The Bradford Reporter.

GOODRICH & HITCHCOCK, Publishers. REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER. $1.00 per Annum in Advance.

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The BRADFORD REPORTER is published every Thursday morning by GOODRICH & HITCHCOCK, 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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Administrator's and Executor's Notices, $2; Auditor's Notices, $2.50; Business Cards, five lines, (per year) $5, additional lines $1 each.

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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.

MADILL & KINNEY,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.
Office—Rooms formerly occupied by Y. M. C. A. Reading Room.
H. J. MADILL. 3.18.80 O. D. KINNEY.

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. J. Main St. References: Holmes & Passage. Towanda, Pa., March 4, 1880.

JOHN W. CODDING,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, TOWANDA, PA.
Office over Kirby's Drug Store.

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,
ATTORNEYS-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 door of Dr. Pratt's Office. apr 3 79.

ELSBREE & SON,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
N. C. ELSBREE. L. ELSBREE.

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 WARD HOUSE.
Dec 23-78. TOWANDA, PA.

J. ANDREW WILT,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Office—Means' Block, Main-st., over J. L. Kent's store, Towanda. 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.

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 Nat. Bank, up-stairs.
H. J. MADILL. [Jan5-73ly] 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 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.
Special attention given to
DISEASES OF THE EYE, and DISEASES OF THE EAR

G. W. RYAN,
COUNTY SUPERINTENDE
fice 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

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

GET YOUR
JOB PRINTING
Done at the REPORTER OFFICE, opposite the Court House, Towanda. Colored work a specialty.

Business Cards.

E. H. DORMAUL,
326 East Water St., Elmira, N.Y.
1st Floor..... DRY GOODS
2d Floor..... MILLINERY
3d Floor..... CARPETS
4th Floor..... CLOAKS & SHAWLS
Upper floors accessible by elevator.
☞A visit of inspection is respectfully solicited

EDWARD WILLIAMS,
PRACTICAL PLUMBER & GAS FITTER,
Place of business, a few doors north of Post-Office.
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.

SUSQUEHANNA COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE.—Spring Term will begin MONDAY, APRIL 5TH, 1880. Expenses for board, tuition and furnished room, from $172 to $180 per year. For catalogue or further particulars address the Principal,
EDWIN E. QUINLAN, A. M.
Towanda, Jan. 15, 1880. 7y1

WALTER CHUR,
(Successor to L. B. Powell, Scranton, Pa.)
DEALER IN
PIANOS, ORGANS,
AND ALL KINDS OF MUSICAL MERCHANDISE.
He continues the agency for the CHICKERING and STEINWAY PIANOS, and the MASON & HAMLIN ORGANS, which he is prepared to sell at CLOSE FIGURES.
The trade supplied at manufacturers' prices. Agents wanted in all unoccupied territory.
Scranton, Pa., March 25-m3.

Hotels.

THE CENTRAL HOTEL,
ULSTER, PA.
The undersigned having taken possession of the above hotel, respectfully solicits the patronage of his old friends and the public generally.
aug16-tf. M. A. FORREST.

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

HENRY HOUSE,
(ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN,)
CORNER MAIN & WASHINGTON STREETS
TOWANDA, PA.
Meals at all hours. Terms to suit the times. Large stable attached.
WM. HENRY, PROPRIETOR.
Towanda, July 3, '79-tf.

SEELEY'S OYSTER BAY AND EUROPEAN HOUSE.—A few doors south of the Means House. Board by the day or week on reasonable terms. Warm meals served at all hours. Oysters at wholesale and retail. feb1'77.

TABER HOUSE,
CANTON, PENN'A.
Near the Depot,
Dec.13.1-m JOHN N. WOLFE, PROP'R.

Markets.

MEAT MARKET.
E. D. RUNDELL,
Would respectfully announce that he is continuing the Market business at the old stand of Mullock & Rundell, and will at all times keep a full supply of
FRESH

OYSTERS
Constantly on hand. Country dealers supplied at city rates.
FRESH & SALT MEATS,
GARDEN VEGETABLES,
FRUITS, &c.
☞All Goods delivered Free of Charge.
E. D. RUNDELL.
Towanda, Pa. Nov. 27, 1879.

