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, FEBRUARY 12, 1880. NUMBER 37

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

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

Advertising in all cases exclusive of subscription to the paper.

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

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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.

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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

PECK & OVERTON
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
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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.
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OVERTON & SANDERSON,
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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

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.31'78.

I. McPHERSON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Dist Att'y Brad. Co. [feb.1'78

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

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

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. L. MADILL. [Jan8-75tf] J. N. CALIFF.

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

W. B. KELLY, DENTIST.—Office over M. E. Rosenfield's, Towanda, Pa. Teeth inserted on Gold, Silver, Rubber, and Aluminium base. Teeth extracted without pain. Oct. 24-72.

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.
DISEASES OF THE EYE and DISEASES OF THE EAR Specialties—Given to

G. W. RYAN,
COUNTY SUPERINTENDENT
Office day last Saturday of each month, over Turner & Gordon's Drug Store, Towanda, Pa.
Towanda, June 20, 1878.

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

C. S. RUSSELL'S
GENERAL
INSURANCE AGENCY
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.

EDWARD WILLIAMS,
PRACTICAL PLUMBER & GAS FITTER,
Place of business in Mercur Block, next door to Journal Office, opposite Public Square.
Plumbing, Gas Fitting, Repairing Pumps of all kinds, and all kinds of Gearing promptly attended to. All wanting work in his line should give him a call. Dec. 4, 1879.

Poetry.

WILL HE GIVE "HIS BELOVED SLEEP?"

When the feet are worn and weary,
When the eyes grow dim with tears,
When the days are long and dreary
When the monotone of years,
And the faltering footsteps falter,
In the marshes dank and deep,
With the griefs no time can alter,
Will He give His loved ones sleep?

When our pleasures all have vanished,
And the heart is worn and old,
Feeding on the husks is famished
With a hungering untold,
And the day is dark and lonely
Up the rugged mountains steep,
Faith asks the assurance only
Will He give His loved ones sleep?

Will He lead them by still waters,
In the pastures fair and bright,
Earth's poor, heart-sick sons and daughters,
From out darkness into light?
Oh! I long to know the secrets
The eternal silence keeps:
Will we lose our burdens some day?
Will He give His children sleep?

Will there come a day of resting,
When the pain and toil are done,
Done the penance and the fasting,
And the final sands are run?
Will the heart forget its sorrows,
And the eyes forget to weep?
There will be no weary morrows
If He gives His loved one sleep.

MAUD MEREDITH.

Terrace Hall, November 17th.

Selected Tale.

THE HALF-BROTHERS.

The county of Down is a district that can hardly be rivalled in the world for varied picturesque scenery and general interest; a pleasanter spot for a ramble could not be found elsewhere. No matter whether the traveler's taste prefers the rugged scenery of the uplands that border Dundrum Bay, the grandeur of Strangford Lough, with its three hundred and sixty-five islets, its ruined castles and dangerous currents, or the cultivated beauties of Rosstrevor and Warren Point; no matter whether he may travel in pursuit of pleasure, health or information, for the picturesque or the antique; whether he be a genial roving Bohemian; finding pleasure in every phrase of nature, or an antiquary seeking for the round towers, Druidic remains and other archaelogical treasures so common in this country, he will at every step discover fresh objects of interest and beauty to reward his trouble and furnish him with pleasing recollections for future hours.

Ireland, the birthplace of my mother's race, has always seemed to me a second home, and in one of my numerous visits to its shores I was stopping with some friends at the lovely little village of Rosstrevor, which lies at the foot of Slieve Ban like a child in the arms of its nurse. It is thoroughly protected on the north and east by adjacent hills; and, although open to the sea, is only approached by soft southern breezes. Villas, mansions and cottages ornee, embowered in trees, surround it on all sides; and, being a very temple of health, it has become one of the most prosperous watering places in the north of Ireland. It is scarcely possible to believe in the existence of a more beautiful spot than this little town, above which the wood-covered hills rise upward until the green slopes mingle in the dark gorges of the Mourne Mountains, over which Slieve Donard towers, the range, in pyramidal majesty, flinging masses of shade upon the waters of the bay.

