TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

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

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

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

YEARLY ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at reasonable rates.

Administrator's and Executor's Notices, $2; Auditor's Notices, $2.50; Business Cards, five lines, (per year) $5, additional lines $1 each.

Yearly advertisers are entitled to quarterly changes. Transient advertisements must be paid for in *advance*.

All resolutions of associations; communications of limited or individual interest, and notices of marriages or deaths, exceeding five lines are charged FIVE CENTS per line, but simple notices of marriages and deaths will be published without charge.

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

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

Business Cards.

DAVIES, CARNOCHAN & HALL,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

SOUTH SIDE OF WARD HOUSE.

Dec 20-78. TOWANDA, PA.

SAM W. BUCK,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Nov. 1879. *TOWANDA, PENN'A.*

Office—At Treasurer's Office, in Court House.

W. H. & E. A. THOMPSON, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, TOWANDA, PA. Office in Mercur Block, over C. T. Kirby's Drug Store. All business intrusted to their care will be attended to promptly. Especial attention given to claims against the United States for PENSIONS, BOUNTIES, PATENTS, etc; to collections and to the settlement of decedent's estates.

W. H. THOMPSON,
Apr. 7'81-y1 EDWARD A. THOMPSON.

A. BEVERLY SMITH & CO.,

BOOKBINDERS,

And dealers in Fret Saws and Amateurs' Supplies. Send for price-lists. REPORTER Building.

Box 1512, Towanda, Pa. March 1, 1881.

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

DENTIST.

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

Towanda, Pa., January 6, 1881.

MADILL & KINNEY,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

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

H. J. MADILL. 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 A. Snell's, Main-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. PECK.

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.

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.

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—Mercur Block, Park street, up stairs.

DR. S. M. WOODBURN, Physician and Surgeon. Office at residence, on Main street, first door north of M. E. Church. Towanda, April 1, 1881.

W. B. KELLY, DENTIST.—Office over M. E. Rosenfield's, Towanda, Pa. Teeth inserted on Gold, Silver, Rubber, and Aluminum base. Teeth extracted without pain. Oct. 34-72.

E. D. PAYNE, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

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

Special attention given to

DISEASES OF THE EYE and DISEASES OF THE EAR

G. W. RYAN,

COUNTY SUPERINTENDE

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.

MRS. H. PEET,

TEACHER OF PIANO MUSIC,

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

EDWARD WILLIAMS,

PRACTICAL PLUMBER & GAS FITTER.

Place of business, a few doors north of Post-Office.

Plumbing, Gas Fitting, Repairing Pumps of all kinds, and all kinds of Gearing promptly attended to. All wanting work in his line should give him a call. Dec. 4, 1879.

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.

April 1, 1879

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, APRIL 28, 1881. NUMBER 48

Legal.

PROCLAMATION. — WHEREAS, Hon. PAUL D. MORROW, President Judge of the 13th Judicial District, consisting of the county of Bradford, has issued his precept bearing date the 7th day of February, 1881, to me directed, for holding a Court of Oyer and Terminer, General Jail Delivery, Quarter Session of the Peace, Common Pleas and Orphan's Court at Towanda, for the county of Bradford, commencing on Monday, MAY 2D, 1881, to continue three weeks.

Notice is therefore hereby given to the Coroners and Justices of the Peace of the county of Bradford, that they be then and there in their proper persons, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, with records, inquisitions and other remembrances to do those things which to their office appertains to be done; and those who are bound by recognizances or otherwise, to prosecute against the prisoners who are or may be in the jail of said county, are to be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just. Jurors are requested to be punctual in their attendance, agreeable to their notice.

Dated at Towanda, the 7th day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-one, and of the Independence of the United States one hundred and fourth.

PETER J. DEAN, Sheriff.

REGISTER'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given, that there has been filed in the office of the Register for the Probate of Wills and granting Letters of Administration in and for the County of Bradford, State of Pennsylvania, accounts of administration upon the following estates, viz:

Final account of R. B. Gleason, administrator of the estate af Alexander Clark, late of the township of Springfield, deceased.

Final account of Johannah Chapman, executrix of the last will and testament of Louis C. Chapman, late of the borough of Troy, deceased.

Final account of O. J. Chubbuck, administrator of the estate of James Bedford, late of the borough of Towanda, deceased.

Final account of D. R. Williams, administrator of the estate of Samuel Williams, late of the township of Barclay, deceased.

Final account of William McMorran, administrator of the estate of John P. Biles, late of the township of North Towanda, deceased.

First and final account of Amos Cornell Stevens, executor of the last will and testament of John C. Stevens, late of the township of Wyalusing, deceased.

Final account of P. H. Buck, guardian of Fay H. Pierce child of Col. L. B. Pierce, late of the city of Baltimore, deceased.

First and final account of F. E. Jayne, administrator *cum testamento annexo* of the estate of Patrick Welsh, late of the borough of Towanda, deceased.

First and final account of M. E. Lilley, administrator of John E. Lilley, late of the township of Leroy, deceased.

First and partial account of F. T. Page, one of the administrators of the estate of Joseph B. Reeve, late of the borough of Athens, deceased.

Partial account of Seth Blakeslee, executor of the last will and testament of Caroline Waterman, late of the township of Pike, deceased.

Final account of John Bird, administrator of the estate of Joseph S. Elsbree, late of the township of Smithfield, deceased.

Third and final account of M. W. DeWitt, administrator de bonis non of the estate of Jacob DeWitt, late of the borough of Towanda, deceased.

First and final account of Thomas J. Roof and Henderson Roof, executors of the last will and testament of Charles Roof, late of the township of Standing Stone, deceased.

