The Bradford Reporter.

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

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SPECIAL NOTICES inserted at TEN CENTS per line for first insertion, and FIVE CENTS per line for each subsequent insertion, but no notice inserted for less than fifty cents.

YEARLY ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at reasonable rates.

Administrator's and Executor's Notices, $2; Auditor's Notices, $2.50; Business Cards, five lines, (per year) $5, additional lines $1 each.

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JOB PRINTING of every kind, in plain and fancy colors, done with neatness and dispatch. Handbills, Blanks, Cards, Pamphlets, Billheads, Statements, &c., of every variety and style, printed at the shortest notice. The REPORTER office is well supplied with power presses, a good assortment of new type, and everything in the printing line can be executed in the most artistic manner and at the lowest rates. TERMS INVARIABLY CASH.

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Office over Kirby's Drug Store.

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

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ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
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Solicitor of Patents. Particular attention paid to business in the Orphans Court and to the settlement of estates.
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W. H. JESSUP,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW,
MONTROSE, PA.
Judge Jessup having resumed the practice of the law in Northern Pennsylvania, will attend to any legal business intrusted to him in Bradford county. Persons wishing to consult him, can call on H. Streeter, Esq., Towanda, Pa., when an appointment can be made.

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

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

E. F. GOFF,
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Agency for the sale and purchase of all kinds of Securities and for making loans on Real Estate. All business will receive careful and prompt attention. [June 4,1879.

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Office with G. F. Mason, over Patch & Tracy, Main street, Towanda, Pa. 4.15.80.

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,
TOWANDA, PA.
N. C. ELSBREE. L. ELSBREE.

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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.
Office with Wm. A. Vincent, Towanda, Pa. 1yr.

JOHN W. MIX,
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Office—North Side Public Square.
Jan. 1, 1875.

SAM W. BUCK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PENN'A.
Office—South side Poplar street, opposite Ward House. [Nov.13, 1879.

DAVIES & CARNOCHAN,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
SOUTH SIDE OF WARD HOUSE.
Dec 23-75. TOWANDA, PA.

J. ANDREW WILT,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Office—Means' Block, Main-st., over J. L. Kent's store, Towanda. May be consulted in German. (April 12, '78.)

W. J. YOUNG,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Office—second door south of the First National Bank Main St., up stairs.

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

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

W. B. KELLY, DENTIST.—Office over M. E. Rosenfield's, Towanda, Pa. Teeth inserted on Gold, Silver, Rubber, and Aluminum base. Teeth extracted without pain.
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Office over Montanyes' Store. Office hours from 10 to 12 A. M., and from 2 to 4 P. M.
Special attention given to
DISEASES OF THE EYE and DISEASES OF THE EAR

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

C. S. RUSSELL'S
GENERAL
INSURANCE AGENCY
Mayes-ly. TOWANDA, PA.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK,
TOWANDA, PA.
CAPITAL PAID IN.....$125,000
SURPLUS FUND..... 66,000
This Bank offers unusual facilities for the transaction of a general banking business.
JOS. POWELL, President. N. N. BETTS, Cashier. April 1, 187.9

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

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

Dress Goods

Black Silks,

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COLORED CASHMERES,

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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 by strict 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. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one 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 Salisbury 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 Masontown. 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*, 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, sensible 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. 4-w3.

PEEKSKILL (N. Y.) MILITARY ACADEMY—For circulars, address Col. C. J. Wright, A. M., Principal. July 15, w8

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.

WOOD NOTES.

A mist of violets white and blue,
A fringe of fern-leaves, washed with dew,
And dried by April's breeze;
A belt of blue-bell all a-row,
And on the tender grass a snow
Of wood anemones.

The wind-swayed branches rise and fall,
The little wood is musical
With dulcet tones and clear,
The hum of bee, the song of bird,
And in the carol's pause is heard
The streamlet running near.

Beneath the spreading woodland trees,
Among the white anemones,
Two children are at play:
The blossoms opening one by one,
Their star-like faces to the sun,
Are not more pure than they.

