The Bradford Reporter.

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(Successor to Dr. E. H. Angle). OFFICE—Second floor of Dr. Pratt's office.
Towanda, Pa., January 6, 1881.

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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,
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ATTORNEY AT-LAW,
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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,
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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 entrusted 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, '78

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.

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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'L 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 the Street, East of Main.
Towanda, May 1, 1872 15*

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

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

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

C. S. RUSSELL'S
GENERAL
INSURANCE AGENCY
May25-70tf. 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.
X. N. BETTS, Cashier.
JOS. POWELL, President. April 1, 1879.

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

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 26, 1880-1yr*

NOW.

Rise! for the day is passing;
And you its dreaming one;
The others have buckled their armor
And forth to fight are gone;
A place in the ranks awaits you,
Each man has some part to play;
The past and the future are nothing
In the face of the stern to-day.

Rise from your dreams of the future—
Of gaining some hard-fought field;
Or storming some air fortress,
Or bidding some giant yield;
Your future has deeds of glory,
Of honor, God grant it may!
But your arm will never be stronger
Or the need so great as to day.

Rise! if the past detains you,
Her sunshine and storms forget;
No chains so unworthy to hold you
As those of vain regret!
Sad or bright, she is lifeless forever,
Cast her phantom arms away,
Nor look back, save to learn the lesson
Of a noble strife to-day.

Rise! for the day is passing;
The low sound that you scarcely hear
Is the enemy marching to battle—
Arise! for the foe is here!
Stay not to sharpen your weapons
Or the hour will strike at last,
When from dreams of a coming battle
You may wake to find it past.

ADELAIDE ANN PROCTOR.

CAUGHT.

There had been strange times in the Roseville Seminary. Two or three of the girls in the junior class, and a few in the senior, had been in open revolt, though the cause of this singular behavior was not generally known among the scholars.

The facts were these: Julia Fessenden, one of the girls living in town, had given a birth day party, and a dozen or more of the students had been invited, and the invitation submitted to the family.

After a little delay, Prof. Montrose called the girls together. They knew very well what was coming, and if the truth must be told, there was but one sunny face among the group, and that belonged to Kitty Bache.

"Young ladies," said the professor, "while I dislike to stand between you and any apparently rational enjoyment, I shall be compelled to request you all to return your regrets to Miss Fessenden. I beg you to remember that I am not only responsible to your parents and guardians for your intellectual improvements but for your social and moral welfare. Mrs. Fessenden's party may or may not be a good place for the students of Roseville; but so long as there is the slighest fear in my own mind in regard to the acquaintances you may form there, the nature of my office compels me to the course I have mentioned. I feel sure, young ladies, a little reflection will enable you to appreciate the very delicate position in which I am placed."

"Isn't it shameful?" said Laura Cary to Kitty, as they filed out of the professor's study.

"I thought I should like to go," replied Kitty, "but of course the professor knows best."

"Well my father and mother would never think of saying no if I were at home," continued Laura. "The idea of a girl seventeen years old being tied up in this style! We all ought to have high chairs and bib-aprons."

"Yes, and nurses," said another girl, "and baby-carriages and blankets, and blue quilted hoods. Prof. Montrose is an old stick!"

"That's just what he is," said another, "a perfect fossil. He's so old he can't enjoy anything himself, and he thinks nobody else can. I mean to go anyhow."

"I think you might have said something Kitty," put in Cary Dykeman. "If you had teased a little, and promised that we should all behave ourselves. I'm sure he would have consented. He just acted as if he expected you to speak."

"I never want anything enough to tease for it," replied Kitty, pleasantly. "I felt a good deal more sorry for him than I did for myself. I know it hurt him to refuse us."

"O, pshaw!" exclaimed Laura Cary. "Prof. Montrose has never granted me one favor since I have been in this seminary. It just tickles him to torment us.

It was on the end of Kitty's tongue to say to Miss Laura that if she had received no kindness from the professor, there could be but one reason for it, which was because she had never deserved any. But so many things that had been on the tip of this little unruly member had dropped off before now, and made her trouble, that she decided to keep a tight rein on it now.

