The Bradford Reporter.

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SPECIAL NOTICES inserted at TEN CENTS per line for first insertion, and FIVE CENTS per line for each subsequent insertion, but no notice inserted for less than fifty cents.

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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.

JOHN W. CODDING,
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,
TOWANDA, PA.
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Solicitor of Patents. Particular attention paid to business in the Orphans Court and to the settlement of estates.
Office in Montanye's Block May 1, '79.

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TOWANDA, PA.
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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. 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. [nov13-74.

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 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.

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, 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, 1877tf.

WM. S. VINCENT,
GENERAL
INSURANCE AGENT,
July 31, 1879. TOWANDA, PA.

W. B. KELLY, DENTIST.—Office over M. E. Rosenfeld's, Towanda, Pa. Teeth inserted on Gold, Silver, Rubber, and Aluminum base. Teeth extracted without pain. Oct. 34-72.

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 26, 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
May22-70tf. TOWANDA, PA.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK,
TOWANDA, PA.
CAPITAL PAID IN.....$125,000
SURPLUS FUND.....60,000
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 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.

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.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

Yellow and crimson, green and brown,
And some of a purple blue!
Here is one with a scarlet crown,
And one of a saffron hue.

They are whirling past in the fickle blast,
And eddying round and round,
Catching the eye of the passer-by
As they fall to the cruel ground.

Some to their branches are clinging still
With a bravery stout and true,
As if loth to part with the sweets of life—
A lesson for me and you.

And some in a sheltered corner lie,
Yellow, and limp, and curled—
Content in their little nooks to die,
Safe from a sneering world.

A few in a little pool down dropped,
Steeped in the tender rain,
Washed of all soil in their downward flight,
Glisten and glow again.

Like many a stainless soul on earth,
Dimmed by the toil of years,
Later in life they are born again—
Born through repentant tears.

And some are kicked by each passing foot,
And caught by each breath that blows,
And yet live on through the winter's storm
And are shamed by the next year's rose.

There let them lie. They have lived their life;
They have bowed to the winter's wind;
And the world with such passing scenes is rife—
Some taken, some left behind.

We crush them low with a careless tread,
Yet grieve with a poet's ear
As we list to the downtrod hopes of earth,
And spare them a passing tear.

And so my pageantry comes and goes;
We are born—we live—we die;
And in russet-brown or in crimson clad,
At the closing of life we lie.

What matter which of the time-worn fates
Our own few years may see?
What matter if toss'd by the truant wind,
Or strewn 'neath the parent tree?

With Mother Earth we must mingle all,
And each parting of leaf from tree
Is the shadowing forth of another Spring,
And the dawning of life for me.

Selected Tale.

POOR JESSIE.

Before I set out for the Yorkshire coast, I had been assured by my friend, Lord Aimsleigh, that in the person of Mr. Elgood Grath, sergeant of the coast guard, I would meet a remarkable character, who would give me the particulars of what had long been known as the Glensmere tragedy.

Upon arriving at the little fishing village of R——, where I anticipated a stay of some days, I was informed by the innkeeper that the object of my search was some miles down the coast making his weekly round of the guard under his charge.

It was still early morning, and the weather was clear and bracing, tho' cold. I had no difficulty in procuring a horse and setting out at once in search of the sergeant.

I found him near another little fishing village, engaged in testing the qualities of a new telescope which had recently been set up in a small observatory on the cliffs.

He appeared by no means a creature of romance. A wet mist had gathered in from the sea, and he was clad to meet it—that is, in clumsy waterproof overclothing, with an immense hat, like a Thames waterman's. From under the ample brim appeared a round, red, Yorkshire face, made still broader by sandy leg-of-mutton whiskers, but animated and intellectualized by small piercing gray eyes, like illuminated beads.

He met my preliminary advances with caution and reserve, but soon brightened up, and invited me to accompany him to the neighboring tavern.

As we rode along the cliff he pointed below to a wild and desolate cove, wherein the tumultuous waters of the sea appeared to have but little rest, and the rocky head of which was reached by a tortuous foot-path from above.