MEAT MARKET!
MYER & DEVOE
Located in
BEIDLEMAN'S BLOCK, BRIDGE STREET,
Keep on hand,
FRESH AND SALT MEATS,
DRIED BEEF, FISH, POULTRY,
GARDEN VEGETABLES AND BERRIES IN THEIR SEASON, &c.
☞All goods delivered free of charge.
MYER & DEVOE.
Towanda, Pa., May 23, 1879.

Marble Yards.

THE OLD MARBLE YARD
STILL IN OPERATION.
The undersigned having purchased the MARBLE YARD of the late GEORGE McCABE, desires to inform the public that having employed experienced men, he is prepared to do all kinds of work in the line of
MONUMENTS,
HEAD STONES,
MANTLES and
SHELVES,
in the very best manner and at lowest rates.
Persons desiring anything in the Marble line are invited to call and examine work, and save agents' commission.
JAMES McCABE.
Towanda, Pa., Nov. 18, 1878. 24tf

LIST OF LEGAL BLANKS
Printed and kept on sale at the REPORTER OFFICE at wholesale or retail.
Deed.
Mortgage.
Bond.
Treasurer's Bond.
Collector's Bond.
Lease.
Complaint.
Commitments.
Warrant.
Constable's Return.
Articles of Agreement, 2 forms.
Bond on Attachment.
Constable's Sales.
Collector's Sales.
Execution.
Subpœna.
Petition for License.
Bond for License.
Note Judgement.
Note Judgement Seal.
Note Jugement 5 per cent. added.
Town order Book.
School order Book.
Summons.

Poetry.

THE SUGAR MAPLES.

Along the vale and o'er the hill
I see a blue and smoky haze;
The afternoons are warm and still,
And presage longer, warmer days.
The blue jay on the sumach bow,
Is screaming with discordant note;
The phœbe-bird arouses now
The longing heart with trembling throat.

The hills are peeping through the snow,
And buried fences greet the view;
On bare, brown knolls, squaw-berries glow,
Or tiny snow-flowers flaunt in blue.
The fresh new earth now scents the gale
As, rising from her sepulchre,
She casts aside her snowy veil
And greets her train, who wait for her.

Now stands the drowsy team asleep
Before the bucket-laden sleigh,
While sinks the cruel steel full deep
To draw the crystal sap away;
The steady drip from wooden tip
Makes music in the soft spring air,
And soon the laden buckets tip
And waste the nectar rich and rare.

Anon the pungent smoke-wreaths rise
Around the kettle's tossing surge;
Hale youths attend the sacrifice,
And high the flames with faggots urge.
Ah! transmutation wondrous sweet!
That steals the blood of bare brown trees,
And in the crackling flames and heat
Has power those golden grains to seize!

O van'shed youth! O balmy days!
The odors rise of early flowers.
I see again through smoky haze
The picture of those fleeting hours;
I hear again the wild halloo
Of boys long silent in the tomb;
The fitful camp-fire brings to view
Glad faces from the outer gloom.

They tell of an eternal spring
Forever bright, with springing flowers,
Where morning is an endless ring,
Existence knows not passing hours.
It may be that the flames of strife
Have stored for us some sweets away;
Or, frozen drifts of earthly life
May yield a brighter day.

Selected Tale.

The Shadow on the Heart.

I stood with my companion on the shore of the Niagara, down the steep bank of which I had carefully guided him, at his earnest request. His eyes were fixed earnestly upon the stream, and so intently did he continue to gaze upon the waters which whirled dizzily almost at our feet, that I forebore to disturb him with the question which I had often before hesitated to ask. But my eyes were directed as steadfastly toward his face as were his toward the wild scene before him; and, in truth, he formed a striking picture, as he stood there by my side, leaning thoughtfully upon his staff, his long white hair streaming back over his shoulders, and a painful, gloomy shadow flickering wearily about his wan face. Ah—threescore years and ten had not passed him lightly by; the feet that thus tottered on the brink of the grave must have wandered through paths of sorrow and distress, or the finger of Time alone would never have graven that brow so deeply with wrinkles!

