TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

The BRADFORD REPORTER is published every Thursday morning by GOODRICH & HITCHCOCK, at One Dollar per annum, in advance.

☞ Advertising in all cases exclusive of subscription to the paper.

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

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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.

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, TOWANDA, PA.

Office over Mason's old Bank.

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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.

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Feb 27, '79

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

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O. D. KINNEY,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

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

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TOWANDA, PA.

Dist Att'y Brad. Co. [feb.1'78.

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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.

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

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Towanda, May 1, 1872ly*.

WM. S. VINCENT,

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INSURANCE AGENT,

July 31, 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.

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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-ly.

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INSURANCE AGENCY

May23-76tf. 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.

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, OCTOBER 30, 1879. NUMBER 22

AN "ITEM."

Poetry.

THE END.

The course of the weariest river
  Ends in the great gray sea;
The acorn, for ever and ever,
  Strives upward to the tree;
The rainbow, the sky adorning,
  Shines promise through the storm;
The glimmer of coming morning
  Through midnight gloom will form.
By time all knots are riven,
  Complex though they be,
And peace will at last be given,
  Dear, both to you and me.

Then, though the path may be dreary,
  Look onward to the goal;
Though the heart and the head be weary,
  Let faith inspire the soul.
Seek the right, though the wrong be tempting
  Speak truth at any cost;
Vain is all weak exempting
  When once the gem is lost.
Let strong hand and keen eye be ready,
  For plain and ambushed foes;
Though earnest and fancy steady
  Bear best unto the close.

The heavy clouds may be raining,
  But with evening comes the light;
Through the dark are low winds complaining,
  Yet the sunrise gilds the height;
And love has his hidden treasure
  For the patient and the pure;
And time gives his full measure
  To the workers who endure;
And the Word that no law has shaken
  Has the future pledge supplied;
For we know that when we waken
  We shall be satisfied.

Selected Tale.

Her Father's Daughter.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

The scene is a prettily furnished sitting room in Bloomsbury Square, London, and the time nine A. M., on a bright spring morning. Two young people—husband and wife evidently—are seated at breakfast; but the meal is so far advanced that they have both turned to their newspapers, or rather to the one paper, which they have divided between them. She, strange to say, is immersed in the city article of the *Morning Clipper*. He is fuming to himself over a critique on the new comedy produced last night at the Variety Theatre. She is a handsome blonde of two-and-twenty. He is a tall, thin, rather melancholy-looking young man, who has just seen his four-and twentieth birthday.

"Veronicas down again one-eighth," muttered Mrs. Rivers. "They have been sinking every day for the last fortnight. They used to be a favorite stock with papa. I hope he has not dipped deep in them of late."

"And they dignify this rubbish with the name of criticism!" cries Gerald in disgust, as he flings away his paper and turns to his cold coffee. "A more unfair and one-sided attack was never penned. But if Babcombe were to write like an angel the *Clipper* would stab him all the same; and if he were to write as badly as—as I do, the *Pharos* would be sure to treacle him; so that one always knows what to expect."

Presently the postman's knock was heard, and a minute later a slatternly maid-of-all-work brought up a letter for Mrs. Rivers and a sealed packet for Gerald.

"A letter from papa! I should know his queer, cramped hand anywhere," cried Alice. "Good news or bad, eh, Gerald?"

"My story back from the *Piccadilly!*" groaned poor Gerald, with a visible lengthening of his already long face. "Was ever such luck as mine? I shall begin to think soon that I am only fit to break stones by the roadside."

But his wife did not hear him. She was lost in her letter. Her face paled a little as she read, and presently the tears sprang to her eyes. "Just like papa!" she cried. "I might have known what his answer would be. I felt sure at the time that my letters would be of no avail, but I could not rest till I had written. Even though he refuse to see me himself, he might at least let Carry and Grace see me once, now and then." She got up suddenly, and pushing the letter across the table to her husband, she hurried out through the folding doors that opened into the bed room. Gerald Rivers took up his wife's letter and read as under:

> MY DEAR ALICE: I found your two letters awaiting me on my return from Montone. As they both refer to the same subject, one answer will do for the two. In both of them you ask me (*implore* is the word used by you to forgive you. To this I reply that I have nothing to forgive. You are of age, consequently you are the mistress of your own actions, and I have no control over you in any way. But when you ask me to see you, or, if I will not do that, to allow you to visit your sisters, you put the case on an altogether different footing. To both your requests my answer is an emphatic No. In the most important step of your life you have chosen to act in direct opposition to my frequently-expressed wishes, and, as a matter of course, you must put up with the consequences of your folly. One of those consequences is the severance of all ties that bound you to me as a cherished member of my family. You discarded your family of your own free-will, and your family now discard you. Such being the state of affairs between us, I need hardly tell you that any letters you may send in time to come (except in a case of urgent illness, and accompanied by a medical certificate to that effect) will remain unanswered. Your father,
>
> EDWARD CREWDSON.
>
> P. S.—Since writing the above a fresh thought has struck me. You know that it was my intention to have given you six thousand pounds as a wedding portion had you married in accordance with my wishes. Now, I promise you that I will overlook the past, and give you the six thousand pounds into the bargain, on the day that you or your husband can come forward and produce another six thousand to put to it. That chance I give you. A bargain's a bargain.
>
> E. C.

