The Bradford Reporter.

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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.

Business Cards.

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

THOMAS E. MYER
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Office with Patrick and Foyle. Sep.25,'79

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ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
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Solicitor of Patents. Particular attention paid to business in the Orphans Court and to the settlement of estates.
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W. H. JESSUP,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW,
MONTROSE, PA.
Judge Jessup having resumed the practice of the law in Northern Pennsylvania, will attend to any legal business intrusted to him in Bradford county. Persons wishing to consult him, can call on H. Streeter, Esq., Towanda, Pa., when an appointment can be made.

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

H. L. TOWNER, M. D.,
HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Residence and Office just North of Dr. Corbin's, on Main Street, Athens, Pa. jun26-6m.

E. L. HILLIS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA. [nov11-75.

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.26'75.

I. McPHERSON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Dis't Att'y Bread. Co. [feb.1'75.

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 22, '76.]

W. A. 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. S. WILLIAMS. (oct. 17, '77) E. J. ANGLE.

WM. MAXWELL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Office over Dayton's Store.
April 12, 1875.

MADILL & CALIFF,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Office in Wood's Block, first door south of the First National Bank, upstairs.
R. A. MADILL. [jan.24,'79] J. N. CALIFF.

DR. S. M. WOODBURN, Physician and surgeon. Office over O. A. Black's Clothing store.
Towanda, May 1, 1879.

W. B. KELLY, DENTIST.—Office over M. E. Rosenfield's, Towanda, Pa. Is prepared to work in Gold, Silver, Rubber, and Aluminum base. Teeth extracted without pain. Oct. 18-72.

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 2, 1875.

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

C. S. RUSSELL'S
GENERAL
INSURANCE AGENCY
Mayes Block. TOWANDA, PA.

SAM W. BUCK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
TOWANDA, PENNA
Office—South side Poplar street, opposite Ward House. (Nov. 13, 1879.

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.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.
The Partnership heretofore existing between L. L. Rockwell and A. L. Rockwell, under the firm name of A. L. Rockwell & Co., is this day dissolved. ISABELLA ROCKWELL,
Wyalusing, Pa., Nov. 29, 1879-6w*

TINWARE.—A large and general assortment at low prices, at JONES'.

Poetry.

GOD BLESS THE LADS.

A little lad I used to meet,
Long years ago, upon the street,
Whose pleasant smile and look of truth,
The sweet attractiveness of youth,
So won my heart that I would watch
Among the crowd his nod to catch,
That was, upon a cloudy day,
A bit of sunshine on my way:
And answering back with smile as glad,
I said, "God bless the little lad."

For him I felt an anxious care,
In all his interests had a share,
And planned what should his future be,
As if he had belonged to me.
As childless mothers, for the good
Of hearts instinct with motherhood,
Some little waif will kindly take
And cherish well for love's dear sake,
So I, whose lot in life was sad,
Took to my heart this little lad.

I knew not who his parents were,
Or where he lived; what did I care?
Or if his garments were as fine
As I should give a child of mine?
My daily thought, my chief concern,
Was that he might no evil learn.
But strive in manliness to learn,
Foremost, and in integrity,
To rise by every chance he had,
To prove himself an honest lad.

'Twas years ago I used to know
This little lad and love him so,
And since our parting ne'er I've heard
Of him, or had a single word
To cheer my thoughts, yet all the while
The recollection of his smile,
His hearty laugh, his look of truth,
The sweet attractiveness of youth,
In many an hour have made me glad
That once I knew the little lad.

I cannot think he went astray,
Or wandered in an evil way,
But must believe he's neat and trim
As when I first encountered him,
And when among the news I read
Of gallant or heroic deed,
I feel that he would do just so—
This little lad I used to know;
And so I pray while tear drops fall,
"God bless the lads! God bless them all!"

—*New York Ledger.*

Selected Tale.

A TERRIBLE INTRUDER.

We were alone in the house—Maude Chaplain and I—and did not altogether like the position in which we were placed.

While the daylight lasted, and there seemed so much life about the farm, it seemed very pleasant to have the house to ourselves, to be able to wander together through the quaint old rooms and to talk on the subjects very dear to both of us, without the dread of being overshadowed by the London female cousins and the roystering youths who had come to spend a month of the shooting beneath our roof.

