The Bradford Reporter.

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

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. Angle). 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. 2,18,80 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, Plus SE. 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 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, '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 tf

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

F. 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
May28-70tf. TOWANDA, PA.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK,
TOWANDA, PA.
CAPITAL PAID IN.....$123,000
SURPLUS FUND..... 66,000
This Bank offers unusual facilities for the transaction of a general banking business.
N. N. BETTS, Cashier.
JOS. POWELL, President. April 1, 1878

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 Mill in Monroeton.
Monroeton, June 17, 1880. HENRY W. WELLS.

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 23, 1880-1yr.

MOTHER SHIPTON.

"The world to an end shall come
In eighteen hundred and eighty-one."
MOTHER SHIPTON.

So runs the old-time prophecy
Of one who saw, tradition says,
The magic of the far-off days,
And read their hidden mystery.

And tho' the questioners may say
The far-seen wonder of the rhymes
Was writ, forsooth, in modern times,
We'll disbelieve them for to-day.

But let us read the verse aright,
Nor guess the inner fires that eat
The world, shall lose their racking heat,
And touch it with eternal blight.

To stranger, follower or friend,
In this perpetual round of strife,
Of life in death, of death in life,
The world shall shall daily reach its end.

Although it never shift within
Its endless circle round the sun,
Six thousand years ago begun,
Yet daily shall the world begin.

In health or plague, in war or peace,
Despair or hope, abroad or home,
At last for each the end shall come,
For each the world forever cease.

And even so, in peace or war,
In chamber noble or forlorn.—
The world, for him most newly born;
Shall be renewed *forevermore*.

For this our prophet and our kin,
The world was ended long ago,
But for the strong, the steadfast, lo
The waiting world may yet begin!

The Weaver of Raveloe.

BY GEORGE ELIOT.

It was fifteen years since Silas Marner had first come to Raveloe; and at the end of fifteen years Raveloe men said the same thing about him as at the beginning. He was subject to catalepsy, and to the villagers there was something mysterious in these fits, as a fit was a stroke, and it was not in the nature of a stroke to let a man stand on his legs like a horse in the shafts and then walk off as soon as you can say "Gee"

So had his way of life mysterious peculiarities. He invited no comer to step across his door-sill, and he never strolled into the village to drink a pint at the Rainbow, and he sought no man or woman, save for the purpose of calling, or to supply himself with the necessaries of life.

He had knowledge of herbs—and charms too, they thought—and perhaps he was possessed of an evil spirit, so it was partly to this vague fear that Marner was indebted for protecting him from persecution, and still more, that, as linen weaver, his handicraft made him a highly welcome settler to the rich housewives of the district. There was only one important addition which the years brought; it was that Master Marner had laid by a small sum of money.

His life had reduced to the mere function of weaving and hoarding. But about Christmas of that fifteenth year a great change came over Marner's life, and his history became blended in a singular manner with the life of his neighbors.

The greatest man in Raveloe was 'Squire Cass. One of his two sons, Dustan, the second, the neighbors said it was no matter what became of him—a spiteful, jeering fellow, whose taste of drinking, butting and swopping might turn him out to be a sower of something worse than wild oats.

But it would be a pity that Godfrey, the eldest, a fine, well-bred, good-natured young man, should take the same road as his brother, which he seemed inclined to do of late.

Godfrey was in Gustan's power, as he had secretly married a coarse beauty, whose love of drink had made her an unfit companion for any one, and he lived in fear of his father learning the dreadful secret and turning him adrift. so Dustan made constant demands on him for hush money. Driven to desperation by his profligate brother, he had given him permission to sell his favorite horse if he would make no more demands upon him.

So Dustan rode the horse to the races, and before he had a chance to sell, killed the horse and went from the grounds in a drunken, penniless state.

As he was plodding home through the dark he saw a light in Marner's house. He knocked, but no one answered, and on stepping in he found it vacant.

Where could he be, leaving his supper cooking and the door unfastened. It was a dark, rainy night, and perhaps he had gone for fuel and fallen into the stone pits.