"The old boy might as well ask me to jump over the moon as to find six thousand pounds, or six thousand pence either," said Gerald, with a sigh, as he laid the letter on the table. "Alice always said that he was full of eccentric whims and notions, and this proposition of his proves that she was right."

Presently Mrs. Rivers came back into the room, and placing her hands on her husband's shoulders, stooped over and kissed him. She had been crying, and her eyes were still red; but there was a smile on her lips. "Just like papa, dear," she said. "So inflexible, so self-willed. Nothing can move him when once he has made up his mind."

"There is one consolation," said Gerald. "we are no worse off than we were before."

"Not a bit."

"You see what you have brought yourself to through marrying a pauper."

"Through marrying the dearest and best fellow in the world." This with another kiss.

"Our future can hardly be said to be *couleur de rose*."

"Suppose we form ourselves into a committee of ways and means."

"Agreed. I vote that you take the chair." So Alice went and sat down in the big easy-chair opposite her husband.

"Three months ago to-day we were married," said Alice. "On that day our joint capital consisted of three hundred pounds. Yesterday I looked at our bank book and found that we had just one hundred and ninety-nine pounds six and sixpence standing to our credit."

"So that we have spent a hundred pounds in thirteen weeks?"

"Precisely so. But you must remember that out of that hundred pounds were paid the expenses of our wedding trip."

"If we go on living at the same rate for six months longer we shall be bankrupt."

"Something not far from it."

"Then the sooner I look out for a situation of some kind, the better for both of us."

"But long before the six months are at an end your novel may be brought out, or your comedy accepted, or——"

"My dear Alice," interrupted Gerald, "where is the use of our deceiving ourselves any longer? Three months ago we became man and wife. You brought as your dowry three hundred pounds in hard cash—the little fortune left you by your grandmother. I brought— What? A bundle of wretched manuscripts, that were fit only for the butterman."

"Oh, Gerald, don't say that!"

"A bundle of wretched manuscripts," reiterated Gerald, bitterly, "comprising, among other useless matter, a novel and a comedy. I was going to do grand things—to set up life as a man of letters; to make a name for myself; to earn an easy and lucrative living with my pen. Icarus has come down with a crash. No publisher will offer me a penny for my novel; no manager will read a line of my comedy. I have the consolation of knowing that I have mistaken my vocation; that I am not nearly such a clever fellow as in my folly I fancied myself to be, and that I have been living all this time on my wife's money for lack of any of my own."

"O, Gerald!"

"In three months I have earned twelve guineas—twelve miserable guineas. During the next three months I may earn as much more, or, perhaps, nothing at all."

"You must not lose heart in this way, dear. What are three months? A very little time, indeed. Remember how 'Jane Eyre' was hawked about from one publisher to another before any one could be found to accept it."

Gerald shook his head. "My dear Alice, your husband is not a man of genius, and no one knows that better than yourself. I made the mistake, common enough, I dare say, among young men who have an itch for scribbling, of believing that the world would appraise my literary wares at the same value that I set on them myself. Three months in London, three months among publishers and managers, have sufficed to undeceive me once and forever. The lesson has been a sharp one; but I hope I am man enough to own that I think it has done me good."

"How bitterly you speak, dear! What can I say to comfort you?"

Gerald rose from his chair, and, crossing to where his wife was seated, he took her hand and pressed it to his lips. "You are my comfort, now and ever," he said. Then, with his shoulders resting against the chimney-piece, he went back to what he had been talking about. "Another fact my lesson has taught me," he said, "and that is that there is no present prospect—and whether there is one in the future seems highly problematical—of my being able to keep you and myself by the proceeds of my pen in anything more than the most abject pauperism. Such being the state of affairs, you cannot fail to agree with me as to the absolute necessity that exists for my at once setting about some other mode of earning a living. The only question is: What is that mode to be? In other words, what am I fit for?"

"What are you fit for, indeed! Why, anything and everything. With your abilities——"

"My abilities, forsooth! Where are they? In what do they consist? Would the exercise of them in any direction bring me in a hundred a year? Really, Mr. Chairman, really, you are most unpractical this morning, and wanting in your usual sagacity."

"You don't know what you can do till you try, dear. Your abilities have never been properly put to the test."

"There's the mischief of it. If my uncle, instead of bringing me up to a life of idleness, and luring me on with the hope of one day being his heir, had insisted on my being taught some decent trade or profession, I should not be in the predicament in which I find myself now. Seriously, *cara mia*, what am I fit for? I know nothing, have been taught nothing, and have no special aptitude—unless it be for a little foolish scribbling—by means of which, as already proved, I might, perhaps, earn enough to find you in gloves and myself in cigars. But where is the bread and cheese to come from?"

"We have several months before us yet, dear, during which we can look out and consider what it will be best for us to do."