For a time we reveled in our comparative solitude, and pitied the female cousins, the eager sportsmen, poor papa, and the rest of the household, who had been beguiled into accepting an invitation to Mrs. Rattletrap's picnic at the Scrubs, a piece of moorland some eight miles distant from our house. We were all expected, but my old school-fellow, Maude, pleaded headache, and I was not sorry to have an excuse for staying at home with our guest.

We had met but seldom since we had left the prim school at Taunton; and although Maude had already been with us a week, what with the noisy clatter of our friends, the croquet tournays, the lawn dances, and the other pleasant ways in which our evenings were spent, we had hitherto had no opportunity of judging in those mutual confidences so dear to women who are in the blissful state known as "engaged." There was a particularly tender bond of sympathy between us, inasmuch as I was in biweekly correspondence with her brother John, to whom I signed myself "yours affectionately," while her betrothed was Harry Somers, who had been a visitor to our house from his childhood. Ere they drove away in the afternoon the other girls twitted us rather severely for not joining them, and it seemed a general opinion that Maude's headache was nothing more than a sham. But the gentlemen said little; in my opinion, their hearts would have been gladdened had all the party abstained from attending the picnic, their inclinations tending toward the wheat stubble in "Five-acre-field" and the adjacent turnip patch, where a fine covey had sought shelter the night before. But as the girls were resolved on going, the males of course were obliged to act as escort. By-and-by papa was induced to join them, and thus it was Maude and I were left alone.

So engrossing was the object of our conversation that we were surprised when the housemaid dropped in the tea, and dropping a courtesy, asked if Sarah, the cook, might go down with her to the village until ten o'clock, to join in the festivities with which Farmer Ashcombe was celebrating his harvest home. It then occurred to my memory that the servants had asked me for this holiday a fortnight previously, and that I had given a half acquiescent response. In the hurry of my domestic duties, and the excitement occasioned by a house full of company, I had, however, forgotten the circumstance until now.

"Where is Ben?" I inquired, referring to one of the carters who inhabited a snug little cottage on the farm, and was consequently required to place himself at our service when we so desired.

The domestic dropped another courtesy, and announced that the individual alluded to had gone to Wells with a load of barley, and would not be back until late.

"And the boy Smith?"

"Please, 'm, master told him he might go when he 'ad fed the poultry and fastened 'em up for the night, and he 'as been gone this quarter of an hour."

"I hope he made sure the turkeys and geese were all right, for papa saw a fox cross the meadow this morning."

"Oh, yes, 'm, he is a careful lad is Smith, and 'e's got 'em all right 'enough, I'll be bound!" responded the maid.

I hesitated a moment as to whether it was altogether safe to be thus left; but as I had given a half promise to the girls, and I knew it would be a sad disappointment to them not to go, I dismissed my apprehensions, and told them they might leave the tea things and be off at once.

Noticing that after a time Maude became less conversational, I inquired the reason; but receiving naught but evasive answers, I questioned her more closely.

"You are not afraid, are you, dear?"

"I shall be only confessing the truth when I tell you that I was very sorry to hear you give your consent to the servants leaving us. Suppose any person has been watching the house, and was to seize the opportunity of committing a robbery?"

"My dear Maude," I responded, "nothing of the sort ever happens in these parts. Living as we do some distance from any town, we know all the persons within a radius of, say, four miles."

"But how about tramps? Are they not dreadful people, sis?"

"Perhaps, Maude, even they are more sinned against than sinning. At all events, tramps seldom, if ever, come near us. You see, we lie off the main road. The lane leads to the farm, and nowhere else."

"But," pursued Maude, "that fact would be all the worse for us if a tramp should come here."

"Really," I replied, "I shall get quite angry with you if you pursue the subject further. To put an end, however, to all your fears, you shall come with me, and we will bolt the outer doors."

The alacrity with which Maude rose from her chair was a good proof that the proposed measure was of a welcome nature, so, proceeding from the drawing-room, we walked to the lawn, and, fastening the gate which opened on the lane, we re-entered the house. We then locked, bolted and barred the back premises, saw that all the windows were fastened, and then came back to the drawing-room.

I must confess that when we had secured all the approaches to our citadel, I was myself a good deal more at ease than I had been previously.

Slowly the autumn sun sank beneath the range of hills fronting our dwelling, tinging the sky with radiant hues that varied momentarily.

