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, MARCH 11, 1880. NUMBER 41

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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Business Cards.

MRS. E. J. PERRIGO,
TEACHER OF PIANO AND ORGAN.
Lessons given in Thorough Bass and Harmony. Cultivation of the voice a specialty. Located at A. Snell's, Main St. Reference: Holmes & Passage.
Towanda, Pa., March 4, 1880.

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. BECK.

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

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 8 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, PENN'A.
Office—South side Poplar street, opposite Ward House. (Nov. 13, 1879.

DAVIES & CARNOCHAN,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
SOUTH SIDE OF WAED 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. [jan5-731y] J. N. CALIFF.

DR. S. M. WOODBURN, Physician and Surgeon. Office at residence, on Pine Street, East of Main.
Towanda, May 1, 1872 ly*

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. 1, 34-72.

F. 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 SUPERINTENDE
ffice day last Saturday of each month, over Turner & Gordon's Drug Store, Towanda, Pa.
Towanda, June 20, 1878.

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. Aril 1, 187.9

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.

MY LITTLE BOY THAT DIED.

Look on his pretty face for just one minute,
His braided frock, his dainty buttoned shoes,
His firm-shut hand, the favorite playing in it,
And tell me, mothers, wan't not hard to lose
And miss from my side—
My little boy that died?

How many another boy as dear and charming,
His father's hope, his mother's one delight,
Since through strange sicknesses, all fear disarming,
And lives a long, long life in parents' sight!
Mine was so short a pride!
And then my poor boy died.

I see him rocking on his wooden charger;
I hear him pattering through the house all day;
I watch his great blue eyes grow large and larger,
Listening to stories, whether grave or gay,
Told at the bright fireside—
So dark now since he died.

But yet I often think my boy is living,
As living as my other children are,
When good-night kisses I all round am giving,
I keep one for him, though he is so far.
Can a mere grave divide
Me from him, though he died?

So, while I come and plant it o'er with daisies,
(Nothing but childish daisies, all year round,)
Continually God's hand the curtain raises,
And I can hear his merry voice's sound
And feel him at my side—
My little boy that died.

—By the Author of "John Halifax Gentleman."

Selected Tale.

MONEY.

Miriam Leslie was listening to a word of advice from her stepfather, Mr. Palmer. She was a very beautiful woman of two and twenty, with a face that was a rare combination of sweetness and strength. Just now the resolute mouth and expression of the brown eyes showed that firmness in her character predominated, tho' no look of temper marred her amiability.

"I have no power over your movements, Miriam," said the old gentleman, kindly. "You are of age, and the wealth you inherited from your father is entirely under your own control; but I am afraid you are committing a great error if you accept Wilton Seymour's offer. I am afraid he is a man to marry for money."

"Why? I pass over the implied slight to my attractions; but tell me why you think Mr. Seymour marries me for money alone."

"I don't know that I mean that exactly. I know that you are young, beautiful and talented, but I think if you had been poor, you would not have had this offer."

"Again I ask what makes you think so?"

"Wilton Seymour is one of that unfortunate class—a young man who has lived upon expectations. He has been educated and supported by an eccentric uncle, who was supposed to be enormously wealthy. Wilton has lived in complete idleness, passing through college with average credit, and since that, moving in society, received everywhere as the heir of his uncle's money, who, when he died, left it—much less than was supposed—to a hospital. Wilton accepted the situation gracefully enough, applied for a situation as clerk in the wholesale house of Myers & Co., and—courted an heiress."

"You are bitter. I believe Wilton Seymour to be an honorable, upright man, who loves me, who is trying to earn a support for himself, and who does not look upon my money either as a stimulus to his affection or an impediment in the way of it."

"I see that you are determined to marry him. Well, I will see that your money is settled upon yourself."

"I love my future husband too well to offer him insult. My money will purchase him a junior partnership with Myers & Co."

"He has told you that?"

"No. Mr. Myers informed me that he could be admitted into the firm if he had a capital of ten thousand pounds—only a small portion of my money. The remainder may remain where it is, subject to Wilton's check and control."

"This is sheer insanity. I never heard of such folly."