Kitty had had a good deal on her mind lately, and just at this time she doubtless felt the disappointment much less than she might have at some other. One of the town scholars, a young and very lovely girl, had been taken suddenly and strangely ill. Her malady was a baffling one, from the fact of its being wholly of the brain.

This was known only to the mother, the matron of Roseville, the minister's wife, and Kitty Bache. The report once started that Ethel Lee was crazy, the mother well knew that were her daughter to live a hundred years, she would always be called crazy by the inhabitants of Roseville. So this feature of illness was kept a secret.

Then there was another reason. Mrs. Lee was a widow, and possessed of small means. By great economy, she had been able to educate her daughter, in the hope that she might support her by teaching. It lacked now only six months of her graduation, after which she had been promised a good position in the State normal school.

This promise had been secured in advance to Ethel by the greatest pains and influence. Mrs. Lee believed her daughter would permanently recover. The doctor thought she might; and Kitty Bache, the only human being who could calm her distressing paroxysms, was sure she would.

The matron of Roseville, whose power in certain respects was quite equal to the professor's, had given Kitty permission to go to the Lee's whenever she was sent for.

Twice had the kind hearted woman summoned Kitty from her studies to this errand of mercy, and once, when sent for in the evening, had escorted her herself.

The days rolled on, and at last the night of Miss Fessenden's party arrived. Strangely enough, all the excitement in regard to it had died out; and so completely had it passed from Kitty's mind that she had actually forgotten its date.

This evening, about half-past seven, Kitty was summoned to the matron's room. There she found Mrs. Coleman, the minister's wife, waiting to take her to the Lees. When Kitty returned to her room for her things, Catharine Lyndhurst, her room mate, had stepped out, and she could have no message. Of course Catharine had not in her confidence about Ethel, for Kitty had promised not to tell anyone. They all knew that the girl was ill, and that Kitty visited her, but nothing but the facts of the case would have answered as an excuse had it not been known how much Kitty was with her friend.

This evening Ethel was very wild, and Kitty's efforts to calm her were unsuccessful for a long time. For more than an hour the brave girl struggled with her insane companion, and not until they were alone together was there the slighest abatement in the intensity of the cerebral spasms.

Ten o'clock, and the sufferer was quiet; half-past, and she was sleeping peacefully; eleven, and Kitty could withdraw her tired arm under the burning head, and prepare to return to the seminary.

The minister had joined his wife, and escorted by these kind friends, Kitty walked slowly home, being very much exhausted and frightfully pale.

She had just bade her companions goodnight, and was about to step up on the porch leading to the servants entrance, where she was about to admit herself with the matron's night-key, when a group of girls rushed around the corner of the house and ran up the stoop.

They were so disguised by their water-proof capes and hoods that Kitty could hardly have recognized one of their number. Suddenly it flashed upon her that this was the evening of Miss Fessenden's party, and that these girls had attended it.

Then the leader, whom Kitty strongly suspected was Laura Cary, opened the door. It was found afterward that they had bribed the cook and obtained her pass-key.

As they all crowded into the hall, still as mice, Kitty bringing up the rear, there stood Prof. Montrose in the door of his study, the bright light from within shining full upon the girls, and making each face perfectly distinguishable! As the professor threw up his hands, there they stood looking like so many monks in their long black cloaks.

"Where have you been, Miss Cary?" inquired the professor, in tones that made even the bold Laura tremble.

"We have been to Miss Fessenden's party," she replied, after some deliberation.

There were seven in this group, and three of the number were so frightened or so conscience-stricken, that they began to cry. Then the professor's eyes fell upon Kitty.

"Miss Bache!" he exclaimed, looking like a man who had been struck, and starting forward a step or two, as if to make sure his eyes had not deceived him.

For a moment Kitty's self-possession entirely deserted her, and she looked the guiltiest one of the party. She was so completely tired out that she had no strength left for this trial, and her heart sunk within her as she found—probably for the first time in her life—that she was actually unable to speak a word.

