The Bradford Reporter.

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

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LEGAL 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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Office—Rooms formerly occupied by Y. M. C. A. Reading Room.
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Office over Kirby's Drug Store.

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Office with Patrick and Foyle. Sep.25,'79

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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. C. Ingham, Esq., Towanda, Pa., when an appointment can be made.

HENRY STREETER,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA. Feb 27-'79

E. L. HILLIS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA. [nov11-75.

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Agent 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.

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Office with G. F. Mason, over Patch & Tracy, Main street, Towanda, Pa. 4,1-3m.

GEO. W. KIMBERLEY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Office—Second door south of First National Bank. August 12, 1880.

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ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
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Having accepted the agency of the LANCASHIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, (assets over $13,000,000 00) I am prepared to write policies at current rates.
M. D. SWARTS, Agent.
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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. 15, 1879.

DAVIES & CARNOCHAN,
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SOUTH SIDE OF WALD HOUSE,
Dec 24-75. TOWANDA, PA.

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Office—Means' Block, Main st., over J. L. Kent's Store, Towanda. May be consulted in German. April 12, '78.

W. J. YOUNG,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Second door south of the First National Bank, Main st., up stairs.

WM MAXWELL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Office, Power Dayton's Store.
Apr. 12, 1876.

DR. S. M. WOODBURN, Physician and Surgeon. Office at residence, on Pine street, East of Main.
Towanda, May 17-'77-1y.

W. B. KELLY, DENTIST.—Office over M. E. Rosenfield's, Towanda, Pa. Best inserted on Gold, Silver, Rubber, and Aluminum Base. Teeth extracted without pain.

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DISEASES OF THE EYE and Special attention given to DISEASES OF THE EAR

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

C. S. RUSSELL'S
GENERAL
INSURANCE AGENCY
Mercantile, TOWANDA, PA.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK,
TOWANDA, PA.
CAPITAL PAID IN $123,000
SURPLUS FUND 66,000
This Bank offers unusual facilities for the transaction of a general banking business.
N. N. BETTS, Cashier.
JOS. POWELL, President. April 1, 1879

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

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JOB PRINTING
Done at the REPORTER OFFICE, opposite the Courthouse, Towanda. Colored work a specialty

New Advertisements.

Evans & Hildreth

TOWANDA, PA.,

Take pleasure in offering to buyers of

DRY GOODS

THEIR TENTH ANNUAL

FALL SUPPLY,

WHICH FOR MAGNITUDE, STYLE, QUALITY AND CHEAPNESS,

Surpasses any of their former offerings, and will at all times keep their stock supplied with the

Latest Styles

As they appear in market.

They Invite Attention

To their New

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Black Silks,

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COLORED CASHMERES,

Colored India Cashmeres,
Colored Flannel Suitings,
Colored Novelty Suitings,

Jamestown Serges, Jamestown Alpacas, Trimming Silks, Trimming Satins,

—AND—

VELVETS,

In Black and Colors.

Cloaks and Shawls,

Cassimeres for Men's & Youths' wear, Flannels and Blankets, Prints and Ginghams, Sheetings and Shirtings,

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Underwear, Hosiery and Gloves, Laces and Embroideries, &c., &c., &c.

Also, a complete line of

Carpets, Oil Cloths,

Mats and Matting.

Thankful for the very liberal patronage bestowed on us for the past ten years, and hoping to merit attention to our customer's wants and truthfully representing goods, to merit a continuance of the same.

Evans & Hildreth

BEST business now before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not required. We will start you. $12 a day and upwards made at home by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Neither business will pay you nearly as well. No one who is willing to work can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly outfit and terms free. A great opportunity for making money easily and honorably. Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine. July1'80.

WELLES' MILLS,
Manufacturers of
FLOUR, FEED AND MEAL,
WYALUSING, PA.
Cash paid for grain. G. H. WELLES.

MILLS.—The undersigned having leased the old Sanisbury Mill, would solicit the patronage of the community. Custom Work done immediately and in good order. All leaks in the Mill have been repaired and hereafter it will be kept in good order. Feed, Flour, Meal and Bran constantly on hand. Cash paid for grain at Mill at Mastontown. HENRY W. WELLS.
Monroeton, June 17, 1880.

