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Feb 27, '79

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Office—North Side Public Square.
Jan. 1, 1875.

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PENN'A

Office—South side Poplar street, opposite Ward House. [Nov. 13, 1879.

DAVIES & CARNOCHAN,

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SOUTH SIDE OF WARD HOUSE.

Dec 23-75. TOWANDA, PA.

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[April 12, '76.]

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TOWANDA, PA.

Office—second door south of the First National Bank Main St., up stairs.

WM MAXWELL,

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Office over Dayton's Store.
April 12, 1876.

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Towanda, June 20, 1878.

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VOLUME XLI. TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 9, 1880. NUMBER 15

BOTH.

FOLDED AWAY.

Day by day we fold away
Some treasure that our hearts hold dear,
Some cherished thing to which we cling
And bless with many kiss and tear.

A shred of lace may hold a place
That jewels rare could never win;
With love untold a ribbon old
Is laid our dearest shrine within.

A little tress we fondly press
Unto a heart that aches with pain:
Then, with a sigh for days gone by,
We fold it from our sight again.

And is there not a hallowed spot,
In memory's casket lying low,
Where day by day we fold away
Our heart-thoughts lest the world should know?

Many a one, now lost and gone,
In sweet day dreamings we behold,
Who, in our sleep, come back to keep
With us their vigils as of old.

And yet, alas! such dreams must pass;
Life's sterner duties must be met.
Quickly we turn and strive to learn
That cruel lesson—to forget!

When from the gleam of love's sweet dream
Our hearts awake in sad surprise,
How dimly burn, wher'er we turn,
The lesser lights that meet our eyes!

When o'er the dead our tears are shed,
While on the silent lip we press
The last fond kiss—oh, is not this
The summit of life's loneliness?

And yet we know, though all lie low
Whom we have ever loved or known,
Still we must leave and learn to give,
To earth the claims it calls its own.

O grief untold! with hearts grown old
Like flowers blighted in a day,
How fondly then from sight of men
We fold our dear dead loves away.

—*Fidelia.*

THE WIFE'S APPEAL.

The wise people—those who manage their neighbors' affairs in theory much better than they do their own in practice—shook their heads in solemn conclave when Mr. Hepworth married the second time; but an added shade of venom was in their councils when the village paper noticed, in a flowery paragraph, the birth of a son and heir at the great house.

"Poor Clarice," they said, "has no chance now. It was bad enough when Hepworth married a chit of a girl who, of course, cared for nothing but his money; but now there is a son, there is no hope for Clarice."

A young, fair woman, herself in the very spring-time of life, yet having already taken the holy ties of wife and mother into her pure heart, knelt in one of the rooms of the great house—knelt to bring her beautiful face nearer to the cradle pillow upon which rested the soft cheek of her baby boy.

The child of wealthy parents, she had married the man she loved and who loved her, and had gone from one home of luxury to preside over another.

She was very beautiful, and many had thought it a great sacrifice when she married a man as old as her own father, yet in her sweet humility she only prayed to be worthy of the love bestowed upon her.

A low knock at the door aroused her, and rising to her feet she answered the summons.

Upon the threshold stood a woman, a few years older than herself, who led by the hand a handsome boy who had seen two summers only.

The woman was poorly dressed, in shabby mourning, but the child wore dainty white garments.

"Did you wish to see me?" Mrs. Hepworth asked, smiling upon the child.

"May I come in?" was the woman's question, in return.

"Certainly. You look tired"

The stranger accepted a chair and looked sadly around the room.

"Everything is altered," she said in a mournful voice. "Perhaps I had better stayed away. Mrs. Hepworth, you have heard of Clarice Manderson?"

"I have not," was the reply. "I am almost a stranger here. We have been traveling ever since I was married, until a few months ago."

"And you never heard of me?" said the stranger, the tears rising in her eyes; "then my errand here is indeed hopeless. If, in his new happiness as your husband, my father never spoke my name, it is useless to hope he will forgive me."

"Your father? Mr. Hepworth your father? He told me he had lost his only daughter."

"Not that I was dead. I was lost to him by my own disobedience. You love my father?"

Just a smile, proud, happy and tender, answered her.

"Then you will understand me," said Clarice, "when I tell you I loved my husband better than father, home or duty. Father would not hear of our marriage, and sternly forbade me to speak to Lucien Manderson, assuring me that he was a fortune-hunter, a gambler, and unworthy of my love. I would not believe this. To me he was the noblest and best of men, and for him I left all to fly secretly from home and father. I have been bitterly punished. When the letter imploring forgiveness was returned to me by my father, with a few brief words casting me from his heart and love, my husband proved what I had so fondly hoped was false. He had married the only child and presumed heiress of Hepworth, the millionaire, and found himself burdened with a penniless wife. I spare you the history of the four years of married misery that followed. Then my husband and eldest child died of contagious fever, three months later, on the very day this boy was born. I heard of my father's marriage. I returned here, hoping for pardon; but the house was shut up. When you came, I determined to make one more effort for forgiveness, hoping you would plead for me. Oh, by your love for your child, plead for me. Think if he was an outcast from his father's love, sorrowing and penitent, and begging of a stranger the gift of his birthright."