"That," said he, "is Glensmere. You cannot see from this point the mouth of the great cavern which was formerly used by the smugglers, because it is overbrowed by the crag; and the tide will not admit of our approaching it by way of the sands."

We were soon seated in the sanded parlor of the cosy little tavern, with a bowl of smoking punch between us, and under its generous influence, Sergeant Elgood Grath speedily dropped what remained of his official reserve, and even became loquacious. He was so full of present business in hand, and of confidential revelations respecting his private opinion of his superiors, and the chances of his own promotion to a lieutenancy of the guard, that it was some time before I could fasten him down to the Glensmere affair, but at last he swelled up with its recollection, and told me the story as follows:

"It is now nigh on thirteen years ago. Although I had been a coast guardsman for a number of years, and was even then hoping to get my appointment as sergeant every day in the week, I still continued to live in the large town of F——, where I was born and bred, though its distance from the coast—nearly nine miles—sometimes caused me serious inconvenience in the performance of my duties.

"I had known and loved Jessie Holt, the parson's only daughter, ever since I was a youngster; but, though she would always treat me as an old and near friend, she would always laugh, or in some other way stave me off, whenever I grew spoony and threatened to declare my passion. However, after her father and mother died, and she was thrown upon the needlework for her only support, and I, at the same time, had just received my appointment on the guard—which almost any young man in the town would have sold his soul for—I thought that I would have it pretty much my own way; seeing that little Jessie had a hard time of it, while I was well able to support a wife, besides being not bad looking, and having a reputation for sobriety and industry.

"But little Jessie, to my surprise and mortification, after listening to my story very attentively, candidly told me that she could never be my wife.

"'Oh, do not look so sad about it, Elgood!' said she, beginning to blubber to herself. 'It makes me so unhappy to see you take it so hard. Indeed—indeed I can't marry you! I can't marry you! I have known you so long—I like you so well—I would if I could; but I can't—I can't!' And she broke right down and cried so bitterly that I felt ashamed of myself.

"However, I plucked up grit enough to say:

"'I see how it is, Jessie; there's some other lad in your eye—that's it.'

"And then her words smote me like the blow of a fist as she replied:

"'Yes, Elgood, that's it.'

"'Jessie,' says I, 'I'm not the man to want a girl who can't love me, nor to hate the lucky fellow who has proved more attractive than myself; but I've known you ever since you were knee high—lengthwise, long enough to ask you who the other chap is.'

"'Well, Elgood,' says she, blushing right through her tears, 'it's Guy Harnett, the young artist.'

"'What!' I cried, sort of dumbfondered like. 'Why, he's a young gentleman, Jessie! And though gentleman he be, he ain't got no more than a quarterly remittance from London, and that's hardly enough to keep him from starving.'

"'I did not sell my love to him, Elgood Grath,' said she, mighty proud. 'And besides, his remittance is going to be increased, and he says he knows a way to make money enough to enable us to get married in fine style.'

"'Well, I hope he may, and I wish you joy!' says I, bitterly; and I bounced away in a huff—it made me mad to hear her summing up so coolly her chances with another man, when I had known her ever since she could toddle, and had carried her to school on my back, and fought the big boys that made faces at her, and all that.

"But I soon thought better of it; and even began to like the young gentleman, too.

"Nearly every one liked him. There was a sort of mystery about him. He was known to get a small sum from London four times a year, with which he occupied a large, cheerless room over the green-grocer's, taking up most of his time with sketching and painting the wild scenery of the coast; excepting at regular intervals, when he would mysteriously disappear, and be absent for many days, looking, on his return, ready to drop with fatigue and the anxiety of something weighing heavily upon his mind. But he was as handsome as a picture, dressed in a free-and-easy, picturesque way, and had a bold, off-hand, familiar manner, well fitted to please simple townsfolk; and, as I said before, every one liked him, while many a girl looked on Jessie Holt with envy when it was given out that she was engaged to him.

"When I was convinced that I had thoroughly conquered my love for little Jessie, I felt so far satisfied with myself that I took an early opportunity of giving Master Guy my hand and wishing him well with his marriage.

"He laughed merrily, and yet in a sort of feverish way, it seemed to me, saying that he was striving to make all the money he could, so as to be married as soon as possible.

