The Bradford Reporter.

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

VOLUME XLI. TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 18, 1880. NUMBER 25

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

The BRADFORD REPORTER is published every Thursday morning by GOODRICH & HITCHCOCK, One Dollar per annum, in advance.

Advertising in all cases exclusive of subscription to the paper.

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

YEARLY ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at reasonable rates.

Administrator's and Executor's Notices, $2; Auditor's Notices, $1.50; Business Cards, five lines, (per year) $4, additional lines $1 each.

Yearly advertisers are entitled to quarterly changes. Transient advertisements must be paid for in advance.

All resolutions of associations, communications of limited or individual interest, and notices of marriages or deaths, exceeding five lines are charged TEN CENTS per line, but simple notices of marriage and deaths will be published without charge.

THE REPORTER having a larger circulation than any other paper in the county, makes it the best advertising medium in Northern Pennsylvania.

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

Business Cards.

MADILL & KINNEY,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.
Office—Rooms formerly occupied by Y. M. C. A. Reading Room.
H. J. MADILL. 3,18,80 O. D. KINNEY.

MRS. E. J. PERRIGO,
TEACHER OF PIANO AND ORGAN.
Lessons given in Thorough Bass and Harmony. Cultivation of the voice a specialty. Located at A. Shelp's Main St. Reference: Holmes & Passage. Towanda, Pa., March 4, 1880.

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

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

PECK & OVERTON
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
D. A. OVERTON, BENJ. M. BECK.

RODNEY A. MERCUR,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.,
Solicitor of Patents. Particular attention paid to business in the Orphans Court and to the settlement of estates.
Office in Montanyes Block May 1, '79.

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

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

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

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

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

W. H. THOMPSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, WYALUSING, PA. Will attend to all business entrusted to his care in Bradford, Sullivan and Wyoming Counties. Office with Esq. Porter. [nov19-74.

HIRAM E. BULL,
SURVEYOR:
ENGINEERING, SURVEYING AND DRAFTING.
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.

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

I. McPHERSON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Dist'ct Att'y Brad. Co. [feb.1'78.

FIRE INSURANCE.
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. S. Vincent, Towanda, Pa. 1yr.

JOHN W. MIX,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW AND U. S. COMMISSIONER,
TOWANDA, PA.
Office—North Side Public Square. Jan. 1, 1875.

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

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

ANDREW WILT,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Office—Means' Block, Main-st., over J. L. Kent's store, Towanda. May be consulted in German. [April 12, '76.

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

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

DR. S. M. WOODBURN, Physician and Surgeon. Office at residence, on Pine Street, East of Main.
Towanda, May 1, 1877 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. Oct. 24-72.

E. D. PAYNE, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office over Montanyes' Store. Office hours from 10 to 12 A. M., and from 2 to 4 P. M.
Special attention given to
DISEASES OF THE EYE and DISEASES OF THE EAR

G. W. RYAN,
COUNTY 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
May 24-70tf. 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.

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

Legal.

NOTICE IN PARTITION.—State of Pennsylvania, County of Bradford, ss: To Sarah Ann Lawrence, Joseph F. Wheaton, Cyrus G. Wheaton, Emily F. Sibley, Charlotte M. Rogers, Henry W. Wheaton, Melissa Ann M. Rogers—please take notice:

Whereas, at an Orphans' Court, held at Towanda in and for said County of Bradford, on the 27th day of April, A. D. 1880, before the Hon. P. D. Morrow, President Judge of said Court, in the matter of the estate of John Wheaton, deceased, the petition of Melissa Ann M. Rogers, wife of James Rogers and daughter of John Wheaton, late of the township of Warren, in said County, deceased, was presented, setting forth that the said John Wheaton died March 24, 1829, intestate, seized in his demesne as of fee of and in a certain messuage and tract of land situate in said township of Warren, bounded north by lands of George Pendleton and Benedict Arnold, east by lands of Benjamin Huntington, and south and west by lands of Samuel Wheaton; containing about 108 acres,—and leaving to survive him a widow, Sally Wheaton, and eight children, Sarah Ann Lawrence, Joseph F. Wheaton, Cyrus G. Wheaton, Frederick T. Wheaton (since deceased), Emily F. Sibley, Charlotte M. Rogers, Henry W. Wheaton and Melissa Ann M. Rogers; that the widow, Sally Wheaton, died March 13th, 1850; that the said Frederick F. Wheaton died September 17th, 1853, leaving to survive him a widow, Susan Wheaton (since married to Major Darling), and one son, Seymour Wheaton; that no guardians were appointed for any of the minor children of said John Wheaton, deceased; that understand by virtue of the intestate laws of this Commonwealth, it belongs to the said Melissa Ann M. Rogers to have an equal one-eighth part of said real estate. No partition of said real estate having been had, the petitioner prays the Court to award an inquest to make partition of the said real estate to and among the aforesaid parties according to their respective rights, and she will ever pray, etc. Whereupon the said Court grant a rule on the heirs and legal representatives of said decedent to show cause why partition of the above described real estate shall not be made. And now to wit, May 6th, 1880, the Court continue this rule until September Term next.

