After All.

Viola has found a lover; or, at least, John Ellsworth aspired to that distinction. He had known Viola since she was a little girl at school, and was now trying to win the first place in the young woman's affections.

Two years ago, the paternal Ellsworth had given John on his twenty-third birthday a deed of a small, good farm near his own.

John set about making a home for himself, with one of his half-dozen sisters to manage it, and went at his farming in earnest. And all the gossips of the neighborhood went about with chins elevated and noses wrinkled when he was mentioned. And the younger female portion thought him rather a desirable object to manœuvre for.

Perhaps that was one reason why Viola had been so gracious to him. It was something to secure, without an effort, attentions that all the other girls schemed for. But John Ellsworth did not realize her ideal. Under her calm exterior, she dreamed romances of the most vivid rose-pink. She had heard hints and echoes of a world that lay outside her own sphere—a world of lights and music, and gay dressing; a holiday life, with opera and theatre-going nights in it, and days full of unlimited pleasure-seeking.

One June night, driving over to see his lady, John found her with an unusual flush on her fair, young face.

She rode with him—accepting his invitation in a matter-of-course way that was dreadfully discouraging.

It came out, after a little, Mrs. Mornington—a great aunt—had sent for her photograph a month ago, not having seen her since she was a little child. Two days ago had come an invitation for Viola to spend a couple of months with her—the great aunt—in New York, and she was going to-morrow.

"It's no use denying," the young fellow said, his voice growing husky, "that I'm sorry for this. You are not contented here—you never will be till you have had an experience beyond it—perhaps not then. I am not wise to tell you now, I suppose, but I love you, Viola. Mind, I do not ask you now for any return. I shall wait for what the future shall put into your heart to say."

It was a long speech, certainly, for a proposal, but Viola listened very attentively to her first proposal, and her blue eyes softened.

"Indeed, I do care for you, John, and you can't blame me for wanting to go. Aunt needs me, you see, and no one does here, particularly. And I've never seen anything of society."

"I know, dear——"

"And, I shall not forget you," interrupting him. "I shall always think of you," giving him her hand.

"For two whole months," a little sadly. "Good-bye, then," kissing the hand he held. And then Viola found herself alone, and then went to finish her packing.

Viola's next two months were delightful. She was always prettily dressed, and Frank Thorpe passed his valuable time beside her.

Mrs. Mornington watched the girl narrowly, and when Viola came home the second of September, it was with an invitation to stay through the winter.

John Ellsworth called on her the night after her return.

"You look well and happy," he said, scanning her face.

"I am," she said; and she told him all about her delightful visit.

"And are you going to settle down with us now?"

"Oh, no! I shall stay here only a few days. Aunt is coming for me as she returns from a visit she is paying."

John Ellsworth went away early in the evening, having said no word of what had been in his heart all these weeks.

"Poor fellow!" Viola said, as he went down the moonlight road. And then Frank Thorpe's dreamily sad gray eyes came up before her; and she forgot John Ellsworth's shady brown ones.

Mrs. Mornington came and took the young lady away, and Frank Thorpe was once again hanging about her—a most desirable matrimonial prize.

The Christmas holidays came and went. Frank Thorpe lounged in on Christmas day, and was paler and more listless than ever.

"Frank Thorpe, you are utterly stupid! What is the matter?" asked Mrs. Mornington.

"A general giving way of the system, I should say."

"Nonsense! General laziness. In my day——"

"Oh, my dear madam!" starting up, alarmed. "Indeed, I'll reform. I think I'm better already. Miss Viola, I'm intensely interested in the subject occupying your thoughts at present, if you'll tell me what it is," anxiously.

"I was wondering if you were ever in love, and how she treated you," laughed Viola.

Over Thorpe's face rushed a flood of scarlet. He glanced up, caught Mrs. Mornington's sharp eyes on him, and flushed again.

Mrs. Mornington gave her first bit of advice to her young charge that night.

"Frank Thorpe is not a man to trifle with, my dear. I think he is in love with you. You could hardly do better."

"Do better!" raising her broad lids for a full, steady look. "I hadn't thought there was to be any calculation. No, Frank doesn't care for me, aunt."

"If he is in love with you, so much the better. But come; Mrs. Grove's Christmas ball must be attended."