The farm houses in this county are much superior to those in the more southern portions of the island; they are neatly built and comfortably furnished, have excellent barns and byes attached to them, and stand in the midst of cornfields and pasture land, the natural richness of which has been greatly enhanced by industry and well-applied science; each cottage shows tokens of prosperity, every son of the soil looks cheerful and happy, and the traveler will soon believe that if there be an earthly paradise in the Emerald Isle it is to be found between Carlingford Bay and Belfast Lough, between Moira and the Irish Sea.

One morning I started, accompanied by Charlie Vernon, the friend with whom I was stopping, to visit the seaport of Carlingford, which is full of castellated and monastic remains; having gratified curiosity we crossed the Bay of Kilkeel, where we lunched, and took a car to drive around the coast to Newcastle, a small town on the shores of Dundrum Bay. There we intended to rest for the night, and to make the ascent of Slieve Donard, the monarch of Irish mountains, the next morning. In the evening we amused ourselves with strolling about the beach, watching the fishing smacks that lay at anchor in the bay, with their white sails flapping lazily against their masts, while their owners got ready to tempt the dangers of the deep. When I was first in that part of Ireland, in 1847, the Great Britain, now one of the luckiest vessels sailing to Australia, went ashore on the Dundrum sand banks. The thought brought back happy dreams of my childhood. How many of the friends who visited that shore-bound vessel in the hour of her trouble have passed away.

While I was pointing out to Charlie the spot on which she run aground he gave a startling exclamation and pointed to a narrow ledge that jutted out from the side of the mountain overhanging the sea. On the extreme verge of the precipice two men were engaged in a deadly struggle, and as we sprang forward and shouted for assistance one of them stumbled; for a moment he hung suspended over the waters, and then the other stooped down and forced his hands from the cliff; he fell, and the dark waters closed over him.

Charlie and I rushed off to procure a boat, but were stopped on the way by an old gentleman, the priest of the parish.

"Ah, sirs," said he, "it is of no use; the struggle that you have witnessed was not between mortal men. Every year, on this day, the same tragedy is played."

"We do not understand you."

"Twenty-five years ago two brothers struggled on the brink of the abyss. Afterward the one who hurled the other into the sea committed suicide, and, since that time, on the anniversary of its death, the villagers have been terrified by the sight that you have just witnessed."

By this time we were surrounded by a number of fishermen, who corroborated their pastor in every respect. The old gentleman asked us to dine at his cottage, and offered to be our guide up the mountain the next day, promising that he would tell us the whole story of the apparition during our walk. Of course, we accepted his offer, and, in the morning, when we came down to breakfast, we found him waiting for us.

The ascent of Slieve Donard is a gradual one of about four miles, and it is nearly 3,000 feet above the level of the sea. There is a mountain path about half way up, and the remainder of the way is through healthy slopes, and over rocks with scarcely any bog land intervening.

The scenery is of the most varied and attractive character. We caught glimpses of hundreds of beautiful striking views on land and sea. Climbing up high steeps, descending deep valleys, skirting around narrow paths that overhung deep inlets of the sea, we could make out the Hill of Howth, and far out in the ocean the Isle of Man was dimly perceptible. Below, to the north, lay Ardglass and Strangford Lough, which our friend particularly pointed out to us, as the inland sea was connected with the story he had promised to relate. Sometimes, through an opening in the hill, we could see the fertile valley that leads forty miles inland to Lough Neagh, and obtain peeps at the long, solitary, deep hollows that lie in the hearts of the mountains.

At last we reached the summit, and, throwing ourselves on the grass, we gazed long and earnestly on the surrounding landscape. From the northern brow of the mountain fell a pleasant fountain of exceedingly pure water. The stream joins many others, which, in their rapid descent, form a river, running through a channel of white stone, broken by a thousand windings, and making in the summer a prospect of waterfalls, cascades, jets d'eau and ponds, the most variegated and delightful; but when the winter floods came, the roar and impetuosity of this fall are terrible in the extreme. From the top down to the rocks overhanging the sea is one continued descent, and the lower parts, though craggy and rude enough, are covered with hazel, holly and rowan ash—those next the cliffs being old, bowed, stunted and languishing; while the more remote, although in a higher situation, are flourishing and healthy; and all this upon the face of the mountain, exposed to the wide open eastern sea.

