The Bradford Reporter.

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Business Cards.

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, TOWANDA, PA.
Office over Mason's old Bank.

THOMAS E. MYER
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Office with Patrick and Foyle. Sep 23, 79

PECK & OVERTON
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
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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.

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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. E. TOWNER, M. D.,
HOMŒOPATHIC 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.
Dist Atty Brad. Co. [feb.1'78.

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

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

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

W. J. YOUNG,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Office—second door south of the First National Bank Main St., up stairs.

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

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

MADILL & CALIFF,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Office in Wood's Block, first door south of the First National bank, upstairs.
H. J. MADILL. [Jan. 2, '71.] J. N. CALIFF.

DR. S. M. WOODBURN, Physician and Surgeon. Office over O. A. Black's Crockery store.
Towanda, May 1, 1877.

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 Aluminium base. Teeth extracted without pain. Oct. 24-72.

F. 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
May 28-76tf. TOWANDA, PA.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK,
TOWANDA, PA.
CAPITAL PAID IN.....$123,000
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, 1879.

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. febl7.

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.

$77 a month and expenses guaranteed to Agents. Outfit free. SHAW & CO., Augusta, Maine.

Poetry.

CREEPING UP THE STAIRS.

In the softly falling twilight
Of a weary, weary day,
With a quiet step I entered
Where the children were at play;
I was brooding o'er some trouble
That had met me unaware,
When a little voice came ringing,
"Me is creepin' up a stairs."

Ah! it touched the tender heart-string
With a breath and force divine,
And such melodies awakened
As words can ne'er define.
And I turned to see our darling
All forgetful of my cares,
When I saw the little creature
Slowly creeping up the stairs.

Step by step she bravely clambered
On her little hands and knees,
Keeping up a constant chattering
Like the magpies in the trees.
Till at last she reached the topmost,
When o'er all her world's affairs
She delighted, stood a victor,
After creeping up the stairs.

Fainting heart, behold an image,
Of man's brief and struggling life,
Whose best prizes he must capture
With an earnest, noble strife;
Onward, upward, reaching ever,
Bending to the weight of cares,
Hoping, fearing, still expecting,
We go creeping up the stairs.

On the steps may be no carpet,
By their side may be no rail,
Hands and knees may often pain us,
And the heart may almost fail;
Still above there is the glory
Which no sinfulness impairs,
With its rest and joy forever,
After creeping up the stairs.

THE LOVERS' HOUR.

When the evening sun goes down,
And the daisies close their eyes;
Ere dusk wrinkles to a frown,
Or the stars blink in the skies;
When the dew and zephyrs light
Woo the perfume from the flower,
When the day is meeting night,
'Is the lover's hour.

Gloaming is the trysting time;
Hardest outlines soften them;
Common mortals grow sublime—
Love and twilight soften men.
Feelings hidden from the light
Shrink not to assert their power,
And when day is wooing night
Is the lovers' hour.

Twilight veils with kindly grace,
Blushes burning on the cheek,
When the timid upturned face
Coyly answers eyes that speak;
Lip meets lip, its troth to plight;
Rapture, then, is love's sweet dower,
Then, when day is kissing night,
Is the lovers' hour.

Miscellaneous.

EXPLORING WATKINS GLEN.

Correspondent of the Boston evening Transcript.

TOWANDA, PA., Aug. 1879.

In order to make our connections between this place and Watkins Glen, we found we must take an early or a late train. We therefore decided to make sure of the cool morning air, and so started before five o'clock. The day began to break as we passed up Sheshequin Valley, and the first rays of sunlight touched the tops of some high rocks, once known here as "The Narrows." Heavy mists hung over Ulster and "Queen Esther's Flats," but at Athens the morning clouds had rolled away. Here we crossed the Susquehanna near its confluence with the Chemung. There was once an Indian village called Diahoga at this place. This was afterwards changed to Tioga, and for a long time was called Tioga Point.