"And in the meantime your money—yours, Alice—which ought to have been put away untouched, is melting day by day. And there's a sting in knowing that."

"You foolish Gerald! As if both my money and I were not your own, to do as you like with! How would it be if we went into less expensive lodgings? These rooms are very dear."

"What are these rooms in comparison with the home you gave up for my sake?" He put his arms suddenly round his wife's neck and kissed her. "Something must be done, and at once; but what that something must be I know no more than the man in the moon. You, with your clear head, must try to think for me.

I will leave you now, I am going to the Museum to get up my references for an article I intend writing for *Mayfair*."

Left alone, Mrs. Rivers had another little cry all to herself. Then she bathed her face, and after that she took up her father's letter and read it through, slowly and carefully. "Six thousand pounds," she murmured to herself. "If I could but take him that, he would forgive me, and put another six thousand to it. How he must have laughed to himself as he wrote those words, knowing how utterly unlikely it was that such a miracle should ever happen!"

Ordinarily one of the most active of young housewives—Mrs. Rivers this morning never stirred out of her easy chair till Gerald came home to luncheon. She put away her father's letter as her husband opened the door. "Gerald, dear, do you know anything about the electric telegraph?" was her first question.

"Theoretically I know something of it from books; practically, I know nothing."

"Then you could not send a message by it, say from one station to another?"

"Certainly not; not if my life depended on it."

"But you could learn?"

"I suppose so, should the necessity for my doing so ever arise."

"I wish you would learn."

"With all my heart, if you particularly wish me to do so. Though I certainly fail to see in what way such knowledge could be of use to me."

"It may be of use to you—of very great use; and I want you to begin to take lessons to-morrow. I see by the newspapers that there are one or two places where telegraphy is taught as a branch of knowledge, so that it need not take you long to learn."

"Good. But may I ask—"

"Nothing at present. Like a good little boy you must shut your eyes and open your mouth, and see what your wife will give you."

One afternoon, some two months later, Gerald Rivers put into the hands of his wife a certificate of proficiency from the school of telegraphy, at which he had been taking lessons for several weeks past. Alice's eyes sparkled as she read it. "To-morrow morning, dear," she said, "I shall go and see my godfather, Sir Charles Stopford."

CHAPTER II.

"Why, now! What, what! Just say that over again, will you?"

The speaker was Sir Charles Stopford, and the person spoken to was his goddaughter, Mrs. Rivers. Sir Charles was a city magnate who had been knighted during his mayorality some years previously. He had been very fond of Alice, in a godfatherly sort of a way, and been greatly shocked by the news of her mesalliance. This was the first time they had met since that deplorable event.

"Just say that over again, will you?" repeated Sir Charles.

"You are Chairman of the Easterham Junction Railway, and in that capacity you can, doubtless, do what you like on the line."

"Quite a mistake, my dear—quite a mistake. There are three or four members of the board—I won't mention names—who are no better than stupid asses."

"But the favor I want you to do for me is a very trifling one, and such as there can be no difficulty about. It is simply to ask of you that my husband may be appointed station master at Leaswood Station."

"What, what! Station master at Leaswood—your husband? Why, now that's the station for Brookfield, your father's place."

"Precisely so. That is the very reason—its proximity to Brookfield why I want you to give my husband the appointment."

"Ay, ay! I see now; I see. Letters having proved of no avail, you think that if you and your husband are down at Leaswood, you will have an opportunity of waylaying papa as he steps out of the train, and of going down on your knees and begging his forgiveness there and then. A pretty picture, and one that I should like to see!"

"How absurdly you talk, godpa! I shall not appear in the matter at all. Everybody knows me at Leaswood, and that would never do. The last thing in the world that I should want papa to know would be that Gerald was station master there."

"But the name, *ma petite*, the name, why now, your father would be sure to suspect something from that."

"Gerald has three names. His full name is Gerald Hunstone Rivers. He would go down to Leaswood simply as Mr. Hunstone."

"There's a scheming little brain for you! I always said it was a pity you were not born a boy; so bright and sharp and all that. You're planning something now—a surprise or something. Well, well, Mr. Hunstone, eh? But there are other difficulties in the way of which I have not yet spoken."

"What difficulties, godpa?"

"Why, in the first place, the man whom we have now got at Leaswood is a very good fellow, and we are quite satisfied with him, and under such circumstances we don't care to remove a man."

"Promote him. Give him more money and send him elsewhere."

"Well, now. That's your idea. Not so bad. No, no! But even granting that we found or made a vacancy for husband, he knows nothing of railway work, and we dare not appoint a man who is ignorant of his duties to the important post of station master. In case of an accident, how could we justify ourselves?"

"My husband has an excellent knowledge of telegraphy, so that one great difficulty is obviated. And as for the mechanical routine of railway work, why not put him for a month under the tuition of the man who is at present at Leaswood; and if at the end of that time Gerald hasn't acquired a competent knowledge of his duties, I'll never call him husband of mine again."

"Why, now. Listen to her. Just like her father. No difficulties allowed to stand in her way. But really now, I don't know what to say."