Near the summit are the ruins of two rude buildings, said to be the cell and oratory of St. Donard, a disciple of St. Patrick, who once made his home on these mountains; and here the peasantry assemble on the patron saint's day to do penance and pay their devotions.

Here, lying at the foot of the ruins, Father Michael began his tale.

"You see, gentlemen, the mountain that stands on the southwest, divided from Slieve Donard by that narrow vale and stream? It is called Slieve Snaven, or the Creeping Mountain, because a portion of it can only be ascended in a creeping posture. As you perceive, it presents to the view a huge rock, resembling at a distance some old fortification, very high, overhanging and detached, as it were, from the eastern side of the mountain. After rain a stream rushes from the western side of the rock, shooting from the top, and falling in a large cascade to the beach; to the east of this fall there is a vast natural cave, with an entrance nearly as wide as the cave itself. This chamber is lined with ferns, grass and many beautiful mountain plants, and is inhabited by many hundred hawks, jackdaws and owls. At the further end there are some crevices through which the light penetrates, and if you climb up a narrow passage on the left, to the top of the rock, you will arrive at one of the most beautiful and romantic spots that can well be conceived. You will find that the rock is only the advance part of a large shelf, which projects at about the height of half the mountain, with a sweep, and leaves the space of about two acres on the top. Round the northwest, the west and south of this area, the mountain rises to a great height, and stands like a great wall; the area itself is almost round, and slopes gently from all sides towards the middle, where is formed a beautiful circular lake, as clear as crystal.

"One morning about twenty years ago, as the sun was sinking to rest in the waters, two lovers were seated, side by side, by the margin of that lake, under the shadow of the overshadowing precipices.

"The ocean, which had that brilliant green tinge peculiar to the waters of our coast, was turned at the extreme horizon into molten gold by the rays of the setting orb of day. In the bay beneath, smoke was rising from the little village of Newcastle; while, further north, like dots in the distance, shown the walls of Dundrum. Far away at sea, the white-sailed fishing boats, whose owners had been endeavoring to earn a scanty living for their wives and children, were just visible, returning with the finny spoil. To these toilers of the sea the blackened walls of the gloomy ruin on Slieve Donard served as a landmark; and the mountain side was a favorite trysting place for the lads and lasses of the neighborhood.

"Everybody loved Nelly O'Hara, the prettiest girl in Down, a county noted, even in beautiful Ireland, for the beauty of its women. At a dance everybody was ready to fight for the honor of shaking a foot with her; indeed, the rival wooers did often finish by breaking each other's heads in revenge for their own broken heart, till at last it was known that Nellie looked with favoring eyes upon Carrick O'Farral, the son of a small farmer who lived near Kilkeel; and as Carrick was a broth of a boy, who could hold his own and handle a twig with the best of them, one by one they retired from the contest, and the little world on the Down coast looked upon him as the accepted suitor.

"But, as is usual, the course of true love could only be made smooth with a golden roller. Nellie's old father, Dennis O'Hara, had met misfortune. During the early part of the potato famine he had become security for a poorer neighbor who had since failed, and all the little money that he had passed a lifetime in saving disappeared. The rent, which up to this period had been punctually paid, fell into arrears; his landlord, a stern, harsh man, who preserved everything but his tenantry, threatened to turn him out of his farm, and ruin seemed to stare him in the face. Then, for the first time in his life, he thwarted the daughter who had shed a sweetness on his home in her dearest wish, and refused his consent to her marriage with the man of her choice.

"Poor, handsome Carrick was not the eldest son; his father had been twice married, and had two children. Dermod, the eldest, a man of morose disposition, was strongly suspected by the villagers of being the cause of several wrecks that had taken place. False lights had been used, and the vessels lured to certain destruction among the numerous rocks that stud the treacherous shores of Strangford Harbor, and, although proof was absent, rumor pointed to the dark, sombre man who answered to the name of Dermod Dhu.

"Black Dermod was one of the many suitors who had been neglected by Nelly, but unlike the others he had not given up all hope. Believing that everything may be gained by those who wait, he advanced small sums of money, from time to time, to the old man, her father; and, when he found him thoroughly involved, once more began to urge his suit. The father soon consented, but Nelly, who disliked and despised Dermod as much as she loved his brother, declared that nothing should tempt her to break her plighted troth.

