TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

The BRADFORD REPORTER is published every Thursday morning by GOODRICH & HITCHCOCK, at One Dollar per annum, in advance.

☞ Advertising in all cases exclusive of subscription to the paper.

SPECIAL NOTICES inserted at TEN CENTS per line for first insertion, and FIVE CENTS per line for each subsequent insertion, but no notice inserted for less than fifty cents.

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

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 22-78. TOWANDA, PA.

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

DENTIST.

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

Towanda, Pa., January 6, 1881.

MADILL & KINNEY,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

Office—Rooms formerly occupied by Y. M. C. A. Reading Room.

H. J. MADILL. 3,18,80 O. D. KINNEY.

MRS. E. J. PERRIGO,

TEACHER OF PIANO AND ORGAN.

Lessons given in Thorough Bass and Harmony. Cultivation of the voice a specialty. Located at T. Mullock's, Pine St. Reference: Holmes & Passage.

Towanda, Pa., March 4, 1880.

JOHN W. CODDING,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, TOWANDA, PA.

Office over Kirby's Drug Store.

THOMAS E. MYER

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

TOWANDA, PA.

Office with Patrick and Foyle. Sep.25,'79

PECK & OVERTON

ATTORNEYS-AT LAW,

TOWANDA, PA.

D'A. OVERTON. BENJ. M. BECK.

RODNEY A. MERCUR,

ATTORNEY AT-LAW,

TOWANDA, PA.,

Solicitor of Patents. Particular attention paid to business in the Orphans Court and to the settlement of estates.

Office in Montanyes Block May 1, '79.

OVERTON & SANDERSON,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

TOWANDA, PA.

E. OVERTON, JR. JOHN F. SANDERSON

W. H. JESSUP,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW,

MONTROSE, PA.

Judge Jessup having resumed the practice of the law in Northern Pennsylvania, will attend to any legal business intrusted to him in Bradford county. Persons wishing to consult him, can call on H. Streeter, Esq., Towanda, Pa., when an appointment can be made.

HENRY STREETER,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW,

TOWANDA, PA. Feb 27, '79

E. L. HILLIS,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

TOWANDA, PA. [nov11-75.

E. F. GOFF,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

WYALUSING, PA.

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

W. H. THOMPSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, WYALUSING, PA. Will attend to all business entrusted to his care in Bradford, Sullivan and Wyoming Counties. Office with Esq. Porter. [nov19-74.

HIRAM E. BULL,

SURVEYOR.

ENGINEERING, SURVEYING AND DRAFTING.

Office with G. F. Mason, over Patch & Tracy, Main street, Towanda, Pa. 4.15.80.

GEO. W. KIMBERLEY,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

TOWANDA, PA.

Office—Second door south of First National Bank. August 12, 1880.

ELSBREE & SON,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

TOWANDA, PA.

N. C. ELSBREE. L. ELSBREE.

JOHN W. MIX,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW AND U. S. COMMISSIONER,

TOWANDA, PA.

Office—North Side Public Square. Jan. 1, 1875.

SAM W. BUCK,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

TOWANDA, PENN'A.

Office—South side Poplar street, opposite Ward House. [Nov. 13, 1879.

J. ANDREW WILT,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Office—Means' Block, Main-st., over J. L. Kent's store, Towanda. May be consulted in German. [April 12, '76.]

W. J. YOUNG,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

TOWANDA, PA.

Office—second door south of the First National Bank Main St., up stairs.

DR. S. M. WOODBURN, Physician and Surgeon. Office at residence, on Pine street, East of Main.

Towanda, May 1, 1872 1y*

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

Oct. 34-72.

E. D. PAYNE, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Office over Montanyes' Store. Office hours from 10 to 12 A. M., and from 2 to 4 P. M.

Special attention given to

DISEASES OF THE EYE and DISEASES OF THE EAR

G. W. RYAN,

COUNTY 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	66,000

This Bank offers unusual facilities for the transaction of a general banking business.

N. N. BETTS, Cashier.

JOS. POWELL, President.

Arll 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 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 3d, 1880-1yr*

The Bradford Reporter.

GOODRICH & HITCHCOCK, Publishers.

REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER.

$1.00 per Annum in Advance.

VOLUME XLI.

TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, MARCH 10, 1881.

NUMBER 41

OUTCAST.

With weary eyes and matted hair,
By streams that shiver dark and deep,
Through leafless woods and meadows bare
Where drear winds roar and sweep.

He wanders slowly, hungering
For song of birds, and sunlit skies,
For fragrant blossoms of the spring,
And nooks that violets prize.

Through barren valleys, ruin-filled,
His footsteps seek the wave-swept sand,
Where thick fogs rising, damp and chilled,
Float back across the land.

He hears no sound, bus standing where
A high cliff marks a tideless bay,
He sees the leaden depths of air
Bend over waters gray;

A sunless ocean, vast and cold,
No sail to break the wide dull host
Of voiceless waves, deliberate rolled
Along the rock-bound coast.

The ghostly shadows of the sea
Rise up and fill his soul with fear:
Dim faces, full of misery,
Float by and disappear.

He hears the suppliant prayers of those
Sad souls in gloomy regions pent,
O'er whom incessant vapor flows,
By tempest tossed and sent.

Far on through darkness, lying vast
Where old, dead worlds, forgotten long,
Float wildly on a stormy blast,
A mad and countless throng.

