

# The TOWANDA Reporter.

REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER.  
TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, MAY 13, 1886.  
NUMBER 50

**Business Cards.**

**E. H. DORMAUL,**  
325 East Water St., Elmira, N.Y.  
DRY GOODS  
24 Floors  
30 Floors  
25 Floors  
20 Floors  
15 Floors  
10 Floors  
5 Floors  
Upper floors accessible by elevator.  
A visit of inspection is respectfully solicited.  
Dec. 3, 1872.

**EDWARD WILLIAMS,**  
FRATERNAL PLUMBER & GAS FITTER.  
Place of business, a few doors south of Post-Office.  
Plumbing, Gas Fitting, Replacing Pumps of all kinds, and all kinds of Gas fitting promptly attended to. All wanting work in his line should give him a call.  
Dec. 3, 1872.

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

**THOMAS E. MYER,**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,  
TOWANDA, PA.  
Office with Patrick and Pyle.

**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 Supreme Court and to the settlements of mortgages.

**OVERTON & SANDERSON,**  
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,  
TOWANDA, PA.  
E. OVERTON, JR., JOHN F. SANDERSON.

**W. H. JESSUP,**  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW,  
MONTICELLO, PA.  
Judge Jessup having resumed his practice of the law in Northern Pennsylvania, will attend to any legal business entrusted to him in Bradford county. Persons wishing to consult him, can call on his residence, East 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.,**  
HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.  
Office, Residence and Office just North of Dr. Coburn's, on Main Street, Athens, Pa. Jan. 20, 86.

**E. L. HILLIS,**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,  
TOWANDA, PA.  
Nov. 11, 73.

**E. F. GOFF,**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,  
TOWANDA, PA.  
Agent for the sale and purchase of all kinds of Real Estate and Personal Property. All business will receive careful and prompt attention.  
June 2, 1872.

**W. H. THOMPSON,**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,  
TOWANDA, PA.  
Attended to all business entrusted to his care in Bradford county, and will receive prompt attention to all legal business.

**H. R. BULL,**  
ENGINEER, SURVEYOR AND DRAFTER.  
Office with G. F. Mason, over Patch & Tracy, Main Street, Towanda, Pa. 4/13/86.

**E. H. ANGLE, D. D. S.,**  
OPERATIVE AND MECHANICAL DENTIST.  
Office on State Street, second floor of Dr. Pratt's Office. 3/17/86.

**BUSBREE & SON,**  
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,  
TOWANDA, PA.  
N. C. ELBERG, L. ELBERG.

**I. M. HEMPHSON,**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,  
TOWANDA, PA.  
2/21/72.

**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.  
Office—South side Public Square, Nov. 15, 1878.

**DAVIES & CARNOCHAN,**  
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,  
TOWANDA, PA.  
287 1/2 S. S. W. SIDE OF WARD HOUSE.  
Dec. 2, 1872.

**J. ANDREW WILT,**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,  
TOWANDA, PA.  
Office—Main Street, West of J. L. Kelly's Office. Towanda, Pa. May 2, 1872.

**W. J. YOUNG,**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,  
TOWANDA, PA.  
Office—South side of the First National Bank Main Street. 6/2/80.

**W. M. MAXWELL,**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,  
TOWANDA, PA.  
Office over Dayton's Store. 4/11/81.

**DR. S. M. WOODBURN,** Physic-  
ian and Surgeon, Office at residence, on  
Fourth Street, East of Dr. Pratt's Office.  
Jan. 1, 1872.

**W. B. KELLY, DENTIST,**—Office  
over M. E. Rosenfield's, Towanda, Pa. All  
branches of dentistry, such as Gold and  
Silver Work, Teeth extracted without pain.  
1872.

**E. D. PAYNE, M. D.,**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,  
Office over Mayne's Store. Office hours from  
10 A. M. to 4 P. M., and from 7 P. M. to 9 P. M.  
Special attention given to  
DISEASES OF THE EYE AND OF THE EAR.

**G. W. RYAN,**  
COUNTY SHERIFF,  
Office day late Saturday of each month, over Turner  
& Co's Drug Store, Towanda, Pa.  
Towanda, June 13, 1872.