Final account of W. H. Decker and E. T. Fox, executors of the last will and testament of Daniel Decker, deceased.

First and final account of James W. Correll, administrator of the estate of Myron H. Annable, late of the township of Leroy, deceased.

First and final account of G. H. Van Dyke, administrator of the estate of D. F. Ross, late of the township of Ulster, deceased.

Final account of Nelson A. Maynard, administrator of the estate of Levi Preston, late of the township of Troy, deceased.

Final account of James G. Parks, guardian of Helen Daines (now Lurcox), minor child of David Daines.

Final account of Benjamin Davidson, guardian of Harriet A. Welch, minor child of William Welch, deceased.

Second partial account of H. B. Morgan, administrator of the estate of William H. Morgan, late of the borough of Towanda, deceased.

Final account of Levi P. Stalford, guardian of Henrietta Lutes (now Holcomb), child of James Lutes, late of the township of Wyalusing, deceased.

Final account of Niram Rockwell, executor of the last will and testament of Elias Rockwell, late of Canton, deceased.

Final account of Jacob Smith, guardian of Rosa Bell Smith, child of Douglas Smith, deceased.

Final account of Jacob Smith, guardian of Floyd Smith, minor child of Douglas Smith, deceased.

Final account of J. Allen Gerould and E. G. Durfey, administrators of the estate of James Gerould, late of the township of Smithfield, deceased.

Final account of Abigail Parmenter and James M. Parmenter, administrators of the estate of Asahel Parmenter, late of the township of Springfield, deceased.

And the same will be presented to the Orphan's Court of Bradford County on Thursday, the 5th day of May, A. D. 1881, at 2 o'clock, P. M., for confirmation and allowance.

A. C. FRISBIE, Register.

Register's Office Towanda, Apr 12, 1881.

ORPHANS' COURT NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that there has been filed in the office of the Clerk of the Orphans' Court in and for the county of Bradford, State of Pennsylvania appraisement of property set off by executors and administrators to the widows and children of the following decedents, viz:

Estate of George Smith, late of the township of Monroe, deceased.

Estate of Simon Stevens, late of the township of Standing Stone, deceased.

Estate of A. A. Kinner, late of the borough of Athens, deceased.

Estate of John N. Christian, late of the township of Tuscarora, deceased.

Estate of Isaac F. Bullock, late of the township of Springfield, deceased.

Estate of James Gard, late of the township of Wysox, deceased.

Estate of John Aumick, late of the township of Asylum, deceased.

Estate of John Whalen, late of the township of Warren, deceased.

Estate of Joseph Sill, late of the township of Asylum, deceased.

Estate of E. B. Moore, late of the township of Ulster, deceased.

Estate of William Higby, late of the township of Leroy, deceased.

Estate of William McKean, late of the township of West Burlington, deceased.

And the same will be presented to the Orphans' Court of Bradford county on Thursday, the 5th day of May, A. D. 1881, at 2 o'clock p. m., for final confirmation.

A. C. FRISBIE, Clerk.

LICENSES. — Notice is hereby given that the following applications for licenses for hotels eating-houses and merchant dealers have been filed in this office, and that the same will be presented to the Court of Quarter sessions of Bradford County, on MONDAY, MAY 2d, 1881, for the consideration of said Court:

HOTELS.

Chas. H. Seeley, 1st Ward, Towanda Borough.
Washington Pitcher, 1st Ward, Towanda Boro.
Henry Barret, 1st Ward, Towanda Borough.
O. H. P. Disbrow, 1st Ward, Towanda Borough.
Redmond Caten, 1st Ward, Towanda Borough.
Ornall Kellogg, 2d Ward, Towanda Borough.
Thos. R. Jordan, 2d Ward, Towanda Borough.
B. W. Ennes, 2d Ward, Towanda Borough.
J. G. Daugherty, Wysox Township.
Vincent Baldwin, Ridgbury Township.
John S. Hinman, Monroe Borough.
A. J. Noble, Troy Borough.
Daniel Brown, Ulster Township.
J. S. Thomson, Wyalusing Township.
James J. Hannan, Overton Township.
Martin Crowley, South Waverly Borough.
D. S. Kennedy, Wysox Township.
F. C. Landmesser, Standing Stone Township.
Walter Phillips, Smithfield Township.
P. D. Willcox, Albany Township.
Wm. Henry, 1st Ward, Towanda Borough.
Morris Kellogg, New Albany Borough.
Thos. R. Jordan, 2d Ward, Towanda Boro.
George Jordan, Athens Borough.
James P. Strong, Columbia Township.
Warren Smith, Austinville, Columbia Twp.
F. O. Lantz, Monroe Township.
John Mulholland, Athens Township.
J. P. Rogers, Sheshequin Township.
Addison Norton, South Creek Township.
J. Morgan Brown, Wyalusing Township.
John N. Wolfe, Canton Borough.

EATING-HOUSES.

Vincent Marcy, Monroe Borough.
B. F. Myer, Barclay Township.
Myron B. Calkins, Burlington Borough.
Rose Lockabee, 2d Ward, Towanda Borough.
S. M. Brown, 1st Ward, Towanda Borough.

MERCHANT DEALERS.

John Griffin, 1st Ward, Towanda Borough.
H. W. Nobles, 2d Ward, Towanda Borough.
James Cummiskey, 1st Ward, Towanda Borough.
C. T. Kirby, 2d Ward, Towanda Borough.

GEO. W. BLACKMAN, Clerk.

Towanda, Pa., April 6, 1881.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration having been granted to the undersigned, upon the estate of Betsy M. Coburn, late of Tuscarora twp., deceased, notice is hereby given that all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and all persons having legal claims against the same will present them without delay in proper order for settlement to I. B. Coburn, Administrator, at his residence in Spring Hill, Pa.