"If my prayer will keep you here, Clarice, you shall not leave your father's house again. Mr. Hepworth is in the library, and I will speak to him at once."

She waited a moment to bathe the traces of tears from her face, and came again, smiling, to the anxious group.

"Cheer up, Clarice," she said bravely; "what is your little boy's name?"

"Stephen. It was the name of my brother who died. My first boy was called after my father."

"Stephen," said Mrs. Hepworth, opening her arms, "come here, darling, and kiss your grandmother."

The child sprang at once to the lovely grandmother, kissing her again and again.

Putting him into his mother's arms, the young wife lifted her own baby from its own cradle and left the room.

In the darkly-furnished library, Mr. Hepworth was leaning back in his arm-chair.

A light step roused him from his reverie and his wife stood before him.

Over her morning dress of delicate rose color, that suited well her fresh young beauty, fell the long white robes of the infant that she carried with all the pride of motherhood.

Her husband opened his arms to caress both, and laughed as he said:

"Oh, these mothers? Do you suppose, madame, that babies are admitted into the sanctums of legal gentlemen?"

"I do," said the mother, "if the legal gentlemen have the additional honor of being their papas."

"Listen to this most conceited of mothers, comparing legal honors with the ownership of little pink roly polies like that!"

"Did you know, Harold," said Meta, her lip quivering slightly, as she felt the deep import of her words, "that this is my birthday, and you have given me no gift?"

"You are impatient, little wife," he answered, thinking of the costly bauble that was to come without fail by noon.

"But I would like to choose my own gift," she persisted.

"What can I give my rosebud that she has not already."

"Does not your office include the power of pardon?" she asked, her sweet face paling with her earnestness.

"In a limited degree it does," he replied; "but, dear one, I should not like it to be known that I had shown clemency to a criminal upon your solicitation. You would be constantly annoyed by the loving relatives of scamps and rogues, trying to move me to pity through your intercession."

"But this is not a case of roguery, Harold—only a true penitent, one who erred in extreme youth was led from a path of duty by a love as warm and true as our own, but mistaken. Oh, dear husband, do you not know for whom I plead? Cannot you guess for whom I would beg your pity and forgiveness?"

"Clarice," he asked, hoarsely, "who has told you of her?"

"She has come herself to seek your forgiveness."

"She is here?"

"Yes. You will forgive her? For the sake of your own boy, Harold, let this be a home for her and Stephen."

"Stephen!" he cried, starting.

"Her son. Her husband is dead. She is widowed, poor and lonely. Let her return to your home and your love, Harold."

There was a moment of silence, and the mother softly carried the strong, right hand of her husband in her own until it rested upon the head of the babe in her arms.

He looked down, and said:

"I will grant your birthday wish, Meta. Take me to Clarice."

With a tender, loving kiss upon the hand that still rested upon her child's head, Meta led the way back to her own pretty sitting-room where Clarice waited the result of her errand.

She waited, with fast throbbing heart and trembling limbs, for the words that were to give her sorrowing, lonely heart peace and rest, or the stern mandate that would close the doors of home upon her and her boy forever.

Her gratitude could never fail, she felt sure, for the beautiful woman who had so lovingly undertaken the office of mediator on her behalf, and the tears rolled down her cheeks as she thought of the unselfish tenderness of her stepmother.

As she heard the steps coming across the wide hall toward the room where she was seated, her agitation became too great for patient waiting, and she stood up, holding her child by the hand, her breath coming in quick, panting sobs, her eyes dilated with suspense, and her whole figure quivering with intense emotion.

It was this eager, flushed face that met the father's eye as he opened the door—the face of the child to whom he had given the entire strength of his love for years.

He forgot her waywardness, her disobedince and the six years of her absence.

He remembered only that she was his only daughter, the child of his dead Clarice, and he opened his arms, with a smile that carried love and forgiveness to the sore heart.

There was a glad cry of—

"Father, dear, dear father!"

And they were folded fast in each other's arms, while Meta drew wondering Stephen into an inner room and closed the door.

Not even for her ears, she felt, were those first sacred words of reconciliation.

It was not long that Stephen was withheld from his grandfather's kiss, for father and daughter alike turned again to the gentle influence that had united them once more.

The gossips are divided in their opinion as to the exact amount of hatred and jealousy existing between the young widowed daughter and the young wife at the great house, but it would be quite beyond the power of their narrow minds to understand such true sisterly love as exists between Clarice Manderson and Mr. Hepworth's second wife.

