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.

YEARLY ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at reasonable rates.

Administrator's and Executor's Notices, $2; Auditor's Notices, $2.50; Business Cards, five lines, (per year) $5, additional lines $1 each.

Yearly advertisers are entitled to quarterly changes. Transient advertisements must be paid for *in advance*.

All resolutions of associations; communications of limited or individual interest, and notices of marriages or deaths, exceeding five lines are charged FIVE CENTS per line, but simple notices of marriages and deaths will be published without charge.

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.25,'79

PECK & OVERTON

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.

D'A. OVERTON. BENJ. M. PECK.

RODNEY A. MERCUR,

ATTORNEY AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.,

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

Office in Montanyes Block May 1, '79.

OVERTON & SANDERSON,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.

E. OVERTON, JR. JOHN F. SANDERSON

W. H. JESSUP,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW,
MONTROSE, PA.

Judge Jessup having resumed the practice of the law in Northern Pennsylvania, will attend to any legal business intrusted to him in Bradford county. Persons wishing to consult him, can call on H. Streeter, Esq., Towanda, Pa., when an appointment can be made

HENRY STREETER,

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

JAMES WOOD,

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

H. L. TOWNER, M. D.,

HOMŒOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

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

E. L. HILLIS,

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

E. F. GOFF,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

WYALUSING, PA.

Agency for the sale and purchase of all kinds of Securities and for making loans on Real Estate. All business will receive careful and prompt attention. [June 4, 1879.

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

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

OPERATIVE AND MECHANICAL DENTIST.

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

ELSBREE & SON,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.

N. C. ELSBREE. L. ELSBREE.

O. D. KINNEY,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

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

I. McPHERSON,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.

Dis't Att'y Brad. Co. [feb1'78.

JOHN W. MIX,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW AND U. S. COMMISSIONER,
TOWANDA, PA.

Office—North Side Public Square.
Jan. 1, 1875.

DAVIES & CARNOCHAN,

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

J. ANDREW WILT,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

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

W. J. YOUNG,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.

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

WILLIAMS & ANGLE,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

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

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

WM. MAXWELL,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
TOWANDA, PA.

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

MADILL & CALIFF,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

TOWANDA, PA.

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

H. J. MADILL. [Jan8-73ly] J. N. CALIFF.

DR. S. M. WOODBURN, Physician and Surgeon. Office over O. A. Black's Crockery store.
Towanda, May 1, 1872ly*.

WM. S. VINCENT,

GENERAL

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.
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 20, 1878.

MRS. H. PEET,

TEACHER OF PIANO MUSIC,

TERMS.—$10 per term.
(Residence Third street, 1st ward.)
Towanda, Jan. 13,'79-ly.

C. S. RUSSELL'S

GENERAL

INSURANCE AGENCY

May28-70tf. TOWANDA, PA.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK,

TOWANDA, PA.

CAPITAL PAID IN........................$125,000
SURPLUS FUND........................ 66,000

This Bank offers unusual facilities for the transaction of a general banking business.

N. N. BETTS, Cashier.
JOS. POWELL, President.
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 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, NOVEMBER 20, 1879. NUMBER 25

Business Cards.

E. H. DORMAUL,
325 East Water St., Elmira, N. Y.

1st Floor............DRY GOODS
2d Floor..............MILLINERY
3d Floor................CARPETS
4th Floor.......CLOAKS & SHAWLS

Upper floors accessible by elevator.
☞ A visit of inspection is respectfully solicited.

SUSQUEHANNA COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE. First Winter Term will begin MONDAY, NOVEMBER 3d, 1879. Expenses for board, tuition and furnished room from $172 to $180 per year. For catalogue or further particulars address the Principal.
EDWIN E. QUINLAN, A. M.
Towanda, July 3, 1879. 7y1

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.

EAGLE HOTEL,
(SOUTH SIDE PUBLIC SQUARE.)

This well-known house has been thoroughly renovated and repaired throughout, and the proprietor is now prepared to offer first-class accommodations to the public, on the most reasonable terms.
E. A. JENNINGS.
Towanda, Pa., May 2, 1878.

HENRY HOUSE,
(ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN,)
CORNER MAIN & WASHINGTON STREETS
TOWANDA, PA.

Meals at all hours. Terms to suit the times. Large stable attached.
WM. HENRY, PROPRIETOR.
Towanda, July 3, '79-tf.

MARKET.

ROSECRANSE & BREWER,

Announce to the people of Towanda and vicinity that they are now prepared to furnish

FRESH AND SALT MEATS,
POULTRY, FISH, OYSTERS,

And Vegetables in their season, at the most reasonable rates. Everything purchased of us delivered promptly free of charge.

☞ Our location, ONE DOOR NORTH OF SCOTT'S BAKERY, is convenient for all.

We buy the best stock, and take great pains to keep everything in the best order. Give us a call.
ROSECRANSE & BREWER.
Towanda, Dec. 5, 1878.

NEW LIVERY
BOARDING AND EXCHANGE
STABLES.

The undersigned having rented the old Means House Barn, and provided himself with

NEW BUGGIES AND WAGONS,
AND
GOOD HORSES,

is now prepared to accommodate the public at REASONABLE PRICES.

☞ New Buggies for sale cheap.
B. W. LANE.
Towanda, Pa., July 15, 1878. 7y1

MEAT MARKET.
E. D. RUNDELL,

Would respectfully announce that he is continuing the Market business at the old stand of Mullock & Rundell, and will at all times keep a full supply of

FRESH

FRESH & SALT MEATS,
GARDEN VEGETABLES,
FRUITS, &c.
Oysters in their Season.