I. B. COBURN,
Administrator.

Spring Hill, Mar. 24, 1881.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE. Letters of Administration having been granted to the undersigned, upon the estate of Horace Young, late of East Smithfield twp., deceased, notice is hereby given that all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and all persons having claims against said estate must present the same duly authenticated to the undersigned for settlement.

HENRY C. BRIGHAM,
Administrator.

East Smithfield, Pa.,
March, 24, 1881, 6 wk,

IN RE THE ESTATE OF JERemiah Henson, a lunatic. In the Court of Common Pleas of Bradford County, No. 920, September Term, 1877.

The final account of Andrew Wickizer, committee of the person and estate of Jeremiah Henson, a lunatic, has been filed in this office and will be presented to the Court of Common Pleas for confirmation on THURSDAY, the 5th day of MAY, 1881. Application will also be made for the discharge of said committee.

G. W. BLACKMAN,
Prothonotary.

Towanda, April 16, 1881.

SCANDAL.

A woman to the holy father went,
Confession of sin was her intent;
And so her misdemeanors, great and small,
She faithfully rehearsed them all;
And, chiefiest in her catalogue of sin,
She owned that she a tale-bearer had been.
And borne a bit of scandal up and down
To all the long-tongued gossips in the town.
The holy father for her other sin
Granted the absolution asked of him;
But while for all the rest he pardon gave,
He told her this offense was very grave,
And that to do fit penance she must go
Out by the way-side where the thistles grow,
And gather the largest, ripest one,
Scatter its seeds, and when this was done,
She must come back again another day
To tell him his commands she did obey.
The woman, thinking this a penance light,
Hastened to do his will that very night,
Feeling right glad she had escaped so well.
Next day but one she went the priest to tell;
The priest sat still and heard her story through,
Then said, "There's something still for you to do:
Those little thistle seeds which you have sown,
I bid you go re-gather, every one."
The woman said, "But, Father, 'twould be vain
To try to gather up these seeds again;
The winds have scattered them both far and wide
Over the meadowed vale and mountain-side."
The father answered, "Now I hope that from this
The lesson I have taught you will not miss:
You cannot gather back the scattered seeds,
Which far and wide will grow to noxious weeds,
Nor can the mischief once by scandal sown
By any penance be again undone."

—*Mary E. C. Johnson in Montreal Witness.*

SOWING AND REAPING.

Howard Simpson and Loraine Bliss, two young men of great intimacy and of dissipated habits, were on the way to a gambling saloon, where the night previous they had won considerable, and on passing a church, the doors of which were open, paused a moment by the steps peering in out of idle curiosity, just as the minister was giving out his text—"As ye sow, so shall ye reap."

"We are not farmers, so we do not sow anything to reap," said Howard, the older and more profligate of the two; but Loraine looked thoughtful, and kept silent as they walked along toward the place of their night's debauch. And often during the jubilant gayety of the revelers that passage, "As ye sow, so shall ye reap," flashed into his mind.

"It is as my good mother tells me," thought he; "we must suffer for every evil deed done in the body, and my deeds are constantly evil. But from this night I will do differently. I will not be caught in this place again."

"What ails you, Bliss? You are as dull as a November hoe," said Gaybright, one of the ringleaders of the company.

"Guess he's thinking about reaping what he sows," answered Simpson, and then about a dozen rude men burst into a loud fit of laughter.

"What did you mean by that remark?" one of them presently asked.

He then told them of the text given out by the minister as they were passing the church.

"The minister go to ——, and he surely will," said Roardon, one of the most blasphemous of the whole gang.

This profane remark, with others no better, grated harshly on the mind of Loraine, for he was really feeling more serious than he had ever felt before; but he made no reply, knowing if he did it would only serve to call forth still harsher language.

He left as early as he could, which was not till one o'clock, and after he got home crept to his chamber as noiselessly as possible lest he might awaken his father, who at times was very harsh to him. Then, for the first time in his life, he offered a sincere prayer to God, beseeching him to give him strength to turn from the evil way into which he had been led.

Meantime, his father having heard him enter the house, was denouncing him in the severest terms.

"Do not be harsh with him," pleaded the mother. "I hope he will soon learn to do better; he is young and wild, though not vicious, I trust."

But the old gentleman could see naught but wrong in his boy.

"He shall leave the house! I will disinherit him if he does not stay at home nights; he is a disgrace to the family. Think of the money I have paid out for him—sent him to college, given him the privilege of studying law with me in my office. But no, he chooses to spend his time carousing with a set of loafers."

"Perhaps if we were gentle with him," tremblingly whispered his mother.

But the old gentleman did not heed this advice, for the next morning his first salutation to Loraine was—

"Where did you stay so late last night, you scapegrace? Unless you mend your ways, you'll leave these premises for good and all."

Loraine, who had been penitent through the night, resolving to do better in future, now felt his temper and his resolution melting away, and he sat down to the table in a sullen mood. But he shortly after made up his mind to go to meeting that evening and return home at 9 or 10 o'clock Therefore at 7:30 he started for church, and on meeting three or four of his associates, told them of his plan.

"Well, come with us first, just for a few minutes, to the club rooms," said they.

"No, no, not to-night," he replied. "I have to be home early and I cannot possibly go with you."

But they dragged him along, and it was impossible to get away from them; and once there, there was no such thing as leaving, for in the excitement of the place he was induced to drink, and as the liquor was drugged, he soon felt no inclination to move from the charmed spot.