IMPORTANT TO AGENTS!—THE LIFE OF
GEN. JAMES A. GARFIELD,
By his personal friend, MAJOR BUNDY, Editor N. Y. Mail. It is the only edition to which Gen. Garfield has given personal attention or facts. Beautifully illustrated, printed and bound. "The best."—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser. "The neatest."—N. Y. Herald. "The most useful, salable and satisfactory."—N. Y. Tribune. Full length steel portrait by Hall, from a picture taken expressly for this work. Active Agents Wanted. Liberal terms. Send $1.00 at once for complete outfit. A. S. BARNES & CO., 111 & 113 William St., New York. Sept. 9-w2.

Hotels.

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,
CORNER MAIN & WASHINGTON STREETS
FIRST WARD, TOWANDA, PA.
Meals at all hours. Terms to suit the times. Large stable attached.
WM. HENRY, PROPRIETOR.
Towanda, July 3, '79-tf.

MY LITTLE WOMAN.

A homely cottage, quaint and old,
Its thatch grown thick with green and gold,
And wind-sown grasses;
Unchanged it stands in sun and rain,
And seldom through the quiet lane
A footstep passes.

Yet here my little woman dwelt,
And saw the shroud of Winter melt
From meads and fallows;
And heard the yellow-hammer sing
A tiny welcome to the Spring
From budding sallows.

She saw the early morning sky
Blush with a tender wild-rose dye
Above the larches;
And watched the crimson sunset burn
Behind the Summer plumes of fern
In woodland arches.

My little woman, gone away
To that far land which knows, they say,
No more sun-setting?
I wonder if her gentle soul,
Securely resting at the goal,
Has learnt forgetting!

My heart wakes up, and cries in vain;
She gave me love, I gave her pain
While she was living;
I knew not when her spirit fled,
But those who stood beside her, said
She died forgiving.

My dove has found a better rest,
And yet I love the empty nest
She left neglected;
I tread the very path she trod,
And ask—in her new home with God
Am I expected?

If it were but the Father's will
To let me know she loves me still,
This aching sorrow
Would turn to hope, and I could say,
Perchance she whispers day by day,
"He comes to-morrow."

I linger in the silent lane,
And high above the clover plain
The clouds are riven:
Across the fields she used to know
The light breaks, and the wind sighs low,
"Loved and forgiven."

—*Good Words.*

Trying the Experiment.

"A girl! My dear Carrie, what are you thinking of?"

Peter Carver pushed his chair abruptly back from the table, and surveyed the faded little face on the opposite side of the tea tray with a gaze of innocent astonishment.

Faded enough now, though she was barely twenty-seven, you would hardly have believed how fresh and pretty Carrie Carver had been on her wedding day, with cheeks like newly-opened quince blossoms, and lips like the first strawberry on the upland meadow. Seven years of matrimony had dimmed the pink and scarlet, and stolen the light elasticity of the step; her husband saw the change, but somehow he supposed all women faded just so. "They were frail things at best, but not much better than a piece of washed out calico." And so Mr. Carver dismissed the subject from his powerful mind.

"There is so much to do, Peter, and the children demand so much of my attention," pleaded the meek wife, winking back two bright drops that began to sparkle ominously under the eyelids.

"I tell you what, Mrs. Carver, if I were manager in this household; things would happen very differently."

"I have no doubt of it," said Carrie, quietly.

"There's no earthly meaning," went on Mr. Carver, ignoring the sarcastic meaning of her tone, "why the work shouldn't be done, and you dressed and enjoying yourself, cultivating your mind or something, at eleven o'clock every morning that you live. Washing up a few dishes—sweeping a room or two—brushing the children's hair—what does it all amount to? Why, my dear, don't you see the folly of asking for a servant to help you do nothing at all?"

Carrie rose to her feet, as near being in a passion as her gentle nature ever came—a state that reminded you of a white dove with its feathers indignantly ruffled up.

"Peter, you have no right to speak so when you have no practical knowledge of the subject.

"Any man knows what housekeeping amounts to," returned Peter, drawing up the strings of his purse with a jerk. "There's not a bit of science in it—a mere knack."