IF Dr. Buchanan will return and blow into the muzzle of a shot-gun, to see if it is loaded, all will be forgiven.—*Titusville Petroleum World.*

THE HOLY BIBLE.

The New English Translation of the New Testament—The Two Versions Compared—Changes Made, Etc.

A correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, writing from London, says: The Queen's printer, who alone by ancient statute law is permitted to publish Bibles within the realm, has put his signature upon the last sheet proof of the new revision of the New Testament, and within a week the first shipment of the bound volumes will be made to America, Canada, Australia, and wherever the English tongue is spoken by Protestants. For many reasons that will readily occur and need not be enumerated, the new revision is an epoch in Protestantism and a red letter day in all Christian churches the world over. Its advent, looked forward to for over a decade, and the hope of thousands of Christian minds, will be a subject of absorbing interest.

The revision is catholic in its nature; cathedral in its form. It is the joint work of the new and old worlds; of all branches of the Protestant Church; of learning and piety joined hand in hand; priests and laymen, prelate and scholar, working together. Its origin was in that "cradle of Anglo-Saxon Christendom, the Convocation of Canterbury, presided over by the primate of England." The necessity for a revision of the present text has become imperative —how imperative clergymen and scholars alone know—and for many years previously there had been careful inquiry and discussion among the bishops, clergy and theological professors, as well as laymen, in regard to the best means by which it ought to be brought about. The plan that has been slowly maturing under the advice of the most eminent minds in this country and America was presented to the convocation May 6, 1870, by the committee having it in charge. The plan was so well digested, so broad in its catholicity, yet so conservative in its aims, that it met with prompt approval, and the work now completing was begun without delay. The scheme could never have had any hopes of success had it been confined to the Established Church, and it therefore contemplated a union of learning and special fitness for the labor that would embrace the whole world; that would unite all English-speaking races and all denominations; that would produce a text to be accepted in all lands and among all peoples as an "authorized version" and a correct rendering of the original text so far as the original text could be agreed upon by scholars.

When the present translation was made there had been comparatively no comparison of manuscripts for the elimination of errors; there were very few manuscripts available; no very old manuscripts were known: the inaccurate Vulgate (Latin translation) of that day was the staff upon which the forty leaned; and texts known to be corrupt had to be used for want of better. The oldest copy of a manuscript that they consulted was of the middle ages.

Within the present generation two copies of the Bible, made about 340 A. D., have been brought to light, the pages photographed, and copies distributed among scholars. These are the celebrated "Codex Sinaiticus," found by Tischendorf in a convent on Mount Sinai, and the "Codex Vaticanus," found in the Vatican library to Rome, where for centuries it had reposed unnoticed and uncared for. These two alone have been of priceless value in detecting errors of transcription and in harmonizing discordant passages satisfactorily to the skeptical as well as the credulous seeker for truth. The present version of the Bible is based upon a very few modern manuscripts, not exceeding five in number. That now before us is made from careful comparison of over twelve hundred, ninety-eight being ancient—from the fourth to the tenth century. In addition, all the quotations by the patristric and early writers have been collected, and the early translations into Syriac, Latin, Gothic, Egyptian, Celtic, Arabic and Slavonic.

Three centuries ago the translators of King James had few aids and little material for the work. Those of Victoria have the accumulated treasure of ten thousand able workers and storehouses filled with material. Astonishment must be expressed that they have found so little of vital importance to Christianity to condemn in the work of their predecessors—not that they have made ten thousand trivial and one thousand important changes in the New Testament

THE TWO VERSIONS COMPARED.

The translation of King James was more a new revision than the ordered translation; the revision of Victoria is more a new translation than the ordered revision. In each case the exigencies of the labor compelled a departure from and compromise with the instructions. In the latter case there is less reason than in the former, but after the first excitement dies away it will not be regretted.

The new revision of the New Testament issued from the University press will at first shock the Protestant world. It is not recognizable as a Bible. The chapters and verses are gone; the running head lines are gone; verses are missing, changed, pared; familiar texts that have become graven on the minds of church people for generations have disappeared, and in their place are words foreign to the eye and strange to the ear. Verbal and grammatical changes may be quoted by the tens of thousands.

The first general idea that will strike the scholar, however, is the delightful faithfulness with which the Greek text has been reproduced for the English reader. The narrative is unbroken by disfigurement of chapter and verse, but the capitals, punctuation and paragraphs lacking in the original are, of course, supplied, and, for conveniences of reference to the present version, the present divisions are marked parenthically. The misleading headlines disappear finally, without a sign to denote their improper intrusion.

The effect is striking and a marked improvement. The sequence of the gospel narratives, the logic of St. Paul, take on a new appearance and force that is not all owing to the improvement in grammatical construction of the text, although in a first reading it is difficult to distinguish how much is owing to one and how much to the other.

