The Bradford Reporter.

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

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

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

BECK & OVERTON
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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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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.

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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,
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Dist 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.
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JOHN W. MIX,
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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.

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, '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, 1872 1y*

W. B. KELLY, DENTIST.—Office over M. E. Rosenfeld's, Towanda, Pa. Teeth inserted on Gold, Silver, Rubber, and Aluminium base. Teeth extracted without pain.
Oct. 24-72.

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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
Mar28-70tf. TOWANDA, PA.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK,
TOWANDA, PA.
CAPITAL PAID IN.....$125,000
SURPLUS FUND..... 64,000
This Bank offers unusual facilities for the transaction of a general banking business.
N. N. BETTS, Cashier.
JOS. POWELL, President. 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.

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

SONG OF THE MYSTIC.

BY FATHER RYAN, THE POET PRIEST.

I walked down the valley of Silence,
Down the dim, voiceless valley alone,
And heard not the fall of the footsteps
Around me, save God's and my own:
And the hush of my heart is as holy
As hovers where angels have flown.

Long ago I was weary of voices
Whose music my heart could not win;
Long ago I was weary of noises
That fretted my soul with their din:
Long ago I was weary of places
Where I met but the human and sin.

I walked through the world with the worldly,
I craved what the world never gave—
And I said: In the world each ideal
That shines like a star on life's wave
Is toned on the shores of the real,
And sleeps like a dream in a grave.

And still I pined for the perfect,
And still found the false with the true,
I sought 'mid the human for Heaven.
But caught a mere glimpse of its blue:
And I wept when the clouds of the mortal
Veiled even that glimpse from my view.

And I toiled on, heart-tired of the human,
And moaned 'mid the masses of men,
Till I knelt long ago at an altar
And heard a voice call me—since then
I walked down the valley of Silence
That lies far beyond mortal ken.

Did you ask what I found in the valley?
'Tis my trysting place with the Divine;
And I fell at the feet of the Holy,
And about me a voice said, "Be mine!"
And there rose from the depths of my spirit
An echo, "My heart shall be thine."

Do you ask how I live in the valley?
I weep and I dream and I pray;
But my tears are as sweet as the dewdrops
That fall on the roses in May;
And my prayer, like perfume from censer,
Ascendeth to God night and day.

In the hush of the valley of Silence
I dream all the songs that I sing;
And the music floats down the dim valley
Till each finds a word for a wing,
That to men, like the doves of the deluge,
The message of peace they may bring.

But far on the deep there are billows
That never shall break on the beach,
And never heard sounds in the silence
That never shall float into speech,
And I have heard dreams in the valley
Too lofty for language to reach.

And I have seen thoughts in the valley—
Ah, me! how my spirit was stirred;
And they had holy veils on their faces—
Their footsteps can scarcely be heard;
They pass through the valley like virgins,
Too pure for the touch of the world.

Do you ask me the place of the valley?
Ye hearts that are narrowed by care—
It lieth afar, between mountains,
And God and His angels are there;
And one is the dark mount of sorrow,
And one the bright mountain of prayer.

THE SISTER OF MERCY.

A Pretty Little Story, Not Wholly Fiction, From the French of Aurelien Scholl.

In the chamber on the first floor in the Avenue Montaigne, a woman was dying. From the apartment itself, which was almost empty, it would have been difficult to discover to what class of society the dying woman belonged. The salon was empty. Not a single piece of furniture remained in it. Some old blue velvet curtains were still hanging at the windows, doubtless because the brokers had disdained to take them. It was old velvet, yellow at each crease and eaten away by dust. In what had been the dining room there remained only a dilapidated cane-seated chair and a little table of white wood, covered with bottles of all kinds. On the floor were two or three dirty towels, still wet, a sponge and a chipped salad bowl, that served as a washing basin.

The bed room was evidently the only room that the baliffs had spared. There, a threadbare carpet still covered the floor. At the foot of the bed was a large arm-chair placed as if it were a sentry-box. The stuff curtains had been left, but a practiced eye would have seen by the rents in the muslin curtains that a rapacious hand had torn away the lace.