I could have sat for hours watching the numerous hues that swept across the heavens, but with the uprising moon and gathering twilight I clearly saw that Maude was once more becoming nervous.

"Won't you close the shutters, Maude?"

"Not unless you particularly wish it, dear," I replied.

"But I do," she answered.

I was about to shut out the moonlight view, and make a desperate effort to change the conversation, when Maude, who had her eyes fixed on the lawn, suddenly clutched my arm, and involuntarily retreated a step. "Sis," she cried, "what is that moving in the laurels?"

I looked, and in a moment observed emerging from the shelter of the laurels, but still remaining beneath the dense shadow of the overhanging tree, what seemed to be the figure of a man. He looked in height very short, almost dwarf-like, but was stout of frame, and appeared dressed in white, or without a coat, and seemed to be in his shirt-sleeves; being alone seen as he raised his arms in freeing himself from the bushes.

"Oh, Sis," exclaimed Maude, "it is a man. Let us give him all our jewelry, or mayhap we may be murdered ere any of our people may come back."

"Maude," I cried, "for heaven's sake retain your senses. You yesterday remarked that the double-barrelled gun hangs over the mantel-piece in the back kitchen, and asked me if it were loaded! Do you think you could fetch it to me while I keep watch here?"

She nodded; I knew her fright prevented her speaking. Clasping her hand tightly within my own, and then releasing it I said:

"Bring it to me, then; the gun is perfectly safe so long as you do not touch the trigger."

While Maude was gone it seemed to me as though the figure drew closer; it was careful to remain within the shadow of the tree, but it struck me as exceedingly strange that, although the white sleeved arms seemed continually raised, as though their owner had just aroused from a sound sleep, I could not see the creature's head.

In a very short time I heard Maude's approaching footsteps. As she placed the gun in my hand I felt that her fingers were cold and trembling.

At that moment the mysterious being came a few paces nearer, and seemed to have a limping gait, whether from natural infirmity or drunkenness, I could not tell.

Throwing open the window, and raising the gun, I cried at the top of my voice, "Who's there? Answer, or I'll fire."

A few seconds elapsed, but no response came to my inquiry.

"Who are you?" I again shouted.

My fingers closed upon the trigger, then came a flash of light and a loud report—the intruder upon the lawn staggered and fell.

Simultaneously poor Maude sank fainting on the carpet.

Not daring to move from the room I rested the gun against the table, and raising Maude's head in my hands, endeavored to restore her to consciousness. What seemed to me hours, but it could not have been more than twenty minutes, passed and then came the sound of vehicles driven rapidly up the lane. I heard my father clamoring for admittance, and hurrrying to the door fell almost swooning into his arms.

As coherently as I could I told him of our adventure, and that the body of a man lay beneath the laurel bushes; so resigning me to the care of one of the gentlemen, he hurried to the spot indicated. In a moment after, his cheery voice sounded through the still night air. "I've got him but he's more frightened than hurt. Why, girls, it's a representative of yourselves! It's nothing *but a goose*."

And so it was. That boy Smith, who was so much to be depended on, had for once proved himself unworthy of his trust, and this poor bird, in his futile endeavors to seek its companions, had in our nervous fancy, become magnified to the proportions of a house breaking desperado; its outstretched wings in the shadow, to which it so persistently kept, helping to carry out the delusion we had entertained. Of course we were pretty considerably rallied about the matter, but we never thereafter volunteered to remain in the house alone.

Diversions of a King.

PROF. GALL AND HIS PHRENOLOGICAL PATIENTS.

"Who," said King Frederick of Prussia, at a fete at Potsdam, which had attracted an unusally brilliant assemblage, "who is that tall, bony old man, with a head so full of character?"

"Sire, it is Dr. Gall, the famous phrenologist."

"Ah, the phrenologist, eh? Command him to dine with us to-morrow evening."

Next evening the King received the doctor affably, and they sat down to dinner with a dozen other convives, all blazing with decorations and uniforms, but awakward and constrained in manner and conversation.

"Doctor," said the King at the conclusion of the repast, "pray let us see something of your wonderful skill. Examine these gentlemen's heads and tell me frankly what you think of their characters and dispositions from the indications afforded by their cranial developments."

Gall rose and felt the head of his neighbor on the right, a stout, powerful man in a resplendent uniform, who had been addressed as "General."