Take this illustration (Heb. iv., 6–7), which is a fair example of this point:

OLD STYLE.	NEW STYLE.
6. Seeing therefore it remaineth that some must enter therein, and they to whom it was first preached entered not in because of unbelief: 7. Again, he limiteth a certain day, saying to David, To-day, after so long a time; as it is said, To-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts.	Since, therefore, it remaineth that some enter therein, and they who formerly received the glad promise entered not in because of disobedience, he again fixeth a certain day, to-day, saying so long a time afterward in David (as hath been said before), To-day, if ye shall hear his voice, harden not your hearts.

OMISSIONS FROM THE TEXT.

The fourth gospel suffers most at the hands of the revisers, the synoptics less even than the Revelation, and the catholic Epistles least of all. The longest excision is from the fifty-third verse of the seventh chapter to the eleventh verse of the next, inclusive. The passage is that of the woman taken in adultery, as follows:

53. And every man went unto his own house.

CHAPTER VIII.

Of the Adulterous Woman.

1. Jesus went unto the Mount of Olives.

2. And early in the morning he came again into the temple, and all the people came unto him; and he sat down and taught them.

3. And the scribes and Pharisees brought unto him a woman taken in adultery; and when they had set her in the midst,

4 They say unto him, Master, this woman was taken in adultery, in the very act.

5. Now Moses in the law commanded us, that such should be stoned: but what sayest thou?

6. This they said, tempting him, that they might have to accuse him. But Jesus stooped down, and with *his* finger wrote on the ground, *as though he heard them not.*

7. So when they continued asking him, he lifted up himself and said unto them, He that is without sin among you, let him cast a stone at her.

8. And again he stooped down and wrote on the ground.

9. And they which heard *it*, being convicted by *their own* conscience, went out one by one, beginning at the eldest, *even* unto the last; and Jesus was left alone, and the woman standing in the midst.

10. When Jesus had lifted up himself, and saw none but the woman, he said unto her, Woman, where are those thine accusers? Hath no man condemned thee?

11. She said, No man, Lord. And Jesus said unto her, Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more.

The following verse (12), in which Jesus declares Himself the light of the world, is joined upon and is a reply to the scoff of the Pharisees in the preceding chapter, that out of Galilee ariseth no prophet.

The next deletion of importance is the angelic coloring of the description of the pool of Bethseda, in the fifth chapter. The following passage is omitted by the revisers:

3 * * * Waiting for the moving of the water.

4. For an angel went down at a certain season unto the pool, and troubled the water; whosoever then thirst after the troubling of the water stepped in, was made whole of whatsoever disease he had.

The famous text of the three Heavenly Witnesses (I. John v., 7–8) is, of couse thrown out, the following words being expunged:

7. * * * In heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost: and these three are one.

8. And there are three that bear witness in earth * * *

Another notable omission of the revisers is to be found in the conversion of Paul as recorded in Acts ix, 5–6. The words expunged are:

5. * * *It is* hard for thee to kick against the pricks.

6. And he trembling and astonished said, Lord, what wilt thou have me to do? And the Lord *said* unto him. * * *

There are many other familiar passages that have disappeared: "Many be called but few chosen," from Matthew xxii., 14; "If any man has ears to hear, let him hear," from Mark vii., 16.

Some of the happiest changes are of a single word, as "alive" for "quick." "They had swallowed us up alive," has a very different sense than "swallowed us up quick." Again, "He that is washed needeth not save to wash his feet," becomes much more simple when rendered "He that has taken a bath needeth not save to wash his feet." "Darkness over all the earth," and "over all the land" (Palestine), are very different things. In every change the revisers lessen the strain upon faith.

THE GRAMMATICAL CHANGES.

Minor changes have been hinted at. It would take too long to sort out, arrange and classify them. Here are a few that come hap-hazard: "As we have forgiven," instead of "forgive" "our debtors" "The pinnacle of the temple," instead of "a pinnacle" (there was but one). "The first fruits of them that are sleeping," instead of "slept." "If one died for all, then were all dead," instead of "then did all die" Paul did not pray the Lord to avenge him on Alexander. He said: "The Lord 'will' reward him according to his works," not "the Lord reward him." "Supposing that godliness were gain," instead of "gain is godliness." "The Word became (instead of was made) flesh." "Born of a woman," instead of "made of a woman." "For we saw his star," not "have seen" it. Such changes as these are to be found in every verse, and it will not require a very careful reading of either of the gospels to see how many changes have been made that do not change the spirit, yet add to its clearness and force as well as accuracy.

SUPPORTING THE GUNS.

How a Field Battery Comes into Action.

Did you ever see a battery take position?

