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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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. BECK.

RODNEY A. MERCUR,

ATTORNEY AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.,

Solicitor of Patents. Particular attention paid to business in the Orphans Court and to the settlement of estates.

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 H. Streeter, Esq., Towanda, Pa., when an appointment can be made.

HENRY STREETER,

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

JAMES WOOD,

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

H. L. TOWNER, M. D.,

HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

☞ Residence and Office just North of Dr. Corbin's, on Main Street, Athens, Pa. jun26-6m.

E. L. HILLIS,

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

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

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

OPERATIVE AND MECHANICAL DENTIST.

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

ELSBREE & SON,

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

O. D. KINNEY,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

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

I. McPHERSON,

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

JOHN W. MIX,

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

DAVIES & CARNOCHAN,

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

J. ANDREW WILT,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

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

W. J. YOUNG,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.

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

WILLIAMS & ANGLE,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

OFFICE.—Formerly occupied by Wm. Watkins, Esq.

H. N. WILLIAMS. (oct. 17, '77) E. J. ANGLE.

WM. MAXWELL,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
TOWANDA, PA.

Office over Dayton's Store.
April 12, 1876.

E. F. GOFF,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Poplar street, (one door west of Davies & Carnochan. Agency for the sale and purchase of all kinds of Securities and for making loans on Real Estate. All business will receive careful and prompt attention. [June 4, 1879.

MADILL & CALIFF,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.

Office in Wood's Block, first door south of the First National bank, up-stairs.

H. J. MADILL. [jan8-731y] J. N. CALIFF.

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

WM. S. VINCENT,

GENERAL
INSURANCE AGENT,
July 21, 1879. TOWANDA, PA.

W. B. KELLY, DENTIST.—Office over M. E. Rosenfield's, Towanda, Pa. Teeth inserted on Gold, Silver, Rubber, and Aluminum base. Teeth extracted without pain.
Oct. 31-72.

E. D. PAYNE, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Office over Montanyes' Store. Office hours from 10 to 12 A. M., and from 2 to 4 P. M.

Special attention given to

DISEASES OF THE EYE and DISEASES OF THE EAR

G. W. RYAN,

COUNTY SUPERINTENDENT.

Office day last Saturday of each month, over Turner & Gordon's Drug Store, Towanda, Pa.

Towanda, June 20, 1878.

MRS. H. PEET,

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

C. S. RUSSELL'S

GENERAL
INSURANCE AGENCY
May25-70tf. 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.
Aril 1, 1879

SEELEY'S OYSTER BAY AND EUROPEAN HOUSE.—A few doors south of the Means House. Board by the day or week on reasonable terms. Warm meals served at all hours Oysters at wholesale and retail. feb1'77.

EAGLE HOTEL,

(SOUTH SIDE PUBLIC SQUARE.)

This well-known house has been thoroughly renovated and repaired throughout, and the proprietor is now prepared to offer first-class accommodations to the public, on the most reasonable terms.

E. A. JENNINGS.
Towanda, Pa., May 2, 1878.

THE CENTRAL HOTEL,

ULSTER, PA.

The undersigned having taken possession of the above hotel, respectfully solicits the patronage of his old friends and the public generally.

aug16-tf. M. A. FORREST.

The Bradford Reporter.

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

VOLUME XL. TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 25, 1879. NUMBER 17

Poetry.

EVERY YEAR.

The spring has less of brightness
Every year;
And the snow a ghastlier whiteness
Every year;
Nor do summer flowers quicken,
Nor autumn fruitage thicken,
As they once did, for we sicken
Every year.

It is growing darker, colder,
Every year;
As the heart and soul grow older
Every year;
I care not now for dancing,
Or for eyes with passion glancing—
Love is less and less entrancing
Every year.

Of the loves and sorrows blended
Every year;
Of the charms of friendship ended
Every year;
Of the ties that still might bind me,
Until Time to Death resigned me,
My infirmities remind me
Every year.

Ah! how sad to look before us
Every year;
While the cloud grows darker o'er us
Every year;
When we see the blossoms faded,
That to bloom we might have aided,
And immortal garlands braided
Every year.

To the past go more dead faces
Every year,
As the loved leave vacant places
Every year;
Everywhere the sad eyes meet us,
In the evening's dusk they greet us,
And to come to them entreat us
Every year.

"You are growing old," they tell us,
"Every year;
"You are more alone," they tell us,
"Every year;
"You can win no new affection,
"You have only recollection,
"Deeper sorrow and dejection,
"Every year."

Yes! the shores of life are shifting
Every year,
And we are seaward drifting
Every year;
Old places, changing, fret us,
The living more forget us,
There are fewer to regret us
Every year.

But the truer life draws nigher
Every year.
And its morning-star climbs higher
Every year.
Earth's hold on us grows slighter,
And the heavy burden lighter,
And the Dawn Immortal brighter,
Every year.
—*Albert Pike.*

Selected Tale.

LEFT BEHIND.

"Get in, gentlemen and ladies! get in! get in!"

The conductor's hoarse shout was followed by a general rush and a pell-mell scramble all along the lines; first, second, third class were filled in the twinkling of an eye, the doors shut and locked with a bang, and the train, prancing and curveting among walls and buildings, picked its way in and out, holding breath preparatory to settling into its long, steady swing over miles of open country.