Miriam's face grew very sweet as a look came into her soft brown eyes of devotion and trust.

"If I am willing to trust myself, my whole future happiness in Wilton's hands, my money is of little consequence. If he cannot win my confidence sufficiently to control my fortune, do you think he can win my love—myself?"

Mr. Palmer moved uneasily in his chair.

"I wish you would listen to reason—I am truly speaking for your own good," he replied.

"I know that. After nine years of such love as my own father would have given me had he lived, after seeing your severe grief for my mother's death, your affection for my little stepsisters—your own children—never surpassing that showed to me, do you think that I do not appreciate your motives? I thank you from my heart for your advice; but my whole future happiness is involved in this decision, and I believe I am deciding to secure it."

"I sincerely hope so. If in the future you find I was right, remember I claim a father's right to comfort you, a father's right to receive you."

Too much moved by the old man's solemn tone to reply in words, Miriam pressed her lips upon the kind eyes that looked into her own.

"There, my dear," he said, gently, "I have spoken as I felt it my duty to speak. Now we will write to Mr. Seymour, who will become my son when he becomes your husband. Get your finery all ready, and we'll have a happy wedding. May God bless you, Miriam."

Two hours later Wilton Seymour came to put the engagement ring on Miriam's finger, to thank her for his promised happiness. Looking at this man, as he held the hand soon to be his own, no one could doubt his love for the fair one who stood before him.

They had spoken of many subjects when he said, suddenly:

"Mr. Palmer has told me your generous wishes, Miriam, with regard to money. I cannot consent to this. In time, I may prove how entirely I disregarded wealth when my offer was made to you. It is true we must have waited longer before I could offer you a home, but I will win my way to fortune yet."

He lifted his young, noble head as he spoke, tossing the dark curls from such a frank, manly face, so full of brave, bright resolutions, that Miriam wondered in her heart how any one could look into his eyes and suspect him of mercenary desires.

She said nothing in answer to his impetuous speech, only smiled and nestled her hand in his. She was not a caressing woman—rather coy in her sweet maiden dignity; but where she gave love and confidence, she gave them fully and freely.

The days of betrothal sped rapidly. During the day Wilton stood at his desk, fingering over massive ledgers and dreaming of future happiness, and Miriam selected her house, furnished, and kept dressmakers, seamstresses and milliners busy. She had no objection to her stepfather's wish to have house and furniture settled upon herself; but was resolute about the remainder of her large fortune being subject to the control of her future husband.

Busy days were followed by happy evenings. The young people were favorites in society, and friends would insist upon social festivities to celebrate the betrothal. The quiet home evenings were pleasant beyond these, when two loving hearts learned to read each other; while Wilton loved more deeply every day, his worth and manliness as made her future look brighter every day.

But the days of the betrothal were short. A gay wedding, a happy tour and the young people came home to settle in the handsome new house as quiet married folks.

Two years of happiness followed. Wilton was rapidly rising in the esteem of business men—having purchased his position as junior partner in the firm of Myers & Co., at Miriam's earnest request. But, although attentive to his business, he was no mere drudge seeking money as the only end and aim of his life.

Miriam found him ever a willing escort to party, ball or opera, and the home evenings were given to music, or reading, or such bright intellectual intercourse as had its power of mutual attraction before their marriage.

There were sage people who shook their heads over the young wife's extravagance; but Wilton seemed most happy when she was gratifying some new whim or desire, and she had never known the need of economy. Money had always been at her command, and there was no restraint upon her expenditures. For fine dress she cared but little, though she was tasteful, and her costumes were always rich and appropriate; but she was generous and benevolent, loved to collect trifles of exquisite art around her, patronizing rising artists, and found no difficulty in exhausting her liberal income year after year.

It was during the third year of her married life Miriam began to find a cloud upon the former bright happiness of her life. Wilton was changed. In these three words the loving heart of the young wife summed up all her forebodings. He had been the sunlight of her life, loving, tender and thoughtful; but it became evident to her that some absorbing interest was gradually winning him more and more from her side.