Two billets of wood were smoking sadly in the fireplace, having for sole companion a kettle, from which emerged two or three leaves covered with a white foam. The room was lighted from a sanded courtyard in the midst of which a close-cropped grass plot humiliated itself at the foot of an acacia. The leaves had fallen; the black, gnarled branches, twisted into knots, were waiting for the rays of spring in order to put on a little verdure.

"Madeleine," murmured the sick woman, "I am thirsty."

A woman of some fifty years who was standing near the window, came up to the bedside and poured a few drops of potion into a glass. Then she raised the head of her mistress, approached the glass to her lips, and said:

"Does Madame la Comtese suffer much?"

"Yes, there is fire there," replied the sick woman, placing an emaciated hand on her breast.

The woman, who was dying thus in a deserted and desolate room, was no other than the Comtesse de San-Castelli, about whom there was so much talk a few years ago. Now, of her past luxury, there remained only an Indian shawl of a reddish brown, embroidered with gold, in which she wrapped herself up for want of a bed cover.

The success of the Countess in the world of fashion had not been forgotten, and more than one European prince still keeps a medallion in which the features of the fallen idol have remained young and smiling. To-day her black hair seems to fatigue her enfeebled head with its weight; life has already retreated from her hollow cheeks and pale brow. A dry and jerky cough tears her bosom; at the age of thirty-five death has marked her as his own.

A sovereign, who had enriched her, had left before her for the regions where go the souls of those who have souls. The prince X., her third loved, has ruined himself and disappeared. The banker L., who had given the Countess her hotel in the Avenue Jena, can no longer even pay his margin at the Bourse. It is only by a miracle that he has been able to escape the hand of the law. He was not declared a bankrupt personally, but the company that he directed has gone to join the swarm of companies that are of no account. Raoul is in Africa with his regiment; Gontran is married; Adrien has disappeared. A hurricane of ruin has blown upon all her old adorers. The two or three who have held out have been wearied by repeated requests for money; another is placed in such an elevated region that he is unapproachable.

The Countess has sold her jewels, one by one, and after her jewels her toilets, and after her toilets her furniture.

She has still but one only friend, Dr. D——, whose fortune she made, but Dr. D—— himself, whose fortune has been encroached upon by unlucky speculations, has scarcely anything to live upon but the income obtained from his practice. Still he comes to see the Countess every morning, and after each visit he leaves a louis on the corner of the chimney piece. It is this daily louis that has hitherto kept the Countess and her chambermaid.

Madeleine, who has seen the horses and carriages and diamonds, who remembers the days when the Countess had fifteen servants and fifty admirers, cannot believe that these times will not return.

As for the husband of the Countess he never knew his wife. The marriage was arranged by Prince de M——, and a post of three thousand francs a year was given to the ruined descendant of a great family in exchange for his title. He saw his wife during the marriage ceremony, then he took possession of his post, and sometimes he read with mediocre interest in the newspapers that the Comtesse de San-Castelli was obtaining great success at St. Petersburg and at Paris.

It did not seem to him that she was his wife, and when he was questioned on the subject the Count replied coldly:

"I believe that she is a relation who has turned out badly."

Madeleine had passed more than thirty nights in the large arm-chair at the foot of her mistress' bed. The doctor said: "That woman needs rest There are Sisters of Charity who have imposed upon themselves the mission of watching over the sick. I will send you one to-night."

At 6 o'clock a little sharp and rattling noise was heard, produced by a bell-rope pulling a broken spring. Madeleine went and opened the door. The Sister of Charity followed her.

"Here are the potions," said Madeleine, "this one every ten minutes, that one every hour. There is still a little wood in the corner."

Madeleine went to share the bed of a chambermaid, a friend of hers, who lodged in a neighboring hotel, and the Sister of Charity took her seat at the foot of the bed.

Mme. de San-Castelli asked to drink. The Sister raised her head gently; then the sick woman, instead of drinking, fixed her large black eyes on the face of the Sister.

"How old are you?" she asked.

"Eighteen years, Madame."

The Countess murmured to herself: "Eighteen years!" drank greedily, and resumed, as she let her head fall back on the pillow.