"'I suppose you are working hard, and selling a great many pictures?' says I, encouragingly.

"He looked at me in a vacant way for a minute, as though he didn't quite understand me; and then said, with a short laugh: 'Oh, yes, I'm working very hard—harder than any of you know of.'

"After this it was noticed that he disappeared much oftener, and remained away much longer than had been his custom, always coming home haggard and worn, as if by fatigue. Worse than all, I noticed that Jessie appeared to share in her lover's uneasiness, as though he had let her into some secret, and, from the merry, light-hearted girl I had always known her, she became silent and suspicious like, and would scarcely speak to any one.

"But as the cold autumn months drew on my duties on the coast grew so arduous and constant that I had little time to think of anything else, and even moved my lodging down to this little village here. The times were troublesome, and a vast deal of smuggling was said to be going on under our very nose, though the coast guard in this district was doubled, and I was made a full corporal. A large number of the poorer gentry in the interior were suspected of being in league with the smugglers.

"Watch as we might, our plans were nearly always defeated. Bales and boxes of goods were landed on the lonely shore at midnight, and carted far inland before we knew what we were about.

"The most notorious of the smugglers was a bold fellow named Allen Burt, who had been wonderfully successful on the Cornish coast, and afterward gave us his individual attention. We laid innumerable traps for him, but only got down on the shore in time to see his swift schooner scudding away before the wind, and to scratch our heads over the probability that a rich cargo from her hold was already on its way to the wine cellars and private store rooms of some of the gentry of the interior.

"At last, however, we discovered that the freebooters had a cave at Glensmere. The entrance was very small, and could only be approached—and then with considerable difficulty—at lowest tide. Two of our men entered to explore it, and never returned. So we concluded that they had been slain by men concealed within the very cavern, and were very cautious in our plans.

"The lieutenant in charge of the coast determined to make a grand effort to capture the cave and all the smugglers connected with it. He received trustworthy information that Allen Burt was to make an attempt to land goods on a certain night, and took his measures accordingly.

"A revenue cutter was hid away behind the Long Headland, ready to steam out at a moment's notice, and cut off the escape of the schooner, should she put in an appearance. The majority of the guard—some thirty in number—were concealed under the cliffs along the beach, ready to tackle the smugglers as they landed at Glensmere; and I, with four men under my command, was to take up a position in that little foot-path which you saw winding down the face of the crag toward the cove.

"'Grath,' said the lieutenant, when the preparations were about complete, 'the thieves have many confederates ashore, and, in case of discovery, I believe they will make a signal, and an attempt will be made to blow up the cavern, which I have all along suspected to be mined for that purpose. Your position will be directly over the cave, and you will have the opportunity of grabbing any incendiary who may be lurking around.'

"'Yes, sir,' says I, scratching my head, and feeling anything but cheerful at the prospect of being blown higher than a kite. 'And do I understand your to hint, sir, there is a reasonable chance of promotion for a poor fellow who does his duty under such circumstances?'

"'Grath,' says he, 'there is a chance—a very reasonable chance.'

"'Then, sir,' says I, 'you can count on me through thick and thin.'

"That afternoon, as I was going along the cliffs, one of my men, who had just come from the town here, asked me if I knew that Jessie Holt and Master Guy Harnett were going to be married in three days.

"'No!' said I. 'Then I suppose the young man has got the money he was so anxious about?'

"'He's made plenty of it, anyway,' says the man, 'and has made Jessie some splendid presents. They said he went up to London several days ago to get his wedding suit.'

"'Well,' said I, 'I wish 'em happiness and a long life.'

"We crawled down the narrow path and took up our position about half-way between the summit of the cliff and the sands, and just at the edge of a narrow crevice in the rock, which cut through the path like a knife, and seemed to pierce away down, ever so deep, as the noise of the loosened stones we sent rattling down was heard a long time before it died away.

"It was a disagreeable afternoon, with fog and rain, and a heavy wind from seaward. The storm grew apace as it grew later, with lightning in dazzling sheets, and thunder the loudest and longest I had ever heard.

"Suddenly one of the men jumped up, and shading his eyes from the lightning with his hands, cried out: 'There's the schooner craft, by Jove! They're coming right into the trap.'