Carrie stood watching her husband as he brushed his hat, buttoned up his overcoat, and slowly sauntered out of the room. She did not slam the breakfast dishes nor bite her lips nor clench her teeth, as some women would have done under similar circumstances; she merely sat down and bowed her head on the table, crushed and weary and sick at heart, feeling as some poor Eastern devotee may be supposed to feel after the wheel of Juggernaut has rolled over it, whelming sense and reason, and volition itself under the iron weight. Poor Carrie, how many wives have fallen under Juggernaut besides you!

"This will never do," she said at length, rising lowly. "Slow death—slavery worse than that bound with chains—I must find some escape from this bondage, before it undermines life and health, and leaves my little ones motherless!"

The morning sunshine crept down the pale green wall paper, sprinkling drops of gold on the few little geranium plants that Peter called "a waste of time," and lay in noon splendor on the carpet, and still Carrie Carver stood there thinking—thinking.

* * * * *

"Carrie! Wife! Aren't you going to get up this morning? It is half-past seven, and the——"

"I cannot, Peter," groaned Carrie, turning her face away from the light; "I am suffering such dreadful pains in the foot I sprained last night. I wish you would reach me the camphor bottle and some fresh bandages."

"I am sorry, Carrie—I hope it isn't very painful," said Peter, making a dive at the pomatum pot instead of camphor. "But what the deuce is a fellow to do for his breakfast—and Tommy and Pet are sailing their shoes in the wash basin, and the fires are all out. Suppose I send over for Widow Simmons to come and help round a bit?"

"Mrs. Simmons has gone to visit her daughter," answered Carrie, faintly.

"What shall I do?"

"You must take charge of the housekeeping yourself, Peter," said Carrie, hiding a smile in the folds of her pillow. "It's only for a day or two, and I don't know of any help you can obtain. It won't be much, you know, with your ideas of system."

"That's true," said Peter, somewhat encouraged. "Anybody could get a breakfast, couldn't he?"

"Oh, certainly. But, Peter——"

"Yes, my dear."

"Please darken the room and keep the children away, and don't speak to me if you can help it. I have such a racking headache, and the least excitement almost drives me wild."

Peter shut the door with distracting caution and went down stairs on creaking tiptoe. As he passed the nursery a duet of voices came shrilly on his ears:

"Papa! papa! we are not dressed."

"Dress yourselves then, can't you?" said Mr. Carver, pausing.

"Pet is too little to dress herself," said Tommy, loftily, "and mamma always dresses me."

"I don't know," said Tommy, with his finger in his mouth.

"I know," said Pet, aptly revenging herself for the hit at her diminutive proportions—"Tommy dropped them out of the window."

"Tommy is a bad boy," said the vexed pater familia, crawling under the bed for sundry little stockings that had been taken down there apparently as balls. "Where are the clothes?"

"In the bureau," answered the child.

"But where?"

"I don't know."

"Crash went a fancy bottle of cologne off the table, as Sammy groped for his castle garters. "Bang! fell Mrs. Carver's rosewood writing desk to the floor, bursting off the frail hinges and scattering pens, envelopes and postage stamps far and wide. Pet pounced upon the ruins like a vulture on the battle field, while Tommy burst into a loud wail.

Mr. Peter Carver was an affectionate father in a general way, but human nature could not have endured all this. He promptly gave in his adhesion to King Solomon's wisdom by administering brisk personal chastisement. Tommy roared, and Pet joined in with a treble scream of sympathy.

"I never saw such children in my life," said the chagrined parent. "It would take one person's whole time to keep 'em out of mischief."

And he bundled the two little creatures miscellaneously into whatever articles came uppermost, rending off strings and fracturing button holes in frantic desperation.

"There! now see if you can behave yourselves while I get the breakfast."

"Papa," snivelled Tommy, "you have buttoned my frock in front instead of behind, and Pet has not had her face washed."

"I can't attend to you now," said Mr. Carver, banging the nursery door to with a sigh of relief. "Children are a great trial; I never realized it before."

The range looked black and cheerless enough as he stood staring helplessly at it.

"I don't know much about making a fire, but I suppose a newspaper and a lot of kindling are about the right thing with a shovel full of coal on top. Bless me! there's nothing you cannot reduce to theory."