"Do you know that I am going to die?"

"They did tell me so, Madame; perhaps there is still a possibility of saving you?"

"Saving me!" cried the Countess, with irony, "and why? Life means youth and beauty. I am already dead, my child."

The Sister opened the book of her order which she had brought with her and began to read.

This young girl had the most charming face that artist ever dreamed of. Hers was an improbable beauty, shinging forth with sweetness and holiness. The white band that confined her pure ivory brow hid her hair, leaving visible only her eyebrows, which might have been traced with Indian ink, so delicate and correct were their lines.

The Comtesse de San-Castelli contemplated her with admiration and envy. Suddenly she exclaimed:

"Are your vows eternal?"

"Yes, Madame."

"What is your name?"

"Sister Rose de Lima."

"But your family name?"

"It is forbidden us to reveal it, Madame."

"Why?"

"It is the rule of the order."

"Still, you may tell me if you have any parents."

"None, Madame."

"Your mother?"

"I never knew her."

"Your father?"

"He is dead."

Wearied with so persistent an investigation Sister Rose de Lima asked gently if the Countess would have a little tisane.

"No, thank you," replied the Countess, and then suddenly she added, "you are more dead than I am, young girl! To-morrow, perhaps, a spadeful of earth will bury even my memory, but I have had of life all that life can give. You will only have known walls, bars and silence—dry bread, prayer and austerity. When I entered a salon I used to raise a murmer of admiration as I passed along. I have made queens and princesses weep with rage. The horses pranced at my door and adorers crowded my staircase. I have worn on my brow a diamond that Semiramis would have envied, and I have melted more pearls than Cleopatra. Noise, movement, luxury, flattery: all that I have exhausted, without departing from an inflexible motto: 'Shine, seduce, and love not.' Poor young girl, you might have all that if you wished—"

The Sister of Charity rose:

"What are you saying, Madame? Do you not see what these vanities are? You have had all that, and I am happier than you are. If I had need of consolation, the history of Mary, the sister of Martha, would suffice. For me a contemplative life has replaced an active life. In the depths of my solitude I love to lose myself in mute adoration, and I forget the world that passes in view of the world which does not pass."

The voice of the young nun had assumed a sonority full of enthusiasm.

"Just now," she added, "you spoke to me of my father. I received his last sigh and his last benediction. I cultivate that cherished souvenir like a precious plant, and I should fear to see it crushed and withered outside of the retreat that I have chosen."

Mme. de San Castelli interrupted her:

"Vanities, did you say? And what is life without its cortege of pleasures? In human passions there is sometimes a mixture of the gigantic. To be beautiful, is to reign. A cavalier who loved me killed himself at my feet; he gave that what he would have given to no other. I have been adored like a goddess of antiquity. To make one's self the rival of God is something high and terrible. Little as our life is, it is enlarged by pleasures, and takes a peculiar importance by the profusion of our disdains and the number of our victims!"

Sister Rose Lima placed her hands on the Countess' lips as if to arrest her words.

"You are feverish," she said. "You blaspheme and you pain me."

Mme. de San-Castelli seemed to reflect.

"Nevertheless, I have loved, I have loved once in my life. I was sixteen. What has become of him? I was carried away in the whirlpool of life. But if he were there my life would be sweeter. Open that casket, I pray you, Sister. Here are my papers—My certificate of birth—Florence, 10 October—Maria Theodora Dasti."

The Sister advanced slowly toward the bed, holding out her hands.

"The man whom you loved," she murmured, "was named Gabriel?"

"Yes," cried the dying woman, "Gabriel de Beryls. How do you know that?"

"It was he who brought me up."

"Your father?"

"Gabriel de Beryls."

The Countess continued wildly:

"You were born in Italy. He brought you to France after my treason—and he is dead!"

The poor woman sobbed. Sister Rose de Lima had fallen on her knees and hidden her face in her hands. The Countess seized her and covered her with feverish, passionate kisses.

"You did not, then, know who I was when you came here?"

"My father never pronounced the name of Castelli."