This was an interesting idea to Dustan. If the weaver was dead, who has a right to his money? Who would know where his money was hidden? Who would know that anybody had come to take the money away?

He saw a place near the loom where the sand had finger marks. He darted to it, lifted the bricks, and found two leather bags. He immediately left the house with the bags. The rain and darkness had got thicker, but he was heartily glad of it.

Silas came soon after, and after getting warm he thought he would put his beloved guineas on the table before him, as it would be pleasant to see them as he ate his unwonted feast. For joy is the best of wine, and Silas' guineas were a golden wine of that sort.

The sight of the empty hole made his heart leap, but the belief that his gold was gone could not come at once. He had put his gold somewhere else and then forgotten it. He turned his bed over and looked in the oven.

He felt once more all around the hole. He could see every object in the cottage—and his gold was not there. He put his hand to his head and gave a wild, ringing scream, the cry of desolation. The cry had relieved him from the first maddening pressure.

He tottered toward his loom, and got the seat, where he worked, instinctively seeking this as the strongest assurance of reality.

The idea of a thief began to present itself. He started from the loom to the door. He rushed out in the rain and made his way to the inn

There Silas told his story under frequent questionings as the character of the robbery became evident.

The slight suspicion of his hearers melted away before the simplicity of his distress.

Dustan Cass had never been heard from, and on New Year's eve 'Squire Cass gave a large party. That night Godfrey's wife was walking with slow, uncertain steps through the snow-covered lanes of Raveloe, carrying her child in her arms.

Soon she felt numb with cold and fatigue, and then nothing but a supreme immediate longing to lie down and sleep. The complete torpor came at last; then fingers lost their tension, the arms unbent; then the little head fell away from the bosom, and the blue eyes opened wide on the cold starlight. Suddenly its eyes were caught by a bright gleaming light on the white ground; in an instant the child had slipped on all fours and held out one little hand to catch the gleam. But the gleam could not be caught, and the head was held up to see where the cunning gleam came from. It came from a very bright place; and the little one raising on its legs went on to the open door of Silas Marner's cottage, and right up to the warm hearth where Silas' coat lay on the bricks to dry. The little one squatted down on the coat; presently the warmth had a lulling effect, and the little golden head sank down on the old coat asleep. But where was Silas Marner? He was in the cottage, but he did not see the child. He had gone to the door to look out, and put his right hand on the latch of the door to close it; but he did not close it. He was arrested by the invisible hand of catalepsy, and stood with wide but sightless eyes holding open the door, powerless to resist the good or evil that might enter there.

When Marner's sensibility returned he closed the door, and turning towards the hearth, where, to his lurid vision, it seemed as if there were gold on the floor in front of the hearth.

Gold!—his own own gold!—brought back as mysteriously as it had been taken away.

He leaned forward at last and stretched forth his hand, but instead of the hard coin his fingers encountered soft warm curls. Could this be his little sister come back to him in a dream? He had a dreamy feeling that this child was somehow a message come to him from far off life. But there was a cry on the hearth, and Silas fed and clothed it. He found it had on wet shoes, which suggested to him that she must have come from out doors; so he raised the child and went to the door, and the little one cried out mammy. Bending forward he could just discern marks made by the little feet, and he followed their tracks to the furze bush, and there he found a human body, with the head sunken in snow. Silas knew that all the town was at the grand party at the 'Squire's, so he carried the little one there in search of the doctor. The doctor, Godfrey, and a few others go to the stone pits, and there find that the woman is past help—dead. They urge Silas to part with the child, but he presses it to him, and says:

"No, no! I can't part with it. It's come to me—I've a right to keep it."

It was a bright autumn Sunday, sixteen years after Silas Marner had found his new treasure on the hearth.

The bells of the old Raveloe church were ringing the cheerful peal which told that the morning service was ended. He called her Eppie for his sister, and that morning, as they walked together, in low, murmuring tones Eppie talked to him.

"Father, if I was married, ought I to be married with mother's ring?"

"Why, Eppie, have you been thinking of it?"

"Only this last week, father," said Eppie, ingenuously, "since Aaron talked to me about it."

"And what did he say?" said Silas.