Evening after evening he left her, on one pretext or another, oftentimes staying away from her until long after midnight. His sleep became restless and broken, and some absorbing care kept his face pale, his eyes clouded, his manner grave. There was no unkindness to complain of. Miriam met ever a tender caress, a loving word; but she went alone if she sought society; she missed the pleasant home intercourse; and a strange, dull fear crept into her heart. Wilton was becoming miserly.

He denied her nothing, but sometimes would sigh heavily if she challenged his admiration of some new dress or ornament, and it was evident he curtailed his personal expenses to merest necessities. Too proud to complain, Miriam, suffering silently, prayed that she might never learn to despise her husband as a mere money-making machine. At first she endeavored to win his confidence, but he kindly evaded her inquiries, and she made no further efforts.

But her home grew distasteful, missing the companionship that had made the hours there pass so swiftly. She had never felt household cares, trusting everything to an experienced housekeeper. She had no children to awaken mother-love and care, so she plunged into fashionable follies and tried to forget her loneliness. Never had her toilet been chosen with more faultless taste; never had her beauty been more marked than it now became; and she sought for excitement as she never had done in the first happy years of her married life.

And while Mrs. Seymour was thus seeking for happiness abroad that could not be found at home, her husband's face became paler and thinner, and he became more absorbed in business cares. One year more passed, and the hearts that had been so firmly bound together seemed to be drifting entirely apart.

Miriam was sitting sadly in her drawing-room one evening waiting for her carriage, which was to convey her to a large social gathering at a friend's. She was dressed in costly lace, over rich silks, and every detail of her costume was faultless in finish and of choicest quality. Her face was pale and her heart was very sad.

She looked up as the door opened, hoping to see Wilton, though it was long since he had spent an evening in her society. Instead of his tall, graceful figure, the portly form of her stepfather entered the room.

Miriam sprang forward with a glad smile.

"I am glad to see you," she exclaimed, warmly.

"But you are going out."

"Only to be rid of my loneliness, and myself. I shall be happier here with you."

"Truly, Miriam? Will you treat me as your father to-night? I have come here on a painful and delicate errand, and I want your confidence."

She was silent for a moment, and then said, "You shall have it."

"You love your husband, Miriam?"

Tears answered him.

"Do you love society, and dress, and excitement better than you do Wilton?"

"No. No! A thousand times, no!"

"Could you give up all these for his sake?"

"You have some motive for asking this?"

"I have, indeed. I love your husband also, Miriam. I have learned to respect him, to trust him, and I was wrong when you decided to trust your happiness in his hands."

"But, father, some great change has come over Wilton. He seems absorbed in money-making."

"One year ago your husband asked me to keep a secret from you, believing he was increasing your happiness by so doing. I consented, but I am convinced now that the deceit is wrong. He has assumed a burden that is too heavy for him to bear, and you are not happier than you were a year ago."

"Happier!" cried Miriam, impulsively. "I am wretched, wretched in losing my husband's society and confidence."

"You shall not complain of that again. I am breaking my promise, but you will soon understand my meaning. A year ago the bank in which every guinea of your private fortune was invested, failed, and everything was lost. This house, and the money Wilton paid to secure his business position, were all that was left of your father's wealth. Convinced that luxury, society and extravagance were necessary for your happiness, Wilton enjoined me to keep the fact a secret from you, and braced himself for a tussel with fortune, resolved to regain by his own exertion what was swept away by the failure, before you could discover the loss. But, Miriam, he is overtasking his strength, and you are becoming a butt for censure on your extravagance. My secret has burdened me too long, and you must now be the judge of the right course to pursue."

Miriam was weeping, but the tears were not all bitter. She gave its full meed of gratitude to the love that would have shielded her from the knowledge of poverty and pain; and yet she could scarcely forgive the want of confidence in her own ability to bear the sacrifice that the deceit implies.

It was long before she spoke, but when she did her eyes were bright and her voice clear and firm.

"The house is mine?" she asked.

"Certainly. But it needs such a large income to sustain such an establishment."

"Tell me, what style of house does Wilton's income warrant? I mean the income he had two years ago."

"A smaller house, dear—no carriage, no housekeeper, two servants, but certainly no footman in livery; no observatory—"

"Stop, stop! I understand you. You will see, father, if I am made unhappy by your kind frankness. Wilton is in the library absorbed in business. Will you wait here while I speak to him?"