☞ All Goods delivered Free of Charge.
E. D. RUNDELL.
Towanda, Pa., June 18, 1879.

THE OLD MARBLE YARD
STILL IN OPERATION.

The undersigned having purchased the MARBLE YARD of the late GEORGE McCABE, desires to inform the public that having employed experienced men, he is prepared to do all kinds of work in the line of

MONUMENTS,
HEAD STONES,
MANTLES and
SHELVES,

in the very best manner and at lowest rates.

Persons desiring anything in the Marble line are invited to call and examine work, and save agents' commission.
JAMES McCABE.
Towanda, Pa., Nov. 18, 1878. 24tf

NEW ARRANGEMENT
IN THE
COAL BUSINESS.

The undersigned having purchased from Mr. McKean the COAL YARD
AT THE FOOT OF PINE STREET, NEAR THE COURT HOUSE,
Invites the patronage of his old friends and the public generally. I shall keep a full assortment of all sizes,
PITTSTON, WILKESBARRE AND LOYAL SOCK COAL,
AND SHALL SELL AT
LOWEST PRICES FOR CASH.
NATHAN TIDD.
Towanda, Pa., Aug. 21, 1878. 12y1

MEAT MARKET!
MYER & DeVOE
Located in
BEIDLEMAN'S BLOCK, BRIDGE STREET,
Keep on hand,
FRESH AND SALT MEATS,
DRIED BEEF, FISH, POULTRY,
GARDEN VEGETABLES AND BERRIES IN THEIR SEASON, &c.

☞ All goods delivered free of charge.
MYER & DeVOE.
Towanda, Pa., May 28, 1879.

LIST OF LEGAL BLANKS

Printed and kept on sale at the REPORTER OFFICE at wholesale or retail.

Deed.
Mortgage.
Bond.
Treasurer's Bond.
Collector's Bond.
Lease.
Complaint.
Commitments.
Warrant.
Constable's Return.
Articles of Agreement, 2 forms.
Bond on Attachment.
Constable's Sales.
Collector's Sales.
Execution.
Subpœna.
Petition for License.
Bond for License.
Note Judgement.
Note Judgement Seal.
Note Jugement 5 per cent. added.
Town order Book.
School order Book.
Summons.

Poetry.

A VISION OF NOVEMBER.

Last night I saw the West
In sunset splendors drest,
Its heralds, robed in purple, swept across the golden main;
And many a golden spire,
As daylight paled its fare,
Streamed upward to the zenith, and paled, and glowed again.
And clouds of deepening purple, like ships upon the sea,
Left wakes of glowing amber along the southward rim
Of the shadowy horizon,—the leaden billowed lee,—
And blended with the shadows of twilight, gray and dim,

Where Arcturus nightly marches
Under the spangled arches,
Slept a golden and crimson island on the bosom of the main;
On many a sheeny river
I saw the shadows quiver—
As shadows that swept over a field of ripened grain.
Adown its purple mountains whose peaks were were all aflame,
Flowed rills of burnished silver from countless hidden springs;
Along the shining valley light shadows went and came,
Like shimmering heats of summer, or the fluttering of wings.

And then from pole to pole
A deeper shadow stole,
As cloud the waveless waters when beaten by the rain,
The gold paled into gray—
The cloudships sailed away—
The night winds of November sang a funeral refrain.
But the beauty of that vision in my inmost soul is limned,
Crimson island, goldened highland, purple fleet and amber sea;
Where, by twilight nor by midnight shall its hues be dimmed;
Where, by no chill winds of autumn shall its vanishing be hymned;
Where, through time, and thence forever, it shall glow to gladden me. M. H. COBB.

—*Progress.*

Selected Tale.

BELLE'S DIARY.

Harper's Magazine for October.

June 1, 1877.—Sunday.—We had such a stirring preacher to-day—a home missionary. He set the whole business before us in a new light; he urged upon us the necessity of action. If nearer duties detained us, we ought to give tithes of our incomes, he said. Mr. Andover added a few remarks to emphasize the missionary's, and then the box was passed. Of course I hadn't any money. I thought somewhat of putting in the ring Aunt Holyoke left me, but didn't dare. Afterward, Mr. Andover said if any one had come to church unprepared, she could leave her mite in his hands at any time, to be forwarded for the good cause. I told Philip, who overtook me on the way from church, how much I was interested, and how much I wished I were rich enough to contribute; and he only laughed and pooh-poohed, and called me a religious enthusiast. Mother says she wishes Philip wouldn't haunt me so much; that since he has broken our engagement because we were too poor to marry, and no likelihood of growing richer, as his father had just failed, he ought not to act as if I belonged to him still. I suppose he thinks it diminishes my chances; but I don't want any more "chances." I don't believe I shall ever marry now; neither will Philip; and why should we not be friends? Old Mrs. Abernethy told me, directly after the engagement was off, that she always knew Philip Devereaux was selfish and mercenary. I should have given her a piece of my mind if she hadn't been old enough to be my grandmother, and hadn't meant it kindly. How unhappy I was when Nell Williams got angry with me, and said she didn't believe that Philip ever meant to marry me, and would never marry any girl without a fortune! That ended *our* friendship.