He speeds, to find black cliffs, that rise
Through mists that ceaseless fret and toss,
And grim ravines where piercing cries
Are flung his way across.

Now where the drifted snowfields lie,
He hears the north winds stormy wrath;
Then over deserts hot and dry
Stretches his lonesome path.

The long years come, the long years go,
And pitiless they pass him by;
Time has no healing for his woe,
And souls can never die.

—*Boston Transcript.*

FRED DOUGLASS' ESCAPE

He Tells at Last the Story—Thrilling Narrative of His Eventful Life.

Frederick Douglass, the well-known colored orator and old-time abolitionist, has at last revealed the manner of his escape from slavery, a story he has always refused to make public. Howard Carroll, the traveling correspondent of the New York Times, called on the old gentleman at his home in the District of Columbia the other day, and the story occupies a full page of the Times. The record begins with the birth of Douglass, about the year 1817, upon the eastern shore of Maryland. The chief recollection of his younger days is embittered by the almost starvation he had to endure, often fighting with the cats and chickens for the table cloth crumbs which were shaken out of doors. Slave children were entirely neglected as to food and clothing until they got old enough to work.

Mr. Douglass recalled many instances of cruelty to slaves that he witnessed on his plantation. One was a beautiful quadroon woman who was almost whipped to death, being tied to a tree in the presence of her children, because she refused to submit to the lust of her master; another was that of a young black man who took refuge up to his chin in a creek to escape a whipping. He refused to come out at the third call of the overseer, and was then shot in the head and killed. Slaves often suffered with cold, and Mr. Douglass said: "In hottest summer and coldest winter I was kept almost in a state of nudity—no shoes, no stockings, no jacket, no trousers, nothing but coarse sack cloth or 'tow linen' made into a sort of shirt reaching down to my knees. This I wore night and day, changing it only once a week. In the wintertime I could, during the day, protect myself by keeping on the sunny side of the house, and in bad weather in the corner of the kitchen chimney. The great difficulty was to keep warm during the night. I had no bed. The pigs in the pen had leaves, the horses in the stable had straw, but the children had no beds; they lodged anywhere. I slept generally in a little closet, without even a blanket to cover me. In very cold weather I sometimes got down the bag in which corn meal was usually carried to the mill and crawled into that, sleeping there with my head in and my feet out. I was partly protected, though not comfortable. My feet were at times so cracked from the frost that a good-sized knife-blade might be laid in the gashes."

When Douglass was ten years old, he was transferred from the plantation to the residence of his master's brother in Baltimore. His new mistress was a kind lady, and taught the slave boy his letters, and he could almost read when her husband discovered what was going on and peremptorily ordered her to stop teaching a nigger how to read and write. This was a hard blow to the boy, but by the aid of white playmates, he finally became an expert reader and writer. He learned to write by a most ingenious process. Near his master's house there was a ship yard, to which he was allowed to go during his hours of leisure, and in which he observed the carpenters, after cutting and getting a plank or piece of timber ready for use, write on it the initials of the name of that part of the ship for which it was destined. For instance, when a plank was ready for the starboard bow it was marked "S. B.," and so on for the different parts of the vessel. The boy quickly saw for what purpose those letters were intended and learned to make them.

The death of the master in Baltimore sent him back to the old plantation in the country, and having arrived at the age of sixteen or eighteen, his owner sent him to a man named Covey, to "break him in." It was deemed in those days profitable to have slaves well broken in to work, and also to yield implicit obedience. Covey was a cruel, powerful brute. Fred had been on the breaking-in farm but a couple of days, when Covey trumped up a complaint against him, and he was given a terrible flogging, just to break him in and break down his high-strung spirit. It was successful.

Patience at last ceased to be a virtue even in a slave, and the boy, goaded almost to madness, and caring nothing for the results, escaped from the "breaking-in farm" and returned to brave the anger of his owner. This he found greater even than he had expected, and before many days he was once more placed in the possession of his cruel taskmaster. But he came back to Covey's with a new spirit. He made up his mind that, come what might, he would be flogged no more. Like that other slave who was told of in the history of the time, he was determined that those who had power over him might kill him, but that they should not beat him. Covey was equally determined, as the result proved, that he should be flogged within an inch of his life, and upon the very first opportunity he undertook to perform that task. Hardly had he laid hands upon Douglass, however, when the powerful young slave turned upon him, seized him suddenly by the throat and hurled him to the ground. There he held him, his nails buried deep in the white craven's flesh and the red blood of his vanquished tormentor flowing all about. "You mean to resist me, you scoundrel?" asked the negro-breaker. "Yes," was the calm reply of the slave A desperate fight ensued. Covey cried lustily for help, but could secure none, and at last gave up the unequal contest, and during the remainder of the time that Douglass remained on his farm, dreading a repetition of the scene, he treated him with marked consideration. He was shortly afterwards sold to a man in Baltimore, named Auld. While there, he made up his mind to

