TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

The BRADFORD REPORTER is published every Thursday morning by GOODRICH & HITCHCOCK, at 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, $2.50; Business Cards, five lines, (per year) $5, 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 FIVE CENTS per line, but simple notices of marriages 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.

DAVIES, CARNOCHAN & HALL,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

SOUTH SIDE OF WARD HOUSE.

Dec 23-75. TOWANDA, PA.

F. S. HOLLISTER, D. D. S.,

DENTIST.

(Successor to Dr. E. H. Angie). OFFICE—Second floor of Dr. Pratt's office.

Towanda, Pa., January 6, 1881.

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 T. Mullock's, Pine 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

BECK & 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.

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.

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.

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.
Oct. 34-72.

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 SUPERINTENDE

ffice 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

May28-70tf. 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.

N. N. BETTS, Cashier.
JOS. POWELL, President.
Aril 1, 1879

MRS. H. PEET,

TEACHER OF PIANO MUSIC,

TERMS.—$10 per term.
(Residence Third street, 1st ward.)
Towanda, Jan. 13, '79-1y.

MILLS.—The undersigned having leased the old Saulsbury 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.

NOTICE.—All persons are forbid cutting Timber on the lands of the late Edward McGovern, in Overton Township, without the written consent of the undersigned, under the penalty of the law.

JOHN McGOVERN, Executor.
Overton, May 24, 1880-1y*

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, JANUARY 27, 1881.

NUMBER 35

LOVE IN ALL.

Name the leaves on all the trees;
Name the waves on all the seas,
All the flow'rs by rill that blow,
All the myriad tints that glow.
Winds that wander through the grove—
And you name the name of Love;
Love there is in Summer's sky,
As in light of maiden's eye.

Listen to the countless sounds
In the wind that gayly bounds
O'er the meads, where, on the wing,
Bright bees hum and linnets sing;
Pat of raindrop, chat of stream,
Of their song, sweet love's the theme;
Love there is where zephyr skips,
As in breath of maiden lips.

In the West, mild evening glows;
Angel fingers fold the rose;
Silvery dews begin to fall;
Crimson shades to shadow all;
Holy Nature veils her face;
Earth is lost in Heaven's embrace—
Love is in an hour like this,
As in guileless maiden's kiss.

Go where, through the voiceless night,
Trips fair Luna's silver light;
Hear of Nature's pulse the beat,
Like the tread of unseen feet;
See from out the lambent north
Shimmering arrows shooting forth;
Love is in a meteor's start,
As in throb of maiden's heart.

Love's the essence of all things;
'Tis from love that beauty springs;
'Twas by love, creation first,
Into glorious being burst;
Veiled in maiden's form so fair,
I do worship thee in her,
Spirit sweet—all else above—
Love is God, since God is love!
—*Chambers' Journal.*

SELLING A STOVE.

BY WIRT ARLAND.

Old Prodgers, the hardware man, looked out of the window and saw Mrs. Beeming coming across the sidewalk, towards the store. "Thomas, he yelled, here comes that Beemin', woman after a stove. Come here and wait on her, and if you don't sell her a stove, I'll discharge you."

Thomas left playing with the cat and advanced to the front, while old Prodgers added:

"She's a dreadful pertickler woman. I tried to sell her that second-hand stove we got from Gibbses last month, but she got mad, and said she knew it wasn't the latest style, and didn't believe it was a new one. Look sharp and mind you sell her a stove or I'll—"

Just then the door opened, and a pretty woman, with a chin that betokened a will of her own with no codicils, entered and made straight for the newest cookstove. Thomas advanced with.

"How do you do Mrs. Beemin,' I suppose you have heard of our new arrivals of stoves, and you are just in time. Only got 'em at 4 o'clock yesterday, and sold the whole fifteen before 9 o'clock last night. They go dreadful fast, This is the last one left, and we'd have to guard this with a shot gun and a bull dog to keep it past noon to-day."

"What is the name of this?" as the woman pointed to the marvel of ornamentation.

"This is the Setting Sun, said Thomas and when you have your own sons setting around it—"

"Nobody but girls at our house, said she, but maybe a son among so many girls won't be out of place."

"Oh, this stove is a triumph, exclaimed Thomas, when you have a good fire in it, and all your vittles cooking, why it'll brighten up yer home more'n a son-in-law."

"It is a wood stove?"

"Good for both and will burn anything. Old Bagley got some coal in her to-day, that everybody returned to him, saying that it was a little too fine for building stone and not fine enough for gravel, but our stove just took hold of it and it burned beautiful. Oh it will burn either. If you get out of coal and short of wood, take your neighbor's fences, old boots, bean poles and I've known it even to burn bricks."

"Does it use much wood, ma'am? No its the cheapest stove about that that you ever see. There's Tom Grist's wife, she got all out of wood durin' the big snow, and she kept that stove a runnin with two piano stools, a half a dozen matches and two broom splints. Beats all how easy you can run that stove with a little wood. Coal, ma'am?

No it *don't* burn much coal. Blifkinses wife was in here yesterday, and said that they run their stove from the last of October to the middle of December, on fifteen scuttles of coal which would be at the rate of less than a ton a year. You wouldn't want anything cheaper than that?"