"There's no occasion, godpa, for you to say another word. I look upon the matter as finally settled. I shall bring Gerald to see you to-morrow morning, and you will send him down to get him initiated into his new duties as soon as possible." She went over and kissed him, and then sat down on his knee, as she had done many a time when a girl.

"'Pon my word, there's no putting you off," he said. "But what a sad foolish thing that marriage of yours was. I never was more astonished in my life than when I heard of it."

"A sad, foolish thing was it, godpa?" asked Alice quietly. "That depends altogether on the point of view from which you look at it. To me, now, it seemed the wisest and most sensible thing that I could do; to marry the one person in the world whom I felt I could love, and who, I felt I was convinced, loved me in return. How much more sad and foolish it would have been had I not made sure of my happinesss when it lay there ready to my hand?"

"Ah, well, well. You view everything through Love's rose-colored spectacles. But it's a color that soon fades—won't stand the wear and tear of every-day life. So papa won't forgive you, eh? I cannot wonder at it."

"He will forgive me when I go to him with six thousand pounds in one hand and my husband in the other."

"So, so. He's fixed his price, has he? Just like him. But there's not much chance of your husband saving six thousand pounds while he's station master at Leaswood, eh, now?

"No; I suppose not," said Alice, as she arose to go. "But I don't forget a certain favorite proverb of yours: "There are more ways of killing a dog than hanging him.' And I don't despair."

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

A REMARKABLE SNAKE CIRCUS.

Mr. John D. Merton, a well-known traveling salesman, had occasion to drive from Conneautville, Pa., to Ashtabula, Ohio, via Jefferson. While driving leisurely along through East or Southeast Denmark, Mr. Merton heard a strange sound issuing from a dense undergrowth at the side of the road. The gentleman got out of the buggy to investigate the cause of the noise, being of a curious turn of mind. Hitching his horse he cautiously parted the bushes and stealthily made his way into the thicket for perhaps the distance of one hundred feet. Here was a spot of ground about twenty feet in diameter, which was such a place as one would imagine for a fairy's ball-room. The sticks and brush were all cleared away in the space, doubtless by the burning of a brush-heap. Notwithstanding the gentleman had made his way into the brush so quietly, all sounds were hushed at his approach, save the chirping of a melancholy cricket or the drowsy singing of a distant harvest fly. Mr. Merton, not to be nonplussed, sat down upon a log in full view of this arena and awaited developments. He had but a short time to wait, for not more than a minute had passed ere a small striped snake darted out of a bunch of grass at the side of the arena and commenced running around the space in a circle. Another snake a little larger soon followed, and then a rattlesnake about two feet in length joined in whate seemed to be a sort of snake jubilee; every one after that seemed to bring a new-comer of some kind. It was a noticeable fact that striped snakes, milk snakes, rattlesnakes, black snakes and water snakes all joined the throng in the greatest harmony. When perhaps seventy-five or eighty snakes had entered the space a curious combination of purring, rattling sounds arose at one side of the circle. A glance in that direction disclosed five large snakes—two rattlesnakes, a striped snake and two black snakes—lying stretched upon a log. The rattlesnakes were shaking their rattles violently, and each of the three remaining reptiles had a frog in its mouth which it was torturing into croaking and making noises frog fashion, apparently for the amusement of the snakes in the ring below. The rattles and the croaking frogs made rude music, which furnished very fair marching time to the squirming mass of serpents, and our informant says they kept very fair time with the music, their heads all swaying in unison from one side to the other. The gentleman was thunderstruck at the wonderful sight, and could scarcely believe it was not a dream. He said to us: "Of course you will think it an improbable, ridiculous story, as I would myself if any one told the same to me; but my own eyesight is the only evidence I want." After watching this scene for perhaps a quarter of an hour, Mr. Merton thought it would be a much safer place out on the road, and started to move in that direction. No sooner had he made a stir than the music ceased, and every serpent disappeared as if by magic. It was a scene Mr. Merton will probably remember to his dying day, and such a one as no other man ever witnessed. In telling us the story, Mr. Merton would involuntarily shudder every few minutes, as though the mass of reptiles was before him.—*Jefferson (Ohio) Gazette.*

* * *

Mr. Robert Collyer's last sermon in his Chicago church on Sunday was heard in silence and tears by his congregation. "You have never held me," he said, "as one set above you who could not laugh and enjoy sport and a wholesome play; a man who might stay to supper, but sure to go out before the supper began, or who must eat only lentils and cresses, like the old anchorites, and never tell a story not based on holy writ. None of these things; for it has been my pride to be one with you, to the peril, perhaps, of ministerial dignity. I don't care a cent for that; I have always thought that the nearer a minister gets to his people the better, and I say, with humility, that the record of our church during all these years has justified just this view."

* * *

The most chased music is that played in the streets by bands which small boys follow.—*Picayune.*

"Want an item?"

"What is it?" we asked.