The casual inspection of the old man's face naturally suggested these reflections; but beyond this, I recalled the faint remembrance of, having at some time heard a story relating to the long, life-sorrow of Wilson Webber—the name of my venerable companion—which, faint though it was, occurred to me almost without effort, as I observed his emotion in looking upon the river. And I was thinking of some plan by which I might draw the narrative from the lips of the old man himself, when he commenced to speak, in a voice hardly audible; not to me, certainly, for he never changed the direction of his gaze, and he seemed even unaware of my presence. He was evidently soliloquizing.

"The river is wide here—very wide," he said; "so wide that the opposite bank is indistinct, and I cannot separate the objects upon it from each other—and deep—how deep! Ah, and how deceitful are these rolling waters; how they run, just above, in a still, unbroken current, to break and change into a treacherous vortex! Over what wealth of human victims do they sweep; what generous hearts have been stilled in their fatal embrace!"

He paused, as he observed how intently I listened to every word which he thus unconsciously uttered; and after a moment's hesitation, he continued:

"Sit yonder, if you will," said he, addressing me, "and I will tell you the simple story of an old man's heart. You noticed the cottage by the road, as we came down the bank? It is tenantless now, and gone to ruin and decay; yet time was when it sheltered warm and noble hearts. It was fifty years ago—fifty long, weary years—the home of a boatman, whose name I need not repeat, and his only child, Minnie, as she was called; and this cabin was also my home. I was younger than you, and a mere boy in years and experience, when I was first cast upon this wide world, and left to its mercies. Contact with it and its mercies soon embittered my youthful spirit; it was an experience too severe for my boyish heart, and I grew sick and weary of life itself. It was merely a careless longing for change, at this period of my life, which led me to this wild spot, and the house of the boatman. For the first time in all my wayfarings, I was kindly and hospitably received; and my heart instantly warmed toward the humane boatman and his little daughter. I had related to them my story, which needed no other confirmation than my careworn, emaciated face and lustreless eyes, and their sympathies were readily enlisted for me; and days and weeks passed insensibly by, and found me still beneath the roof of the cottage. It was a home, although an humble one; and for the time, I desired nothing more.

"But my strange pride of spirit would not permit me to remain where there was a possibility that I might be an intruder; and it was to test the feelings of my new friends towards me that I one morning announced my intention of bidding them farewell. If I had harbored a doubt on the subject, it was quickly removed; the impulsive little daughter threw her arms around my neck, and, with tears in her eyes, declared that I should not leave them; while the father said, with a smile:

"'There's little danger of your going, Will, while Minnie holds you as tight as she does now. But don't think of leaving us, my boy—at least, not for the present. We have come to like you so well we should be sorry to lose you.'

"So I remained, and made myself useful to the boatman in his labors on the river, passing my leisure hours with Minnie, and instructing her in the meagre knowledge which I had gleaned by chance. I had at first regarded her as a warm-hearted and somewhat handsome child, and nothing more; but as I studied her more closely, I was not slow in discovering in her the undeveloped germ of beauty, both of mind and body, which would one day cause her to be eagerly sought after. Simultaneously with the discovery, a great ambition possessed me; and as I dreamed over it, my purpose was strengthened and confirmed. It was, simply, the determination to go out into the world once more, and to devote a few brief years of toil to the acquisition of wealth—not for myself, but for Minnie and her father. My heart exulted over the idea that I might thus repay my humble benefactor the debt, which my gratitude magnified a thousand fold; and, best of all, make darling little Minnie my wife. She would be a peerless woman, at the expiration of the period I had limited, and I actually surmised whether it would not be selfish for me to take her all to myself. Ah—you smile, my young friend; but these were not the idle dreamings of a boy. I was a man then, in spirit and determination, if not in years; and I know that my ambition was a good and noble one.

"I unfolded my plans fully to the boatman, revealing everything as I had planned it. He smiled, just as you did a moment since, when I spoke, with boyish zeal, of my attachment to his child; but he heard me through, shook my hand earnestly, and gave me a hearty godspeed.

"'Good-bye, then, Will,' said he. 'Perhaps you are a little wild with these notions of yours; but I see you are sincere, and I won't try to dissuade you. Keep your heart unspotted from the wickedness of the world, my boy; and whether you come back or not, don't forget us."