The large towns, Waverly and Elmira, were just waking up when we passed through, but Watkins was wide awake when the train arrived. As we stepped upon the platform we saw Seneca Lake close to the track on our right; Seneca Lake, so familiar to us all through Percival's song—

"On thy fair bosom, silver lake,"

This beautiful sheet of water, like another, might be called "the smile of the Great Spirit," for it is said its waters never become boisterous, and are never frozen over. Yes, Watkins *was* awake, for an army of drivers of vehicles of every description fell upon our small party, and insisted upon taking us to the Glen. So persistent and vociferous were they, we were almost forced to believe we must go to the Mountain House, and had nothing else to do. We walked on, however, and turning to our right, soon found ourselves at a small building which constitutes the gateway to the Glen, and which is not more than half a mile from the lake. Here we procured our tickets, and divesting ourselves of all unnessary articles about us, and reducing our wardrobes to the lightest possible condition, we stepped forth into the Glen.

It is impossible to give our first impressions of this wonderful place. On three sides were huge walls of rocks, towering so high as to almost seem to meet overhead. At our feet ran a small stream, gurgling and rushing along as if eager to reach the lake below. Here was a vast rocky amphitheatre with sides covered with ferns and shrubs and masses of evergreens, a fitting vestibule to the wonderful gorge beyond. At first we might believe there *was* nothing beyond. Only a small rift in the rocks showed any place for ingress, and the roar of distant waters allured us on. Turning a sharp corner at the right we found before us the "Entrance Cascade," a sheet of water-falling sixty feet. The gorge was narrow here, but a long and steep flight of stairs led us to the top of this cascade, and to another level of this ravine. We have neither time nor space to give a detailed description of this wonderful Glen. It seems to me the half has never been told of it. Hare is an immense rift in the hills, running mostly east and west, three miles in length, with a total ascent of six hundred feet. It is spoken of as a ravine between two hills, but, as one goes on, the impression grows stronger that at some time there must have been a great convulsion of nature and upheaving of the earth, which has torn the hills asunder. The course of the rift is circuitous and irregular. Sometimes the rocks converge at the base and leaves a very narrow channel for the water, and again they separate at the base and converge at the top, until only a thin line of sky is to be seen far above. As we ascend from height to height—for this really "consists of a number of glens rising one above another"—we come upon new amphitheatres with towering jugged sides, containing the loveliest of limpid pools.

Great pains have been taken to make a trip through the Glen safe, comfortable and comparatively easy. We must confess it is no light work to constantly climb up long flights of almost perpendicular stairs, now down another flight, now over a footbridge, and now along a narrow path out in the sides of the rocks. All is made very secure by stout iron railings.

It is not possible to mistake our way; we have only to follow the well worn foot-path, and the names of the different places are printed in large letters on the sides of the rocks. Our first entree was into Entrance Amphitheatre, from which we turned to Entrance Cascade, and, after ascending our first stairs, we came to Glen Alpha. Here we crossed the chasm by Sentry Bridge. And here, looking from the bridge, I think the grandeur of the Glen impressed me more than at any one time.

Up to this point we had been constantly surprised. The views had opened before us unexpectedly and were an increasing source of wonder and delight. Crossing Sentry Bridge we came to a short flight of steps, and then a narrow path cut into the rocks. "Still Water Gorge" was the name printed on the cliffs, and the Falls of Minnehaha, "Laughing Water," were before us. Just beyond rose a wall thirty feet high, down which fell Fairy Cascade. We were now walking along the second plateau, and far above the water. The place seemed like a huge rocky hill, from whose covering sides all sounds reverberated. Now we came to a sort of balcony, with seats, of which we gladly availed ourselves. It was delightful to sit here and examine our surroundings. What a bewildering wildness! Only that each nook and corner and point of rock had its visible name, this would seem like some new and unknown world. We could not lose ourselves, however. This was Cavern Gorge, and at our feet lay Neptune's Pool, one of the largest basins, as perfect in proportion and finish as if carved and polished by hand. These basins, called also bowls and tubs and baths and pools, were very interesting. They were formed by the falling of rocks and sand into the bed of the stream, where, in time of freshets, they were whirled round and round until deep holes were ground out and highly polished.

The next place we came to was a very narrow gorge, wisely called the Labyrinnts. No ray of sunshine penetrated this place. The water, gurgling and struggling through it, sounded as if it come from the throat of a big bottle. Here we came to our fourth falls, called Cavern Cascade, which are "forty of fifty feet high."