"But the fire obstinately refused to burn, setting theoretical perfection utterly at defiance, although Mr. Carver opened the oven doors alternately, and drew out all the dampers he could spy.

"Confound the fire!" said Mr. Carver, wiping his wet forehead with the stove cloth; "it won't go. I'll have a blaze of kindling and try the breakfast on that."

He siezed on an oleaginous ham, and carved several thick slices which he transferred deftly to a gridiron, and then elated with his success, broke several eggs over the ham.

"Bless me, how they run!" he ejaculated, rather puzzled. "But I know I am right; because, if the eggs don't cook on the ham, how the deuce do they come there? I wonder why this coffee don't boil; I'll stick in a few more kindligs—that's the idea. There are the children crying up stairs—hungry, I suppose. I do believe they do nothing but eat and cry. Here—Pete, Tommy, come here, and I'll give you a little bread and molasses."

And while the little creatures were gradually becoming hopelessly sticky and begrimmed on the kitchen floor, Mr. Carver rushed to attend to the peremptory summons of the milkman.

"How much milk? I don't know—a quart, I suppose. Fine morning, Mrs. Grey," bowing chivalrously to a lady who was tripping down the street, and adding sotto voice, "but I don't see anything to laugh at in the remark. Some women are always giggling."

"Papa," said Pet, innocently looking up, "your nose is all black with charcoal."

"You look so funny, papa," said Tommy, "with that big towel pinned around you."

Mr. Carver turned scarlet; this was the mystery of Mrs. Grey's uncontrollable amusement.

"A man can't cook and keep himself clean," said he, pettishly.

And then he remembered with a remorseful pang how white Carrie's cuffs and collars always were, and how spotless and pure her morning wrappers invariably looked.

And then he sat down, tired and spiritless, to a repast of half-cooked meat and liquid mud, by courtesy termed coffee

"Stuff!" he ejaculated, throwing the beverage spitefully into the sink. "I wonder how Carrie did it—I'm sure it seemed easy enough. Now I suppose I've got to wash these dishes."

He looked despairingly around at the chaos that reigned in the kitchen.

"Nine o'clock as I live—and nothing done. Well, I see very plainly there's no office for me to-day. Now, then, what is wanting?"

"The clothes for the wash, please, sir," said a little girl, curtesying humbly at the door.

Up stairs and down stairs, and in my lady's chamber, went Peter Carver, laying hands on what he considered proper prey for the wash tub, rummaging bureau drawers, upheaving the contents of trunks, and turning wardrobes inside out, before he had completed the requisite search.

The kitchen was empty when he returned. "Where are the children?" was his first alarmed thought, expressing himself unconsciously in words.

"I saw them go out of the door, please, sir," said the little girl.

"Was it long ago?"

"No, sir—not very; it might be ten minutes."

Peter rent off the towel wherewith he had girdled himself, and set off in hot haste after the missing ones. The July sun was beginning to glow intensely in the heavens—the pavements reflected the ardent shine with ten-fold heat, and poor Peter Carver was nearly melted into nothingness, ere he spied in the train of a hand organ and monkey his hopeful son and heir, with Pet following, both nearly unrecognizable from dust, perspiration and molasses.

"Come home this instant, you little wretches!" ejaculated Peter, quite forgetting in his rage the emollient precepts inculcated in the parent's guide, and lavishing a shower of not very caressing words on his offspring, he took them in charge.

Neither of them would walk—in fact, the little wanderers were far too weary. So Mr. Carver mounted one on each arm and carried them limp and unresisting through the streets.

"Good day, Mr. Carver," said Judge Mason, with rather a surprised look; "have you been for a walk?"

Peter thought of his dripping face, and hatless head, and looked at the dirty scions of his race, ere he answered, sheepishly enough:

"Y-e-s—that is, I have taken a little exercise."

A little!

It seemed that every acquaintance he mustered on his bowing list made a point of meeting him on that particular morning of all others, and his confusion and mortification were acute in the extreme, ere he reached home, tired, panting and breathless, as the clock struck eleven!

"I'll have a nurse for you, my young friends, before the world is a day older," he said, gritting his teeth with impotent wrath, as he deposited Tommy and Pet on the floor, and went wearily to his household duties.