"'Well, you needn't raise an alarm about it!' I cried, angrily.

"It was the schooner, sure enough. They had probably thought that we would be on the lookout at midnight, and had therefore chosen an earlier hour for their attempt.

"We saw her lay to the offing, as near shore as she dare come, and presently two boats put off from her through the surf. They had not gained more than half the distance between her and the shore, however, before the revenue cutter, under a full head of steam, shot out from the shelter of the headland, like an arrow, and firing a shot from her bow-chaser as she flew.

"The boats hesitated in the breakers, to their imminent danger, and the schooner ran up her topsails in a jiffy. But it was too late. The cutter was already on her seaward side, and she must give in or fight for it. She did the latter, but first sent a rocket whizzing up in the storm.

"I had become so interested in the scene that I had forgotten all about the duties of my position; but a moment after the rocket had risen and disappeared, I was suddenly recalled to them by a ball of fire, like a burning turpentine ball attached to a stone, whizzing by my head and disappearing into the crevices at my feet.

"I gave a shout, and, springing up the footpath like a goat, seized the form of a woman in full flight. Her face was veiled, and she struggled wildly to free herself. But it was of no avail; I held her like a vice. I tore the veil from her face, and gave a groan as I recognized Jessie Holt. She returned my scrutiny with a *stubborn, defiant stare*, though her face expressed the wildest uneasiness and excitement. A host of suspicions rushed across my mind in an instant, but no time was to be lost.

"'Down the cliff, men!—down with you! The mine is fired, if there is any!' I shouted; and, still bearing the girl in my arms, I led the way down the break-neck path, expecting every instant to be lifted from my feet by an explosion.

"We heard shot after shot in rapid succession, and when we reached the sand the coast guard were in active conflict with the smugglers, who had been lured into landing, but who were now endeavoring to regain their boats through the surf.

"'Back!' I cried—'back! The mine is fired!'

"*At this very instant, with a low,* premonitory rumbling, and then a deafening roar, the explosion occurred. The only damage it effected, however, was to blow out fragments of rock at the mouth of the cave, without detriment to either party, as the fight was going on farther up the beach. The smugglers were almost equal to the coast guard in numbers, and were making a grand resistance. They were led by a dashing young fellow, whose face was partially concealed by a wide felt hat.

"The running waves were almost over his high-top boots, but, with a pistol in one hand and a cutlass in the other, he beat back the guard, while some of his comrades joined hands and endeavored to reach out to one of the boats, which was being drifted away.

"At length a shot struck him. He threw up his hands and fell forward upon the sands. As his hat fell off, and he rolled over on his back, I recognized the handsome face of the young artist, Master Guy Harnett.

"Jessie tore away from me, and threw herself with a desolate shriek on the bosom of her expiring lover.

"A moment later, a bright light shot up from the smugglers' schooner—which had been fighting bravely, but unequally, with her single gun—and in a few moments more she was rapped in flames. After a brief resistance, the remaining smugglers in the surf were overpowered and made prisoners, though a large number of them had been previously wounded.

"Allen Burt, with the men who remained in the schooner, died in the ill-fated schooner. It transpired that he was a relative of Guy Harnett, whom he had allowed so much a year to prosecute his studies with, but he had continually held out inducements for him to enter upon his own wild and desperate course of life. The young man had only finally yielded when spurred by the prospect of his marriage; and had gained only death and dishonor. This is the end of the Glensmere story, sir."

"But the girl—Jessie—what became of her?" I asked.

"Listen!" said Sergeant Elgood Grath, lifting up his finger. "Do you not even now hear her singing?"

I did hear a wild, crooning voice from somewhere out in the fog, and said so.

"Well, that's she. And there she goes now, wandering about, as she does day after day."

I looked through the dirty window panes of the little tavern, and saw the desolate, forlorn figure of a woman, still young, straying through the driving mist, and waving her arms wildly about.

"Yes, that's Jessie Holt," said the coast guardsman. "Poor thing! she's got no end of friends in the village and town, and need want for nothing; but she's been light in the upper story ever since, and will go wandering in the rain."

HUNTING UP A MATCH.