They laugh away the merry hours,
They crown themselves with woodland flowers,
They mimic bird and bee;
Till one, the graver of the twain,
Holds up, to tell of coming rain,
A closed anemone.

Ah, sister mine! through all the years,
Through mists of shed and unshed tears,
Mine eyes can yet behold
A picture of that sunlit wood,
The snow-white carpet where we stood
And watched the flowers unfold.

Ah, sister dear! 'tis meet for thee
To wear the wood anemone
Upon thy gentle breast;
Thou hast not left life's quiet ways
To follow after gain and praise
With spirit of unrest.

I had no mind for woodland bowers,
I scorned the simple woodland flowers
We pulled together then;
But waves of tender memory roll
Full often over my sick soul
In busy haunts of men.

And my true nature, finding voice,
Reminds me of thy better choice,
Thy calm, contented part:
My rose of life hath thorns—thy flower
Is fresh and pure as in the hour
It blossomed from thine heart.

Ah, my sweet sister, words are vain,
Yet could I stand with thee again
Beneath youth's budding trees,
I think my heart-world freely choose
From out all blossoms of all hues
Life's wood anemones.

—*All the Year Round.*

The Land of Twilight.

The story of Lieutenant Schwatka's Arctic explorations, as given by the New York *Herald's* correspondent, is painfully fascinating. The party reached their permanent camp on Simpson Strait, near Gladman Point, September 19, 1879, at the foot of a high hill, which Toolooah remarked would make a good lookout tower for deer hunting. All along this part of the coast, where Simpson Strait is narrowest, was expected soon to swarm with reindeer waiting for the salt water to freeze so they can continue their migration southward. It was for this reason that the party chose it, and also to await the freezing of the strait, so that they could cross with their heavy sleds. On the 23d they ran upon a herd of about fifty, and Toolooah killed seven before they could get away, following them up, running and dropping on his knee to fire. So rapid and effective was his delivery with his Winchester repeating carbine that this unequalled achievement was accomplished in less than ten minutes; and well knowing that it was to his splendid weapon that the credit largely belonged, this undemonstrative savage held up his rifle and kissed it. On the 30th Toolooah killed twelve reindeer, Joe eight and Equeesik and the writer each three, making a grand total of twenty-six by the party alone in one day. Reindeer tallow is a large part of the food of the explorers, as of the natives, when they can get it. Breakfast is eaten raw and frozen, but we generally have a warm meal in the evening. Fuel is hard to obtain, and consists entirely of a vine-like moss called ik-shoot-ik. Reindeer tallow is also used for a light. A small flat stone serves for a candlestick, on which a lump of tallow is placed, close to a piece of fibrous moss called mun-ne, which is used for a wick. The tallow melting runs down upon the stone, and is immediately absorbed by the moss. This makes a very cheerful and pleasant light, but is most exasperating to a hungry man, as it smells exactly like frying meat.

On the afternoon of the 27th of September a heavy snow storm set in, and the next morning the snow was knee deep on the level ice. The storm continued until during the night of the 29th. The snow was very deep, but the winter winds soon blew it around and packed it down so as to be almost solid. By the 14th of October the sledging was sufficiently good for Toolooah to go to Cape Herschel and Terror Bay for the sled and other articles that were left there during the summer for the want of transportation. As his little boy would suffer with the cold Toolooah exchanged wives with Joe for the trip, a very usual and convenient custom among the Esquimaux. Toolooah got back on the 23d. He killed three bears the day he reached Terror Bay. All of them got into the water, and he had to go to the edge of the new ice, using a pole to stand upon while fishing them out. He killed one reindeer at Cape Herschel, which was all he saw while away. The party started November 1, but did not succeed in getting further than the shore of the straits, about three miles from camp, owing to the heavy sleds and the dogs being so fat that they were lazy.