So the hours moved on until late into the night before he went home. When he reached that place it was three o'clock. His mother was at the door; she had not slept a moment, she said, from watching for him, and his father had awakened three or four times, angrily inquiring for him. But he was now asleep, and she wanted Loraine to creep noiselessly to bed, so he might not awake him. But, alas! he did awake, and the scene that ensued was awful. Meeting the stupefied boy on the stair landing, he ordered him to leave the house at once; he could stay only at the peril of his life. The poor mother begged that he might be allowed to remain till morning; but no; in the street he was driven, with the threat that if he ever entered the house again he should be expelled with greater harshness.

Loraine crept silently to the most convenient shelter, which was the carriage house, and there slept on the carriage cushions till morning. There his mother found him, as she arose before her husband.

"My dear boy," she said, winding her arms about his neck, "it will not answer for your father to find you here, so I will bring you some breakfast and some money with which to get out of this town, where you have had so many vile associates, and I hope you will find something to do and become good and steady. After a few days write me where you are, and I will send a trunk of clothes and another of books. In future shun evil company, and when you next meet your father, let him see one who has entirely reformed, and who will bring him no further dishonor."

"I will, dear mother, do just as you say. I did not mean to get into disgrace last night. I started for church, and should have been at home at an early hour, only that I was fairly dragged in another direction by my companions. I think if father had taken a different course with me I would not be where I am now. You know how stern and crabbed he has been, and never, since I left college, have I felt that I could enter his office and study under his tuition. Had he been kind and gentle like you, dear mother, he might have induced me to do just what he wished; but after this I will endeavor to do right. That text, "As ye sow, so shall ye reap," is continually in my mind, and I am going to begin anew and try to do right."

On hearing this, Mrs. Bliss was overjoyed.

"Then I shall feel quite easy about you and feel that my prayers are answered, my dearest boy. Perhaps God is taking this way to remove you from wicked companions."

Then she went to the house and brought him some food; he soon ate it, and bidding her an affectionate farewell, and promising to write her often, directing his letters to a fictitious name known only to themselves, he left her in time to take the early train for somewhere. Where that somewhere was he had not yet decided.

Once aboard the train, he kept on until he reached the city of Stanton, about fifty miles from his home. There he stopped and looked around, and in a few days was able to write his mother that he had found a situation as clerk in a dry goods store at a moderate salary. This did not look very ambitious, but it gratified his mother to learn that he was in a respectable employment. Then, when his day's work was done, instead of going to gambling saloons and other dens of iniquity, he went to church, and ere long became a member of it, after which he made up his mind to study for the ministry. His mother sent him money from time to time to pay the expenses of his theological course, and in the course of time his future career looked a promising one.

Four years passed, and his name had never been mentioned in his father's house in his hearing. And just four years from the day he left home, a Mr. Bliss, from no one knew where, made an appointment to preach at the Congregational church, which Loraine's parents attended. On this occasion the old gentleman said to his wife:

"We must go to hear this Mr. Bliss; perhaps he may be a relation of ours, although I have never known a relative of mine to be a minister."

"Yes, we will go," said Mrs. Bliss; "and if he is a relative, we must ask him to come home with us and spend the night."

"I do not know that I would object to that," her husband replied.

Somehow he seemed in a more melting mood than usual; probably he was reminded that it was the anniversary of the fourth year since he left them; at all events, on his way to the church that evening, he spoke Loraine's name for the first time in his wife's hearing.

"It is four years to-day," he said, "since Loraine left us; isn't it?"

"Yes," she said, mournfully.

"Wonder where he is now? Sometimes, wife, I think I was too hasty with him."

"Then you would be glad to see him, perhaps."

"If I could be sure he had reformed."

By this time they had reached the church, finding they were a little late, as the minister was giving out his text, "As ye sow, so shall ye reap." Quietly they entered, and for a moment Mr. Bliss stood speechless, then tremblingly moved along to his seat, where his wife was sitting with her head leaning on her hand. Could it be possible, he asked himself, that the long lost one stood before him—that he beheld him again—not as before, but still the same? Yes, it was his son whom he had driven from his door, clothed in the garb of holiness, a commissioner from God. And he, listening to him, stood like a guilty wretch, transfixed to the spot. His past injustice to the one now superior to him rose before him, and he felt condemned.

It was observed, too, by the audience that the preacher was becoming deeply affected as he looked in the direction of the old remembered pew, and each moment was waxing more and more eloquent as he enlarged upon the subject of his text, "As ye sow, so shall ye reap."

"Yes," thought the old gentleman, "as I sowed, so I have reaped. For the last four years I have lived in constant regret of my unjust treatment, my harsh language to thee my son. Had I been kind and forbearing with him from the first, he would not have been led away to the haunts of dissipation, which came so near proving his ruin. But by his mother's gentle conduct and the grace of God, his feet have been arrested in the slippery, downward course he once pursued."

After the services ended Mr. and Mrs. Bliss remained in their pew until a part of the congregation had left the aisle, and then moved toward the pulpit to meet their son and pour their tears upon his neck. Then all was forgiven, and he went with them to their home, never to be turned from their doors again.

Snow Out West.

"Much snow—much snow out in Minnesota this winter!" he almost yelled in answer to the query—"well, we've had a few flakes, and don't you forget it!"

It was at the Union Depot, and his loud voice soon drew a large crowd around him.

"You Michiganders puff up and feel powerful big over a fall of two feet of snow," he went on, "but you are a vain set. Do you know how deep the snow is on the highways in Northern Minnesota? Well, its about fourteen feet, as near as you can get the figures. That is, it was four weeks ago, and the chances are that another five feet has been added since I left home."

"Must be bad traveling," suggested an Eastern man.