And now to wit, September 22d, 1880, rule made absolute, and the said Court, on due proof and consideration of the premises, awarded an inquest to make partition as prayed for. We therefore command you that, taking with you seven good and lawful men of your bailiwick, you go to and upon the premises aforesaid, and there, in the presence of all parties aforesaid by you to be warned (if upon being warned they will be present), and having respect to the true valuation thereof, and upon the oaths and affirmations of the said seven good and lawful men, you make partition to and among the heirs and legal representatives of the said intestate in such manner and in such proportions as by the laws of this Commonwealth is directed if the same can be so parted and divided without prejudice to or spoiling the whole; and if such partition cannot be made thereof without prejudice to or spoiling the whole, that then you cause the said inquest to inquire and ascertain whether the same will conveniently accommodate more than one of the said heirs and legal representatives of the said intestate without prejudice to or spoiling the whole; and if so, how many it will as aforesaid accommodate, describing each part by metes and bounds, and returning a just valuation of the same. But if the said inquest by you to be summoned as aforesaid to make the said partition or valuation shall be of opinion that the premises aforesaid, with the appurtenances, can not be so parted and divided as to accommodate more than one of the said heirs and legal representatives of the said intestate, that then you cause the inquest to value the whole of the said real estate, with the appurtenances, having respect to the true valuation thereof agreeably to law; and that the partition or valuation so made you distinctly and openly have before our said Judge at Towanda, at an Orphans' Court there to be held on the regular day of session thereof, after such inquest shall be made under your hand and seal, and under the hands and seals of those by whose oaths or affirmations you shall make such partition or valuation, and have you then and there this writ.

Witness: P. D. Morrow, President Judge of our said Court at Towanda aforesaid, the 27th day of April, A. D. 1880. A. C. FRISBIE, Clerk of Orphans' Court.

In conformity with the above order, I hereby give notice to the above named heirs and all other persons interested, that an inquest will be held on the above estate, on the premises, on FRIDAY, the 26TH day of NOVEMBER, A. D. 1880, at 2 o'clock, P. M. PETER J. DEAN, Sheriff.
Towanda, October 14, 1880.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration having been granted to the undersigned, upon the estate of Chas. B. Dexter, late of Tuscarora township, deceased, notice is hereby given that all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and all persons having claims against said estate must present the same duly authenticated to the undersigned for settlement.
ALMON C. DEXTER, Administrator.
Tuscarora, Pa., Oct. 21, 1880-w6.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration having been granted to the undersigned, upon the estate of L. M. Rundell, late of Burlington, deceased, notice is hereby given that all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and all persons having legal claims against the same will present them without delay in proper order for settlement to
D. M. RUNDELL, Administrator.
Luther's Mills, Oct. 28, 1880-w6.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Letters testamentary having been granted to the undersigned, under the last will and testament of James C. Ridgway, late of Franklin twp., deceased, all persons indebted to the estate of said decedent are hereby notified to make immediate payment, and all having claims against said estate must present the same duly authenticated to the undersigned for settlement.
SAMANTHA S. RIDGWAY, Executor.
Monroeton, Oct. 28, 1880.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—In re the estate of Charles S. Fox, deceased. The undersigned, an Auditor appointed by the Orphans' Court of Bradford County to distribute the balance of funds of said estate in the hands of the administrator of said estate, will attend to the duties of his appointment at his office in the Borough of Towanda, on SATURDAY, the 13TH day of NOVEMBER, 1880, at 10 o'clock, A. M., when and where all persons having claims on said fund must present them or be forever debarred from coming in upon the same.
J. P. KEENEY, Auditor.
Towanda, October 21, 1880-w4.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.—In the matter of the assignment of M. F. Ransom for the benefit of his creditors. In the Court of Common Pleas of Bradford County, No. 764, May Term, 1877.