**C. S. RUSSELL'S**  
GENERAL  
INSURANCE AGENCY  
May 25, 1874.  
TOWANDA, PA.

**FIRST NATIONAL BANK,**  
TOWANDA, PA.  
CAPITAL PAID IN.....\$25,000  
SUFFICIENT TO SECURE THE TRANSACTIONS  
OF A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

**N. S. BETTS, Cashier,**  
308, POWELL, President.  
April 11, 1879.

**MRS. H. PETT,**  
TEACHER OF PIANO MUSIC,  
TERMS—\$4.00 per week.  
Office—Third Street, 1st ward.  
Towanda, Pa. 1872.

**GET YOUR**  
JOB PRINTING  
Done at the REPORTER OFFICE, opposite the  
Post Office, Towanda. Colored work a specialty.

**HUMILITY.**  
O! learn that it is only by the lowly  
paths of peace are trod;  
If thou would'st keep thy garments white and  
soft,  
Walk humbly with thy God.  
The man with earthly wisdom high uplifted,  
In God's sight is a fool;  
But he in heavenly truth most deeply gifted,  
Sits lowest in Christ's school.  
The lowly spirit God hath consecrated  
As his abiding rest.  
An angel by some patriarch's feast hath waited,  
When kings had no such guest.  
The dove that never wears the filthy mountain,  
Falls in the valley free;  
Brighter than the sun, whose sweetest fountain,  
But barren sand the sea.  
Not in the stately oak the fragrance dwelleth,  
Which charms the general world,  
But in the quiet herb, whose sweetness telleth  
Its unseen benefactor's good.  
The crown which hangs from the hand of merit,  
Fades with a fire absorbed;  
But Faith's two talents, dropp'd covertly, liberate  
A hostling from the foe.  
Royal wisdom is a gentle rattle shaker,  
A sweet unassuming grace,  
A vein in shining, evermore discoverer,  
The brightness on its face.  
Where God abides, contentment is an honor,  
His grace which her, and his smile upon her,  
Her safety way she goes.  
Through the strait gate of life she passes, stop-  
ping,  
With sandals on her feet;  
And pure eye grace, with linked palms, come  
freely,  
Their altar fair to get.  
The angels bend their eyes upon her going,  
And guard her from annoy;  
Heaven his light spirit breaths with overflows,  
And she is glad to go.  
The sorrow loves her, for she wears the vesture  
With which he walked on earth,  
And through her child-like grief, and step and  
gesture,  
He knows her heavenly birth.  
He who beholds his seat of glory given  
In his own bright city, crystal paves,  
On every lowly is given.  
The white-robed saint, the throne stars sing-  
ing,  
Their music so lovely sweet;  
Their passages praise with us from hearts which  
wonder,  
That ever they came there.