There are many things in this life which cannot be truthfully characterized as over-pleasant, and one of these is hunting up a match. It is different with a pin, or a tack. When you want one of these, all you are obliged to do is to look on that portion of the carpet where you are most in the habit of walking in your bare feet, and one is sure to turn up. The young man arrives home at any time from midnight until two o'clock in the morning. He gets into the hall all right, hangs his hat up, and feels for the bulsters. After he has wandered through the parlor, and out on the back stoop several times, he finally gets hold of them, and makes out to reach his room. Of course the moon has just gone behind a cloud, and the room is as black as a Zulu warrior. The young man comes to the conclusion that what he really wants is a match; so he begins the hunt. He holds his hands out before him, so that his face won't collide with anything, and then steers across the room as noiselessly as possible. A mystery that can never be satisfactorily cleared up is that a man who steps as heavily as an elephant in the daytime will always walk on his toes when looking for a match in the dark. Perhaps he is afraid the match will run away, or fly up in his face and sting him! He finally reaches the mantelpiece, and feels all around the clock in vain. Then his nails catch on the needle-work under a vase, and that comes to the floor with all the *eclat* it can bring to bear. As his boots are off, his fear redoubles. If he should step on one of those bits of glass, it might kill him, and he is too young to die; so he shoves his feet along without lifting them at all. He is so intent on escaping being cut that he doesn't notice the close proximity of the rocking-chair. He flies over it as gracefully as any one could without due preparation, and deposits himself in the grate. He comes out of this with his ears and mouth full of dust, cinders, and torn memorandums, and is as wild as a tiger. In his great hurry he stubs his toe against a trunk, and, before he can recover himself, he drives his foot into a metallic spittoon, and is unable to get it out. Every time he puts that foot on the floor, it sounds like a tin-shop advertisement. He meanders over to the bureau, and finds a match. He is happy now because he has triumphed. He doesn't feel mean any longer. Even the cuspadore on his foot he regards as a satin slipper. He strikes the match under the marble slab on the bureau, but it doesn't light. Of course there is a reason for it. It has been lighted before. The cuspadore feels no longer like a satin slipper. He is wilder than ever. Every few minutes he spits out some cinders and bits of paper, and vows vengeance on everything that enters his mind. He sits down on the bed, and pulls out his handkerchief to wipe the perspiration off his brow. In bringing it out, he discovers matches in his pocket, and recollects having bought a box a few hours before. This makes him wilder. He finally lights the gas, pries the cuspadore off his foot, and retires for the night.

HOW HE KEN'D WELL.—Dr. Thompson, *taking once for his text*, "Look not upon the wine when it is red in the cup," enlarged upon the evil effect of drinking upon the head, heart and purse. As the congregation departed two old cronies, given to taking more than a "wee drap," talked over the sermon. "Did you hear yon, Johnnie?" quoth one. "Did I hear't? Wha did na hear't? I ne'er winked one e'e." "A weel, an' what thocht ye o't?" "Adeed, Davie, I think he has been a lad in his day, or he could na ha' ken'd sae weel aboot it. He's been a sly hand, the minister."

KIND OF NATURAL LIKE.—"Do you understand the Nature and solemnity of an oath?" the Judge of Vandalia asked a witness who had come up from the lower end of the State. "Well, yes," the witness replied, *after some study*; "I reckon I know the natur' of an oath, but there never appeared to be no powerful amount of solemness about swearin' to me. It allus come kind of nat'ral like. Mam swore a little when she was riled, dad was a born cusser, and Parson Bedloe—" But the Court excused without further pedigree.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

OCTOBER NIGHTS.

THE VISIONS OF THE SKIES WHICH THEY AFFORD.

To the amateur or professional star gazer, says the Detroit News, and even to the most thoughtless wayfarer, whose journeyings may lead him out under the star-strewn sky, there is a peculiar fascination in the prospect overhead these cool autumn nights. The calmer glories of the summer evenings have just given place to the glowing of the most beautiful and interesting constellations, and the observer may also with one sweep of the eye view three of the most interesting planets. Mighty Jupiter and his four companions; ringed and leaden-hued Saturn and his satellites, and ruddy Mars, with the interest that of late years has attached thereto by the discoveries of science, are all in sight, even in the early evening.