She leaned against the door for support. One of the girls, who saw how pale and weak she was, took hold of her arm, and tried to lead her away. She was afraid she was going to faint, and doubtless thought Kitty had as a good a reason as the rest of them for desiring to keep her own counsel. Several times Kitty opened her lips to speak, but was powerless to articulate a single sentence. Then the professor spoke again.

"Young ladies, go to your rooms. I will see to you in the morning.

Oh, how sad and grieved his voice sounded! Then Kitty tried to move along with the rest; but there seemed to be something right before her all the time—something tall and dark that would certainly knock her down if she took another step.

How she ever climbed the stairs and reached her own room she never knew, but Catharine was aroused from a troubled dream by something falling to the threshold, and when she hastily turned up her light there was poor little Kitty in a dead faint.

For an hour or more Catharine did everything in her power for the girl's restoration, and was just on the point of summoning the matron when Kitty recovered a little.

"How can I ever live till morning and have the professor believe me such a bad girl?" she sobbed.

"But, Kitty, how was it possible for you to go off with those girls, anyway?" said Catharine, sobbing too.

"*Et tu*, Brutus!" said Kitty, rising herself on her elbow and looking Catharine full in the face. "I steal away to a party!—I! Why, Catharine, you have broken my heart!"

"But where have you been dear?" inquired her companion tenderly.

Ethel Lee was much worse, and Mrs. Coleman came after me."

"I wonder if you can ever forgive me, Kitty," said Catharine. "Of course, it seemed impossible, when ten o'clock struck and the monitor came around as usual, and told me with tears in her eyes that she feared that she would be obliged to report you with the rest of the runaways, I was nearly frantic. She finally promised me that she would wait till to-morrow, and see what account you would give of yourself."

Then Catharine made a hasty toilet, and before Kitty knew what she was about, left the room. She ran down stairs quickly, determined if she saw a light in the professor's study to ask permission to make an explanation.

There was no light there, and Catharine concluded that the professor had retired.

"He had gone to bed, I suppose," said she, on her return, "and we must be patient till morning."

There was very little sleep for either of the girls, but Kitty was able to rise, though looking very pale and worn.

After breakfast, she sought the professor's study to make an explanation. Three times she went, but there was no answer to her timid rap.

Then she went to the matron's room, and found her out. Then receiving no summons to the professor's presence, she waited until it was time for the geometry class, and entered it as usual.

The truants belonging to the class did not appear, and it was some time before the professor came in. When he did, and his eyes met Kitty's, he seemed for a moment quite undecided what to do. Then he said, very slowly, but very distinctly, the rest of the class looking on in mute astonishment,—

"Miss Bache, how dare you present yourself in my presence this morning unannounced?"

Kitty's fingers pressed her book like little clamps as she answered:

"Because, professor, I am not guilty of the disobedience with which you accuse me. I have endeavored to see you all the morning, but failing to do this, I could not see why, having committed no sin against you or the institution, I might not go on with my class as usual."

Then the girls clapped their hands and the professor's eyes brightened.

"Ethel Lee was much worse last night, and I went to see her with the matron's permission, and under Mrs. Coleman's escort. I was not able to leave her until that very late hour, and then I was too ill myself to say a word."

"If I had only been informed," said the professor, more to himself than to Kitty—and then:

"The circumstances were very much against you, my dear, but I should have known better. There is such a load taken from my heart, Miss Bache, that I don't know—"

"But what you could forgive the runaways?" put in Kitty, archly; and then the girls all clapped their hands still louder. "I don't think they will ever do so again, sir. It was a very great temptation."

"To you, Miss Bache?"

"No. I should like to have gone, had you thought it best; but then, God has made us all with such very different dispositions,—it was no credit to me not to go, because I prefer to obey. They might have struggled harder with temptation going than I did staying home."

Then there was more applause, and the professor said:

"The class is dismissed, Miss Bache, I would like to see you in my study."

So it came to pass that the seven runaways were pretty thoroughly disciplined, but not one expelled. Three weeks after, Ethel Lee was able to resume her work in school, and no one knew she had ever been "crazy."