"Oh, we put on the draft so. Jest turn this damper in the back, turn up this screw, open that door, wind up that crank, pull this dingus and let 'er blaze."

"Warm? Oh my! You remember that cold snap about Thaksgiving time. Well, Sawyer, you know Tom Sawyer, who lives over on Divison St? Well, Tom bought a stove at that time, when the thermometer had been down 40 degiees below zero, ten days, and I went up to set it up for him. He didn't understand it, and pulled the draft on too far and about nine o'clock at night, he sent down for me to come up and run the stove. When I got there, I found the doors and windows all open, and the family sitting on the porch in linen clothes, a fanning themselves, and the stove was just a bulgin.' They had driven nails in the outside of the house, and hung the twins up on them to keep 'em out of the way of the heat. Tom's so conceited, that he wouldn't follow my directions about the stove, and so they had all that trouble. Tom's neighbor, Dr. Shaw, sued him last week for melting ice in his ice house at that time."

"How is the stove for cooking?" asked the little woman, opening the oven door.

"Beautiful! Why last week when the Synod met here, all the preachers, and there was two hundred and seventeen, or two hundred seventeen and a half of 'em, (the half one is one not ordered yet,) all eat dinner at Rev. Tobis Soper's and you'd ought to have heard 'em talk. They all eat so hearty that five of 'em were sick next day, and when the Synod broke, passed a set of resolutions endorsin' the Settin' Sun, and telling what a spiritual time they had at brother Tobiases. I tell you, you have got to have a good stove to do cookin' for a preacher. There's Bill Bradford's wife down on Sullivan street, she kept boarders, and they all left, couldn't stand her cookin' no how, but she bought one of the Settin' Suns, and now her boarders is back again, and last week they turned off fifty applicants, while all the sewin' societies in town is tryin' to get Bill's wife on their list, she's such a beautiful cook."

"Take long wood?"

"No difference Mrs. Beemin'."

"The fire box of that stove is just 15 inches and seven sixteenths, but you can put in a twenty-two inch stick of wood as easy as can be. Dave Brown got some wood hauled from the mountain, about a month ago, and every stick of it was 25 inches long, and some of it longer, and he has just such a stove as this, and it burned that wood like fun."

"No! I don't think there is another such a stove like this in your neighborhood. Fact, I know there aint. Bliffkins has a "Fearful," Smith has a "Keerless," Brown has a "Blunderer," and Robinson has a "Beelzebud." Then there's Judge Breaker has a "Squatting Angel Range," and Joe Mullen an "Agravator," and the Rev. Jeremiah Whooper has a "Crown of Righteousness Gold Medal Range." No ma'am, there isn't one of those stoves in your neighborhood, and when your neighbors' wives are mad as wet hens because their stoves don't boil or bake just right, you can sit down as calm as an angel, and tell Mrs. Brown how nice your stove bakes, and you can send over to Mrs. Smith, a loaf of your best bread done to a turn, and that will make her turn green with envy. Or you can send one of your choicest pies over to the society at Rev. Johanah L. Pounder's, (he has a "Harp of Glory Range,") which will set the whole neighborhood crazy about your stove."

The pretty little woman drew up her chin about half an inch, and was evidently weakening, when Thomas, who saw he had made a point, added:

"Micas in front and end. Awful costly stuff that mica, get it out of fishes. Mica fishes live in China, and are so thin that it takes a microscope to see 'em, but they catch and dry 'em for this stove."

"'Nother beauty about this stove is, that it's so cute; why there's more kinks about that stove than you can shake a stick at. If your daughters learn to handle that stove, and turn all these cranks and pull these dampers, and unstop all these flues, and turn on all these drafts, and open and shut the slides, unwind the whole intestines of what our circular calls it, "marvel of human ingenuity,"—yes, that's what the circular says—they can jest drop into piano playing and the fifteen puzzle, and checkers, and won't have to go to school more than half the time."

"Speakin' about girls, there's nothing so handy as to have a girl who can cook, and get up nice things, there is nothing that makes her so popular among men as that. Course they all talk about dressing and piano playing' and drawin' and paintin', but you'll notice that them girls that can't cook, don't get married easy. Such a stove as this 'll make anybody cook. Couldn't help it. There's Ben Merch married the Slosson girl last spring. Poor thing, she didn't know hardly what vittles was, nor whether they grew on trees, or come from heaven in a basket, and she had an awful time till Ben got one of these stoves, and it was only last week that she got an offer from a Boston first-class hotel, to superintend their cookin'."

"Yes ma'am, those micas are bright, and 'll keep so. They ain't like the micas that Burden & Swagger keep. Theirn 'll fade out in a week, but these 'll last forever, you might say. What can be prettier than for a good lookin' woman," with an admiring glance at the pretty widow, than to sit down by a stove like this, after doin' a good bakin', and have the cheerful firelight a shinin' out of these micas and a lightin' up her face. No need of lamps unless you want to sew or read. I tell you them micas is the beauty of that stove."

"Will the pipe go up easy? O, gracious, yes. You know Len Spriggins, down on Madison street. Well, he is not much of a Christian. He's been known to swear a blue streak for an hour, just because he had a button off his shirt. Well, Len got one of those stoves last month, and I asked his wife the other day how that pipe went up. Oh, perfectly splendid, says she. I expected an awful time, and read a chapter in the Bible to kinder prepare myself for Len's swearing; I think that Russian pipe is awful nice. Len didn't swear a word when he put it up, and went around the house hummin' a hymn tune all the while."

