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

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ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW,
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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,
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TOWANDA, PA. [nov11-75.

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

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,
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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 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 12*

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

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

C. S. RUSSELL'S
GENERAL
INSURANCE AGENCY
May28-70tf. TOWANDA, PA.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK,
TOWANDA, PA.
CAPITAL PAID IN.....$125,000
SURPLUS FUND..... 50,000
This Bank offers unusual facilities for the transaction of a general banking business.
N. N. BETTS, Cashier.
JOS. POWELL, President. April 1, 187.9

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

MILLS.—The undersigned having leased the old Salisbury 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 Mauncytown.
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 3d, 1880-1yr.

WORK AND WAIT.

A husbandman who many years
Had plowed his field and sown in tears,
Grew weary with his doubts and fears.

"I toil in vain! These rocks and sands
Will yield no harvest to my hands;
The best seeds rot in barren lands.

"My drooping vine is withering;
No promised grapes its blossoms bring;
No birds upon its branches sing.

"My flock is dying on the plain,
The heavens are brass, they yield no rain;
The earth is trod—I toil in vain."

While yet he spake a breath was stirred
His drooping vine like wing of bird,
And from its leaves a voice was heard:

"The germs and fruits of life must be
Forever hid in mystery,
Yet none can toil in vain for Me.

"A mightier hand more skilled than mine,
Must hang the clusters on the vine
And make the fields with harvest shine.

"Man can but work; God can create;
But they who work, and watch and wait
Have their reward, though it comes late.

"Look up to heaven, behold and hear
The clouds and thunderings in thine ear,
An answer to thy doubts and fear."

He looked, and lo! a cloud draped car,
With trailing smoke and flame afar,
Was rushing from a distant star

And every thirsty flock and plain
Was rising up to meet the rain
That came to clothe the field with grain;

And on the clouds he saw again
The covenant with God and men
Re-written with rainbow pen:

"Seed time and harvest shall not fail,
And though the gates of hell assail;
My truth and promise shall prevail.

The Gambler's End.

Beyond the balsam thicket the gambler made his stand. Carson, the detective, was in full pursuit, and as he burst through the balsams he found himself within twenty feet of his antagonist. Both men stood for an instant each looking full at the other. Both were experts. Each knew the other.

"You count," said the gambler, coolly.

"One, two," said the detective, "three. Fire."

One pistol alone sounded. The gambler's had failed to explode!

"You've won, you needn't deal again" said the gambler. And then he dropped. The red stain on his white shirt-front showed where he was hit.

"There's some lint and bandage," said the detective, and flung a small package into the gambler's lap. "I hope you won't die, Dick Raymond."

"Oh, it was all fair, Carson," said the other, carelessly. "I've held a poor hand from the start—"

He paused, for the detective had rushed on, and he was alone.

Twenty rods further on the detective caught up with the trapper, who was calmly recharging his piece. On the edge of the ledge above, the half-breed lay dead, the lips drawn back from his teeth, and his ugly countenance distorted with hate and rage. A rifle, whose muzzle smoked, lay at his side; and the edge of the trapper's left ear was bleeding.

"I've shot Dick Raymond by the balsam thicket," said the detective. "I'm afraid he's hard hit."

"I'll go and see the boy," answered the trapper. "You'll find Henry furder up. There's only two runnin'. You and he can bring 'em in."

The ol' trapper saw, as he descended the hill, the body reclining on the mosses at the edge of the balsam thicket. The earth gave back no sound as he advanced, and he reach the gambler, and was standing almost at his very feet, ere the young man was aware of his presence; but as the trapper passed between him and the shinning water, he turned his gaze up to the trapper's face, and after studying the grave lines for a moment said:

"You've won the game, old man."

The trapper for a moment made no reply. He looked steadfastly into the young man's countenance, fixed his eyes on the red stain on the breast, and then said:

"Shall I look at the hole, boy?"