Inside there were preparations going on, too; a munching of sandwiches, a changing of stiff hats and bonnets, a tucking up of rugs and shawls, indicated that the passengers generally were making themselves comfortable for the night. But in the first-class compartment, No. 31, nothing of this sort was taking place. On the rack above were two traveling-bags, two packets of wraps, while on the cushion below was only one very quiet and bewildered-looking young damsel. This was the situation in a nutshell: the damsel's traveling companion had been left behind.

It was an excessively stupid proceeding on his part, certainly; but if there was one thing harder than another for Jack Davenant to resist, it was a crowd. So when, at this station just past, he saw a very tempting crowd indeed pressing and gesticulating under the lamps on the other side of the line, it seemed to him that the few minutes' halt could not be better employed than in investigating it. This was easily enough done, but, like the Avernian descent, *revocare gradum* was quite another thing. By a dexterous flank movement his beloved crowd got him into its very midmost, where he was struggling when the door of his carriage closed with that sudden bang aforesaid, and while his sister was anxiously watching for him from the opposite window.

Miss Florence Davenant sat still and reviewed the situation. Here was she, a girl of eighteen, utterly unused to travel alone, embarked on a night journey among strangers, in a strange land, whose uncouth speech—as it still seemed to her—was equally difficult to her ear and tongue. If, as she believed, the train went straight through to Berlin, she had only to sit quiet and go with it—that was the least of all her troubles; but what to do then?—where to go? She did not know to which hotel John had meant to go; did not think he knew himself; and how were they to find each other when the next train brought him?—for that the next train *would* bring him all right she had not doubted, after the first natural anxiety, remembering that the crowd had seemed rather curious than threatening, and that nobody had shown any excitement about it. No, the only question was, what should she do?—what *could* she do?

"Ten minutes' stop!" The door was flung open, and the words thrown in by a flying conductor, already out of sight down the line, and Miss Florence roused herself out of the musings which had completely absorbed her to the perception that they were halting in a large station, and that she was intolerably thirsty. Her brother Jack, just before his crowning achievement of getting himself left, had teased her into drinking a glass of beer, which firey beverage, to an unaccustomed palate, had parched her lips and throat to a dry heat that gave her some idea of the desert thirst she had read about. Fortunately she was not in a desert. She looked out eagerly, but at this time of night no small purveyors to the public were jingling their trays up and down; scarcely a figure was to be seen all along the platform. A few lamps glimmered through the darkness, some outside, some behind dim window-panes, one of the latter tantalizing her with glimpses of a ghostly array of bottles and glasses about the presiding genius who leaned among them, with a mouth so expressively open that one could almost see the melody that must be issuing from it. Florence sat debating with herself a minute or two, till, in desperation, she jumped out and made her way to the lighted window. It was a shabby sort of place inside—in fact, though she did not know it, the third-class waiting-room—and she half stopped, doubtfully, but the disreputable-looking sleeper, waking up with that suddenness peculiar to such public functionaries, demanded her pleasure, first yawning and then staring in her face while he served her. She set the glass down in a nervous hurry, and asked what was to pay.

"A kiss, my pretty Fraulein," answered the man, laying his grimy hand on her arm. She screamed, and just then a neat blow from somewhere sent the grinning head spinning down among its own bottles, with a great crash of glass. Florence started round to find herself face to face with a young man of very gentlemanly appearance, who addressed her first in German, and then, as she looked bewildered, in excellent English.

"You have missed your way, I think," said he. "Can I be of any assistance?"

"Oh, thank you," said she, rather confusedly. "If I were only back in the carriage——"

"I will take you there if you permit. These are not the most delightful sort of people for a young lady to encounter alone," said the newcomer, glancing contemptuously toward the fallen hero, who by this time had picked himself out of the bottles, and was feeling himself gingerly, as if to make sure there was nothing worse than glass broken, evidently not quite understanding what had happened to him. The stranger did not wait for him to make sure, but hastened Miss Florence away and put her back in No. 31. Then hesitating, with his hand on the door, he said, with a smile:

"I beg pardon—I was not aware—I put my things in here; but, if you wish, I can look for another carriage."

Miss Davenant did not know exactly what she ought to say; but, partly because it occurred to her that he had an equal right with herself there, and partly that her loneliness made her rather reluctant to lose this friend in need, she begged him not to inconvenience himself on her account. So he sat down opposite, in Jack's place, and just under Jack's pile of traps.

"By-the-way," said he, lightly, as he settled himself. "First punish and then hear! What was that blackguard saying to you?"

"I think he meant to—to kiss me," answered Florence, startled by the suddenness of the question into a more direct reply than she would otherwise have given.

"Is it possible!" said the young man, with a quick glance and smile, instantly suppressed, however.

There are many varieties of mouth in the world—good, bad and indifferent—some which seem fit only to drop pearls and diamonds, and others toads and snakes, like the rival princesses of the fairy tale. Now Florence Davenant's mouth happened to be an eminently kissable one. It would have been difficult for any masculine observer, at least, to look at its sweet rosy arch without remembering that, as the old song has it, "lips were not made for speech alone." So the young lady's champion at this moment was conscious of a certain guilty sympathy with the fellow he had knocked down, which caused him to bite his own lips lest they should betray his amusement and its cause to the dark eyes opposite. He need not have feared; those dark eyes were utterly innocent of any such suspicion, and were only speculating, as they furtively studied his face, as to the propriety of asking advice from this good-looking, good-natured German, who was so very gentlemanly, and spoke English so remarkably well. That last consideration weighed down the scale, and she confided to him the difficulties in which careless brother John had involved her. The stranger, who had rather wondered to see so young and pretty a girl taking such a journey by herself, listened with interest, and begged to offer his services, in that missing gentleman's place. "And as I know Berlin very well," he added, with a smile, "you have no occasion to feel the slightest anxiety. We will go to the Hotel du Nord, the best in the city, where you will be perfectly quiet and comfortable. Very likely that is where your brother will go, too; at any rate, you cannot be long in finding one another, as the papers publish a daily list of all the hotel arrivals. And then there is your banker's register, you know."