"But the constant dropping of water will in time wear a rock, and at last when Dermod swore that if she did not marry him he would send her father to prison, she, knowing that the shame would kill him, begged for a month's delay, and promised to become, at the end of that time, the wife of the man who would pay all his debts, and prevent the old farmer being turned out of the home of his forefathers.

"It was to tell Carrick this that Nellie met him for the last time by the side of the upland lake. This spot had long been their trysting place, and now the gloomy old mountain seemed to frown upon their fortunes and their love.

"Sadly they parted, hoping against hope. Nelly returned home to pray over her lover's success, while he went forth to battle with the world and win it.

"True, he had one chance, to explain which it is necessary to look back at events that happened a few months before the commencement of this story.

"One evening a beautiful cutter yacht, with the Stars and Stripes flying at her masthead, rounded St. John's point and dropped her anchor at Dundrum Bay. She was the property of an American gentleman, Mr. Winthrop, who was making a coasting tour around the Emerald Isle, accompanied by his daughter and a party of friends. For several days the yacht remained in the bay, the tourists amusing themselves by climbing the Mourne Mountains, and making occasional trips to Strangford Lough to visit Gray Abbey, the ruins of the old Augustine Monastery of Moville, and the numerous castles that are scattered about in the vicinity.

"One day, about a week after her arrival, the cutter rode at anchor on the crest of the big round billows, which swelled up, spread and tumbled over lazily, their glossy surfaces scarcely broken by a ripple; after the sun had sunk in the waters a thin brassy belt of light was seen on the verge of the horizon; the air became thick and leadlike, no star broke through the haze, and although the sails flapped heavily against the masts, as the yacht swayed to and fro with the motion of the water, not a breath of wind was stirring. The sailors were grouped about the deck, smoking and spinning yarns to while away the tedium of the calm.

"On the little quarter deck a fair-haired girl was sitting talking to an elderly gentleman. This was Kate Winthrop and her father, the owner of the yacht. The bright, gay-hearted girl, ever anxious to be on the move, was longing for a breeze, and Mr. Winthrop turned to question the mate, an old salt, who had been many years in the whale trade.

"'Lord love you, miss,' said he, 'is it a breeze you want? We shall have one before long that will blow the anchor into the foretop and the hair off the captain's head. Look at that belt of light just above the horizon; if that don't mean a hurricane, I'm a Dutchman.' And he hurried forward to see everything close reefed and made taut.

"This had scarcely been done when the tempest came suddenly upon them with all the horrors so common to a storm on the northeast coast. The broad billows, mountain high, threatened to overwhelm them; the roar of the tempest as it struck the yacht was terrible; the uprearing waves charged upon her like armed squadrons, and all was confusion and terror; for an instant the cutter was motionless, then she reeled over on her beam-ends, everything went to leeward, and all on board thought their last moment had come; but after the first gusts of wind had rushed shrieking past, the yacht, trembling in every plank, slowly righted, and then drove swiftly towards the shore.

"As the vessel seemed doomed to certain destruction, a fishing hooker passed under her stern, and a voice was heard above the storm hailing her.

"A rope was thrown and a man hauled on board. He sprang to the wheel and shouted, just as the man at the lookout cried 'Breakers ahead!'

"'Haul in your starbraces! Ease off to larboard!'

"The sailors rushed to obey, and the yacht, answering her helm, swung round and entered a narrow channel with breakers on both sides of it. For a few minutes, which seemed an eternity, she held her course, and then the passage widened, and, like an ocean bird rushing to its native element, she rounded the point and stood out to sea.

"The worst of the danger was over, and after a short time, as the gale slackened, the cutter was safely anchored in Strangford harbor—those on board owing their lives to Carrick O'Farral, the smartest sailor on the eastern coast.

"Old Mr. Winthrop was not ungrateful; he offered the brave young man a farm in the green lands across the Atlantic, but Carrick preferred the old home, and, besides, if he had gone, he would have to leave Nelly behind him; for she would not desert her old father in his troubles. However, Mr. Winthrop told him he would give him time to reflect upon his offer, and that he would write to him on his arrival in London.