"I will call again," he said, kindly. Good night, Miriam. Heaven grant that I may have judged your heart rightly."

But Miriam did not seek her husband at once. It seemed mockery to go to him with diamonds flashing from her rich dress; so she sought her own room, and putting aside her evening toilet, dressed herself plainly, but very carefully, and then kneeling down, she prayed with earnest fervor before she left the apartment.

"Wilton!"

The harrassed and weary man looked up.

"Wilton, you should have trusted me. Give me your heart, your confidence, my dear husband."

He bowed his head upon her outstretched hands.

"Can you bear it, Miriam?"

"I can bear anything if you are beside me—if you love and trust me. What I cannot bear is to believe my husband loves money better than his wife."

"No, no."

"I understand that now. But there must be confidence between us. Wilton, I must be your true wife, bearing your sorrow and reverses."

"My own brave darling."

He was standing beside her now, and for the first time in that long, weary year the old bright look was in his face, and the old clear ring in his voice. His arm was around her, and she leaned upon his breast.

"Forgive me," he said, earnestly, "for doubting your courage—never your love, Miriam."

She laughed a merry, bright laugh, and then playfully closed the desk. She drew him to a seat beside her, and sketched a burlesque picture of their future home, with Mrs. Seymour, in a crimson dress, frying onions, while Mr. Seymour milked the cow in the garden.

It is four years since Mr. Palmer broke his promise. A happier home, a more thrifty housekeeper, or proud-husband cannot be found, than in the pretty house of the Seymours, where love, confidence and happiness will not yield the first place to Money.

Two brothers belonging to one of the old families, living some hundred miles from New York, find continuous country life rather irksome. As one or the other of them is obliged to be on the estate, they take their turns in coming down to the city for a little recreation. It was remarked to one of them the other day that he and his brother were like two buckets in a well, one always going up, and the other going down. "Yes," replied Tom, "and also like a well-bucket, the one going up is always full."—*New York Hour.*

"YOUNG man," says the Owego *Record*, "invest your capital in integrity." It is quite impossible. There is really none in the market.—*Elmira Free Press.*

Nannette's Live Baby.

A good many years ago, in the city of Philadelphia, lived a little girl, named Nannette. One summer afternoon her mother went to pay a short visit to her aunt, who lived near by, and gave her little girl permission to amuse herself on the front door-steps until her return. So Nannette, in a clean pink frock and white apron, playing and chatting with her big wax "Didy," which was her doll's name, formed a pretty picture to the passers-by, some of whom walked slowly, in order to hear the child's talk to her doll.

"You'se a big, old girl," she went on, smoothing out Didy's petticoats, "and I've had you for ever and ever, and I'se mos' six. But you grow no bigger. You never, never cry, you don't. You'se a stupid old thing, and I'm tired of you, I am! I b'leve you'se only a make b'leve baby, and I want a real, live baby, I do—a baby that will cry! Now don't you see," and she gave the doll's head a whack—"that you don't cry? If anybody should hit *me* so, I'd squeam *m-u-r-d-e-r*, I would! And then the p'lisman would come, and there would be an awful time. There, sit up, can't you? Your back is like a broken stick. Oh, hum, I'm tired of you, Didy."

Leaving the doll leaning in a one-sided way against the door, Nannette posed her dimpled chin in her hands, and sat quietly looking into the street. Presently a woman came along with a bundle in her arms, and seeing Nannette and "Didy" in the door-way, went up the steps and asked the little girl if she would not like to have a real little live baby.

"One that will cry?" eagerly asked Nannette.

"Yes, one that will cry, and laugh, too, after a bit," answered the woman, all the time looking keenly about her; and then in a hushed voice she asked the child if her mother was at home.

"No—she's gone to see my auntie; shall I call her?" replied Nannette, jumping to her feet, and clapping her hand, from a feeling as if, in some way, she was to have her long-wished-for live baby.

"No, don't call her; and if you want a baby that will cry, you must be very quiet and listen to me. Mark me now—have you a quarter of a dollar to pay for a baby.