Florence was greatly relieved by these suggestions, which she was too young a traveler to have thought of. Hitherto she had not been able to sleep for worriment, but now she closed her eyes, and dozed off peacefully in her corner with an agreeable sense of freedom from responsibility.

It was daylight when she woke. The morning sunbeams were giving a cheerful aspect even to the desolate little station, about which some of the hungrier passengers were prowling in search of something to break their fast with.

"I think I'll go and forage, too," said her neighbor. "I have some curiosity to see what can be unearthed in such a place."

But he came back directly, shaking his head. "Can you make a breakfast off beer and forty different kinds of sausages?" he asked, gravely. "If not, I'm afraid you must content yourself with a roll, and save your appetite for the Minden buffet. It won't be Delmonico's exactly, but——"

"Why, you know New York?" interrupted Florence, delightedly. "You have been in America?"

He did not answer immediately, being just then too busy with his traveling-sack, the disposition of which seemed to give him some trouble. "I beg your pardon," he said then, turning round, and resuming his his seat opposite her. Been in America? Oh, yes! certainly I have been there."

"I might have guessed so much: You speak English so well you might almost be taken for one of us."

"Do you think so, really? But then I——" He stopped short, smiling to himself.

"You have had a great deal of practice, I suppose," supplemented Florence.

"Well, yes; I began very young."

"Yes, that makes a great difference. And then, you know, English is not nearly so difficult as German."

"I did not find it difficult, certainly," answered the young man.

The discovery that he had some knowledge of the things and places with which she was most familiar made the new acquaintance seem like quite an old friend, with whom she could chat at ease, and, indeed, it was a very animated discussion that was interrupted by the whistle of the train nearing Minden station, scattering a picturesqe group of peasant women, decked out for their visit to the town in holiday costume—short striped petticoats, wide white ruffs and caps, and scarlet cloaks finely set off by the young green of the springing grain fields.

"Confess," said Miss Davenant's vis-a-vis, "you see nothing like that in America."

"No," admitted Florence, "nor like that, either," pointing to another group of women, prematurely bent and withered, sunburned and windblown out of all feminine likeness, laboring like so many beasts of burden by the road-side.

"The medal has its reverse, certainly," said he, smiling at the retort. "But here we are. Now to try if the land flows with something besides beer and sausages."

It must have done so, judging from the smooth, satisfied faces which the train took away, so different from the sharp, hungry visages it had brought half an hour before. Miss Florence settled herself comfortably in her corner again, and took out her novel, whose heroine she had left in difficulties just as Jack had left her, but finding by-and-by that, by those ingenius arts which it is the novelist's privilege to exercise, page after page flowed on without seeming to bring the crisis any nearer, tired, too, of seeing the letters waltzing madly together, she tossed the book aside with a little impatient jerk that sent it from the cushions to the floor. Her vis-a-vis picked it up and kept it in his hand, instead of returning to the paper he had been reading. "May I be permitted?" he said, turning over the leaves. Florence saw him smile and raise his eyebrows ever so little—at her taste for sentiment, she thought, with school-girlish sensitiveness on such points.

"Of course that seems pure waste of time to you," she said, aggressively. "I suppose you never read anything lighter than Fichte and Kant."

"Now why should you suppose any thing so horrible?" said he, meeting her eyes with a suppressed gleam of fun in his own.

"It is the way with Germans," she answered, sententiously.

"Indeed!" said he, looking more and more amused. "But, you see, that is your error in considering me a representative German."

"And aren't you?"

"I fear I can't claim the honor. There are black sheep, you know, in every flock. But as for thinking novel-reading a waste of time—on the contrary, I was just regretting that it should be time gone by with me; I do so envy you the power of weeping over a distressed heroine in three volumes!—or laughing over her, which I used to find quite as good fun. You don't believe, I see; but to prove that I know what I am talking about, shall I tell you the dark young man's secret in this very book, and how he turns out?"

"No, pray, don't," interrupted Florence. "You have read it!"

"Upon my word, I have not read it; but I have read its brothers and sisters, uncles, aunts, and cousins, and recognize the family likeness. You believe in the dark young man at present, but when you find him a delusion and a snare in the third volume—as you will—remember, please, that I told you so."

He was certainly laughing at her, thought Florence, recalling his look and smile, and having no notion of quietly submitting to be laughed at, she returned to the charge valiantly; and as the battle-ground was continually changing, by the time they reached their journey's end each had learned the other's opinions on a good many points.

Had Jack come? That was naturally his sister's waking thought the next morning. If he had, it was not, at any rate, to the Hotel du Nord; so her German friend informed her, and offered to accompany her to the banker's, on the chance of finding her brother's name on the book.