"On the day that Carrick met Nelly at the trysting place on the mountain, he had received a letter stating that the yacht was off Kingstown, and asking him to come and meet her passengers in Dublin.

"Without any adventures by the way, Carrick reached the capital, where he saw his kind friend and explained his position. Mr. Winthrop at once gave him sufficient money to pay off Old Hara's liabilities, and to start him afresh. He then offered to take the young man back to Dundrum on board the yacht; telling him the whole party wished to be present at his wedding, and that he hoped still to persuade him to cross the Atlantic. The cutter made a quick passage, anchored in the bay, and, on the evening of her arrival, Carrick was landed at the foot of Slieve Donard.

"Before he went to Nelly's cottage he determined to climb the hillside and look once more at the old trysting place where they had parted so sorrowfully a few days before.

"He did so, and, on reaching the overhanging ledge, found himself face to face with his half-brother, Dermod Dhu.

"'So you have returned!' said Dermod.

"'Yes, and successful!' replied his brother; 'I have returned in time to prevent the villany you have plotted. I have returned with the money to release Denis O'Hara.'

"'Liar!'

"Carrick's reply was a light laugh as he turned to descend the cliff. Hoping to take him at a disadvantage, Dermod sprang upon him, and seized him by the throat. The two brothers were equally matched as regards height and strength, but the quiet, steady life of the younger gave him a great advantage over his dissipated opponent.

"As they struggled they drew nearer and nearer to the smooth and slippery edge of the cliff that went down nearly a hundred feet sheer to the sea. Dermod's hold was growing weaker and giving way, and he was about to beg for mercy, when his brother's foot caught in the tangled fern and they fell, Carrick rolling over the precipice.

"With death before his eyes he clutched desparingly at the tough, short bushes upon its brink; for a few awful seconds he looked up at his brother, and, with a cry of 'Cain!' upon his lips, the branches broke and he fell into the sea. As the waters closed over him his whole life came back before his eyes, the memory of his love, their last meeting and his promise to return. The frowning face of Black Dermod came between them, and then the dark waters sang in his ears and all remembrances faded. With the voice of Nelly calling to him he became insensible.

"The end of the month arrived, and Dermod claimed his bride. Nellie had heard nothing of her lover, the officers were ready to take her father to prison, and she allowed herself to be led to the little village church by the man she detested.

"Was she to blame? Was she false to her love?

"Ah! how many pure young girls have gone victims to the altar to save some father or brother from disgrace! Surely see misery of such martyrdom is a sufficient punishment for the heartaches they have caused. Who will try to judge when a girl has to choose between her love and her kindred?

"The chapel was decorated with all the mockery of gaiety—flowery garlands were twined round the pillars, roses were scattered in the path—and the bridal party entered the holy place. Among the spectators Mr. Winthrop and several gentlemen from the yacht quietly took their places without causing surprise, as one of the sailors had informed the villagers of their wish to witness the ceremony.

"The bride appeared with her father, surrounded by her kindred; she was pale and trembling. The weight of heavy sorrow seemed to have added years to her young life. Dermod advanced to her, and the priest was about to commence the service when, from the strangers, Carrick stepped between them, and, facing his brother, said:

"'I have come to claim my bride.'

"With a blasphemous yell of hatred, Dermod rushed from the church as Nelly fell fainting into her lover's arms.

"Of course the wedding took place, but Carrick was the bridegroom. A boat from the yacht had picked him up as he was sinking for the last time; and the shock had brought on a fit of illness that confined him to his bed for several days. But now all was joy, the lads and lassies danced merrily that evening in the old barn at O'Hara's farm; and before the yacht left Ireland, Nelly had consented to go with her husband to America.

"In the new country fortune followed him, and he became one of the most popular farmers in the Far West. Nelly, adored by her husband and surrounded by her numerous children, lived as happy as the day is long, and almost ceased to think with regret of her home in the Emerald Isle.

"Two days after the wedding the body of Dermod Dhu was washed ashore at the foot of the mountain where his brother fell; and ever since, on the anniversary of his death, the restless spirit returns to go through the crime that doomed him to destruction."