Thursday.—Philip is going away! It is like a thunder-bolt. He is going into business in New York. Perhaps he will make a fortune; who knows? Not that I care for money. Mr. Andover brought me a book to read to mother, and a bunch of scarlet columbines. How I wish she could see their rich color and grace! I told him that I had grown a sudden interest in home missions, and wished there was something I could do for the poor people the Rev. Mr. Gerrish told us about. "Your mission is already marked out for you," he said. "You are eyes to the blind, and sunshine to those who sit in shadow." I always think Mr. Andover is a plain man till he smiles.

Tuesday—Philip is gone! He bade me good-bye at the gate last night, under the stars. He is going to write often. It is horribly lonesome to-day; what would a lifetime be without him! I've beguiled myself thinking over a plan for raising money for the home missions. I've sold Aunt Holyoke's ring. It was a pretty ring, but the jeweler only gave me two dollars for it, with which I have bought a lottery ticket. It doesn't draw till the 1st of July, and then how proud I should be to take a thousand dollars over to the parsonage for the cause, and how surprised Mr. Andover would be!

Wednesday.—Very dull. Read "Paradise Lost" to mother.

Thursday, 20.—Mr. Andover called; asked if I had heard from Mr. Devereaux. I'm afraid something has happened to him.

June 30.—A short but delightful letter from Philip. He is too busy to write much or often. Mr. Andover is going to give me German lessons.

July 5.—The lottery ticket drew nothing. I could have cried. I built so many castles. The very next number to mine drew five hundred dollars. I painted a little horseshoe—Ferman forget-me-nots on a gold ground—and Mr. Ashley, the stationer, sold it for me for five dollars. I was thunder-struck. Who *could* have thought it worth so much? I mean to buy a ticket in the Royal Havana Lottery this time. Perhaps this is the beginning of luck.

July 11.—Wrote to Philip. Mr. Andover came to give me a German lesson, and afterward read to mother and me from the German authors. I told him, just as he was leaving, that I had heard from Philip because he asked before. Thought he looked displeased or something; perhaps he thinks I'm wanting in proper spirit, to correspond with Philip since our engagement is broken.

August.—Philip is so busy that he can't find time to write often. I've had only three letters since he left, but he says that mine make sunshine in a shady place for him. Squire Cutts told Nell Williams that his daughter Annette, who is visiting at Coney Island, met Philip there at a hop. "I'm glad the poor fellow has some diversions," I said, but I was very sorry she mentioned it before Mr. Andover and mother. Of course a man cannot work day and night.

August 11.—Such weather is too splendid to enjoy alone. Mr. Andover rowed me up to the Artichoke River. It was like fairy-land, all the boughs of the trees leaning across from shore to shore, and the moonlight and stars sifting through, and painting weird shadows upon the still water. Resting upon his oars, he sang to me a gondelied which he learned abroad, that seemed just a part of the moonlight, the smooth river and the summer. What they were to the eye, his song was to the ear. I wish Philip could sing.

August 12.—The most astonishing thing has happened. I can hardly believe. I have been in a state of supreme excitement ever since the mail came in. What will Philip say? I have never been so happy since the day he told me he had made up his mind that he was selfishly standing in my light, and that our engagement must be broken till he should see his way clear to a fortune. Nothing I urged could change his noble resolve. But now there is no longer any need of separation. His way is clear to a fortune. I have drawn a prize in the Royal Havana Lottery! Good luck under a horseshoe.

August 13.—Mr. Andover came to give me my lesson. He said I looked as if I had heard good news. I wrote Philip all about it, and how happy I am to know that our days of separation are ended—that he must feel it as much his money as mine, and that though we will not be very, very rich—not nearly as rich as Squire Cutts—yet we can live in comfort and happiness, unhampered by debt or poverty. How surprised, how happy, he will be!

August 14.—Philip has received my good news by this time, and is in the seventh heaven.

16.—No letter from Philip. Perhaps it is too early to look for one.

20.—I shall never have the happiness of expecting a letter from Philip again. Perhaps I am only punished for my selfishness. I bought the lottery ticket, to be sure, in order to benefit the home mission, but the temptation to benefit Philip and myself was too great. When I drew the prize I doubted at the time whether I did not owe it all to the home mission, but as I had only hoped to draw a thousand dollars at most for that cause, my scruples were overruled by selfishness. My religious enthusiasm, as Philip once called it, died out when it came into competition with my own happiness. I am punished, indeed. I was so happy, too, when I started under Mr. Andover's convoy for the church picnic. I had no doubt but Philip was on his way to meet me and make arrangements for our marriage, because he had not written. Perhaps he would be at home waiting for me when I returned, talking it over with mother. I was so sure of his love. By-and-by I got tired strolling in the woods and hunting for maiden-hair fern with Mr. Andover, and sat down by some trees, a little apart from the others, to think and enjoy. And presently I heard Miss Anne Cutts reading a letter aloud to Mrs. Blair; and her droning voice was hushing me off to sleep.

> "Our wedding is fixed for October. I wanted to wait till Christmas, but my lord and master objected. My gown is already ordered of Worth. I shall be married in church by Mr. Andover.
> "Your affectionate niece,
> "ANNETTE CUTTS."

Was Miss Anne Cutts still reading aloud, or had I dreamed this about the wedding and Mr. Andover? I opened my eyes and saw a little bird tilting on a spray, and immediately Mrs. Blair broke the spell by saying, "Bless me, Anne! it's a good match for Philip Devereaux, now isn't it? A lucky day for him when he broke off with Bellle Ford!" And I heard no more; the trees and the bird seemed to swim before me in a cloud of mist. I stood up and steadied myself against a bowlder, and Mr. Andover came and put my arm in his and took me home. And this is the end.