"How are you now, Carrie?" he said about an hour afterwards, throwing himself into the chair by the bedside, and fanning himself with the newspaper he had laid there that morning.

"About the same, dear. How does the housekeeping get along?"

"It don't get along at all."

"Is dinner ready?"

"Dinner?" echoed Peter, in a sort of dismayed tone; "why I haven't got through with breakfast yet!"

"But it is 12 o'clock."

"I don't care if it is twenty-five o'clock—a man can't do forty things at once."

"Yet," remarked Carrie, quietly, "you would scarcely have remarked the force of that remark, as coming from me, if any meals were not punctual to a minute."

Mr. Carver began to whistle.

"Where are the children?" asked his wife.

"In bed. They were too much for me, so I undressed them and put them to bed, to get them out of the way."

"Poor things," said Carrie.

"Poor me, I should think," said Carver, irately. "I had quite enough to do without them. I have broken the plates and scalded my legs with a kettle of boiling water, and melted off the nose of the teapot, and lost my diamond ring in the ash barrel, and cut my fingers with the carving knife already. Isn't that enough?"

"I should think so," smiled Carrie. "Have you looked after the pickles and baked fresh pies?"

"No!"

"Nor blackened the range, nor cleaned the knives, nor scrubbed up the kitchen floor?"

"No!"

"Nor made the beds, nor swept the chamber, nor dusted the parlor, nor polished the windows, nor heard the children's lessons, nor taken care of the canary birds, nor——"

"Stop—for mercy's sake, stop!" ejaculated Mr. Peter Carver, tearing wildly at his hair. "You don't mean to say that you do all these things every day!"

"I do, most certainly—and long before twelve o'clock. And yet you wonder that I am not dressed and cultivating my mind before eleven."

"I'm a donkey," said Peter Carver, with charming candor.

"And you say," persisted the merciless Carrie, "that a child of ten years could do the work of this family; you declare that were you manager things would be altogether different."

"So they would," admitted Peter, "but I don't know that the difference would be an improvement."

"Do you wonder now that I am weary and worn out, and that I feel the necessity for some help?"

"My dear Carrie," said Peter, penitently, "I have been a brute. I'll have a cook, and a nurse, and a chambermaid here, just as soon as I can possibly obtain them—you shall be a drudge no longer."

Carrie's eyes filled with tears as her husband bent to press a kiss on her lips before he went down stairs to resume his domestic avocations.

A few minutes afterward the unskilled cook was scorching his whiskers over a griddle covered with hissing mutton chops, which alarmed him by suddenly blazing up into his face, without the least premonitory symptom, when a light step crossed the kitchen floor, and a little hand took the handle of the gridiron from his grasp.

"Carrie!"

"I release you from duty, sir," smiled the wife. "My ankle is better now."

"I say, Carrie."

"Well."

"Tell the truth now, wasn't that ankle business a little exaggerated, just to give me a lesson?"

"Don't you think the lesson was needed?"

He put back the brown hair with a loving touch—and she knew that her days of trial and troubles were over.

Worse off than the Prodigal.

In an alley off Hastings street, just back of a tumbledown rookery, a member of the sanitary police squad found a man lying under a wagon and inquired if he was ill. The man pointed to the old house, cautioned the officer to speak low and replied:

"I'm the husband of the woman you see hanging out clothes over there."

"And why are you hiding here?"

"I've been off on a spree for a whole week."

"Ah! I see. It is the return of the prodigal."

"Wuss than that, sir. The prodigal had no wife and he didn't steal the rent money to get drunk on. Oh, I'll catch it, sir, if you don't intercede for me."

"But what can I do?"

"You slip around to the front of the house and say you have news for her. Watch her face and see how she takes it. Then tell her it's about me. Watch and see if she gets white around the mouth. Tell her that you have news that I was drowned at the ferry dock. Watch her tears at this point. Tell her I called her name as I went down for the last time. Watch and see if that melts her. If I can get her all broken down and overcome I'll burst in on her and get her forgiveness before she gets over wiping her eyes and pulling her nose. Go, now, and I'll owe you a debt of gratitude all my life. I think Mary will melt under your soft words.'