ESCAPE FROM SLAVERY

Mr. Auld bound him out to a ship carpenter, and the young slave was allowed to keep a small portion of his monthly wages. After making up his mind that, come what might, he would escape from a condition of bondage, the young man, after three months of hard work, pinching himself at every turn, managed to scrape together $17. He knew that it was impossible for him to obtain so-called "free papers," which would permit him to leave Baltimore without question, but he did succeed, after some effort, in securing what was in those days called a "sailor's protection." This was a certificate of citizenship, duly signed and sealed by the authorities, which was given to all colored seamen leaving Baltimore and other Southern ports, as a guarantee against molestation because of their race. An old friend of Douglass, a freeman, who had ceased going to sea, and who had in his possession one of those certificates, gave it to him. It is true that the description of the man contained in it was very far from fitting Douglass; still, after attiring himself in a full suit of sailor's clothes, and knowing that no matter how closely he might be questioned, he could, because of his familiarity with ships and ship-yards, sustain the guise, he went to the railroad depot, and just as the train was departing for New York jumped upon it and went into the "colored car." At this time one of the rallying cries of the dominant party was "Free Trade and Sailors' Rights," and as the train was obliged to pass entirely through Baltimore, thus giving ample time for the examination of colored passengers. None of the officers at the depot attempted to prevent Douglass, apparently fresh from the sea, from taking passage in the car. Having succeeded to this extent, he still knew that his chief ordeal was yet before him. At the time in question railroad companies were not only held responsible for the safe delivery of goods and passengers, but also, to a certain extent, for the value of slave property which might escape over their roads. Having this responsibility, the conductor and other servants of the railroads were given authority to arrest and detain those whom they had good reason to believe were slaves attempting to escape. As the conductor of the train upon which Douglass was approached him, he was for a moment much alarmed, but summoning all his courage and resolution to his aid, he put the boldest front upon the matter. After minutely questioning all the other colored people in the car, the conductor came to what seemed to him to be a young sailor, and said:

"Well, Jack, of course you've got your papers?"

"Yes," replied Douglass boldly, and without the slightest apparent anxiety; "I guess I've got papers here that will carry me anywhere;" saying which he drew out his "sailor's protection," and handed it to his questioner. The conductor glanced at it rapidly, saw that the broad eagle of the Government was at its top, and that it was duly signed and sealed, and, fully satisfied that Douglass had every right to travel where he would, passed into the next car.

Until the train reached Havre de Grace the fugitive encountered no further detention. At that place, however, his train and that which was south bound met each other on opposite tracks, and the window of the seat in which he sat, as chance would have it, came directly opposite that at which a Captain McGowan, who knew him well, was seated. Fortunately, however, the trains separated without Douglass being recognized by this man, who would certainly have secured his return to his master. On the boat from Wilmington to Philadelphia the young man was met by a negro who had known him in slavery, and who, with very little of that caution for which his race is proverbial, said quickly and quite aloud:

"I suppose you are not going back this way very soon?"

He was going on to make further remarks in the same direction, when Douglass, with a look and a word or two spoken under his breath, effectually silenced him. Having passed through these slight dangers, he arrived safely at Philadelphia, and had no trouble in making his way to New York. How rejoiced he was to be within the limits of that free State may be inferred from the fact that at the time in question runaway slaves were almost invariably whipped within an inch of their lives, and then sold to planters in the Gulf States, literally to be ground up into suga and rice, for it was then universally acknowledged by land owners in the south that the most profitable way to work a plantation was to use up a full grown "nigger" in seven years, and then commence anew with a fresh crop. That is to say, it was the custom to work a negro night and day for as long a time as he would hold out—the longest period for which it was possible for human nature to endure such treatment was usually seven years—when the unfortunate man died miserably and his place was taken by one of the "fresh crop." For a time after his arrival in New York he had good reason to fear that he might at any moment be taken to make up one of this "fresh crop." With this prospect continually before him, he knew that he could not live contentedly in New York, and he concluded to try and make a home in New England. With this intention he went to New Bedford and tried to get work at his trade. By a few good people who belonged to the then growing Abolition Party, he was very kindly treated and much encouraged. But by the working classes about the shipyards he was made to feel plainly that he was an unwelcome intruder. Still he struggled on against injury and insult, the knowledge that he was at least a free man supporting him through many trials. This sort of life he continued for some years, and little by little his condition improved. His marked intellectual ability, and his power as a public speaker and writer on topics connected with slavery, brought him into communication with Garrison and many other advocates of the emancipation movement, and they were all glad to recognize in him a man worthy of esteem and admiration. Still his every-day life continued to be most disagreeable, and at last having saved a little money and having renewed reasons to fear that he might be recaptured and sold as a slave into the far South, he made up his mind to go to England.

While in England, friends of Mr. Douglass bought free papers for him, when he returned to the United States and began working in the cause of abolition. He was intimately associated with John Brown, and had to flee to Canada for a time to escape arrest as a conspirator. During the war he secured the enlistment of colored troops. He is now United States Marshal of the District of Columbia. The "runaway slave" is a resident of Uniontown, in the District of Columbia. He is a strong man—strong in mind and strong in body, though now fast advancing upon the sacred limit of "three score years and ten." His life has been a most eventful one, yet he bears few traces of the many hardships through which he has passed. From the very lowest depths he has struggled upward to high position. It is doubtful if any man in any country, commencing so low, has climbed so high as has Frederick Douglass.

An Interesting Invalid.

Mr. Spoopendyke's Escape From the Silent Tomb.

"What, what's the matter, my dear?" cried Mrs. Spoopendye, as Mr. Spoopendyke limped into the room and dropped into a chair. "What on earth has happened to you?"