Philip untrue! Philip the lover of another! It is unreal. I cannot seem to grasp it.

August 22.—A letter from Philip Devereaux. After all, I thought, maybe it was gossip and hear-say. The sight of the familiar handwriting sent the blood spinning through my veins. He congratulated me on my good luck, and added: "Having broken our engagement when we were both beggars, how could I renew it now because you have become rich? Would not the world—our world—have the right to point the finger of scorn at me? I cannot accept such generosity, Belle, even for your sake, but must still plod on." Once I should have thought these sentiments so noble. Whereas I was blind, now I see. He thinks that I know nothing about the affair of Annette Cutts, or he has not the courage to break it to me.

September 15.—I have resumed my German studies, to divert my mind. Everybody is talking of the approaching marriage. I told Mr. Andover about the prize, and asked if he would take it for home missions.

"Have you the money in hand?" he asked.

"No; I have not even sent on my ticket. I have merely been notified that I had drawn the amount."

"My dear Miss Belle," he said, pardon me—but I do not approve of lotteries."

"Neither do I, any longer."

"It may be a foolish scruple," he pursued; "most people would laugh at it; but it seems to me that money obtained in that way does more harm than good—will not be blessed in the use."

"Perhaps not," I said; "but what

shall I do with it? I feel like the man who drew the elephant."

"Suppose you destroy the ticket, and do nothing about it?"

"Very well," I returned. "I wish I had never bought it." And so I held it in the gas jet, and reduced the fortune that was to have made me happy to a pinch of ashes.

October 1.—A dreadful thing has happened. Squire Cutts has died insolvent. It will postpone Annette's wedding. I hear that the order for her wedding gown has been countermanded. But if Philip loves her, she is still rich. All the kingdoms of the earth cannot buy love.

June, 1878.—It is more than a year since I commenced this diary, and how much has occurred! I have often wondered how Philip Devereaux bore himself after Annette Cutts married old General Battles, with his millions and his gout, preferring a palace without love to love in a cottage. Yesterday I wandered into the pine woods alone. Mr. Andover and I have been there so often that all its treasures of shade and sunlight, of soaring pines and humble mosses, seemed to belong to us. Its winding ways are like enchantment, luring us on to more beauty and serenity. It is like walking through dim cathedral aisles as we tread upon the carpet of pine needles, and hear the wind fluting through the branches, while spicy incense is wafted about, and sweet thoughts come like a benediction. You scarcely hear an approaching footstep, and I was gathering some ferns, when some one close beside me said, "Isabelle! Isabelle!"—a voice that sounded strangely familiar, but was not Mr. Andover's; a voice that seemed to conjure a vision of starry summer and sweet scents, and tender words, in an instant before I could turn. I never once thought of Philip Devereaux, but there he stood, smiling and debonair, as if we had only parted an hour ago. "Your mother told me I should find you here," he said, taking my unwilling hand. "See, I picked a four-leaved clover as I came across the meadow; that means luck. Isabelle, can you forgive me?"

"Yes, indeed," I answered, heartily; "and thank you, too."

"I was a fool, Isabelle."

"And so was I."

"Isabelle, don't turn away your head. I never loved Annette. I love you. You have no cause for jealousy. I have come back to marry you, Isabelle."

"I shall never marry you, Philip," I said. "I do not love you any longer."

"Not love me!" he cried. "Oh, I understand; you have some natural resentment——"

"But no love." And then he fell to protesting and expostulating, while we walked out of the pine woods together; and just as we emerged into the road, we met Mr. Andover. He bowed and passed on. I knew he had come to look for me. I parted with Philip at the gate, where we parted once before, and to-day it is all over town that our engagement is renewed.

June 16.—Mr. Andover has not been to see me since the day I met him coming out of the pine woods with Philip. Philip called, but I declined the interview.

June 18.—Met Mr. Annover walking on the causeway by the river. He turned and joined me. An old woman came out of a fishing-hut presently, and begged for money. As he opened his purse something glittering fell out at his feet. It was Aunt Holyoke's ring. He picked it up. "You used to wear this," he said; "that is why I bought it."

"You were very good. Did you mean to give it to me?" I asked.

"If you will take my heart with it, Belle."

⁂

GOLD FIELDS OF CALIFORNIA.—For hundreds of miles along the western base of the Sierras are gold-bearing veins and placers, awaiting development that will yield a profitable return to the energy and money of the capitalists who will yet seek this field as one of the best and most reliable to be found on the globe. Here will be found every facility of a warm climate, accessibility, cheap and available power, and every concomitant that can make the business profitable above the cost of production. The gold mines of California, notwithstanding the vast treasures they have given to the world, are comparatively unworked fields. The gold-bearing veins are practically without limit, and the dead river channels are only beginning to yield their inexhaustible stores. This is not an over-drawn estimate of the gold fields of California, and far-seeing men are beginning to realize the importance of giving more attention to them as a source that will be lasting and reliable in keeping up an equable production of the metal that is pre-eminently the need wherever the wheels of industry are in motion or commerce spreads its sails.—*Grass Valley (Cal.) Union.*

⁂

THE OYSTER AND FISH BUSINESS.—These two important industries of the country have never had the attention given them their size and importance demands, the want of which has placed our government at much loss and disadvantage in the past. The United States fish commission having been requested by the superintendent of the census to furnish a full and detailed report of these industries, have commissioned a full corps of officers, who are now in the field and will prosecute their inquiries along the entire Atlantic and Pacific coasts. Mr. Ernest Ingersoll, of Washington, special agent in charge of the oyster inquiry, is at present at work in this port. He will visit every port from here to the gulf in this investigation. The reports from the fish commission will be looked for with interest, and all engaged in the trade, either directly or indirectly, will, we know, take pleasure in giving full information to the special agents as they call on them. —*Boston Journal.*

⁂

WHEN you hear of the woman who has made twenty-four clothes-pins last her fourteen years you can make up your mind the most of the family washing is done in a milk-pan and hung upon the door knobs.—*Free Press.*

THE PLANETS.