The officer slipped around and told the wife that her husband was hiding in the alley, and then took a position where he could witness what followed. He had hardly secured it when the man came down the alley on a gallop, followed at a short distance by the wife, armed with a hoe-handle. There were no words spoken, but the man simply threw up clouds of dust with his heels as he put on steam, and as he passed the officer he somewhat curtly observed:

"Ah! but ye ain't worth shucks at the melting business!"

THE other night, soon after a ward meeting had opened, one of the electors present began edging towards the door as if he meant to leave the place. He was soon stopped by a friend, who said:

"Don't leave us now, I want you to hear what the speaker is saying. Hear that! He says we must triumph or the country is doomed."

"Yes, I know, but I've got to edge toward home," was the reply.

"Home? great heavens, how can you talk of going home until he has finished that speech. There he goes again! He asks if you want to see grass grow on the streets of our cities—our fertile farms returned to wilderness—our families crowding the poor houses until there is no longer room for another!"

"No, I don't know as I would, but I guess I'll sort o' work my way out."

"Wait fifteen minutes—ten—five—wait until he finishes. There it is again! He asks whether you are a freeman or a slave? He wants to know if you have forgotten the patriotic principles defended by the blood of your grandsires—if you have forgotten the sound of the liberty bell?"

"I don't know as I have, but I must go—really I must."

"Hear that—hear that! He says your country will bless you."

"I can't say as to that," replied the man as he crowded along; "but I am sure that old woman will if I don't git home in time to put this codfish to soak for breakfast!"

"Great guns! but do you prefer codfish to liberty?" exclaimed the other.

"I don't know as I do, but I git more of it."

"And you will see this country ruined—see her go to destruction?"

"I'd be kinder sorry to see her go down hill," slowly observed the delinquent as he reached the door, "but if you had a wife who could begin jawing at ten o'clock and not lose a minute until daylight, and then end up with a grand smash of crockery and a fit of hysterics, you'd kinder stand off as I do, and let this glorious old Republic squeeze through some mighty fine knot holes."

THE MIDNIGHT SUN.—The spectacle of the sun shining at midnight attracts many foreigners to Swedish Lapland during the month of June For six weeks there is scarcely any night in the north of Sweden; the sun never sets, and the soil, constantly heated, produces, in a month and a half, barley and other crops. At that time of the year the Laplanders pen up their reindeers and move their huts toward the cultivated fields. Being very hospitable, they greet with joy the arrival of the tourists, who generally meet at Mount Gallaware, 148 kilometres from Lulea. From that hill, which is 580 metres high, the beautiful spectacle of the "midnight sun" can be admired in better conditions than from any other place. The 24th of June is the day selected for the ascension; it is the longest day in the year, the sun being twenty-two hours above the horizon. This year the 24th of June was not favored by fine weather, and, owing to the cloudy sky, the sun was not visible at midnight, but the following day travelers were well rewarded for their trouble, the sun shining brightly at midnight.

THE latest book out is entitled "My Ship at Sea." It will evidently have a large sale.—*Exchange.* But not without a full canvass.—*Norristown Herald.*

WE'RE GROWING OLD TOGETHER, WIFE.

We're growing old together, wife—
The hoar frost in my hair,
The furrows in your cheeks, dear wife,
Show age is stealing there,
And painting, with his subtle touch,
The wrinkled traces bold
That tell, alas, how time doth pass,
How soon we all grow old.

We've seen the world together, wife,
And open to our view
Have been its joys and pleasures, wife;
Aye, of its sorrow, too.
But sorrows, love, have chastened you,
And strengthened you to wear,
With patience and humility,
The cross so hard to bear.

We're growing old together, wife—
There's none save you and me.
No prattling, lisping little child
Has clambered on your knee
And called you mamma—no tiny hand
Has smothered your husband's face,
Nor brushed away the web of care
That there found resting place.

We're growing old together, wife—
Our dreams of youth are done;
The castles hope's ambition built
Have vanished one by one,
But in their stead has risen faith,
So brave, so strong, so bold,
That we will not the past regret,
Nor care for growing old.

Gen. Grant's Speech at Warren.

