The Bradford Reporter.

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Business Cards.

DAVIES, CARNOCHAN & HALL, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. SOUTH SIDE OF WARD HOUSE. Dec 23-75. TOWANDA, PA.

SAM W. BUCK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, TOWANDA, PENN'A. Nov.13-79. 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 settlement of decedent's estates. W. H. THOMPSON, EDWARD A. THOMPSON. Apr.7-80-1

A. BEVERLY SMITH & CO., BOOKBINDERS. And dealers in Fret Saws and Amateurs' Supplies. Send for price-list. Reporter Building. Towanda, Pa. March 1, 1881.

F. L. HOLLISTER, D. D. S., DENTIST. Successor to Dr. E. H. Angle. OFFICE—Second door 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. J. N. MADILL. 3.15.80 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. Smith's, Maine St. Reference: Holmes & Passage. Towanda, Pa., March 1, 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, ATTORNEYS-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. Feb27,'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. 24-72.

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

G. W. RYAN, COUNTY SUPERINTENDENT. Office day last Saturday of each month, over Turner & Gordon's Drug Store, Towanda, Pa. Towanda, June 26, 1878.

C. S. RUSSELL'S GENERAL INSURANCE AGENCY. May23-70tf. TOWANDA, PA.

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

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

SUMMER.

O sweet and strange, what time gay morning steals
Over the misty flats, and gently stirs
Bee-laden limes and pendulous abeles,
To brush the dew-bespangled gossamers
From meadow grasses and beneath black firs,
In limpid streamlets, or translucent lakes,
To bathe amid dim heron-haunted brakes!

O sweet and sumptuous at height of noon,
Languid to lie on scented summer lawns
Fanned by faint breezes of the breathless June;
To watch the timorous and troopling fawns,
Dappled like tenderest clouds in early dawns,
Forth from their ferny covert glide to drink,
And cool lithe limbs beside the river's brink!

O strange and sad ere daylight disappears,
To hear the creaking of the homeward wain,
Drawn by its yoke of tardy-pacing steers,
'Neath honeysuckle hedge and tangled lane,
To breathe faint scent of roses on the wane
By cottage doors, and watch the mellowing sky
Fade into saffron hues insensibly.

—*John Addington Symonds.*

SKELETON KEYS.

(CONCLUDED.)

CHAPTER III.

When Tiburce Menseau opened the stolen package he found nothing but a tiny key and a little scrap of paper folded round it. But the paper bore an inscription:

"MY DEAR NELL: If Walter has been true to you, you will know what to do when you receive this package. The key fits the box. The box will be found in the stable wall, five bricks from the fire-place in the left side, and six bricks from the floor. I mean, of course, the stable at Ashford Warren. If Walter has been true, you can have my blessing from the grave and marry him. I am dead more than a fortnight when you get this. Poverty is a great and true touch-stone. You will know your friends by this time. I gave a bill of sale to test Walter. Your dear uncle,

"JOHN LAUNCESTON BARCLAY."

What romance beyond his key lay here troubled Tiburce Menseau little. He could weave his own romance out of the letter, and it even more than the key itself, was the key to wealth. The possession of this scrap of paper and the key put heart into his scoundrel body, and he walked like a new man. He began to make inquiries as to the whereabouts of Ashford Warren, but for a week or two he wandered off on false scents, and being at last set on the right track by a passing drover, he struggled on with his thievish fingers itching all the way to be at the box of which he held the key. John Jones's cry of rage at losing the key had such a tone of misery and trouble in it that some men, remembering it, might have found its echoes vexing. Tiburce went untroubled on that score.