Behind these falls we entered a circular cavern hung around with numerous mosses and lichens, always fresh and green. Here we were at the limits of the second level. From this point we climbed a flight of almost perpendicular stairs. Our guide book says of this place, "We ascend seventy feet and are glad to avail ourselves of the rustic seat at the top." By this time rest was a necessity. We were glad to sit with eyes closed and listen to the dashing waters below, and the rippling waves above, and the soughing of the winds through the pines and hemlocks, which were like so many reed instruments.

Now we followed the path cut in the rocks until we came to another short flight of steps and another balcony from which the view was indescribably grand. The towering cliffs and broken crags far above and below us, the dashing cascades and silvery pools, made a picture long to be remembered. And everywhere, over rocks and gorges, grew the most luxuriant vegetation; a great variety of ferns, which we were particularly requested not to touch, and of lichens and mosses, which we could not reach.

Leaving this place we soon came to the Swiss Chalet, which was built upon a shelf of rock overhanging the widest part of the midland gorge. Here we gladly rested and partook of refreshments, seated at a table in the balcony, which hung over the cliff "100 feet above the level of the stream." We were much surprised to find, after our two hours climbing that we were but a half a mile up the gorge, and were only a quarter of the way through, and had yet the wildest and most remarkable part of the Glen to see. From the Chalet we crossed an iron bridge to the Mountain House opposite, which seemed to be full of people, and a very attractive place for a summer's rest.

Leaving the Chalet, we came to a gateway where we were obliged to present our tickets, from which we seemed to be newly launched into the Glen. Now we went down an easy pathway, until we came to the bed of the stream, where we could see and examine and even dabble in a large number of those beautiful polished basins of which we have spoken before. They are truly remarkable. Above us was another waterfall, called Sylvan Rapids, to which we ascended by steps cut in the rock. Here we crossed the chasm by a bridge, and found ourselves in a broad amphitheatre called the Cathedral, which is nearly an eight of a mile in length; a glorious place, in which we would gladly linger for a long time; most fitly named, too, with its high, rocky walls, and level and almost smooth floor of rocks. At the upper end was another fall or succession of falls, called Central Cascade. The water comes from a great height, but seems to be broken in its fall.

Now we come to two very high flights of stairs with a platform between for rest. Not far from this we came to a veranda, a place for rest really and for observation. Must I confess it? We here held a consultation as to whether we should make this our stopping place or should go on. That this flight of almost perpendicular stairs had tried our capacities for climbing to the uttermost. Just then a party of Scotch ladies came down and we appealed to them: "It is very tiresome," said the oldest, "but I think I should go," after deliberate thought. This decided those who were faint-hearted and we started on.

Soon we came to a bridge, which we crossed and then followed a very narrow foot-path cut in the rocks. Next we came to Tripple Cascade, three lovely falls called the finest in the Glen. Our path lay behind a sheet of water, which dashed down the side of the shelving rocks. The sunshine falling on this glittering spray gave the most beautiful tints of the rainbow.

Now our pathway wound around in the most perplexing manner up steep stairs and across bridges. Here was a flight of very narrow stone steps cut in the rock, and beyond a pathway also cut in the rock—a mere line for a foot path along the middle of the cliff. The place is filled with the most uncertain and sombre light. We think this is the last path, and begin to look back to get a view of the paths we have been over, when we find ourselves at another bridge, and in still another glen, even wilder and more beautiful if possible than those before. At many points the gorge is so narrow that trees have fallen across and lodged on the opposite side, making a natural bridge.

At last we reach Glen Facility, where the most remorkable feature of this wonderful gorge come to an end. We are now two miles and a half from Entrance Amphitheatre. Above us are other points of interest; but we gladly turning back, and slowly retrace our steps, watching the effects of the noonday sun, with which the whole Glen is flooded.

HYDE.