"Probably it would be if anybody tried to travel," was the reply. "We don't go a spoo ningaround there in the winter."

"Is twenty feet the deepest snow you've had."

"Deepest! Who's been talking about deepest? That's what we call a flurry. On the second day of January we had nine feet on a level. It then snowed for ninety-eight hours without a stop. When it ceased we had thirty-six feet of snow on the ground. My house was at least fourteen feet below the surface, and no building could be seen in any direction."

"And you dug your way out?"

"I did, eh? What for?"

"Why, didn't you?"

"No, sir! It was twenty-six days before the snow settled below the tops of the windows, but I was in no hurry."

"Wasn't it lonesome?"

"Lonesome, humph! I had just brought home my second wife, and I had nine children in the house, and if you'd been within a mile and a half of the cabin you'd have been dead beat to know which side to bet your money on! Lonesome! Well, I guess not!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Midnight Vigil.

The night is dark, the air is raw, and chilly and damp, and the storm is raging. An old and eminently respectable citizen, out on North Hill, is sleeping the sleep of the just with the snore of the wicked, and the private clocks on their respective brackets and mantles throughout the city are tolling, as well as they know how to toll it, the hour of 1:30 A. M.

A violent jangling at the doorbell awakens the eminently respectable citizen.

Shuddering, he crawls out of bed; muttering, he gropes across the floor.

Swearing under his breath, he falls over a rocking chair.

At last he finds a match, lights a lamp and descending the stairs, opens the hall door, and admits a gust of wind that blows out the lamp, and a torrent of rain that drenches him to the skin.

"What is wanted?" the respectable citizen asks.

"Are you the resident owner of this property?" promptly inquires the caller.

"I am," wonderingly replies the eminently respectable citizen.

"Were you in bed when I rang?"

"I was," replies the eminently respectable.

"That was right," cheerfully explains the caller; "that is the place for a man of your age at this time of night. I am surprised to see you out of it. Get back to it, and pleasant dreams—"

All is silent after the crash that ensues, save the mocking smile that dies away in the distance. The fragments of the lamp that are revealed on the sidewalk by the coming of the dawn indicates either that the lamp fell out of a baloon at the height of about twenty-nine miles, or was hurled at some object with great force. When will the mystery be solved?

Turning the Tables.

The San Francisco *Post* tells this story and declares that it is true:

Old Pungleup, the wholesale merchant, was very much annoyed at the manner in which his office down on Front street was invaded by his daughters, whose filial affection impelled them to drop in every time they were down town, which was six days in a week; so he at last posted a sign, "No Admission Except on Business," on the door of his private sanctum, which had the effect of keeping out the feminine invasion to a considerable extent. All three of the Pungleup girls had beauxs, however, and as old Pungleup made it a point to fuss around in the parlor a good deal in the evening, much to the detriment of the festivities, they determined to get even with the old gentleman. And so the other evening, when old Pungleup had got through with his paper, and concluded to look in on the young people, he was astonished to behold on the parlor door a placard bearing the inscription: "No admission except on business."

Old P—— rubbed his spectacles, scratched his head and repaired to the back parlor door, where the same legend stared him in the face. He rapped loudly, and after striving for some time to be heard over the rattle of voices inside, the door was opened a brief inch, and a sweet voice said:

"Private session of the board. Come round in the morning."

After which Mr. P—— abstractedly took in the mat, turned down the hall gas and went to bed in a brown study.

* * *

IT is not possible for three people to keep the same secret, unless two of them are dead.

"Will I Be Like You, Pa?"

A gentleman who for years had been more or less under the influence of liquor, and whose red nose and bloated figure stamped him as an inebriate, had gone home to his wife and children in this condition. He was not unkind in act or words. It was his delight to play at games with his little ones as he was able, and to entertain them with stories. On this occasion the family were all together in the sitting room, and the usual games having been played, little Freddie, a lad of six years of age, had climbed up his father's knee, and was asking all sorts of boyish questions. He talked—as a child will—of what he would do when he was a "big man!" asked if he would be like papa then; and finally, after a long and serious look into his father's face, with every shade of childish curiosity in his voice and glance, put to him this bewildering inquiry:

"Papa, when I grow up to be a man, will my nose be red like yours, and my face all swelled?"

Ah! why should that poor, swollen face grow redder than it was wont to be? Why should his arms so quickly draw that boy to his breast? And why should tears flow and voice tremble as he replied in words and tone that made his mother's heart glad?

"No, Freddy, please God, you won't be like me when you get to be a man; and neither will your father, my boy, for from this hour he will lead a sober life!"

"Be like him!" he had not thought of that before, and the bare possibility staggered him. All the love of his father's heart cried out against such a fate. That boy, his pride, going about with a bloated face and poisoned breath! No, no! He was not prepared for that! Never before had he seen his own looks so clearly; they were reflected in the boy's—and honor, affection and reason came to the rescue. The child had preached a sermon no orator could deliver; and innocence and ignorance had accomplished what learning and logic had aimed at in vain. Those words "went home."

"He Sot Right Dar."

'Yes, sah. Kurnel Bunso Smith am dead—dead as a herin', sah. He died in his cheer, an' I was de fust pusson who knowed it.'

'Quite an old man wasn't he?'

'Yes, sah. He didn't know nuttin 'bout his age, but I reckon he war' purty close up to 90. De old man had got so feeble dat dey had to cut his meat an' mash his 'taters fur him. He had been tooken' for de summons for a long time past, an' yit when de gates ob Heaben opened an' de music came floatin' out it was hard to realize dat de Kurnel had joined de perceshun.'

'And you found him?'