They had fondly hoped to be at the Dangerous Rapids by the 10th or 15th of November, but only reached the native camp near the mouth of Kig-muk-too (Sherman Inlet) on the 12th, owing to the heavily loaded sled and the much bad weather, fogs and wind that would blow the snow around so that they could not see their course. There was quite a large camp of Netchillik and Obkwolik Esquimaux on a big lake near the mouth of Sherman Inlet, the largest camp they had yet seen.

They found but few interesting relics among them. Only a piece of the boat found in Wilmot Bay after the big ship sunk, and part of the block branded either "10" or "O R" with part of the R obliterated. If the ship's blocks were branded with the name of the vessel to which they were attached, this would be important as establishing the identity of the ship that drifted down as the Terror. One Innuit, with the remarkable name of Ogzeuekjenwock, describes the finding of a boat and skeletons. Outside the boat he saw a number of skulls. He forgot how many, but said there was more than four. He also saw bones from legs and arms that appeared to have been sawed off. Inside the boat was a box filled with bones.

He said the appearance of the bones led the Innuits to the opinion that the white men had been eating each other. What little flesh was still on the bones was very fresh; one body had all the flesh on. The hair was light; it looked like a long body. He saw a number of wire snow goggles, and alongside the body with the flesh on it was a pair of gold spectacles. (He picked out the kind of metal from several that were shown him.) He saw more than one or two pairs of such spectacles, but forgot how many. When asked how long the bodies appeared to have been dead when he saw them, he said they had probably died during the winter previous to the summer he saw them. In the boat he saw canvas and four sticks (a tent or sail), saw a number of watches, open-faced; a few were gold, but most were silver. They are all lost now. They were given to the children to play with and have been broken up and lost. One body—the one with flesh on—had a gold chain on, fastened to gold earrings, and a gold hunting-case watch with engine-turned engraving attached to the chain and hanging down about the waist. He said when he pulled the chain it pulled the head up by the ears. This body also had a gold ring on the ring finger of the right hand. It was taken off and has since been lost by the children in the same way that the other things were lost. His reason for thinking that they had been eating each other was because the bones were cut with a knife or saw. They found one big saw and one small one in the boat; also a large red tin case of smoking tobacco and pipes. The bones are now covered up with sand and seaweed, as they were lying just at high water mark. Some of the books were taken home for the children to play with, and finally torn and lost, and others lay around among the rocks until carried away by the wind and lost or buried beneath the sand.

Near this spot two of Lieutenant Schwatka's men found the camp made by Captain Crozier, with his entire command from the two ships of Sir John Franklin, after abandoning the vessels. There were several cooking stoves, with their accompanying kettles, beside clothing, blankets, canvas, iron and brass implements and an opened grave, where was found a quantity of blue cloth, part of which seemed to have been a heavy overcoat, and a part probably wrapped around the body. There was also a large quantity of canvas in and around the grave, with coarse stitching through it and the cloth, as if the body had been encased for burial at sea. Several gilt buttons were found among the rotting cloth and mould in the bottom of the grave, and a lens, apparently the object glass of a marine telescope. Upon one of the stones at the foot of the grave Henry found a medal which was thickly covered with grime, and was so much the color of the clay stone on which it rested as to nearly escape detection. It proved to be a silver medal, two-and-a-half inches in diameter, which identified the grave as that of Lieutenant John Irving, third officer of the Terror. Under the head was found a figured silk pocket handkerchief, neatly folded, the colors and pattern in a remarkable state of preservation. The skull and a few other bones only were found in and near by the grave. They were carefully gathered together, with a few pieces of the cloth and the other articles, to be brought away for interment where they may hereafter rest undisturbed. Some time after a paper, in a weather-beaten and nearly illegible condition, was found in a pile of stones where had stood the cairn seen by Lieutenant Hobson and Toolooah's wife. It proved to be a copy of a record left here by Captain Crozier when retreating with the crews of the Erebus and Terror to the Great Fish River; was dated May 7, 1859, and signed by Captain McClintock.