Just at the present our evening sky is unusually interesting, the great planets Jupiter and Saturn and our next neighbor, Mars, being all in sight at once, together with the moon. If Venus were still blazing, in the West, as during the summer months, we should have all the conspicuous planets together, Mercury being the only one of all the rest ever visible to the naked eye by moonlight, and Mercury never even comes out of the twilight. At midnight Jupiter has passed the meridian and moves slowly towards his setting. Always a magnificent telescopic object, with his retinue of sattellites, he has been unusually fine of late, for his belts are now strongly tinged with color, and have been rapidly changing in form and position from night to night. For some time, also, a peculiar oval spot of unexplained origin and character has been visible upon his surface whenever the rapid rotation of the planet has brought it to our side of the globe. This spot is some 30,000 miles in length, by 7,000 in width, and situated about 25° south of the planet's equator; it is of a vivid crimson, so that it stands out vigorously to the eye among the other markings of the surface. It seems to be identical with one first observed in 1862 by Lord Rosse, though it was then of somewhat different form and dimensions. In the meanwhile it has been from time to time lost sight of, probably covered up by clouds, but for the last three years has changed but slightly, and for some months past has been absolutely permanent, so far as can be judged. What may be its real cause and nature no one seems able to explain. It is almost certainly atmospheric but not continental, because it changes in position and appearance; but if so, why are the changes so very slow?

Nearer the meridian at midnight, and higher up, is the pale Saturn, somewhat brighter than the Pole Star, and distinguishable from neighboring stars of similar brightness by its untwinkling light. Every one knows that it is surrounded by a remarkable system of rings and an attendant flock of satellites. Two years ago these rings were edgewise to the earth, and visible only as a thin needle of light piercing the planet's globe. Last year even, they had not opened up enough for satisfactory observation, but now at length they have unfolded their beauty again in all its wonderful details. The narrow outer ring, with its hair-like markings, the dark division between this and the middle ring, and the filmy inner ring of diaphanous haze, are once more visible. On the whole, viewed with a telescope of sufficient power, this planet with its appendages is the finest of all celestial objects. There is not, indeed, that vividness of light and color which makes some stellar clusters and groupings so magnificent, nor such an endless variety as we find upon the lunar surface. As some one has said, the beauty of the moon is that a picture,—full of details and shadings, all significant and interesting, but so numerous as to be bewildering. Saturn, on the other hand, is beautiful like a statue—one perfect thing, complete in itself and unique in the universe. There is nothing else resembling it, so far as our knowledge now extends.

High in the east blazes the fiery Mars, not far from the Pleiades. It is some millions of miles more remote than an its last opposition two years ago, but still much nearer and more brilliant than usual, so that in the telescope the markings of its surface are clearly visible, and afford the astronomer an interesting subject of observation in endeavoring to separate what is continennal and oceanic from that which is merely atmospheric and transitory. We already have a somewhat detailed map of the planet's surface, and every season of opposition furnishes additions and corrections. Very interesting to astronomers, also, are the little satellites with the tremendous names Deimos and Phobos, (Panic and Terror) which were discovered at Washington two years ago, and have again come in sight, both of them, as we learn from a circular from Professor Hall, their discoverer, very nearly in their predicted places. Deimos was first seen on the 22d of September, some three weeks before it was expected to be visible, by Mr. Common, of England, who caught the first glimpse of it with a silver-on-glass reflector of three feet diameter, constructed by himself. Of course, these little bodies, the larger of the two not more than five or six miles in diameter, are quite beyond the reach of any but the most powerful instruments.

⁂

MR. GREELEY'S HUMOR.—One day a stranger came into the office, looking angry, and inquired for Greeley. I pointed to the little den where Greeley was scratching away for dear life, and he made for it. As he went in I heard him say: "You —— old hypocrite!" Greeley did not look up or even pause, but kept driving his pen madly on, his nose within a couple of inches of the paper, and his lips whispering the words after the pen, as was his wont. The fellow continued, calling Greeley's attention to an article that had offended him, and denounced him as a villain, a coward and a liar, with an oath about every other word, meantime threatening to "knock his head off." Greeley didn't stop for a moment, but jabbed his pen into the ink and wrote on, unruffled by the blasphemy. At last the intruder exhausted his vocabulary, and turned to leave the room, Greeley jumped up and squeaked out to him: "Say, neighbor, don't go! Stay here and free your mind!"—*Oliver Johnson.*

⁂

GOD bless the girls,
Whose golden curls
Are not what they do seem;
But at end of day
On the bureau lay,
While their owners sweetly dream.

"SHE loved not wisely, but too well
The melon green and juicy;
Now free from cramps she sleeps, poor Nell,
'Neath the soil of Massachusy."
—*Actual Epitaph.*

SOLOMON was the first judge at a bal show.—*New York Commercial Advertis*

SOME CURIOUS STATISTICS.