'Jist me, sah, an' no one else. You see, he libed wid his darter, an she give him de warmest co'ner to sit in, an' de best winder to look out of. I pass dat same winder three or four times a day, an' de Kurnel allus gin me a nod. When I went by dar yesterday de ole man sot in his place and dar was a smile on his face. I went in to shake hands wid him. He war all alone. As I walked in I called out kinder cheery like; 'Wall, Kurnel, how now goes de battle today?' but he didn't answer.

'Dead, sah, his battle war' ended fo' de Lawd, but he had sot right dar wid a smile on his face an' died as softly as de sun goes down.'

'And he was smiling?'

'Smilin' like a pleased chile, sah. Death had come to him like a sweet dream. When he heard de gates of Heaben open perhaps he was a leetle afraid, when de angels marched out an' played soft an' low an' sweet on deir harps it brought peace to his heart an' a smile to his face, and when de golden gates closed again de Kurnel war on de fur side.'

They Know, You Know.

Yesterday a Woodward avenue grocer selected a roll of the choicest butter in market and placed it at his door with the sign, "Please taste." Along came a citizen in about two minutes, and after carefully examining the roll he put a bit of it in his mouth, spat it out in great disgust and said:

"I can give you my opinion of that miserable stuff in a York second! You may fool some folks on oleomargarine, but I can tell it a block away."

"Then you don't like it?"

"Like it! Why, a pound of that would kill a man!"

The second man lifted up the roll, smelled all around it, and finally put a crumb into his mouth.

"Pretty fair article, isn't it?" queried the grocer.

"Well, yes, though there's a trifle too much lard in it. Not going to keep the stuff for sale, are you?"

"Oh, no."

"I wouldn't either. Faugh! How that lardy taste sticks to my tongue."

In the course of an hour seven worthy citizens of acknowledged taste sampled the butter and turned from it with disgust. At one time two men almost came to blows because one called it butterine, and the other knew it was oleomargarine. When the fun began to grow monotonous the sign was changed to "New arrival of gilt-edged," and the first man who tasted ordered ten pounds to be sent home right off."

Tribute to Women.

The following beautiful tribute to women was written several years ago. It occurs in a tale of touching interest, entitled "The Broken Heart"—its author Dr. J. F. Stratton:

Oh, the priceles value of the love of a pure woman! Gold cannot purchase a gem so precious! Titles and honors confer upon the heart no such serene happiness. In our darkest moments, when disappointment and ingratitude, with corroding care gather thick around, and even the gaunt form of poverty with his skeleton fingers, it gleams around the soul with an angel's smile. Time cannot mar its brilliancy; distance but strengthens its influence; bolts and bars cannot limit its progress, it follows the prisoner into the dark cell, and sweetens the home morsel that appeases his hunger, and in the silence of midnight it plays around his heart, and in his dreams he folds to his bosom the form of her who loves on still, though the world has turned coldly from him. The couch made by the hands of the loved one is soft to the weary limbs of the sick sufferer, and the potion administered by the same hand loses half its bitterness. The pillow carefully adjusted by her brings response to the fevered brain, and her words of kind encouragement revive the sinking spirit. It would almost seem that God, compassionating woman's first frailty, had planted this jewel in her breast, whose heavenly influence should cast into forgotten remembrance the fall, by building up in his heart another Eden, where perennial flowers forever bloom and crystal waters gush from exhaustless fountains.

Alone With God.

One Sabbath night after discoursing on a very solemn subject which had stirred my own soul, I took a walk before going home. It was clear starlight without any moon, and the heavens looked down upon me with all their sublime impressiveness. I found myself unconsciously, walking in the direction of the mill. I had not gone far when I met my senior colleague and friend pacing slowly, up and down, by the side of the stream near his house. As soon as I came up he said:

"Man I couldna gang hame direct frae the chapel the nicht. After hearing your serman I wanted to be alone wi' God; and I never feel His presence as much as when I am oot in a nicht like this. Ye war speakin' aboot death D'ye ken I never think o' death! It's aye life that fills my mind. As long as I see sic a sky as that abune me, and hae a grip o' Christ within me, I'm sure that death is swallowed up in victory. I am no sae sure as some folk seem to be that heaven will be sae different from this warl'. When I was a laddie I used to read the Book of Revalation frae beginnin' to end on a Sabboth afternoon; and on Monday mornin', when I got up to herd my father's coos, jist as the sun was risin' and spreadin' a glimmer owre the left, the bits o' birdies praising God wi' a' their micht, and the loch at the fit o' the field like a pictur' o' peace, I wondered if Revelation and natur' werena a' ane and sometimes thoct that the 'new heaven and the new earth' jist meant that when we woke up on the resurrection morn we would find ourselves in the same place, with this differ—that sin and sorrow had fleed awa' as the nicht was passin', jist like mist frae the braes."—*Scottish Magazine.*

The Time Had Come.

Three or four years ago when there was a grip into the potato market there lived near an interior village in this State a farmer named Peters. He raised good crops, paid his debts, and was down on rings of all sorts. The price of potatoes kept going up, and the old farmer grew uneasy. He came into the village every evening to see how the market stood, and although he never said much it was evident that he would burst his hoops pretty soon if things continued on that way. At length the climax came. One evening the old man and his son had a warm corner in a grocery when a citizen entered with a newspaper in his hand and said:

"This New York daily says that the price of potatoes is certain to advance again before the week is out."

"What exclaimed Peters, "another advance in 'taters?"

"Yes, the Lord only knows what is to become of the poor if this potato ring isn't busted."

The farmer arose, buttoned his old white overcoat clear to his chin, brought his fist down hard on the cheese-box, and sternly said:

"The time has come! I've stood it—and stood it as long as I can, and now I'm going to act! George we'll go home and get ready to throw fifty-six bushels of peachblows on the market to-morrow, and bust that wicked ring all to thunder."—*Wall Street News.*

Where Molten Gold Rains Down.