The old priest thus finished his tale, and, as the evening was drawing near and the sun sinking behind the distant hills, we slowly descend the mountain. Years have passed since I saw this phantom struggle and heard the explanation given by the old man, but time will never make me forget the fiendish face of Dermod Dhu as I saw him gaze at his fallen brother that evening in the Mourne Mountains.

A New Remedy for Toothache.

Dr. T. C. Osborn states that his cook came to him with a swollen cheek, asking for something to relieve the toothache with which she had been suffering all night. He was on the point of sending her to a dentist, when it occurred to him that there was in the house a vial of compound tincture of benzoin. "After cleansing the decayed tooth," he says, "I saturated a pledget of cotton lint with the tincture, and packed it well into the cavity, hoping this would suffice for the time, and told her to come back in two or three hours if she was not relieved. I was turning away, when she said it might not be necessary, perhaps, as the pain was already gone. Supposing her faith had a large share in the relief, I would not allow myself to think that the medicine had anything to do with the cure any more than so much hot water would have had. But when I arrived at my office two other patients were waiting me with the same affliction, and I determined by way of experiment to use the same remedy. To my agreeable surprise, both patients declared themselves immediately relieved, and begged a vial of the tincture for future use. During the winter a number of similar cases applied, and were instantly relieved by the same treatment, all expressing much satisfaction with the remedy. In December I told my druggist of the discovery, and recommended him to sell it to any person applying for 'toothache drops.' This, he reports, he has done, and every one seems delighted with the medicine."

ASKING TOO MUCH.—A shy young man of Scotland for fourteen years had wooed the lassie of his heart. One night Jamie—for that was the young man's name—called to see Jennie, and there was a terrible look upon his eyes; just as there is sometimes when they have made up their minds to pop the question. And Jamie came in and sat down by the fire just as he had done every Tuesday and Friday night for fourteen years, and he talked of the weather, and the cattle, and the crops, and the stock-market, I was going to say—but no, they didn't talk about that; and finally Jamie said:

"I've known you for a long time."

"Yes, Jamie," said she.

"And—I've thought I'd always like to know you, Jennie."

"Y-e-s—Jamie."

"And so I've bought—a—lot—Jennie."

"Y-e-s—J-a-m-i-e."

"So—that—when—"

"Yes—Jamie—Yes."

"We're dead we can lay our bones together."

The fool had gone and bought a lot in a graveyard, but Jennie was not discouraged. She knew her man well—after fourteen years she ought to—and so she said gently:

"Jamie?"

"Yes, Jennie."

"Don't you think 'twould be better to lay our bones together while we're yet alive?"

A BOY ON WASHINGTON.—Boys' compositions are often fearfully and wonderfully put together. Here's one about George Washington that puts the "Father of His Country" on a stronger moral basis than any that has yet appeared. It serves the still further purpose of showing that where is real, irrepressible genius, great ideas somewhat precede the mere knack of spelling: George Washington was a little boy that onct lived in Virginny what had a nax give him by his old man. When george he got the nax he cutted a tree what had cheereys up on it and eat the cheereys he and a nother boy. Wen george's old man foun out what george and the nother boy done, he called george to him an he ses, george Washington who cutted the bark ofen the cheerey tree, george sais i did and i cannot tell a li. Why cant you tell a li sais the old man. Coz sais george if i tell a li this here felleri blow on me an then ill be spanked twict. thats rite sais the old man; wenever yer git in to trouble the esyist way out is the best.

NO BLOOD ON THE PROGRAMME.—As the boys from the Portsmouth halted for a few moments on the avenue during the parade of Wednesday, a tall, fine looking old man thus addressed one of the mites: "Well, sonny, do you think you could hurt any one if you tried?" The smallest of our country's future defenders looked at him patronizingly and condescendingly, and merely replied, in a tone calculated to allay all his questioner's fears, "We're not out for that purpose to-day," and then stood unmoved and grave amid the shouts of laughter caused by his reply.—*Washington (D. C.) Republic.*

"THE RARITY OF CHRISTIAN CHARITY."

Self-righteous souls, your bitter scorn
Of those who falter in the way
Would show yourselves more nobly born,
More free from taint of humus clay,

As from your homes of calm repose
In all-untempted righteousness
You look serenely forth on those
Who fall and leave them comfortless.