Some of the details of the sledge journey made by Lieutenant Schwatka's men and the means resorted to for sustaining life are of intense interest. A few are here reproduced: "It is a difficult matter to keep guns in working order in the intensely cold weather we were experiencing. At sixty and seventy below zero everything freezes. Even the iron and wood are affected. Strong oak and hickory will break almost like icicles, and when guns were brought into the warmer temperature of an igloo to clean they would gather moisture, which had to be removed from every portion of the lock and working parts before again meeting the cold, or they would be worthless as weapons. They must also be kept free from oil or any kind of grease, as all lubricants of that sort will harden and prevent the working of the lock. It is a matter of great difficulty to get near enough to such wary game as the reindeer in winter, when the sound of the hunter's footsteps, tho' the soles of his shoes are covered with fur, is carried on the wind and can be distinctly heard more than a mile away. I have frequently heard the crunching of the sled runners on the brittle snow, a ringing sound like striking bars of steel, a distance of over two miles. * * * * The country is filled with reindeer, and on every hillside their breath can be seen rising like clouds of steam. A herd that was frightened by the dogs which were following the musk ox tracks scampered off in every direction, and it looked as if a lot of locomotives had been let loose over the country, the smoke coming from their lungs in great puffs as they ran, and streaming along behind them. When the sledges are moving during a clear, cold day the position of any one of them is known to the team, though they may be widely separated. Sometimes, for the advantage in hunting to be obtained that way, our igloo's have been separated by a day's march of about ten miles, and at that distance the condensed breath of the dogs and people could be distinctly seen and the position of the igloos located.

"The country began to swarm with wolves now as well as with reindeer, and we would meet them daily. Often they would come close to the igloos, and one night Toolooah shot one of three that were eating with our dogs the meat he had thrown out for food. They killed and ate four of Equeesik's dogs and attacked him when he went out of the igloo to drive them off. He killed two of his assailants with his rifle and two others by the most infernal traps ever devised. He set two keenly-sharpened knife blades in the ice and covered them with blood, which the wolves licked, at the same time slicing their tongues, the cold keeping them from feeling the wounds at the time and their own warm blood tempting them to continue until their tongues were so scarified that death was inevitable. He also prepared some pills by rolling up long strips of whalebone bound with sinew and hidden in meat, which freezing would hold together until it had passed into the animal's intestines, when the meat having thawed and the sinew digested the whalebone would open out and produce an agonizing death. If anything were bad enough treatment for wolves these devices of Equeesik's might be so classed. Toolooah was out hunting on the 23d of February, when a pack of about twenty wolves attacked him. He jumped upon a big rock, which was soon surrounded, and there he fought the savage beasts off with the butt of his gun until he got a sure shot, when he killed one, and while the others fought over and devoured the carcass he made the best of the opportunity to get back into camp. It was a most fortunate escape, as he fully realized.

"About five miles inland from Starvation Cove the natives had found during the summer the skeleton of a white man, which no one had ever seen before. On the way down Henry visited the place and erected a monument over the remains. The pieces of clothing found indicate that deceased was a sailor, not an officer. * * * * Narleyow led them to a place in the branch of the river flowing to the westward of this island, where he said a rocky ridge froze to the bottom, making a pocket which held fish. They dug four holes within an area of ten feet, and in one day caught fifty-seven of the immense salmon for which this river is famous. He cooked one for us, which was the largest I ever saw. Joe measured the cross section of one he saw in the native igloos before our camp that measured over one foot. I asked him how much over, but he couldn't tell, he said, as his pocket measure was 'only a foot long.' The largest number of fish that are caught here are what the natives call 'cow-e-silik,' and are peculiar to these waters. They are something like very large herring, and the flesh much coarser than salmon or trout. All the fish here are quite fat, the salmon especially. We bought several bags of salmon oil from the natives, which we used, so long as it lasted, as a substitute for reindeer tallow, which is all gone now. The weather is intensely cold—62 degrees Fahrenheit on the 10th, the day the remainder of our party rejoined us at this camp.