"I guess so," answered Nannette; "I've a lot of money up stairs." And running up to her room, she climbed into a chair, took down her money-box from a shelf, and emptying all her pennies and small silver coin into her apron, ran down again.

"This is as much as a quarter of a dollar, isn't it?"

The woman saw at a glance that there was more than that amount, and hastily taking poor little Nannett's carefully hoarded pennies, she whispered:—

"Now carry the baby up-stairs and keep it in your own little bed. Be careful to make no noise, for it is sound asleep. Don't tell anybody you have it until it cries. Mind that. When you hear it cry, you may know it is hungry."

Then the woman went hurriedly away, and Nanette never saw her again.

Nannette's little heart was nearly breaking with delight at the thought of having a real, live baby; and holding the bundle fast in her arms, where the woman had placed it, she began trudging up stairs with it. Finally puffing and panting, her cheeks all aglow, she reached her little bed, and turning down the covers she put in the bundle, and covering it up carefully she gave it some loving little pats, saying softly, "*My* baby, my real, little live baby that will cry!" And then she carefully tripped out of the room and down-stairs again.

Very soon Nannette's mother came home, bringing her a fine large apple, which drove all thoughts of the baby from her mind, and it was only when night came, and she was seated at the supper table with her papa and mamma, that she remembered her baby; but at that time, suddenly, from somewhere that was surely in the house, came a baby's cry; and clapping her hands, her eyes dancing with joy, Nannette began to slide down from her chair, saying with great emphasis, "That's *my* baby."

Her mother laughed. "*Your* baby, Nannette?"

"Yes, mamma, *my* baby; don't you hear it cry? 'Tis hungry!" And she started to run upstairs, but her mother called her back.

"Why, Nannette, what ails you? What do you mean about *your* baby?" she asked in surprise.

"Why, MY BABY, mamma! I bought it for a quarter of a dollar! a baby that *cries*—not a mis'ble make b'lieve baby. Oh, how it *does* cry! it must be awful hungry!" And away she darted up the stairs.

Her father and mother arose from their seats in perfect amazement, and followed their little girl to her room, where, lying upon her bed, was a bundle from which came a baby's cries. Nannette's mother began to unfasten the wrappings, and, sure enough there was a wee little girl not more than three weeks old looking up at them with two great wet eyes.

Of course, Nannette was questioned, and she related all she could remember of her talk with the woman from whom she bought the baby. Her papa said perhaps the baby had been stolen, and that something had been given to it to make it sleep.

"But what shall we do with it?" asked both father and mother. "*Do* with it?" cried Nannette. "Why, it's *my* baby, mamma! I paid all my money for it. It cries, it does. I will keep it always."

So it was decided that the baby stay, if nobody came to claim it, which nobody ever did, although Nannette's papa put an advertisement in a newspaper about it.

It would take a larger book than "Wide Awake" in which to tell all of Nannette's experiences in taking care of "*my baby*," as she called the little girl, whom she afterward named Victoria, in honor of the then young queen of England. Victoria is now a woman, and she lives, as does Nannette, in the city of Philadelphia. She has a little girl of her own "mos' six," who is named Nannette for the good little "sister mother," who, once upon a time, bought her mamma of a strange woman for a quarter of a dollar, as she thought. And this other little Nannette never tires of hearing the romantic story of the indolent "Didy" and the "real little, live baby that will cry."—*Mary Wager-Fisher in February Wide Awake.*

Truth Worst of All.

A man who said he was trying to get sufficient money together to reach Toledo, yesterday entered an office on Griswold street and told his story, adding that his name was Cæsar.

"Any relation to Julius or Augustus?" inquired the citizen.

"Well, no. I want to be honest and square about this thing, and I tell you honestly that I am not related to either."

"Then I can't help you any. You are nothing but a common sort of plug, and it won't make any difference whether you ever get to Toledo or not. If you were related to the great Julius I should feel in duty bound to help you."

The man backed out without another word, and entering the office next door he walked up to the occupant with the remark:

"My name is Cæsar, and I am closely related to Julius and Augustus. Can you spare me ten cents to help me to Toledo?"