Who Gave the Cent?

In one of our suburban churches the greatest hobby of its pastor is "foreign missions." When he was called to take the pastorate, one of his ideas was to place sealed boxes at either door entering the church for the reception of offerings such as the members might be disposed to the cause of home and foreign missions. That was a year ago or more, and at the beginning of the New Year the pastor thought it would be the proper thing to see how much good his boxes had accomplished, and so the beginning of 1881 was celebrated. When the first box was opened "not a red" was found, and the expectations of the good man fell below zero. But he gained courage from the observation that perhaps all the liberal minded souls passed in and out of the other door. The key was inserted in the lock of the cash box, the lid was lifted up, and a solitary cent appeared to view. Now the people of that congregation are inquiring, "Who gave the cent."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

THIRTEEN WAYS OF BEING HAPPY.—Happy is the man whom God correcteth; for he maketh sore and bindeth up.

Happy is that people whose God is the Lord.

Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help.

Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding.

Happy is the man that feareth alway.

Happy is he that condemneth not himself in that thing which he alloweth.

He that hath mercy on the poor, happy is he.

Whoso trusteth in the Lord, happy is he.

He that knoweth the law, happy is he.

If you suffer for righteousness' sake happy are you.

If ye be reproached by the name of Christ, happy are you.

Behold, we count them happy which endure.

If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them.

THEY were down on the Jersey beach the other day and had a falling out about clams or politics, we can't say which. At length Ned was so aggrieved that he said, in a threatening tone: "Now, Barney, git!" And Barnegat.

A MEAN man put fifteen hornets in a whisky bottle and gave it to a Texas man in the dark, to take a drink out of, and though the hornets got in their works as as they went down, the Texan remarked that it wasn't real Texas whisky, as it lacked fire.

An Ancient Instrument.

A writer in the periodical called *Hardware* says: The needle is one of the most ancient instruments of which we have any record. The modern needle is a pointed instrument having an eye, and is used for carrying a thread through some kind of fabric, or other material. It is probable, however, that the needles of those people who lived in very ancient times had no eyes, as instruments of bone, which were most likely used for this purpose, are found in the caves that were inhabited by ancient people of France, and the needles of ancient Egypt, which are described as being of bronze, do not appear to have been made with eyes. Some writers are of opinion that in place of the eye a circular depression was made in or near the blunt end, in which the thread was buried. Pliny describes the needles of bronze which were used by the Greeks and Romans. These instruments have also been found in the ruins of Herculaneum. The first account that history gives of the manufacture of needles is that they were made at Nuremburg in 1760, and while the date of their first manufacture in England is in doubt, it is said to have commenced in that country about 1543 or 1545, and it is asserted that the art was practiced by a Spanish negro or native of India, who died without disclosing the secret of his process. During the reign of Queen Elizabeth this industry was revived, and has been continued ever since. Christopher Greening and a Mr. Damer established needle factories at Long Crendon, near Redditch, in England, in 1650, and these were soon followed by other London needle makers. Redditch is still the centre of needle manufacture. The eyes of the earliest needles were square. Many unsuccessful attempts were made to bring out the so-called "drill-eyed" needles before they were finally introduced in 1826. Two years later the burnishing machine in which the eyes of needles are polished was completed. In this machine the needles are strung on a steel wire, which is caused to revolve rapidly, and thereby impart a beautiful finish to the eye. The process of hardening needles was for many years accomplished by casting them, while red hot, into cold water. By this means a large proportion of them became crooked, and the services of a large number of workmen were required to straighten them. In 1840 the substitution of oil in the place of water took place, and as this caused a large number of the workmen to be thrown out of employment, a riot took place at Redditch, and the introducer of the oil process was driven out of the town. The machinery for making needles has now been brought to such a state of perfection that, from the coil of steel wire to the finished needle, the machines used perform their various operations in a manner that may be said to be almost automatic.

Keep Ahead.