"Fire brick or soap stone? You can have jest which you please, the fire brick will never burn out and the soap stone will last forever. For my own choice I should say soap-stone. It will stand an awful amount of heat. I remember when I worked down at Bellefonte, that Ike Dooley lost his soapstone whisky jug, and three days afterwards we raked it out of the fire, at the lime kiln where we was burnin', and if you'd believe it when we broke it open it was half full of frozen whisky. I tell you soapston *will* stand an awful amount of heat. That's the reason old General Simmerfelt had his coffin made of it. Yes ma'am, I *should* prefer soapstone."

"It's a nice, clean stove about ashes and getting dust around," said the widow, more than half convinced.

"Well that's a point I wanted to talk about," said Thomas; "there are some people who are willing to lie about their stoves, but if I can't sell a stove without lyin' about it I'll quit the business. It *does* make a few ashes. There's been a great many men that's tried to invent stoves that won't make any ashes, but they have all of 'em failed. But as for dust, our stove beats 'em all. Jones' wife sent home a feather duster that she got seven weeks ago, and said, since she had the 'Settin' Sun,' she hadn't any more use for such things."

Just then Thomas looked out of the front door and saw Mrs. Roger Grabbit coming and burst out with,

"There comes that Grabbit woman, she's a coming full tilt after this stove, and if she gets her eyes on it she'll order it sent up this afternoon and then you'll have to wait two weeks. There's been such an awful demand for this stove that the works is stopped and forty thousand orders ahead aint near worked off."

"You'll take it? All right! we'll send it up inside of an hour. Yes, and the Russia pipe, and I will come up myself and set it up. I tell you what Mrs. Beemin' you *are* a lucky woman, and Mrs. Grabbit will have to wait two weeks before she can get one like it. That stove, Mrs. Beemin', is a liberal education, it's bet- than a college or post tradership. There, take that chromo of the stove home to the girls. Oldest one named Mary? Pshaw, that's the name of a cousin of mine. Well, you'll be pleased with this stove I'll bet, and I'm so glad you didn't go down to Rollup & Squeezem's, they will lie so about their stoves. Yes, you can go right home and get your bakin' ready. The stove will be there right away."

* * *

Church Fairs, and Newspapers.

He was the manager of a church fair, and one morning he walked into the newspaper office and said:

"Want an item this morning?"

"Of course," replied the editor. Whereupon the visitor laid the followin note upon the table:

"The ladies of the —— Street Church will give a festival at their vestry hall next Friday evening. Literary and musical entertainments will be provided, and a supper will be served to all who desire it. The ladies in charge of the affair have much experience in such matters, and are sure to provide a good time. The admission will be only fifty cents, and it is certain that no one can spend that amount to a better advantage. Be sure to go, and, and take your friends."

When the editor had read it, he said:

"Oh, I see, an advertisement."

And seeing that the editor looked skeptical, he continued:

"It will interest a great many of your readers and help a good cause; besides, we have spent so much money getting up our entertainment that we can't afford to advertise it without increasing the price of the tickets. In such a matter as this we ought to be willing to help each other.

"Well, said the editor, "if it goes in the locals, I suppose you would reciprocate by reading a little notice in your church next Sunday."

The visiting brother asked what notice, and the editor wrote and handed him the following:

"The *Weekly Chronicle* for the coming year will be the best and cheapest family paper in Maine. Its proprietor has had much experience, and has all the helps which a large outlay of money can procure. His paper has a larger circulation than any other published in the country, and is to be furnished at only two dollars. It is certain that no one can spend that amount to a better advantage. Be sure to take the *Chronicle*, and subscribe for your friends."

The manager hemmed and hesitated and then said solemnly, that he doubted whether it would be judicious to read such a notice, but suggested that if it was printed, copies of it might be distributed at the door of the vestry on the evening of the entertainment.

"Yes," said the editor, "but it would attract more attention in the middle of a sermon. It will interest a number of your congregation and help a good cause; and besides, so much money is spent upon the *Chronicle* that I don't see how the owner can afford to print hand-bills to advertise it without increasing the subscription price. In such a matter as this we ought to be willing to help each other."

The gentleman saw the situation.

* * *

Boys and Smoking.

A timely note of warning is sounded by the New York *Times* against the growing evil of smoking among boys. It states that "careful experiments lately made by a physician of repute prove that the practice is injurious." Of thirty-five boys, aged from nine to fifteen, who had been in the habit of smoking, in twenty-seven he found obvious hurtful effects; twenty-two had disorders of the circulation and digestion, palpitation of the heart and more or less craving for strong drink; and twelve had ulcerations of the mouth. All were treated for weakness and nervousness, but successful only after they had relinquished smoking. The article concludes:

"One of the worst effects is the provocation of an appetite for liquor, which, indeed, is not confined to the young, but which grown persons are better able to manage. Where boys drink to excess they are almost invariably smokers; and it is very rare to find a man overfond of spirits who is not addicted to tobacco. Men who want to give up drinking usually have to give up smoking at the same time, for they say that a cigar or a pipe generally excites a desire for liquor which is very hard to control."