"The rapids on Back's River are all marked by open water, and are recognizable at a long distance by the column of black smoke arising from them like steam from a boiling caldron. The ice in the vicinity is dangerous to travel upon, there often being thin places, where the moving water has nearly but not quite cut through, and not distinguishable from the surrounding ice, which may be four or five feet thick. The natives test it before going upon it with a knife or stick, and know from the sound whether or not it is safe to travel upon. In some of the many open water places that we found in our journey up the river we could walk boldly up to the very edge and lie down and quench our thirst from the rushing torrent, while in other places it was not safe to go within several hundred yards of the edge.

"It was almost our daily experience now to lose one or more dogs. They got plenty of reindeer meat, but it was usually fed frozen and has but little nourishment in it in that state for cold weather, when fat and warming food is required. A seal skin full of blubber each week would have saved many of our dogs, but we had none to spare for them, as we were reduced to the point when we had to save it exclusively for lighting the igloos at night. We could not use it to warm our igloos or to cook with. Our meals had to be eaten cold—that is, frozen so solid that it had to be sawed and then broken into convenient sized lumps, which when first put into the mouth were like stones, or cooked with moss gathered from the hillsides and the snow beaten off with a stick. Meat will freeze in a temperature a little below the freezing point, but it is then in a very different condition from the freezing it gets at from 50 to 70 degrees below zero. Then every piece of meat you put in your mouth has first to be breathed upon to thaw the surface or it will stick to your tongue and the sides of your mouth and lips like frosty iron, and with the same disagreeable results. The luxury of a cooked meal could only be indulged in on the days when we were lying over in camp, as to gather the moss and cook the meal would take from three to four hours.

"We found open water at the rapids where Connery River empties into its estuary, and the ice four feet above the water line. It was with considerable difficulty that a safe passage was found for the sledges, but once on the salt-water ice we moved along rapidly. The prospect of reaching home (Depot Island) the next day was very exhilarating, and the dogs seemed to catch the infection from their masters. The poor, jaded beasts coiled their tails over their backs and ran along barking until we halted for the night, within about twenty miles of our destination. We still knew nothing concerning Hudson's Bay since we left a year before, Tsedluk having seen no one since he came to the camp where we found him. * * * We soon arrived in sight of Depot Island and looked anxiously for sledge tracks which we felt sure would be abundant here if the ships were near by. We saw no tracks for so long a time that we soon began to doubt that there were even any natives there. About noon we were within four or five miles of the island, and saw some natives on the ice in the dim distance. Then all was excitement in our party, and it increased as the distance diminished. I never expected to feel so agitated myself as I did when I found myself running and shouting with the natives. Toolooah fired a signal gun, then jumped on the sled and waved a deerskin, which had been agreed between him and Armow as announcing our identity on our return. At last the sleds drew near enough to recognize Armow, who was hastening up to us ahead of the others. When they hailed he grasped Lieutenant Schwatka by the hand and shook it long and heartily, saying, 'Ma-muk-poo am-a-suet suk-o' ('plenty good to see'), and then he came to me, and I noticed, as he held my hand, the tears, warm from his dear old heart, were coursing down his cheeks. I was moved, as I scarcely anticipated the tenderness and earnest warmth of our reception."

He Was Lying.

There was a row last night in a saloon on the Strand, and a middle-aged man was forcibly ejected. A news reporter was detailed to find out the facts, which furnished an amusing incident of the campaign.

There was a quiet crowd in the saloon, talking politics. The shabbiest man pushed his way in and seemed to take an absorbing interest in the discussion. One gentleman said:

"Hancock will get nine-tenths of the Federal soldiers."

"You are right," said the seedy man, in a loud, sonorous voice, clapping the speaker on the shoulder. "You just bet he will scoop 'em. I am an ex-Federal soldier myself, an' I'll vote for old Hancock."

The attention of the crowd was directed to the patriotic soldier.

"Were you in Hancock's corps?"