One of the grandest secrets of success in life is to keep ahead in all ways possible. If you once fall behind, it may be very difficult to make up the headway which is lost. One who begins with putting aside some part of his earnings, however small, and keeps it up for a number of years, is likely to become rich before he dies. One who inherits property, and goes on year by year spending a little more than his income will become poor if he lives long enough. Living beyond their means has brought multitudes of persons to ruin in our generation. It is the cause of nine-tenths of all the defalcations which have disgraced the age. Bankers and business men in general do not often help themselves to other people's money until their own funds begin to fall off, and their expenditures exceed their receipts. A man who is in debt walks in midst of perils. It cannot but impair a man's self respect to know that he is living at the expense of others. It is also very desirable that we should keep somewhat ahead in our work.

This may not be possible in all cases; as for instance, when a man's work is assigned to certain fixed hours, like that of the operative in a mill. But there are certain classes of people who can chose their time for the work which they are called to do, and amongst them there are some who invariably put off the task assigned them as long as possible, and then come to its performance hurried, perplexed, anxious confused—in such a state of mind as certainly unfits them for doing their best work. Get ahead and keep ahead, and your success is tolerably sure.

How to Say It.

Say "I would rather walk," and not "I had rather walk."

Say "I doubt not but I shall," and not "I don't doubt but I shall."

Say "for you and me," and not "for you and I."

Say "whether I be present or not," and not "present or no."

Say "not that I know," and not "that I know of."

Say "return it to me," and not "return it back to me."

Say "I seldom see him," and not "that I seldom or ever see him"

Say "fewer friends," and not "less friends."

Say "if I mistake not," and not "if I am not mistaken."

Say "game is plentiful," and not "game is plenty."

Say "I am weak in comparison with you," and not "to you."

Say "it rains very fast," and not "very hard."

Say "in its primitive sense," and not "primary sense."

Say "he was noted for his violence," and not that "he was a man notorious for violence."

Say "thus much is true," and not "this much is true."

Say "I lifted it," and not "I lifted it up."

And last, but not least, say "I take my paper and pay for it in advance."

The Age of the Earth.

As soon as our earth ceased to be incandescent, and became covered in large part by water, it commenced its depositions of submarine sediments. The oldest known sedimentary rocks, comprising the Laurentian and Huronian systems of Canada, have a total average thickness which cannot certainly be estimated at anything less than 20,000 feet. Sir William Logan, indeed, the greatest authority upon these primeval formations, considered the measurable thickness of his upper and lower Laurentian alone to amount respectively to 20,000 and 10,000 feet, while he set down the Huronian system as reaching some 18,000 more. But as doubts have been raised whether the Huronian series are not really the metamorphosed representatives of the upper Laurentian, we will omit them altogether from our calculation so as to avoid any possible cause of offence. The great Cambrian system, the next in order of time, has a thickness which has been fairly estimated at from 35,000 to 30,000 feet. We will adopt the smaller figures. The Silurian is pretty well known to number 6000 feet. The Old Red Sandstone, with its doubtful contemporary, the Devonian, cannot be put down for less than 1,000. The carboniferous series amount to at least 12,000 feet, the coal measures alone sometimes attaining to full that thickness. Thus the whole primary group, including the so-called azoic rocks, has a total vertical extent of not less than 83,000 feet. By the side of these enormous thicknesses, we can only allow 10,000 feet for the whole of the secondary formation, from permian to the chalk inclusive, while we shall be generous if we assign 1000 feet to the little group of the tertiary and post teritary deposits. This gives us a total thickness for the whole geological series of 94,000 feet. Let us allow 6000 more for the breaks between each of these main divisions, or the unrepresented strata, and we have the round number, 100,000 feet.

A tabular statement will make these relations clear, and will allow us to translate our thicknesses into conjectural but relatively ascertained dates:

Laurentian,	20,000	20,000,000
Cambrian,	25,000	25,000,000
Silurian,	6,000	6,000,000
Old red sandstone, Devonian,	10,000	10,000,000
Carboniferous,	12,000	12,000,000
Secondary	10,000	10,000,000
Tertiary and post-tertiary	1,000	1,000,000
Gaps and unrepresented strata,	6,000	6,000,000

—*From the Gentleman's Magazine.*

How Afghans Fight.