"I fell down and killed myself," moaned Mr. Spoopendye.

"Now? Where?" asked Mrs. Spookendyke, bustling around him, all nervousness. "How did you do it?"

"Slipped on the ice and broke my arm from head to foot," sighed Mr. Spoopendyke faintly.

"Great gracious!" ejaculated Mrs. Spoopendyke. "Where did it happen? Whereabouts?"

"Out doors, dod gaet it! Where d'ye s'pose I did it? Think I brought the ice in the house, and layed down on it? O, dear! I'll never get my clothes off again. I've got to sit here and die," and Mr. Spoopendyke leaned back in the chair and closed his eyes with resignation.

"I'll help you off with your hat and overcoat," said Mrs. Spoopendyke tenderly. "Let me help you."

"Be very careful about taking off my hat," said Mr. Spoopendyke, rushing up. "Take it off easy, or you'll hurt my elbow. Pull the left arm of my overcoat down, so it will slip off —— What ye doing? Trying to skin me? That sleeve's full of broken bones, I tell ye. Now help me to a chair. I knew I must go sometime, but I never expected to die so suddenly as this," and Mr. Spoopendyke lifted his sprained arm and dropped it again, to see if there were any animation left in his system.

"Can't I do something for you, dear?" said Mrs. Spoopendyke, with tearful eyes.

"If you could sing a hymn without starting the cats, it might make my last minutes more peaceful," replied Mr. Spoopendyke, putting his feet on a chair and composing himself for dissolution.

"You'd better let me attend to your arm," recommended Mrs. Spoopendye. "If it is badly sprained, you ought to have something on it."

"Didn't I tell ye it was broken? Just got curiosity to see, haven't ye? Can't wait for post mortem, can ye? Go ahead. Do what you please. In a little while I'll be beyond pain. Just take and do what you like with it," and Mr. Spoopendyke stuck the maimed arm out straight, and waived it around like a ham.

"If you let me rotate it a little, and then bind it up with arnica, you'll be all right in an hour," cooed Mrs. Spoopendyke, affectionately.

"Rotate it, then," murmured Mr. Spoopendyke. "I don't suppose it will make much difference to my estate. Take it down in the kitchen and rotate it. You might——hold on, dod gast it! What d'ye think I am—a pump? Got an idea that I'm a clock? Let go that arm, will ye?" and Mr. Spoopendyke pranced around the room. "Oh! you're a surgeon, you are. All you want is a bucksaw and a broken balustrade to be a medical college. Going to pull it out by the roots? S'pose that's a tooth? It isn't—it's an arm, and its busted like a torpedo!" and Mr. Spoopendyke, who had been brandishing the injured member, began to stroke his shoulder and sympathize with himself.

"Let me bathe it in arnica," said Mrs. Spoopendyke. "That's the best thing in the world. Let me turn up your shirt-sleeve and I'll fix it in a minute."

"Very good," said Mr. Spoopendyke; "I don't suppose it will do any harm to hurry matters. Is my dress suit all brushed? Have I got a pair of socks that my immortal soul won't shine through the toe of? If you think I'm going into the tomb all covered with grease, and my shirt flapping around on me like I was a clothes line, you're mistaken, that's all," and Mr. Spoopendyke eyed his wife gloomily, while she prepared to lave his sprained shoulder. "Will you put me in a casket?" he moaned as she began operations.

"Yes, dear."

Mr. Spoopendyke regarded his wife with one eye, and grunted feebly.

"And you'll put on a silver plate with my name and age, and get a few flowers? You don't want many. I shan't miss 'em if there ain't mor'n six. Will you attend to it?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Spoopendyke. "I'll see that you have lots of flowers and a big fun—"

"I don't want any big funeral. Suppose I'm being cut off in the midst of my usefulness just because funerals are cheap? Have you got a clean handkerchief to put in my pocket when I'm dead?"

"Certainly, dear," replied Mrs. Spoopendyke; and, having thoroughly bathed the arm, she bandaged it carefully. "Don't you feel better?"

"Perhaps if it were amputated in time I might get well," rejoined Mr. Spoopendyke, hitching his arm around to see if he could find a pain anywhere. "What kind of a cravat have I got to wear in case of—in the event of—the worst?" and Mr. Spoopendyke approached the climax of his question as becomes a man who shrinks from the inevitable.

"The one you've got on will do, won't it?" inquired Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"No, it won't either. Is that all I've got? Expect I'm going to be buried among strangers in this doggasted necktie that won't hang together four days longer? Calculate that I'm going to the promised land as though I was hunting for a job? Want me to prowl around among the late lamented as though I'd busted up in business? Think I'm a measly tramp?" and Mr. Spoopendyke tore off the tie and stamped on it, and then dove into the bed.

"Can't you bring up my breakfast?" demanded Mr. Spoopendyke, the next morning. "My arm's so lame I can't go down stairs."

Mrs. Spoopendyke brought it to him. An hour later, when dressing, he asked for his necktie.

"I wish you'd look for it," querulously. "You know I can hardly move."

"Here it is, dear," said Mrs Spoopendyke, handing it to him. "You tore it off last night with your sprained arm;" and she left for down stairs, without waiting to hear his remark about "measly wives, who only need a long beard and a comic song book to be a Solomon."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

THE END OF THE WORLD.

Predictions of Professor Swormstedt, the Indiana Prophet.