And Viola went to that ball, and froze Frank Thorpe, who, unconscious of offense, languidly assumed his usual station near her. There was something glacial and tremendous in her general style that provoked and amused Mrs. Mornington. But she was beautiful, too—more beautiful than ever—and so her aunt forgave her.

Among Mrs. Grove's guests that night was a rather grand-looking man, who certainly was no longer young. Having lost one wife, he was now looking for another. When he was presented to Viola, she was barely civil. Mr. Nicholson seemed to like it.

Frank Thorpe had ceased being frozen. To tell the truth, Viola made the advances. There was a shade more of languor in his manner, and his said, gray eyes had an added shadow; but he sought no explanation.

Restored to sunshine, he accepted that, too, with no particular demonstration, but he seemed to enjoy it. To outside lookers-on the matter seemed to lie between him and Mr Nicholson, whose attentions were perfectly straightforward and business-like.

One frosty, sparkling morning, Viola had been out for a walk. On the way she had met Frank Thorpe, as she was very apt to do.

He accompanied her home and entered the house with her. There Viola, feeling unusually bright herself, began lecturing him on his purposeless life.

"If I were a man——" emphatically.

"Thank heaven you are not! However, go on."

"You put me out. Mr. Thorpe, why don't you do something?"

"Do something? Don't I? I am your devoted attendant three-fourths of my waking life."

"Yes, and get yourself and me talked about by everybody. Not that I care, certainly," hurriedly, to cover her blunder. "I shall choose my friends where I please!" making matters worse, of course.

He sat up with sudden energy.

"Miss Viola, if I were a woman——"

"Thank heaven, you are not."

"Exactly. However, if I were, I certainly would not flirt with that antediluvian relic, Mr. Nicholson."

"Mr. Thorpe, I don't."

"Miss Viola, I beg pardon, you certainly do."

She looked at him with an astonished red in her cheeks and light in her eyes. Then she laughed frankly and good-naturedly.

"You see," leaning forward and laying his hand confidentially on her arm, "I can't bear to see a clear-hearted, honest girl, lowering herself to the ways of these artificial, brainless girls, who have been bred up all their lives to the business of catching a husband. You don't need any paltry ambition. Wait till you find a man worth falling in love with, and then marry him. Wait forever, if you don't find him!"

Viola sat motionless with astonishment. If any dumb thing had found voice, she would not have been more amazed. And she had felt so fully called to administer advice.

While she sat, his hand still on her arm, and his eyes still on her face, the door opened and John Ellsworth was ushered in.

"Why, John! Why, John!" was all she could say.

And Frank Thorpe, being disturbed by this newcomer, who was called John and received with such an outburst of enthusiasm, gathered himself up and lounged away.

John Ellsworth was in town for a fortnight. Mrs. Mornington treated him with great politeness, and was always in the way in the most natural manner in the world, when he came. Viola always accepted his invitations, and when the time came for the fulfilment, there was some unavoidable obstacle in the way. Meantime, Mr. Nicholson's attentions grew more attentive, and Frank Thorpe kept out of the way.

Then Lent came, and there was a sudden cessation of gayety. John was called away by his father's illness, and Viola felt the inevitable reaction. And she did not know that she would live through it, and be ready and eager for another season when the time came.

It was alike everywhere. In the narrow circle out of which she had come there were jealousies and heartburnings, and petty scheming—no better and no worse than she had come to know in the past weeks, tho' possibly less disguised by smooth, conventional polish of manner. Wait till she met a man she loved! She might wait until she was gray and blind. There had never appeared one to whom she would give a second thought, unless it were—well, perhaps John Ellsworth, if the life that would follow him were not too narrow to breathe in; or Frank Thorpe, if he were not too lazy to speak. And then, by contrast, there came a vision of Mr. Nicholson and all his wealth.

If she had shown the first symptoms of her moods to Mr. Nicholson he would have desisted from his attentions at once. Here was youth and beauty in a statuesque state of perfection. That was what he wanted—the statuesqueness; and everybody considered it a settled affair.

I think Viola began to consider it herself. She had just one letter from John Ellsworth after his return, and he had said: "I love you, Viola, and am waiting for you."

She did not answer the letter. But she was cross even with Mrs. Mornington for two days after it.