No cheering word, no helpful pray'r,
No ray of hope their souls to win,
What wonder if in sheer despair
They sink from error into sin?

Your path perhaps hath fewer snares,
You note each step wherein they fall;
But, if your souls were tried as theirs,
How would your boasted strength avail?

Your lives flow on so still and cold,
No rushing force is yours to stem;
Self-praise around your hearts you fold,
And all you cannot feel condemn.

But into God's great scale at last,
Both deeds and motives shall be thrown;
When Justice weighs each sentence past,
Oh then what secrets shall be known!

And ye shall find who censure most
That yours was far the greater sin
Who count these weak ones wholly lost,
While heaw'n's own peace is theirs to win!

A Pretty Rhine Legend.

Once upon a time there lived beside the Rhine a beautiful lady. She had a lover who loved her, and whom she loved in return. But after he had wooed her—not one year, but three—he asked her to marry him; and she, anxious to show her power, merely answered:

"Wait."

"I have waited three years," he said, "but at your bidding, I will wait once more—just once more."

Then he went away and became a soldier; and praise of his bravery filled the land; but the lady was piqued by the thought that he had been able to leave her even a year, and when he returned she determined to punish him, though all the while she loved him well.

He knelt at her feet and took her hands in his, and said:

"Lady, I have come back to claim you for my wife."

But all she answered was:

"Wait longer; a patient waiter is not a loser."

"I will wait two years longer," he said, calmly. "If I do not lose all is well."

Then he left her again. She had hoped that he would plead for her, and that she would be forced to change her mind; but now he was gone—gone for two long years. How she lived through them she could not tell, but they passed, and again her lover was before he.

"I have waited patiently," was all he said.

The lady yearned to cast herself into his arms, but pride was strong within her.

"Wait longer," she said.

"No," he answered. "This is the last time. If I wait now I will wait forever."

At this she drew back haughtily.

"Then wait forever," she said coldly.

He left her without a word. And now her heart sank in her bosom. She wept bitter tears, and repented in dust and ashes. When a year had gone by, she could bear her woe no longer, and sent her little foot-page to her old lover, bidding him bear this message, "Come back to me."

But the message the little foot-page brought was just this: "Wait."

Again she was left to her sorrow, and two years glided by; then once more she bade her page ride over the mountains to her lover's castle.

"Tell him I am waiting," she said.

The page rode away and rode back. He stood before his lady and doffed his cap, and repeated the message that had been given him: "The patient waiter is not a loser."

"He is punishing me," thought the lady, and for two long years she remained in her castle. Her heart was breaking—her health failed—she knew death was not far distant.

Again she sent her cruel lover a message.

"Tell him," she said, "that I am near my end, and that if I wait longer before I see him I shall wait forever."

The page returned, and stood beside his lady's chair. His eyes were full of tears; his head was bent upon his breast; he sighed and hid his plumed cap.

The lady lifted her wan face.

"Speak!" she said, "the message."

"Alas!" sighed the page; "I would it were a more tender one."

"Whatever it may be, speak," gasped the lady.

"The only message that I have," replied the page, is "Wait forever."

"I am well paid in my own coin," said the lady. "At last I have received all my own answers back.

In a little while she died, and they buried her in the old church-yard, with a stone at her head and a stone at her feet.

When spring came there was grass upon the grave, and there also was a new plant strange to those who looked upon it, a plant with dark, glossy leaves, that crept slowly but surely along, clutching fast to every rough surface it met.

There had never been a plant like that on earth before. Now we call it ivy, but this is what those who saw it for the first time said of it:

"It is the lady whom her lover bade to wait forever. In this form she is creeping towards her castle slowly but surely. So she will creep on until she reaches the heart she threw away."

Generations have passed from earth. The castle is a ruin, covered with ivy, and peasants there will tell you that it has crept there from the lady's grave, point by point, over stone and rock, through the graveyard and over gates and fences. You can trace it if you choose, they say, but you do not try.

EDISON says he can fix electricity so it will run a sewing machine at an expense of two cents a day. Good enough! But what would be the probable expense of arranging it so as to run a sewing-machine agent out of a town?