It was a beautiful May morning, all fresh and stirring. The long rows of linden-trees under whose shadows they walked—the glorious lindens that, a little later, would be full of flowers and fragrance—were nodding their leafy heads together, whispering myriad-tongued secrets, which the knavish wind caught up and carried down the whole line, and tossed across back and forth through all the green alley; only as, fortunately, these secrets were in the tree language, they were lost on any but leaf ears. The magnificent street was full of color and movement, coming and going, like an army passed in review by the great Frederick mounted high up yonder on his bronze war-horse. Florence's eyes wondered from sculptured to living form, and thence to tree and garden, fountain and statue and palace, with ever renewed enjoyment. The hum of the varying crowd, the fresh toilettes, the bright, healthy faces, all were in pleasant harmony with the season's brisk air and springing verdure. It would be perfect—if only Jack were there.

But Jack was not there; at least his name nowhere appeared on the banker's register, though Florence, in her anxiety to make sure, began her search at a date of several days before it could by any possibility be there. But at last even she had to give it up, and left the office listening rather disconsolately to her companion's attempts at comfort. And yet, had she but known it, the missing Jack himself was at that moment pursuing her along the Friedrich Strasse, causing more than one head to turn curiously after the "verruckter Englander" who went bowling along a crowded pavement in that fashion. Unfortunately Jack Davenant was not of a build for this sort of thing, and after a few paces felt himself completely blown; so, pulling up at a street corner, he beckoned one of the omnipresent "commissionnaires" waiting for a "job," and panted out, in very broken German indeed, "See the young lady—with tall man—white jacket and red rose—catch 'em—give you a thaler!"

A thaler for half a minute's run! The lean, long-legged varlet set off at speed. Miss Davenant's escort felt a touch on his shoulder, and faced round on a fellow who touched his commissionnaire's cap with a grin, while he said, in a mixed jargon, helped out by signs, "Entschuldigen, S'! The dicke Herr vill mit speak."

"Jack!" cried Florence, in an ecstasy, flying back to meet the rotund figure toiling after his light-heeled Mercury.

"Well, Flo," said he, catching both her hands, "a pretty race you have run me! Who—Van Huysen!" he interrupted himself, quitting his sister and grasping the new-comer in turn. "Of all people in the world! Where did *you* drop from?"

"You know him!" involuntarily exclaimed Florence, in her astonishment.

"Know him!" repeated Jack, staring at her; "know *him!* Well, I should think so—eh, Van?"

"A little," answered Van, with a smile. Then turning to Florence: "I must apologize for not telling you before, but I did not myself know until I saw the name in your novel, and then, after that compliment to my English, I really had not the heart— The fact is, Jack," as Jack's bewildered face called for an explanation, "your sister took me for a German."

"For a German—you!" and Jack burst out laughing. "What on earth put such a ridiculous idea into your head, Floy?"

"Now I think it is very natural," hastily interposed Van Huysen, auguring ill to himself from the young lady's silence and heightened color. "One naturally looks for Germans in Germany. Besides, I spoke to her first in German."

"That reminds me," put in Jack. "What stroke of good luck brought you to my sister's help?"

"I should think it was time you remembered to ask," said Florence, with a little toss of the head. She was a good deal provoked with herself for her stupid mistake, and a little with its object. How he must have laughed! Nay, how he *had* laughed under her very eyes, she thought, recalling smiles and tones which had puzzled her at the time. But what right had he to look and speak so like a real German and yet not be one at all? She felt the need of visiting her vexation on somebody, and Jack offered himself; so it was in a perceptibly ill-used tone that she said, "I should think it was time! I might have been half-way to the world's end for any thing you could tell."

"Don't harp on unpleasant facts, Miss Floy. Think of it, Van. I take this young woman from school, make a martyr of myself among outside barbarians in order to put the last finishing varnish on her education, and in return she seizes the very first opportunity to disappear, leaving me to worry myself to skin and bone."

"As we see," laughed Van, looking down at friend Jack's proportions.

"I was just on my way," pursued Jack, gravely, "to the Ober-what-you-call-'em, chief of police here, with your photograph, Floy. If I hadn't met you quite promiscuous here, you might have had the pleasure of recognizing your face on a yellow poster, with a reward attached, which would have served you right for leaving me in the hands of the Philistines."

"By-the-way, Jack," said Florence, "what did the crowd turn out to be?"

Jack's face assumed a look of deep disgust. "A beggarly swindle! A blind fiddler scraping away for a pair of groschens. I never saw such people as these," went on Jack, looking round him with a superior air; "they are the most curious race under heaven. If a German baby cuts its finger, the whole neighborhood turns out to see it bound up."

"Followed by Yankee inquisitiveness in the person of John Devenant, Esquire," added Van Huysen.

"Yankee to yourself, Sir! I happen to be a New Yorker, with a New Yorker's inquiring mind, which, I take it, is a wholly different thing. But have the goodness to inform me where we are bound for at present? Where are you staying? Oh, the Hotel du Nord, Unter den Linden, eh?—among the kings and kaisers? All very fine if one goes in for grandeur, which I don't. Shall I not take mine ease in my inn? My lucky stars sent me up there in the Koeniggraetzer Strasse," said Jack, vaguely nodding his head backward to indicate the direction, "the Hotel West End—or Vest End, as these German fellows say—regular cockneys, aren't they?—a place where they make a lobster-mayonnaise! By Jove!" said Jack, solemnly, "it's almost worth while being a lobster, to have such an apothesis!"

"For shame, Jack," laughed Florence, her little cloud now quite over, "to prefer a lobster-salad to that beautiful Under den Linden!"