Then she was seized with a fit of homesickness, and but that her friend was taken suddenly and really ill, nothing would have kept her there. Mr. Nicholson came more frequently than ever; in his way, very kind and considerate. Frank Thorpe was in and out, not so frequently as before that morning when John Ellsworth had come, but often enough to keep himself in her thoughts.

One night in early spring, Frank Thorpe came and took Viola out for a drive.

"You are looking tired. We may not have another such night in a month," Frank said.

In the half hour they did not speak half a dozen sentences, and yet when he sat her down at her own door, and held her hand for a minute, as he said, "Farewell!" Viola felt that they were nearer each other than ever before.

Viola was one morning summoned in the drawing-room to meet Mr. Nicholson. In the occupation of the past weeks she had had very little opportunity to think about him or his purposes. No girl ever went to meet the final question with less determination as to her answer. She knew his errand the moment she entered the room. Not that he was confused or hesitating, or in any way disconcerted.

"My dear young lady," he said, deferentially, "I want your permission to ask you a personal question?"

"You have it, sir," she said.

And then, in a speech which was more like a set oration than anything else Viola had ever heard, he offered her his hand and fortune.

The thought of saying no to such a stately piece of oratory as that frightened and flattered her. But she did say it, very sweetly and gracefully, but also very decidedly, and Mr. Nicholson went away very red in the face and a good deal crestfallen.

She went up stairs to Mrs. Mornington.

"Aunt, I've done it! And I'm so surprised!"

"At what!"

"I refused Mr. Nicholson!"

"My dear, I always thought you would."

"Did you? You astute woman! And I always fancied that if he asked me to be Mrs. Nicholson, I should say yes."

"Perhaps you will be sorry by and by that you have said no."

"Perhaps I shall never be surprised at anything again!"

"From a worldly point of view, you have made a mistake, my dear."

"Don't rack my feelings. They are sufficiently lacerated already."

A servant announced Mr. Frank Thorpe.

"Aunt, shall I——" and paused. Even in her reckless, over-excited mood, she could not complete the sentence.

"Shall you be kinder to him than you have been to Mr. Nicholson?"

"Don't ask me."

So Viola went down to see her visitor, who was at the full tide of his languid, tired indifference.

"How very entertaining you are to-day! Your conversational powers are something to be wondered at," Viola said at last, impatiently.

"Entertaining?" opening his eyes with mild wonder. "I suppose that was your share of the interview. However, if you like, I'll begin. You are not looking so well as usual this morning?"

"Thank you. What a very promising beginning!"

"But you have infinitely the advantage of Mr. Nicholson, whom I met just now. He seemed laboring under the impression that there had been an earthquake."

Viola laughed, and ended with a half sob.

"And so there has been. There, talk about something else. You needn't be entertaining any more."

"I wonder," leaning toward her, a slow fire gathering in his dreamy eyes, "if I should find an earthquake waiting for me if I followed Mr. Nicholson's lead?"

"Miss Rawdon," the servant announced, and that put an end to it all.

Viola reasoned herself into a conviction that she was in love with Frank Thorpe, or if not actually in that condition, that she might easily find herself there. And because passive patience was not possible just then, she gathered up all John Ellsworth's gifts and letters, and put them out of her sight, as if he had anything to do with it.

The crisis was not far off. Coming in from an errand that night, she found all the dimly-lighted house empty, and went on from room to room till in the library she opened the door on Frank Thorpe.

"Since you were not at home, I came to find for myself a volume Mrs. Mornington had promised me," he exclaimed. But he closed the door as he gave her a chair, as if the tete-a-tete were a part of his plan.

She looked up at his pale face and shining eyes, and felt her heart sink. And yet this was the conclusion to which she had reasoned herself a few hours ago.

And then five minutes of talk, in which her part was monosyllabic, and Frank Thorpe had proposed and been accepted, and she was crying quietly, with her head on the library table, and he was walking the room in an agitato movement.

"We might as well begin with a clean record," he said, with a great deal of hard earnestness in his voice. "You are not my first love, Viola. Not quite two years ago she jilted me. I was in an awfully spoony condition—there's no denying it, and for a few weeks thought it would be the death of me. One morning my letters and trinkets came back to me. There was not a word of explanation, and I did not choose to ask any. When I had tired myself out, and was in a condition to lie down in the dust at her feet, the house was shut up and the family abroad. That's the whole of it."