In view of the known character and ability of the speaker who is to address you to-day, and his long public career and association with the leading statesmen of this country for the past twenty years, it would not be becoming in me to detain you with many remarks of my own. But it may be proper for me to account to you on the first occasion of my presiding at political meetings for the faith that is in me.

I am a Republican, as the two great political parties are now divided, because the Republican party is a National party seeking the greatest good for the greatest number of citizens. There is not a precinct in this vast Nation where a Democrat cannot cast his ballot and have it counted as cast. No matter what the prominence of the opposite party, he can proclaim his political opinions, even if he is only one among a thousand, without fear and without proscription on account of his opinions. There are fourteen States, and localities in some other States where Republicans have not this privilege.

This is one reason why I am a Republican. But I am a Republican for many other reasons. The Republican party assures protection to life and property, the public credit and the payment of the debts of the Government, State, county, or municipality so far as it can control. The Democratic party does not promise this; if it does it has broken its promises to the extent of hundreds of millions as many Northern Democrats can testify to their sorrow. I am Republican, as between the existing parties, because it fosters the production of field and farm and of manufactories, and it encourages the general education of the poor as well as the rich. The Democratic party discourages all of these when in absolute power. The Republican party is a party of progress and liberality toward its opponents. It encourages the poor to strive to better their children, to enable them to compete successfully with their more fortunate associates, and, in fine, it secures an entire equality before the law of every citizen, no matter what his race, nationality or previous condition. It tolerates no privileged class. Every one has the opportunity to make himself all he is capable of.

Ladies and gentlemen, do you believe this can be truthfully said in the greater part of fourteen of the States of this Union to-day which the Democratic party control absolutely? The Republican party is a party of principles, the same principles prevailing wherever it has a foothold. The Democratic party is united in but one thing, and that is in getting control of the Government in all its branches. It is for internal improvement at the expense of the Government in one section and against this in another. It favors repudiation of solemn obligations in one section and honest payment of its debts in another, where public opinion will not tolerate any other view. It favors flat money in one place and good money in another. finally, it favors the pooling of all issues not favored by the Republicans, to the end that it may secure the one principle upon which the party is a most harmonious unit, namely, getting control of the Government in all its branches.

I have been in some part of every State lately in rebellion within the last year. I was most hospitably received at every place where I stopped. My receptions were not by the Union class alone, but by all classes, without distinction. I had a free talk with many who were against me in the war and who have been against the Republican party ever since. They were in all instances reasonable men, judged by what they said. I believed then and believe now that they sincerely want a break-up in this "Solid South" political condition. They see that it is to their interest as well as to their happiness that there should be harmony and confidence between all sections. They want to break away from the slavery which binds them to a party name. They want a pretext that enough of them can unite upon to make it respectable. Once started, the Solid South will go as Ku-Kluxism did before, and is so admirably told by Judge Tourgee, in his "Fool's Errand." When the break comes those who start it will be astonished to find how many of their friends have been in favor of it for a long time, and have only been waiting to see some one take the lead. This desirable solution can only be attained by the defeat and continued defeat of the Democratic party as now constituted.

A PENNSYLVANIA politician who had suddenly become very wealthy recently attended a dinner party at which there was the usual fillet of beef with mushrooms. While engaged upon the beef he whispered to his neighbor, "Do you eat with the clothespin heads, too?"—*New York Herald.*

The Sorrowful Man from Columbus.

At the Union depot, the other morning, officer Button observed a tall, long-legged stranger, who seemed to be clothed mostly in a linen duster, wipe his eyes and blow his nose like one suffering mental distress, and he approached and asked the cause.

"Oh, lots of things," replied the man, as he shook out his handkerchief. "Is there a camp-meeting anywhere around here?"

"Not that I know of."

"And they don't have any prayer-meetings around here in the daytime?"

"No."

"There isn't anybody around the depot who makes a speciality of singing Gospel hymns, is there?"

"Don't know anybody. Has your wife run away?"

"No; never had one."

"Lost your wallet?"

"No; I never carry a wallet."

"Anybody abused you?"

"No; everybody is kind to me."

"Then why these tears? Strong men do not weep without a strong cause."

"I weep—I weep because the world is cold—because it is wicked—because human nature has become suspicious. I weep because another sun has risen on the evil passions of men."