Inquiries, carefully directed, led him to Ashford Warren. Renewed inquiries, carefully directed, led him to the fact that a Mr. Barclay had died there about a month ago—at a lonely house a long way from the village. Other inquiries led him to the house itself. He went by night, with a tallow candle and a box of matches in his pocket. He had walked about the lonely place by day and had ascertained that it was untenanted, but to his dismay had seen no sign of anything that looked like a stable. Now he prowled round the place in the dark, and having tried two doors and found them locked, he pulled out from his pocket his little bunch of skeleton keys, and stealthily went through the bare and empty rooms. Coming on a third door, hitherto untried, he set his skeleton key to the lock and entered. The air of the room was damp and dusty, and there was a scent of old straw in it. He closed the door, lit a match, and looked round. He saw a brick floor and bare walls, and a ceiling with rough whitewashed cross-beams. On one wall the remnants of a rack and manger, a rusted chain still trailing in broken bits of rotten straw, and facing these fragments a wide fire-place without a grate. High above the door was an unglazed barred window, covered by a shutter which closed from the outside. The thief lit his candle, locked the door, and made a survey. It was easy to see that the wide fireplace had never held a fire, for the whitewash on the bricks within its shaft bore no stains of smoke, but was green and yellow with old rains. Looking up he could see the sky, almost light in contrast with the darkness of the chimney. The shaft had been left uncompleted, and rose to a height not more than ten feet from the ground. A bar crossed it near the top, looking thin and spidery against the dull night sky. One glance showed this way of escape in case of any chance of discovery. Tiburce was a coward, but he kept his wits about him in spite of the awful beating of his heart. "Five bricks from the fireplace on the left side, and six bricks from the floor." There was no mark of removal there. The whitewash was old and soiled, and seemed to have been undisturbed for at least a year or two. To the wooden trough, which had once served as a manger, hung scraps of broken hoop-iron, which had bound the rough boards together. With one of these scraps Tiburce went to work, and bit by bit he scratched away the sandy, yielding mortar until the brick was loosened and could be drawn away. To sharp wits like those of Tiburce Menseau there were signs enough of a former removal when once the scratching had carried him an inch deeper. It was evident that the brick had not been built into the wall as it then stood, and his heart beat with a pulsation more and more terrible as the obstacle yielded, and he peered into the hollow. He pushed in his hand almost as fearsomely as if he had known of the presence of a rattlesnake there, and his fingers encountered a cold, smooth surface. The Box!

His heart gave one awful leap, and almost stopped. The sweat stood on his forehead in great beads. He was faint and giddy with excitement, but recovering himself he began to tear away the bricks surrounding the hollow already made. They came down easily, the sandy mortar having no adhesion to it, and now he gripped the box and held it with trembling hands upon the floor, and with greedy eyes knelt over it, panting and sweating and quaking, like the triumphant, cowardly, wayworn thief he was. His hand shook so that he could hardly hold the key, and he was a full minute, which seemed eternal, in fitting it to the keyhole. It turned, the lid opened beneath his shaky fingers, and he saw a Bank of England note for five pounds spread out straight, and clean and new. The Bank of England five pound note just fitted the box, and below it lay another, and another, and another, for at least a hundred crisp and wealthy pages. Then came clean, crisp and new Bank of England notes for ten, for ten, for ten, until his greedy fingers turned up thirty or forty in a fold, and he was among notes for twenty, for twenty, for twenty, until the greedy fingers clutched another fold, and he was among notes for fifty, fifty, fifty, clean to the bottom of the cash-box. He laid his throbbing forehead against the cold wall, and drew the box to him, and feebly restored the notes and smoothed them down. Mechanically he took up from the floor the scrap of written paper which had enfolded the key, and laying that on the top of the notes he closed and locked the cash-box.

Now Ashford Warren enjoyed the advantage of belonging to a Parish Union, the centre of which was four miles away. The official centre of the Parish Union was the union workhouse. Two Irish tramps, woefully broken and amazingly hungry, had missed their way, and had got in the darkness of the early winter night into the road which led to the deserted house, under the impression that it was the road which led to Ashford Warren.

Tiburce Menseau heard footsteps, and listened with his hand on the cash-box, and his heart in his mouth. The steps came nearer, and he blew out his light and listened again, quaking. Think how the thief and coward shook as the steps drew near! Then came a knock at the door of the house, and fell like the knock of doom on the shaking coward's heart. Could this be John Jones returned? Think how he shook at that fancy!