The spectroscope reveals to us that there are metals in the sun's composition, in the shape of vapor, made æriform by the intense heat. Each of the vaporized metals of which we have samples in our world, and possibly many others of which we know nothing, forms its own layer of luminous clouds, making many strata in the covering far away within which the body of the sun lies hidden, except when revealed through the breaks that we call "spots," and like our clouds they pour down storms of rain but it is a rain of molten iron or copper, gold, nickel or bismuth. In this envelope the disturbances, as illustrated by a whirlwind depicted by father Secchi, are inconceivable for extent, fury, noise and awful grandeur. The speed of the "tour billion" shown was 100 miles a minute. "We are accustomed," said the lecturer, "to regard the depths of the heavens as in a state of absolute quiet. Nothing is farther from the truth. Everything is in a state of fearful commotion, the roaring of volcanoes, the rush of tornadoes, the groaning of earthquakes, noise, uproar, terror, to which nothing we have on earth can compare, are going on every square mile, nay every square yard, of the sun's surface, and probably of all the infinite number of sun's surface in the universe."

◆

ONE is much less sensible of cold on a bright day than on a cloudy one; thus the sunshine of cheerfulness and hope will lighten every trouble.

FIRMNESS of purpose is one of the most necessary sinews of character and one of the best instruments of success. Without it genius wastes its efforts in a maze of inconsistencies.

WAITING.

Each day when my work was ended,
I saw as I neared my home,
A sweet little face at the window-pane,
That was watching for papa to come.

The blue eyes closed one morning,
And I knew that never again
Should I see my baby watching for me,
With her face at the window-pane.

Yet I fancied to-night that I heard her
Call, just as she used to do,
When she heard my step at the open gate:
"Come, Papa, I'm waiting for you."

And I think that maybe she is waiting,
As of old, in the soft twilight,
She watched, when the long day's task was done,
To welcome me home at night.

Some time, when my work is ended,
I shall see, as I near my home,
A dear little face in Paradise,
That is watching for papa to come.

Cameron on the Solid South.

Full text of Senator Crmeron's speech in the Senate on the 19th inst:

MR. PRESIDENT: On the 4th of March last the Senate was convened in extraordinary session by the President of the United States. Since that date a controversy has arisen as to the organization of this body. A minority has arrogated to itself the right to control the action of a lawfully constituted majority recognized by the Constitution. What right has that minority, I demand, to dictate to the majority what their course of action shall be in this body? Is not the majority alone responsible to the people of this nation for whatever course they deem advisable to pursue here? They are fully competent to take charge of their own affairs without the guardianship of the Democratic party. I will tell you, gentlemen, in plain language what you are doing, for it requires no rhetorical metaphor, or the weaving of fine poetical sentences to enable the intelligent and patriotic people of this country to understand you. It is a repetition, in a different form, of the shot-gun policy of intimidation, the so-called "Mississippi plan," which has proved so successful in most of the States south of Mason and Dixon's line. You want to inaugurate the same policy in the Senate of the United States. I do not believe that the people of the country will consent to it. It is simply another effort to revolutionize all parliamentary precedents—to accomplish through political manœuvres that which you failed to do by precipitating this nation into a bloody war which has cost thousands of millions of dollars and many thousand lives of brave, noble men. Look at the crippled soldier who hobbles along upon his crutches; behold the empty sleeve of the heroic man who raised his arm in defense of the grandest nation the world ever saw; see the poor widows and orphans and the desolate homes caused by the same revolutionary proceedings that you are endeavoring to reenact to-day.

WHY THE SOUTH DOES NOT PROSPER.

Mr. President, if the gentlemen on the other side want the South to be prosperous they must cease this mode of warfare. The South will never raise to a higher plane than that which it occupies now as long as this condition of things is permitted to go on. As long as intimidation and social ostracism are allowed to prevail it cannot expect to be respected. The Senator from Alabama (Mr. Morgan), whom I admire so much, not only on account of his great ability and learning, but on account of his frankness, amiability and kindness, said in his speech on Thursday last that "the freedom of the Government became the freedom of the governed; when the governed are free the people must govern themselves, and to do this they must be relatively and proportionately equal to the rights, powers and privileges which the government is ordained to establish and protect." I join hands with the honorable Senator in that doctrine, but let me inform my worthy frend that no such condition of things exist at the South; the governed are not "free," neither are they relatively and proportionately equal in their rights, powers and privileges. If that was the true state of affairs I should not for my part utter one word of complaint, but it is not. Intimidation and social ostracism do exist in the South, and as long as that is the case it cannot be prosperous. These curses must be eradicated, and in their stead intelligence and labor, and the outgrowth of labor, which is prosperity, must be encouraged and not discouraged. The Senator from Florida, Mr. C ill, on the 7th instant, is reported in the *Record* as having spoken the following:

Gentleman you speak about ostracism. There has been no ostracism except in cases where a man countenanced and upheld such wicked crimes, and party relation, but because he was particeps criminis to to those offerses against good order and public decency, against religion and good morals.

EVIDENCE OF SOCIAL OSTRACISM.

I have heard that same declaration made more than once on this floor. With all the assertions that no social ostracism exists at the South I declare here most emphatically that it does exist; that pure-hearted, honest, faithful, intelligent and learned men are to-day anxious to leave the South and to go North because they are ostracised. As evidence of what I say I will read a short extract from a letter which I received a few days ago from a gentleman now residing in Richmond, who was a classmate of mine at college, and for whose reputation for veracity and probity I can personally vouch. As he has not given me the liberty of making public the contents of his letter I shall withhold his name:

RICHMOND, VA., April 8, 1881.