"Speak frankly," said the King, seeing that the phrenologist appeared to be embarrassed.

"His Excellency," said Gall, "must be very passionately addicted to—to field sports and exciting pleasures; he has a decided fancy for—for the battlefield and—and—"

The King smiled and then pointed the phrenologist to his other neighbor, a small, alert, keen-eyed man in a diplomatic costume.

"This gentleman," said the doctor, "is—hum—an expert in gymnastic exercises, an accomplished pedestrian; very neat and graceful in all operations requiring manual dexterity—"

"Enough," said the King, rapping on the table, and, as a score of soldiers entered, he continued, to the stupefaction of Dr. Gall, "remove these gentlemen to their cell. Allow me to put in plain language what you were reluctant to say. The general is a murderer under sentence, and your other neighbor is the most expert pickpocket and cut purse in all Prussia, who has eluded capture on innumerable occasions. Examine your pockets."

The doctor did so, and found that his handkerchief, purse, watch, snuff-box had disappeared. They were all returned to him the next day, with a complimentary letter from the King, and a costly snuff-box bearing Frederick's potrait set in brilliants.

Fun, Fact and Facetiæ.

AN Ithaca little girl, attempting to describe an elephant, spoke of it as "that thing what kicks up with its nose."

A PEDESTRIAN match between a policeman and a steer is talked of. A toss will be made for the start.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

AN Indianapolis lady hugged the President the other day, and he admits that there are some things in this world better than pumpkins.

A MULE'S head does not contain a brain capable of culture at refined rearing, but it is wonderful to what extent the other end of the form can be reared.

CARPENTERS, as a rule, are liable at any time to be prosecuted under the United States laws, for how many times have we seen them make a counter fit?—*Utica Observer.*

STUDENT, fresh from college, to conductor—"I wish to get on the penultimate car." Conductor—"We have no peanut car; you can take the smoker."—*Rochester Express.*

THE Boston *Post* man has fully recovered from the effects of his vacation and gets this off: "A broken preserve vase suggests the Chinese language, because it is a jar gone."

SOME men are captivated by a woman's laugh, just as some men predict a pleasant day, because the sun shines out clear for a moment. They forget the chances for squalls.

"How to tell bad eggs," is the title of an article in an exchange. When you have anything to tell a bad egg, you must be careful not to break the shell while imparting the information.—*Norristown Herald.*

THERE was never yet a boy so good that he didn't have an overwhelming desire to look for a lump of sugar if he came hope and found that his mother had gone to a neighbor's to "borry dat-irons."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"SUPPOSING, Charley, you were at a masquerade ball, would you dance with an unknown lady, if she requested it?" Said Charley, "If she is masked and I am asked, why shouldn't I?"—*Boston Transcript.*

A LADY, engaged to be married, and getting sick of her bargain, applied to a friend to help her untie the knot before it was too late. She replied: "Oh, certainly, it is very easy to untie it now while it is only a beau not."

A LADY who had quarreled with her bald-headed lover said, in dismissing him, "What is delightful about you, my friend, is that I have not the trouble of sending you back any locks of hair."

KISSING the baby may result in deforming its nose, and bringing on near-sightedness. The safest plan is not to kiss a baby of the feminine gender until it attains the age of sixteen years. The cartilage of the nose is much stronger then.

THE subject for conversation at an evening entertainment was the intelligence of animals, particularly dogs. Says Smith: "There are dogs that have more sense than their masters." "Just so," responds young Fitzoodle, "I've got that kind of a dog myself."

THEY were meandering arm in arm up the street, and a short distance ahead of them walked a young lady very handsomely attired. The sun was about setting, and its light was throwing a beautiful crimson glow all over the earth. He said, in a rather subdued tone of voice: "How beautiful! perfectly grand!" etc. "Well, I don't know," was the response from the fair one by his side; "I don't admire her style, and the dress is a mighty poor fit."

A Romantic Duel.

Once upon a time all Algiers was laughing over an article printed in a local paper edited by M. Arthur de Fonvielle, in which Gen. Yusuf had been amusingly caricatured as "Monsieur Joujou." The late Clement Duvernois was the author, but the editor avowed his responsibility for it. Early next morning there was a ring at the journalist's door, and the General showed his Arab face on the threshold, followed by an aid-de-camp. De Fonvielle was still in bed.