"True; for to him I was never anything but Theodora Dasti. But tell me, how did he die? What did he say?"

"He died with one hand in mine and the other in that of his best friend—an old man—a priest."

The Countess raised up her daughter.

"You are my redemption," she cried. "I shall die in peace. Go, fetch me that old man."

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

The Prince Who Gave Away the Weight of an Elephant in Silver.

The story that follows is for girls and boys who are just beginning to study the arithmetic. It is not only a story, but may be called "The Elephant Example." Of course big children may make it out easily, but it may cause the beginners to think a great deal. Big children, therefore, need not send the answer to be printed in the *Times* next Sunday, but any of the beginners may send the answer. Well, here is the example: In the far-away country of Hindostan, which is on the other side of the world, there once lived a Prince named Shajee. Perhaps bad boys called him "Old Shaggy," but, however that may be, he was a good, kind Prince and loved his people. Shaggy was very rich. One day he counted his castles, his elephants, his household goods and his silver and gold, and found that he had much more than he could ever use. He thought over the matter a good while, and at last ordered those around him to lead in the biggest elephant in his domain. When the big elephant arrived Shaggy exclaimed: "I give to the poor people of Hindostan the weight of this elephant in silver money!" Just think of that! Why, an elephant weighs hundreds and hundreds of pounds, and Shaggy was going to give away a pile of silver that would weigh as much as the elephant! The people were in great glee. They praised Shaggy day and night, until by-and-bye some one said: "Aha! ha! ha! his Great Whiteness, the Most High Shajee is joking. No scales in Hindostan will weigh an elephant." "Kill the elephant and cut him into little bits," suggested another. But Shaggy, who had almost repented of his promise, anyhow, wouldn't hear of that. The elephant must be weighed alive or no silver would be given. Here was a bad fix. The greatest scales in Hindostan in that day were not capable of weighing more than 200 pounds. They had no Fairbanks then. What was to be done? There stood the elephant, and he wasn't much of a baby elephant either. The little fellow at the circus could have walked under Shaggy's elephant easily. As the people stood on the river bank talking over the great difficulty a wise man came rowing along in his great boat. "What's the matter?" said the wise man. Everybody told him at once, but he at last managed to understand, and when he did he laughed aloud. "Why," said the wise man, "bring the elephant hither; I'll weigh him." A great shout went up from the people. Some hooted at the wise man. "You'll weigh him, indeed," said the hooters. "Oho! what a wonderful wise man!" They laughed, but the wise man said nothing. The elephant was lead to the river bank, and being a tame animal, was induced to step into the wise man's boat. The boat sunk away down until the edges were nearly under the water. Then the wise man got in a little boat, and, while the elephant kept very still, paddled around the big boat, marking a line on the boat just at the edge of the water. After an exact line had been made the elephant was put on shore and the wise man ordered a number of big rocks to be put in the boat. As the rocks and stones were thrown in the boat settled into the water, until, by-and-bye, the line before marked again touched the water. "Now," said the wise man, "the stones in this boat, when taken altogether, weigh exactly what the elephant weighs." "That's true," shouted the people, and the hooters felt ashamed of themselves. Scales were brought and every stone was weighed. There were 48 stones altogether. Five of them weighed just 200 pounds each, or just 1,000 pounds taken together; seven weighed 180 pounds each, or 1,260 taken together; ten weighed 175 pounds each, or 1,750 pounds; six weighed 150 pounds each, or 900 pounds, twelve weighed 125 pounds each, or 1,500 pounds. Eight other stones had different weights, as the following table will show:

	Pounds.
Five 200-pound stones weighed	1,000
Seven 180-pound stones weighed	1,260
Ten 175-pound stones weighed	1,750
Six 150-pound stones weighed	900
Twelve 125-pound stones weighed	1,500
Another stone weighed	130
Another stone weighed	110
Another stone weighed	100
Another stone weighed	75
Another stone weighed	54
Another stone weighed	50
Another stone weighed	46
A very little stone weighed	25

What was the weight of the elephant?—*Philadelphia Sunday Times.*

December Astronomy.