"'Fine words butter no parsnips,' as the poet says, meaning that one can't lunch off a row of Lindens nor an emperor's palace; though, as for that, I wish you to distinctly understand that the Vest End has got its palace too, exactly opposite, in a big garden, at present white with—with—"

"The snowy buds of spring," suggested Van, encouragingly.

"Just so! Or the royal washing I'm not prepared to say which. Bu you can come and see for yourselves."

And as, in fact, Jack could not be torn from the mayonnaise artist, the other two, on the Mohammed-and-mountain principle, did come to take up their abode opposite Prince Albert's garden, of which the wall, overhung with white acacias and snow-balls in full bloom, bounded the breakfast table view very agreeably under the warm May sunshine. That month—which would seem to be sent principally for the confounding of poets and almanac-makers—can make itself on occasions unutterably odious in Berlin. But this season was a happy exception. There were no cold, sour looks; the cheery sun rose and retired in unvarying good humor, and the blue German skies smiled benign approval on the trio of sight-seers who went forth day after day with a perseverance worthy, so Jack opined at last, of a better cause. In spite of the fascinations of the West End, he was the one to get restless first. It was one morning in the garden aforesaid—where Florence and Van were given to "mooning" about in a way rather trying to a sociable third person—in that pleasant, shady, rose-embowered spot where the old hound, "most faithful and regretted of friends," lies buried, that, after a frightful succession of yawns, "Haven't we had about enough of this?" demanded Jack, suddenly. "What say to making a move, you two?"

They two, with suspicious unanimity, intimated that they were well enough contented where they were.

"Strange," said Jack, with an air of profound reflection, "how little we know ourselves! If you remember, Floy, you were so sure of disliking Berlin, and now you seem rather to have a notion for ending your days here—like that old beggar there," poking at the tablet at his feet.

"Perhaps," retorted Van Huysen, on behalf of Florence, who, for some reason or other, had colored very much at Jack's remark, "your sister doesn't like to make any move, for you'll get yourself behind again."

"Humph!" said Jack, who may not have been as blind as some people seemed to think. "Maybe 'twould be my best plan too. I've an idea, you know, that about the most obliging thing I ever did in my life was that same getting myself left behind. Eh, Floy, what do you think?"

"I'm sure I don't know what you mean, Jack," answered Florence, with a face on fire.

Jack looked hard at her, and was impolite enough slowly and deliberately to wink his right eye. "Then let's go get some lunch," said he. Which she did.

The omelette soufflee was tender, sweet, ethereal as a dream of spring; the mayonnaise composer had surpassed himself; it was almost a pity such works of genius should be wasted on any body as inappreciative as Florence Davenant appeared. Fortunately, Jack made good her deficiencies.

A FEAT IN POTATO-DIGGING.

Greycourt and Chester, two villages near Newburgh, N. Y., were unusually excited Tuesday last, over a wonderful feat of potato digging, which had been accomplished the previous day on theGreycourt Meadows. Thomas Finan, of Chester, one of the pioneers who reclaimed the Greycourt lowlands, and who is a veteran grower of potatoes and onions offered to wager $10 that he could produce a man who would dig 100 bushels of potatoes inside of 10 hours. Mr. Finan's money was soon covered by George Howard and A. B. Smith, who thought that the feat could not be accomplished. Mr. Finan, however, produced his man Monday morning—"Jack" Whitmore, a sturdy laborer, who resides in Chester. Jack went to his task at seven o'clock in the morning. He used an ordinary potato fork, taking two rows at a time, throwing out a hill on one side and then the other. Three men, and a portion of the time four, were kept busy picking up the potatoes. Whitmore stopped about an hour at noontime, and when he quit work, at 5:15 P. M., he had turned out of the ground 135 measured bushels of potatoes. During the day Whitmore did not take a drop of stimulating liquors of any kind.

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Large and Small Populations.—The question arises, how far the existence of the large population of the earth is necessary to the action of those forces which serve to carry man onward? To this question it is impossible to give a full answer; nevertheless, there are many practical experiments in the use of numbers which serve to throw some light on the matter. In the first place, it is clear that the great success of this world has not been in dense or numerous populations. By whatever standard we measure the success—by the general elevation of the masses, by the number of able intellects, by the physical well being of successive generations, or by the combination of these various elements of greatness—it is clear that the victories have been won by the non-numerous peoples. If, with the conditions that gave England the Elizabethan age, we could have had the population of China and Hindoostan and other massive aggregations of men show us that an intensified struggle for mere existence cannot help man to the higher life of body or mind; the controlling intellects, the perfect bodies, have come from small societies, where the average estate is high, where there is time and room for culture. Judging by their fruits, we must pronounce against the massive States, and give the palm to the smaller, thoroughly vitalized communities. A multitude does not necessarily bring greatness into the world. It will compel us to the opinion that it is better to take a city of thousands, or a State with a few hundred thousands, and lavish on their people the wealth we might vainly waste on hundreds of millions without helping the cause of human advance.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

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"But I will not linger upon this point," as the preacher said when he sat down on the carpet tack.

FORGIVE AND FORGET.

BY GRANT P. ROBINSON.

I have thought it all over, the words I let fall
In that moment of passion I cannot recall,
But alone with my thoughts and my bitter regret,
I pray you forgive, if you cannot forget.

I have thought it all over, and tried hard to find
In some act of yours a relief to my mind—
A look or a word that would soften regret,
But in vain; so forgive, if you cannot forget.