"It was a comparatively easy matter to part with the boatman; but as I met Minnie upon the threshold, my courage almost failed. She placed her hands upon my shoulders, and threw an eloquent look of grief and entreaty into my face from her great brown eyes.

"'Will, you can't go!' she faltered. 'You must stay—I know you will for my sake!'

"'It is for your sake that I must go, Minnie,' I replied; and in answer to her mute inquiry, I unfolded to her all my hopes and longings. Child though she was, she perfectly comprehended all I meant to canvey; and her lashes dropped with a feeling almost maidenly, as I spoke of the relations which I hoped, in future, to bear to her.

"'You will return, then?' was her murmured question.

"'I will—if you, Minnie, will promise to be to me all I have wished.'

"There was the innocent warmth of the child, in the embrace with which she clasped my neck, but the devotion of the maiden, in the whispered words: 'Yes, dear Will, yes!' My heart was too full for utterance; hastily returning her kiss, I strapped my little bundle to my back, and grasping my stick more firmly, I strode manfully forth. Pausing at a little distance from the cottage, I looked back; Minnie was standing in the doorway, looking sorrowfully after me. Tears filled my eyes as I walked rapidly away; and in the sad enthusiasm of the moment, I resolved to move heaven and earth, if necessary, to win her!

"Five years, almost to a day, had elapsed since my departure from the cottage, when I again stood by it, and nervously, almost fearfully, rapped at the door. I could detect no change in the appearance of the old, familiar scene; the cottage was the same, unchanged in a solitary feature—the landscape around it was the same—and there ran the noble river, even as when I last viewed it; but—my heart sank at the thought—what changes might not have visited the inmates of the cottage? My queries, however, were cut short by the opening of the door; the boatman himself stood before me, peering, with the aid of a lamp, into the face of the bearded man before him, evidently not recognizing me. He had changed, too, as well as I; his hair was almost gray, and his step had lost its firmness; but when he at last came to know me, he seized my hand with all of his old heartiness, and almost dragged me inside the door.

"'You have not forgotten us, Will—I knew you would not,' were his eager words. 'No wonder I did not know you; but you're welcome, my boy. And how about your old dreams, Will?' he added, with an incredulous look. 'Have you come to fulfill them?'

"'Most certainly I have; I am rich now—and you may rely upon it, all that I planned when a boy shall now be accomplished!'

"I wished to say more; but the question which I wished to ask died upon my lips. Foolish fears, perhaps they were; but I could not help entertaining a suggestion that this fair fabric of happiness which I had shaped for myself, might be dashed down, even when near its completion. These fears, however, were but momentary; the garrulous boatman mentioned the name I most wished him to speak.

"'Minnie will be overjoyed to see you,' he said. She is a tall, handsome girl now—almost a lady—and she speaks of you often. She has never forgotten you, Will.'

"'Where is she?' I impatiently asked. 'Tell her that I have come; you know how anxious I must be to see her again.'

"'You shall see her soon, my boy,' the boatman replied, with his old smile. 'She crossed the river this afternoon, to visit a sick person; but she promised to return before dark. Something has detained her; she will be here presently.'

"The load fell from my heart, and my spirits ascended to their wonted level. For a while longer I listened to the talk of the boatman; but when he left the room for a moment I stepped without the door, and turned my eyes to the river. The moon was at her full, and I had no difficulty in distinguishing a boat, just putting out from the opposite shore. There was but one person in it, besides the rower, and that a female figure; and with my heart beating high with hope and expectancy, I walked quickly down to the edge of the water, and stood where I am now standing. My eyes were steadfastly fixed upon the boat; I feared that some misfortune might yet intervene between myself and the dear one at the stern, her hand carelessly playing in the water, unconcious of my presence. Nearer and nearer came the boat, until I could distinguish the features of her beautiful face—and my excitement moved me to rashness; I called my name to her over the water, calling her, also, by name.