looking like a Cyclops, begrimed  
with dust and smoke.  
The Sweetwater road, as you know,  
runs through a very picturesque re-  
gion, winding for the most part by  
the banks of the Sweetwater itself,  
frequently terraced along its hills,  
with here and there a tunnel; and  
what is more to the point of my story,  
innumerable curves. We were  
rattling and surging on, when sud-  
denly I saw, not far ahead, a puff of  
smoke around a rocky curve, and  
directly afterwards an express train  
came rushing into sight, headed for  
us at full speed.  
"The peculiar shriek, which is the  
signal for 'down brakes,' was instan-  
taneously from both trains; but I saw  
at once that the collision was inevi-  
table, the velocity of each was so great,  
the distance so small, that collision was  
inevitable. We were going at the  
rate of thirty miles an hour and the  
express at the rate of thirty, the two  
together making a speed of seventy;  
it was only a question of seconds,  
therefore, when we should crash into  
each other.  
"I started to my feet, not with any  
intention of flight, but with a sort of  
instinct that, since I was to die, I  
would as well die as I could. I was  
certain to die, but I had no hope  
whatever, as I felt that moment.  
"After one quick look at the ap-  
proaching locomotive that, even in  
that single instant, seemed to grow,  
from its rapid approach, to twice the  
size it had been at, and I had seen  
Charley, anxious to see how he, who  
would be the first to be struck, would  
take it. I had watched him under  
fire more than once, and knew he  
was the bravest of the brave. But  
this was different. It was as if he  
were leading a forlorn hope, singly, in  
a narrow breach, than anything else,  
but it was even worse than that;  
there might be one chance in ten  
thousand that of escape; here there  
was none. I did not expect Charley  
to jump from the engine, as many  
would have done. I knew he would  
to save for that. But I did look  
for some sign of emotion, though not  
exactly of fear. There was none,  
however, except the lightning of the  
eyes, and the flash of the teeth, and  
the flash of the hand as he raised his  
wrenchers into a demi-god. On the  
other hand, some sailor or soldier, or  
other, who has been in the ranks, dies  
at the post of duty, in a strain even  
more desperate, and yet is never  
heard of again.  
"We were talking of this the other  
night, at dinner, when Colonel Mark-  
ham said:  
"A wretch of that I have been to-  
day lay a wreath on the grave of  
one of that class. With your permis-  
sion, I will tell the story.  
"Charley Reinson," he began, "had  
been in my regiment, and was so  
faithful and true that when the war  
was over, I exerted myself to get  
him work. He was only a private,  
remember; the son of a poor hill  
farmer; with very little education.  
"The best I could do for him was to  
get him a position as engineer on the  
Sweetwater railroad, to run one of  
the locomotives.  
"He gave such satisfaction, he was  
always so reliable, that he soon got  
a promised advancement. On this he  
determined to marry. He had long  
been engaged to marry a good girl,  
the daughter of a mechanic in our  
employ; but they were both poor.  
"You see, colonel," he said to me  
one day, when I met him at the depot  
and stopped at just how he was  
getting on. "I don't know what  
I'm doing, but I'm doing it, this  
taking the responsibility of marrying.  
Besides, Nellie is a girl above the  
ordinary; she was finished at the  
Normal School; and I should like to  
surround her with some little refine-  
ment. I don't know how to do  
everything coarse and rough about  
her, as a very poor man must, no  
matter how much he loves his wife.  
"That's the reason we've put it off.  
But now, thanks to your good word,  
I'm to have a raise. This is my last  
trip, as perhaps you know."  
"He raised his hand to his head  
in the old military salute. "You may  
feel perfectly safe," he said, "for even  
if I should die, you would not be  
bothered by me."  
"The words were spoken as if of  
course, and without any unnecessary  
emphasis; but they assumed an im-  
portance subsequently, and I can  
never forget them. I think I see him  
now, looking as he looked when he  
was before me, his figure drawn up to  
its full height, his hand on his hip,  
his cheeks slightly flushed, his eyes  
gleaming like an eagle's.  
"Suddenly the eye softened, and a  
smile stole over his face. "Excuse  
me, please," he said; "but there's  
Nellie. God bless her, come to see  
me off! I must shake hands with her  
before we start, and there's just time."  
"It was a bright, sunny face,  
that of a young woman about twenty,  
but it was not the face of a young  
girl, nor of a young woman; it was  
everybody would have said it was  
but there was more than beauty in it;  
there was a look of courage and high  
resolve; soul and intellect were both  
there.  
"I could not act a spy on the par-  
ties, so I turned away and sought a  
seat in the cars.  
"I found an old friend on the  
train, General Powell, and after we  
had run about twenty miles or so,  
and discussed business and politics,  
I looked at him. "All this know me  
on this line? I said. "I saw you go  
into the baggage-car, where will be-  
long," I exchanged a word or two with  
the baggage-master, asking after his  
family, as I always did, and then  
took a seat near the front of the car,  
so as to get the air from the open  
door, for the day was sultry, like this  
one. The coal and water tank, which  
was just ahead of us, and beyond that  
the locomotive, for we were at the front  
of the train. I could see the tall,  
solid figure of Charley, as he  
stood at his post, with his hand on  
the rail, and beside him his assistant,

**COODRICH & HITCHCOCK, Publishers.**

**Business Cards.**  
**MADILL & KINNEY,**  
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,  
TOWANDA, PA.  
Office—Rooms formerly occupied by Y. M. C. A. Reading Room. 318, 320. O. D. KINNEY.