It hasn't the thrill of a cavalry charge, nor the grimness of a line of bayonets moving slowly and determinedly on, but there is a peculiar excitement about it that makes old veterans rise in their saddles and cheer.

We have been fighting at the edge of the woods. Every cartridge box has been emptied once and more, and a fourth of the brigade has melted away in dead and wounded and missing. Not a cheer is heard in the whole brigade. We know that we are being driven foot by foot, and that when we break back once more the line will go to pieces and the enemy will pour through the gap.

Here comes help!

Down the crowded highway gallows a battery, withdrawn from some other position to save ours. The field fence is scattered while you could count thirty, and the guns rush for the hill behind us. Six horses to a piece—three riders to each gun. Over dry ditches where a farmer would not drive a wagon, through clumps of bushes, over logs a foot thick, every horse on the gallop, every rider lashing his team and yelling—the sight behind us makes us forget the foe in front. The guns jump two feet high as the heavy wheels strike rock or log, but not a horse slackens his pace, not a connoneer loses his seat. Six guns, six caissons, sixty horses, eighty men race for the brow of the hill as if he who reached it first would be knighted.

A moment ago the battery was a confused mob. We look again and six guns are in position, the detached horses hurrying away, the ammunition chests open, and along our line runs the command, "Give them one more volly and fall back to support the guns!" We have scarcely obeyed when boom! boom! boom! opens the battery, and jets of fire jump down and scorch the green trees under which we fought and despaired.

The shattered old brigade has a chance to breathe for the first time in three hours, as we form a line of battle behind the guns and lie down. What grim, cool fellows those cannoneers are! Every man is a perfect machine. Bullets splash dust into their faces, but they do not wince. Bullets sing over and around them, but they do not dodge. There goes one to the earth, shot through the head as he sponged his gun. The machinery looses just one beat—misses just one cog in the wheel—and then works away again just as before.

Now the shells are changed for grape and canister, and the guns are served so fast that all reports blend into one mighty roar. The shriek of a shell is the wickedest sound in war, but nothing makes the flesh crawl like the demoniac singing, purring, whistling grapeshot and the serpent-like hiss of canister. Men's legs and arms are not shot through, but torn off. Heads are torn from bodies, and bodies cut in two. A round shot or shell takes two men out of the ranks as it crashes through. Grape and canister mow a swath and pile the dead on top of each other.

Every gun is using short fuse shell. The ground shakes and trembles—the roar shuts out all sounds from a battle line three miles long, and the shells go shrieking into the swamp to cut trees short off—to mow great gaps in the bushes—to hunt out and shatter and mangle men until their corpses cannot be recognized as human. You would think a tornado was howling through the forest, followed by billows of fire, and yet men live through it—aye! We can hear their shouts as they form for a rush.

Through the smoke we can see a swarm of men. It is not a battle line, but a mob of men desperate enough to bathe bayonets in the flame of the guns. The guns leap from the ground almost as they are depressed on the foe, and the shrieks and screams and shouts blend into one awful steady cry. Twenty men out of the battery are down, and the firing is interrupted. The foe accepts it as a sign of wavering, and come rushing on. They are not ten feet away when the guns give them a last shot. That discharge picks living men off their feet and throws them into the swamp, a blackened, bloody mass.

Up now, as the enemy are among the guns! There is a silence of ten seconds, and then the flash and roar of more than three thousand muskets, and rush forward with bayonets. For what? Neither on the right nor left nor in front of us is a living foe! There are corpses around us which have been struck by three, four and even six bullets, and nowhere on this acre of ground is a wounded man! The wheels of the guns cannot move until the blockade of dead is removed. Men cannot pass from caisson to gun without climbing over windrows of dead. Every gun and wheel is smeered with blood—every foot of grass has its horrible stain.

Historians write of the glory of war Burial parties saw murder where historians saw glory.

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ISN'T it funny? The man who has about forty-seven hairs growing on his face is always possessed to wear a full beard, and goes about with a countenance like a thinly-settled huckleberry pasture, while the man that can beat Aaron of old clean out of sight with a full beard, shaves close twice a week, and the rest of the time his face looks like a sheet of No. 4 emery paper. They are each reaching for the impossible, and miss it by a hair. —*New Haven Register.*

THERE are more ways than one to keep a husband at home evenings. The wife might put up a cask of beer in one corner of the dining-room, cover the floor with sand, and hire two or three dirty fellows to fill the place full of smoke from vile segars. A woman with any sort of tact can make home as happy and cheerful as a beer saloon.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

A SOUTWESTERN editor, speaking of a large and fat contemporary, remarks that if all flesh was grass, he must be a load of hay. "I expect I am," said the fat man, "from the way the donkeys are nibbling at me."