An English correspondent in Asia, referring to the fighting qualities of the Afghan soldiery, says: "An Afghan never thinks of asking for quarter, but fights with the ferocity of a tiger, and clings to life until his eyes glaze and his hands refuse to pull a pistol trigger or use a knife in a dying effort to maim or kill an enemy. The stern realities of war were more pronounced on the battlefields in Afghanistan than perhaps they have ever been in India, if we except the retributive days of mutiny. To spare a wounded man a minute was probably to cause the death of the next soldier who unsuspiciously walked past him. One thing our men certainly learned in Afghanistan, and that was to keep their wits about them when pursuing an enemy or passing over a hard-won field. There might be danger lurking in each seemingly inanimate form studding the ground, and unless care and caution were exercised, the wounded Afghan would steep his soul in bliss by killing a kaifer just when life was at its last ebb. This stubborn love of fighting *in extremis* is prompted doubtless by fanaticism, and we saw so much of it that our men at close quarters always drove their bayonets well home so that there should be no mistake as to the dead lines of the wound. The physical courage which distinguished the untrained mobs who fought so resolutely against us was worthy of all admiration; the tenacity with which men, badly armed and lacking skilled leaders, clung to their positions was remarkable, to say nothing of the sullen doggedness they often showed when retiring. But when the tide of the fight set in against them and they saw further resistance would involve them deeply, there was so sudden a change always apparent that one could scarcely believe the fugitives hurrying over the hills were the same men who had resisted so desperately but a few minutes before. They acted wisely; they knew their powers in scaling hills, or in making their escape by fleetness of foot, and the host generally dissolved with a rapidity which no one but an eye-witness can appreciate. If cavalry overtook them they turned like wolves and fought with desperation, selling their lives as dearly as men ever sold them, but there was no rally in the true sense of the word, and but faint attempts at aiding each other. The regular troops were but little amenable to discipline, by reason of deficient training, and they resorted to the tactics they had pursued as tribesmen when they were once forced to retire."

A CONSIDERATE FATHER.—"Do you love him?" asked a St. Louis father of his daughter when she had informed him that the question had been popped.

Geraldine laughed in spite of herself. "I have a strong impression that he would scarcely ask me to marry him unless he thought pretty well of me."

"Of course—of course; but do you love him?"

"With my whole heart and soul."

"Well, if that's the case," said Colonel Spencer, throwing away his cigar, "all I've got to say is you are both confounded simpletons if you don't get married—there!"

"My darling," said he, "what a delicious taste your lips have." Then she sprang up and yelled: "Goodness, John! have you been eating my lip-salve?"

WHICH?

"Spurn the woman, she is guilty;
Let the man go free;
She is sinful, he but human,
We can all agree."
This the verdict that we render
In the courts below,
Never asking: "Up in Heaven
Says the Master so?"

We can listen, all unheeding,
To her plaintive moan,
To her frantic, hopeless pleading,
And her dying groan.
For the sins of fallen woman
Nothing can atone;
"We are sinless," thus we reason,
"Cast we the first stone."

But with tender words and glances
Greet him, press his hand;
Show him how much loving favor
He may still command.
Should he ask us for our daughters,
Gladly we'll consent;
He is rich, his rank is noble,
We are well content.

What if he has crushed forever
One poor bleeding heart?
He was but the victim of that
Wicked woman's art.
He the tempter, she the tempted,
In the sight of Heaven;
But on earth, for the judgment,
All to him forgiven.

Some Difficulty About the Calls.

"Now, my dear," said Mr. Spoopendyke, "let me see the list of ladies you want me to call on. I really don't care to go around much, but a man ought to do what his wife wants him to do on New Year's day. Where's the list?"

"Here it is," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, fluttering around with her hair in her mouth. "I wrote them all out for you, so you wouldn' have any trouble."

"What makes you put old Sister Lamb at the head of the list?" growled Mr. Spoopendyke. "She's got a wart on her chin the size of a fire bell, and she can't talk anything but the advantages of egg over stove coal for heating the Sunday School."