"I've got the dundest item you ever hern tell of. I struck an ile well on my lease Monday, an' she flowed a stream of ile 100 feet high straight up for half an hour. Then she kinder died down. One of my drillers was standing over the hole when she suddenly squirted again, an' blast my eyes if it didn't take that driller right up with it. The stream was a powerful one, you see, an' he went up 100 feet. You've seen those little balls as dance about on top of those little spurting fountains such as they have in the cities? Yes; wall, that's the way this thing acted, and there's that air driller right up on top of that 100 fut column of crude ile, and he's dancing about like chaff in a fanning mill. What do you think of that un?"

"How long has he been up there?"

"About four days and four nights."

"He must be very hungry by this time. Doesn't he come down to get something to eat?"

"Why, we just put a plate of hash in this stream of ile and it takes it up to him, you see. And it's mighty handy, as he finds his victuals already greased, an' he doesn't need any butter."

"But he must have frozen to death by this time."

"Why, man, we've sent him up on the same stream bed and clothing, a small stove an' wood, an' we're goin' to build him a small house, and then he can live there as comfortable as a prince."

His face was as innocent of deceit as a piece of tanned leather, and when he asked to have his name put down as a deadhead subscriber for information he had given, we didn't have the heart to hurt his feelings.—*Derrick.*

PREDICTIONS ABOUT 1880 AND 1887.

In a pamphlet recently published, the author, Professor Grimmer, asserts: "From 1880 to 1887 will be one universal carnival of death." Asia will be depopulated, Europe nearly so. America will lose fifteen million people. Besides plagues we are to have storms and tidal waves, mountains are to "toss their heads through the choicest valleys," navigators will be lost by thousands owing to "the capricious deflexures of the magnetic needle," and islands will appear and disappear in mid-ocean. All the beasts, birds and fishes will be diseased, famine and civil strife will destroy most of the human beings left alive by plague; and, finally, "two years of fire"—from 1885 to 1887—will rage with fury in every part of the globe. In 1887 the "Star of Bethlehem" will "reappear in Cassiopia's Chair," the immediate result being universal war and portentous floods and shipwrecks. North America is again to be involved in a civil war, unless a "Napoleon arises to quell it; but during these terrible days the Pacific states will be a veritable Paradise of peace compared to the hellish strife that will be waging throughout the world." The few people that may manage to survive till 1887 will have reason to be thankful.

CLOSING DAYS.—These, the poet has said, are "the melancholy days, the saddest of the year," but to our unpoetical mind they are the brightest and most enjoyable, as any lover of nature can attest who has taken a jaunt through the rural districts. The air that comes wafted from the northern zone stirs the blood and invigorates the muscles, nerves and brain. The senses are thoroughly roused as the charms of the scenery and loveliness of the landscape unfold like a vast panorama before him. The orchard bending with its clustering fruit, the vine laden with its luscious load, the harvester gathering the ripened corn; the ploughman upturning the mold, all pass in review, while beyond, in the dim distance, the atmosphere takes on the azure hue, as the sight catches a view of the far-off hills and mountains; but all this delightful prospect will soon fade and pass away, to be succeeded by leaden skies and November blasts, and anon grim, sterile winter. Typical of human life; it, too, has its spring, summer autumn—the last the most beauteous period of man's mental strength, when the God-like mind asserts its majesty. But, like the waning autumn of the seasons, man must also pass into "the sere and yellow leaf of age," and encounter decrepitude and decay, until finally closes the winter of his life by death and the grave.

A CURIOUS INDUSTRY.—The principal industry of the town of West Falmouth, Mass., is tying business tags with bits of strings, by which the tags may be attached to articles which require to be labeled. A correspondent writing from that village says: "These tags are cut elsewhere and sent in bulk to West Falmouth. The string is also sent in skeins. The business here is to cut the string in suitable lengths, tie one into each tag, and return it to the manufacturer in Boston. This sounds simple enough, and small enough, and yet it furnishes occupation to between three and four hundred persons, and involves an elaborate system of book-keeping. The business has been carried on by a woman for the last twenty years. The orders which were once filled in a bushel basket now require large freight boxes, and amount to an aggregate of forty millions of tags in a year. The little pink strings are reeled off and cut into given lengths, each bunch having 101 strings. The strings are given out by the 1010, together with the corresponding number of tags, to people coming to the office for them, and are paid for at the rate of twelve to seventeen cents a thousand. Young children tie with their mothers, and even old men, and it is a great source of pin money to the community.

THERE is no legal rate of interest in China. When a Chinaman wants to borrow eighteen cents to buy his provisions for the winter he goes out and steals it, and says nothing of interest, high or low.—*Free Press.*

THE OLD SCHOOL BOOK.

On the old school book, in its dusty nook,
  With a tearful eye I gaze;
Come down, old friend, for an hour we'll spend
  In talking of bygone days.
I gaze once more, as in days of yore,
  On the task that vexed my brain;
The lesson done and victory won,
  And I feel I'm a child again.

And I seem to stand with the youthful band,
  In the old house on the green,
I hear the fun ere the school begun,
  And I join in the gladsome scene.
I take my place with a sober face,
  O'er the well-carved desk I bend,
And hourly pore o'er the antique lore
  Of thy wonderful page, old friend.