**MRS. E. J. PERRIGO,**  
TEACHER OF PIANO AND ORGAN.  
Lessons given in Through Bass and Harmony,  
attention of the voice a specialty. Located at 4,  
North St., additional times by special  
charge. Traditional advertisement must be paid  
for in advance.  
All resolutions of associations; communications  
of limited or individual interest, and notices  
of marriages or deaths, according to value are charged  
at 10¢ per copy per line, but simple notices of mar-  
riage and death will be published without charge.  
The Reporter having a larger circulation than  
any other paper in the county, makes its best  
advantage of every opportunity in the printing  
of notices of this kind. The Reporter office is  
equipped with power press, a good assortment  
of type, and a full and complete stock of printing  
materials. All orders will be filled in the most  
prompt and satisfactory manner, and at the lowest  
rates. TERMS: FURNISHING IN ADVANCE.  
CASH.

**INSURANCE!**  
**C. S. RUSSELL, Agent,**  
TOWANDA, PA.

**FIRE, LIFE, AND ACCIDENT**  
**POLICIES**  
Issued on the most reasonable terms.  
None but reliable companies represented.  
Losses adjusted and paid here.  
Towanda, Nov. 13, 1872.

**HENRY MERCUR,**  
DEALER IN  
ANTHRACITE AND  
SULLIVAN ANTHRACITE  
**COAL**  
CORNER PARK AND RIVER STREETS, TOWANDA,  
PA.  
Towanda, Dec. 1, 1872.

**THE OLD MARBLE YARD**  
STILL IN OPERATION.  
The undersigned having purchased the MAR-  
BLE YARD of the late GEORGE MACKAY, de-  
ceased, and having the privilege of making  
improvements, 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 have agents  
commissioned. JAMES McCABE,  
Towanda, Pa., Nov. 18, 1872. 2411

**MEAT MARKET.**  
E. D. RUNDLELL,  
Towanda, Pa., Nov. 27, 1872.

**FRESH**  
**OYSTERS**  
Constantly on hand. Country dealers supplied at  
city prices.

**FRESH & SALT MEATS,**  
**GARDEN VEGETABLES,**  
**FRUITS, &c.**  
All Goods delivered free of Charge.  
Towanda, Pa., Nov. 27, 1872.

**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.  
Towanda, Pa., May 28, 1879.

**NEW ARRANGEMENT**  
**IN THE**  
**COAL BUSINESS.**  
The undersigned having purchased from Mr.  
McKee the COAL YARD  
AT THE FOOT OF PINE STREET NEAR THE  
COURT HOUSE,  
invites the patronage of his old friends and the  
public generally, and will keep a full assortment  
of all grades,  
PITTSBURY, WILKESBARE AND Loyal  
SICK COAL,  
AND SMALL SIZES AT  
**LOWEST PRICES FOR CASH.**  
Towanda, Pa., Aug. 21, 1874. 1731

**EAGLE HOTEL,**  
(SOUTH SIDE PUBLIC SQUARE).  
This well-known hotel has been thoroughly re-  
novated and repaired, and the proprie-  
tor is now prepared to offer first-class accommo-  
dations to the public, on the most reasonable terms.  
E. A. JENNINGS,  
Towanda, Pa., May 1, 1878.

**HENRY HOUSE,**  
CORNER MAIN & WASHINGTON STREETS  
FIRST WARD, TOWANDA, PA.  
Meals at all hours. Terms to suit the times. Large  
stables attached.  
W. H. HENRY, PROPRIETOR.  
Towanda, July 5, 79.