Venus is evening star, and easily wins the place of honor among the starry host that studs the December sky. Almost as soon as the sun sinks below the horizon she makes her appearance in the twilight's mellow glow, shining with a soft golden lustre peculiarly her own, and looking so bewitchingly fair that no observer wonders that the early astronomers saw in her the goddess of love and beauty enthroned in the heavens. She is still receding from the sun, oscillating on her eastern path, like a golden bead strung on an invisible wire. The proof of this is easily seen, for she sets later every evening, and increases in size and brightness, her increasing stay above the horizon being caused by her greater distance eastward from the sun, and her increasing size and brightness by her consequent approach to the earth. The apparent movement of this planet is so slow that she can be easily followed in her course. It must be remembered that she is now traveling from her superior conjunction, which occurred on the 13th of July, to her greatest eastern elongation, which she will not reach until the 20th of February. Until that time she will continue on her eastern path, just as she is moving at the present time. The comparative size of Jupiter and Venus is now an interesting point for observation. An ordinary observer would probably say that Venus looked the larger of the two. But the wise men of science, who take care of the stars, measure their dimensions for years ahead, and from their computations we learn that on the 6th of December the diameter of Venus was about fourteen seconds of a degree, and that of Jupiter forty-two seconds. Jupiter's diameter being three times as large. Venus, however, is so much nearer the sun that her illuminating power is much greater, and like all the heavenly bodies she looks larger as she approaches the horizon, while her rival loses in apparent size as he approaches the zenith This beautiful planet sets now about a quarter before seven o'clock. At the end of the month she will grace the winter evening sky until about eight, more than three hours after sunset.

Jupiter is evening star, and a beautiful object in the sky, though his waning glory forces him to yield the starry sceptre to his fair rival. The contrasted movements of the two planets are still a matter of prominent planetary interest, Jupiter rising in the east as Venus descends in the west, the one nearly reaching the zenith as the other disappears below the horizon. They are also approaching each other as Jupiter moves westward and Venus eastward; observers easily notice that the distance lessens between them. On the 21st of February they will be in conjunction, Jupiter being three degrees south of Venus.

Saturn is evening star, and though not the most beautiful, he is the most interesting of the planets. Jupiter and Saturn change little in their position in regard to each other during the month. Saturn is about three degrees north of Jupiter, and sets an hour later. He sets now at three o'clock in the morning; at the end of the month at one o'clock.

The December moon is an important member of the planetary fraternity. There are two new moons, one on the 1st and one on the 31st. On both occasions, as the moon passes between the sun and the earth, her path lies so nearly in the plane of our orbit that she causes partial eclipses of the sun. She is, therefore, the cause of our having two solar eclipses in one month. The eclipse of the 1st was invisible in the United States. That of the 31st is partially visible. The sun will rise eclipsed, and the eclipse will end soon after nine o'clock, a little more than seven-tenths of the sun's disc being hidden at the time of greatest obscuration; the last morning of the year will therefore be a dark one. The eclipse of the sun on the 31st can be watched by any one who commands a view of the piece of sky where the sun rises, and a piece of smoked glass is all that is required to watch the progress of the grand phenomenon in which the moon dares to obscure the face of the glorious king of day.—*Providence Journal.*

The Lime Kiln Club.

"Up to widin a few weeks de collecksbuns have been very satisfactory in amount," began the old man, as Giveadam Jones got his hat ready, "but of late dar has been a great fallin' behind. At de last meetin' six nails and fo' buttons war' included in de collecksbun, an' it seems to me dat some of de members am sort o' standin' back on deir dignity. If any man among you kin run dis club on nails an' buttons an' sich, let him step for'd an' take my cheer. For de purpose of findin' out who frows in nails, an' who frows in nickels, I will pass de hat myself to-night."

The President took the hat and made the rounds, and such a giving down has not been witnessed in two months.