Then our cares were few, and our friends were true,
  And our griefs were rare and light:
The world was bought (so we fondly thought)
  But a region of pure delight.
But time has sped, and our path has led
  Through the dark and tearful scene;
And passed away are the good and gay—
  Like the old house on the green.

But we'll sing no more of the days of yore,
  For the tear-drop dims the eye;
Sleep on, old book, in the dusty nook,
  As in years that have glided by;
No guilt we trace in thy honest face,
  But a mine of gold within
Enriched the youth, as they sought for truth,
  In the old house on the green.

—*N. Y. Graphic.*

WINDING UP A HORSE.

Nineteen years ago I bought in Madras a peculiar kind of horse. He had to be wound up to make him go. It was not a machine, but a veritable live horse.

When breaking him to go in the carriage he had been injured. An accident occurred in starting him the first time, and he was thrown and hurt and frightened. It made him timid; afraid to start. After he had once started he would never balk until taken out of the carriage. He would start and stop and go on as many times as you pleased, but it was very difficult to get him started at first, each time he was harnessed to the carriage.

He was all right under the saddle, an excellent riding horse, and would carry me long distances in my district work, so that I did not wish to dispose of him; but as I could not afford to keep two, whatever I had must go in carriage as well as ride, and I determined that I would conquer.

How I worked over that horse! At first it sometimes took me an hour to get him started from my door. At last, after trying everything I had ever heard of, I hit upon an expedient that worked.

I took a strong bamboo stick two feet long and over an inch thick. A stout cord loop was passed through a hole two inches from its end. This loop we would slip over his left ear down to the roots and turn the stick arround and around and twist it up.

It is said that a horse can retain but one idea at a time in its small brain. Soon the twisting would begin to hurt. His attention would be abstracted to the pain in his ear. He would forget all about a carriage being hitched to him, bend down his head and walk off as quiet as a lamb. When he had gone a rod the horse boy would begin to untwist, soon off would come the cord, and the horse would be all right for the day. The remedy never failed.

After having it on two or three times he objected to the operation, and would spring about and rear and twitch and back; anything but start ahead, to keep it from being applied. We would have two of us, to begin to pat and rub his neck and head. He would not know which had the key. All at once it would be on his ear and winding up. The moment it began to tighten he would be quiet, stand and bear it as he could, and then off he would go. It never took thirty seconds to get him off with the key. It would take an hour without. After a little he ceased objecting to have it put on. He seemed to say to himself, "I have got to give in, and may as well do it at once," but he would not start without the key. In a few months he got so that as soon as we got into the carriage, he would bend down his head to have the key put on, and one or two turns of the key would be enough.

Then the key became unnecessary. He would bend down his head, tipping his left ear to the horse boy, who would take it in his hand and twist it, and off he would go.

My native neighbors said, "That horse must be wound up or he can not run." And it did seem to me so.

When he got so that the "winding up" was nothing but a form, I tried to break him of that, but could not succeed. I would pat him and talk to him and give him a little salt or sugar or bread, and then step quietly into the carriage and tell him to go. "No." Coax him. "No." Whip him. "No." Legs braced, every muscle tense for resistance. A genuine balk Stop and keep quiet for an instant and he would hold down his head, bend over his ear and look around for the horse-boy appealingly, saying very very earnestly by his actions, "Do please wind me up. I can't go without, but I'll go gladly if you will." The moment his ear was touched and one twist given, off he would go as happy and contented as ever horse could be.

Many hearty laughs have we and our friends had over the winding up of that horse. If I were out on a tour for a month or two, and he were not hitched to the carriage, or if he stood in the stable with no work for a week or two during the monsoon, a real winding up had to take place the first time he was put in. We kept him six years. The last week I owned him I had to wind him up. I sold the patent to the man that bought the horse, and learned from him that he had to use it as long as the horse lived.

At the last lunar eclipse, Raho Sahib, a pious Hindoo, weighed himself, and gave his weight in silver coins to the poor. Go thou Hindoo likewise.—*New-York World.*

HUMAN hair has gone up 75 cents a pound, and the best quality of butter has gone down to 30. Boarding-houses will now be compelled to furnish the essence of cow unembellished.

CAN any one tell why it is a man blows the foam off a glass of beer before drinking it?—*Shreveport Times.* Give it up. Never saw a man drinking foam that had been blown from a beer glass.—*Picayune.*

SHERIDAN ON DEMOCRACY.

While Gen. George A. Sheridan, of Louisiana, was speaking Monday night on the West Side, Chicago, he was interrupted by an adopted citizen with this question: "What is the matter with the Democratic party anyway?" Quick as lightning Sheridan turned from the line of his argument and gave an answer to his interrupter which all who heard it will remember as long as they live. It was as follows: "'What is the matter with the Democratic party,' eh? I will tell you, my friend.