A MAJOR in a western fort thought he could turn a mule into a gun-carriage. Accordingly, a howitzer was strapped on a mule's back, pointing in the direction of greatest musical activity, or toward the rear, and loaded with ball cartridge. Then they took the mule out on the bluff to practice shooting at a target in the river. The officers stood round in a semicircle, while the major went up and inserted a time fuse in the vent of the howitzer. When the fuse was ready the major lit it and retired. In a minute or two the hitherto unruffled mule heard the fizzing back on his neck, and it made him uneasy. He reached his head round to ascertain what was going on, and as he did so his body turned, and the howitzer began to sweep around the horizon. The mule at last became excited, and his curiosity grew more and more intense. In a second or two he was standing with his four legs in a bunch, making six revolutions per minute, and the howitzer threatening sudden death to every man within half a mile. The commandant was observed to climb suddenly up a tree; officers were seen sliding over the bluff into the river, as if they didn't care anything at all about the high price of uniforms; the adjutant made good time toward the fort; a sergeant began to throw up breastworks with his bayonet; the major rolled over and groaned. In a minute or two there was a puff of smoke, and a dull thud, and the mule—oh, where was he! A solitary brute might have been seen turning successful back somersaults over the bluff, only to rest at anchor finally with his howitzer at the bottom of the river, while the ball went off toward the fort, hit the chimney in the major's quarters, rattling the adobe bricks down into the parlor, and frightening the major's wife into convulsions. They do not allude to it now, and no report of the result of the experiment was ever sent to the War Department.

FOR THE LAST TIME.—There is a touch of pathos about doing even the simplest thing "for the last time." It is not alone kissing the dead that gives us this strange pain. You feel it when you have looked your last time upon some scene you have loved—when you stand in some quiet city where you know you will never stand again. The actor, playing his part for the last time; the singer, whose voice is cracked hopelessly, and who after this once will never stand before the sea of upturned faces, disputing the plaudits with the fresher voices and fairer forms; the minister, who has preached his last sermon—these all know the hidden bitterness of the two words, "never again." How they come to us on our birthday as we grow older. Never again young, always nearer and nearer to the very last—the end which is universal, "the last thing which shall follow all last things, and turn them, let us hope, from pains to joys." We put away our boyish toys with an odd heartache. We are too old to walk any longer on our stilts—too tall to play marbles on the sidewalks. Yet there was a pang when we thought we had played with our merry thoughts for the last time, and life's serious grown-up work waiting for us. Now, we do not want the toys back. Life has other and larger playthings for us. May it not be these, too, shall seem in the light of some far-off days as the boyish games seem to our manhood, and we shall learn that death is but the opening of the gate into the new land of promise?

ONE of the end men of a newly-organized minstrel troupe applied at one of our book-stores yesterday for a comic almanac fifty years old. He explained that the troupe wanted to study up a stock of jokes a little fresher than those used by the minstrels at present on the road. The troupe should be encouraged.

IN the dark we are most apt to be frightened; the clearer sight we have of the sovereignty and power of heaven, the less we shall fear the calamities of this earth.

A. WARD has considerable to do with this fishery question.—*New Haven Register.*

THAT was a fine met-a-Yorick display when Hamlet discovered the skull of the dead jester.

"CONSISTENCY, thou art a jewel," as the office boy said when he got the paste the right thickness.

"I DON'T like winter," said one pickpocket to another. "Everybody has his hands in his pockets."

WHEN you wake up at night and hear the baby crying, look out for danger—for there's a rock ahead.

A WHAT-IS-IT.

From the Philadelphia Times.