The gambler smiled pleasantly and nodded his head, saying: "It's the natural thing to do in these cases, I believe." Lifting the hands, he unbuttoned the collar, and unscrewed the solitaire stud from the white bosom. The trapper knelt by the young man's side, and laying back the linen from the chest, wiped the white skin, and carefully studied the edges of the wound, seeking to ascertain the direction which the bullet had taken as it penetrated the flesh. At last he drew his face back, and lifted himself to his feet, not a shade in the expression of his face revealing the thought.

"Is it my last deal, old man?" asked the gambler, carelessly.

"I have seen a good many wounds," aswered the trapper, "and I've noted the direction of a good many bullets, and I never knowed a man to live who was hit where ye be hit of the lead had the slant inward, as the piece had that has gone into ye."

For a minute the young man made no reply. No change came to his countenance. He turned his eyes from the trapper's face and looked pleasantly off toward the water. He even whistled a line or two of an old love ballad, then he paused, and drawn perhaps by the magnetism of the steady gaze which the eyes of the trapper fixed upon him he looked again into the old man's face and said:

"What is it, John Norton?"

"I be sorry for ye, boy," answered the old man. "I be sorry for ye, for life be sweet to the young, and I wish that yer years might be many on the earth."

"I fancy there's a good many who will be glad to hear that I'm out of it," was the careless response.

"I don't doubt ye have yer faults, boy," answered the trapper, "and I dare say ye have lived loosely, and did many deeds that was better undid, but the best use of life be to learn how to live, and I feel sartin ye'd have got better as ye got older, and made the last half of yer life wipe out the fust, so that the figures for and agin ye would have balanced in the jedgment."

"You aren't fool enough to believe what the hypocritical church members talk, are you, John Norton? You don't believe that there is any judgment day, do you?"

"I don't know much about church member," answered the trapper, "for I've never been in the settlements; least wise, I've never studied the habits of the creturs, and I dare say they differ, bein' good and bad, and I have seed more that was sartinly vagabonds. No, I don't know much about church members, but I sartinly belive; yis, I know there be a day when the Lord shall judge the livin' and the dead; and the honest trapper shall stand on one side, and the vagabond that pilfers his skins and steals his traps shall stand on the other. This is what the Book says and it sartinly seems reasonable; for the deeds that he did on the earth be of two sorts, and the folks that do 'em be of two kinds, and atween the two, the Lord, ef he notes anything, must make a dividin' line."

"And when do you think this judgment is, John Norton?" asked the gambler, as if he was actually enjoying the crude but honest idea of his companion. The trapper hesitated a moment before he spoke, then he said:

"I conceit that the judgment be always goin' on. It's a court that never adjourns, and the deserters and the knaves and the disobedient in the regiment be always on trial. But I conceit that there comes a day to every man, good and bad, when the record of his deeds be looked over from the start, and the good and the bad counted up; and in that day he gits the final judgment whether it be for or agin him. And now, boy," continued the old man solemnly with a touch of infinite tenderness in the vibrations of his voice, "ye be nigh the jedgment day, yerself, and the deeds ye have did, both the good and the bad, will be passed in review."

"I reckon there isn't much chance for me if your view is sound, John Norton." And for the first time his tone lost its cheerful recklessness.

"The court be a court of mercy; and the jedge looks upon 'em that comes up for trial as if he was their father."

"That ends it, old man," answered the gambler. 'My father never showed me any mercy when I was a boy. If he had, I shouldn't have been here now. If I did a wrong deed, I got it to the last inch of the lash," and the words were more intensly bitter because spoken so quietly.

"The father of the 'arth boy, be not like the father of heaven, for I have seed 'em correct their children beyond reason, and without mercy. They whipped in their rage, and not in their wisdom; they whipped, because they were strong, not because of their love; they whipped, when they should have forgiven, and got what they 'arnt—the hatred of their children. But the father of heaven be different, boy. He knows that men be weak, as well as wicked. He knows that half of 'em haven't had a fair chance, and so he overlooks much; and when he can't overlook it, I conceit he sorter forgives in a lump. Yis, he abstracts all he can from the evil we have did boy, and of that isn't enough to satisfy his feelin' toward a man that might have been different ef he'd had a fair start, he jest wipes the whole row of figures clean out at the askin'."