"Fatal words! I forgot that the boat was nothing more than one of these birch canoes which were then used upon the waters, and which required but a movement to be thrown from their uncertain balance, and, apparently, she also forgot it. Recognizing my voice, she sprang up, heedless of the warning cry of the man at the oars—her hand was once waved joyously toward me—and the next instant, while a shriek of horror ran across the water, both were struggling in the wild flood! You see that white circle of foam opposite us? It was there that the helpless girl, wildly stretching out her arms to me for assistance which I was powerless to extend, was drawn down into the treacherous depths! In an instant all was over; death, dark and fearful, had mocked my fancied happiness; and the corpse of the loved and lost Minnie was hurried forever from my eyes."

The old man sighed and gloomily bowed his head. The river sent up its hollow murmur, the wind moaned among the trees upon the bank, and, as darkness settled down, every sight and sound seemed to betray a desolate aspect, congenial to the old man's broken heart.

"Let us go," he said; and I offered my arm for him to lean upon. "It is fifty years ago to-night, and this is the fiftieth time I have visited the spot. A few more visits—a very few—and my cares will be over!"

"But what of the boatman, Minnie's father?" I asked.

"Nothing—except that he became insane upon that terrible night. Where he is now, I know not; he must have died long since."

The old man's story passed from my mind; but being lately in the vicinity of its scene, curiosity and reawakened interest led me to revisit it. I found a new-made grave near the door of the deserted cottage; and my surmises would have assuredly indicated its occupant, even without the assistance of the wooden slab which some pious hand had raised at the head of the grave and inscribed with the word: "Wilson Webber, *ætat. 73.*" Inquiry confirmed my suspicions, that the old man had made but one visit to the river subsequent to that upon which I accompanied him; and that he yielded up his life upon the very spot which had been the scene alike of his hopes and sorrows.

Children's Fancies and Sayings.

"WHY is it," said little Jim to his mother, "you always buy canned P's but never get any canned D's."—*Savannah Record.*

A LITTLE girl went into a drug store the other day and said to the proprietor in a half whisper, "If a little girl hain't got no money, how much chewing-gum do you give her for nothing?"

MAMMA, (entering)—"Now, I'm sure you children are in mischief, you are so quiet." Ethel (in a rapturous whisper)—"Hush, Ma! Tommy's been paintin' a spider's web on grandpa's head, while he's asleep, to keep the flies off."—*Punch.*

A LITTLE Toronto girl said to her mother: "I don't think the people who make the dolls are pious enough." When her mother asked her why, she said: "Because you can never make the dolls kneel down. I have to lay mine on her stomach to make her say her prayers."

A THREE-YEAR-OLD little girl was taught to close her evening prayer, during the temporary absence of her father, with "And please watch over my papa." It sounded very sweet, but the mother's amazement may be imagined when the child added, "And you'd better keep an eye on mamma, too."

"OH, come on, let's have some fun," says ragged urchin to little knee breeches. "Can't. Mother won't let me." S'pose she won't. Ask your dad." "It's no use to bolt. They run me by the unit rule, and I will catch the ferrule if I try to vote against instructions."—*New Haven Register.*

JUVENILE Theology—Mother (at tea table): "Jack, who helped you to those three tarts?" Jack (aged seven): "The Lord." Mother: "The Lord? Why, what do you mean, Jack?" Jack: "Well, I helped myself; but father said yesterday that the Lord helped those who help themselves."

"My boy," said a kind Oil City teacher, "if you would be President of the United States you must be good and studious." "Who wants to be President," yelled out a young chap from a back seat, "I'd rather be Buffler Bill, and shoot an Injun." And the boys all chorused, "Them's our sentiments."

A DOWN-TOWN school teacher said to an unruly boy pupil the other day: "John, you should know better; how old are you?" "Thirteen, fifteen or fourteen, sir." Then the pedagogue was mad all over, and he replied: "I'm glad I can solve you." And he did; he only moved the boy twice, and the solution was reached, but the lad was sore.—*Kingston Freeman.*

A LITTLE girl in Oil City is just recovering from a severe attack of scarlet fever, and during her illness the parents have been very indulgent in providing for her toys and everything that would make her enforced confinement pleasant. As she was convalescent she said: "Mamma, I believe I'll ask papa to buy me a carriage for my doll." The brother, a precocious little youngster, only six years of age, spoke up at once and said: "I would advise you to strike him for it right away then; you won't get it when you get well."—*Oil City Derrick.*

His Liver Out of Order.