According to the writer's understanding of the Bible, the gospel dispensation will expire at midnight, November 12, 1881. At that time Chirst will descend into our atmosphere. The holy dead and living will then be made immortal, and will be caught up into the air to meet the Lord at His coming. The nations will then be ushered into a judgment period of forty years duration, after which the earth will be renovated by fire. The wicked will all be destroyed by this fire. (See Isaiah xxiv., 6). The good alone will be preserved. Christ will reign personally and visibly over the new earth for a thousand years. A city made of pure gold is to descend out of heaven from God. It will be four square, and 1,500 miles in circumference. It will be the royal city of Christ, and his saints who reign with him.

This will be the golden age of the earth. The curse will be removed from man, from woman, from the animal creation and from the earth. The plane of the ecliptic and the equator will be one. Hence, a perpetual spring will reign. The earth will be made hollow, as at present. The planes of the polar circles will be parallel to each other, but inclined to the equator at an angle of about twenty-three degrees. Through these open polar regions the sun's rays will be poured. The inner world will thus be filled with beauty and light and warmth the same as the outer world. The "prison" referred to in Isaiah xxiv., 22, where the wicked kings of the earth and the demons are to be "shut up" during the millennium is to be located between the two crusts of the earth.

Electricity will be the great motive power of the new world. It will also be used in a thousand different ways The soil will produce bountifully; fruit trees will bear twelve different kinds of fruit each year (see Rev. xxii., 2). All tears and sorrow, pain and death, will be banished from the earth during that thousand years, and God himself will come down from heaven and dwell among men during that happy period (see Rev. xxi., 24). The first three chapters of the Bible refer to the Eden that was lost through Adam; the last three describe the Paradise to be restored to the earth through Christ.

Before we reach that blissful period, the judgments of God, as outlined in the book of Revelation and in the old prophets, are to come upon an ungodly world for its sins. The writer believes with all his heart that these judgments begin in 1881 by the opening of the fourth, fifth and sixth seals of Revelation vi.

It is a very remarkable coincidence that at midnight of November 12, the seven stars, from whence Christ will descend, and Jupiter, the earth and the sun will all be in a direct line with each other. The comet will, I think, come straight down this line. The most direful effects will follow its contact with our planet. Both bodies traveling at the rate of more than 1,000 miles per minute, there can but ensue the most disastrous consequences. It will produce the most awful earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, whirlwinds and tornadoes that the world has ever witnessed. The mountains will flow down with molten lava, also with torrents of water, caused by the melting of the accumulated snows of centuries. Whole cities will be swept away by these floods. Other cities will be thrown down by great earthquakes, and still others will be destroyed by tornadoes and whirlwinds. Many others will be destroyed by fire and brimstone, like Sodom and Gomorrah.

Isaiah xxiv. tells us the earth will "reel to and fro like a drunkard," under the mighty bombardment through which it will have to pass. St. John says: "The heaven will depart as a scroll when it is rolled together." This indicates that the force of the great concussion will be so dreadful and will produce such a tempest that the clouds which surround the earth will be "rolled together as a scroll" and carried off by the comet.

The earth will present a wrecked and ruined appearance as it emerges beyond the comet's train. According to St. John the world will become panic-striken as it reaches the earth. Kings will desert their thrones, great men their estates, rich men their wealth, the chief captains and the mighty men their armies, and all other men their occupations, and will flee to the caves and rocks of the mountains for shelter. And after they reach those places, their terror will be so great amid the appalling calamities that herald the approach of the Christ they have so long rejected that they will call for the rocks and mountains to fall on them, and hide them from the face of him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb.

All who give themselves wholly to God now, and seek the shelter pointed out in the ninety-first Psalm will receive the supernatural protection promised in this Psalm, and will be made immortal at the coming of the Son of God.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Mother Shipton's Ghost.

Rev. Dr. Pierson, a well known and highly respected clergyman, writes to the *News* of that city the following interesting letter relative to that perrenial old fraud, Mother Shipton.

Letters from Prof. Piazzi Smith, Sydney Hall, Esq., and others, to which I have just had access, assert the unqualified falsehood of the whole claim even to antiquity.

Sydney Hall instituted a thorough search at the British museum, and I condense the result of his researches:

"Some sixteen years since much excitement was caused by the publication of some so-called prophecies, alleged to have been given to the world by a certain 'Mother Shipton' upwards of four hundred years ago." "It is gravely asserted that Mother Shipton's prophecies were first published in a printed book in 1448, which book is now in the library of the British museum. Of course this cannot be true, as the first printed book is in the Nazarine bible dated from 1450-55. This falsehood being exposed, another has been resorted to. The printed book became a manuscript. The existence of such a manuscript is altogether fabulous. The truth is that not till the year 1641 was any of Mother Shipton's prophecies given to the world in print or in writing. This book the British museum does possess, but there is not to be found in it any of those anticipations of the steam engine, the balloon, railways, the crystal palace, etc., which have so startled the credulous.

"In 1762 a Mr. Charles Hindley of Brighton published an edition of Mother Shipton's prophecies, and here for the first time were given the rhymes which contain these pretended predictions of things which had already happened. This book aroused a controversey about the existence, life and prophecies of Mother Shipton, which was continued from time to time in 'Notes and Queries,' and in series IV vol. XI, the editor announces that Mr. Hindley has acknowledged that he is the author of the prophetic rhymes."