"You are M. de Fonvielle? You called me 'Monsieur Joujou.' We must fight."

"As you wish, General. I will send you a couple of friends."

"Oh! no, none of that; let us settle it now—here! I've come to kill you."

"Ah! then allow me to get up and dress. Where do you prefer fighting?"

"This room will do."

"Agreed; and if your aide will act as second to both of us——"

Yusuf drew his sword and motioned to his companion to do the same, then offered the two weapons to De Fonvielle.

"This one will do," said the journalist, selecting the officer's sword, and the two men faced each other. Yusuf had thrown off his tunic and rolled up his sleeves, showing his brown, corded arms; his sunburned face had a wolfish gleam of white teeth. Fonvielle remembered how his adversary, being in love with the daughter of the Bey of Tunis, had poniarded in her chamber the slave that had threatened to inform Kasoubah's father, and cutting out the black's tongue cast it at her feet, saying, "It will tell nothing!" Yusuf fought like a savage, with tiger-springs, gleaming eyes starting from their sockets and cries like a jackal at every motion. At last getting an opening he made a tremendous lunge, missing De Fonvielle's heart but running him through the arm.

Yusuf dropped the point of his saber. "It would be murder for this to go on," he said, "with your arm wounded. When you recover we will resume and finish it."

Next morning, and regularly every morning thereafter, the General would put in an appearance at the wounded man's bedside. "Sorry to keep you so long, General," the invalid would say, "but have a little patience and I'll be at your disposal." "Oh, I'm very patient—very patient," the General would answer, bow and depart.

At last the journalist was well enough to leave the house and take the air. The first person he met was Yusuf, who stalked up to him, offered him his arm, supported him during the promenade, never thereafter talked about dueling, but remained his firm friend till his death, when in *La Liberte* De Fonvielle was able to pay an eloquent and hearty tribute to his memory.—*French Paper.*

HOW ANIMALS PLAY.—Small birds chase each other about in play, but perhaps the conduct of the crane and the trumpeter is most extraordinary. The latter stands on one leg, hops about in the most eccentric manner, and throws somersaults. The Americans call it the mad-bird on account of these singularities. Water-birds, such as ducks and geese, dive after each other, and clear the surface of the water with outstretched neck and flapping wings, throwing abundant spray around. Deer often engage in sham battle, or trial of strength, by twisting their horns together and pushing for the mastery.

All animals pretending violence in their play stop short of exercising it; the dog takes the greatest precaution not to injure by his bite; and the orang-outang, in wrestling with his keeper, pretends to throw him, and makes feints of biting him. Some animals carry out in their play the semblance of catching their prey. Young cats, for instance, leap after every small and moving object, even the leaves strewed by the autumn wind. They crouch and steal forward, ready for the spring, the body quivering and the tail vibrating with emotion; they bound on the moving leaf and again spring forward to another. Bouger saw young jaguars and cougers playing with round substances, like kittens. Birds of the magpie kind are the analogues of monkeys, full of mischief, play, and mimicry. There is a story of a tame magpie that was seen busily employed in a garden gathering pebbles, and with much solemnity and a studied air burying them in a hole made to receive a post. After dropping each stone it cried, "cur ack" triumphantly, and set off for another. On examining the spot a poor toad was found in the hole, which the magpie was stoning for his amusement.

NEW RULES IN SPELLING.—1. Drop *w* at the end of words like dialogue, catalogue, where the preceding vowel is short. Thus spell demagog, pedagog, epilog, synagog, etc. Change tongue for tung. When the preceding vowel is long, as in prorogue, vogue, disembogue, rogue, retain final letters as at present.

2. Drop final *e* in such words as definite, infinite, favorite, where the preceding vowel is short. Thus spell opposit, preterit, hypocrit, requisit, etc. When the preceding vowel is long, as in polite, finite, invite, unite, etc., retain present form unchanged.

3. Drop final *te* in words like quartette, coquette, cigarette. Thus spell cigaret, roset, epaulet, vedet, gazet, etc.

4. Drop final *me* in words like programme. Thus spell program, oriflam, gram, etc.

5. Change *ph* for *f* in words like phantom, telegraph, phase. Thus spell alfabet, paragraf, filosofy, fonetic, fotograf, etc.