I had such a pleasant companion on my way home from Aurora. He got on at Bristol and took dinner at the "Cosmopolitan." He sat with me at dinner, and didn't seem to have much appetite. He groaned when he took up the bill of fare, and sighed as he looked across the table at my order, and then shook his head doefully and told the waiter to bring him a little boiled trout, with egg sauce; a bit of boiled mutton, with caper sauce, some roast beef a trifle rare, just a taste of roast lamb, turkey with cranberry sauce, mashed potatoes, roast duck, some pork and beans, Boston style; stewed tomatoes, corn, turnips, squash, a bit of cold tongue, some sharp relishes and a cup of coffee. Then he ordered some assorted cake, cranberry pie, Indian pudding and ice-cream, for dessert, and said he felt a darned sight more like dying than eating.

If he dies just as well as he eats, just imagine, just think, what a glorious, triumphant death that man will die.

Shortly after dinner the poor man came into the coach and sat down opposite me.

"Ah," he said, with a deep groan; "I don't know what I wouldn't give if I could eat like you."

"Sir!" I said with a fine burst of indignation, for I feared he was going to accuse me of swallowing my knife every time I took a bite of pie, and I just made up my mind that I would cut his heart out if he hinted at such a thing.

"Oh, it's a fact," he replied. I haven't enjoyed a meal for years."

"Was it possible?" I asked in amazement.

"Indeed, yes," he said. "I'm all out of fix, I've got no liver at all, to speak of."

I didn't suppose one liver would be of any account to him. Rather thought that if he could get a couple of gangs of livers, and work them by reliefs they might be able to help him along, especially if he had them made of tin. But then he was a stranger to me, so I didn't feel justified in making the suggestion.

"No," he continued, "my liver is of no more account than a lump of lead, I suppose," he said plaintively, "it's big as four times yours."

And he looked at me with an appealing glance, as though he expected me to take my liver out and let him examine it, as though it were an oride watch he wanted to trade for.

Now, if there's anything in the wide, beautiful world that will make me mad, it is to have a man that is ailing sit down and bore me with a list of his diseases and detailed description of his anatomical derangements. And the men of free America, it seems to me, would rather talk about their petishing livers than their never-dying souls and it always makes me mad for a man to come to me and burden me with complaints about the torpidity of his liver, as though I were his physician. I am proud to confess the blindest, densest ignorance concerning my own inner life. I don't know whether my liver is round or shaped like a gun-case, and I don't know where it is, and I don't care a continental, although I always had the impression that it was under the shoulder blades. So I said to the man with great enthusiasm:

"Oh, do tell me all about your liver! I should so like to know all about it. I am so interested in such things."

The man looked a little surprised at my enthusiasm, but he said there wasn't much to tell me about it. It was as torpid as a snake in December.

"Oh, charming, charming!" I exclaimed. "And is it tamed? Do you let it run around loose, or do you keep it chained up?"

The stranger stared and looked as though he would like to sit a little farther away. He said he didn't just understand me.

"And how is your spleen?" I asked eagerly, "and your ventricles? And do tell me about your theoric duct, and how do you get along with your tonsils? And have you raised any new bones since I saw you last; and when did you hear from your diaphragm? Do tell me all about your viscers; make a clinic of yourself, and tell me the christian names of all your bones, and the appurtenances thereunto pertaining. Tell me—"

But he got up and slowly backed out of the car, and the conductor shortly afterward told me that the man with a liver told him that the man who escaped from the asylum at Jacksonville last week was in the rear coach.

Tea-Tasters in New York.