You knew that my friendship and deep love for
you
Were loyal and fervent, unselfish and true;
Then why did you try me, when deep in your debt?
For God's sake forgive, if you cannot forget.

God knows all my thoughts, that they're centred
in you,
And that in this wide world there are but a few
Whose friendship, if severed, would cause a regret;
Then I pray you forgive, if you cannot forget.

Let the past be forgotten, and bury it deep
In the depths of oblivion, and there let it sleep,
And our future shall never be cursed by regret;
Once more, then, forgive, if you cannot forget.

—*Home Journal.*

VILE LITERATURE.

The *Catholic Standard*, speaking of the ruin wrought among many young people by devouring the demoralizing reading matter so freely spread before them at low price says: "Is it not time for parents to look into this matter? The country is flooded with trash published especially for the young much of it written by authors who wish to be considered respectable, and bearing the imprint of respectable publishing houses. The most dangerous portion, too, of this trash seems, to a superficial examiner, harmless, to be at the worst only silly exaggerated and highly colored. But in these seemingly innocent exaggerations and high colorings lies a subtle poison. It dissatisfies its readers with their commonplace routine of youthful duties, with subordination to the authority of parents and teachers. It causes them to long to be independent, to strike out in life for themselves, to become men and women at once, though they have not yet outgrown the garb of childhood. It stimulates precociously their imaginations and passions and prepares them for vice and crime. Many a father and mother who mourn in agony, hopes blasted in a ruined daughter or son might find the cause, if disposed to review the past, in his or her own neglect to supervise and direct what that daughter or son habitually read when a child. There is a responsibility here which few parents, it is greatly to be feared, fully realize or faithfully discharge. There are parents who carefully endeavor to guard their children against forming intimacies with other children by whom their morals might be corrupted, but who exercise no care as to what books and papers their children read. Yet in this age of universal reading, the latter is a danger almost, not quite as serious as the former, and one that should be diligently guarded against.

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IN the Southern parts of Ireland a curious custom prevails which is called "Shrafting." A sort of fair is held and all the "likely boys and girls" in the parish are on view, and all the "matches" in the year are made. For days before there is quite a stir in the neighborhood, and a twitter runs through the entire female population. There is a universal stitching and a buying of ribbons; every girl you meet on the road holds out her hand for sixpence, and you can not speak to a domestic servant without her hanging out signals of distress. On the day of the "Shrafting" the girls stand in a row on the village green. There is every expression on their faces—anxiety, curiosity, timidity, dull stupidity, sharp shrewish interests; and here and there you come on such a pretty country beauty with that indescribable half-arch, half sly look in the eyes which Maclise has caught in perfection. At a little distance are clustered together a lot of shame-faced looking men—"the boys" as they are called—all in their Sunday suits, and evidently ill at ease, eyeing with distrust the superior attractions of the coastguards, who are, like the red coats, favorites among the ladies. But that in reality matters little, as the real conduct of the affair is in the hands of "the powers that be" the fathers and mothers, who haggle and quarrel over their respective children, sometimes breaking up the negotiations abruptly, and carrying off either son or daughter, as the case may be, as they would an unsaleable beast from the fair. Of course little bits of romance crop up here as elsewhere; cases of money *versus* love, and young hearts sold to the highest bidder just as they are in a fashionable drawing-room.

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A REVOLUTIONARY HEROINE.—The famous Tory, Colonel Ferguson, dressed in a new and dashing uniform which Cornwallis had given him, rode up to his brother's house during the Revolutionary war, and was endeavoring to win him to the royal cause. "See how the noble earl has treated me," he urged; "look at my rank and clothes. It may be I shall be made lord, and how should I feel then to hear it said my brother was a rebel!" His last word brought the sturdy young wife to the door. "I am a rebel!" she cried; "my brothers are all rebels, and the little dog Trip is a rebel, too! I would rather see you with a sheep on your back than tricked out in all those fine clothes! Rebel and be free, that is my motto!" Then she turned to her husband, whose patriotism was beginning to waver: "Now, Samuel, in the presence of the whole British army, I tell you, if you go with them you can stay with them, for I am no longer your wife!" And Samuel was a firm patriot after that.

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SCHOOL Inspector: "Now, youngster, can you name me a mild winter?" Scholar: "The winter of '75. Then our teacher was sick for six weeks."—*Rome Sentinel.*

WE never yet saw a workingman who hated kings and queens bad enough not to take a couple from the bottom of the pack if an opportunity offered.—*Argonaut.*

THE New York *Commercial Advertiser* is pleased to learn that the State dam is to be repaired. The Statate dam has been in a very profane condition for a long time.

TABLE OF ELEVATIONS IN PENNSYLVANIA.

Seward Coal Journal.

The *Village Record* clipped an item from the *Ledger* to the effect that Potter county had "the highest land east of the Rocky Mountains," and the *Ledger* took the *Record* to task in a vigorous denial. For the benefit of both journals we desire to state that Elk Hill, a short distance from Carbondale, attains to the highest altitude above the sea level in Pennsylvania.—*Scranton Republican.*

We have not been out with our tape line to measure these elevations personally, but we have culled the following altitudes from the tables of elevation found in the report of the Geological survey of Pennsylvania:

Summit south of Wellsboro', Tioga Co.	1662 ft.
Head of Plane No. 5, above Carbondale	1936 ft.
Point between Tobyhanna and Lehigh Summit	1970 ft.
Summit of Carbon Run, Bradford Co.	2014 ft.
Summit south of Crawford, Bradford Co.	2140 ft.
Grade at Summit of tunnel 8 miles from Coudersport, Potter Co.	2229 ft.
Hill, east of Long Pond, North Mountain, Sullivan county	2383 ft.
Crest of Allegheny mountains, Clearfield county	2614 ft.