"He said he should like to be married, because he was going on four-and-twenty, and had got a good deal of gardening work, now Mr. Mott's given up."

"And who is it he's waiting to marry?" said Silas, with rather a sad smile.

"Why, me, to be sure, daddy," said Eppie, with dimpling laughter, kissing her father's cheek; "as if he'd want to marry any body else."

"And you mean to have him, do you?" said Silas.

"Yes, some time," said Eppie. "I don't know when."

"Everybody's married some time," Aaron says.

"But I told him that wasn't true, for I said: 'Look at father—he's never been married.'"

"My child," said Silas, "your father was a lone man till you was sent him."

"But will never be a lone man again, father," said Eppie, tenderly; "that was what Aaron said."

"I could never think of taking you away from Master Marner, Eppie."

"And," I said, "it 'ud be of no use if you did, Aaron, and he wants us all to live together, as you needn't work, and he'd be as good as a son to you But I don't want any change. Only Aaron does want a change and he made me cry a bit—because he said I didn't care for him, for if I cared for him I should want us to be married, as he did."

"Oh, my blessed child," said Silas. "You are o'er young to be married. But I shall get older and helpless, and I should like to have you marry somebody else besides me—somebody young and strong, as 'ud take care o' you to the end."

"Then you would like me to be married, father?"

"I'll not be the man to say no, Eppie, but will ask your godmother. She'd wish the right thing by you and her son, too."

And the godmother wished it.

In draining the lands the stone pits were drained dry and the skeleton of Dustan Cass was found and all of Silas Marner's gold, £295. So Aaron and Eppie enlarged their garden, and made pretty their home, as they did not wish the stone pits, and Eppie's own words tell the story of their united happy life.

"Oh, father, what a happy home ours is! I think nobody could be happier than we."

One Hundred and Seven Years of Age.

There are not many persons, who although they claim to be more than a century in years, are able to fully establish such claim. A thorough investigation usually takes off five or six or more years. There is in Delaware county, New York, however, a case that is well authenticated. It is that of Mrs. Prudence Lakin, of Pease Eddy, who is now in her one hundred and seventh year. She has recently had her photograph taken, and it is that of a remarkably bright and intelligent woman, apparently not more than 80 years of age. Her relatives speak of her as a woman of industrious and temperate habits of life, and one who up to a short time ago had never known ill-health or feebleness. The weight of her years is now, however, pressing upon her, though she walks as erect as in her days of middle age, and the brightness of her eye is scarcely dimmed. Born on July 1, 1774, in Delaware county, she has always lived within the borders of the county, outside of which she has only passed a few times for brief visits to relatives. One of her strangest peculiarities is an utter disbelief in carpets as an article of furniture, and she would never permit one to come into her house. She says that the dust they hold is most injurious for the lungs, and her hatred of dust is so implacable that the floors of the apartments in use are twice each day washed with cold water. Some two years ago, in the summer time, Mrs Parkhill paid a visit to her aged relative. At the table she was surprised to find a vacant chair and an unused plate beside her, and was told by the kind-hearted old lady, who forgot no one, that it was for her absent husband. A day or two later, as the two ladies were seated together in the kitchen, a large rattlesnake, more than four feet in length, crawled into the room. Mrs. Lakin dropped the potato she was peeling, and, seizing a stove shovel, dealt such hardy blows upon the head of the venomous reptile that it soon lay dead. Thirteen rattles were taken from the snake, and Mrs. Parkhill keeps them as a souvenir of this daring deed. About three months ago Mrs. Sophia G. Lakin, a daughter with whom the subject of this sketch was then residing, died, at the age of seventy-three years. This news was brought to Mrs. T. L. Turner, of Newburgh, a sister of the deceased, who supposed that it was the older Mrs. Lakin, and on her way to her sister's funeral told a reporter that Mrs. Prudence Lakin had passed away. She also gave him a brief description of the old lady's life and ways and the result was an obituary notice of her death, which Mrs. Lakin a few days later enjoyed reading.

Manners at the Table.