The final account of G. H. VanDyke, Assignee in the above case, filed September 22, 1880; and said account will be presented to said Court for final confirmation and allowance on Thursday, December 9, 1880, unless cause be shown why said account should not be finally confirmed and allowed by the Court. GEORGE W. BLACKMAN, Prothonotary.
Towanda, Oct. 21, 1880-w4.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—S. B. Tupper's use vs. E. O. and D. Taylor. In the Court of Common Pleas of Bradford County, No. 1160, May Term, 1879.

The undersigned, an Auditor appointed by the Court to distribute the fund arising from the Sheriff's sale of defendants personal property, will attend to the duties of his appointment at his office in Towanda, on MONDAY, NOVEMBER 22D, 1880, at 10 o'clock, A. M., when all persons having claims upon said fund must present them or be forever debarred from coming in upon the same.
THOS. E. MYER, Auditor.
Towanda, Oct. 21, 1880-w4.

APPLICATION IN DIVORCE.—To Julia E. Munch. In the Court of Common Pleas of Bradford county. No. 568, May T., 1880. You are hereby notified that George, your husband, has applied to the Court of Common Pleas of Bradford County for a divorce from the bonds of matrimony, and the said Court has appointed Monday, December 6, 1880, in the Court House in Towanda, for hearing the said George in the premises, at which time and place you may attend if you think proper.
PETER J. DEAN, Sheriff.
4-4w.

APPLICATION IN DIVORCE.—To Hezekiah Chamberlain. In the Court of Common Pleas of Bradford county. No. 114, May Term, 1880. You are hereby notified that Estelle J., your wife, has applied to the Court of Common Pleas of Bradford County for a divorce from the bonds of matrimony, and the said Court has appointed Monday, the 6th day of December, in the Court House in Towanda, for hearing the said Estelle, in the premises, at which time and place you may attend if you think proper.
PETER J. DEAN, Sheriff.
4-4w.

APPLICATION IN DIVORCE.—To Albert Curkendall. In the Court of Common Pleas of Bradford county, No. 33, December Term, 1880. You are hereby notified that Eliza, your wife, has applied to the Court of Common Pleas of Bradford County for a divorce from the bonds of matrimony, and the said Court has appointed Monday, December 6th, 1880, in the Court House in Towanda, for hearing the said Eliza, in the premises, at which time and place you may attend if you think proper.
PETER J. DEAN, Sheriff.
4-4w.

PROCLAMATION.—WHEREAS, Hon. PAUL D. MORROW, President Judge of the 15th Judicial District, consisting of the county of Bradford, has issued his precept, bearing date the 13th day of September, 1880, to me directed, for holding a Court of Oyer and Terminer, General Jail Delivery, Quarter Session of the Peace, Common Pleas and Orphan's Court at Towanda, for the county of Bradford, commencing on Monday, DECEMBER 6TH, 1880, to continue three weeks.

Notice is hereby given to the Coroners and Justices of the Peace of the county of Bradford, that they be then and there in their proper persons, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, with records, inquisitions and other remembrances to do those things which to their office appertain to be done; and those who are bound by recognizances or otherwise, to prosecute against the prisoners who are or may be in the jail of said county, are to be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just. Jurors are requested to be punctual in their attendance, agreeably to their notice.

Dated at Towanda, the 9th day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty, and of the Independence of the United States one hundred and fourth.
PETER J. DEAN, Sheriff.

SUSQUEHANNA COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE.—First Winter Term commences MONDAY, NOVEMBER 1ST, 1880. Expenses for board, tuition and furnished room, from $172 to $180 per year. For catalogue or further particulars address the Principal,
EDWIN E. QUINLAN, A. M.
Towanda, October 28, 1880.

FOUR SEASONS.

I.

In the balmy April weather,
My love, you know,
When the corn began to grow,
What walks we took together,
What sighs we breathed together,
What vows we pledged together,
In the days of long ago!

II.

In the golden summer weather,
My love, you know,
When the mowers went to mow,
What home we built together,
What babes we watched together,
What plans we planned together,
While the skies were all aglow.