She was the laziest little woman
That ever set a mortal crazy;
'Twas marvellous how my erring spirit
Could be subdued by one so lazy.
To monosyllables addicted,
To use all else exceeding loath;
Asked which of two things she preferred,
She only murmured, "Both!"

It is no paradox to say so:
Her every movement was repose;
As on a summer day the ocean
Slumbers while it ebbs and flows.
Yet was there latent fire; her nature
That of the panther, not the sloth.
I asked her once which she resembled;
She only murmured, "Both!"

Her person—well, 'twas simply perfect,
Matching the graces of her mind;
To perfect face and form she added
A keen perception, taste refined.
But when I challenged her to tell me,
What I knew myself in troth,
Whether wit or beauty charmed me,
She only murmured, "Both!"

Provoked at last and never hitting
This lazy little woman's point,
I scanned her armor, and discovered
Happily therein one open joint.
In careless tone I asked her, knowing
Her word was binding as an oath:
"Shall love, or friendship, be between us?"
She smiled, and murmured: "Both!"

—*San Francisco News-Letter.*

A Day at the White House.

There is probably no man in the country who does more work than the President. Quite certainly no man in the country does more irritating and aggravating work than the President. It is pleasant enough to receive a social call or shake hands becomes a duty, and receiving all sorts of callers a necessity, the pleasure of the thing dwindles most magnificently. President Hayes begins work shortly after nine o'clock in the morning. He then appears in the "President's room," situated in the right wing of the White House.

This is a large apartment, plainly but handsomely furnished. It is on the second floor, and opens into the hall, and looks from its windows at the rear upon the well-kept grounds and the Potomac beyond, also upon the alleged Washington Monument. The White House, especially this room, is excellently ventilated. Even in the most sultry summer days there is always a pleasant breeze blowing through. The President sits in a cane-seated chair at a polished table about fifteen feet long and five broad. His face is to the door. To his left, near the wall, sits Mr. Webb Hayes. Back of the President is Mr. Gustin, his stenographer. Around the room are chairs and one or two sofas. There is but one picture on the walls—a life-sized portrait of George Washington, painted by a South American artist, and presented by the President of the United States of Colombia.

Although the President is ready to receive callers at an early hour he never finds the visitors wanting. Members of Congress and the President's advisers walk past the door-keeper without showing their cards. Other visitors must first send their cards in by Charley Loeffler, the door-keeper. Sometimes there are as many as twenty people in the room at a time. Members of Congress take their turn at talking to the President in the order in which they entered the room, keeping the tally themselves. The President indicates to the others when he is ready to hear them. The interviews are short or long, generally the former. When the President desires to consult without interruption with callers, they retire to the library adjoining. Everybody who calls is received except those upon business stricly pertaining to the different departments, such as minor appointment. The President positively refuses to hear applicants for such places. They are referred to the departments. It is his rule not to interfere in any appointments in the departments The people he receives during the day, up to half-past two in the afternoon, generally average about two hundred.

As a general rule each caller is on a different business. Delegations sometimes take eight or ten in on the same mission—except in Baltimore delegations, which split up when they get before the President, and each man urges separate candidates. The number of people who call to "pay respects and shake hands" is great and growing. They mumble something, seize the President's hand and depart. It is a great thing for the principals of female seminaries in adjoining states to fetch to Washington whole batteries of beauty, and bring them to bear upon the President. Bridal parties are quite numerous. Sometimes they announce to the President that they are newly married, but whether they do or not, that fact is perfectly apparent. When no attempt at the concealment of their happiness is made, the President presents the blooming, blushing bride with a flower from the large, fragrant boquet which is always on his table. When concealment is intended, he looks unconcious, while the groom is remarkably conscious. The President pays a good deal of attention to bridal parties, evidently remembering the time when he was a happy and fortunate groom. Another class of visitors are excursionists by hundreds. These and large delegations are received in the east room. There are frequently as many as five hundred people on one of these excursions. The member of Congress, whose constituents they are, arranges with the President for their reception. He gets them in line, and as they file past the member introduces each one, and makes lots of votes for the next time.

Then the persons whom he has made arrangements to see during the afternoon arrive. When they have left he always takes a drive, unless the weather prohibits. He returns from the drive in time for dinner. After dinner there are more visitors to be seen—visitors whose business would occupy more than the time that could conveniently be given during the day. The President is seldom able to join his family after dinner. Frequently the only time that he has with the family is before he goes to work in the morning, at lunch and at dinner. This is about the day's routine at the house during the busy Congressional days. During the summer the President drives in from the Soldier's Home about ten in the morning, and leaves early in the afternoon. He has but few callers. A great many people go out to the Home to see him on business, later in the day.