What then of the rash assertion of the editor of the *Christian Globe*, that "of the antiquity of this rhythmical prophesy there can be no doubt; that it has been found in old books of a type and design as ancient as those of Caxton and Wycliffe!" It seems that not readers but editors too are sometimes afflicted with gullibility.

Probably the real truth is as we stated yesterday. Between two and three hundred years ago a crude prophecy was put before the public, that possessed no real prediction implying any prophetic foresight, and this Mr. Hindley is at least one of those adroit scamps or wags who delight in such tricks as those of Chatterton, the author of the "Amber Witch," or the perpetrator of the "Moon Hoax." If the further agitation of this matter brings to light the first rythmical form of these prophecies with their subsequent modification, it will be an interesting study of literary legerdemain.

I cannot forbear to add that it is an astonishing proof of the perversity of human nature that men will fight for two thousand years to taint inspired prophecy with the suspicion of imposture, and then gulp down without straining, a pure and simple forgery, scarce stopping to salt it with an inquiry as to its claim upon faith! We shall do well to remember what Archbishop Whately said about the "credulity of incredulity."

ARTIFICIAL LIQUORS.

The Agent of a Chemical House Tells How They are Made.

A St. Louis *Times* reporter was accorded an interview with the agent of a chemical house, who showed him a sample-case with the remark that he was the second man, outside of the trade, who ever saw its contents. He then opened the case, which was divided into about twenty-five small compartments, each containing a two-ounce vial of liquid. These liquids were of a variety of colors, and as the case was opened, a heavy and rather offensive odor greeted the reporter's nostrils. It was an indescribable mixture of all sorts of odors, from a sharp, pungent acid, to the smooth, mellow flavor of ripe fruit, and suggested the atmosphere of a rectifier's establishment intensified an unlimited number of times.

"Now for the essences," said the agent. "In my travels I have often been spoken of as the man who makes whisky out of water, and I want to correct that impression. You cannot produce liquor without a spirit basis, and we always advise the use of a good cologne spirit, which is doubly distilled and rectified, and therefore entirely free from fusel oil. Other spirits will answer the purpose, but they will not yield as good a quality of liquor. You see, the first run of the still produces highwines, the second run produces common spirits and the third cologne spirits. These runs are made through charcoal, and the third runs frees the spirit of fusel oil and all impurities. "This," he continued taking up a two-ounce vial partially filled with an oily, yellowish fluid, "is cognac oil, worth $120 a pint. One-sixth of an ounce of it will make a barrel of brandy. You take forty gallons of the best cologne spirit-proof, one-sixth of an ounce of this oil, put in a pint of alcohol and a pint and a half of sugar syrup, and you have a barrel of fine brandy. The same process is followed with Bourbon rye, gin, kimmel, etc. One-tenth of an ounce of the kimmel essence makes a barrel of kimmel or gin. The kimmel essence is made from caraway seed, and the gin essence from the juniper berry. For brandy from œnanthic ether, you take four ounces of the ether, one ounce of Jamaica rum essence and a pint of sugar syrup to a barrel of proof spirits. Rochelle, seignette, catawaba, apple, peach, cider and cherry brandies are made in the same way, except that, instead of the œnanthic ether, essences of each kind are used. To make Holland gin, schiedam schnapps, London dock gin, etc., you take forty gallons of cologne spirit, four ounces of the essence and a pint and half of sugar syrup. "Here,,' he continued, taking up vial after vial, and naming the essences, "is New York gin, Jamaica rum, St. Croix rum, New England rum, Irish whisky, Scotch whisky, Bourbon, rye, Monongahela, Tennessee, Robertson county and malt whiskies, and Spanish, Hostetter, Plantation, Boonecamp, Hamburger and Berliner bitters. You have probably tasted Hostetter's bitters; smell of this and see if you recognize it." (handing the reporter a small vial containing a thick, dark liquid, which seemed to be a highly concentrated extract of the well-known bitters.) Whenever a new bitters comes out we analyze it and produce an essence which will make the bitters in less than no time. To make the Hostetter bitters take forty gallons of spirits, 15 per cent. below proof, six to eight ounces of this essence, one or two gallons of sugar syrup, and one pint of sugar coloring. This coloring (taking up a vial of thick liquid resembling analine ink) is made simply from burned sugar, and is the only liquid coloring used. But here is an article (exhibiting a small vial of yellowish liquid with a ropy sediment) which is called bead-oil, and will put a bead on anything. You know that pure proof whisky has a bead on it, which disappears as soon as water is added. A great many judge whisky in this way. If they see a bead on it they are satisfied that it is full proof, and if there is no bead on it then they are convinced that is below proof. Now, this oil, which is worth $20 to $40 per gallon, will put a bead on the poorest bust-head whisky in the market. You take three-quarters of an ounce of the oil to a barrel of whisky, and it will have as fine a bead on it as you want. The whiskies made with these essences cost only half a cent per gallon above the price of the spirits, and can be made ready for use in five minutes. Of course they can be made at any price you wish. If you want whisky at 90 cents a gallon, all you have to do is to reduce your spirits with water until you get it down to where you want it, and then add the essence. The commonest grades of these whiskies can be improved by adding good straight whisky.

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Lent.