Under the head of unfinished business, the Committee on Inland Navigation made their report on the case of Brother Enhancer Simmons, who was charged by several white persons with having taken a jug of vinegar from a grocery store. The Committee's report was full and exhaustive, and concluded as follows:

"Brudder Simmons had no difficulty in 'stablishin' de fack dat he had a cabbage under his arm when he entered dat grocery. He placed dat cabbage on de counter beside de jug. When he went out he war' talkin' pollyticks, an' his mind war' busy wid de Presidential queshun. In a moment of absent-mindedness he picks up de jug instead of de cabbage an' walks out, an' dat's de long an' short of de story. It am de opinyun of dis committee dat he didn't mean to do it."

"I doan' believe dat Brudder Simmons would steal a jug o' vinegar in de daytime," remarked the President as he received the report, "but I feel it my dooty to caushun him to be more keerful in de fucher. De likeness between jugs and cabbages am not so clus dat he need ever make de same mistake again."

When the sound of the triangle striking the closing hour had died away to a mere whisper, Brother Gardner extended his arms and said: "Life's pathway am up hill an' down hill, an' across lots. De road runs 'longside o' cane-brakes, whar de wolves howl an' make de children afeared; ober ribbers whar de ole men an' de women may get lost; frew dark woods in which strong men tremble as de midnight breeze whispers in de tree-tops. We are all on a journey. We are all gwine to one place. Fast as we git dar we am put on de right han' or de left, an' it am a court o' judgment dat nebber skips a day or adjourns for an hour. De man who does de mos' prayin' may not git dar befo' all de res', but Ize figgered it up an' I believe de straight way am de bes' way. Git de compass pint an' den move on, lendin' a dollar heah—speakin' a kind word dar—bracin' up de weak—cheerin' de lowly—puttin' out boaf han's all de time fur chil'en to lean on. We will now bulge outwards to our homes."

A Hundred Years Ago.

One hundred years ago wedding tours were not fashionable.

One hundred years ago farmers did not cut their legs off with mowing machines

One hundred years ago every young man was not an applicant for a position as clerk or book keeper.

One hundred years ago a young woman did not lose caste by wetting her hands in dishwater, or rubbing the skin off her knuckles on the washboard.

One hundred years ago the physician who could not draw every form of disease from the system, by tapping a large vein in the wrist, was not much of a doctor.

One hundred years ago people did not worry about rapid transit and cheap transportation, but threw their grain across the backs of their horses and uncomplainingly went to mill.

One hundred years ago every man cut his coat according to the cloth; every man was estimated at his own value, shoddy was not known; nobody had struck "ile," and true merit and honest worth were the only ground for promotion.—*Terre Haute Mail.*

He Was on Hand.

It was dark in the depot one day last week when the evening train came in. An elderly farmer was backed up against the partition, watching in open-mouthed wonder the big puffing engine and the yellow covered cars as they discharged their passengers, when a handsome girl in a sealskin cloak dashed forward, and throwing herself upon the honest granger's manly breast, imprinted a kiss upon his sunburned check and exclaimed: "You dear old pa, I knew you would be waiting for me! And how's mother, and how's Jennie, and how's John—and oh! I'm so glad to get back—and where's my trunk—and oh! pa, you take the check and let's hurry."

The granger was old and kind of dried up, and he had never known what it was to have a wife, much less a daughter. He mistrusted the young lady in the sealskin sack had made a mistake, but instead of stammering and hemming and hawing, he came gallantly up to the scratch, and throwing both arms around the fair creature, he made up his mind to be a father to her or die in the attempt. Imprinting a kiss on her cheek like the report of a pistol, he enthusiastically ejaculated;

"Oh, your mother's well, an' John an' Henry an' (smack), an' Jane an' Susan (smack, smack) an' Horace an' Belindy an' Calvin (smack) an' Peter, (smack, smack) oh, they're all smart and hearty an'—"

By the time the young lady's friends could get to her she had slid into a stony faint, and they had to lug her home in a hack, while the aged granger, as he finished the third round with her outraged young man, and sauntered out the depot, leaving him with a bad eye and a ruptured coat, chuckled to himself:

"The old man's gittin' old an' stiff an' careless like, but when any young females wants to play any games o' copenhagen, they'll find him right to time, an' I shouldn't be a prised if it rained 'fore nine o'clock. Glang Kate!"—*Rockland Courier.*

IT is a beautiful sight to get up early in the morning and see the sun rise, but the wise man will continue to lie abed until the atmosphere is charged with the aroma of the breakfast coffee.