III.

In the rainy autumn weather,
My love, you know,
When the winds began to blow,
What tears we shed together,
What mounds we heaped together,
What hopes we lost together,
When we laid our darlings low!

IV.

In the wild and wintry weather,
My love, you know,
With our hands as white as snow,
What prayers we pray together,
What fears we share together,
What heaven we seek together,
For our time has come to go!

—*Theodore Tilton.*

Letter From Dakota.

[The following letter, written by a lady of this place, who spent a portion of the past summer in Dakota, will be found highly entertaining:]

SPIRITWOOD FARMS, Dakota, Aug. 5, 1880.

My Dear K——: You have heard of Gail Hamilton's plight—"ten miles from a lemon;" well, just imagine me eighty-three miles from hair pins and shoe blacking! with but one house in sight, save those belonging to the farms, no evidence of life far away, save the scream of the locomotive. Picture a boundless, treeless, grey-green and cold prairie with a horizon that abruptly dips into a sea of oats, peas, beans and barley" and amber grain, and I a tiny speck in the centre, still confused by the long journey, with eyes yet aching with the endeavor to measure these vast distances, but for all that, indubitably, it is I.

We took the steamer Atlantic from Buffalo en route to Duluth, our party of four, Judge M., Mrs. M., son and self. Soon after we met Mr. F. and daughter—charming people—from Boston, and by tacit agreement the two parties became one till the end of our steamer trip. The Atlantic is a fine boat, neat, well furnished, with a captain who inspires confidence in his skill to manage his craft and crew. As for the passengers, they are the regulation lot—the people who travel in their best clothes; the female correspondent with a note book and a semi-paralytic husband; a German and wife who sit day after day without speaking; an unpleasant child or so; a loud-voiced, backwoods party with the jaundice. The women wear pounds of cheap jewelry, the men saucer their tea, have four kinds of desert and headache for dinner. Two pretty young girls traveling alone. There is a white-face, flaxen-haired Yorkshire girl in a long black velvet gown with yards and yards of Spanish lace wound about her throat. The sly puss soon won the sympathies of the gentlemen of the party into whose ready ears she poured a touching tale of loneliness, a lover, a cruel parent, a flight across the sea, the uncertainties of the long voyage and of friends awaiting her at the mines. She sweetly took their consolation and advice with an artlessness touching to behold. But alas "the poor young English girl" turned the tables and proved to be the best of travelers and an arrant smuggler besides, and bade her sympathizing friends good-bye with fifty yards of the best black silk snugly tucked away in the tail of that velvet gown.

From Buffalo to Cleveland the route lies close to low banks lined with vineyards, orchards and sloping pastures, comfortable and common place. The water is lovely, of a pale pure beryl tint. Opal skies bounded by a horizon of delicate silver, against which in the light of the full moon the white sails of the slow-moving ships shine like fairy wings.

I must tell you that I have discovered an antidote to sea sickness—knitting and salt codfish in alternate doses. When forty miles out of Cleveland we had some rough water. Every one had disappeared—for a nap. Miss F. and I encamped in arm chairs in the ladies' saloon. She pale, I equally pale, but determined. At every lurch I set my teeth firm and knit viciously for a minute. Near by was a cabin boy cleaning his lamps. He cast one baleful eye on them, the other on us with a glare that said, "that swell will fetch 'em!" I wouldn't have gone under then for any consideration. We sat there for what seemed an age while that demoniacle boy grinned and chuckled over our misery. At last Miss F. went to take a nap, and oh the mournful smile of the boy. Soon after the stewardess stopped to say, "Oh, Miss, but you do look sick; let me help you to your state-room." "Thanks, Annie," said I, "there is nothing the matter; I am perfectly well—that is, *almost* perfectly well. But," with a gasp, "can you bring me a piece of salt codfish?" "Codfish!" muttered Annie, suspecting lunacy, while that boy unconsciously upheld a huge lump in his right hand while awaiting the *denouement.* A quarter square yard of codfish appeared on a dinner platter. One bite made "Richard himself again!" The mournful boy fled.

We spent several hours riding through Cleveland, and did full justice to the handsome Euclid avenue. Nearly a day was given to Detroit, a pretty city with lovely china stores and shops of rare lake curiosities. But such a horror of a park, a paper-littered enclosure that ought to be written with a little "p." The day was very hot, 92° on the boat, and a large access of passengers, whom we naturally look upon as interlopers.