With regard to the behavior at table, a contributor to the *Evening Post* gives some excellent hints, of which the following are the chief:

It is impossible to estimate properly the immense influence which is exerted upon a household by the atmosphere of the family table. A neat, well-ordered table is in itself a lesson to the children. To the inviting table, where there should be always something attractive, however simple the meal may be, most children will come prepared to behave properly.

It really is worth while, and, when philosophically considered, is a matter of great importance, to lay aside, as far as possible, all thoughts of the hard work done before and to be done after a meal, and to allow no vexatious questions to be discussed at this time. The habit of brooding over our work and exhausting ourselves by going it all over in our minds, is one to be studiously avoided. There is nothing which takes from one's energy more than this, and it is a frequent cause of insanity. Everybody knows that food digests better when eaten in agreeable company. It is something more than a pleasantry which made a friend remark that he could not have his wife and child pass the summer vacation away from him, as it gave him dyspepsia. The poor child who comes to grief at the table, and is sent away from it with his dinner half eaten, and who suffers the whole afternoon with an undigested lump of food in his stomach, is to be pitied.

It follows, then, that pleasant surprises in the way of preparing favorite dishes, that good taste and much painstaking in arranging all the appointments of the table and dining-room, rise above a mere ministering to the animal existence, and affect the fine issues of life. Good behavior and cheerfulness ought to accompany each meal as naturally and unvaryingly as bread and butter. The happy laughter which distributes nervous force, and calls the blood from the brain, allowing the stomach to get its share, should be heard more frequently at our tables. No one should feel at liberty to say one word which is not at least kind and thoughtful, any more than he would withhold a sufficient quantity of food.

"ALL I know about good or bad luk," says Josh Billings, "iz this: Our good luk we attribut to our shrewdness; our bad luk we charge over to somebody else's akount."

WHEN the little prattling baby is a hungered just after he awakens from his nap, why should he look around and call for ma-ma, when the little fellow really wants his pap?

A JERSEY CITY school teacher had a deal of trouble making a boy understand his lesson. Finally he succeeded, and remarked: "If it wasn't for me you would be the biggest donkey in New Jersey."

THE young clerk who desires to pass himself off as a wealthy son of a retired manufacturer or lord of the soil, should see that the height of the counter is not too plainly marked on the binding of his vest.

THERE is a very little difference between a trump and a tramp—they are both good for blowing.

Sensation of Freezing.

Jasper Perley, a farmer forty years of age, from Cattaragus county, N. Y., drove into Duke Centre on Wednesday evening, with a sleigh load of beef, apples and produce of various kinds, which he is hawking through the country, and after stopping there all night set out early Thursday morning for Eldred, eight miles distant. The day was intensely cold, and besides, the wind blew violently, making a long ride not only unpleasant but really dangerous. Perley's team was not very speedy, and by the time he had arrived at Eldred he was pretty well chilled through, but finding a poor market for his commodities he drove up Indian creek. Those who have lately tried it say that this is the bitterest ride to be had in the northern field, and Perley had reason to endorse this statement before he had gone through with it. After going some distance his hands became numb and the reins dropped from his nerveless fingers, but the horses plodded on. The next seen of the farmer was by a lady living in a house along the road, who saw the team with the instinct of dumb brutes seeking shelter, turn in toward the barn and stop in front of the door. The driver lay crouched in a heap insensible and the lady naturally supposed that he was dumb, but on such an inclement day it seemed no more than common humanity to offer him shelter. He was so utterly helpless that she summoned several drillers who were working on a well near by, who carried him into the house and ascertained that the unfortunate man was not intoxicated but frozen, his body being stiffened with the extreme cold. The sufferer was rubbed with snow and otherwise treated to revive the circulation. After a good deal of thorough manipulation and rubbing Perley was brought around, when a few doses of whisky sufficed to restore him to his normal condition. He thanked his rescuers very heartily and gave an account of his misfortune, which affords some inkling of the sensations of people who freeze to death. When he felt no longer able to hold the reins with any grip he determined to seek shelter in the first house until well warmed. His tongue became stiff, then his arms; sharp chills ran down his back, and finally it seemed as though his whole body was being congealed, causing an almost total cessation of the heart's action. This condition of extreme suffering and despondency speedily gave place to a feeling of grateful warmth, suffusing the system and causing an exhilerating glow. By this time he had reached a house, but he drove on thinking that nothing was to be feared. The sleigh instead of crawling along at a snail's pace, appeared to glide through the air with great swiftness and the horses fairly flew like pigeons. A sense of exultation filled the Cattaraugus farmer's breast as he urged the horses to still greater speed and the woods on either side were passed so quickly that they became indistinguishable black lines. Then the sleigh bells sounded fainter and fainter until the chimes disappeared in the distance, the farmer fell gradually into a delicious slumber, which came near being the sleep that knows no waking, and he knew no more until brought back to life under the vigorous treatment of the drillers. From Perley's statement he had a very interesting experience, such as few are able to relate and none covet. Later in the day he was able to resume his journey to Wigwam on the creek.—*From the Bradford Era.*