"At the asking?" said the gambler; "that's a mighty quick game. Did you ever pray, John Norton?"

"Sartin, sartin, I be a prayin' man," said the trapper, sturdily.

"At the asking?" murmured the gambler, softly.

"Sartin, boy," answered the trapper: "that's the line the trail takes, ye can depend on it; and it will bring ye to the end of the great clearin' in peace."

"It's a quick deal" said the gambler, speaking to himself, utterly unconscious of the incongruity of his speech to thought. "It's a quick deal, but I can see that it might end as he says, if the feeling was right."

For a moment nothing was said. The trapper stood looking steadfastly at the young man on the moss, as he lay with his quiet face turned up to the sky, to whose color had already come the first shade of the awful whiteness.

Up the mountain a rifle cracked. Neither stirred. A red squirrel ran out upon the limb, twenty feet above the gambler's head, and shook the silence into fragments with its chattering; then sat gazing at the two men underneath.

"Can you pray, old man?" asked the gambler, quietly.

"Sartinly," answered the trapper.

"Can you pray in words?" asked the gambler again.

For a moment the trapper hesitated. Then he said: "I can't say that I can. No, I sartinly can't say that I could undertake it with a reasonable chance of gettin' through; leastwise, it wouldn't be in a way to help a man any."

"Is there any way, old man in which we can go partners?" asked the gambler, the vocabulary of whose profession still clung to him in the solemn counseling.

"I was thinkin' of that," answered the trapper; "yis, I was thinkin' ef we could sorter jine works, and each help the other by doin' his own part himself. Yis," continued the old man after a moment's reflection, "the plan's a good un—ye pray for yerself, and I'll pray for myself—and ef I can get in anything that seems likely to do ye service, ye can count on it, as ye can on a grooved barrel."

"And now, boy," said the trapper, with a sweetly solemn enthusiasm, such as faith might give to a supplicating saint,—which lightened his features until his countenance fairly shone with a light which came out of it, rather than upon it, from the sun overhead—"now boy, remember that the Lord is Lord of the woods, as well as of the cities, and that he heareth the prayin' of the poor hunter under the pines, as well as the great preachers in the pulpit, and that when sins be heavy and death be nigh, His ear and His heart be both open."

The trapper knelt on the moss at the gambler's feet. He clasped the fingers of his great hands until they interlaced, and lifted his wrinkled face upward. He said not a word; but the strongly chizeled lips seamed with age, moved and twitched now and then, and as the silent prayer went on, two great tears left the protection of the closed lids and rolled down his rugged cheek. The gambler also closed his eyes; then his hands quietly stole one into the other, and, avoiding the bloody stain, rested on his breast; and thus, the old man who had lived beyond the limits of man's day, and the young one, cut down at the threshold of mature life—the one kneeling on the mosses, with his face lifted to Heaven, the other lying on the mosses, with his face turned toward the same sky, without word or uttered speech—prayed to the divine mercy which beyond the heaven and the sky saw two men underneath the pines, and met, we may not doubt, with needed answer the silent upgoing prayer

The two opened their eyes nearly at the same instant. They looked for a moment at each other, and then the gambler feebly lifted his hand, and put it into the broad palm of the trapper. Not a word was said. No word was needed. Sometimes men understood each other better than by talking. Then the gambler picked the diamond stud from the spot where it rested, slipped the solitaire ring from his finger, and said, as he handed them to the trapper:

"There's a girl in Montreal that will like these. You will find her picture inside my vest, when you bury me. Her address is inside the picture case. You will take them to her John Norton?"

"She shall have them from my own hand," answered the trapper, gravely.