"Gentlemen," said the seedy man, running his arm through a hole in his hat, "I have voted the Republican ticket all my life, but next November my vote goes for my old commander. I may not like his politics, and they may say he puts on style, but when a General of the United States army gets off his horse to help me when I am lying helpless on the blood-stained field of battle, slippery with human gore, I am going to vote for him anyhow."

"Hurrah for Hancock!" shouted the crowd.

"Will you join us?" asked several enthusiasts of the grateful soldier, as they advanced in solid column on the bar. The healths of Hancock and English were drank with enthusiasm several times.

"Hand out some of those high-priced cigars," said another enthusiast to the barkeeper. The ex-Federal took half a dozen.

"I've a great notion," said another enthusiast, holding the Hancock man off at arm's length and surveying him from top to bottom. "I've a great notion of making you a present of a new suit of clothes."

"Were you badly wounded?" asked another sympathetic enthusiast.

"I was lying on the blood-stained field of battle, slippery with human gore, weak and faint from the loss of blood with my leg shattered by a reb, —I mean a hostile cannon ball. I had fallen early in the fight."

The earnest crowd gathered close around the patriot to catch every word.

"Gen. Meade had given orders to advance and drive the reb—I mean the hostile foe—from his position. Just as I was expecting to be trampled under foot, up rode Gen. Hancock and English."

"English!" bawled the crowd.

"Yes, Generals Hancock and English, riding side by side, just as you see their pictures, only they had their swords drawn. I was lying weak and helpless on—"

And so it was, but this time it was not on the blood-stained field of battle, slippery with human gore, but on the hard pavement slippery with tobacco juice.

He got up and shuffled down the street muttering: "It seems to me English don't bring as much strength to the ticket as I thought he would."—*Galveston News.*

HE COULDN'T HELP HER.—A fair young mother with a crying baby in her arms sat in a Silver City stage coach, says a Nevada paper. On the opposite seat was a well-known politician of engaging manners. By-and-by he said: "Let me hold your baby; perhaps I can soothe him." "Oh, no; I'm much obliged; you couldn't help me any," was the answer. "But," he persisted, "you had better let me try." "You are very kind," said the lady at last, "but I know you couldn't help me, for he is hungry." A light seemed to dawn on the politician's mind, and he abruptly broke off the conversation.

FORMS OF FEEDING.—In Vienna I was used to seeing elbows on the table, knife and fork alternately inserted half way down the throat, but here in Bohemia the elbows are extended at an angle of forty-five degrees, and both knife and fork raised to the mouth at once. Ladies as well as gentlemen perform these gymnastics, their chairs tipped forward, their noses down to their plates. I once told an Austrian countess that the only improvement I could suggest for her dinner table was "to place a trough around it." Here in Bohemia I would do away with a table and retain the trough alone.

OCTOBER.

Autumn winds are blowing,
Leaves are dying, showing
Obedience to the call
Of Winter, mighty monarch,
Crowned king of all.

Soon will come the snow-flake,
Soon the crystal bells
Dangle where the violet
Now its beauty tells;
Soon the ice-bound brooklet,
With glassy, frosty sheen,
Proclaims to all who listen,
Winter reigns supreme.

MINNIE C. BALLARD.

How to Vote.

THE HAWKEYE MAN TALKS TO THE YOUNG MEN.

Young man, have you heard there is going to be an election in this country pretty soon. It may be that you have never before voted for President. In that case it is time to be making up your mind how you will vote this fall, and with which party you will work in the meantime. Which is it, Garfield or Hancock? Will you be radical or conservative? Radicalism is progress, conservatism is standing still, and standing still in this age is going backward. Radicalism moves on the highway, abreast of the times, keeps pace with the railroad, the telegraph, the telephone, the steamship. Conservatism sits in the graveyard, dwelling among the tombs and mourning over the good old times. Choose you between the two. And if you choose to go with the Democracy and vote for Hancock, let us see what kind of company you will have on your way to the polls.