Look at This and Then at That.

Miss Blanche Murray is a very proper young lady. Last week she caught her little brother smoking.

"You terrible thing," she hissed, "I am going to tell father on you."

"This is only corn silk, murmured the boy, penitently.

"I don't care what it is. I am going to tell on you, and see that you don't get into that beastly, horrid, degrading habit. I wouldn't have anything to do with smokers."

II

It is evening. Miss Murray is sitting on the front stoop with Algernon. It is moonlight, and the redolent spirits of the honeysuckles and syringa are wafted bliss to their already intoxicated souls.

"Would little birdie object to my smoking a cigarette?"

"Not at all," replied Miss Murray. "I like cigarettes. They are so fragrant and romantic. I think they are just too delicious for anything."

"Then I'll light one."

He lights a cigarette, and they talk about the weather for two hours and a half.—*From the Petroleum World.*

A LADY of this city who wanted a servant was waited upon last week by a stout lassie from across the sea, who in response to the inquiry if she could cook, answered "Well, mam, I tried to make a tapioca pudding once." This was rather funny, considering the girl wanted the highest wages known in the servant girl market. This reminds us of another incident connected with house-work, which we have heard told with great gusto, by a well known humorist. It concerned the days of his comparative poverty, when his wife attended to all domestic duties herself. One day, however, she was taken suddenly ill, and he was sent forth in search of "help." He went to an intelligence office and of course picked out the best girl he could find, without asking any questions. When his wife saw her she naturally began to question her regarding her qualifications. She said, "Can you wash and iron?" No mam," was the reply. "Can you cook?" "No mam," came again with prompt readiness. "Well, what can you do?" said the lady in despair. "I can tend table," was the crusher which made the questioner bury her head in the pillow, and motion her husband to take the girl away.

PROFESSOR—"Mr. Brown, what is the salt rheum?" Student—"The salt-room, sir, must be where they store salt."

The Peacock and the Oyster.

One day an oyster set out to cross a neck of land to save himself a long swim around it, and as he journeyed along the dusty highway, content with the weather, the climate and the surroundings, he suddenly heard a harsh voice crying out for him to halt. As he rolled into the shade of a pigweed, a peacock advanced with lordly strut and demanded:

"How, now, sirrah? Where are you going, and what is your errand?"

"I'm simply crossing from water to water, and tired enough I am. I believe I have been three good hours making half a mile."

"Three hours? Why, I could strut over the distance in three minutes! Ah, me, but you don't amount to much for your size."

"No, a child can swallow me at a gulp."

"And you aren't the least bit pretty."

"That's true. My shell is coarse and full of ridges."

"And you can't sing?"

"Not a note."

"Nor fly?"

"Not a fly?"

"Well, well, I really pity you. Now, then, if you want to see something gaudy, just gaze on me."

The bird strutted up and down, head up and tail spread out, and the oyster was compelled to say that it was a sight to do sore eyes good.

"While you creep, I walk, strut and fly."

"While you whisper I sing."

"Yes."

"While you tumble around in the mud and sand I reflect all the colors of the rainbow on the lawn."

"I must admit," sighed the oyster.

"And while a pig-weed shelters you it takes a whole apple tree to give me shade, You see ——?"