"And the young lady's name?"

"Emily Prescott."

"Emily Prescott? Why, that is the young lady I met this afternoon. Just home from abroad—in Paris mourning. Her father and mother both died somewhere in France, in the spring, and she came home with the Mertons."

"Viola," staring at her with eager eyes, "I can't believe it," dropping into a chair. "My poor darling——"

A flash of color shot up into Viola's face. She went and stood by him with her hand on his shoulder.

"It seems to me, Frank," in her most commonplace, practical voice, "that the little arrangement we entered into ten minutes ago might as well be quietly annulled. Your 'poor darling' is at present with the Mertons. Hadn't you better go up there at once, and rearrange your programme?"

"I don't know. Viola, you will think me a scoundrel, but I believe I love her yet."

"Of course you do. Who doubts it? There, don't say a woman can't be generous. Think of my agony in releasing you, and go as soon as possible."

"You are generous, dear."

"That depends upon the relative estimate of the sacrifice. Good night."

After that, nothing could keep her in New York, and three days after reaching home, driving her old-fashioned pony-chaise through the green country road, she came upon John Ellsworth walking, and he accepted her invitation to ride.

"It is good to be here again. I was thoroughly homesick."

"When are you to be married?"

"Never!" with a burst of vehemence; "unless you—O John!" with a hysterical sob.

At home a telegram awaited her; Mrs. Mornington was dead.

Mrs. Mornington died poor. She had spent all her money. So Viola was not an heiress, after all.

And the neighbors said, "After she found she could not get either of those city fellows, and that old lady disappointed her about her money, she came back here and took John Ellsworth. And he put up with it; but then, there's no fool like a man when he's in love with a girl like that."

A HARD TEST.

Detroit Free Press.

Ten or a dozen men were enjoying the hot weather which baked the shingles on a ferry dock saloon yesterday, when a stranger stalked in and enquired of the bartender:

"Have you any mint?"

"Yes sir," was the reply.

"And you have sugar, lemons, gin, brandy, and so forth?"

"I have."

The stranger turned around to the crowd, noted the sudden increase of interest in each face and kindly said:

"Gentlemen I'm going to treat every liar in this room. Let the liars—the monstrous big liars—come forward."

Not a foot moved.

"Gentlemen," continued the stranger in a plaintive tone, "don't be backward. Juleps wait for all. Every one of you who is known as a liar will please stand up."

Not a man stood. The strangers face betrayed keen disappointment, as he ordered a rousing big "mint" for himself and not a word was spoken in the place while he slowly sipped the cooling liquid through a straw. When he had finished he wiped off his mouth and said:

"Well, every truth-teller in the crowd will now stand up."

Each man rose up with the promptness of a soldier.

"And sit down again," softly said the man as he made for the door.

They would have sat down on him, but great truth-tellers are poor runners.

THE QUEEN OF ALL.

Honor the dear old mother. Time has scattered the snowy flakes on her brow, plowed deep furrows on her cheek, but is she not sweet and beautiful now? The lips are thin and shrunken, but those are the lips which have kissed many a hot tear from the childish cheeks, and they are the sweetest lips in all the world. The eye is dim, yet it glows with the soft radiance of holy love which can never fade. Ah, yet, she is a dear old mother. The sands of life are nearly run out, but feeble as she is, she will go further and reach down lower for you than any other upon earth. You can not walk into a midnight where she can not see you; you cannot enter a prison whose bars will keep her out; you can never mount a scaffold too high for her to reach that she may kiss and bless you in evidence of her deathless love. When the world shall despise and forsake you, when it leaves you by the wayside to die unnoticed, the dear old mother will gather you in her feeble arms and carry you home and tell you of all your virtues until you almost forget that your soul is disfigured by vices. Love her tenderly and cheer her declining years with holy devotion.

THE *Norristown Herald* says that Pennsylvania has a show called "The World," and the Toledo *Commercial* suggests that "The World" is but a fleeting show, and all who attend will find themselves to vain delusion given.

GOOD TEMPLARS' CONVENTION.

Report of the 12th Annual Session of the Northern District Convention held at North Rome, the 27th and 28th of May, 1879, with C. E. White, P. W. C. T., in the chair.