At the Sault Sainte Marie the scene changes. Low pines, firs and white birches line the rocky shores, on which crouch squalid huts swarming with half breeds. Farther on are Indians fishing among the sharp rocks of the Rapids. It is wonderful with what skill that erect figure guides and balances the frail birch-bark toy in the boiling waters and what splendid big white fish his comrade pulls out for our supper.

Now we are on Lake Superior, no land in sight. The thermometer has fallen 50° in less than two days. No more chats on deck, the hanging baskets are taken in and we hover around the radiators. Some one tells ghastly tales of shipwrecks on the Lake where ladies have been found frozen stiff, still clinging to their life-preservers. A woman, they say, if strong, can live fifteen minutes in these icy waters. I look out through the window and try to fancy the cruel creep of the waves as they said to those poor creatures, "home, friends and life were yours, but you are mine." Then I call the stewardess to put another blanket in my stateroom.

Then come days of bright sunshine. The light lingers in the Northern skies till nearly ten o'clock. The crisp cool air stirs the blood like wine. From the pilot house we look down upon the softly-tinted waters of Kewenaw bay and sigh over the Pictured Rocks passed in the night. While the Atlantic discharges her freight we explore the tiny fishing voyages, buy Indian curiosities, peep into the copper works and ramble one perfect morning through Marquette, quaint on high cliffs gay with bloom. In and out we wind through the Isles of the Apostles, past the old church founded by Pere Marquet, two hundred years ago.

One morning we were awakened by a shout, "Duluth is in sight!" The metropolis of the West that was to be and is not, lies asleep before us, *not* a beauty when asleep, certainly not improved when awake! Hasty toilets, good-byes, the eight days of steamer life are over and here begins a long ride of nearly 400 miles "into the far-off lands of the Dakotahs." For miles the road follows the course of the St. Louis River with its *dalles* or falls. The pitchy black water dashes over grey rocks in and out of tamarack swamps, into whose coverts the wild deer flee as we pass; Indians dance about their camp fires and the bright eyes of the little ones peer up incuriously into ours. We stop for supper at a tiny wayside station and have a squaw cook—and a good cook she was.

Suddenly the great plains of Minnesota appear. Here great reaches of virgin soil, gay with countless flowers new and strange, gorgeous golden sunflowers with soft brown eyes, glowing disks of lavender with a maroon heart, acres spiked with amethyst bloom, and sweet wild roses everywhere, miles of fresh, black upturned sod, a sea of wheat. Weary eyes close to open next morning in time to bid good-bye to Minnesota. I lazily sit listening to the melodious voice of an English officer in command of a force of Canadian mounted police bound for frontier duty. What marvelous tales he tells of daring adventures in the Rocky Mountains, and how terribly afraid of him Sitting Bull must be! I ask no questions and believe everything he says—it saves so much mental wear and tear. I turn and look up into a familiar face. Mr. R. has come out from Spiritwood to meet us. His cheery "good morning" banishes sleepiness and we all sit up and begin to take notice once more.

We are drawing near to Fargo, the boundary town of Dakota, and in a few minutes will cross the Red River of the North. A thrill runs through me. We are in enchanted land. As a child I had dreamed of the river famous in song, romance and story. I saw the mystic river, a silver thread winding in and out of wild rice marshes clasping tiny emerald lakes in close embrace. I saw the brave French missionaries carrying in one hand the lillies of France, in the other the cross of Christ. I saw the wild Assinoboin with poised arrow watch the far-off flight of the wild goose. I saw the Red River voyageur ship his oar and turn to catch the Angelus chimes from the "turrets twain" of sweet St. Boniface. With a hasty cry to the scribe we rush *en masse* to the rear platform. The train is crossing a small bridge. A moment of suspense. Some one asks, "How soon shall we reach the river?" "This," said our friend mildly, "is the Red River of the North." One look, a cry of derision and a disgusted party tumble into the car. Beneath us a narrow stream of muddy, dingy water creeps sulkily in a canal-like channel. Some sad, wind-tossed elms and pert box elders straggle up and down the low banks. Close at hand Wan Lee's establishment of pine boards give evidence of a thriving business. The discordant rattle of a dummy engine comes from yonder pudgy barge taking in freight from an elevator. In a clay bank is an edifying dog fight. No sweet St. Boniface, no wild Assinoboin, no voyageur, no Margery Daw! I shut my eyes on it all and murmur, "another dear gazelle gone," and wonder what we will have for breakfast. Fargo boasts a very respectable hotel whither we at once repair. After breakfast Mrs. M. and I go to bed—regularly to bed—in a bed, for the first time in eight nights. Not even the sight of the Dalrymple wheat field, twelve miles long and five wide, is a temptation.