**SEBLEY'S OYSTER BAR 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. Feb. 17, 77.

**TABER HOUSE,**  
CANTON, PENN.  
GENERAL  
Near the Depot.  
JOHN N. WOLFE, Prop'n.

**How She Got Noah.**  
A Detroit justice of the peace was  
the other day interviewed by a wo-  
man about 45 years of age, who an-  
nounced that she would be married  
on a given day at her farm house,  
and his honor had been selected to  
come out and perform the ceremony.  
She asked how much the fee was,  
and paid it and took a receipt. Busi-  
ness concluded she sat down, filled a  
short clay pipe with tobacco and in-  
dulged in a smoke.  
"You won't flunk out on this?"  
she said, as she rose to go, after ex-  
hausting the contents of the pipe.  
"So I'll be there, sure."  
"So'll I, and that'll be the  
reason why! I'll be making him  
a little lately, but I'll make him  
see the mark, see if I don't."  
"I hope nothing unpleasant will  
occur," observed the court.  
"I had no fear of that, for I'm going  
to be prepared for a scrimmage just the  
same. You always back the weaker  
sex, don't you?"  
"Yes, softly responded the justice.  
"So do I, and I guess we'll be all  
right. Don't forget the date."  
"I'll be there, sure," she said.  
The old man went out on Monday  
night prepared to perform the cere-  
mony with promptness and good will.  
He found about a dozen persons  
smiled at the horse, and the women  
looked gorgeous under the light of  
three bonny lamps. She and her  
husband, who had been covered with  
a blue sash as she shook hands and  
said:  
"Take a cheer. The old man isn't  
here yet, but I'll send for him." Then  
turning to a boy in the room, she  
exclaimed:  
"Samuel, go and tell the old man  
his time to come and be spiced."  
Samuel departed on his errand,  
and after a lapse of ten minutes he  
returned and responded:  
"The old man is over to Martin's,  
He's got his boots off, and is whit-  
ing out a wooden cat; and I don't  
believe he cares two cents about get-  
ting married to you or anybody else."  
The widow refilled her pipe, took  
several deep draughts, and then said  
to a long legged farmer who seemed  
hungry for the bridal feast:  
"Moses, you go over and tell Noah  
I want him."  
Moses departed. He was absent  
a few minutes, and then lounged in and  
said:  
"Says he's quite comfortable where  
he is; I guess he isn't on the marry  
yoke much."  
"Judge," began the woman, as she  
looked around for her bonnet, "you  
play a good sort of fox and goose with  
Moses while I go over and see about  
this thing. There's going to be a  
marriage here to-night, and I'll bet a  
new horse on it!"  
She was gone about twenty min-  
utes, and then returned in company  
with Noah. He had neither coat nor  
hat on, and only one boot on, and  
both were panting for breath.  
"Go ahead, Judge!" she gasped,  
as she hailed the groom into the  
parlor. "I've heard of him coming  
and getting out and ran four miles  
around the orchard, but here he is!"  
"Do you want to marry this wo-  
man?" asked the official, as he gave  
Noah a looking over.  
"Then why did you run away?"  
"Spoke I'm going to give right in  
the first thing?" demanded the in-  
dignant Noah. "I'll go and fix up and  
come back."  
"Oh, my darling, no, you won't, my  
pet amethyst!" chuckled the widow.  
"We'll be married right here and  
now, boots or no boots!"  
She crowded him against the table,  
Moses stood behind the pair ready  
to render any needed aid, and the  
wedding was soon over. As soon as the  
ceremony was over Noah skipped out  
of the back door; but no one per-  
sued. The widow called the guests  
to supper and remarked:  
"So you don't worry about  
it to begin with, and then you're  
working him up to this, but he'll be  
a little bashful for a few weeks. Have  
some of this roasted pig, Mr. Court."  
—Detroit Free Press.

**SCOTCH COURTSHIP.**  
A shy young man of Scotland for  
fourteen years had woe the lassie of  
his heart. One night Jamie—for that  
was the young man's name—called  
to see Jennie, and there was a terri-  
ble knock when he came, and the  
old man's door was ajar. As soon as  
his mind to pop the question, and  
Jamie came in and sat down by the  
fire just as he had done every Tues-  
day and Friday night for fourteen  
years, and he talked of the weather,  
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."  
"Yes—so I've bought—a lot—Jen-  
nie."  
"Yes—Ja-mie—ie."  
"So—that—when—"  
"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 bet-  
ter to lay our bones together while  
we're yet alive?"