"You needn't disturb the picture, John Norton," said the gambler, "it's just as well, perhaps, to let it lie where it is; its been there eight years. You understand what I mean old man?"

"I understand," answered the trapper, solemnly; "the picture shall stay where it is."

"The pistols," resumed the gambler, and he glanced at the one lying on the moss, "I give to you. You'll find them true. You will accept them?"

The trapper bowed his head. It is doubtful if he could speak. For several minutes there was silence. The end was evidently nigh. The trapper took the gambler's hand, as if it had been the hand of his own boy. Indeed, perhaps, the young man had found his father at last; for surely it isn't flesh that makes fatherhood. Once the young man moved as if he would rise. Had he been able he would have died with his arms around the old man's neck. As it was, the strength was unequal to the impulse. He lifted his eyes to the old man's face lovingly; moved his body as if he would get a little nearer, and as a child might speak a loving thought aloud said, "I am glad I met you, John Norton," and with the saying of these words he died.

He Knew She Did.

As the morning train over the Detroit, Lansing and Northern road pulled up at Howell, the other day, a nice looking old grandma got aboard with her satchel and settled down for a comfortable ride. A Detroiter was of some assistance to her in getting seated, and he presently asked:

"Going on a visit?"

"Yes I'm going down Plymouth to see my darter," she answered. 'They've writ and writ for me to come, but I thought I should never get started."

"Left the old man at home, I suppose?"

"Yes, William thought he'd better stay and see to the things at home."

"Did you have plenty of time to get ready?"

"Oh, yes. I've been gettin' ready for two weeks."

"Sure you didn't forget anything?"

"I know I didn't. I packed things up one at a time, and I know they are all here."

"And you left everything all right around the house?"

"Yes."

"Your old man knows where to find the tea and sugar and salt, does he?"

"Yes. I took him through the buttery the very last thing and pinted out to him where everything was."

"Well, now," continued the man, "I'm certain you overlooked something."

"Mercy on me! but what do you mean?" she grasped.

"Did you bring along your spectacles?"

"Yes—here they are."

"Did you hang up a clean towel for him?"

"Yes."

"And rolled up his night shirt and put it under the pillow?"

"Yes."

"And was everything all right about the cook-stove?"

"Marcy! marcy on me! Stop these kyars this blessed minute!" she exclaimed, as she tried to reach her feet. "I just remember now that I put the knives and forks in the oven to dry out and shut the door on 'em! He'll never think to look in there, and he'll build up a big fire and roast every handle off before I get to Plymouth."

METEOROLOGICAL.—There is a man at Wampun who, if he is not a liar, tells some of the most remarkable truths on record. He tells about the changeable weather in Dakota, and illustrates by saying that he knew a man to go out in the back yard to thaw out a pump, and the man was sunstruck before he could get his overcoat off, and before he could be carried into the house he froze stiff. It is almost too stupendous to be a lie.—*Florida Sun.*

What do Novels Teach?