Allowing two square feet to each person, the entire population of Boston could stand on the Public Garden, with a good deal of room to spare. The entire population of the United States could stand in Boston proper, (not including Brighton, Dorchester, and West Roxbury.) The entire population of the world, (now estimated at 1,440,000,000) could stand on the Island of Martha's Vinyars, or in the space occupied by the towns of Boston, Brooklin, Needham, Dedham, Hyde Park, and Milton. The State of Massachusetts could in this way accommodate sventy times the population of the world.

The entire population of the world, placed side by side, and allowing two feet to each person, would encircle the entire earth twenty times. The State of Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont, taken together, are as large as England. Any one of the States of Georgia, Iowa, and North Carolina, is as large as England. Kansas is as large as England and Scotland together. Ireland is about the size of Maine. France is more than twice as large as England, Wales, and Scotland together. The State of Texas is thirty-five times as large as Massachusetts, or as large as Maine, New Hampshire Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Ohio, and Indiana combined. The entire population of the United States could be provided for in the State of Texas, allowing each man, women, and child four acres of land. The entire population of the world could be provided for in the United States allowing each person an acre and a half of land.

◆

The Sale of a Kingdom.—The extinction of royalty in North America by the death of the last of the Montauk Indian Pharaohs a few months ago was followed by the sale of the last fragment of the territory of which his ancestors were monarchs for generations before the first white man invaded Long Island. A resident of Brooklyn is the purchaser of the breezy headland whose name is so familiar in political oratory as the antithesis to Niagara in describing the boundaries to the State of New York. It is a magnificent domain, and many a proud title springs in Europe from landed possessions which are insignificant by comparison. One of the unsuccessful bidders at the sale is described as an agent of Mr. Tilden. Failing first in the contest for the American Presidency and again in the struggle for the Bulgarian throne, Mr. Tilden now is loser also in a struggle for the kingdom of Montauk. When will the tide of his luck turn?

◆

A Chinese Theatre.—Three thousand Celestials sat blinking before the foot-lights of a new Chinese theatre in San Francisco on the opening night a fortnight ago. The bill comprised "Fung Slang" and "Quing Ung." The main business was the ejection of a miscellaneous assortment of noises from the throats and lungs of the performers, and a series of ridiculous pantomimes, accompanied by an orchestra of Chinese fiddlers, gongs, cymbals, drums, tinpans and fish-horns, resulting in a medley of squeaks, groans, yells, foghorn screeches and locomotive whistlings. In the second piece acrobats appeared upon the stage, had a quiet little game of leap-frog, turned a few "flip-flaps," and then one of their number lay down and the remainder amused themselves and the audience by seeing how rapidly they could jump at the prostrated acrobat's head and miss it by a hair's breadth.

◆

A Bridegroom up a Tree.—A negro widow of Brunswick, Ga., captured a beau. He pretended to love her, and she joyfully accepted his affection. The wedding day and hour was fixed, and the ebony bride, attired in the height of Georgia African fashion, anxiously awaited her equally ebony bridegroom. The e. b. g. didn't come, and the guests whose appetites were ravenous, went in search of him, saying: "We'll find dat nigger, dead or alive." All thro' that long and weary night they did seek without finding, but the next morning they caught him up a plum-tree, dragged him down, conducted him to the bride, and were about to send for the preacher, when she interrupted the proceedings by exclaiming: "I'se got enough 'specimen wid dat nigger," and administered to him a lively drubbing with a broomstick. Then she told him to "git out of her sight for ebah mo'." He got.—*Macon Enterprise.*

◆

In Colusa county, California, there is a "wild man," who lives in the woods, obtains food by robbing sheep-herders' cabins, and wears no attire except a breech clout. He is described as 35 or 40 years of age, apparently, with a long, shaggy beard, long and irregular hair, and a body burned by the sun to a coffee color, and in many places covered with a thick growth of hair. No one has been able to learn his history or who he is. Occasionally he meets hunters or travelers, and asks for tobacco, but refuses to answer any questions, and as soon as he gets his tobacco starts back for the brush. It is supposed that he was originally a fugitive from justice, and that he has become so accustomed to his solitary life that it is second nature to him.

◆

Disgusted.—The Stillwater *Lumberman* relates that a bold, bad burglar broke into the house of an editor, in the still watches of the night. The editor awakened and questioned the intruder:

"What do you want here? What look you for? What look you for?"

Said the burglar, gruffly:

"Money."

"Hold on a minute," quoth the editor, "and I will help you; I've been looking myself for ten years, but perhaps the two of us may have better luck."

Then was the burglar much disgusted, but the editor called it a joke, and insisted that the burglar ought to set 'em up.

AN AUTUMN WOODS.

Now ankled-deep in mottled leaves,
  That o'er me cast their trembling shower,
Through rustling paths of autumn woods
  I rove a meditative hour.

Soft melodies rove 'round my feet
  And fill the air far overhead—
Low whispering voices passing by—
  The spirits of the summer dead.

With them I muse on memories,
  Unconsciously with theirs in tune,
And dreamily go back to days
  When life was warm in joyful June.

The spaces in the leafy roofs
  Have wider grown; sunshine has found
Free passage and, through gay tints, throws
  A shattered rainbow on the ground.

A shattered rainbow! ah, how like
  The fate my youth's ideas have found!
Those glorious dreams, what are they now?
  A shattered rainbow on the ground.