An all-night vigil will witness the silent, beautiful and awe-inspiring spectacle of the unrolling of the most resplendent scenery upon the mighty panorama of the skies. The watcher, taking his station at 9 P. M. and keeping it until dawn, will, if armed with but the slightest astronomical knowledge and a decent appreciation of what his own eyes can see, be an enthusiast in the study before the light of day brings the astronomical lesson to a close. There will come before him "Sagittarius" with his bow—the oldest archer in the universe; "Bootes," driving his mighty bears, and having as his distinctive mask that beautiful star Job himself has told us of; the "Eagle" and the "Wolf," with their attending mysticism of nebulæ and clusters of mighty outlying systems; "The Cross," whose flaming symbol flashes as bright as when in distant Judea the divine tragedy gave it its awful symbolism; damp old "Aquarius;" the pretty "Diamond" that some sombre old thinker has taught us to call "Job's coffin;" winged "Pegasus," with his magic square; firey-hearted "Scorpio" just passing from view; rampant star-horned "Taurus," with his cluster-gemmed front; magnificent "Orion," the belted and sworded prince of the starry hosts, with his drapery of nebulæ that will serve for study for the world's astronomers till time shall end; "Perseus" and the wonderful varying star "Algol," glowing "Sirius," the sole interest of the constellation it graces; and indeed a score of other constellations and the brilliant points thereof will all pass before the vision in one short night. However, this beautiful exhibition is not billed for "one night only," but will hold the boards for the month and much longer, and it does not cost a cent to see it. Only a step out-doors and there it all lies before the beholder, with no price set upon it except a run of ague or a well-developed catarrh for those who do not know enough to guard against infringement of nature's most common laws, and are susceptible to the influences of the night air.

The trouble with Jupiter has not yet been explained to the satisfaction of all. That there is something strange going on upon the surface of the giant planet is plainly to be seen, even by the glass used by the writer and the smaller instruments owned by Mr. Puddefoot and others of this city. A huge spot of a shape that may be described as a very flat ellipse is seen lying south of the equatorial belt. On close inspection it proves to be of a color matching that of the northern belt, and a curvature in the southern belt near which it lies shows that the belt and spot are not of affinitive natures, the spot evidently repelling the belt. Those who believe that Jupiter is shining by its own light, to at least some extent, think this spot is a huge rift in the surrounding medium, revealing the firey mass beneath. The measurements given by astronomers show that the spot covers about 60,000,000 square miles—or is far larger than the aggregate of all the dry land on the earth's surface. By observing it the rate of Jupiter's revolution about its axis can easily be noted.

ANIMALS AND MUSIC.—Some animals are fond of music; horses especially love to hear martial music, and the sound of the trumpet will fill them with fire and spirit. They will draw near and listen with attention as great as that of human lovers of music at a concert. Cows, also, are susceptible to the charms of music, and instances have been known when the organ is playing near the wall that separates the field from the churchyard, they stand listening gravely. A French state prisoner begged, as a great favor, that he might have the musical instrument on which he played, to amuse himself in the prison; and what was his surprise, after he had played a few times, to see some mice appear, and stay quietly hearkening to the playing, and at its conclusion returning to their holes. Nor was this all; several large spiders came also, and remained during the musical performance, and then ascended to their corners. Other instances have been known of spiders showing this same taste for music, and coming out to listen to it.

Perhaps when the ancients wrote the story on Orpheus and told how he charmed the brutes, they may have known something of this love of music implanted in the hearts of the dumb creation.

GENERAL MERRIT'S command, while marching to the relief of Payne, gave an exhibition of go-as-you-please pedestrianism to some purpose. The men moved all Saturday night, and traveled seventy miles in twenty-four hours, arriving on Sunday morning in time to prevent another massacre. Some of the Democratic journals seem inclined to sneer at Captain Dodge's colored company, which went of its own accord to the relief of Payne and fought their way through the Indian forces to reach the imperiled soldiers; but one despatch eloquently says: "If there ever were any negro haters in Payne's command there are none now." The colored company, without orders, braved almost certain death to rescue white men in the same uniform.