REMEMBERED LOVE.

Dear is love in its fullness,
And dear is the birth of love;
But love remembered is dearer—
All other loves above.

Fair is the flow'r of the future,
Fair is the flow'r of to-day,
But the flow'r of the past is fairer,
Let folks say what they may.

Sweet as the song of the linnet,
Soft as the coo of a dove,
All memory revels within it,
Blessed, remembered love.

MINNIE C. BALLARD.

In a Turkish Post-Office.

A turbaned Ottoman, approaching the pigeon-hole of the post office, bows repeatedly to the official, and, laying his right hand on his breast, exclaims, "May the noble morning be fortunate for you, sir!"

Official returning the salutation, inquires, "What is your pleasure?"

"Thy servant desired a few stamps—postage stamps—in order to send letters to Europe. My son, Abdullah Effendi, glass merchant, or Ak Seria, has travelled to London, and his family wishes to write to him. I, myself, indeed, do not possess the accomplishment of writing, but a relative, the grandson of my first wife's great uncle, the great pipe-bowl manufacturer of Tophane, is master of that art, and he will pen the epistle for us."

"Very good, and how many stamps do you want, sir?"

"Ah, my jewel, how many do I require? One I suppose, will not be sufficient, for he will not return yet for four weeks; so give me two."

"Very good; here they are—two and a-half piastres."

"What is that thou sayeth, my lamb? Two piastres was what I used to give some years back when Abdullah was previously in London. Wait, it was—

"Quite right, Effendim; but since then the fee has been altered and the price is now greater."

"Is it so, apple of my eye? The price is greater, alas! alas!"

Herewith the Turk pulls out a roll of notes, on seeing which the official exclaims, "No, my diamond, no! We take no paper money here. You must pay in silver."

"Eh, what? You take no paper? Why not? Surely it is good money of the Padishah in whose realms you are. Well, well, I will give you hard money. I have some with me in copper."

"No, Effendim," rejoined the official, "we don't take copper, either. You must pay in silver."

"Silver? By my head I have none! Do me the kindness of taking copper. I will pay you the agio."

"Impossible, Effendim, I am not allowed to take it."

"Well, what am I to do then, my son?"

"Go to the money changer; he is sitting there on the corner."

"Ah! me, it is very hot! Won't you really take copper?"

"I cannot, under any circumstances."

"Very well, then, you shall have silver. Here it is."

"Thanks."

This part of the business being concluded, the Turk asks:

"When will the letter be sent off?"

"First tell me, father, when do you intend to write?"

"Oh! to-day, as soon as I get back from the fish market, whither I must first go. I will have the letter written."

"Then it will be dispatched in the morning if you bring it here before two o'clock this afternoon."

"Excellent; and when will the answer come back?"

"Well, Effendim, that will depend on when your son posts his reply."

"Writes his reply, my lord. Why, what are you thinking of? He will do it at once, of course. Do you suppose he will keep his father waiting?"

"Very well; in that case the answer will arrive quickly; you may, perhaps, get it in ten days."

"Bravo! bravo! Then I will come back in ten days' time. Good-bye! May Allah lengthen thy shadow, my heart."

"Good-bye, sir, and may thy beard luxuriantly flourish."—*Cologne Gazette.*

Thoughtful Thoughts.

NEED teaches unlawful things.

NOTHING is so near love as pity.

WORDS are the key of the heart.

REPENTANCE is accepted remorse.

THERE is no sculptor like the mind.

OPINION crowns with an imperial voice.

To quibble at trifles is a sign of a small mind.

KNOWLEDGE is more than equivalent to force.

A MAN'S best fortune, or his worst, is his wife.

THAT is best for us which is best for our souls.

ENVY is usually more quick-sighted than love.

LOVE, like fear, makes us believe everything.

MEN make the laws, women make the customs.

THOSE who jump at conclusions leap into delusions.

HE that is trusty in little, shall be trusted with more.

A JEALOUS man always finds more than he looks for.