* * *

THE new style of tall bonnet may be photographed by slamming a ripe tomato against a board fence.—*Mauch Chunk Democrat.*

BECAUSE one is a flowing tide and the other is a flying toad. The question has escaped us at this moment.—*Andrews' American Queen.*

A BALTIMORE clergyman recently preached on the subject: "Why was Lazarus a beggar?" We suppose because he didn't advertise.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

The State Government.

Complete List of State Officers and Political Classification for 1881.

The following is a list of the executive officers of Pennsylvania for 1881:

Governor, Henry M. Hoyt, R., Luzerne county.

Private secretary to governor, C. N. Farr, jr., R., Berks county.

Lieutenant governor, Charles W. Stone, R., Warren county.

Secretary of the commonwealth, M. S. Quay, R., Philadelphia.

Deputy secretary of the commonwealth, J. R. McAfee, R., Westmoreland county.

Chief clerk, Thomas McCamant, R., Blair county.

Corporation clerk, S. B. Rodgers, R., Mercer county.

Attorney general, H. W. Palmer, R., Luzerne county.

Deputy attorney general, Lyman D. Gilbert, R., Dauphin county.

Auditor general, *Wm. P. Schell, D., Bedford county.

Chief clerk, Edward Herrick, D., Bradford county.

Corporation clerk, Edward F. Kerr, D., Bedford county.

State treasurer, Samuel Butler, R., Chester county.

Cashier, William Livsey, R., Allegheny county.

Secretary of internal affairs, Aaron K. Dunkel, R., Philadelphia.

Deputy secretary of internal affairs, Lucius Rogers, R., McKean county.

Bureau of statistics, Miles Humphreys, commissioner, R., Allegheny county.

Superintendent of public instruction and superintendent of soldiers' orphan schools, J. P. Wickersham, R., Lancaster county.

Deputy superintendents of common schools, Henry Houck, R., Lebanon county; Will A. Lindsey, R., Cumberland county.

Chief clerk, James L. Paul, R., Westmoreland county.

Adjutant general, James W. Latta, R., Philadelphia.

Chief clerk, George C. Kelly, R., Union county.

Department of insurance, J, Montgomery Forster, R., commissioner, Dauphin county.

Deputy commissioner, L. R. Boggs, R., Huntingdon county.

State reporter, J. Alfred Outerbridge, R., Philadelphia.

State librarian, C. L. Ehrenfeld, R., Washington county.

Superintendent of public printing, J. W. Jones, R., Dauphin county.

Superintendent of public buildings and grounds, W. Ross Hartshorne, D., Juniata county.

State printer, Lane S. Hart, R., Montgomery county.

Legislative Journal, S. B. Collins, R., Philadelphia.

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*On the first Monday in May John A. Lemon, R., of Blair county, will succeed Mr. Schell as auditor general.

* * *

Fooling a Chinaman.

A plump little Celestial, his almond eyes twinkling with delight and an extraordinary grin lighting up his yellow countenance, dropped in to witness the lottery drawing the other day.

He watched the blindfolded boys draw the numbers from the wheel with apparent interest, and bore the jokes of the crowd around with evident good nature.

"Say John, washee that man's shirtee?" asked one of the crowd, pointing to one of the benevolent-looking commissioners.

"I washee heapee plenty shirtee if I winee plize," replied the bland Mongolian.

"Have you got a ticket John?" inquired the man in the crowd.

"Well, me thinkee me habee," replied the Chinaman, drawing one from his pocket. Tlickee win?" he inquired.

The man in the crowd looked at the number, and scanning his list, found that it had come in for a $500 prize.

"Well, John," replied the man in the crowd innocently, "I think you've lost.

"Chinee man losee allee time," said the subject of the Flowery Empire; "gless tlow tickee away."

"You needn't do that, John," said the man, with a patronizing air. "I'll give you a dime for it."

"Dlime too lillee. Glimmee a dollar," said the Celestial.

"A dollar's too much for a ticket that can't win. We'll split the difference and call it half a dollar, eh?" said John's kind informant.

"Chinee man glottee no luckee; Melican man takee allee molonee. Takee the tickee and glimmee flo' bittee;" and John passed over his ticket in exchange for the money.

When the Mongolian's grinning features had disappeared, the man chuckled and remarked that he had "got her this time."

"Let's see the ticket," said one of his friends.

The man who had made the lucky investment handed the ticket over, when his friend exclaimed:

"Why, George, it was drawn last June!"

"Is that so?" asked the man, dumbfounded, the revelation that he had been duped dawning upon him. "Where is that lying rascal of a heathen Chinee who put up this joke on me?"—*New Orleans Picayune.*

* * *

AN old Vermont farmer came home drunk the other night, and became the victim of an irrepressible desire to get still drunker. So he thought he would bring out his wagon and drive over to Shelburne Falls for more whisky. Just as he was about putting the finishing touches on the harnessing arrangements he said to himself, "This horse has got horns!" He brought out his lantern and found he had harnessed the cow to the wagon. He muttered, "I'm drunk enough now," unhitched the beast and went into the house to sleep it off.—*Rutland (Vt.) Herald.*

Alas! how easily things go wrong!
A sigh too much, or a kiss too long,
And there follow a mist and a weeping rain,
And life is never the same again.