P. S.—No change in proper names.

"I CANNA leave my mammy yet."—"I like you," sighed a girl to her snitor, "but I can't leave home. I'm a widow's only darling; no husband can ever equal my dear parent in kindness." "She is kind," pleaded the wooer, "but be my wife; we will live together, and see if I don't beat your mother."

Life and Death of a World.

[Professor PROCTOR last week delivered a lecture in Steinway Hall, New-York, the subject of which was "The Life and Death of a World." He considered the growth of the stars through millions of years—their slow but steady decay—and briefly summarized the processes through which the earth must have passed in reaching its present condition. He estimates the time consumed in these processes at not less than five hundred million years, and that twenty-five million years will elapse before it will reach the present uninhabitable condition of the moon. The speculations of the distinguished astronomer will be found as interesting as his periods of time are stupenduous and beyond the grasp of the human mind].

THE LECTURE.

We have this evening to consider the various members of the solar system, as representing to us the beginning, the middle life, and the old age and death of a planet. I forbear from troubling you with any considerations as to the various arguments concerning the creation of the universe, as I think that the students of science have satisfied themselves that the planets and the earth on which we live have arrived at their present condition by processes analogous to growth, and which are commonly known under the one head of evolution, but I may particularly indicate them in this way. The changes of the earth's crust such as are now going on we find have been going on during periods of time which in reality grows longer the more we study the evidence, and I don't think it would be exaggerating—in fact I know from the evidence which has been gathered that it does not fall far short of the truth—to say that one hundred million of years must have elapsed, during which the frame of the earth has been very much as it is at present. Various processes have taken place during that time which have aided in the course of formation, such as the gradual deposit of matter and other processes which we call denudation, by which the surfaces of continents have been worn away, passages have been cut by the rivers, and other details in the formation have taken place. By estimating at what rate the processes have taken place we are able to form some idea of the length of time which must have elapsed during which these processes have been continually going on. Then the earth's crust shows us clearly that anterior to this there must have been a time when there was far too great a heat upon this globe for it to be the abode of life, and this period has been carefully estimated at three hundred million of years. Then we have the preceding period, when the earth was in a vaporous state. Of that we derive evidence, not from the world herself, but from the present state of the solar system, which leads us to the conclusion that the whole system must have been in a form of vapor, and therefore our earth must have had its beginning in a vaporous state.

We find another line of evidence of this fact in regard to the moon, which shows that the frame of the earth must once have extended so far as to include that luminary, and that could not have been unless she had been in a vaporous state. So we have to take into account, also, the length of time that would be occupied in the change of our earth from a vaporous to a solid and liquid state, and we cannot regard that as less than one hundred million of years. This brings us to the very moderate estimate of five hundred million of years during which our earth has existed as an independent whole, first in a vaporous state; secondly, the solid and liquid form, and its gradual cooling so that at length, and thirdly, its surface was fit to be the abode of living creatures of various kinds, and by the processes of wearing down and denudation, such as are now taking place, reaching her present condition.

It is essential that we should grasp the idea of the long period which has elapsed during which these various processes of formation have been in operation; but there is, of course, an escape from that by accepting the theory that everything we find upon the earth's surface and everything we have discovered in regard to the solar system, is evidence that the system was created just as it is; that though all the evidences of the processes of development are presented to our reason, we have been misled; that reason, not our own, but given to us, has led us astray; and that all these relations of earth were created at once for no other purpose apparently but to contradict our reason. Why should we be conscious to save time or limit our ideas of space if this were not so? In the eyes of Him who works through all things there is no difference between great and small; and these longer periods are as easily to be believed in as resulting from His action as the shorter periods we are so much better able to deal with. Where we admit growth and development on a small scale, we ought to be able to admit it on a large scale: and where our reason seems to point to these enormous periods of time, I do not think we ought to reject its teachings and refuse to accept them as readily as we do the processes of development affecting plant, or animal, or those smaller details we are able to understand more clearly.

COOLING PERIODS OF THE WORLDS.