On treetops each forsaken nest
  Looks lonely, now the birds have flown,
Not even by a murmur blest
  Of loving songs it once has known.

So joys of old no longer thrill
  My heart, as once, with rapture strains;
And where they chanted all is still—
  The silent nest alone remains.

Days fall like leaves, and mine grow brief;
  The woods and I are growing old;
But what remains of life or leaf,
  Like these, may Heaven change to gold!

—*George Birdseye.*

BOARDERS.

HOW TO KEEP A GOOD BOARDING-HOUSE.

Detroit Free Press.

"Another boarding-house busted up, I see," sighed a venerable Detroit landlady, as she laid down her paper. "Well, it must have been extravagance on the table. That's what bankrupts seven out of ten, and even then the boarders are crying 'hash!' and complaining of poor meals. Now I have run a boarding-house for twenty-two years, and I made money and heard no complaints. How did I do it? Why, it's all in planning. For instance, a neck-piece of mutton can be cut to look like a rib-roast, and a little extra fire makes it just as tender. Lawd save you! I've been complimented a thousand times on my selection of choice spring lamb when the meat was mutton four years old, and toughest part at that! The idea of spring chicken on a boarding-house table is absurd—aye! almost wicked. In my palmy days I could take a tough old hen, pound the body with a potato masher for ten minutes, and set before my boarders a feast to make every heart glad. Now, I will venture that there ain't ten landladies in the city that can bake a pig's head and slice off the meat in a manner to make everybody believe he has the choicest cut in a pig's body; and it is a wonder to me that there ain't more failures. Lots of landladies buy nice fresh butter, and thus tempt a man to eat five or six biscuits, or half a loaf of bread. What economy! I always have had nice butter on the table at breakfast, when we had little but toast, and the boarders got along on old butter the other two meals. It is all in the planning—all in the planning. I used to have beefsteak in the morning. Three mornings in the week I bought sirloin, which is very nice, you know, and the other four mornings I bought neck-pieces and rubbed the case knives over the grindstone. Give a boarder a sharp knife and a tough steak, and he'll never make a complaint—never. He'll put the blame on his teeth, and the more steak he leaves on his plate the more rabbit pie you have for dinner."

◆

A Sad Lot of Liars.—A London Jehu, being questioned by an American writer as to his taste for literature, delivered himself upon the generality of novelists in the following story:

"Yes I like reading, but these novel writers are a sad lot of liars!" "Not liars," said the traveller, "but they seek the marvellous and rare to interest their readers." "And I say liars, sir, and I'll prove to you that I am correct. Yes, read this, sir, then that, sir," and he gave two different papers into the American's hand. "Here a Prince in great agitation jumps into a cab, and throwing his purse to the coachman, says: 'Follow that carriage.' Now, sir, in every chapter there is something of that kind. And yet I swear to you I have driven a cab for the last twenty years. Never, never has any one ever thrown me his purse. I have driven lovers, sir, and jealous wives and rich Princes in disguise, and they have always given me just my fare, and no more, I repeat, sir, novel writers are al liars, all of them." Who cant gainsay him?

◆

A **missionary** making a journey through Zululand, was entertained at a native's hut. An old woman from from a distant place, where the people had never heard of God or the Bible, related the following tradition: "One of the Zulu ancestors, long ago, stood by the river, lifted his stick, and the water stood up like walls, so that the people passed over on dry land." She told of another who had slept and dreamed of a "climbing way" up to the sky, with the maids of heaven going up and down, and of his waking and placing stones to mark the spot. Also, of a boy who had slain a great giant with stones from a brook, and who afterwards was made king. These must be traditions of Jacob at Bethel, the passage of Israel over the Red Sea, and the slaughter of Goliah by David.

◆

Careful Mother—"I wish I could break my boy Johnnie of the habit of kicking against everything he comes across. A pair of boots doesn't last the little dear two weeks!" Grandfather Lickshingle—"Let an old man who has had experience tell you how to do it. Fill the toes of his boots with nitro-glycerine, an' my word for it, your little dear will never kick the second time." [Mother swoons].

A **father** on Monroe street has purchased a lover's alarm clock that works like a charm. At ten o'clock it strikes loudly, two little doors open, and a man with a dressing gown and cap on glides out, holding in his hand a card inscribed "good night." As he bows and smilingly retires back into the clock, the young man takes the hint, says "good night" to the fair daughter and departs.

Two men passed down the avenue this afternoon. One slipped and fell, and the other entered an eating house. One got shaked bad, and the other got baked shad.

HE WANTED TO ARRIVE.

He had a dirty hankerchief around his neck, no linen duster on, no fan in his hand, none of the ordinary marks of a tourist; only a weary look, a tired, unsatisfied expression on his face. He crept up slowly to the City hotel, and slowly wrote his name in the register.

"Will you have supper," said the handsome and obliging clerk.

"No; no supper," said the weary man.

"Like to go to your room, now?" further inquired the clerk.

"No; no room. Want no room," said the man, who was begining to breathe easier.

Here was a poser. A guest at a hotel who wanted nothing to eat and wanted no room.

"Well, what can we do for you?" asked the obliging clerk, in a desperate attempted to solve the problem.

"Nothing, sir; positively nothing," said the weary man. And then growing confident, he exclaimed; "I notice every day that papers publish hotel arrivals. I have been traveling for years, many weary years, in all the States, but I have never arrived. Maybe you don't know what it is to go all your life and never get to a place. Somehow I think I shall feel better if I arrive, and I want to see it in the papers that I have arrived, so that I can be certain of it. I must arrive or die."