It has been claimed by one of the chief novelists of the day—we think Mr. Trollope—who certainly has a right to be heard on the subject—that novels teach people, and especially young people, how to talk, and have had a distinct influence in shaping the stream—not a very brilliant one—of English conversation. Perhaps this is rather a strong statement, and it would be more true to say that English novels influence English conversation as the *Times* leads popular opinion, by dividing and echoing it, occasionally with a clever semblance of forestalling and originating. It is somewhat curious, by the way, when we come to think of it, and by no means complimentary to the novelists, that they, as we have just said, do so little to guide or help those who may have complications of life to go through very similar to the complications which form the subject of modern romance. This is a question which writers of fiction would do well to ponder. Who has been helped through one of these difficulties by the example of the last study of life which even the most potent of contemporary magicians has set before him? Perhaps the reason is that a scarcely appreciable portion of humanity are those who are troubled by the special problems which the novelist prefers to investigate and fathom. For example, there are curiously few bigamists in good society, and yet bigamy is perhaps more popular than any other subject with some novelists. And few of us, after all, very few, make eccentric wills, which are still more largely used. As for the one grand problem of which all the novels are full, which is how to get ourselves beloved and married, that, it is proverbial, is a question in which nobody will take any advice or profit by any example. Here human nature always feels its situation unique and its circumstances unexampled. If there ever was a silly maiden like Lydia Languish in real life, demanding to be wooed fantastically and mysteriously; to be run away with and flattered by clandestine vows, in imitation of her favorite heroine, we are sure there never was any who learned prudence and patience from the most exemplary of fictitious women. No doubt it pleases the young couple who have to wait for each other through a lingering engagement to read of others in the same circumstance; but we doubt if a man or woman ever get a hint for the speedier termination of their embarrassments through those of their contemporaries in fiction. It is by no means to be desired that novelists should give up this subject which is sacred to them, but in which nobody will ever be guided by any experience save their own; yet it would be well for them in other points to consider this deficiency. They are the recognized exponents of social life; it is their task to exhibit men and women in the midst of all its complications, and it is a reproach to them that they do nothing to help their fellow-creatures who may have similar trials to go through.—*From Blackstone's Magazine.*

Laugh More.

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

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

Her little child had caught the trick of grief,
And sighed amid its playthings—

we may catch a glimpse of the stern, repressed life at Bothwell Manse, where "the repression of all emotions, even the gentlest, seems to have been the constant lesson." I remember well hearing a lady say, "When a child, I used to wish so often that my mother would look cheerful."

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

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

A LADY visited the office of Dr. D., the oculist, to consult him in regard to having performed an operation for strabismus. Her eyes had already been once operated upon, and their natural defect nearly cured So small was the cast still visible that Dr. D., attempted to discourage a second attempt, fearing least it injure the eye-sight. "The case is so slight that it is not noticable," he said. "And on the whole, a bit of a squint is becoming to a pretty woman. Don't you think so?" he added turning to a friend who chanced to be present. "Yes," drawled the friend. "It makes her look picturesque. It isn't so set, you know."

The Perils of Diphtheria.

"I have had two new cases of diptheria this morning," said a well-known Brooklyn physician, who has made the disease a subject of special study, "and I was called in so late that I have great fears as to the result of both of them. You see, the great thing is to meet the disease before it has acquired strength, and I impress upon all my patients who have children the necessity of sending for me the moment any of their little ones exhibit such symptoms as lassitude, sick headache, or even sore throat, though the latter is by no means an early indication. Of course, I cannot always tell positively whether the case is one of diphtheria or not, but if I have the slightest doubt on the subject I act as though I were certain, and at once administer remedies to check the complaint. The practice of waiting for developments is, I think a fatal one; for diptheria, once developed, is

A DESPERATELY HARD THING TO DEAL WITH.

A few winters ago I gave up my general practice to a brother physician, and went down among the tenement houses and poor quarters where diphtheria was raging to try to learn something about the disease. I think I succeeded. I believe I can now check it even when it is somewhat advanced, but it cost me far more than I anticipated. I used to carry gumdrops about in my pocket to give to the sick children, and one day, after I had changed my clothes and disinfected myself, I went home to my family. I had taken the gumdrops out of the pocket of the clothes I had taken off, and I took them home with me and gave one to my little boy. Half an hour afterward I was called out again, and when I returned, four hours later, my wife told me that the child was ill. The moment I looked at him I saw that he had diphtheria, and I was horrified to see the progress the disease had made. But if he had been a strange child I believe I could have stopped it. As it was, I could not bear to see him suffering, so I intrusted the case to another physician, and within twenty-four hours from the time of his seizure he

DIED ON THE SOFA

you are sitting on now. And here let me say that one of the most terrible blunders that parents of children are apt to make is letting their little ones go out, or carelessly stray into draughts after the disease appears to be wholly eradicated. Such appearances, my experience has taught me, are almost invariably deceptive. The germs of the disorder still lurk in the system, and the slightest cold or indisposition is pretty sure to bring on a relapse that no skill can cure. A little white hearse went away from the house a few yards up this street this morning. It carried to the cemetery the remains of a little boy who was stricken down with diphtheria last week. He seemed to be quite recovered, and the day before yesterday he was allowed to go out. He caught a cold, and the disease returned with a malignity that defied treatment. He died last night, and under the orders of the health board he had to be buried immediately."—*New York Sun.*

Teach Your Boys.