"If I cannot bother an old Princetonian and classmate I do not know who I can. My partner (whom I brought up in my office) and I have determined in the summer to go to New York City to practice law. I am sick of Virginia. I have felt for some time I was wasting my time here, although I have made a support and brought up my family, purely by my brain alone, since the war. I will leave Richmond with regret, for it is a delightful place of residence, and I have made many warm friends here; but at my time of life I cannot afford to stay. The Virginians are a pleasant but peculiar people. They look on me, a Marylander, as a carpet-bagger, an intruder, and think

I have no right to make money here, and, if they can prevent it, they will not let me."

As I have before remarked, you deny that social ostracism exists at the South. I have given you one instance, and that instance was that of a Southern man by birth. I have no doubt many similar cases exist. You need not go to Virginia or to any other Southern State to seek proof of that fact. We have it right here in our midst—it is in this Senate. Is not the Senator from Virginia (Mahone) ostracised by the Democratic side of this body? Dare you deny his courage? Dare you refer to his past record? Dare you speak of him as a man not fit to associate with honorable Senators? Is he not your peer as he is ours? I ask you that question and give you time to reflect. Has it not been announced by one of their spokesmen that they will not even pair with him? Has he not been openly insulted day after day by that side? They have unblushingly boasted that not a Democrat shall pair with him. They do not recognize him as a friend and brother Senator, and why. Because he has had the manhood to tell them that he dissented from their political opinions; because he has dared to tell them that he will act according to his own convictions and conscience and not be dictated to by anyone, because he had the hardihood to stand up and assert his rights as a freeman on the floor of the American Senate. For this offense you refuse to extend him the courtesy that one gentleman extends to another. What is this but ostracism? Gentlemen, these are stubborn facts which cannot be contradicted. The conclusion is evident that if it exists here, in the highest tribunal in the land, it certainly does in the South.

AN APPEAL FOR HARMONY.

Now, my Democratic friends, I beg you to stop in your mad career and pause for an instant—pause before it is to late to retrace your steps. I beseech you to desist your filibustering tactics and to act like brave men and allow the majority to do that which in its judgment shall be deemed best for the interests of the whole country and for which it alone is responsible. I beg you to act in harmony and peace with us and assist us to make this country, not a little paltry body of subordinate States, but to make it a nation that will command the respect and admiration of the civilized world. We want to make this a great nation. We want to make the South as prosperous as the North, but before we can accomplish that great end we must bury forever that which will destroy the best country that ever existed—ostracism, jealousy and sectionalism.

Pearls of Thought.

There is no secret nook where a man may hide from his fate.

We seduce ourselves in downright lying by slight provocations.

Oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer cakes; and holdfast is the only dog.

Many have blown into the trump of fame, but few have filled it so that it sounded.

Some men seem constantly turning an internal grindstone to keep their anger sharp.

It is not the many oaths that make th truth, put the plain single vow that is vowed true.

Let no man presume to give good advice to others that has not first given good counsel to himself.

No one believes that he can mystify his mind; but every one imagines that he can gull his conscience.

How is it possible to expect that mankind will take advice when they will not as much as take warning.

Youth is the spring for planting the seed of knowledge; age the autumn for watching them ripen into wisdom.

Truth, they say, lies at the bottom of a well. That is reason enough why so few of us are acquainted with her. Few like to entrust themselves to the bucket and win lless.

The Cheaper Way.—A man with a black eye called upon a New York lawyer and said:

"I have been knocked down."

"Good case—good case, if you have any witnesses," was the smiling reply.

"I've got this black eye and an old woman for witnesses."

"Correct—correct, I'll take the evidence and see you through."

"For how much."

"Well the whole thing won't cost over $6 or $8."

"And what'll I get?"

"Justice, of course."

"And what'll the other man get?"

"Oh, he'll probably be fined $5."

"Say; you go to thunder!" suddenly remarked the plaintiff. "You must think I'm a fool to pay you $6 or $8 and have the bother of a lawsuit, when three different men are just aching to lick the feller in rotation at only $1 a head!"

Thoughtful Thoughts.

Men are frequently like tea—the real strength and goodness are not properly drawn out until they have been in hot water.

How narrow our souls become when absorbed in any present good or ill. It is only the thought of the future that makes them great.

We are hanging up pictures every day about the chamber walls of our hearts that we shall have to look at when we sit in the shadows.

The surest method of arriving at a knowledge of God's eternal purpose about us is to be found in the right use of the present moment.

It is a good thing to know how to enjoy the blessings sent us, that we may therefore not only have them, but have their intended results.

The business of constancy chiefly is bravery to stand to and stoutly to suffer those inconveniences which are not otherwise possible to be avoided.

Flowers never emit so sweet and strong a fragrance as before a storm. Beauteous soul! when a storm approaches thee be as fragrant as a sweet-smelling flower.

Wickedness is generally a plant of slow growth, and we rarely find that extreme youth is totally devoid of virtues, though it may be stained with many vices.

In making friends consider well first; and when you are fixed, be true, not wavering of reports, nor deserting in affliction, for that becomes not the good and virtuous.

The poor old negro preacher was more than half right when he said: "Bredderin, if we could all see into our own hearts as God does, it would mos' skeer us to death."

It is in vain for you to expect, it is impudent for you to ask, of God forgiveness on your own behalf, if you refuse to exercise this forgiving temper with respect to others.

Firmness, both in sufferance and exertion, is a character which I would wish to possess. I have always despised the whining yelp of complaint and the cowardly, feeble resolve.