On Tuesdays and Fridays there are Cabinet meetings. The members of the Cabinet drop in one by one, but they are all on hand by twelve o'clock. Each member brings his portfolio. The President sits at the head of the table, and Secretary Schurz at the foot; on the right, next to the President, is the Secretary of State, next to him the Secretary of War, and beyond him the Postmaster-General. On the left, next to the President, sits the Secretary of the Treasury, the next to him the Secretary of the Navy, and next to the Secretary of the Interior on that side the Attorney-General. After the Cabinet meets it is ten or fifteen minutes before the members get to work. That ten minutes is taken up in greetings and off-hand talk, in which the spirit of fun and humor crops out a good deal. The Cabinet are all men with a sunny, fun-loving side, when out of official harness. Judge Key is perhaps the jolliest, though the Attorney-General pushes him hard for that distinction. Secretary Thompson is a proverbial lover of a pleasant joke, while Secretary Schurz is hardly equalled in telling one. Secretary McCrary is a good story-teller. Secretary Sherman does not indulge in humor often, but when he does, it is, on account of its unexpected character, the more enjoyable. Secretary Evarts is one of those of the quietly humorous sort. His fund of dry humor and wit is inexhaustable, and though not uproarious, is keenely enjoyable. The President has probably the heartiest Cabinet that any President ever assembled around him. The old bores who keep at them day by day are unmercifully dealt with by the heads of the departments when they assemble. The Attorney-General seems to take peculiar delight in joking Secretary Thompson. At a recent Cabinet meeting the naval Secretary took a list of the midshipmen who had passed their examinations. The Secretary called attention to them, and said he would like that their nominations for promotion to ensigns be sent to the Senate as soon as possible, "as they are worthy young men, who have thoroughly earned their spurs." "Mr. Thompson," interrupted Mr. Devens, "how long since have they been wearing spurs in the navy?" At a later meeting the Attorney-General announced that there was a story afloat of a character so derogatory to the inland marine secretary that it ought to be met. Judge Key called out, "let's have it!" "It was when he was first made Secretary of the Navy," proceeded Judge Devens, willingly. "A committee from the Navy Yard invited him to go down on a visit of inspection. He was taken through the different shops and works, and finally on board a man-of-war, which was lying at the wharf. After being shown over the different parts of the ship the captain stopped by the hatchway, and asked the Secretary to look down. Thompson took a look of some length, and finally exclaimed 'My goodness! the durned old thing's hollow.'" The naval secretary bore the bantering with equanimity, and remarked that the joke was a good one in its prime, but now had an ancient and fish-like smell.

After this ten minutes of boy play before school, the President calls the meeting to order, the regular business is taken up, the Secretary of State leading off with his budget. The discussion is conducted in a conversational way. The meetings generally last about two hours.—*Washington Star.*

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Wanted to See the Editor.

A man on the cars was offered a newspaper. He took it, looked at the heading, and then threw it aside with disgust and remarked:

"I don't want news from that paper."

"I supposed everybody read it in these parts," I answered. "Has it been pitching into you?"

"Pitching into me? Great Cæsar! I should think it had. But you just let me meet the editor of that paper."

"You never make anything by striking an editor," I said, "better grin and bear it."

"Yes, that's all right for you to say, but just let me meet the man! I'll show him how to run a newspaper."

"What did he do?"

"Do! He did a deal. Here's how it is: I often go to Springfield in the evening and come home on the first train in the morning. Well, one night I met an old crony and we went to the Music Hall and the theatre. When we came out we met some friends. Of course I could not get right out, so I treated; in fact we were having a pretty good time, when some fellow came in and tried to raise a row. In less than no time the police were in and had us. The next morning I was hauled before the court and fined $7:40. I did not care much, because I gave a false name, and I knew my wife couldn't find it out; but the very next morning I'll be enternally confused if that paper didn't have it all in, and my name too."

"Did your wife see?"

"I should say she did."

"Did she make a fuss?"

"Fuss! Godfrey Elihu! Are you married?"

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MRS. SNOOGLEFIX says that she has taught her children to stick to the old flag, and made them familiar from infancy with the national motto of E Pluvius Unicorn.—*Cincinnati Times-Star.*

THE Greek army is to be sent to fight the brigands. This is good news. A gang of thievish ruffians are to be cleaned out whichever side wins.—*Boston Post.*

THERE are two distinct kinds of boys in the world—the human boy and the boy who exists in Sunday-School books.—*Andrews' Bazaar.*

A Texan's Errand of Mercy.

Yesterday, says the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* of July 10, a big boned Texan, with an enormous broad-brimmed hat and a sweeping moustache reaching nearly to his shoulders, stood at the Lacelde Hotel office, carelessly examining the register. A slight twitching at his coat skirts was passed by unheeded, but a more vigorous pull caused him to look around. He saw nothing, and was turning back to the register leaves again when his glance fell upon such a wee mite of a girl, whose head was so short a distance from the floor that it was no wonder he had not seen her. The wild looking face bent down to the little one, and a deep, bass voice asked: "What is it, little gal?"