**THOUGHTFUL THOUGHTS.**  
NOTHING can be great which is not  
right.  
SNOWFLAKES are the frozen particles of  
God's breath.  
The most manifest sign of God's wis-  
dom is continued cheerfulness.  
The sufficiency of my merit is to know  
my merit is insufficient.  
LOVE is a weapon that will conquer  
men when all other weapons fail.  
Good nature is more amiable than  
beauty and more agreeable than wit.  
CONSCIENCE is the voice of the soul;  
the passions are the voice of the body.  
A TALENT without tact has been said  
to be like a fiddle without a fiddler.  
There is no tyrant like custom, and no  
freedom like the voice of the soul.  
WHEREVER the tree of beneficence  
takes root it sends forth branches beyond  
the soil.  
If we are at peace with God and  
our neighbor, what enemy among  
men need we fear?  
THE most brilliant qualities become  
useless when they are not sustained by  
virtue.  
No evil propensity of the human heart  
is so powerful that it may not be sub-  
dued by discipline.  
No degree of knowledge attainable by  
man is able to set him free from the  
hourly assistance.  
The darkness of death is like the even-  
ing twilight; it makes all objects appear  
more lovely to the dying.

**DECEASED.**  
Into all these some rain must fall,  
Into all eyes some tear must start,  
Whether they fall a gentle shower,  
Or fall like rain from an aching heart,  
Into all hearts some sorrow must creep,  
Into all souls some doubt must creep,  
Lashing all waves of life's great foam,  
From dimpling waters to setting foam.  
Over all paths some clouds must lower,  
Under all festoons some thorns must spring,  
Tearing the flesh to bitter wounds,  
Or entering the heart with his bitter sting.  
Upon all brows though winds must blow,  
Over all shoulders there be blowing,  
Blowing the form in life's height  
Down to the dust in life's pain.  
Into all hands some duty must fall,  
Into all hearts some burden given,  
To crush the heart with his weary weight,  
Or tiring the soul from earth to heaven.  
Into all hearts some love must breathe,  
God's dear sunlight comes streaming down,  
Gilding the raim of life's great pain—  
Weaving for all a golden crown.