"I WOULD like to die to-night," pens a poet, for once coming into sympathy with the people.—*New Haven Register.*

THE ice is forming, and the golden stairway will soon be packed with youthful skaters.—*Danielsonville Sentinel.*

In a Stock Broker's Office.

The Interesting Scenes of Daily Occurrence There—Who the Speculators Are.

[The following account of the manner in which stock speculations are conducted will be interesting to our readers, who may not be familiar with the *modus operandi* of this kind of gambling. The stock broker's office described is that of HARRY L. HORTON & Co. Mr. HORTON was born in Sheshequin, and finally opened an office in New York, the business of which has grown to gigantic dimensions, and the proprietor a millionaire. In his prosperity he has not forgotten his Bradford county friends, and they are always welcome in the superb rooms, No. 56 Broadway, where he mingles the *suaviter in modo* with the watching of the indicator that tells of fortunes made and lost.]

From the Boston Herald.

Wall street brokers say that there is double if not threefold more speculation than there was three or four years ago. Then the average number of shares sold daily in the Stock Exchange was 160,000 to 150,000. It is now counted a dull day when 300,000 shares are not sold, and in the excitement of the great upward movement last winter, 500,000 was the daily average, and one day the number touched 700,000. Lately it has been over 500,000 several times. This increase brings with it many changes in the street. The Stock Exchange has become too small to accommodate the 1,200 members, and a new building is going up. Seats in the Exchange, which two years ago were quoted at $5,000, are now worth $21,000. The increased number of customers who watch the tape from 10 A. M. until 3 P. M. have compelled half the brokers in the street to enlarge their offices. Indeed, the offices of some of the leading firms have come to be curiosities, because of innovations. For years the typical broker's office in Wall street was a small room in a dingy basement, with a desk for the proprietor and another for his assistant, who combined the duties of clerk, bookkeeper, and boy. Quotations came at rare intervals over a telegraph wire, and were registered on a receiving slip. The customers were not many, for the craze had not taken hold of people. The broker's office of to-day is a suite of rooms. Let us look into one. It occupies two full Broadway fronts, and extends through to Exchange court. One side is devoted to customers and the general office, in which the members of the firm have desks, and the other, separated by a partition, is taken up by fifteen or twenty bookkeepers, cashiers, clerks, and assistants. The front room for customers has an inlaid oaken floor, put together in squares of tasteful workmanship. The wainscoating, which extends half way to the ceiling, is of cherry, and the paper above it is fit for a Fifth avenue drawing room. In one corner is a fireplace in which hickory logs blaze in cold weather, and above which is a mantel of rare design and beauty. The furniture is of cherry to match, and upholstered in leather. But for the regular tick, tick, tick of the gold and stock indicator as it registers prices upon the tape of white paper, you might think you were in a club room. The rear room, which is also open to customers, is carpeted with Brussels. The desks are massive cherry, and the couches and easy chairs are of the same, with leather upholstery. But for the business look given by the desks, you might think you were in a drawing room. Another indicator rattles out prices here also. Just before noon a colored attendant moves about with considerable alacrity, and, as the chimes of Trinity Church far overhead ring out the full hour, he trundles aside the cherry doors of the lunch room and discloses a well-arranged table, on which are salads, cold meats, oysters, and other things. Customers are expected and invited to lunch there as firm's guests, and the table remains until 2 o'clock.

This office is visited daily by about 50 men, young and old, who are interested in the market. Some come at the beginning of the day's business, and remain until it closes. They speculate for a livelihood, and are content to take small profits on their transactions. Others step in for an hour or more, get the run of prices for the day, leave an order or two, and are off to their regular business. Still others come and go at intervals. Among these 50 men are three classes of operators. The first buy or sell stocks at what is called long range. When stocks are very low they buy, intending to hold them until they get very high. This may be for two, four, or six months, but it makes no difference to the long range operator how sluggish the movements. He has convinced himself that prices are to be higher, and he waits for the advance as patiently as the hunter waits for game. Nevertheless, he is compelled to keep a close watch on the market, for unforseen breakers may come rolling in upon him at any moment. The operator at long range is content with no profit less than 10 per cent. on par value, and usually he intends to get 15 or 20. This class of operator is the most successful of all who buy or sell in Wall street. His transactions are few, but when he takes a profit it is a big one. In June last stocks were very low compared with the previous February prices, and the long-range operators all invested. Those who bought 1,000 shares of St. Paul, for instance, at 65 and held it until the 30th of September, had a chance then to sell it for 95, at an advance of 30 points and a profit of $30,000. If they held until Nov. 24, they might have sold 15 points higher.

A second class of operators trade on the fluctuations of a few days. They are called stormy petrels, and they comprise a great majority of the street speculators. Experience teaches that, while the tendency of prices may be upward or downward to a marked degree, stocks fluctuate slightly in their rise or fall. In an advancing market, as a rule, stocks will go up steadily two points, waver a few hours, and then decline one point. In a day or two they will start upward again two points and a half, may be, hesitate again, and then decline, say a point and a quarter. It is after each one of these declines that the stormy petrel makes his purchases. He watches the tape with lynx-like attention as the market then advances, and after he has a profit of two per cent. or thereabouts, he sells, and waits for another decline before purchasing again.