GRIEF counts the minutes; happiness forgets them.

NEITHER vice nor mischief is hatched from sound eggs.

NOTHING is more dangerous than a friend without discretion.

EVERY man who has decision of character will have enemies.

UGLINESS, after virtue, is the best guardian of a young woman.

GOOD affections wanting expression shall have God's furtherance.

THE most manifest sign of wisdom is continued cheerfulness.

CENSURE is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent.

GENIUS and talent do not avail much without executive ability.

IF prayer stand still, the whole trade of godliness standeth still too.

THE latest favor that is shown to the godly shall be repaid double.

NEVER insult another by harsh words when applied to for a favor.

No change of condition will cure a disposition to murmur and fret.

OUR offerings are pleasing to God, when they come from love to Him.

Wearing Bright Faces.

"Why don't you laugh, mother?" said a little three-year-old daughter, as her mother, with rather clouded countenance, was dressing the little one. The earnest tone of the child provoked the wished-for laugh, and the little heart was happy.

And, mothers, I fear we do not laugh enough. The housekeeping is so onerous, the children so often trying to nerves and temper, the servants most exasperating, and even John, kind, good husband as he is, cannot understand our vexations and discouragements; and, so wearied and worried, we often feel that it is too much for the household to depend on us, in addition to all our cares, for social sunshine as well. Yet the household does, and it must. Father may be bright and cheery, his laugh ring out, but if mother's laugh fails even the father's cheerfulness seems to lose much of its infection. In the sad but forcible lines of one of Joana Bailie's dramas—

"Her little child had caught the trick of grief
And sighed amid its playthings."

—we may catch a glimpse of the stern, repressed life at Bothwell Manse, where "the repression of all emotions, even the gentlest, seems to have been the constant lesson."

I remember well hearing a lady say, "When a child, I used to wish so often that my mother would look cheerful."

Then laugh, mother, even if you do feel almost too weary to exert the facial muscles and you have to make a pitiful effort, which comes nigh bringing tears instead of a laugh. You will feel the better for the effort, and so will the children. The little ones, unconsciously to you and to themselves, are catching the very phases of countenance which will go far to brighten or cloud some future home.

Then laugh, mother—the parlor, nursery and kitchen all feel the effect of your smile or frown. The cheery laugh of a mother goes down through generations, as well as her frown. And when the mother's eyes are closed, and lips and hands are forever still, there is no sweeter epitaph which children and friends can give than, "She was always bright and cheerful at home."—*Lucy Randolph Fleming.*

Rules for Living.

I am no doctor, quack or pill vender, yet I have had a pretty good long life and a happy one. May I not, therefore, just give my simple rules for health in hopes some poor traveler on the up or down hill of life may look at them, perhaps be benefitted by them? I practiced them for many years, and they have done me good; perhaps they may do good to others. They are inexpensive and may easily be abandoned if they cause harm.

1. Keep in the sunlight just as much as possible. A plant will not thrive without the sunbeam, much less a man.

2. Breathe as much fresh air as your business will permit. This makes fresh blood; but it will never be found within the four walls of your building. Beneath the open sky, just there, and only there, it comes to you.

3. Be strictly temperate. You can not break organic law, or any other law, with impunity.

4. Keep the feet warm and the head cool. Disease and death begin at the feet more commonly than we think.

5. Eat white bread when you can not get brown bread.

6. If out of order, see which of the above rules you have observed, then rub yourself all over with a towel, saturated with salt water and well dried, and begin upon the rules again.

7. Look ever on the bright side, which is the heaven side of life. This is far better than any medicine.

These seven simple rules, good for valid or invalid, if rightfully observed, would save, I apprehend, a deal of pain, prolong your life, and so far as health goes, make it worth having. Will you then practice them?

Newspapers as Makers of History

For a long time—a full generation at least—the idea has generally obtained that the press had only become a power in affairs of government within the memory of men still living, and that this supposition more than held good in reference to Europe—an erroneous idea, strengthened to the point of invulnerability by the unanimous manner in which the later historians of Europe have entirely ignored the press. These chroniclers do not deign to mention the bare existence of newspapers