The weary man was allowed to arrive and depart, and he went out into the weary world as if a great load was off his mind, a happier and more arrived man.

FUN, FACT AND FACETIÆ.

The Fenian said, with tragic mien,
"I'll die for my opinion.
But never yield." He took morphine.
He's now a still morephenian. —*Puck.*

Counter irritants—Impertinent salesmen.—*Boston Daily Advertiser.*

Give a horse sugar and he will take the bits in his mouth with pleasure.

Court *Journal:* The best brand of segar is called the Anthracite, because it is a base burner.

"Train wrecker!" she hissed, as he blunderingly stumbled upon the long expanse of dress in the crowded ball-room.

An officer who was going out of town recently with several prisoners fastened together remarked he was going out with the tied.

Baltimore *Every Saturday:* Undertakers always like crowded funerals. They never could get along if there wasn't anybody present.

Normal graduade: "Do you like paleontology?" Young teacher: "Oh, yes; so much!—especially if it is boiled with cabbage."

A young lady: "You can tell that young man as fuzz you can see him." This made the young man look down in the mouth.—*Warren Mail.*

The reason there is a resemblance between a soldier and a goat is that one mans the ramparts and the other rams the man's parts.—*New Orleans Times.*

Simplicity of attire is now the rule among great men. Cetewayo wears an old spotted blanket, and the sublime Mosby refuses to assume gaudy toggery.—*Boston Post.*

Detroit *Free Press:* "Never deceive your children," says Professor Swing. No, don't do it. Many a child has been ruined for life by a pill hidden under a spoonful of preserves.

The New York *Commercial Advertiser* has heard from the war. It says: "A terrific engagement took place on the 5th ult., between the Chilians and Bolivians. One Brigadier General lost his hat."

Friend, to scientific authority: "Doctor, how is a man to tell a mushroom from a toadstool?" Scientific authority: "By eating it. If you live, it is a mushroom; if you die it is a toadstool."

When Sha(i)k(e)sper(a)r(e) wrote "What's in a name?" he was probably thinging of the time when his own wouldn't be spelled alike by any two people in the world.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

The hen which has been putting in three week's time over a lump of chalk and a broken tea-cup came off the nest yesterday to learn if there was any new gossip in the neighborhood.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Most of us pass our lives in regretting the past, complaining of the present, and indulging false hopes of the future, when it would be vastly better to cut a pole, dig some bait and go fishing.—*Oil City Derrick.*

A damsel applied for a place behind a counter. "What clerical experience have you?" asked the man of dry goods. "Very little," she said, with a blush, "for I only joined the church last week."—*Chicago Tribune.*

We have evidences of better times all around us. A dime novel can now be bought for three cents, George Washington's servant has stopped dying, and three Pinafore companies collapsed last week.—*Norristown Herald.*

A gas meter cares nothing for comfort or sociability. The whole family may be absent three weeks in a month, with the house shut up, and the meter will not find it out."—*New Orleans Picayune.*

New York *Commercial Advertiser:* James Tucker eloped the other day from Decatur, Illinois, with Mattie Hall. Both were under eighteen years of age. She was Hall his fancy painted her, and he Tucker for better or worse.

New York *Mail:* The first woman's walking match took place several thousand years ago. Madame Juno, Miss Minerva, Mlle. Venus walked all the way from Mount Olympus to Mount Ida, and Venus took the belt.

A devout church-member approaching a worldly brother, asked him if he did not think it would be a good idea to organize a meeting to pray for rain. The W. B. replied: "Wouldn't it be better to get up a pic-nic?"

When filling a cavity, dentists sometimes place a dam in the patient's mouth. When a tooth is being extracted, the dentist is relieved of that duty. The patient supplies all that are required.—*Albany Journal.*

An editor headed a column of selections "Men and Things," and his wife mussed his hair, under the impression that the last part of the heading referred to the other sex mentioned therein.—*St. Louis Spirit.*

"Healthy place here?" asked a visitor, who was prospecting in the neighborhood of Denver, Colorado. "Stranger, yes," was the reply. "Ten years ago we had to kill two old men to set the cemetery a-going."—*New York Telegram.*

"If Lincoln had not died," exclaimed a political orator, "what would he have been to-day?" "Alive!" sadly ventured a timid-looking man on a back seat, and the tide of eloquence was momentarily checked.—*Hawkeye.*

Two runaway small boys were arrested the other day at the railroad depot in Elizabeth, N. J. After a close examination they admitted they were in search of Indians. They had been reading dime novels in the New York *Sun.*

"What are you running for?" asked an equestrian traveler in Mississippi, as he saw a haggard specimen of mankind pause to take breath, and look over his shoulder to see if anybody was in sight with a shotgun. The H. S. of M. answered hoarsely and briefly: "Sh-e-r-iff—independent candidate."

She figured up—"Two cans at twenty cents, forty cents—that is 150 oysters; milk, butter and sundries, $1.50—that is 150 stews; at twenty-five cents will be $40. A net profit of over $35." Then she smiled sweetly, and the oyster man knew that she was the refreshment committe of a church festival.

Charles has been out very, very late; so he draws off his boots and steals noiselessly into his room; but, alas! his better half awakes. Quick as thought, he creeps to the first-born's cradle, and begins to rock it, softly humming a lullaby. A voice is heard: "Charles, what are you doing there?" "Why, dear, I have been trying to get this boy off to sleep for the last half hour!" "But he is here in bed with me!" Tableau!