"The Democratic party was born under planets that were in opposition. It lives in the objective case. Like a mule, 'it has no pride of ancestry; no hope of posterity.' It never originates anything. It shines with borrowed light. It has never been joined in honest wedlock to a principle, but lived for years in open adultery with a harlot called slavery; lived with her till she died of corruption, and was buried amid the sobs and groans of her paramour. The atmosphere that surrounds Democracy is full of noxious vapors that breed moral pestilence and death. The sun never shines through it; vice seeks its shadow and corruption grows lusty under its unholy influence. Springs of purity are never found in Democracy. Its waters are torpid, lifeless—covered with filth and scum, with which stagnant pools and moveless waters always offend the eyes of men. The soil which Democracy has cultivated has failed to yield harvests of value to the nation, but has given crops of worthless weeds and briars. Democracy has no love of country; believes in States instead of Nation; drives loyalty from its doors and welcomes treason in its habitations; holds the deeds of our soldiers and sailors as naught; strives to blacken the names of our heroes; weeps over the lost cause; hates the blue and loves the gray; stabs loyalty in the back; binds up the wounds of treason and speaks words of hope and comfort to its devotees; applauds when helpless blacks are stricken down in the South, and caresses the hands red with their innocent blood; denies the right of American citizens to make homes for themselves in the South; justifies the men who shoot them down or drive them out. Democracy is a curse to the land, the source of our bitterest woes, the haven where vice finds friends and crime its apologists and defenders. Democracy is original sin let loose to rend and destroy; it is the spirit of evil filling the swine of the nation; the incarnation of unholiness; the child of the devil; its home should be in that outer darkness where there is weeping, wailing and gnashing of teeth. Such, faintly pictured, my friend, is 'what is the matter with the Democratic party.'"

AN AMUSING ANECDOTE.

Here is a story far funnier than most of the anecdotes one finds under the caption of *nouvells a la main* in the *Journal Amusant* or the *Figaro.* It is a story of George Honey, the distinguished actor, who, many years ago, while on a tour in the provinces, had taken lodgings in an humble house, somewhat the worse for wear. Soon after retiring he was awakened by a fluttering noise as of a bird around the curtain of his bed. He sprang, struck a light, and saw a dark little creature with wings blundering about the room. Not being well acquainted with natural history he did not recognize it as a bat, but determined to catch it—if possible—and examine it carefully in the morning. Taking up a felt hat, he began to hunt and capture the intruder for a long time in vain but at last he pounced upon it, took it from the hat, shut it up in a drawer, listening to its struggles to escape—wanting to be sure that he had really caught it, and went to bed dreaming of flying dragons. But he was not destined to sleep long. Hardly had he dozed off, when a further flutter awakened him, and lighting another match, he found another bat. After this one he had another hunt, caught it, put it in the drawer with its brother, and again went to bed. Again, however, he was awakened in a similar manner, bats came not in single spies, but—if the expression be pardonable—in "battalions." Mr. Honey hunted diligently, making quite a collection of specimens, and put them all with great care in the drawer. Heated with the chase, he then opened the window, and tired out, at last enjoyed a few minutes' sleep. Waking with the morning light he jumped out of bed and opened the drawer very cautiously to look for his bats; but lo, and behold! there were no bats there. He opened the drawer wide, and then discovered that it had no back to it. He had, in fact, been passing all his night catching the same bat, which had flown out at the back of the drawer as soon as he had put him in at the front, and when the window was opened had finally escaped.

"HAVE any of the idiots asked, 'What did the pipe-stem?'"—*New-York Herald.* No, you're the first one.—*Puck.*

THE manager of a country theatre, whose audience consisted one night of but two men, both drunk, declared that he had a "full house."

THE man who carelessly investigated some excavations that were flanked with a red flag was called "a blasted idiot" by the unfeeling coroner's jury.—*New-York News.*

"WHAT is the usual definition of conscience?" asked a man of his pastor. "A man's rule for his neighbor's conduct is about the way it comes out practically," was the reply.

A MAN who still carries in his body a bullet which entered it at Antietam calls it lead astray.

"OH, YES; I have made faces my study. Do you paint, Miss Brown?" "Sir?" "I mean, do you paint pictures?"

A COUNTRY paper says: "A child was run over by a wagon three years old, and cross-eyed, with pantalets on."

IT is over six weeks since George Washington's body-servant was last heard from. If this should meet his eye, will he communicate with an anxious public without delay?

GENERAL GARFIELD says: "What we want is a dollar that will keep over night." Unless it weighs several tons he can't keep it over night in a New-York savings bank.—*Norristown Herald.*

DRIFTWOOD.

GATHERED FROM THE STREAM OF JOURNALISM.

....After some days of unconsciousness, Senator THURMAN recovered enough last week to ask what it was that struck him.

....Billiard playing by minors, in the public rooms of Wilkes-Barre, has been prohibited by an order from Mayor LOOMIS.

....We send missionaries all over the world when, according to the Newport *Ledger*, there is not a Sunday school in Howe township, Perry county.

....A man jumped from a New York Central train at Lyons the other day. That did not kill him, but he rolled into a mill race and was drowned.

....SILAS X. BILLINGS, of Gaines, Tioga County, died suddenly at his home on Sunday evening, October 12th. Mr. B. was called the wealthiest man in Tioga County.