The Secretary reported credentials from thirteen lodges.

M. E. Elliott, M. Rockfeller, and O. J. Chubbuck were appointed a Committee on Resolutions.

Adjourned to meet at ½ o'clock P. M.

Afternoon session called to order by C. E. White.

The Committee on Resolutions reported as follows:

Resolved, That we urge all friends of Temperance to carefully examine the proposed temperance *law* adopted at the State Temperance Convention held at Harrisburg, and give it their hearty support and aid in securing its enactment.

Resolved, That we continue to fight the battles of temperance as in the past, openly and persistently outside the Lodge room as well as inside, upon the principle of prohibition and total abstinence for all men.

Resolved, That he who works for the salvation of others works most truly for himself, and we urge upon the members of the order the necessity of individual action in our great work, to talk, pray, work, and vote, and God will give us the victory.

Resolved, That in the opinion of this convention, the members should lay aside party ties and vote only for temperance men to fill public positions, believing this the only way to make our cause effectual, and that we appoint a committee of three to wait on the different nominees of the different parties and report such as are pledged to temperance.

Resolved, That a committee be appointed at this Convention to take necessary steps in order to secure a prohibitory *law* for Bradford County.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year, viz: W. C. T., O. J. Chubbuck; W. V. T., Cora Smith; Secretary, E. E. Chubbuck; Treasurer, J. M. Piatt; Marshal, M. E. Elliott.

Adjourned to meet at the Church at 8 o'clock P. M.

The programme for the evening exercises were as follows, viz; Speech by J. Warner; Declamation E. M. Miller, entitled, "Early Rising;" Speech by B. S. Dartt; Recitation by Miss Carrie Gleason; Speech by Rev. William Keatley; Declamation by D. L. Elliott, entitled "Two Roads;" Speech by James Elliott, of North Towanda; Song by Hartley Taylor, entitled a "Bachelor's Lament;" also, a speech by H. Yontz, and singing by the choir.

Adjourned to meet Wednesday, at 9 o'clock A. M.

MORNING SESSION.

Called to order by P. G. C. T., B. S. Dartt, and the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That we as a convention tender our thanks to the people of North Rome for their hospitality and kindness in providing for the members of this convention, and also to the Trustees of the Union Church for opening the same for our use on Tuesday evening.

Mount Pisgah was fixed as the place of holding the next meeting.

Remarks under good of Order by Brothers James Elliott, B. S. Dartt, —— Larcum, C. E. White, and A. Jillson.

Adjourned to meet at Mount Pisgah the 26th and 27th of August, 1879.

E. E. CHUBBUCK,
District Secretary.

HORRIBLE.

BURNING A MAN ALIVE.

The following is translated from a Syrian journal: A Druze farmer in Bashan borrowed 600 piastres ($24) of a retainer of Sheikh Shibbly. At the end of the year he was unable to pay. The creditor said, "Give me your daughter for the debt and I will pay you her dowry, deducting the amount of the debt." The farmer consented and demanded $120 as her dowry. The creditor was angry, and day after day insulted the farmer, entering the house and even insulting the harem; this so incensed the farmer that he shot the creditor. The Sheikhs then assembled and condemned the farmer to death. "By what death?" asked the Sheikh. They all cried "Burn him, burn him." "Let him be burned, then," said the Sheikh. They began to gather wood, when one said: "Why gather wood? Let us use the American oil." They then clothed him with a sheepskin coat, with the wool outside, and poured kerosiene oil upon him and set it on fire. He leaped and screamed, and begged for mercy, crying: "Woe is me! Do you not fear God?" When he drew near death the Sheikh said: "Stone him with stones." They then stoned him with stones until a great pile of stones was heaped over him. This was done in the presence of the whole multitude of the people

TWO THEOLOGICAL STORIES.—Here are two matters of a theological nature—one from Texas, the other from Ireland—which illustrate phases of belief as to the ultimate destination of the parties to the dialogues. The first is of two old Texan rangers who had just helped to bury a neighbor, and were talking about religion, and one asked the other how pious he thought it was possible for a man to get in this world, if he was in real earnest.

"Wa'al," said the other, reflectively, "I think of a man gets so't he can swop steers or trade horses without lyin', 'at he'd better pull out for the better land afore he has a relapse."