The great cardinal fact of Christianity is Christ. His earthly birth is our assurance of kinship with the Almighty. His life is our example, His teachings are our inspiration. In His death and resurrection, we find our only hope of immortality. Only a few weeks ago, the whole Christian world celebrated with rejoicing, the anniversary of His birth. To-day it enters upon a season of fasting and repentance, in commemoration of His fasting and temptation. He was tempted in all things like as we are. He was led of the spirit into the wilderness; and was tempted and overcame. We are also led by the spirit. We are in the wilderness, surrounded by temptation. The spirits of good and evil, strive together within us. When we would do good, evil is ever present with us. We buy, and sell; work and scheme; solely with reference to the present life. We pursue pleasure, wealth, ambition,—laying our plans and using our talents and energy for their accomplishment, as though this life were to last forever. But there come times, when we are taken up into the high mountain, and survey the kingdoms of this world, and the glory of them, and set them beside the eternal verities, and estimate their value. The demon of unbelief says to us: "All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me." It seems that we have but to reach forth the hand, to grasp the hands which will make for us a happy and successful worldly career. The objects of our ambition seem easy of attainment. Of what account is this old, old story of the Fatherhood of God, and the Brotherhood of man? Is it not merely one of the superstitions which have come down to us from an early time, which the light of modern science is rapidly dispelling? No man hath seen Him. There is nothing tangible, real or practical in this religion of faith, in things, not seen. These things we can see and feel; weigh and estimate. Why should we not reach forth and take them. "Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die."

It is that our vision may be cleared, and our conscience quickened, so that we may be enabled to truly estimate, and rightly choose; that the church inculcates and prescribes these lenten observances. Not while all our energies are fully occupied with the things of this world, can we obtain strength to say, "Get thee behind me, Satan, for it is written, 'Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve.'" It It is by self-denial in small things, that we learn to say "No!" when the greater temptations assail us. It is by repentance and prayer, that we place ourselves in the relation of penitent children, to the Father, and gain strength to repel the adversary of our souls. But it is not by these observances alone that the battle can be won. Sackcloth and ashes, and fasting, are all profitable aids and observances, if accompanied by the true Lenten spirit.

"Yet think not prayer and fast were given,
To make one step 'twixt earth and heaven."

We cannot with these alone, lay hold of the eternal verities of our existence. The Fatherhood of God implies the Brotherhood of man. Neither in things temporal, nor things spiritual, can man live to himself alone. Self-denial and self-sacrifice for our brother's sake, is as essential as for our own. Our duty towards our neighbor is as imperative as our duty towards God. And above all, the church calls on us at this time to renounce the "kingdom of the world, and the glory of them," and heed the injunction of the prophet, to "Turn ye even to Me, saith the Lord, with all your heart, and with fasting, and with weeping, and with mourning. And rend your heart, and not your garments, and turn unto the Lord your God."

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Jamaica Rum Made from Old Shoes.

Speaking of the industry statistics, says a New York letter to the Springfield *Union*, reminds me that several curious businesses have been discovered by the census deputies, of which so far no newspaper has given an account. The superintendent of the Brooklyn census was much puzzled some weeks ago upon discovering that there was some use made of old shoes, which was not known to any of the deputies in his employ, and could not be discovered. It was found that the old shoes were collected in large quantities by ragpickers and junkmen, and sold to mysterious persons, for what purpose no one could divine. It was well known that Prussian blue is made out of old leather, but the persons engaged in the business were perfectly willing to have their works inspected. After much inquiry and investigation, it was found that the old shoes were made into Jamaica rum. When they came from the rag pickers the good pieces were cut out and sold to small cobblers for patching purposes. The rest was distilled with spirits, colored with burnt sugar, and sold as Jamaica rum, and the most singular fact about the business is that it is bought, not only by saloon keepers, but by druggists, who pride themselves on the purity of their articles. Many industries were found in which, though the value of the product was considerable, no value was attributed to the raw material. One man who made tomato catsup acknowledged to making $18,000 worth of catsup every year, but said that his raw material cost nothing. When pressed for an explanation, he said that every year in the fall he sent to the factories where tomatoes are canned, big tubs into which the peelings and trimmings of the tomatoes were thrown by the men who prepared them for canning. This material he got for the trouble of carrying it away. He ground it, flavored it, and sold it for catsup to the extent of 18,000 a year.

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Behavior When in Company.

We reprint from the first Worcester edition of Isaiah Thomas' "Little Pretty Pocket Book," one of a set of juvenile books very popular when our grand-parents were boys and girls, the following very practical and simple rules for behavior while in company. The Mosaic style is very apparent:

1. Enter not into the company of thy superior without command or calling, nor without a bow.

2. Sit not down in the presence of superiors without bidding.

3. Sing not nor hum in the mouth while in the presence of superiors.

4. Stand not wriggling with thy body hither and thither, but steady and upright.

5. Play not wantonly like a mimic with thy fingers or feet.

6. In coughing or sneezing make as little noise as possible.

7. If thou canst not avoid yawning, shut thine mouth with thine hand or handkerchief.

8. When thou blowest thy nose let thy handkerchief be used, and make not a noise in so doing.

9. Gnaw not thy nails, pick them not, nor bite them with thy teeth.

10. Spit not in the room, but in the corner, and rub it with thy foot, or rather go out and do it abroad.

11. Lean not on the chair of a superior, standing behind him.

12. Spit not upon the fire, too wide with thy knees at it.

13. Sit not with thy legs crossed, but keep them firm and settled, and thy feet even.

14. Turn not thy back to any, but place thyself so that more may be behind thee.

15. Read not books, letters or other writings in company, unless there be necessity, and thou askest leave.

16. Touch not, nor look upon the books or writings of any one unless the owner invite or desire thee.

17. Come not near when another reads a letter or any other paper.

18. Let thy countenance be moderately cheerful, neither laughing nor frowning.

19. Laugh not loud, but silently smile upon any occasion.

20. Stand not before superiors with thine hands in thine pockets; scratch not thine head; wink not with thine eyes, but modestly be looking straight before thee.