Teach them that a true lady may be found in calico quite as frequently as in velvet.

Teach them that a common school education with common sense, is better than a college education without it.

Teach them that one good honest trade, well mastered, is worth a dozen beggarly "professions."

Teach them that honesty is the best policy, that it is better not to be rich on the profits of "crooked whiskey," and point your precept by the examples of those who are now suffering the torments of the damned.

Teach them to respect their elders and themselves.

Teach them that, as they expect to be men some day, they cannot too soon learn to protect the weak ones.

Teach men by your own example that smoking in moderation, though the least of vices to which men are heirs, is disgusting to others and hurtful to themselves.

Teach them that to wear patched garments is no disgrace, but to wear a black eye is.

Teach them that God is no respector of the sex, and that when he gave the seventh commandment, he meant it for them as well as for their sisters.

Teach them that by indulging their depraved appetite in the worst form of dissipation, they are not fitting themselves to become the husbands of pure girls.

Conversion of Granville Moody.

Rev. Granville Moody, in one of the experience meetings at the Loveland Camp-meeting, told the story of his conversion as follows: "I was converted forty-nine years ago in Baltimore; the human agent was Old Aunt Violet, a kind of stray angel. She was a splendid type of her race, black as night, and polite as royalty. She always sat in the gallery opposite the pulpit, and one hymn was often sung, 'Before the throne my surety stands,' but Aunt Violet's voice would soar up, 'Before the throne *I'm sure to stand.* She often made me read the Bible, which I was almost as afraid to touch as an electric battery. At length I arranged to go down home. All things ready, I went to bid Aunt Violet 'good by.' She followed me to the door and raising her black arm like an ebony sceptre over my head, she said: 'Young mas'r you'se very bad, worse than ever before, now I shall never see you again till the judgment day—don't come up dar without salvation for I shall be 'bleeged to be a swift witness 'gainst you; seek de Lord Mas'r Moody,' and I did. Now when I get to heaven, after I render praise to the God of my salvation, and greet my dear mother, I shall hunt up Aunt Violet."

MY SLAIN.

BY RICHARD BARLY.

This sweet child which hath climbed upon my
knee
This amber-haired, four-summered little maid,
With her unconscious beauty troubleth me,
With her low prattle maketh me afraid.
Ah, darling! when you cling and nestle so
You hurt me, though you do not see me cry,
Nor hear the weakness with which I sigh,
For the dear babe I killed so long ago.
I tremble at the touch of your caress;
I am not worthy of your innocent faith;
I who with whetted knives of worldliness
Did put my whole child-heartedness to death,
Bes'de whose grave I face forever more,
Like desolation on a shipwrecked shore.

There is no little child within me now,
To sing back to the thrushes, to leap up
When June winds kiss me, when an apple bough
Laughs into blossoms, or a buttercup
Plays with the sunshine, or a violet
Dances in the glad dew. Alas! alas!
The meaning of the daisies in the grass
I have forgotten; and if my cheeks are wet,
It is not with the blitheness of the child,
But with the bitter sorrow of sad years.
O, meaning life, with irreconciled;
O backward looking thought, O pain, O tears,
For us there is not any silver sound
Of rythmic wonders springing from the ground.