There are, says Dr. Dana, probably more than a hundred firms engaged in tea-tasting in New York. In all of their offices there are large tables with round revolving tops. A circle of teacups is placed along the edge of these. The tea-taster sits down before the display of crockery and tastes one cup after another, moving the table top around. In the centre of the table is a pair of scales with a silver half-dime in one of the balances. One or two large kettles are kept constantly with boiling water in them. When a sample of tea is to be tasted, as much is weighed out as will balance the half dime. This is put in a teacup and the boiling water poured on. The tea-taster then stirs up the leaves, lifts them on his spoon and inhales the aroma. At the same time he generally takes a sip of the infusion, holds it in his mouth for a short time, and then spits it out. Enormous brass cuspadores, holding two or three gallons, receive the tea thus tasted and the contents of the cups that have been examined. On some occasions, when a large amount of tea of a certain kind is to be bought, many samples of this are brought in from different houses. The buyers and sellers sit around the revolving table with the samples made into infusions in the cups before them. These are tasted all around, the "body," "fineness," "toastiness," etc., are learnedly discussed, and the poorer specimens discarded. Then those that are left are tasted again and the number further reduced. So it goes on until the article which unites the desired quality and price is obtained.

The skill displayed at these "drawings" is quite remarkable. A tea-taster will detect not only the quality of tea as regards age, strength, flavor, fineness, &c., but he can tell in which of the numerous districts in China the tea was grown. The facts regarding the different samples are sometimes put on the bottom of the cups, where they cannot be seen. The cups are then mixed up, and the infusions tasted again and sorted out simply by their flavors.

A great deal of tea may be tasted before these tea-drawings are finished. It is hard to tell the amount that a tea-taster takes during the day, for it varies a great deal with the activity of business. Few of the gentlemen whom I asked could give any idea. Sometimes, however, as many as four or five hundred cups are tasted in the day. It is quite the custom to have to be tasting tea steadily for the most of the day, or for hours at a time. Probably an average of 200 cups a day throughout the year is a low estimate. The poorer kinds of tea are often not sipped at all, but the sense of smell is depended on. Of the better qualities of tea, some is swallowed and some spit out. Indeed, whenever the tea is taken into the mouth a little of it is swallowed. The tea gets into the system, therefore, in three ways: by inhalation, by absorption through the nasal mucous membrane, and by the stomach. More tea is simply taken into the mouth without swallowing than is inhaled alone; but all the tea is inhaled, even if it is tasted also. It is only a small proportion, amounting to not more than two or three cups a day, that is swallowed. A silver five-cent piece weighs 1.18 grms. (gr. xviii). Estimating that an average of 200 cups of tea are tasted per day, about one-half of a pound would represent the whole amount used.—*Musical Record.*

The Dancing Man.

The dancing man is born, not made. Only his compeers may approach him. He may be called frivolus, sneered at, condemned, but he is certain to be envied by his cotemporaries. The very way he arranges his neck-tie in the dressing-room at a party, then draws on his gloves, pirouetting to the strains of the music from below, is a deadly offence to the non-dancing young man, who gazes on stolid and unmoved. The melody of a waltz is to his ears like the bugle-reveille to a war horse. He leaps to the fray, reminded of a thousand happy moments, inspired by a longing for fresh victories. Young Scholasticus, just graduated with highest honors, master of Greek and successful demonstrator of abstrusest theorems, may reflect that this miserable young jackanapes, capering in puppet delirium to the sound of a fiddle, has no notion of the calculus and could not construe a page of the simplest classics. But for all that, when Scholasticus makes an effort cross the room to address the fair Belinda his feet feel swollen and crippled, his knees knock together, his hands and arms seem to be in his way. Even if he makes out to reach her, he finds little to say: he has no cue for repeating the finest passages from Æschylus, and she shrinks with dread from the least mention of mathematics. She has her eye on the dancing young man who comes to claim a place on her card. That is what she wants—partners, a chance to whirl, to enjoy her youth and display her good looks and fresh toilet. Scholasticus has perhaps a soul above being daunted by difficulties: what man has done man can do. He resolves to learn to dance. Alas the day! He will find partners no doubt—some belated fair one, unlured at the eleventh hour. He he will claim, and lead her into the throng with an infatuated notion that he is fitted by scientific instruction and patient practice to join the dancers. Why do his knees knock hers at every motion? Why does he hop, not glide? Why, at intervals, does his heavy boot come down with crushing weight upon her delicate slipper? Why does he tear, even mangle her dress? These are to him trifling incidents of the dance; he regards them blandly, philosophically, as mere votive sacrifices to the deities who preside over the waltz. They always happen to him, but he finds less to ponder in such fenomena than in the fact that the partner who ungrudgingly accepted him last evening to-night looks away when he approaches her, pleads indisposition or engagements, yet, after dismissing him with something not unlike scorn, is seen joyfully whirling with that ignorant and obnoxious dancing young man, who was never known to knock his partner's knees, to collide with other couples, to step on a lady's dress, still less to tread on her feet. Scholasticus feels that he has good reason for deciding upon the frivolity of the female sex; and not until he meets his affinity, who looks down upon the votaries of the waltz and prefers to sit in corners and discuss trilogies and high mathematics, does a certain bitterness die out of his heart.—*In Lippincott's for March.*