A third class are called scalpers. Any profit, however small, satisfies them. A half or a quarter per cent. advance in their holdings is enough to cause them to sell and look about for another chance. As a rule, they lose money.

Indeed, it may be said that two-thirds, if not three-quarters, of Wall street operators find themselves worse off at the end of the year than when it began. At best small operators simply go it blind. It is the big operators, the kings of the street, who are able to manipulate the market, who make the money. Experienced brokers will tell you that not one person in twelve who goes into Wall street takes his money with him when he retires. Some by good fortune may make what would be snug little fortunes if they would pocket their cash and leave speculation alone, but the more they make the deeper in they get, until some day along comes a crash that sweeps away every cent. Not a broker but has a fund of anecdotes in illustration of this. It is the most fascinating of all gambling, and, when once it takes hold of a man, he has difficulty in shaking it off. When a stormy petrel gets discouraged by repeated losses, he turns to operating at long range, and, after losing at this, he changes tactics and becomes a scalper. He is constantly trying some new plan; the scheme of ceasing entirely does not seem to occur to him until he has lost all.

The details of Wall street operating are a mystery to those who have not taken a hand. The person who wants to speculate does not know where to begin or how to take the first step. How much money must be put up as a margin? What does his broker do, and how much must the broker be paid for making the purchases? These are constantly recurring questions. Dozens of letters are sent to New York newspapers on the subject, and the writers seem to imagine that there is something very mysterious about the whole business. As a matter of fact, the reverse is the truth. Nothing is simpler than a purchase for a rise. Selling stocks short is just a trifle complicated to a novice, but is easy to understand.

The beginner usually starts his speculative career by purchasing 100 shares of stock, although a less number may be bought. He seeks a trustworthy broker, and is told that, to purchase 100 shares, he must deposit eight or ten per cent. of the par value of the stock. Dealings in the New York Exchange are so scaled that ten per cent. means $1,000, and most brokers require this sum from strangers. This deposit is called the margin. The broker then opens an account with him by placing $1,000 to the credit of the customer. The next step is for the customer to select a stock which is likely to advance, and having made up his mind that Erie, for instance, is the card, he simply says to the broker, "Buy me 100 shares of Erie." Off goes the broker like a shot to the Stock Exchange, where he dives into a crowd of 1,000 other brokers. The floor of the great room has upon it a score or more of knots of men, pushing, surging, and yelling at the top of their lungs. One knot is the St. Paul clique, another the Reading clique, a third the Erie crowd. Our broker rushes into the Erie coterie, elbows men out of the way, holds his right hand in air, and, knowing that the one man about whom the crowd is surging has some Erie stock to sell, and hearing a dozen other men, with their hands in the air, yelling "39⅞," he jumps up in the air higher than all the others, and yells "40." Thereupon the centre of the group makes a rush at him and shouts, "Sold." All this means that our broker has offered to pay $40 a share for 100 shares of Erie, and the other man has sold it to him, the other brokers having bid only $39.87½ for it. The two brokers jot down the transaction in their memorandum books, and the broker who sold it reports the sale. Instantly is flashed over the wire and into every broker's office in the city the new quotation of Erie of 40. The broker who sold rolls up 100 share certificates of Erie and sends them to our broker, who puts them in his safe and sends back a check for $4,000, the price of the stock.

Our new customer then "holds 100 Erie." He may "hold" it as long as he pleases, so long as the price of Erie advances. If Erie is in demand, the price will advance. When it is quoted at 41 it has advanced $1 a share, and our friend is $100 ahead in the transaction—that is, he would be were it not for the broker's commission, which is ⅛ per cent. for buying and ⅛ for selling, a total of ¼ for both buying and selling, which to our friend would be $25; hence the net profit at 41 would be $75. At 45 it would be $475. If the stock is held longer than the day of purchase, the customer must pay interest on the $4 000, the cost of the stock at 6 per cent. When the customer decides that he has made sufficient profit from the transaction he simply says, "Sell my 100 shares of Erie," and the broker sells it. If the sale is at 45, the customer is credited with the profit, less commission and interest. He then has some $1,400 and some odd dollars, which stands for margin in his next transaction; or he may withdraw his money and close the account. After two or three such operations his capital has doubled, and then, instead of 100 shares, he may purchase 200. Many a beginner has increased his original capital of $1,000 to $20,000, and even $50,000, and then, becoming less cautious in his operations, has found himself with 5,000 shares of stock on hand when there came a crash, and lost all. Stocks go down so much easier than they advance that the profits of a twelvemonth may be wiped out in twelve hours.

The beginner invariably operates for a rise. He can understand that paying 40 for Erie and selling it for 45 means $500 profit, less commissions. But selling stock to buy it again at a lower figure and deliver to the person to whom he sold confuses him. Nevertheless, it is a saying of Wall street that more money is made on the short than the long side of the market, and shrewd operators work the market both ways.