And the oyster saw. An eagle had been looking for a breakfast. The humble oyster, hidden away under the weed, escaped his piercing glances, but the gorgeous peacock was instantly seen and spotted. There was a whirr, a scream, and the eagle had ascended with the vain-glorious bird fast in his claws.

"Come to think it all over," said the oyster, as he squinted his larboad eye aloft, "it is about as well to be an oyster under a pig-weed as a peacock in the claws of an eagle. I guess I'll move on."

MORAL.

Those who were born to strut should not exult over those who were born to creep.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Deplorable Evil.

The number of American parents, intelligent, well-informed, comfortably circumstanced, who have very little knowledge of, and no kind of intimacy with, their boys and girls, after these begin to go to more advanced schools, until they enter upon practical life or marriage, is very much larger than is generally supposed. This lamentable ignorance might not be so strange in case of fathers absorbed in business, and seldom in the house except to eat and drink—the more to be regretted—but it is startling strange in the case of mothers, who are the natural guardians and protectors of home. Even these, too, often have the notion that American boys and girls are exceptions to humanity; that they must be permitted to do pretty nearly as they choose, and that they will be all the better for it. Although they and their husbands may hold theoretically that all persons should, from the first, carefully instruct their children that they are their best friends, and that all confidence and counsel should be given to and sought of them, they very rarely act upon the sound opinion. They are strangers to their children; their children are strangers to them. Consequently, they have no power to shield them from the dangers which always beset inexperienced youth. They too often lament their error bitterly (the domestic tragedies ever occurring, though seldom made public, are hardly suspected), all the more bitterly because at its discovery it is irretrievable.

Thoughtful Thoughts.

DEEDS are fruits; words are but leaves.

IMPATIENCE dries the blood sooner than age or sorrow.

CHOOSE such pleasures as recreate much and cost little.

LOVE, faith, patience—the three essentials to a happy life.

ARE you living so that it is summer to you all the time?

HASTY people drink the nectar of existence scalding hot.

As the body is purified by water, so is the soul purified by truth.

OFTEN a reserve that hides a bitter humiliation seems to be haughtiness.

NO denunciation is so eloquent as the final influence of a good example.

A MAN'S character is like a fence—it cannot be strengthened by whitewash.

THE uncertainty of wealth is more than counter-balanced by the certainty of poverty.

THE statesman who dreamed he was a dark horse, found it to be a case of nightmare.

MODESTY is to worth what shadows are in painting; she gives to it strength anu relief.

MANY young persons believe themselves natural when they are only impolite and coarse.

LAWS are like cobwebs, which may catch small flies, but let wasps and hornets break through.

To know how to listen is a great art; it is to know how to gain instruction from every one.

SECRET kindnesses done to your fellow-creatures are as beautiful as secret injuries are detestable.

LEISURE is time for doing something useful; this leisure the diligent man will obtain, but the lazy man never.

As the sword of the best tempered metal is most inflexible, so the truly generous are most pliant and courteous in their behavior.

MEN trust rather to their eyes than to their ears; the effect of precept is therefore slow and tedious, whilst that of example is summary and effectual.

HONORABLE age is not that which standeth in length of time, nor that is measured by number of years. But wisdom is the gray hair unto men and an unspotted life is old age.

SHARED.

I said it in the meadow-path—
I say it on the mountain stairs?
The best things any mortal hath
Are those which every mortal shares.

The air we breathe—the sky—the breeze—
The light without us and within—
Life, with its unlocked treasuries—
God's riches—are for all to win.

The grass is softer to my tread
For rest it yields unnumbered feet;
Sweeter to me the wild-rose red,
Because she makes the whole world sweet.

Into your heavenly loneliness
Ye welcomed me, O solemn peaks!
And in me every guest you bless
Who reverently your mystery seeks.

And up the radiant peopled way
That opens into worlds unknown,
It will be life's delight to say,
"Heaven is not heaven for me alone."

Rich through my brethren's poverty!
Such wealth were hideous! I am blest
Only in what they share with me,
In what I share with all the rest.