Messieurs the Irish reapers rapped again, and, finding no response, grew bolder and began to try the doors. Their footsteps came round the house nearer and nearer to the place where Tiburce crouched. Then desperation lent him sudden energy. He buttoned his ragged coat over the cash-box, and pushed one end of it between his hungry ribs and the waistband of his tattered trowsers, and with stealthy step made for the chimney. Up went his head as a hand was laid upon the door and shook its fastening. He felt about wildly with his hands and feet. The chimney was built with projecting bricks, and he began to ascend. He had only two or three feet to climb before his hand could grasp the bar at the top. Messieurs the tramps were setting their shoulders at the door, and he was half delirious with terror. The space was growing narrower. Could he force himself beyond the bar? At any cooler time he might have hesitated, but now he struggled like a madman to get past it. The door gave way with a crash; he missed his footing, his hands failed, he dropped with his chin upon the bar, and the back of his head upon a projecting brick; three inches to this side or to that he would have fallen clear. In the dead silence that followed the crashing fall of the door the tramps heard a horrible gurgling voice and a hollow sound of struggling, and with a superstitious terror pinching at their souls, they turned with one accord and flew with the widespread fear of the dumb, dark night about them.

CHAPTER IV.

John Jones, after his second night in a workhouse, walked back along the gloomy road on which he had lost his packet. Day after day, with the stout heart aching, he tramped along, wearily, wearily, and at last reached the little village where he had left his love. She was penniless by this time, beyond a doubt. He had been eight days away. Eight days? It looked like eight years. He had a week's beard upon his face, and he was caked with mud. He was as forlorn-looking a tramp as one might find in England. It was growing dark as he sat upon a fence and looked at the little village. In the growing darkness a rustic boy of about ten years of age came up hill, making his way to the village.

"Are you going to Ashford?" asked the tramp.

"Ees," said the boy; "I be." And he edged away with one defensive elbow raised.

"Don't be afraid of me. I won't hurt you. Do you know Mrs. Norton's cottage?"

"Ees, I do," said the boy across his elbow, respectfully.

"Miss Barclay lives there," said the tramp. "Will you go to the house and say that Mr. Mackenzie wants to see Miss Barclay at the railway station? Can you remember that?"

"Ees," said the boy again.

"Mr. Mackenzie. Don't forget at the railway station."

"All roight," said the youthful rustic, and clattered away in hob-nailed shoes.

Somewhat doubtful of the delivery of his message, the forlorn young man made his way towards the railway station, and waited in the unlighted lane which led to it. He had not to wait very long. A light and eager footstep came down the lane, and dark as it was he fancied he knew the figure.

"Is that you, Nell?" he asked.

"Walter!" she answered in a startled voice. "Where are you?"

"Here," he said; "don't be frightened. I'm such a spectacle, I don't want you to see me in the daylight. I've walked from Liverpool."

"Walked from Liverpool!" she cried.

He told his story and told it to his own disadvantage with many terms of self-disparagement. She heard it all, and then to his amazement she laughed—a little laugh of honest humor. If she could have seen him she would not have laughed, but she knew nothing of his hunger or his privations. Them he had excluded from his narrative.

"Poor Walter!" she said. "I wondered why you did not write or come to me. I suppose the packet was about the money. It doesn't matter, for the money is found."

"Found?"

"Yes. Found. Mr. Netherley, the lawyer at Wharton, had a cash-box to be given to me three weeks after uncle's death. It was sealed three years ago, and there was a thousand pounds in it, all in new Bank of England notes. Everybody says it was like poor uncle to leave his money in that way. He made no will, it seems, but he had nobody belonging to him in the world but me. We have a thousand pounds, Walter."

"Was there a key to the cash-box?" he asked.

"No," she said. "We broke the wax away, and the blacksmith came and picked the lock."

"What an extraordinary jackadaw the old bird was," said he to himself.

"Everybody knows about it," said the girl, "and everyone says there must be more money hidden away somewhere in the strange way. For at one time he was known to be quite rich."

"Ah! said he, "very likely."

"How strangely you speak," she said. "You have caught a dreadful cold. Come to the cottage."