But after all it matters very little whether we take the longer periods of time or the shorter. We are not concerned with the periods of time but the amount of development for each period in the past of our earth, and it matters little whether the processes of development were quicker and so required a shorter period, or were slower in their operation and so required a longer time. What we have to consider is whether the various members of the solar system represent to us the remote past of our own earth in some cases, and in others the remote future; and I think I shall be able to show you that they do, for I am going to adopt a principle that will allow us to view our own planet and the sun at different ages, and this principle is that the larger the orb is the longer has been its period of growth, because it would take a longer time for a large mass to cool than for a small one. Take two balls of heated iron, for instance, one of which is four times greater in size, and has a volume eight times greater, than the other. At the beginning the larger ball will have eight times as much heat as the other, and as the surface is only four times as great the supply of heat would last four times as long. Apply that principle to the planets. The diameter of Jupiter is seven times that of the earth, and his volume would be in the same ratio were it in the same shape of compression as that of our earth. Then, if we multiply our five hundred million of years of existence by seven, we get three thousand five hundred million years; or, in other words, if the planets began their existence at the same time as independent orbs, which assumption is adopted for convenience only, it would be three thousand million years before Jupiter would be in the same state as our earth. Without insisting on these figures, we may fairly assume that Jupiter will have to go through a very long period of time before he reaches the same state as this globe. Take the smaller orbs. The moon is one-eighty-first part of the size of our earth, and one-thirteenth of our supply of heat would last the moon six times as long. Every stage of our earth's cooling, therefore, would last six times as long. Therefore, instead of five hundred millions of years we get for the moon only about eighty millions of years. In other words, the moon would have reached the same state as our earth is now in four hundred and twenty millions of years ago.

The sun was probably formed, as all the planets were formed, in a state of vapor, and probably still remains in great part in a vaporous state. He is the younger member of the solar system simply because he surpasses all the rest in mass. By the same principle as we have before applied, it would take thirty-five thousand millions of years to bring the sun to the same state as our earth; therefore, we will consider him as a younger member of the system, not, of course, in years, but in development, and so pass onward from its present state to the changes our earth is passing through, and then to her old age.

THE EARTH'S FUTURE.

A comparison of the various other members of the terrestial part of the solar system will tell us much of the earth's future, the moon especially telling of the earth's future just as Jupiter has of its past. Upon the pictures of Venus very little reliance can be placed; and few favorable opportunities are offered for studying her, because when at the full she lies on the other side of the sun, and at the only time we could study her she turns her darkened hemisphere toward us. In this view of the transit of venus half her disc is shown on that of the sun. We must not assume that this is not sunlight, for it must be light of the sun brought into view by the effect of reflection. Therefore we learn that the planet has an atmosphere, and it is said to be at the very least as dense as that of our own earth. Then we learn also that oceans are on her surface, because it has been shown by the spectrum. It appears also that it closely resembles our earth in condition, and that it is the one planet fit to be the abode of living creatures like those which exist on the earth. In Mars we begin to recognize the effects of planetary old age. These greenish patches we must regard as seas, and we find that they are much larger in comparison to the rest of the area than in our earth. On our own planet 72.00 is covered with water, and on this only about 50.00. The older planet has the smaller water surface, and the idea is suggested that in old age of a planet the waters gradually diminish in extent.

We pass to the moon to answer that question, and here we certainly find no traces of water. Also, we trace no atmosphere of appreciable density, and everything tends to show that she had water on her surface, but that it has disappeared. Does this seemingly cold and dead world appear to have passed through the same stages as our own earth? I think we cannot doubt this when we look at her volcanic craters. I think too, there must have been there such life as exists on our own planet. There were oceans on her surface, which formerly occupied these spots, which, the waters being withdrawn, present this finely granulated appearance from its action. This seems to be a natural explanation, as the planet become old the oceans become soaked into the planet's interior, the crust of the surface as the planet cools, being formed into large cavities such as exist in porus substances, and into these the water is withdrawn. Dr. Franklin, of England, has shown that four times as much water as now finds place on the earth's surface could be found room for in the interior of the earth, when the process of cooling has gone sufficiently far. Then, in regard to the atmosphere, there is certainly no trace on the moon, but we have a picture here showing that the volcanic action of the moon was at one time no less than in our own earth. Here are the craters of Capernus compared with those on the Bay of Naples. You notice that they are larger on the moon's surface than those of Naples, with the exception of Vesuvius. But we have to remember that the volcanic action of the moon had more to contend with, and therefore, although the volcanoes are large, they may not have exerted so great a force. Here we have a picture representing the moon without an atmosphere, and this, it may be generally stated, represents the future of our own earth. The moon probably represents the future of our own earth at a distance of time of twenty-five million of years; so not only in the first place have we not sufficient time for these changes to occur, but our emotions are also satisfied, so far as they are affected by the painful thought that when the old age of the earth will come, it will cease as the abode of life, by the reflection that ourselves and thousands after us, to the remotest of generations, will still have ample time and ample room to remain on the earth's surface.