MARTHY ELLEN

There's nothin' in the name to strike
A feller more'n common like!
I'aint liable to git no praise
Nor nothin' like it nowadays;
And yit that name o' hern's is jest
As purty as the purtiest—
And more'n that, I'm here to say
I'll have a thinkin' thataway
And die for Marthy Ellen!

It may be I was prejudust
In favor of it from the fust—
'Cause I kin recollect jest how
We met, and hear her mother now
A-callin' of her down the road—
(The aggravatin' little toad!)—
And I kin see her, sorto' half-
Way disappointed, turn and laugh
And mock her—"Marthy Ellen!"

Our people never had no fuss,
And yit they never took to us;
We neighbored back and foreds some;
Until they see she liked to come
To our house—and me and her
Wast jest together ever'whur
And all the time—and when they'd see
That I liked her, and she liked me,
They'd holler—"Marthy Ellen!"

When we growed up, and they shet down
On me and her a runnin' roun'
Together, and her father said
"He'd never leave her nary red,
So help him, of she married me,"
And so on—and her mother she
Jest egged the gyrl, and said "she 'lowed
She'd ruther see her in her shroud,"
I *wrote to Marthy Ellen.*

That is, I kinds' took my pen
In hand, and stated whur and when
The undersigned would be that night
With two good hosses, saddled right
For livelyravelin'—in case
Her folks ud like to join the race.
She sent the same note back and writ
"The rose is red," "right under it—
"Your n allus—Marthy Ellen."

That's all, I reckon—nothin'-more
To tell but what you've heered afore—
The same old story—sweeter tho'
For all the trouble, don't you know!
Old-fashioned name! and yit its jest
As purty as the purtiest!
And more'n that, I'm here to say
I'll live a thinkin' thataway
And die for Marthy Ellen.

—*John C. Walter in Kokomo Tribune.*

PETROLEUM.

Journal of Chemistry.

When we are told that at the present time over one million eight hundred thousand gallons of petroleum, or earth oil, are brought to the surface every day in the oil regions of Pennsylvania alone, the mind is staggered by the contemplation of the magnitude of this comparatively new industry. So lavish is Mother Earth of her hidden stores of oil that it is sent to the surface much faster than it can be taken care of or stored; and at the present time three hundred thousand gallons, at the lowest estimate, run waste every day. The great United Pipe Line, and other methods of conveyance, utterly fail to convey the oil to markets, and the enormous tanks for storage are full to overflowing. There are tanks owned by companies which hold five million barrels of oil, and all of them are full. The wooden tanks owned by individuals and private concerns amount, in their aggregate capacity, to as large a number of barrels; and these, also, are full.

Thus it will be understood that there are great lakes of oil above ground, as well as below; but there is good reason to believe that the subterranean deposits may with greater propriety be called oceans, rather than lakes. The oil-workers are evidently pumping from inexhaustible supplies in the rock-chambers below; and what are called the "spouting wells" deliver their vast currents with the same impetuosity as when the drills first tapped the pent-up stores. An interesting inquiry arises as regards what becomes of the oil that cannot be secured. Into what does it flow, and where is its final resting-place? Any one who has visited the oil-regions will know the nature of the country, and will readily understand that much of the oil flows into brooks or small rivers, and in time finds its way into the large rivers, and is lost ultimately in the Gulf of Mexico or the Atlantic Ocean. Still larger quantities are absorbed by the earth in ravines and marshy places, and thus it is lost to view. In the famous district one is led to exclaim: "Oil, oil, everywhere, and no untainted water to drink!" There is oil in the soil; oil in the springs; oil in the bushes and trees; oil in the atmosphere, apparently; oil on the clothing, and in the mouth, eyes and hair of the workmen. The bread and coffee of the region have the odor of the oil, and the beds are saturated with oil.

How wonderful is all this! Well do we remember when the first phial of "rock oil" fell into our hands. It was called "Seneca oil," and it was claimed to be a most efficacious remedy for a variety of ills to which the human body was subject. The statement that it flowed spontaneously from a spring in Pennsylvania was received at first with much incredulity, as that was regarded as impossible; but in a short space of time the truth was known, and the oil was no longer regarded as a mixture devised by human hands.