—*Lucy Larcom in "Good Company."*

Origin of Mother Goose.

Rev. J. M. Manning, D. D., the pastor of the Old South Church in Boston, at the recent Christmas Festival, gave the following interesting biography of an author who has become famous throughout the world. He said:

There are many things in the history of the Old South Church, Boston, which help to make its name famous. But there is one thing in the history of the Old South Church which has not had the recognition it deserves. In the list of admissions for the year 1698 occurs the immortal name of Elizabeth Goose. I almost beg pardon of her memory for saying "Elizabeth," since by the unanimous verdict of the world, in whose heart her name is enshrined, she is known as "Mother" Goose. So, then, Mother Goose is no myth, as some have thought, but once lived in Boston, in veritable flesh and blood, as the records of the Old South Church clearly show. It is also a pleasure to find that, in making a Goose of herself, she married into a well-to-do family, where in due time she, too, by putting her melodies to the press, not merely laid one golden egg, but has been laying a steady succession of them from that day to this. For, unlike the goose in the fable, she could not be killed, but still lives, and yields stores of wealth to the booksellers as often as Christmas-tide returns. Her nest will not empty so long as there are children and nurseries in the world. It is almost a pity, if one may say so without straining the metaphor, that her eulogy cannot be written with a quill taken from her own dear wing. What child in all Christendom has not often nestled under that wing, been brooded by it, and forgotten every trouble in listening to her immortal lays?

The maiden name of this venerable lady, mother of us all, was Elizabeth Foster. She lived in Charlestown, where she was born, until her marriage. Then she came to Boston, where her thrifty husband, Isaac Goose, had a green pasture ready for her, on what is now Washington street, and including the land in and about Temple Place. She was his second mate, and beguiled her maternal life as stepmother to ten children. These all seem to have been lively little goslings, and to their number she rapidly added six more. Think of it! Sixteen goslings to one goose—assuming that none of them had been eaten up by the hawks and that none had died of crook in the neck. Poor, happy Mother Goose! No wonder that her feelings were too many for her, and that she poured them out in the celebrated lines:

"There was an old woman lived in a shoe,
She had so many children she didn't know what to do."

Yet her family cares seem, on the whole, to have set lightly upon her; for she was no wild Goose, flying South or North with every turn of the sun, but she staid by her nest through cold or heat, happy as the day is long, and living to be ninety-two years old. She even survived the father Goose many years, and she led and fed her numerous flock and tenderly brooded them in the little enclosure on Temple Place till they were able to swim and forage for themselves.

One of these, her daughter Elizabeth, became the wife of Thomas Fleet. And here is the fact to which we owe it that her name and fame are spread through the world. Thomas Fleet was a printer, living in Pudding lane, a place whose very name had so savory a taste in dear old lady's mouth that when Thomas Fleet became a happy father she insisted upon going to live with him as nurse of honor to his son and heir. To coddle her own grandchild in Pudding lane, was the beau ideal of blessedness for Mother Goose. Her activity and concern in the house were such as to throw what we read about busy mothers-in-laws wholly into the shade. No doubt she would have been glad to save Rome, as certain other geese once did with their cackling, but lacking the opportunity to do this she sang her ditties from morning till night, "up stairs down stairs and in my lady's chamber," till her son-in-law became sensibly alarmed at the fertility of her genius. Sing she must, however, for she was not a poet, full of divine fire which refuses to be quenched? It is well for the world that she was a law unto herself. No upstart son-in-law could control her, or keep her from humming and cooing at her own sweet will.