Quite a large searching party has been organized in Eastern Berks for the purpose of scouring Muhlenberg and Ruscombmanor townships to hunt up, and capture if possible, one of the strangest-looking beasts ever heard of within the borders of this country. What gives emphasis to the sincerity of the people engaged is the fact that responsible and reliable parties were first to report having seen the so-called monster. A son of Prison Inspector Schmehl was the first to bring the intelligence to Tonton Station. O. H. Hinnershitz, proprietor of the leading hotel there, and a number of others went in pursuit of what Mr. Schmehl described. The monster had been reported on previous occasions, and when Mr. Schmehl saw it was lying near a gate entrance to a field through which he was about driving a lot of cattle. The "what-is-it" is represented to be about four feet tall, long arms, with but two talon-like fingers on each paw; feet without toes, furrows on its head, body smooth and naked, quite yellow looking as if it had been wallowing in clay. Jared Rissmiller heard of the animal. It had run up toward Schmehl with extended paws, and then darted into a cornfield and was lost to view. The two men then went in search, and discovered the animal on the other side of the field lying near the fence. It reared up on its hind legs like a man. Rissmiller says it is yellowish-brown in color, has no hair, small eyes and face, arms about fourteen inches long, legs somewhat longer, the hands and feet resembling those of a human being, and has two horns on top of the head. The young men made a raid on the monster, when they say it darted toward the forest and was soon lost in the foliage. A Mr. Heckman, also residing near there, is reported to have seen the beast and he is inclined to believe that it is a large sized ape, that may have escaped from some traveling menagerie. Every cornfield is to be searched, together with the neighboring swamps, for the purpose of ascertaining what the young men have really seen. After the recent rains the farmers plainly saw very strange looking tracks in the sand on the roadside. They have also heard very unusual howls at night and the dogs of the neighborhood have been trying to hunt down the beast without success. At first a large number of people were disposed to view the thing as a joke, but this feeling is gradually changing. No effort will be spared to solve this matter and to discover all that there is in it.

TWO INDIAN LOVE AFFAIRS.

Mentioning the school for Indians and others, which existed in Cornwall, Conn., some fifty years ago, a writer in the *Sunday Afternoon* says: "Among others who attended the mission school were two intelligent young men of the Cherokee tribe of Indians. One of them, known among his people as Weite, received the name of Boudinot, from Elias Boudinot, once Governor of New Jersey, and for a long time President of the American Bible Society. The young Indian, naturally gifted with a pleasing address and manner, was welcomed into the best families of the village. His frequent calls at the home of a prominent resident in time gave rise to some neighborly gossip, but the social life of the parish, usually so quiet and placid, was stirred to a fever heat when the news spread far and near that he was about to marry one of the fairest and most cultured daughters in the place. Against the wishes of her parents and friends she persisted in her choice, and the words were spoken that linked their fortunes for life. The companion of Boudinot, the son of the Cherokee chief, was also enamored with the beauty of a maiden living near the village, and was equally successful in his suit. These love affairs seriously disturbed the feeling of the community and hindered the progress of the school. The Indians, with their brides, returned to their nation, they occupying a portion of Georgia. Boudinot became conspicuous among his people as a scholar, edited a newspaper, and during the administration of Andrew Jackson took a leading part in the arrangements by which the tribe were removed to Kansas. Ridge, then one of the chiefs of the Cherokees, was in sympathy with this movement, but a strong party was opposed to leaving the burial places of their fathers. The disaffected portion of the tribe, after the settlement in Arkansas, denounced Ridge and Boudinot as traitors and untrue to the traditions of the people, and in their bitterness they clandestinely murdered them.

EDUCATION THAT DOES NOT EDUCATE.—The whole tendancy of modern education is to lift boys and girls to places they are not fitted to fill, to disgust them with work which they are fitted to do, which must be done, and which can be very easily obtained. Our theory of education is continually losing sight of a fact which never permits itself to be ignored, and teaching the young to lose sight of it, that the mass of the people in every generation and whatever form of government, must be laborers. The old heresy that every boy has a chance to be President of the United States has done more mischief in the small brains of boys who, when they attain manhood's strength, are fitted to dig trenches and do nothing else than it has even in larger brains of public men who, once bitten with the personal application of the ideas, are good for nothing afterwards. The boy should have an education which, when complete, will make the subject better fitted to pursue well the work for which he is adopted—which makes him not ashamed to do it, and which thus dignifies labor.—*Indianapolis News.*

THE young lady whose lover wrote her that he was doing duty on the tented field, afterward ascertained that instead of fighting Indians, he drove a team for a circus.

TOBACCO SLAVES.

SOME PECULIARITIES ABOUT THIS CLASS OF MEN.