The next is of an Irish laborer, who was lying in the ditch, very much the worse for liquor. He was encountered by the priest of his parish. Very much shocked, his reverence turned the drunkard over, who muttered: "Where am I?"

"On the road to hell," replied the priest, sternly.

"I thought so," said Pat, "when I heard Father Murtagh's voice on the road, too."

A VISION.

It came at night.
This vision of light,
It filled all space,
With its spirit grace,
By its beauty bright,
And in letters of gold,
This story told.

I was once a mortal, like you my child,
But now I dwell with the undefiled;
Be strong to meet what God shall send,
Remembering "all things have an end."

Know this my child, that God is just,
And in His wisdom, put your trust,
Do not repine, but try to bear,
The heavy burden of earthly care.

Crosses are *sent to try our strength,*
And though life seems a weary length,
The end comes soon, and you will see,
That things were rendered best for thee.

Remember always, God is near,
And try to live without one fear,
Trust Him my child to guide you right,
And yield your weakness to His might.

And then it fled this vision bright,
And I was left alone with night;
But to my soul a peace it brought,
And to my life a lesson taught.

California, March 1, 1879. M. T. B.

WHISKY BILL.

UNDRESSING LITTLE NED.

Detroit Free Press.

"Where is 'Whisky Bill' who used to drive that old white horse in front of a twenty-five cent express wagon?" repeated the man in tones of surprise.

"Yes."

"Well, now, it's a curious case," he slowly continued. "We all thought he'd gone to the dogs, for sure, for he was drinking a pint of whisky a day, but a few months ago he braced right up, stopped drinking, and now I hear he's in a good business and is saving money. It beats all, for the last time I saw him he seemed half underground."

When you go home at night and find that all is well with your own flesh and blood, do you go to sleep reasoning that the rest of the world must care for itself? Do you ever shut your eyes and call up the hundreds of faces you have met during the day, and wonder if the paleness of death will cover any of them before the morrow? When you have once been attracted to a face, even if it be a stranger's, do you let it drop from memory with your dreams, or do you call it up again and again as night comes down and hope it may lose none of its brightness in the whirling mists of time?

So "Whisky Bill" was hunted down. An inquiry here and there finally traced him to a little brown cottage on a by-street. He sat on the step in the twilight, a burly, broad-shouldered man of fifty, and in the house three or four children gathered around the lamp to look over a picture book.

"Yes, they used to call me 'Whisky Bill,' down town," he replied, as he moved a long and made room, "but it is weeks since I heard the name. No wonder they think me dead, for I've not set eyes on the old crowd for months, and I don't want to for months to come."

"They tell me you have quit drinking. One could see that by your face."

"I hope so; I haven't touched a drop since February. Before that I was half-drunk day in and day out, and more of a brute than a man. I don't mind saying that my wife's death set me to thinking, but I didn't stop my liquor. God forgive me, but I was drunk when she died; half-drunk at the grave, and I meant to go on a regular spree that night. I was low down, sir; but I was no better than a brute those days."

"And so you left your motherless children at home and went out and got drunk?"

"No, I said I meant to, but I didn't. The poor things were crying all day, and after coming home from the burial I thought to get 'em tucked away in bed before I went out. Drunk or sober, I never struck one of 'em a blow, and they never ran from me when I staggered home. There's four of 'em in there, and the youngest isn't four years yet. I got the older ones in all right, and then came little Ned. He had cried himself to sleep; and he called for mother as soon as I woke him. Until that night I never had that boy on my knees, to say nothing of putting him to bed, and you can guess these big fingers made slow work with the hooks and buttons. Every minute he kept saying mother didn't do that way, and mother done this way, and the big children were hiding their heads under the quilts to drown their sobs. When I had his clothes off and his night-gown on I was ashamed and put down, and when the oldest saw tears in my eyes and jumped out of bed to put her arms around my neck, I dropped the name of 'Whisky Bill' right then and forever."

"And little Ned?"