The fifty men who come and go in our broker's office represent almost as many different callings in life. Ten of them, probably, are professional speculators. The others are lawyers, insurance men, clerks, salesmen, &c. One is a practicing physician, and there are two or three officials under the city Government and an officer from one of the harbor military posts—all intent on making an honest dollar outside their regular vocation. Generally it ends in disaster to them. Sometimes this disaster tempts to peculation, and moral as well as pecuniary ruin results. Some of them never buy more than 100 shares of stock at a time, and others never less than 1,000. The great majority of Wall street operators trade in from 200 to 400 shares. Opinions differ as to whether prices will advance or recede, and frequently one will be buying a stock for an advance, while another is selling against a decline. Standing over the same telegraph indicator may be one man who hopes that Erie will go up and another who hopes it will go down. Some men are lucky, always making profitable turns, and others are always losing. All are intensely fascinated with the fluctuations.

Thumbs.

If anybody will look at the end of his thumb, he will find that the surface is ringed with little thread-like ranges of hills, wound round and round in tiny spirals. If he will take a magnifying glass and examine them closely, he will find that there is a good deal of individuality in the way in which these are arranged. No two thumbs in all the world are exactly alike. The miniature mountain ranges are as fixed and decided as the Alps or the Sierras, the geography of the thumb as unmistakable. Now the Chinese have made use of this fact for establishing a rogues' gallery. Whenever a criminal is examined by the law an impression is made of his thumb. Smeared with lampblack, partially wiped and then pressed down on a piece of white paper, an engraving of the thumb is made and kept in the police records. It serves just the same purpose which is served by our photographing our burglars and pickpockets. The accused can be identified with great certainty. Nothing short of mutilating or burning the thumb can obliterate its features. Sometimes a ghastly proof of guilt is furnished, a murderer red-handed with his crime, may touch his finger's end upon a white wall, and so leave in the color of his guilt a photograph on the accusing wall. His signature is left just as unmistakably as if he had signed the bond of his iniquity, and thus great crimes have been brought to light, and deeds of blood made to tell their own story.

But this individuality in the skin of the tip of the thumb, strongly marked as it is, yet admits a strong family likeness. Brothers and sisters who will take impressions of their thumbs will find resemblances among each other that they will not find when comparing them with the thumbs of strangers. Even thus minutely does that strange thing, family likeness, descend. What wonder is it faces look alike, voices sound alike; how can it seem strange that members of the same family should have similarities of temper, of mental aptitudes and hereditary diseases, when such minor peculiarities as the texture at the end of the thumb, and its ranges of hills, should also have family resemblances in the midst of their infinite diversities. "The hairs of our head are all numbered," and not only so, but if each hair, if examined with a powerful magnifying glass, shows peculiarities as strong as the trees of a forest. No two are exactly alike. Everything, from the smallest to the greatest, is impressed with a specific character and individuality. The Creator's invention is exhaustless, and He no more repeats Himself in the geography of a thumb than in the geography of a continent. Now, if anybody doubts this, let him take a little black, or analine color, and try. He will acquire an acquaintance with his thumb and a respect for it that will be quite interesting. —*Baltimore Every Saturday.*

The Story of the Apple.

The origin of this widely-growing fruit is unknown, though it has been cultivated time out of mind. As the apple is mentioned in the Bible, it is presumed to be a native of Palestine, although at present in Canaan and the surrounding region it is of no value. It is now imported into Egypt and Palestine from the neighborhood of Damascus. It was extensively raised by the Romans, albeit the Roman apple is thought by some to have been very different from the apple described in the scriptures. Pliney says that his countrymen were acquainted with twenty-two varieties —America produces more than 200 varieties. The apple is very hardy. It grows on all soils free from excessive moisture, except those of a peaty or very sandy character. The tree is noted for longevity, often bearing fruit for 200 or 250 years—the finest kind of apples coming from trees from 50 to 80 years old. The orchards of the republic occupy about 1,500,000 acres, and their product is worth some $16,000,000, most of the product being apples. American apples are the best in the world, and have a great reputation abroad, commanding large prices in Europe.

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NATUR luvs phun; if she doesn't she never would have made a munky.—*Josh Billings.*

UNTIL THE DAY BREAK.

I often wondered, when at night,
The curtaining lids had shut from sight
Those eyes so overbrimmed with light,

How could I sleep the long hours through,
As even the watchful-hearted do,
Nor have their violet once in view.

Sometimes, as love-late vigil kept,
Hearing him stir, I've closer stepped,
Half-minded, if he lightly slept,

To test him with a whispered wile.
(Meant my own reason to beguile),
To see if he would turn and smile,

Then I would hush my heart and make
Myself ashamed, that I should break
Such sleep, for love's own selfish sake.

"Wait till the morning," I would say;
"Wait till the slumber drifts away;
Then, where are eyes so bright as they?"

I wonder now, as, with my head
Bowed on my hands, uncomforted,
My heart keeps watch above my dead,

How can I live and meet the sum
Of years that stretch, a martyrdom
Of yearning, till the dawn shall come!

Yet in this vigil of my woe
Starts forth the thought that shamed me so
Beside his cradle long ago.

"Oh! aching, anguished soul!" I say,
"'Until the day break,' watching stay,
'Until the shadows flee away.'

"And thou shalt find that God has kept
The eyes whose closing thou has wept,
All heaven the happier that they slept!"

—*Margaret J. Preston in the Independent.*

Children's Fancies and Sayings.

A little girl sent out to hunt eggs came back unsuccessful, complaining that "lots of hens were standing round doing nothing."