....The telephone along the Pittsburg Southern railroad is now used by the reporters of the press, and conversation is held between Washington and Pittsburg whenever the occasion demands it.

.... CETYWAYO, the captive Zulu King, is said to be a rather handsome man, and "wears a two dollar tablecloth of the ordinary red and green pattern." We judge his newspaper portraits don't flatter him."

....Every cell in the Lycoming Co. jail at Williamsport, that's in condition to be used, has two prisoners in it. Lycoming's usual Democratic majority is about 1200. It will be about eighty less this year.

....Chester County has at last secured a female tax collector. The County Treasurer has appointed Mrs. JAMES HORTON, of Atglen, tax collector of the delinquent taxes of that borough for the year 1879.

....For the first time in nearly six years, every furnace stack in Allentown is in operation, the last idle one, Stack No. 2, of the Allentown Iron Company, having been blown in a few days ago. There are nine in blast.

....The Bucks County Courts have before them a lawsuit caused by a squirrel. The incautious little squirrel ran up a tree which the hunters set on fire. Now one of them has been sued by the farmer who owned the tree.

....A Williamsport man, fishing from a boat, was taken by surprise when a large black bass flopped out of the water and landed in his ark. He did not, however, take so much stock in that as he did in the satisfaction that he saved his bait.

....It requires a half a column of space in a Democratic newspaper to give the returns of the late election in Newark, N. J., while two lines in the same papers seem to be ample room in which to give the returns from the States of Ohio and Iowa.

....A dress made by WORTH for a New York lady has eight buttons of sold gold, each enameled by a celebrated artist from his own designs. The dress is of ruby velvet, its sole trimmings consisting of buttons and a cascade of Alencon point worth $500.

....Here is the way they learn to spell in Cohoes, New York: When a girl misses a word in the schools the boy who corrects her is sternly directed by the school ma'am to kiss her on the spot. There are some bad spellers among the girls of Cohoes. But none among the boys.

....An exchange tells the following sad story: "A certain man in town who has never advertised, was recently found dead under his counter, where he had been lying for two days. He was accidentally discovered by a small boy who went in to get a nickle changed. As he had never advertised people had forgotten where his store was; and hence nobody happened to discover the corpse until decomposition set it."

....Judge CUMMIN made it lively for offenders of the law in Lycoming County at the last term of Court. Liquor dealers in that county, who sell without license, who sell to minors, and on Sunday, will take knowledge of the recent decisions, and govern themselves accordingly. Fines of from $100 to $500; imprisonment from three to twelve months until the sentence is complied with, with costs of prosecution, is a heavy percentage on such receipts.

....Three fishers—from Cumberland, Maryland—were catching bass in the south branch of the Potomac, in West Virginia. A string of fish were fastened in the water at the edge of the river. When the fishermen came to take the fish they found that a fine bass had been added to the string. On examination they found that the big bass had swallowed one of the smaller ones on the string and then could not get away.

....The Rev. EDWARD EVERETT HALE thinks that as the American Unitarian Association has been devoting itself to publishing some fourteen varieties of hymn-books, it would be well for it to now turn its attention to the publication of a Bible, which should contain the best selections of the Bible, leaving out the mythical and perplexing portions, and he advocates the use of such a Bible.

....Frankfort, the capital of the hilarious Commonwealth of Kentucky, has been wondering for a year past where it got so much counterfeit coin, and it was finally traced to the State penitentiary, where, in a convict's cell, was found a lot of tools, metal, and plaster of Paris moulds, besides a quantity of the queer. Whether the convicts implicated were pardoned by Governor BLACKBURN because he struck a bad quarter, is not stated.

....A Massachusetts newspaper says: "BENNETT ALDRICH, of Montgomery, was bitten by rattlesnake some three weeks ago, when full of liquor. Since that time he has drank a gallon of liquor a day, and he says he has experienced no unpleasant effects from the bite, except a severe swelling of the bottom of his foot." Quite likely. A man who drinks a gallon of whisky every day for three weeks is hardly going to find it out, even if there are unpleasant effects. Snakes in the boots versus snakes in the grass, constitute a variation of homœopathy which probably did not occur to the founders of that school.

....JOHN LAEFARR, nineteen years old, with hair as black as night, was one of seven packers who left Fort Lincoln in 1875 to ride with General CUSTER along the Little Big Horn. When his party was three miles distant from the scene of action, the Sioux attacked them. "Every man for himself," was the ruling principle, and LAEFARR sprang on horseback to ride off. He saw his six companions go down one after the other. One bullet out of the hundred that followed him tore through his neck, another cut a deep furrow across his cheek, a third imbedded itself in his thigh, and a fourth killed his horse. The desperate boy shot at an approaching Indian, and ran for a belt of timber a half mile distant. Barefooted, weak and faint from loss of blood, he outran his pusuers and reached the woods, where he hid for three days. He was at last found by three friendly Crow Indians and taken by them to Fort Lincoln, where he found out that his hair had turned as white as snow.