"Mebbe I'd have weakened but for him, replied the man as he wiped his eyes. "After I got the child's night-gown on, what did he do but kneel right down beside me and wait for me to say the Lord's Prayer to him. Why, sir, you might have knocked me down with a feather! There I was mother and father to him, and I couldn't say four words of that prayer to save my life! He waited and waited and waited for me to begin, as his mother always had, and the big children were waiting, and when I took him in my arms and kissed him, I called heaven to witness that my life should change from that hour. And so it did, sir, and I've been trying hard to lead a sober, honest life, God helping me, no one shall call me 'Whisky Bill' again.

The four children, little Ned in his nightgown, came out for a good-night kiss, and the boy cuddled in his father's arms for a moment and said:

"Good night, pa—good night, everybody in the world—good night, ma, up in heaven—and don't put out the light till we get to sleep."

A SYRACUSE grocer found an egg in a lot just received from the country, with a landscape photographed on the shell; but he doesn't know where the scene was laid.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

"LEND me your gold watch; here is my silver one." "What do you want to do with it?" "I am going to have my photograph taken, and it would humiliate me to give away my picture with nothing but a silver watch on."

A STRIKING INCIDENT.

In Mr. Lincoln's official life is related by Judge Bromwell, of Denver, who visited the White House in March, 1865. Mr. Seward and several other gentleman were also present, and the President gradually came to talk on decisions of life and death. All other matters submitted to him, he declared were nothing in comparison to these, and he added: "I reckon there never was a man raised in the country on a farm, where they are always butchering cattle and hogs and think nothing of it, that ever grew up with such an aversion to bloodshed as I have; and yet I've had more questions of life and death to settle in four years than all the men who ever sat in this chair put together. But I've managed to get along and do my duty, as I believe, and still save most of them; and there's no man knows the distress of my mind. But there have been some of them I couldn't save—there are some cases where the law must be executed. There was that man ——, who was sentenced for piracy and slave trading on the high seas. That was a case where there must be an example, and you don't know how many followed and pressed to get him pardoned, or his sentence commuted; but there was no use of talking. It had to be done; I couldn't help him; and there was that ——, who was caught spying and recruiting within Pope's lines in Missouri. That was another case. They besieged me day and night, and I couldn't give away. We had come to a point where something must be done that would put a stop to such work. And then there was this case of Beal, on the lakes. That was a case where there must be an example. They tried me every way. They wouldn't give up; but I had to stand firm on that, and I even had to turn away his poor sister when she came and begged for his life and let him be executed, and he was executed, and I can't get the distress out of my mind yet." As the kindly man uttered these words the tears ran down his cheeks, and the eyes of the men surrounding him moistened in sympathy. There was a profound silence in which they rose to depart. Three weeks after the President was killed.

MEERSCHAUM.

Of those who indulge in the delights of a meerschaum pipe, few, perhaps, know what meerschaum is, or where it comes from. The word "meerschaum" literally translated, means "sea foam," and the substance which this word represents received its name from its resemblance to the froth of the sea. Meerschaum is a mineral substance which, in chemical parlance, is called a hydrous silicate of magnesia; that is to say, a mixture consisting of magnesia, silicon and water. This mineral is found in Moravia, in Spain and in Asia Minor. The best comes from the latter country, from the mines near Eskishehr, on the Parsack river. These mines, it may be remarked, are worked chiefly by Armenian Christians, and have a world-wide reputation in commerce. Large quantities of this Asian meerschaum are yearly imported into Europe, to be manufactured into pipes. The pipe manufacture is principally carried on in the city of Vienna, in Austria, and in Ruhla, in the Duchy of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. So vast is the quantity of pipes manufactured at these places that their commercial value may safely be estimated at $2,000,000 a year. Large quantities of them, however, are carved from artificial, and not genuine material. The artificial material is composed of the waste from the carvings of the genuine article, to which linseed oil and alum are added. These ingredients are boiled together, and when the mixture has acquired the proper consistency and cohesiveness, it is cast into molds and carefully dried. The blocks thus formed are then carved into pipes, just as the pure meerschaum pipes are carved. The demand for meerschaum pipes is so great, and the manufacture from artificial material so profitable, that scarcely half the number now offered for sale are made from genuine meerschaum.

THE GOVERNOR AND THE LUNATIC.—Governor Irwin, of California, inspected the Naps Asylum a few days ago. While passing through one of the wards he was introduced by the superintendent as "Governor Irwin." One of the patients, a fat old lady, at once took him by the arm with the salutation: "How are you,