The man who murdered General McCook will vote for Hancock

Every man who rejoiced at the assassination of Lincoln will vote for Hancock.

Every man that put on a Ku-Klux mask and assisted in dragging an old negro out of his bed at midnight and hanging him, will vote for Hancock.

The brigands who rode after Quantrell into Lawrence, Kansas, and sacked the town and murdered the inhabitants, will vote for Hancock.

Alexander H. Stephens, late Vice-President of the so-called Southern Confederacy, says he was the "original Hancock man," and will vote for him.

Wade Hampton, who in 1868, publicly and repeatedly urged the social ostracism of Republicans, and advised from the platform that no Democrat should give a Republican employment or trade at a store kept by a Republican, has taken the field for Hancock.

General Butler, of South Carolina, the Hamburg butcher, will vote for Hancock.

William H. Barnum, of Connecticut, the well-known "mule dealer," will vote for Hancock.

The sentinels who stood guard over the Union prisoners at Andersonville, and shot dead the starving soldier of the Union, your neighbor, your friend, your brother, as he staggered across the dead line, will vote for Hancock.

The man who shot General McPherson will vote for Hancock.

Barksdale, the Yazoo County murderer, who killed Dixon because he wanted to run for the same office, has declared for Hancock.

Currie, the Texas assassin, who shot an unarmed actor just because it was his day to kill somebody, has been acquitted by a Texas jury and will vote for Hancock.

Jeff. Davis says if he had a vote he would cast it for Hancock.

Beauregard, who fired the first gun at the flag of his country at Fort Sumpter, and now writes to a New Orleans paper, that he "does not repent it because his conscience does not reproach him for it," will vote for Hancock.

Samuel J. Tilden, a politician so infamously and notoriously corrupt and unappreciated that even his own party dared not, could not and would not re-nominate him, will vote for Hancock.

Now, there they are, young man, just a few of them. If you like the crowd go into it. If you want the friends who now respect you and the people whose respect you wish to retain; if you want your old father who is proud of you and looks to you to perpetuate the family name and honor; if you want your mother who sees in you the best and dearest and manliest of sons; if you want your sweetheart and wife, who has made you her ideal of all that is noble and true, the very soul of honor, the perfection of honest manhood and spotless integrity; if you want all these friends who think and believe you to be pure and exalted in life and sentiment; if you want them to see you marching up to the polls with that mob, thinking as this motley array of Union haters and negro shooters think, voting as they vote, applauding what they endorse and making your own sentiments, your aspirations, your hopes and wishes, your plans and your ambitions, your motives and your actions identical with theirs, why, it's a free country, go up with them and then come back and hate yourself to death.

Go with that crowd if you will, but take a warm bath before you come back to your family. Fumigate yourself before you come into the house. For decency's sake, in the name of manly purity, have the virtue to be ashamed of yourself. But if you don't like the crowd, and we earnestly hope and believe you don't, keep out of it and keep away from it. Be stalwart. Be radical in everything. March up to the polls under the fluttering battle-flag your fathers and brothers carried for the Union, when these other fellows were shooting at them.

Go to the polls in company with the son of Abraham Lincoln, rather than arm in arm with Barksdale of Yazoo. Walk beside the son of Stephen A. Douglass, rather than Currie of Texas.

Go to the polls with Grant, rather than Pemberton, both for the honor of the thing and the certainty of victory. Walk beside such men as John G. Whittier, rather than the masked night rides who helps to hang and shoot Republicanism out of Mississippi.

Go to the polls with decent, honest men. It is for you to make your own choice. And let us implore you to so choose that you will never have reason to be ashamed of the company with which you cast your first vote.

What I Think About Tattlers.