A YOUNG dentist was introduced to a fashionable beauty the other evening, and gracefully opened the conversation by saying: "Miss, I hope I may consider that we are not entirely unacquainted. I had the pleasure of pulling a tooth for your father a short time ago."

"How did you like the new minister?" asked a lady of her little girl. "Oh, he is splendid! I like him ever so much better than I did Mr. Edwards." "Why?" asked her mother. "Well," said the child, trying to think of a good reason, "he has a better complexion."

A VERY amusing typographical error occurred in an English provincial newspaper, recently. It is to be found in the following sentence: "The liberals of Marylebone have repaired all the *breeches* in in their ranks, and have buckled on the armor of battle."

THERE is no good in this world without an accompaniment of evil. The revival of business has increased the sale of accordeons.

SILENCE.

Down through the starry intervals,
Upon this weary-laden world,
How oft the soul of silence falls,
How deep the spell wherewith she thralls,
How wide her mantle is unfurled.

She broods o'er the bewildering street—
Lo, day's turmoil and striving cease;
She folds in sleep its rushing feet;
On traffic, facing loud and fleet,
She sets the signet of her peace.

The world is full of weary noise;
The dreary discords of the air;
Their cry the charm of life destroys,
They jar the spirit from its poise,
These human voices harsh with care.

Dear silence, weary soul and brain,
In every age with thee apart,
Have prayed thee heal the pulse of pain,
When friends drop off; when love lies slain—
The low, slow aching of the heart.

Of all our loving Father's gifts,
I often wonder which is best;
And cry: Dear God, the one that lifts
Our souls from weariness and rest—
Thy rest of silence—that is best.

I deem a little farther on—
Though morn or eve I cannot tell—
We'll halt, our long day's journey done,
And softly murmur: It is well—
God's perfect silence—it is won.

—*Mary Clemmer.*

About the New Comet and Others.

A comet that appears to be a stranger to our astronomers was reported a few nights ago from the University Observatory, at Ann Arbor, Michigan. It is yet a mere speck in the telescope, but, as it is moving towards the sun, it will soon become more and more visible. Other observations and discussions have indicated the appearance of a comet visible to the unaided eye about this time, but whether this one belongs to the splendid class of celestial objects, like the comets of 1813 and 1858, or is one of less imposing character, it will take some time to determine. In the case of the 1858 comet (Donati's), two months elapsed before any indication of a tail could be seen through the telescope, and the nucleus of the comet was not visible to the naked eye for three months. During all this time it gave no indication of the brilliancy it subsequently displayed. So we must all wait while the astronomers watch for the probabilities as to the ultimate importance or otherwise of this celestial stranger.

The subject is interesting, for comets of great magnificence are not often seen. It is more than twenty-one years since the last, so that there are men and women who know nothing of them except what they have heard from their elders or have read in books. The distant starry regions are supposed to be alive with them, and Kepler went so far as to say that the celestial spaces were as full of comets as the sea is of fish, only a very small proportion of them coming within the range of our telescopes. About five hundred are recorded, since the beginning of the Christian era to 1875, as being visible to the naked eye, and about two hundred more have come within view of the telescope since the invention of that instrument—seven hundred in all, in eighteen hundred and seventy-five years. In the old times, their coming was regarded with extreme dread, as omens of some fearful affliction or calamity—as war, pestilence, famine, or the death of great rulers, as when Cæsar was killed. Now they are looked for with eager anticipation as beautiful