Woe worth the knowledge and the bookish lore
Which makes men mummies, weighs out every
grain
Of that which was miraculous before,
And sheers the heart down with the scoffing
brain;
Woe worth the peering, analytic days
That dry the tender juices in the breast,
And put the thunders of the Lord to test,
So that no marvel must be, and no praise,
Nor any God except Necessity.
What can ye give my poor, starved life in lieu
Of this dead cherub which I slew for ye?
Take back your doubtful wisdom, and renew
My early foolish freshness of the dunce,
Whose simple instincts guessed the heavens at
once.

Local Geology.

BY E. E. BRACE.

Geologists assert that an immense glacier or field of ice once covered eastern North America as far south as the 39th parallel. "The special effects of the operations that went forward in the glacial period are the following: The transportation of a vast amount of earth and stones from the higher latitudes to the lower, over a large part of the breadth of a continent. The material consisted of earth, gravel, and stones, and also in some places broken trunks or branches of trees. Part of it was deposited in a pell-mell or unstratified condition during the progress of the period, and past, either stratified or unstratified, in the opening part of the next period when the ice melted. This transported material is called drift. The distance to which the stones were transported in North America, as learned by comparing them with the rocks in places to the north, is mostly between 10 and 40 miles, though in some cases over 200 miles. The bed rock over which the drift was transported is often scratched in closely crowded parallel lines." These lines or grooves were cut by the stones which the glacier contained; and the stones were torn from their native beds perhaps miles back in direction from which the ice came. The ice must have been of great thickness, for evidence of glacial action has been found at a height of 5500 feet in the White Mountains. The "glacial scratches" have the same direction as the great valleys through which the ice moved, except in the case of local valleys of considerable extent and depth, which do not have the same direction as the greater valleys. It is evident that "nothing but moving ice could have transported the drift with its immense boulders." Glaciers are doing the same work now in all glacial regions, as shown by the researches of Tyndall and Agassiz. Several theories have been advanced to account for the change of climate necessary to produce the glacier, though no one of them has, as yet, been accepted as correct in all particulars.

The evidence of glacial action in times past in this region, may be considered as abundant, and also as very interesting from a local point of view. It will be remembered by the students of geology, that when the Allegheny Mountains were made at the close of paleozoic time, the beds of which they are composed were extensively folded and fractured. These folds, known as synclinals and anticlinals formed what are known at present as geological valleys. The more extensive cross-fractures, aided by causes too numerous to mention here, gave rise to the course of many of our present streams which flow at right angles to the course of the geological valleys. The glacier in this region followed the course of the gelogical valleys, which is S. W. W. This may be proved by any one who will take the pains to examine the parallel grooves cut in the bed-rock in many places in this region, and especially in Springfield township. Boulders of metamorphic rock belonging to the Daurentian age, are found scattered here and there. The nearest ledges of this rock lie in a direction a little north of east. Our valleys were undoubtedly widened and deepened by the great abraiding powers of the ice aided by the action of sub-glacial streams. The direction of the glacial scratches necessitates the conclusion that the glaciers were of sufficient thickness to have a comparatively uninterrupted flow over the summits of Mts. Pisgah and Armenia. This conclusion is justified by the occurrence of drift on their summits. A great part of the drift deposited in this region, was derived from the beds of the Chemung group, which extend over a large part of the surface of this county. With the Daurentian boulders occur others of a widely different character, which belong to the lower Devonian formation of the State of New York. Some of them contain fossils of great beauty, chiefly corals and the brachiopod type of mollusks. Deposits of pebbles, sand, and sometimes clay, may be found in many places, especially in the neighborhood of Troy. Such deposits, although they do not belong to the glacial period proper, are composed of material that was deposited during, and immediately following, the final melting of the glacier, which occurred in the Champlain period. As an example familiar to the the citizens of Troy, may be cited a deposit near Redington Ave. This deposit has been extensively worked for sand, thereby leaving the stratification of the beds open to view. The altitude of this deposit together with that of others in the same valley, shows the extent of the flood which filled the valley where the village of Troy now stands.

Two Drinks That Morning.