American petroleum oil is now used as a source of artificial illumination in nearly all parts of the world. It goes, along with rum, powder, and muskets, to the savage tribes of Africa; and the mud-houses on the banks of the rivers of the interior towns are illuminated by its combustion. It is found in the *interior of* the Turkish Empire, in Persia, in Egypt, in Palestine, in China, in Japan, and in the remote islands of the sea. For the paltry sum of fifteen cents we can purchase a gallon of the clear, refined oil, and the cost of the light afforded, in comparison with gas as furnished at the lowest cost in cities, is one to twenty in its favor. It is just now the most formidable antagonist of gas, and we can scarcely hope in the utilization of electrical force in the future to secure light at a lower expense.

MUSIC HATH CHARMS.—Mme. de M., a provincial lady who had just arrived in town, gave her husband no rest until he had taken her to the opera, where she had never been before. That night it was the "Prophet." At the end of the third act the husband asked: "Well, my dear, what is your impression?" "My impression? Well, my impression is that next time I'll wear a low-necked dress!"

THE RAILROAD SEAT.

Baltimore Gazette.

There is no relation of life in which the natural selfishness of man comes out so strongly as in traveling. People who, when at home or among their friends, are not only polite, considerate of the comfort of others, but even self-sacrificing in trifles, often become grasping, repellant, morose, when they get on a railroad train to go traveling. Too often they seek their own comfort to the disregard of the rights of others. A man will enter a train and take a whole seat and so arrange his baggage as to cover the whole of it, so as to keep any one else from occupying a part of it. He only pays for one seat, and he knows perfectly well that he has no right to occupy two, and yet he does so frequently, until he is forced to yield, and then he does so with as bad grace as possible. It matters not that other men may be standing up in the cars; he rarely has the grace to invite one of them to sit by him. He sits and looks as forbidding as possible, or turns his back and gazes out of the window so as to prevent, if possible, any one from requesting him for a seat beside him. The ladies are in this respect no better than the men, and they are more perfectly masters of the situation. She is protected by her sex in her selfishness and her disregard of the comfort of her sisters. A gentleman does not like to ask her for a seat, though he has a perfect right to do so. Even another lady is at a disadvantage in asking her for a seat. A cold, haughty, insolent manner and an intrenched air of possession usually enables her to hold her double seat against all comers. The politeness of men to women rarely fails in America, and it is no unusual thing for two gentlemen to rise to give a lady a whole double seat because another lady fails to offer her a seat. Now in this case each lady secures her double seat at the price of the discomfort of two fellow-travelers. When it is a man who behaves thus the remedy is comparatively simple. There is even a sort of pleasure in applying it. The passenger who on entering the car finds all the double seats occupied by men who refuse to make room for him, is often tempted to pick out the most exclusive looking of them and go up and coolly and business-like tell him to make room, and then sit down by him in as roomy and spacious a style as possible, and then hum or whistle some slow, plaintive air—kind o' sad like. This inflicts agonies upon the exclusive traveler, and gives to the new comer that calm inward repose which comes from the infliction of righteous punishment. Yet how much better it would be for the ladies to make place for their fellow female travelers and to exchange the little courtesies that brighten the journey; how much better it would be for the men to promptly make room for the new comers and get into friendly chat by the way. This selfish exclusiveness in traveling does not pay. One does not get the most of the voyage in that way.

HOIST BY HIS OWN PETARD.—Professor Thomas, recently connected with Butler University, says the Indianapolis *News*, was noted for his exactness in the use of vernacular. One night he was awakened at an unseemly hour by the discordant sounds of midight revelry from the direction of a student's bed-room. Dressing himself hastily he proceeded down the hall, and after a few knocks on the bolted door to enforce silence, he called out, "Hi, you fellows in there! Can't you make less noise?"

"Who's out there?"

"It's me."

"Who are you?"

"Professor Thomas."

"You're a liar. You can't fool us. Thomas would have said, 'It is I.' Come on boys, just once more." And the strains of "Landford, fill the flowing bowl" responded through the house till daylight. The affair was never after alluded to by the professor.

WHERE BLACK DIA