"But she belongs to the church, and I don't believe any one else will call on her," reasoned Mrs. Spoopendyke. "She'll be tickled to death to see you."

"What do you think I'm starting out for?" demanded Mr. Spoopendyke fiercely. "Got an idea I'm going around like a missionary to carry the Gospel to people everybody else is afraid of? Who's this? What's this second name here? Who's Mrs. Shklymbretoy?"

"That's Mrs. Wolverton. I promised her you would call. Never mind Mrs. Lamb, but you ought to call on Mrs. Wolverton."

"What for? What has she got in common with me, except that her bones are hollow? She don't know the difference between a Guinea pig and the burning of Jerusalem. Always wants to know if I don't think Sodom and Gomorrah were parables. Is that the kind of a list you've made out? Want to see me run around the old mountains. Who's Miss Swash?

"That's Mrs. Smith, the little widow. You know she's interested in sending women out West to get husbands. She'll amuse you."

"She will if she sees me. She'll make me laugh like a hyena if she gets one eye on me. Who's that yellow headed girl that sits two pews in front of us? I'd call on her, now."

"She's a little chit of a thing. You don't want to run after those young people—a man of your age!"

"What's the reason I don't," howled Mr. Spoopendyke. "Got an idea that I only care for the tough old people, haven't you? Think I'm a sort of Plymouth Rock, don't you? Got any more old landmarks that need inspection?"

"I don't care!" remonstrated Mrs. Spoopendyke, indignantly; "they're nice people, and I like to cultivate them. They may be along in life, but they can't help it."

"Cultivate 'em, if you want to," growled Mr. Spoopendyke; "but if you think I'm going hoeing around among 'em on the first of January, you're left. What d'ye want to cultivate 'em for? With your friends and ideas, you only need weekly prayers and an alarm of fire to be an old woman's home. Who else have you got here? Mrs. Sliggonspratt, Mrs. Wopentenslough, Miss Kimpzf—"

"You don't read them right at all," complained Mrs. Spoopendyke. "That's Mrs. Silverspoon and Mrs. Worthington and Miss Hemmingway. They are just as nice as they can be."

"Are they the three old worthies howl in the choir?" asked Mr. Spoopendyke sternly. "They've got a grandson old enough to be my father."

"They haven't," sobbed Mrs Spoopendyke. "You know better."

"Well, most of 'em have. What d'ye want me to call on them for? Got any more old almanacs expecting me? Where's the Sphynx? You haven't got the Sphynx down here, nor the Tower of Babel. Who're these other pyramids? Who's Mrs. Upsidedown?"

"That's Mrs. Edgerton. She sent you the jelly when you were sick, and you said she was the best woman in Brooklyn. You'll have to call on her for politeness," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, severely.

"I won't either!" shouted Mr. Spoopendyke. "The jelly was sour, and she made me pay a dollar toward a plaster of Paris angel for a starving family out in Flatbush. Who's this other nurse of George Washington's? Here, this is a mistake, I went to old Miss Schumslock's funeral thirty years ago."

"You didn't! You never did!" proclaimed Mrs. Spoopendyke, thoroughly aroused. "That isn't her name either. It's Miss Schofield, and she is the best friend I have got. I only want—"

"I know what you want," hissed Mr. Spoopendyke. "You want a few more acquaintances, and a map to be a guide book to ancient Troy. Think I'm going to call on that old monolith? Got anything here that belongs to modern times? Know anybody who has been dug up within six or eight centuries? Who's that black-eyed girl in the class? Don't she hang out a flag to-day?"

"I wouldn't look at her," sniffed Mrs. Spoopendyke. "I wouldn't have you go there for worlds. Beside, she don't receive."

"What's this?" demanded Mr. Spoopendyke. "What's Mrs. Wimpqstvxq got to do with it? What cemetery will I find her in?"

"That's Mrs. Willoughby," explained Mrs. Spoopendyke, complacently. "She's the young widow who recently joined the church."