AN INFINITUDE OF STARS.

Let us pause to consider some of the stars in this regard. Many of them are too old and many too young to sustain life on their surfaces, but that they were formed for some purpose beyond that of being useful to this particular planet there is no doubt. A study of the heavens seems to tell us that all life should occupy all space and all time, and not be crowded into one portion of time or one portion of space. So I think we may look at the heavens, with the thousands of stars to be seen with the naked eye, and hold this thought. There you have 6,000 suns, each a brother of our own sun, though many belong to higher orders, and we may believe they have thousands of orbs circling round them which are the abodes of life. And if each one has but a single world in its system as the abode of life, we have then thousands of inhabited worlds similar, perhaps, to our own.

In the one polar map here shown there are 324,000 stars, all to be seen with a small telescope, and by one of Herschel's telescopes 20,000,000 stars would have been brought into view in the same section of the firmanent. We here find in the depths of space the worlds that will take the place of those already known to us. But after all there still remains the thought that each planet is tending toward death, and though the periods of time are so vast that they seem like eternity, the dying out of the larger of these suns appears to us like the death of the universe itself. But take such an orb as Sirius, which is a thousand times larger than the sun, and after his death all the smaller orbs will have died, but can we escape the thought that there will still remain others to take their places. It seems to me we cannot if we remember how thoroughly we have been deceived in the past. We thought the earth the centre of the universe; then the solar system was everything, then that system became but one in a galaxy of stars, and in turn the galaxy of stars is lost in the infinitude of stars. So may it not be in regard to time and space as it is in regard to matter; that time is one of many formations of the Universe, that there are higher orders so much grander in form that very miracles of time in regard to them are like the suns and planets that we see. There is a lower order that wander through space in which all the waste energies of suns—our own sun included—are continually being poured; they may be in turn reviving the next lower order of the universe, and may it not well be that we in turn may receive from the higher orders something of their waste energy; so that instead of death we may rather undergo a continual interchange by various orders of the universe, which shall be carried on through all time.

How Silver Ore is Sold at Leadville.

The business of buying and selling ores in a camp like this, when the output of the mines is so immense and the value in dollars so great, has been reduced to a science, and is by no means, as many have supposed, dependent upon the fair dealing and honesty of the mill men who generally are the purchasers. The large mining corporations and wealthy individual owners of productive properties have their own assayers, as well as their own scales at the mills. So far as practicable, similar ores from the different pay streaks are piled together for shipment, under the distinguishing titles of hard carbonates, iron dark sand, gray sand, and many other varieties of ore. The assayer makes frequent assays for the purpose of keeping a general knowledge of these separate kinds of ore, yet such assays are not the basis upon which sales are made, owing to the fact that such samples may be either too high or too low for the bulk of such lots, and the correct sampling works of reserving so many pounds at regular intervals, out of a given weight of ore as it is being crushed. This system gives approximately the true value of the bulk of ore to ascertain which is equally to the interest of the buyer and seller. Samples from these bulk samples are assayed by the mill men and by the owners, and if the ounces closely tally, the price to be paid is arrived at. If too great variations occur, the assays are made over again until they do agree. The owner of ore, knowing the cost of milling and marketing ore, is as well able to determine what the mill man can afford to pay as the mill man can himself, and thus there is full and complete satisfaction and confidence existing between the sellers and buyers of ore in this camp. The weight of each ton of ore is made to tally almost to a pound by allowing for the unavoidable light waste in hauling, and it is very seldom that disputes on this point arise.—*Leadville Reveille.*

PREACHING FOR A CROWN.—Howell Davies, walking one Sunday morning to preach, was accosted by a clergyman on horseback, who was bound on the same errand, and who complained of the unprofitable drudgery of his profession, saying that he could never get more than half a guinea for preaching. The Welshman replied that he, for his part, was content to preach for a crown. This so offended the other that he upbraided the