**MISSING—A BABY.**  
"There, Uncle Jared, what do you  
think of me for a baby?" said Harry  
Maverick, triumphantly, as he held  
up the little dimpled, velvet-bellied  
specimen of humanity which repre-  
sented at least half a continent of  
importance in his eyes, while Mrs.  
Maverick, looking up, all smiles and  
conscious pride.  
"Take it, Uncle Jared!" said she.  
The old bachelor recoiled slightly  
at this proposition.  
"Do you—do you think it wouldn't  
be better, if you could, to have the  
baby in one arm, and a turkey, wrap-  
ped in a clean linen cloth, in the  
other."  
Presently they stopped at a counter  
to price pickled hams' tongues.  
"Let me take the basket," said  
Uncle Jared. "I've nothing to car-  
ry—Good land of Goshen! what have  
I done with the baby?"  
And, secretly thankful that Jane  
Maria was too busy with the quality  
of the hams' tongues to notice what  
she had said, and that Harry Mave-  
rick had just met an acquaintance, he  
hurried back to the last counter  
where they had stopped.  
"Forgot your bundles, eh?" said  
the goodnatured fruit-dealer, of  
whom they had bought apples for  
Sunday's dessert. "I thought likely  
you'd be back directly. Here they  
be, all safe and sound."  
And, with nervous hand, Uncle  
Jared thrust the turkey into the bas-  
ket—or at least what he supposed was  
the turkey, where it settled down  
upon a pound and a half of  
lamb-chops and a bunch of celery,  
and overlooked the other parcels, and  
overtook his nephew and niece, just  
as they began to be a little an-  
xious about him.  
"Uncle Jared!" cried Harry.  
"Where have you been?"  
"Just stepped back to price some  
—ahem!—splint brooms and feather-  
dusters," answered guilty Uncle  
Jared.  
"Is the baby warm and comfort-  
able?" questioned Jane Maria.  
"Then if the marketing is all com-  
plete, my dear—said Mr. Maverick,  
consulting his tablets, and as possi-  
bly shrilly. Harry isn't a rich man,  
and my poor dear father always used  
to say, 'Economy is wealth.'"  
"Jane Maria," said Uncle Jared,  
viewing his nephew's wife with an  
approving eye, "you are a sensible  
girl."  
"Oh, said Harry, laughing, "we  
make a regular jubilee of our Satur-  
day nights, Jane Maria and I. You  
ought to see us salting forth with  
the pickled ham, and the baby, and  
the turkey, and the other things."  
"It must be admirable, I'm sure,"  
said Uncle Jared.  
"And as he was from the country,  
and had never seen a New York  
market lighted up of an evening,  
Harry suggested that Uncle Jared  
should make one of the party."  
"It's as good as a theatre, Uncle  
Jared," said he. "Come along with  
us, and see how the thing is done."  
"Oh, do come, Uncle Jared," said  
Jane Maria, clasping her hands,  
"and see what a capital manager I  
am!"  
And Uncle Jared smiled benignly,  
and acceded to the proposi-  
tion without much urging.  
Uncle Jared had shaken his head  
and looked dubious when first Harry  
Maverick had got married.  
"Matrimony now-days isn't what  
it used to be, my boy," he had said.  
"Girls are apt to be extravagant, and  
young married people too often want  
to begin with their fathers and  
mothers law suits."  
"But Jane Maria isn't the least bit  
expensive in her taste, Uncle Jared,"  
pleaded Harry. "We are going to  
housekeeping in four rooms—and  
you should see the breakfast, pies  
and raised cakes she makes; and she  
commented half a dozen shirts  
for me, and she trims her own hats,  
and keeps an account of every cent  
she spends."  
"Ah!" said Uncle Jared, approvingly.  
"That looks more like it."  
"As upon this, his first visit to the  
wedded couple, he was delighted with  
the pretty little black-eyed niece-in-  
law, who welcomed him so hospitably,  
improvised such a snug little sofa  
for him, every night, before the  
parlor fire, and made his barley soup  
and mutton-broth exactly as he liked  
it.  
"He had been inclined to think, just  
at first, that the room was furnished  
extravagantly.  
"A Brussels carpet," said he.  
"This was a present from my  
cousin," said Jane Maria. "So old  
that she thought it was fit for  
nothing but to put up for rugs. But I  
washed it with borax and water, and  
ripped it apart, and turned all the  
middle, and now see how nice it  
looks!"  
"And these elegant red curtains,  
with the gilt cornices," said Uncle  
Jared, dubiously.  
"Oh, that's her!" roared Harry.  
"Only I think red with a border  
like that, she sewed on herself; and lined  
with four-cent muslin; and the cor-  
nice is a strip of smooth board with  
gold paper pasted on!"  
"And the mantle draperies?" said  
Uncle Jared.  
"Cut out of my old Turkish dress-  
ing gown," said Harry.  
"And those antique Japanese  
vases?"  
"Old preserve jars, that she decora-  
ted at odd times," triumphantly  
asserted the young husband.  
"Upon my word," said Uncle  
Jared, "I believe she got Alladin's  
lamp hidden away in one of her apron  
pockets!"  
"And so they all started off, in high  
good humor, to market, on that cold  
Saturday night in February, with the  
baker bundle, and a wide flannel  
blanket, and a cap all bristling with  
loops of narrow ribbon.  
Mrs. Maverick had the purse, and  
Harry carried a huge market basket,  
with an aggressive handle and double  
lids, and to Uncle Jared was intrusted  
the responsibility of the baby.  
"Don't slip on the ice, Uncle  
Jared," said Harry.  
"No, I won't," said the bachelor.  
"And carry the little dear very  
carefully," added Jane Maria, wish-  
ing.  
"I'll be sure and remember," said  
Uncle Jared, who had never carried  
a baby before, and was surprised to  
find how easy it was.  
The old backwoodsman was de-  
lighted with the glare and glitter of  
the market, the shouting vendors,  
the thronging customers, the firing lights,  
through which Harry and Jane Maria  
made their way, like skillful pilots  
threading the perilous intricacies of  
a "hurricane," with Uncle Jared fol-  
lowing the lead of Harry Mave-  
rick, and the baby in a turkey, wrap-  
ped in a clean linen cloth, in the  
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