"Please, mister, won't you buy my matches?" came in weak childish tones, so low that the words could not have been understood had the appeal not been reinforced by the holding up of a box of matches.

The little figure was barefooted, and the one calico garment rent, faded and torn.

"No; I don't want any to-day, sissy," said the Texan.

"Please, mister, won't you buy my matches?" with the second pull at his coat.

The man turned again, impatiently, and glanced at the little one; then, as if ashamed, with a furtive glance around as if to see if he was unobserved, put his fingers into his vest pocket, and the next instant a bright half-dollar gleamed in his grimy fingers. With a half sigh the big-hearted fellow said half to himself:

"Poor little cuss."

"Please, mister, don't you want the matches, and I hain't got no change?"

"Oh, no (with an oath): keep the change and matches, too."

Holding the precious coin in both hands the little match girl vanished like a shadow through the front door, and the Texan, with a muttered "what a fool I am," followed.

Around the corner and down Sixth street pattered the little naked feet, unconscious that she was followed, and up to one of the small streets devoted to small dealers and a perfect nest of pawn-shops. Into one of the least clean and imposing of these she darted and whispered something to the woman, who took a parcel out of a drawer and handed it to the child. The child tore off the paper with nervous fingers, and there was the sole treasure of her heart—her doll. She hugged it to her breast and kissed it. What was said between woman and child could not be heard, but when the little waif laid the half dollar on the counter the woman shook her head and pushed it back very far toward the child, as if her resolution might not hold out. The child looked amazed, but turned to go, hugging her dolly, and at the door stood the Texan, with a very suspicious moisture upon his cheek and a big lump in his throat.

"I've got a little girl like you at home," said he "Come along and show me where you live."

Well, you may be sure that the sick mother and the little girl were rendered more comfortable; for an hour afterwards she had a receipt for a month's rent in her hands and a doctor's carriage stood at the door of that tenement house.

How He Got Ahead of Providence.

Many years ago there lived in Salem, Conn., an eccentric man named Amasa Kilborn, about whom numberless stories are told to this day. On one occasion in summer he had a five acre lot of choice grass, cut and spread out to dry. In the afternoon a shower came up and drenched it. The next day the hay was spread out to dry. Another shower came up and redrenched it. On the third day the same programme was repeated. On the fourth day, after the hay had been properly dried and raked into winrows, a cloud pillar moved up over the western horizon, and a distant growl of thunder echoed from the hills. Kilbourn was mad. He looked at the hay and looked at the cloud. "Run up to the house, boy," said he, in a voice trembling with resentment, "and bring down a fire-brand; quick, now!" The boy asked no questions. He came back with a blazing torch, and Kilbourn touched off each windrow. "There," said he; "I'll see if this hay will git wet again!"

Epidemic Cycle.—Dr. Arthur Ransome, of Manchester, England, a physician of some eminence, has made some very extended and careful observations, on which he bases the theory that there is a regular succession of certain epidemics in distinct cyclical periods. Whooping cough, for example, has a cycle of about four years; small-pox, before the introduction of vaccination, had a cycle of from four to ten years; the cycle of measles is about seven years, while scarlet fever recurs as a great visitation once in fifteen or twenty years. Dr. Ransome dismisses the theory that these epidemic cycles have some connection with the sun spots, and he accounts for the curious facts which he considers that his observations have established on a much simpler and more sensible theory. This is that a certain destiny of the population at susceptible ages is necessary before a disease can spread with the vigor of an epidemic. All the facts can probably be accounted for on the supposition that these disorders can only become epidemic when the proximity between susceptible persons becomes sufficiently close for the infection to pass freely from one to another. When, therefore, an epidemic has reached nearly all the susceptible persons in a population, mostly children and infants up to a certain age, it must wait a certain number of years for a gradual restocking of the nation with material fit for it to feed upon.

An exchange calls Murat Halstead, of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, "the Maud Muller of the Ohio Valley." It may fit him, for all we know; but for the Democratic editor who is addicted to flinging dirt at General Garfield, the "Mud Mauler" would be a more appropriate title.—*Norristown Herald.*

At the Wentworth House, Newcastle, N. H., there is a dish-washing machine which does the work of ten ordinary women, and is warranted to break no dishes.—*New York Evening Post.* Then how in thunder does it do the work of ten ordinary women?—*Boston Post.*

Natural religion: Bishop (reproving delinquent page)—"Wretched boy! Who is it that sees and hears all we do, and before whom even I am but a crushed worm?" Page—"The missus, my Lord." —*London Punch.*

A reporter calls at a banking house and takes notes, and it's all right. Along comes another fellow, takes some notes, and gets jugged for five years. This illustrates the privileges enjoyed by the press.