And now it was not a Roman Senate, but a Boston printer, that her persistent music awaked. A happy thought occurred to Thomas Fleet. He printed and sold songs and ballads at his printing house in Pudding lane. Was it not a sign of something good about to come to him, that this precious mother-in-law, with her endless rockings and lullabys, had put herself in his way? He stopped asking the irrepressible songster to rock less, and urged her to sing more. And while she sat in her arm chair, or shuffled about the room lost in sweet dreams, he carefully wrote down what he could of the rhymes which fell from her lips. His notes rapidly accumulated, and in a little while he had enough of them to make a volume. These he now printed, and bound them into a book, which he offered for sale under the following title: "Songs for the Nursery; or Mother Goose's Melodies for children. Printed by T. Fleet, at his Printing House, Pudding Lane, 1719. Price two coppers." This title page also bore a large cut of a veritable goose, with wide-open mouth, showing that the proverbial irreverence of sons-in-law is not a thing of recent origin. They were just as saucy in the days of Mother Goose as now, and just as ready to turn a penny at the expense of their mothers-in-law. How the immortal author bore this profane use of her name, or what she thought of the ungracious but shrewd Thomas Fleet, history does not say. We have every reason to believe, that she took it just as sweetly as she had taken all the other trials and annoyances of her life. She possessed her soul in patience, and continued her gentle ministry to the little one's; still gathering them into her arms, and soothing and gladdening their hearts, after the shadows of old age had fallen about her; not weary of her delightful task, but busy as ever with it, when the time came for her motherly soul to spread its wings and fly away to the great company of children in heaven.

Such is the true story of Mother Goose. Her little book started forth on its errand. It grew and multiplied with each new edition. It made her dear name a household word wherever it went. What shore or fastness has it not visited? Where is the home in which its loving rhymes are not sung? It is one of the few books which cannot grow stale or be destroyed. Not Homer or Shakespear is so sure of immortal fame as Mother Goose. Considering the love in which her melodies are everywhere held, their freedom from anything which might corrupt or mislead the infantile mind, the practical wisdom, their shrewd mastery of the motives of human conduct, one is in all soberness forced to admit that her name is among the brightest of the jewels which adorn the brow of the Old South. What other son or daughter of the church, renowned as many of them are in history, has proved a greater blessing to mankind, or secured the benedictions of so many hearts? She is to the new world what Santa Claus is to the old. Let us hope that the day is not distant when a memorial statute will be erected to this venerable lady in one of the parks or squares of Boston. Let it be an appropriate symbol of her and her blessed ministry. Let it stand where the children of the city may gather in their daily sports, trundling their hoops and carts about it, and singing their dollies to sleep in its motherly shadow. And on it should be the following inscription:

Elizabeth Foster,
Known to the Literature of the Nursery as
"Mother Goose,"
Was born in Charlestown, Mass., 1665;
Married in 1690 to Isaac Goose of Boston,
Became a member of the Old South Church, 1698;
Was left a widow in 1710.
The first edition of her "Melodies" was
Published in 1719.
She died 1757, Æt. 92 years.

His Solemn Warning.

"Yaas, there's money made in stocks, no doubt," said the old man, as he removed his hat and ran his fingers through his gray locks, "but it's a reesky biznees; it's suthin' like betting on whar lightning's going to strike, with the odds in favor of hitting the tree you stand under."

"Then you never speculate?"

"Never, I dig along on the old farm, takin' one crop with another, and pulling out stumps when I've nothing else to do, and if I don't make any great shakes, I haven't anything to worry over. I had a purty solemn warning during the coal-fie excitement, and it cured me of speculatin'."

"How is that?"

"Waal, I was a widower then; wife fell down the well and was drawed out as stiff as a poker. I had a big farm, lots of stock, and was called purty solid. We all got excited about ile, and all of us dug more or less holes in search of the stuff. All of a sudden a wider livin' about two miles from me found ile in a dozen places on her farm She was a widder with a bad nose, freckles all over her face, eyes on the squint, and built up like a camel. But when she struck ile that was a different thing. Old Deacon Spooner, who was a widower, got mashed right away. Our preacher, who had lost his third wife, saw the spec. I thought it over and thought she was an angel. I guess some six or seven of us begun courtin' that widder within sixteen hours after the first sign of ile. I know the procession reached from the gate to the house."

"And you got her?"

"Not much I didn't, and that's what I'm thankful for. Somehow or other I couldn't work up to the pint. That nose kinder stood in the way every time I was ready to pop the question. She acted like she wanted me, but Deacon Spooner got the best of us all, and they made a hitch."

"And what?"

"Nothing, except she had dosed that farm with a barrel of ile, and thus got a husband