We are under the impression that the highest altitude in Pennsylvania is found in Somerset county, near the southern line of the State. Negro Mountain is 2843 feet, but its highest point may be a little south of the line.

The above are the highest altitudes recorded near the several points named. The following may be of interest:

Carbondale	1015 ft.
Honesdale	1003 ft.
Scranton	743 ft.
Tunkhannock	611 ft.
Montrose	1656 ft.
Towanda	738 ft.
Barclay Railroad, foot of Plane	1271 ft.
Head of Plane	1756 ft.
Wellsboro'	1319 ft.

The highest point east of the Mississippi river is Mt. Buckley, North Carolina, 6775 feet. In Potter county is found one of the most remarkable water sheds in the world. Streams flow toward the Gulf of Mexico, toward the St. Lawrence, and toward the Chesapeake, all have their sources within a very small area. A knowledge of this fact conveys to some minds the erroneous impression that the highest land east of the Mississippi must necessarily be found here.

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THE Burlington *Hawkeye* preaches the following short, but very appropriate and forcible sermon to the gents who have just graduated from college and propose to go forth to seek their fortunes, enlighten mankind, and make things hum generally:

And then remember, son, that the world is older than you are by several years; that for thousands of years it has been so full of smarter and better young men than yourself that their feet stuck out of the dormer windows; that when they died the old globe went whirling on, and not one in 10,000,000 went to their funeral or even heard of their death. Be as smart as you can, of course. Know as much as you can without blowing the packing out of your cylinder head; shed the light of your wisdom abroad in the world; but don't dazzle people with it. And don't imagine a thing is so simple because you say it is. Don't be too sorry for your father because he knows so much less than you do; remember the reply of Dr. Wayland to the student of Brown University, who said it was an easy enough thing to make proverbs such as Soloman wrote, "Make a few," tersely replied the old man. And we never heard that the young man made any. Not more than two or three, anyhow. The world has great need of young men, but no greater need than young men have of it. Your clothes fit you better to-day than your father's fit him; they cost more money; they are more stylish, your mustache is neater, the cut of your hair is better, and you are prettier, oh, far prettier, than "pa." But, young man, the old gentleman gets the biggest salary, and his homely, scrambling signature on the business end of a check will drain more money out of the bank in five minutes than you could get out with a ream of paper and a copper plate signature in six months. Young men are useful, son, and they are ornamental, and we couldn't engineer a picnic successfully without them. But they're not novelties, son. Oh, no, nothing of the kind. They have been here before. Don't be so modest as to shut yourself clear out; but don't be so fresh you will have to be put away in the cool to keep from spoiling. Do not be afraid that your merits will not be discovered. People all over the world are hunting for you, and if you are worth finding they will find you. A diamond isn't so easily found as a quartz pebble, but search for it all the more intently.

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THE STORY OF THE SEA.—There is a sadly romantic story connected with Far Rockaway, which any one can verify, as the poor sufferer is still alive. Years and years ago a woman watched with agonizing dread the fate of a vessel tossed upon the breakers, and which depended upon the turn of the tide for its chance of safety. Her husband was on board, and the tide did turn; and the schooner came safely into port, but the horror of suspense and anxiety were too much for the faithful wife, and she died in giving birth to a little girl, even as its father clasped it in his arms. The child, however, now and for many years a woman, has always lived in a state of half idiocy, half insanity, her sufferings frightfully augmented by each recurring flowing-in of the tide. There are times when she is comparatively quiet, and only moans, like the sound of the sea, but the tidal change wakes in her the intensest agony. The then paces the beach wringing her hands, and can hardly be restrained from throwing herself into the waves, until the time is past, and she subsides into sad, wistful, weary apathy again. Probably it was upon these self-same shoals that the hapless ship containing Margaret Fuller, her husband and child, was stranded, and it would not be a bad idea to have a grotto, sacred to the memory of one of the most truly representative of American women, as an ornament of the new park.—*New-York Exchange.*

A PIONEER'S BIG LIFT.

An old pioneer was hugging the historic stone in Judge Knox's court room last evening, and, as is usual with the old-timers who visit that temple of justice, was in a reminiscent frame of mind. Though poor now, he had, as a matter of course, been once rich.

"I was a leadin' citizen of Muckallamy Hill in '52," he said. "In them days I was in the dust-buyin' business. I had my sign out—S. Compra Ora Aqui—up stairs, you know, and all that sort of thing. I tell ye, it takes a smart man to get along in that 'ere trade. Jenkins & Co. was the boss at it when I first went into it at Muckallamy Hill, but it wasn't six months afore I'd took half their trade away. I had to rastle to do it. You see the boys was allus anxious to do well, an' the first that offered the coin made the raffle. Jenkins & Co. was pretty high-toned, an' used to wait every night fur their man to go down the hill to the express office an' bring up their money in a handcart. I saw me chance an' used to be on hand when the stage came in, and jist shouldered my own coin when the driver throwed it off. Nick Monkins was the driver in them days. He was afterwards killed by the road agents. Many's the time Nick's throwed me down my sack with a clean $400,000 in gold coin in it, an' I've chucked her across my shoulder an' trotted up that there old hill and had every bit o' dust bought up afore Jenkins & Co.'s handcart arrived."