"Are we bigger when we are younger, papa?" "Why, my boy?" "Because uncle is bigger than you, and he is much younger."

Willie, on being shown the new baby: "Is it a china baby, auntie?" "No, dear, it's a real baby." "Is it a real live meat baby, then?"

A child of six or seven, sitting on a visitor's knee, remarked to her mother: "I like sitting on gentlemen's knees better than on ladies', don't you, mamma?"

"Have you got the rent ready at last?" "No, sir; mother's gone out washing and forgot to put it out for you." "Did she tell you she'd forgotten?" "Yes, sir."

Mother, reading: "And every morning and evening Elijah was fed by the ravens, who brought him bread to eat." Lucy, aged four: "And was the bread buttered, mother?" (Fact.)

A child who had lived all her life in London was one day taken into the country, where she saw for the first time a hen, at which she exclaimed: "O look, mamma, what a large canary!"

"In what condition was the Patriarch Job at the end of his life?" asked a Brooklyn Sunday-School teacher of a quiet-looking boy at the foot of the class. "Dead," calmly replied the quiet-looking boy.

Georgie (four years old) at the tea-table: "Mamma, may I have some sardines?" Mamma: "Wait till I'm ready, Georgie." Georgie (surprised): "Why, ma, it's me 'at wants 'em!"—*Yonkers Gazette.*

Tired grandmamma (to Harry, aged four): "Oh, dear! your poor old grandma's almost worn out, Harry." Harry (inquiring of parent next day): "Mamma, shall I have a new gran'ma when the old one's worn out?"

"Look, mamma," said a little girl, "I have drawn an angel." Her mamma looked, but failed to discover the head, so inquired where it was. "My angel," said the child, "has gone to sleep, so her head is under her wing."

The elder of two sisters admiring a bonnet she saw in a shop window, expressed a wish she were able to purchase it, whereat the younger (thirteen years old) cried: "Well, send round a hat to your friends, and say its for a new roof to a lunatic asylum."

Two little boys were put to bed one night, and being talkative, a sweet was promised to the one first asleep. When the nurse returned, after a short time, the elder of the two jumped up and said: "Give me the sweet, I was asleep first." (Aged four years.)

"Papa, I'll trouble you for the salt." (Papa passes it.) "The mustard, too, please, papa." (This also given.) Papa, looking up: "Why, man, you have nothing; what are the salt and mustard for?" "Oh, papa, they are ready for the meat mamma will give me presently."

Governess: "Why do you not say your prayers in the morning, Tom?" Tom (eight years old): "Well, you see, when I go to bed I ask God to take care of me whilst I am asleep; but, when I'm awake, there's no need, because any little boy of my age can take care of himself then."

Just as a Brooklyn citizen called his five-year-old son into the house the other day, a playmate gave the boy a slap in the face and he ran to his father for protection. "My son," said the fond father, "when a boy hits you like that you must always strike back." "Oh, papa, I did. I hit him yesterday."—*New York Evening Post.*

An amusing instance of the ingenuousness of childhood is related by a lady residing in New Britain, whose locks have become tinged slightly with gray. A little daughter, about four years old, the other day, while sitting in her lap, ran her fingers through her mother's hair, and suddenly exclaimed, "Oh, mamma, you've got a lot of basting threads in your hair."

A new way to close a prayer—A promising youth of five rather mature summers was saying his prayers. The little fellow had set up beyond his usual bed hour to see a procession, with its flaming torches and loud huzzas, go by. It was his custom to say the little prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep," and then to add: "God bless papa and mamma," etc. On this particular evening his ears and heart were full of what he had heard, but he managed to get through with, "Now I lay me," with perfect propriety. Having omitted the rest of the prayer, his mother said, chidingly: "Willie, haven't you forgot something?" "Oh, yes, mamma," he replied. Then bending his head in reverential attitude, he cried out: "Hurrah for God! Amen!"

Thoughtful Thoughts.

When a man has no design but to speak plain truth, he may say a great deal in a very narrow compass.

As the activity of body is evidence of the presence of the spirit, so works manifest the presence of faith.

The noblest quality wherewith nature has endowed woman, for the good of the world, is maternal love.

When death, the great reconciler has come, it is never our tenderness that we repent, but our severity.

Beware of those who are homeless by choice. You have no hold on a man whose affections have no tap-root.

Four things that come not back—the broken arrow, the sped arrow, the past life, and neglected opportunity.

Many ways of happiness have been discovered, but all agree there is none so pleasant as loving and being loved.

We learn to climb by keeping our eyes not on hills that lie behind, but on the mountains that rise before us.

It is the man who determines the dignity of the occupation, not the occupation which measures the dignity of the man.

If you win by cunning, you also lose by it—lose that which is of more value than any object gained by it—character.

Mirth should be the embroidery of the conversation, not the web; and wit the ornament of the mind, not the furniture.

Luck is a good thing, but one cannot always afford to wait for it. Pluck is a better thing, because it is always ready to begin.

Sincerity does not consist in speaking your mind on all occasions, but in doing it when silence would be censurable and inexcusable.

Strength of resolution is, in itself, dominion and ability; and there is a seed of sovereignty in the barrenness of unflinching determination.

The gold of the sanctuary must be tried before it is accepted; and is thrown into the fire, not because it is of no value, but because it is so precious.