Later, freshened by a bath and a dip into our trunks, we sally out. What a brisk little place it is—banks, stores, shops, farming machines piled up at every corner. A babble of many tongues in many languages. Men, men, men everywhere—young, stalwart and strong, an army of harvesters waiting to be hired. No wonder there are, it is said, sixty thousand old maid school-teachers in New England alone. However, unless the aforesaid females have an instinct toward an adaptability for pioneer life they had better stay at home and contentedly teach A B C's to the little "butchers and bakers and candle-stick makers." We drive out of the town and see the sun, a huge golden ball, drop out of sight in an oat field. Here, too, we make the acquaintance of the Dakota mosquitoes—so big, so black. Millions of them swarm out of every pool of water. Not so active, fortunately, as their Eastern brothers, they fly against the face with a heavy thud and stay there—till you kill them. The story goes that Eastern sportsmen have occasionally shot them for snipe. Rich fields of wheat just beginning to ripen and acres upon acres of oats line the black road on which the horses smoothly trot.

Morning comes again. After a good breakfast we are on the train leaving the level plains behind us. The ground swells in softly rounded hills and quaintly curved depressions. Houses are few and far between. Lakes of every shape and dimension, from a good sized sheet of several acres to the veriest pocket handkerchief of a pool—all swarming with wild fowl, millions of ducks, and there goes the plover, another and another. The men grow restless, and even I, who am in mortal terror of firearms and cannot tell one end of a gun from the other, am seized with an impulse to snatch up a stick, rush out and shoot something. It is wonderful how many faces this almost treeless plain can assume, each more beautiful than the last. Here is another drive. I am not yet reconciled to these Western rivers. Everything else is on so grand a scale that one can't help being disappointed. It is absolutely funny to see the pride with which the pioneers point to a narrow creek that an athlete could clear at a bound. But beware, oh agile youth, lest you fail; there may be six feet of water, there will be nine feet of mud!

The day wears on, but before the shadows lengthen our journey of ten days is at an end. The train stops. Expectant faces are outside. Mr. R. springs out and we are welcomed to the great Spiritwood Farms.

As ever yours, ——.

How Lovely Woman Stoops to Folly.

Wide mouths have come into fashion for women. This is a change from the prevailing style of the past year or two. The proper mouth of the present season is worn in a constant but mild smile, the corners being drawn back horizontally, with the lips left closed. The expression is one of amiable, quiet satisfaction with all the world—as though the mind was free from sorrow and the feet free from corns. Care should be taken not to broaden this into an active grin, except on mirthful occasions; nor should the lips be compressed. All should be in repose. The lips may be reddened if the natural color be too light. A practice of painting the exposed membrane of the upper lip broad an light just at the centre has crept in, but it is bad, for it gives an artificial and sensuous look. The fashionable belle has cut the puckering-string of her mouth, and no longer murmurs, "Prunes, prunes, prunes." She can kiss two men simultaneously, and give good satisfaction, where before only one could find room at a time.

The reader who supposes that the above is fanciful, and not plain, straightforward fashion news, is very much mistaken. Women can change the style of their faces, if not at will, at least considerably. The hair over the forehead can be arranged to produce any desired outline for the upper part of the face; the mouth can be made to widely vary its expression; the eyes can be kept pertly wide open or languidly half closed; the cheeks can be rounded by using "plumpers;" the eyebrows can be arched or straightened; the color can be controlled to a high degree. Thus it is apparent that a woman can, if clever, have to some extent the kind of face she wants. The nose is about the only intractable feature. It sticks right out in unalterable independence, defying all efforts to shorten or straighten it. Let me interpolate the fact that not one woman in ten ever laughs or smiles naturally. Knowing full well our defect of teeth or expression, we try to hide or reform them. I know a girl who will never go to the minstrels, or any other funny show, because she isn't pretty when she laughs. If advertently caught by something comic, she buries the laugh in a handkerchief; but whenever possible she does all her laughing internally.—*New York Letter to Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Romance of the Oil Regions.