"Sir, you are a base deceiver!" replied the other. "You are no more related to Cæsar than I am. Had you come in here and told me a straight, truthful story, I should have given you a quarter. You can go, sir."

The man went out and now he determined to tell the truth and nothing but the truth. Halting the first man that came along, he said:

"I have been telling folks that my name was Cæsar; and that I was trying to collect money enough to take me to Toledo. Now, the real truth of the matter is that I am named Clark, and I wanted the money to buy whisky. That's the solemn truth, and can you help one with ten cents?"

"Ten cents! Why you base liar and deceiver, I'll hand you over to the police!" exclaimed the other.

"I've told you the truth."

"And it's enough to send you up for six months! Don't you dare ask me for money!"

The tramp sat down on a cold stone block, took his last chew of tobacco and mused:

"I've lied and I've told the truth. I've told the truth and I've lied. I made as much one way as the other, and nothing out of either. Looks now as if I'd got to play deaf and dumb or go to work?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Boy's 'Rithmetic Lesson.

Several men were gathered at the door of a blacksmith shop on Cass avenue, the other morning, when a schoolboy not over nine years of age, came along with tears in his eyes, and one of the group asked:

"What's the matter, boy—fall down?"

"N-no; but I've got a hard 'rithmetic lesson and I expect to get l-licked," was the answer.

"Let me see, I used to be a king-bee on fractions."

The man took the book, turned to the page, and read:

"RULE 1—Find the least common multiple of the denominators of the fractions for the least common denominator. Divide this least common denominator by each denominator and multiply both terms of the fractions by the quotient obtained by each denominator."

He read the rule aloud and asked if anyone could understand it. All shook their heads, and he then continued:

"Well, now, I think I should go to work and discover the least uncommon agitator. I would then envolve a parallel according to the intrinsic deviator and punctuate the thermometer."

"So would I!" answered every man in chorus, and one of them added: "I've worked 'em out that way a thousand times."

Not one of the men, all of whom were in business and had made money, could even understand the working of the rule, much less work examples by it, and it was expected that a nine-year-old boy should go to the blackboard and do every sum offhand.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Kissing Extraordinary.

Two Thousand in an Hour.

At a party of young people in Paris, conversation happened to turn on the subject of kissing, and the question was propounded who of the young men present could boast of having given or being able to give "his girl" the most kisses. Various were the replies this question called out. Finally a young man and the girl to whom he was bethrothed bet 200 that they could kiss 10,000 times in ten hours, providing they would be allowed to take an occasional glass of wine "between." Two persons were appointed a committee to count the number of kisses, and work began. During the first hour they counted 2,000 kisses. Duing the second hour the kisses were not nearly as numerous, for the committee only counted 1,000. After the third hour, during which they managed to score but 750, further operations were brought to a sudden standstill. The lips of the young man were seized with a cramp, and he was carried off in a fainting condition. The girl, a few days later, was stricken with brain fever, which nearly carried her off to a land where kissing under any form is unknown. When the people who had won the bet demanded their money the parents of the girl refused to pay her share of it. The matter was then taken to the courts, and there it was decided that the bet must be paid,

Pyramidal Absurdities.

It is a saying of Tully, often quoted, that there is no philosphical doctrine so absurd as not to have found at some time a philosopher to defend it; and Sir William Hamilpher goes so far as to declare that every possible view has been maintained concerning the leading facts of human consciousness. All this seems sufficiently strange, but the limit of absurdity is not yet reached. Everything about which men think is a nucleus for all sorts of absurd opinions. Even so simple a matter as a huge pile of stones, laid as with unmistakable indications of human handiwork, and design, is made a subject for the most glaring absurdities—absurdities entertained not merely by ignorant and unthinking persons, but by those who profess to be learned and scientific. Professor Tyndall says in one of his published works that there have been writers who maintained that the pyramids of Egypt were the production of natue, and that this theory was defended with such seriousness and show of learning that Alexander Von Humboldt actually wrote at essay with the express object of refuting the notion. When little Topsy was asked who made her, and replied, "I 'spects I growed," she needed "S S." instruction, certainly, but her reply was infinitely less absurd than the theory of scientists that the pyramids "growed."