21. Walking with thy superior in the house or garden, give him the right or upperhand, and walk not even with him *cheek by jole*, but a little behind him, yet not so distant that it will be troublesome to him to speak to thee, or hard for thee to hear.

22. Look not boldly nor wishfully in the face of thy superior.

23. To look upon one in company, and immediately whisper to another, is unmannerly.

24. Whisper not in company.

25. Be not among equals forward and fretful, but gentle and affable.

Tit for Tat.

An old lady of his flock once called upon Dr. Gill with a grievance. The doctor's neckbands were too long for her ideas of ministerial humanity, and after a long harangue on the sin of pride, she intimated that she had brought a pair of scissors with her, and would be pleased if her dear pastor would permit her to cut them down to her notions of propriety. The doctor not only listened patiently, but handed over the offending white bands to operate upon. When she had cut them to her satisfaction and returned the bibs, it was the doctor's turn.

"Now," said he, "you must do me a good turn, also."

"Yes, that I will, doctor," replied she, "what can it be?"

"Well, you have something about you which is a great deal too long and which causes me no end of trouble, and I should like to see it shorter."

"Indeed, dear sir, I will not hesitate; what is it? Here are the scissors, use them as you please."

"Come, then," said the sturdy divine, "good sister, put out your tongue."

Innocent Ignorance.

A strange story told in the native dialect of that region comes to us from Nevada, which, were it translated by a competent linguist, might prove very interesting to the general reader. We will do our best in a few words to give some idea of it and the curious results that ensued. A chinaman and a Digger Indian were "wrestling with each other at draw poker." Old Persimmons finally 'had three kings dealt out to him." He asked for two more cards, and the Chinaman gave him two, one of which was a "king." Pretty soon "they had $30 apiece on the board." "Me call him," murmured the red man—a well-known Indian phrase. The Chinaman held four aces, whatever that may mean, and "scooped up the coin." "You heap cheatum," yelled the Digger in his native tongue. The Chinaman evidently misunderstood it, for in an instant he was drawing a pistol and the Digger flourishing a knife. But what it was all about that should so excite them, our ignorance of the Nevadese and the aboriginal tongue prevent our explaining.—*Troy Press.*

FANCY biscuit are thus made: Into three pints of flour mix a teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of lard or butter, and one teacupful of warm milk. To this add two eggs well beaten and one teacupful of homemade yeast, Mix well and set in a warm place to rise, which will take about five hours; form into biscuit; let them rise again and bake. These are nice for tea, as also are rusks made as follows: Melt four ounces of butter in a half a pint of new milk; add to this seven eggs well beaten, a gill of yeast and three ounces of sugar; pour this mixture gradually into as much flour as will make a thick batter, and let it rise in a warm place half an hour; then add flour till a soft dough is formed; knead well, form into small loaves, let them rise, and then bake them. When cold, slice them and brown them in the oven.

Thoughtful Thoughts.

THE desires that have only a bodily end and aim, that are unconnected with the holy and noble purposes of a pure, true, and holy life, are false desires, and are to be slain.

BLESSED is the man who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. Know thy work, and do it; and work at it like Hercules. One monster there is in the world—the idle man.

POVERTY is the load of some, and wealth is the load of others, perhaps the greater load of the two, and yet every one is anxious to bear it, notwithstanding it may weigh them down to perdition.

EVERY kindly word and feeling, every good deed and thought, every noble action and impulse, is like the ark-sent dove, and returns from the troubled waters of life bearing a green olive branch to the soul.

YOU find yourself refreshed by the presence of cheerful people. Why not make earnest to confer that pleasure on others? You will find half the battle is gained if you never allow yourself to say anything gloomy.

EVILS in the journey of life are like the hills which alarm travelers upon their road; they both appear great at a distance, but when we approach them we find that they are far less insurmountable than we had conceived.

IT is not so easy as philosophers tell us to lay aside our prejudices; mere volition cannot enable us to divest ourselves of long established feelings, and even reason is averse to laying aside theories it has once been taught to admire.

BOTH wit and understanding are but trifles without integrity; it is that which gives value to every character. The ignorant peasant without fault is greater than the philosopher with many; for what is genius or courage without a heart?

THERE are none living who do not, in a greater or less degree, have an influence over the earthly happiness of others. The sense of contributing to the pleasure of others augments our own happiness. Unselfishness, Christian charity and loving kindness are the sunbeams of the soul.

REFINEMENT lends to personal cleanliness, neatness, good taste and simplicity in dress. At home, whether elegant or humble, the same neatness abounds. The refined person and the mere pretender are very different. In the former you will find no gaudiness or false glittering, but with the latter these abound.