Napoleon Rogers lived with his parents in the beautiful city of Titusville, on the banks of Oil Creek. Napoleon was young and ambitious. He was smitten with the charms of Lucinda Merkel. After an ardent courtship he took his case to Mr. Merkel, the father of the fair Lucinda.

Adolph Merkel was a merchant and had accumulated gold galore, while Napoleon was poor as an outside refiner.

"No!" said the father sternly. "You, who cannot support yourself, have no right to ask for the hand of my daughter. Go!" and he spurned him with his boot.

When Napleon struck the sidewalk he turned with flashing eyes:

"Mark you, Adolph Merkel! the day will come when your miserable store will not be a peanut stand compared with the one I shall own!"

Young Napoleon disappeared. Years rolled on.

Our hero had been toiling upon the Pacific slope, and had erected a business house in Chicago that was grand beyond compare. It was filled with rare and radiant goods from the looms of every land.

Napoleon had photographs taken of the inside and outside of this magnificent trade palace, and sent them to Adolph Merkel, who had refused him the hand of his daughter because of his poverty!

FINIS—The store was mortgaged for more than it was worth; the goods belonged to another party; Lucinda was married to a red-headed oil broker.—*From the Petroleum World.*

THE lady who goes into society to fight the battle of conquest has great trouble to keep her powder dry in warm weather.

FALLEN FLOWERS.

One of the workers of the world
Living toiled and toiling died;
But others worked and the world went on,
And was not changed when he was gone,
A strong arm stricken, a wide sail furled;
And only a few men sighed.

One of the heroes of the world
Fought to conquer, he fought to fall,
And fell down slain in his blood-stained mail,
And over his form they step;
His cause was lost and his banner furled;
And only a woman wept.

One of the singers among mankind
Sang healing songs from an o'erwrought heart;
But ere men listened the grass and wind
Were wasting the rest unsung like a wave;
And now of his fame that will ne'er depart
He has never heard in his grave.

One of the women who only love,
Loved and grieved and faded away—
Ah me! are these gone to the God above,
What more of each can I say?
They are human flowers that flower and fall,
This is the song and the end of them all.

DOCTORING THE APPLE TREE.

The Chronicle of Ahpulblozm the Husbandman.

Now it was in the year of the big apple yield in the land, and the heart of the farmer rejoiced within him.

For he said, "of a verity there is no end to the apples; I will build me new cider presses and I will sell unto the dishonest dealer of the city, the champagne that cometh from abroad that he may label it to suit himself and sell it to the unwary, that we may take great profit from the unrighteous young man who weareth Alaska diamonds and concealeth his hands in much cuff, and affecteth cheap champagne."

For it is written; "Ye shall play it low down on the pagans of the city, and ye shall spoil the young man whose hend is lighter than his pocket book."

And his heart was glad, and was joyful within him, and he picked up his big basket and made a joyful noise with his mouth as he got him unto his favorite apple tree.

And when he was come unto it, the voice of his singing was hushed and his heart was filled with woe, and he was cast down and sad, even as a dog which asketh for a bone and receiveth a brick.

For it was so that where there was one apple on the fruitful branches of his favorite tree, there were three boys; and they were town boys, and they were outside of all the apples there were, and were looking for more.

And it was so that when they beheld the farmer they descended from the tree, and got over the fence in great haste.

And they mocked the husbandman and smote their palms together and danced up and down the road before him, and they cast stones at his dog, and smote it, insomuch that the voice of its howling was heard even unto old Noah Kinsler's as thou goest down by Cy. Haukse's blacksmith shop.

And the husbandman was wroth, and he cried aloud, "Would that I had ye in my hands that I might neck ye."

And the lads laughed him to scorn and called aloud unto him, and mocked, and said one to another, "Oh, ain't he got the gaul?" And then entreated him that he would go into the house and cover himself up, and that he would walk around the block and look for Christmas. And with loud voice they besought him that "he would lie down and walk over himself."

And Ahpulblozm the husbandman trembled in the fierceness of his rage, insomuch that he broke his basket on a stump and he lifted up his voice and conversed in swear words, so that the lads were not able to stand before him. And they fled down the road, but Ahpulblozm the husbandman pursued not after them, for he was heavy with much corn bread and fried pork, and his figure was even as the figure of a sperm whale, and he was not built to run after boys, who are light of foot; yea, they are altogether swifter than arrows and stronger than onions.