To define the word Tattler would render it necessary to find a word that means the same or nearly the same that one word or compilation of words could comprehend the meaness of the word Tattler would be a startling revelation to any one who is acquainted with one. Rob all the languages in existence of every word of vituperation they contain, submit them to a process of condensation until you have crowded the meaning of them all into one word and that word is Tattler. Ransack history ancient, medeval and modern, make careful note of all the depraved, debased, malignant attributes that man or woman has, is, or can be possessed of, collect them all together, give them personal existence and you have only a Tattler. Judas Iscariot was simply a Tattler and it was his first offense that has made his name a synonym of treachery for 1800 years.

Benedict Arnold was a Tattler, but of so exceptional good character for a Tattler that he has done more to elevate his profession than any member of it before or since. Go into the dismal swamp of Florida, empty every stagnant pool it contains, of all their wriggling, crawling, slimy, loathsome contents, collect them all into one heap and the disgust that we would feel in the contemplation, it would sink into insignificance in the presence of one of those prying, insinuating, meddlesome, covetous, jealous, despicable creatures called Tattlers.

Eden changes into Bedlam with their presence, Perdition into Paradise with their absence. No place is exempt from, no society, church or community can ever hope for anything like happiness or prosperity while one of those perfidous hypocritical traitorous wolves are in their midst, and yet, very few of these institutions was, or ever will be organized without one or more.

They force their way into houses of divine worship in the form of a troop of giggling, simpering, ignorant, mischief-making girls; all the way from country servant girls down to country school mistresses and shoddy aristocracy, always, if possible, taking the front seat to show themselves as well as to criticise or "throw mud" at the choir or Preacher or anything else that their stupid spite happens to suggest, just so far as their empty heads, blank idocy and grinning imbecility will permit them to. They crowd their way into the sick room, with their different degrees to do harm, all the way from those knowing self-conceited middle-aged matrons who have brought up families, down to skinny, cadaverous old maids carrying their pestiferous uninvited unwelcome selves to the very bedside of the patient, doing in one hour (if permitted) more harm with their miserable bald faced lies, than all the Doctors in christendom can do good in a week. They never see any good in anybody or anything. They invariably turn a deaf ear to all sweet melodious and happyfying sounds, and only hear ugly discordant and soul petrifying sounds. Listening to the voices of nature they never hear the song of birds or the glad hum of the busy bee nor the laughing ripple of the brooklets, but only hear the threatening hiss of the angry serpent, the deep hoarse bellowing of the infuriated bull, and the hypocritical laugh of the hyena. They never know what it is to have one good generous heart-beat; but as if their vegetative system had acquired the natural meanness of their souls, and the heart beats out the blood to the arteries in mean stingy doses producing a scarcely perceptible pulse, but yet, a wiry stubborn incompressible one. They live forever but never enjoy health. They are always in company but never have a friend they are true to. Dyspepsia is their only companion, death their only friend. They crawl through their lives like the snail leaving a disgusting trail of slime, hypocrisy and broken trusts that marks a distinct path from early childhood to the grave.

In their whole history they take part in but one assembly in which it is not necessary for every discreet person to weigh carefully every syllable he utters because of their presence, and that assembly is their funeral. They congregate at barrooms and stores to expectorate tobacco juice and contaminate the atmosphere with their vile alchoholic breaths, and also to slander every person that they are acquainted with that don't attend their inquisition of human character.

And at those vile orgies no one's wife is sacred enough to escape their blasphemous accusations; no one's sister, is pure enough to be spared the coarsest ribaldry that human mind ever cogitated or human tongue ever uttered; no one's mother is saintly enough to escape criticisms so vile that a banditti would blush to hear it. Knowing nothing on any subject is their motto, but give their opinions on every subject is their practice.—*Dr. S. C. Carr, in the Millertown (Tioga County, Pa.) Advocate.*

IN regard to the lawlessness of certain pursuits, pleasures and amusements, it is impossible to lay down any fixed and general rule; but we may confidently say that whatever is found to unfit you for religious duties, or to interfere with the performance of them, whatever dissipates your mind or cools the fervor of your devotions, whatever indisposes you to read your Bible or to engage in prayer, these are not for you.

AN innocent young lady writes to know if