One would think that with this theory, exploded by a Von Humboldt, absurd theories respecting the pyramids might cease. But the former "scientific" absurdity seems to have furnished not a caution against a further absurdity, but an excuse for one. A book has been recently published in Chicago entitled, "The Scientific and Religious Discoveries in the Great Pyramid." A still larger work is published in Philadelphia upon the same subject, entitled "A Miracle in Stone, or the Great Pyramid of Egypt." The pyramid referred to is that of Gezeh. This pyramid is probably the most remarkable of all, and indicates a degree of knowledge and mechanical skill existing at the time it was built, that surpass in some respects the knowledge and skill of the present day. The works mentioned deserve perusal as evidences of the scientific and mechanical attainments of very early times.

But this plain lesson to be learned from the study of the pyramid of Gezeh is not the one which the books referred to seek to impress. It is not the knowledge and skill of the Creator which this pyramid is said to display. One learned professor says of it: "The Great Pyramid is the highest and holiest subject that can ever occupy a scientific society, supposed now under an increased body of evidence, to have been erected under the eye of Melchizedek, and according to a design furnished by divine inspiration." Having such an origin, the building is said to be constructed in such a manner as to make the wisest men "draw their breath with awe." The pyramid is declared to be symbolic throughout. It typifies the main facts of the old Jewish dispensation and likewise the principal events of the Christian dispensation. It is Messianic and those who have discovered its true origin and symbolic character are filled with the liveliest gratitude that the Creator of the heavens and the earth likewise built a pyramid by which it is shown conclusively to both saint and sinner that "true science and the Holy Scriptures are in perfect accord." All these results are made to appear in these volumes by a series of minutely careful measurements and computations. Even the Scripture itself, not only in the Old Testament, but also, though less clearly, in the New Testament, is found making unmistakable reference to this pyramid, so that while the pyramid confirms the Scripture, the Scripture in turn confirms the pyramid. All this is a very ingenious and interesting theory, but seems to be a pyramid absurdity quite as great as that which Alexander Von Humboldt essayed to demolish.

One of the Lieutenant-Governors of New York became in his old age very eccentric if not slightly insane. He was very wealthy, but at the same time very economical and prudent. Pharaoh-like he seems to have desired to leave a monument in stone of himself and of his peculiarities. He therefore caused all the stones on two hundred acres of land to be built into a monument thirty or forty feet high, over a grave dug for himself on the poorest part of his farm. It is well known now that the monument is a pile of stones made by an eccentric old man; but if the time ever comes when some scientific man shall maintain that that heap of stones is a production of nature, we hope in the interest of common sense that no scientific defender of holy writ will undertake to show that this monument was designed and its structure superintended by the Creator of the world in order to demonstrate the truth of his word.

"JAMES," my boy, called Mr. Tilden to his private secretary; "James, my boy, isn't it about time the announcement was made in all the newspapers that I am about to lead to the altar a beautiful and accomplished young female of Kalamazoo, or some other seaport? And, see here, James," called Mr. Tilden after the retreating secretary, "suppose you add this time, by way of variety, that she loves me for myself alone."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

To have that pretty girl of twenty recall that piece of devilry which she recollected Mr. Gallagher had been guilty of when he was a ten-year-old boy, and to have her remind him of it before a lot of people, naturally embarrassed him; but he didn't feel half so badly as she did when he made believe to laugh at the reminiscence and said, "Ah, yes; I recollect the scrape as well as you do; though it was almost thirty years ago."—*Boston Post.*

LITTLE Mrs. Pott-Hunter—"Can you tell me of any one around here who has any old China to sell—real old China, you know?" Pike County man (who thinks he is being chaffed)—"No, sir; or ma'am, I mean; or—or whichever you be—I don't know of any round here as has any old chany, but there's a man down to Bushkill as has some what belonged to Noah, they do say."—*Harper's Bazaar.*

THE COMMON LOT.

Into all lives some rain must fall,
Into all eyes some tear-drops start,
Whether they fall as a gentle shower,
Or drop a, like fire, from an aching heart.
Into all hearts some sorrow must creep,
Into all souls some doubtings must come,
Lashing the waves of life's great deep
From dimpling waters, to seething foam.