TRAVELER—"Here, waiter, take this steak away and give it to the poor. It's as tough as ——." Waiter (blandly)—"We've never 'ad no complaints, sir." Traveler—"No; because that wretched old cow had 'em all."

Our National Flag.

There is a very interesting volume on our National flag about to appear in a second edition, the first having been only printed for a few public libraries and friends of the author, by Rear Admiral George H. Preble, nephew and present representative in our navy of the illustrious Commodore. The origin of our Stars and Stripes was, like that of almost all other good and appropriate things, due to an accident, and such accidents seem to uphold the doctrine of the survival of the fittest, since without such a law they are likely to lead to no results whatever. The earliest suggestion of the stars was in 1774, when the Massachusetts *Spy*, publishing an article on the Boston massacre, suggested that in the American ensign would hereafter sparkle a star

Which shall shortly flaine wide through the spheres.

Stripes found their way into our National bunting by appearing on a flag carried by a troop of Philadelphia light-horse, commanded by a Danish gentleman, Capt. Markoe. This flag is still in the possession of his descendant, Col. Abraham Markoe, who has also the bill for its cost in 1775. It cost £11 7s. to design (about $7) and £5 ($40) to get it up in silk, gold-fringe, and embroidery. The troop of light-horse that owned it escorted Gen. Washington to Cambridge when he went to take command of the Army of the North, and its thirteen stripes most probably suggested to the General the idea adopted to the banner of the Nation. The original design in 1777 bore thirteen stripes and thirteen stars. In 1785 fifteen stripes and fifteen stars were for a time adopted. In 1818 there was a very pretty change in the flag, the stars being arranged to form the letter A; but this alteration was not permanent; it settled into the present flag—thirteen stripes for the thirteen original States, and on each accession to the Union an additional star. The present flag is certainly as pretty a one as can be made of bunting, and very suggestive of our perpetual increase. While other nations make no changes in their flags except under the pressure of a revolution, this land of progress adds to hers every three years or so another representative star. Admiral Preble's book is an historical monograph, full of anecdote, research, and beautiful colored engravings. In connection with the history of our Stars and Stripes, it gives all the American patriotic songs, a description of our State flags, of the flags of the Confederate States, the yacht club flags, the seals and arms of the United States and its departments. In short, it is a complete collection of our National flag literature.—*Baltimore American.*

A New Dodge.

Sauntering up to the counter he began to harpoon the eatables at the free lunch table, and as he stowed away the articles under his vest he began, in a tone of melancholy sadness, "Gentlemen, my actions may seem ill-bred, but with a half-starved man hunger must be satisfied before good manners can be attended to." The bar tender reached for a club and told the apologetic stranger that if he would not leave at once he'd go for him. "My dear sir," resumed the gaunt-looking new arrival, with a deprecatory waive of the hand, a childlike smile was spoiled by his having a mouthful of pickled cabbage to attend to, "I can understand your astonishment at what may seem impudence on the part of an entire stranger, and I am not offended at the anger it causes you to display. But when I say that I am a poor, homeless, wandering refugee from the fever-stricken city of Memphis—" Five schooners of beer were laid down upon the counter with a simultaneousness that showed prompt decision, and five panic-stricken men perambulated toward the door with a unity of action that was admirable. The man behind the bar had vanished into airy nothingness, and as the weary stranger polished off the free lunch and gathered in schooner after schooner until, beer laden, he ambled toward the street, that saloon was as bare as the upper lip of a sixteen-year-old youth, and the homeless, wandering refugee from the fever-stricken city of Memphis, footsore and woe-begone, turned into Beekman street with a dazed, sad countenance of one whom life had left nothing worth living for. As he passed into Theatre alley two slabbily-dressed tramps approached him and inquired in accents of anxiety: "Well, Bill, how does the new racket work?" The poor, homeless, wandering refugee from the stricken city of Memphis, who had so suddenly descended to plain "Bill," laconically replied, with a deflection of the left optic, "Immense!"—*Puck.*

How Washington Died.

The certificate of Drs. Craik and Dick, the physicians who attended George Washington at the time of his death, has just been unearthed from a Georgetown newspaper of 1799. It does not appear in any of the biographies of Washington. The certificate concludes thus: "He was fully impressed at the beginning of his complaint,