"How much did you say you packed up the hill on your shoulder?" asked Judge Knox's clerk.

"Four hundred thousand, oftener than less," replied the pioneer with melancholy pride.

"See here," said the clerk, figuring rapidly, "gold's worth $18 an ounce, and there's twelve ounces to the pound worth $516, into 400,000 leaves something over 1851 pounds—pretty nearly a ton. How far up the hill did you carry that, did you say?"

The old pioneer looked at the clerk with fixed contempt for a moment, and then merely saying: "You're a plaguey Johny-Come-Lately, that's what you are!" arose and left the court-room.

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HOW THE JAPANESE KEEP MEAT FRESH.—The Japanese method of keeping meat fresh in hot weather consists in placing the raw flesh in porcelain vessels and pouring on it boiling water, whereby the albumen on the surface is quickly coagulated, and forms a protection against the further action of the water. Oil is then poured on the surface of the water so as to prevent the access of air and consequent putrefaction of the meat. The system of protecting animal substances by securing coagulations of their albumen, and the exclusion of air is of course no novelty; and it can hardly be supposed that we are indebted to the Japanese for its original adoption. It is, however, far preferable to our own method.

FUN, FACT AND FACETIÆ.

"CRAB-cider" and "medicated lemonade" are cautiously creeping into the ice-cream saloons of the anti-license towns in Iowa.

"YES, Agnes, I'm going to have a cream-colored summer silk, provided pa doesn't veto the appropriation ma has passed."

A CONDEMNED man, preparatory to his execution, being requested by the Sheriff to step upon the scaffold, said he'd "be hanged if he would."

"POP," asked a small boy, "why do those folks down in Third street call themselves brokers?" "Because so many people get broke there, my son."

A MAN who visited the Grand Opera House this week, wanted his money refunded because he expected to see Mary and her son play, when it was only Mary Anderson.

A WOMAN died in New York Wednesday from swallowing a pin. Yet how many a gaping crowd has sat and swallowed a Pinafore without fatal consequences.

Now the winds softly breathe, and the flowers that garlands wreathe, a gentle hint of summer in the mind implants; and so do the beetles and the spiders and the ants.

'ARRY (struggling with ancient fowl at a Venetian restaurant): When I was a kid they used to say there was only one 'en in Wenice, and blest if I don't believe as this is the very bird."

APPROPOS of the discovery that Miss Williams, of this city, sat for the girl on the daddy dollar, a man writes to the Newark *Advertiser* to inquire "who sat for the thing on the other side."

AT a London book sale a copy of Drew's "Essay on Souls" was knocked down to a shoemaker, who, to the great amusement of the assembly, innocently asked the auctioneer if he had "any more books on shoemaking to sell."

A WEARIED and careworn stranger arrived on the wharf at Nantucket the other day, and said to a small boy: "Do they play 'Pinafore' here?" "No," replied the lad, "but there's a billiard-room up yonder."

WHEN a man goes out of a theatre between the acts and comes in and takes out of his vest pocket a lead fish line sinker and chews it, thinking it is a clove, he is a good subject to be visited by those self-sacrificing temperance who go about doing good.

THE tomato is masquerading about the market-stalls under more aliases than you can shake a stick at. There are tomaytoes, tomarters, tommytoes, tomattuses, tommattoes, and the other day we heard a woman inquire, "How d'ye sell yer tornadoes."—*New Haven Register.*

A LISPING boy was out in the back-yard pounding on a tin-pan. The father came in tired and sullen, and being disturbed by the noise, cried out: "What is turned loose in the back-yard, a wild animal?" The little fellow replied: "Yeth, thir; it's a pan thir."

"THE Deed of a Demon, Act of a Worse than Brute," is the heading of the Cleveland *Plaindealer* puts over a news column. The first mention made of anybody in particular in the column is the leading dispatch from Columbus, which reads: "Ewing and Rice will come here to-morrow from Steubenville, visit the State Fair, and make certain necessary campaign arrangements."

THE following is said to be the true report of General Grant's speech to the Viceroy of China, stripped of John Russell Young's embellishments: "Me thankee muchee muchee; me no wantee placee 'gainee. Topside manee one timee two two timee. Three timee me no wantee, me no likee. Too muchee! Many manee placee muchee belongee. Pacee me too hardee me youngee! Now me oldee."—*Boston Herald.*

"KEEPS shirts!" exclaimed a drunken countryman as he affectionately caressed an awning-post and looked into the window of a furnishing goods store. "Of course he keeps shirts. Furnishinggoodstore man's store man's fool 'f'e duz'n' keep shirts. What ye givin' us? And celluloid collars! No, you won't sell me loid collars, either. My old woman (hic) makes my collars. You can sell somebody else your durned old loid collars."

THIS is a personal that recently appeared in the New York *Herald*: "Boston—Confabulate and composure veracious. Room and determine proof undivided and hornpipe maze dispraise armature." We trust this explanation will be satisfactory to Mr. Field. It shows that Mr. Tilden really didn't mean anything wrong, and, anyhow, that he will never do it again; and the apology presented in the sweet "hornpipe maze dispraise armature" certainly appeals to the finest emotions of the human heart.—*Buffalo Express.*