"Are you naturally sorrowful?"

"I am. I sometimes wish I wasn't that way. How long before the Lake Shore train goes?"

"About twelve minutes."

"Then I will spend eleven minutes in further weeping. Have you a private room in which I can sit and cry?"

"Say, old man, what's your lay?" asked the officer, looking him over.

"My lay is weeping. I am the sorrowful man from Columbus."

"That's too thin. What's the particular racket this morning?"

"Won't you give me away?" asked the man, after a fresh dig at his eyes.

"No."

"I'm dead broke and want to get to Toledo. The conductor who goes out on this train stands over there and I'm weeping for his benefit. He has already remarked my grief, and he wonders what ails me. When he asks for my ticket I'll either be a missionary who weeps over the avarice of railroad corporations and appeal to his charity, or a country parson who lost his money on the confidence game. Now let me weep some more."

He wept some more, and then said:

"It's the best lay in the world. Its a hundred times ahead of check or riding on the springs, and it cost me nothing, and is always ready. I cried myself from Columbus to Indianapolis, wept from there to Chicago, and then sobbed myself along to Detroit. I now weep that I may see Toledo, and I shall depend upon emotion to scoot me through to Columbus in good style. I will now edge along toward the conductor and give away to an other burst of mingled grief and contrition. Ta ta, old blue-coat—don't give away a man who couldn't raise a nickle if his eyes should give out to-morrow."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Facts Condensed.

A cubit is two feet.
A pace is three feet.
A fathom is six feet.
A span is 10½ inches.
A palm is three inches.
A great cubit is 11 feet.
A league is three miles.
There are 2,750 languages.
Oats, 35 pounds per bushel.
Bran, 35 pounds per bushel.
Barley, 48 pounds per bushel.
A day's journey is 33½ miles.
Two persons die every second.
Sound moves 743 miles per hour.
A square mile contains 640 miles.
Storms blow 36 miles per hour.
Coarse salt, 85 pounds per bushel.
A mile is 5,280 feet or 1,670 yards.
The averrge human life is 31 years.
A barrel of rice weighs 500 pounds.
An acre contains 840 square yards.
A barrel of flour weighs 196 lbs.
A barrel of pork weighs 200 lbs.
Slow rivers run five miles per hour.
Timothy seed, 45 pounds per bush.
A stone, English weight, is 14 lbs.
A hurricane moves 80 miles per hour.
A hand (horse measure) is four inches.
A rifle ball moves 1,000 miles per hour.
Rapid rivers flow seven miles per hour.
Electricity moves 288,000 miles per hour.
The first lucifer match was made in 1829.
Gold was discovered in California in 1848.
The first horse railroad was built in 1826.
The first steamboat plied the Hudson in 1807.
A moderate wind blows seven miles per hour.
Wheat, beans, and clover seed 60 pounds per bushel.
The first use of a locomotive in this country was in 1826.
The first almanac was printed by George Von Purbach in 1640.
The first steam engine on this continent was brought from England in 1753.
Until 1776 cotton spinning was performed by the hand spinning wheel.

A REMARKABLE BERRY BUSH.—A gentleman residing in this city who has a great admiration for life in the country, and avails himself of every opportunity to take a stroll in the woods, was out west of the city one day this summer when red raspberries were ripe, and as he constantly has his eyes open for anything curious or interesting, and is a thorough botanist, he frequently makes discoveries in the vegetable world that are of interest. On the day in question he found a novelty that may be of more than common value. It was a red raspberry bush that bore an extraordinary crop of the best berries our friend ever saw, and the bush had no thorns. So numerous were the fruit that the bush was borne to the ground by their weight, and their flavor was delicious. He picked the fruit and marked the locality, as the bush was in a piece of woods where it might be lost. Lately he went out and dug up the roots and intends to plant them and see if the bush cannot be propagated.—*Rochester Union.*

A RATHER emaciated old darky who drives a dray for a wealthy Galveston firm had a business meeting with his employers a few days ago. "Look heah, boss, I want you to increase my celery. I don't get enough to eat. I'se fallin' ebery day." "That's just what we want," said the proprietor, rubbing his hands