"I don't mind calling on her," said Mr. Spoopenyke. "She wasn't born more'n four thousand years before the Christian era. Got any more like her? Does this measly list contain anybody else who wasn't the mother of the Chinese Empire? Think of any more gravestones that haven't had the epitaphs worn off?

"No," replied Mrs. Spoopendyke, coldly, "and now I remember, Mrs. Willoughby receives calls with friends in Buffalo."

"Dod gast your dod gasted list!" howled Mr. Spoopendyke, dancing on the unhappy document. "What d'ye think I am, a ghoul? S'pose I'm going to prance around among all the measly old ghosts in Brooklyn? S'pose I'm going to swash around and eat cake and drink lemonade with a lot of illustrations of the silurian period? Think I'm going to spend the day with a lot of articulated old skeletons just because they belong to the same church that I do?" and Mr. Spoopendyke popped out of the house like a bung, and went next door to see if his friend Tortorthumb knew any mummies of whose history there was some tradition.

"I don't care," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, as she whirled around two or three times to practice kicking her train, "if he don't call on the church people they'll be hoping mad, and if he does, he won't have much of a time, so he'll wish he was dead either way," and Mrs. Spoopendyke bustled into the parlor to assure a sandy-haired young man with a stiff neck that it was awfully good of him to come, and to learn that he hadn't come far of his own volition, but had slid most of the way.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

A Great Library Building.

A joint congressional library committee having selected Judiciary square as the site for the proposed new congressional library building, and having reported a bill recommending that a suitable sum be appropriated to construct the building according to the plans submitted by Messrs. J. L. Smithmeyer & Co. This was decided upon at a meeting Wednesday afternoon, and Senator Vorhees does not believe that any serious objection will be raised. The plan adopted is partly late gothic and partly French renaissance, 300 by 450 feet, rectangular, with a height of 72 feet, divided into two stories, with a ten-foot basement. It is to be constructed of fire proof material. The largest rooms are to be vaulted, and in the centre of the building will be an octagonal dome, for a reading room, 100 feet in diameter and 120 feet high. The shelving capacity of this room is to be for 130,000 volumes. Radiating from the dome on the first floor in eight different directions will be as many corriders leading to the four wings of the structure. In the corridors, each of which look out on an open space, will be alcoves for books, five stories high, built of cast iron and glass. Maps and drawings, lithographs, engravings, music and photographs will be placed in four pavilions in each of the four corners of the building. Three small rooms projecting from the east, west and north wings, will be used for special study apartments. In the second story, in the east and west wings will be two halls 25 by 280 feet, and in the north wing one 35 by 150. In these graphic and art collections will be placed. The main entrance of the building will be on the south front, and the entire shelving capacity of the structure will be for 2,500,000 volumes, which, at the ordinary increase, will contain all the works that may accumulate in the next hundred years. It is estimated that the structure will cost between $250,000 and $300,000.

A Chunk of Natural Philosophy.

A boy about fourteen years of age was smoking a cigar on the south portico of the City Hall the other morning when a citizen halted before him and said:

"Boy do you realize what you are doing?"

"Smokin' a powerful good five-center, won a bet," was the reply.

"But don't you know that you are filling your system with poison?"

"Naw."

"Well, your are. That cigar contains enough nicotine to kill a cat."

"I'm no cat."

"I know. It does not kill you suddenly, but poisons the blood and sows the seed of fell disease. You may drop dead on your way home."

"I ain't goin' home."

"It fills me with horror to see a lad of your age destroying both soul and body. Boy, I entreat you to throw away that vile cigar."

"I dasn't. Some one else would pick it up and be pizened."

"Throw it away and I'll buy you three apples."

"Don,t like 'em."

"Or a quart of peanuts"

"Say," said the boy, as he fondly regarded the inch of ashes at the end of the cigar. "I bet a boy the cigars this morning that he couldn't tech his tongue to a lamp-post and then sing 'Sally Walker?' He teched, and there's a crowd up there now tryin' to thaw him loose. I ain't very scart about being pizened, and I don't keer much for fatherly advice