A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* who ably defends the moderate use of tobacco, relates the following instances to show what a hold the habit may have upon persons: "A city man that I know gets half an hour for his luncheon or dinner in the middle of the day; but he manages to eat a few biscuits during office hours, and spends his half hour walking up and down one of the quays smoking. This man walks to the city every morning from his home, the distance being three miles; he also walks home every evening; and he smokes incessantly during the walks each day. He dines at 6 o'clock, and then smokes without ceasing until bedtime. On Sunday he smokes all day, except during meals; he will never attend a place of worship, because it would curtail his smoking. He will never go into society with his wife, and, indeed, will not readily talk to her at home, as it disturbs his smoking. In all other respects this man is a good husband and father. Another acquaintance of mine; who is a highly intellectual and deeply-read man, will tolerate nothing that may postpone his smoke. At dinner he is in a perpetual drive to get done, so as to begin his pipe; he wants no pudding, cheese, or dessert; taking these would involve loss of time, and put off the smoking period a few minutes longer. He likewise requires no tea or supper, protesting he is not hungry, and that he does not wish to be disturbed in his smoke. Another man that I know is in a Government office, and when the usual public holidays occur, such as the Queen's birthday, his treat is to lay in bed all day and smoke. The gentleman is married, and always smokes his last pipe in bed."

FLIES.

PHILOSOPHY OF THE WINGED IMPS.

One of our respected readers, says the Boston *Transcript*, hitherto pattern of docility, tractability, and modesty, has suddenly so far forgot himself as to sit down and deliberately, knowingly, willfully, and of his malice aforethought, write and send to this office the following chapter on flies:

You can sometimes catch a baseball on a fly.

The most irritating fly is the Spanish fly.

The latest name for a certain kind of fly is Tempas Fugit.

The fly is an author. See "Flies on Horses."

You can always at this season of the year find flies on toast at the restaurants.

Flies are always on hand early in the morning.

You have seen a kite fly.

Some flies are always in jail.

Longfellow speaks of a fly as a bird when he says, "Fly, proud bird of freedom."

Some people employ the blind to keep flies from the room.

You can draw a fly with a drop of molasses better than with a crayon.

I have often seen flies hand-cuffed.

The spider is the only creature who invites the fly to his parlor.

The only popular fly—"Shoo-fly."

Flies are like rivers. They are often damned.

A conjugal quarrel is a promoter of hair flies.

Stage flies are painted.

A fly is conservative in his reading; he always sticks to his own paper.

Butchers and grocers exhibit flies in their windows.

You can't drown a fly in the milk of human kindness.

Although flies don't stay long in one place they always carry a trunk.

There are musical flies. People often speak of that base fly.

ANOTHER INVENTION.—The versatile ingenuity of a Western inventor, who doubtless foresees the time in the far-distant future when the forest shall cease to clothe the hills and dales, and the demand for lumber shall prove vastly in excess of the supply, has succeeded in devising a substitute for the natural product of the virgin or the cultivated soil. His plan is to use that fragile vegetable, straw, and by a peculiar process to compress it into a substance as hard and indestructible as oak timber. It is claimed that this process converts wheat straw into timber which is susceptible of as fine a polish and finish as mohogany and black walnut, at a cost not in excess of that of the best clear pine. The straw is first manufactured by the ordinary paper-mill process into straw-board, and a sufficient number of sheets of this of the right size are taken to make the required timber. They are soaked and softened into a chemical solution, which is, of course, the inventor's secret. After the fibre of the pasteboard is sufficiently saturated, the pile of sheets is pressed between a series of rollers, which consolidates them so that when dry the whole is a hard stick. It is also claimed that the process renders this wood substitute impervious to water, and the chemicals used are such as to make it fire-proof. But the sanguine inventor has only made samples thus far.—*New York Tribune.*

SPLITTING A SNAKE.—"Psha," said Czardine, as he seated himself in the *Times* sanctum, "the snake stories that are going about are all too thin. Why just look here. Last spring I went out into the woods. I took along an umbrella, which I laid down onto some rocks. Well, sir, about an hour afterward I went to get my umbrella, as it had begun to rain a little. I took holt of the handle, and as I gave it a shove, something began to tear, and as the umbrella flew open a live black snake fell to the ground, split in two from his head to his tail. The confounded critter had actually swallered my umbrella, and I never noticed it until I shoved up the dumb thing and split the animile open from stem to stern."—*Whitehall Times.*

WHEN a hatter fits a cap to your cranium he cap sizes your head, doesn't he?