Tom Gains was what you call a swift witness. When Tom was for a fellow he was for him all over, and he was so friendly and confiding the judge did not know what to do with him. Last court, Lawyer Braham put Tom upon the stand to prove that a drunken man couldn't remember what he did when he was drunk. Tom had taken two drams that morning and was feeling splendid. He swore straight out that he couldn't.

The judge didn't like that. He didn't like witnesses who were so willing and familiar, and so he put a few questions to Tom from the bench.

"Mr. Gains, weren't you drunk yesterday?" (Sunday).

"They say I was, your honor."

"And you don't remember it?"

"It's sorter like a dream, your honor; but I was awfully sick last night."

"How are you now, Mr. Gains?"

"I am tolerably well, I thank you, judge, how do you do yourself?" and Tom bowed humbly, for he thought the judge was kindly inquiring after his health.

When the sheriff had quieted the general hilarity the judge said:

"Now Mr. Gains you were drunk yesterday, which was Sunday. Now where did you find your whisky?"

"In the jug, judge—right in the jug!"

"Well, sir, where was the jug?"

"Under the fodder stack, judge; I always keep it there or in the shuck pen; and if your honor ever passes that way, it's a free thing to—."

"Mr. Gains, you can retire, sir. I believe you are the same man who about thirty years ago testified in this court house that Jim Wilkins bit his own ear off."

"They say I did, judge, but you know I was drunk, and of course I don't remember it. You was defendin' Jack Boozer for bitin' Jim Wilkins' ear, and you told me in the scrimmage Jack shoved Jim up against the sharp edge of the door and cut it off; but you see, judge, I got drunk and forgot what you told me, and I s'spose I did swear that Wilkins bit his ear off himself; and it wasn't so unreasonable no how, for he had the awfullest mouth that ever was seed—didn't he judge?"

"Mr. Gains, I told you to sit down, sir. Mr. Sheriff, give me the names of those gentlemen who are so hilarious. I'll see if I can't stop their merriment. Brother Braham put up your next witness?"

Relics of a Forgotten Age.

A collection of curious Peruvian earthenware is in the possession of W. W. Evans, of New Rochelle. Mr. Evans spent several years in Peru engaged in the construction of railways. One of these roads among the Peruvian Andes is said to reach a higher altitude than any other railway in the world. A picture of a section of another, the Lima and Orava railway, shows a span supported upon an iron pier as high as Trinity steeple. It was while laying out the route of a railway that Mr. Evans discovered the time-worn relics now in his possession. In the southern part of Peru lies the valley of the Santa, near Chimbote. Here for miles is a stretch of fine white sand. From a distance its smooth surface is said to resemble the unruffled sea. But when the sand was disturbed in the process of working upon the railway it was found that the remains of a prehistoric race lay buried beneath. Then the utmost care was taken. Soundings were made constantly with long iron rods, to determine the presence of any relics. The result was astonishing. For twenty-five miles in the sandy valley the workmen dug through an immense graveyard. Tombs were found eleven and twelve feet below the surface of the ground, the depth indicating somewhat the years that had passed away since they were built.

These tombs whose quiet was disturbed by the advent of the locomotive engine were constructed of stone. The average size was about six feet in length, four in width, and three in height. The walls were of masonry securely plastered, while heavy flagstones lay across the top. When the flags were removed a strange sight was presented within the graves. In the corners with grim blackened, fleshless faces sat mummies wrapped in cloths. Near them were the skeletons of dogs. There were earthen vessels of quaint shapes and specimens of gold and silver work. The mummies were prepared in a strange manner. The bodies had been doubled and the hands clasped around the knees. Then the whole had been wound with a kind of coarse cloth until only the face was left visible. The misshapen bundles were placed invariably with the faces to the west. The cereals in the graves are supposed to have been intended for the sustenance of the dead in the spirit world. The utensils may also have been designed for their use. It is supposed that these graves antedate the reign of the Incas, though their exact age cannot be known. It is said the pottery is the oldest known in the world.

There is a large number of pieces in Mr. Evens' collection