Now then Ahpulblozm went into the house, and he held peace, for this same thing had happened last year and the year before that again.

And the husbandman said, "Next time I will fix 'em."

And when the winter was come and gone, and the time of the singing birds was come again, and the ground was soft; Ahpulblozm, the son of Harratuthe the Clodhopper, said nothing to nobody, but he spent much time with his favorite apple tree, and he pruned it and digged about it and day by day he watered its roots.

And he compounded the water wherewith he watered it, from the herbs of the apothecary and from the roots of the field.

For he stirred into half a barrel of vinegar bitters, ten pounds of quassia, two quarts of castor oil, half peck of wormwood, a hatful of quinine, some tincture of rhubarb, one quart of tartar emetic, an armful of dogwood bark, half a dozen "Indian turnips," a can of concentrated lye, and three gallons of sod corn whisky, whereof if a man drink one drink of it he will straightway lie down and have a fit.

And he boiled it all in a great iron kettle, and stirred it up with a hemlock stick, and sprinkled in salt and cayenne pepper, and a tubful of grated horse radish.

And arose early in the morning and watered his favorite apple tree with this mixture; and at the even time he neglected it not. And the tree grew and flourished and it blossomed so that the leaves could not be seen.

But the bees which sought honey in its blossoms, after they had feasted, went back no more unto the hive; but went and lived with the wasps and hornets, and made no more honey, but passed themselves off for yellow jackets and would sting a railroad tie, if so be it should look upon them.

And Ahpulblozm the husbandman noticed these things, but he held his peace.

Only in the silent watches of the night, when he lay upon his bed, would he rub his palms together and laugh under the bedclothes and say softly, "Now I got 'em."

And his wife answered him, and said, "Of a verity thou hast got 'em, and thou hast got 'em bad, and of a surety unless thou shalt let up on it and quit drinking thou wilt die with 'em."

But she spoke mockingly for she tho't he had the jimjams.

But he laughed the more, and rebuked her and bade her hold her peace. And he said:

"Go to, daughter of Butterpaddle, the dairyman, what dost thou know about war?"

And it was so that when the apples were ripe they were fairer to look upon than other fruit of the field.

And Ahpulblozm, the son of Harratuthe commanded his family that they should not touch so much as one apple.

For he said, "It is a sacrifice to the immortal gods."

And when a fair Saturday morning was come, Ahpulblozm, the husbandman, tied up the dog at the house, and went by himself and lay down in the grass in the orchard.

For he said, "Of a verity, I will give the boys a chance."

(For he wist there was no school of a Saturday)

And the boys came betimes and they climbed gently over the fence and swarmed up the apple tree as of old.

And when they saw the fruit that it was fairer than any fruit of the field, they smacked their lips and rejoiced, and said one to another, "Oh, golly," and, alas, "Oh, I guess not!" and moreover, "Yum Yum!"

But it was so that when a boy had eaten one bite of it, that he turned him round about and cried unto his fellow and said, "Of truth I am stabbed."

But they thought he had mocked them and they said, "Go to, thou hast a devil."

And when another lad had bitten an apple, he was stricken with remorse and said unto his fellows: "Deliver me up while there is yet time; for I am the man who robbed the Manhattan bank!"

And they marvelled greatly, but Ahpulblozm the husbandman stuffed the grass of the field into his mouth that he might not laugh.

And a third boy laid hold of an apple and bit it, and when he had craunched his bite only once he cried aloud, "Bury me close to the school house!" and he slid down the tree and lay in the clover and twisted himself up and wept.

And when yet another boy had plucked an apple and tasted it, he called unto those who were with him, "Help me home, for I have swallowed a Fourth of July."

And even another boy bit into an apple and it was so that when he bit, he let go all hold, and fell upon his back in the clover, and gasped, "I pray thee, let not the medical students carve up my body."

And when yet another lad had bitten an apple, he came down from the tree and lay down by the road side and sought to die but could not.

And another lad took unto himself a large bite, and he clomb down, and went away into a desert place, and laid down on the railroad track that the down express might come along and ripple over him.

And so it was, that all around the orchard there were lads who were doubled up and who feared to look upon each other's faces. And they ate sand, and