TO THE PASTURE.

To-day we turned the cows away
Among the grasses young and sweet—
We drove them in the morning gray,
Before the sun came up and kissed
Into warm rose the dewy mist
That over all the pasture lay.

They wound along the olden road,
By bush and bowlder, out and in;
We heard the streamlet as it flowed,
And loud and long the leader lowed,
And merry robins made a din.
Ah me, it was so sweet to hear
The birdlets in the budding trees!
The silver birches shone so clear,
The bluets blossom'd far and near,
And summer scents were in the breeze!

The thickets wore a mist of green,
We heard the Hamadryads laugh
Among the echoes—we had seen
Full many a time their garments gleam
Above that shining, glimmering stream
Where lithesome birches lean.

We sang for joy! The sun of May
Came up and flooded all below,
And all the morning vapors gray
Took rosy wings and flew away.
To-day? I dreamed it was to-day:
Why, this was twenty years ago!

GEROULD RE-UNION.

The re-union of the Gerould family to celebrate the seventy-eighth year of their advent in the township of Smithfield, held September 15, 1879, will long be remembred by the many friends and relatives who gathered at the Church of Christ, as the cool weather prevented going to the grove. Members of the family had been arriving in town from all parts of the country during the past week, and so numerous were they, that every stranger who appeared, was called a Gerould.

Monday, at about ten o'clock A.M., they began to assemble at the church. There were fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, uncles, aunts and cousins. Each family brought with them many relatives and friends. We never saw so much hand-shaking and kissing as on this occasion. Friends who had not seen each other for many years, here exchanged greetings. Many *called* themselves Geroulds on this occasion, and for many of the younger members of the family it was difficult to tell who were "their uncles and their cousins and their aunts."

The company was called to order at 11:45 A. M., by Colonel W. E. Barton, when a song was sung, entitled "All Together Again." After this Rev. A. J. Clark read from Grandmother's Bible, (which is over sixty years old), followed by a prayer by Rev. J. Hendrick. The address of Welcome by Charles Gerould, and the response by J. Abijah Gerould, were brief, hearty and pleasant. These were followed by a song: "My Mother's Bible." Dr. Henry Gerould, of Cleveland, Ohio, gave the genealogy of the family, which is as follows:

GENEALOGY.

First Generation—Dr. James Jerauld, Paris, France, emigrated about 1680, married Martha Dupee, of Boston. He died October 25, 1763. I have just received a card from Rev. Samuel L. Gerould, of Goffstown, New Hampshire, who says, "I expect soon to get some reliable information in regard to Martha Dupee, our great-great-grandmother." He, Dr. James Jerauld, settled in Medfield, Massachusetts, where were born to him eight children.

Second Generation—Gamalial Jerauld, settled in Wrentham, married first, Rebecca Lawrence (our great-grandmother)—married second, Jerusha Mann; married third, Mary Everett. Twelve children were born to him—five by first wife, Rebecca Lawrence, and seven by second wife.

Third Generation—Jabez Gerould, our grandfather, was the fifth child by the first wife. He was born November 1, 1748—131 years ago this fall. He enlisted in the beginning of the Revolutionary war—was wounded at the battle of Bunker Hill, and discharged from the army. Subsequently he was appointed Captain in his division of the army. At the close of the war, he settled in Newton, Connecticut, as blacksmith—married Demaris Bennett. About 1795, he moved to Southern New York, and in 1800, came to Smithfield and built a log house. The mound is still visible. He moved his family in 1801.

Third Generation—Theodore, the seventh child by his second wife, Jerusha Mann.

Fourth Generation—Samuel Allen Gerould, Sr.

Fifth Generation—Samuel Allen Gerould, Jr.

Sixth Generation—Henry Fisk Gerould.

These three reside in Keene, N. H.

Third Generation—Samuel, third son of second wife. In my brief address, five years ago, I mentioned Samuel, son of Gamaliel, as a clergyman residing in Stoddard, New Hampshire. This should have been given as Moses Gerould, who was born in Wrentham, May 5, 1829. Studied Theology and was ordained over the Congregational Church, at North Alstead, New Hampshire, May 22, 1828.