Over all pathways some clouds must lower,
Under all feet some sharp prongs spring,
Tearing the flesh to bleeding wounds,
Or entering the heart with their bitter sting.
Upon all brows rough winds must blow,
Over all shoulders a cross must be lain,
Bowing the form in its lofty height
Down to the dust in bitter pain.

Into all hands some duty thrust,
Unto all arms some duty given;
Crushing the heart with its dreary weight,
Or lifting the soul from earth to heaven.
Into all hearts and homes and lives
God's dear sunshine comes streaming down,
Gilding the ruins of life's great pain—
Weaving for all a golden crown.

The Surrender at Appomattox.

The Conqueror's Story of the Event, and His Opinion of General Lee—Meeting of the Great Chieftains. Courtesies Between the Opposing Heroes—Grant's Own Words.

"On the night before Lee's surrender," said General Grant, "I had a wretched headache—headaches to which I have been subject—nervous prostration, intense personal suffering. But, suffer or not, I had to keep moving. I saw clearly, especially after Sheridan had cut off the escape to Danville, that Lee must surrender or break and run into the mountains—break in all directions and leave us a dozen guerilla bands to fight. The object of my campaign was not Richmond, not the defeat of Lee in actual fight, but to remove him and his army out of the contest, and, if possible, to have him use his influence in inducing the surrender of Johnston and the other isolated armies. You see, the war was an enormous strain upon the country. Rich as we were I do not see how we could have endured it another year, even from a financial point of view.

"So with these views I wrote Lee, and opened the correspondence with which the world is familiar. Lee does not appear well in that correspondence, not nearly so well as he did in our subsequent interviews, where his whole bearing was that of a patriotic and gallant soldier, concerned alone for the welfare of his army and his State. I received word that Lee would meet me at a point within our lines near Sheridan's headquarters. I had to ride quite a distance through a muddy country. I remember now that I was concerned about my personal appearance. I had an old suit on, without my sword, and without any distinguishing mark of rank except the shoulder-straps of a lieutenant general on a woolen blouse. I was splashed with mud in my long ride. I was afraid Lee might think I meant to show him studied discourtesy by so coming—at least I thought so. But I had no other clothes within reach, as Lee's letter found me away from my base of supplies. I kept on riding until I met Sheridan. The General, who was one of the heroes of the campaign, and whose pursuit of Lee was perfect in its generalship and energy, told me where to find Lee. I remember that Sheridan was impatient when I met him, anxious and suspicious about the whole business; feared there might be a plan to escape; that he had Lee at his feet, and wanted to end the business by going in and forcing an absolute surrender by capture. In fact, he had his troops ready for such an assault when Lee's white flag came within his line.

MELTING OF THE CHIEFTAINS.

"I went up to the house where Lee was waiting. I found him in a fine, new, splendid uniform, which only recalled my anxiety as to my own clothes while on my way to meet him. I expressed my regret that I was compelled to meet him in so unceremonious a manner, and he replied that the only suit he had available was one which had been sent him by some admirers in Baltimore, and which he then wore for the first time. We spoke of old friends in the army. I remembered having seen Lee in Mexico. He was so much higher in rank than myself at the time that I supposed he had no recollection of me. But he said he remembered me very well. We talked of old times and exchanged inquiries about friends. Lee then broached the subject of our meeting. I told him my terms and Lee, listening attentively, asked me to write them down. I took out my 'manifold' order-book and pencil and wrote them down. General Lee put on his glasses and read them over. The conditions gave the officers their side-arms, private horses and personal baggage. I said to Lee that I hoped and believed this would be the close of the war. That it was most important that the men should go home and go to work and the government would not throw any obstacles in the way. Lee answered that it would have a most happy effect and accepted the terms. I handed over my penciled memorandum to an aid to put into ink and we resumed our conversation about old times and friends in the armies.

COURTESIES BETWEEN THE OPPOSING HEROES.

"Various officers came in—Longstreet, Gordon, Pickett, from the South; Sheridan, Ord and others from our side. Some were old fri