Fifth Generation—Samuel Lankton, born July 11, 1834, fitted for college at Meriden, New Hampshire, graduated at Dartmouth College in 1858; studied Theology at Union Theological Seminary, New York City; moved to Stoddard, New Hampshire, in 1860; ordained and installed as pastor of the Congregational Church, October 2, 1861. Enlisted as a private soldier in Company G, of the 11th New Hampshire Volunteers, September 23, 1862; promoted to Sergeant, and served in the field for one year. He was then detailed as a clerk of General Court Martial, which sat in Washington, D. C., Trenton, New Jersey, Carlisle, Pennsylvania, and Wheeling, West Virginia. Rejoined his Regiment, March 20, 1865, at Savannah, Georgia. Was then detailed as clerk at ordinance office, where he served until his regiment was mustered out July, 1865. He returned to Stoddard, and afterward settled in Goffstown, New Hampshire, where he now resides. He married first, Lucy A. Miriam, September 20, 1860. Children, Mary Clementine. Married second wife a few years since. I have mentioned this person at length because we owe to him more than all others, a true history of our family. He has just informed me of the death of J. B. Gerould, who owned the old farm of Gamaliel in Wrentham. Also his daughter, Mrs. Warren, who resided with him. This estimable lady did very much towards gathering correct history and data of our Genealogy. Did time permit, I could give much concerning relatives residing in Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, New York, Ohio, Indiana, and Maine. The remainder of this address must be devoted to our own immediate family. And if I am somewhat prolix, you will please to bear in mind, your committee did not give me time to condense. I had not time for brevity.

RECAPITULATION.

Origin, Paris, or Langudoc, France.

First Generation—Dr. James Jerould; residence, Medfield, Massachusetts.

Second Generation—Gamaliel, third child; residence, Wrentham, Massachusetts, change of orthography.

Third Generation—Jabez, fifth child; residence in Smithfield.

Third Generation—Samuel, eighth child; residence in Stoddard, New Hampshire.

Third Generation—Theodore, 12th child, Keene, New Hampshire.

Fourth Generation—Moses, son of Samuel, died in Concord, New Hampshire, June 21, 1874.

Fifth Generation—Samuel L., son of Moses, Goffstown, New Hampshire.

Fourth Generation—Samuel A., son of Theodore, Keene, New Hampshire.

The will of James Jerauld was dated 120 years ago to-day.

REV. C. C. CORSS

then delivered a historical address about Smithfield and its early settlement, from which we select the following extracts:

A man by the name of Grover first attempted to make a settlement in Smithfield. In 1792 a shanty was erected by him, not far from where the house of Hiram Carpenter now stands. The first *permanent* settlement in Smithfield was made by Reuben Mitchel, in 1794. His family were the only inhabitants in Smithfield for about four years. After the Mitchels, came families by the names of Baldwin, Waterman, Wheeler, Couch, Needham, Satterle, Hays. And in 1800 Stratton, Dr. Dartt, and Jabez Gerould, our great-grandfather. Nehemiah Tracy and his family came from Connecticut in 1805. In 1809, Samuel Wood, the Phelps and Kingsleys. The first sermon preached in Smithfield was by Rev. James Woodward, who was sent here as a missionary. The speaker then dwelt for some time on the hardships which the early settlers endured. Such was the condition of the roads that several days were required to complete the journey from the river. Corn was worth $1.50 per bushel, and could be had no nearer than Athens. One day's work would only buy one pound of sole leather, and for many years no grain could be ground nearer than Wilkes-Barre.

Following the address, "That Song our Fathers Sang," "Auld Lang Syne" was sung. Some relics were presented by Mrs. McDougal, of Waverly, New York. Grandfather's wedding stockings, also worn by his youngest son at his wedding; Grandmother's wedding dress, preserved in a quilt; a table, two chairs and a mirror, which were brought from Connecticut about 1795; a small mirror which was brought from France; two cups and saucers, which were two hundred and seventy-nine years old, and were brought over in the May Flower; a powder horn, one hundred and sixty years old; and the old-fashioned piano (spining wheel); which Aunt Eliza spun for a short time, to show the younger ones its use. After this the following toasts were read