"No," he said, "I can't come in to-night." Deadlock again in John Jone's affairs. Was there no way of banishing John Jones altogether?

"Why not?" she asked him.

"I've walked from Liverpool," he said. "I'm a shocking spectacle."

"Nonsense," urged Nell. "Mrs. Norton will let you wash and brush your hair, and you will be presentable enough. She will be glad to see you. Oh! she is such a dear old woman."

"Yes, I daresay."

"How oddly you talk to-night." She seized his arm in a girlish, imperious, loving way. "Come with me. Why, Walter, what is this?"

He felt like a roughcast wall. She ran her hands about his sleeves and shoulders, and felt his fluttering rags.

"Walter, what is it?"

"Mud," he said stolidly. "Mud and rags." Then he added, as though that explained it all, "I've walked from Liverpool."

She began to realize the situation.

"You had no money?"

"Haven't seen a cent this five days," said he doggedly.

"Then you have been hungry? You have walked to find me, starving all the way, to bring that wretched unlucky parcel. Oh! you poor, brave, suffering dear."

"Don't cry, my darling," he said tenderly. "It's all over, and it wasn't much for a man. It sounds bad for a girl to think of, but bless you, lots of men do it every year."

"You are hungry now?" she said reproachfully. "I know you are. And you cruel boy, you never said a word to me about it."

"Had other things to talk about," said John Jones defensively.

"Take my purse," she said imperiously, thrusting it into his hand, "and go away and make yourself decent, and eat something."

"Very well," said John Jones, accepting the situation. He had given her all he had, and he loved her too well to have any qualms about taking help from her. "My uncle has all my things."

"Where is he?" asked Nell innocently.

"He resides in London, my dear," said John Jones gravely. "In Holborn."

"Then you had better go to London," she answered simply, "and get your things from him. You can go to-night. Get something to eat before you start."

"No," he said, "I can't show up anywhere. I should disgrace you. It's only an hour by train. It's about time the train went, I think isn't it?"

"That's the signal," she cried. "Go at once. Good-by."

The red lamp gleamed high in the air two hundred yards away. John Jones kissed Walter Mackenzie's sweetheart, and ran to station. He slouched the shocking bad hat, and demanded a third-class ticket for London. Then he saw that the purse held several sovereigns and a bank-note or two neatly folded. He reached Euston, and made for the Tottenham Court Road, where many of the shops were still ablaze with gas. Straight into the shop of a tailor who sold ready-made clothing plunged John Jones, demanding to be clothed. The shop-men were at first for ejecting him, but became civil at the sight of his purse. A neighboring boot-maker being summoned, brought many pairs of boots in a blue bag. New underclothing, a new suit of clothes, new boots, and a new hat, being set with John Jones in a private room, there ensued a rapid transformation scene. Walter Mackenzie, barrister-at-law, emerged from the apartment John Jones had entered, and John Jones, of the Seven Dials, went out of being forever.

From that time forth Walter Mackenzie's luck underwent a favorable change. An uncle of his—not the one in Holborn—died and left him money. He prospered at the bar, and he married and had children, and lived reputably and honorably. The hand enriched his wife with two more oddly-rendered bequests. Nell used sometimes to excuse a little extra expenditure on the pretended supposition that John Launceston Barclay's funds were not yet all paid in, but years went by, and the last of the old man seemed long since to have been heard.

The old house at Ashford Warren had been put into market, but nobody would buy it, so it dropped out of the market again and was forgotten. But as time went on a new railway happened to be started in that district, and the house had to come down. Walter Mackenzie on a spare day went to meet the company's lawyer—an old acquaintance—and discuss compensation. He would have left the mere business to an agent, but he had a whim about the matter.

"You won't want much for this tumble-down old shed," said the lawyer.

"I don't know, Wrestall," said the barrister. "I don't know. I valued the old place highly once."

"Oh! Ah, yes!" said Wrestall. "Love's young dream. Mrs. Mackenzie lived here. I remember."

"They used that place for a stable," said Walter laughing. "It was intended for a wash-house, I believe, but the old man bought a donkey for Nell when she was quite a baby. I broke the brute in, I remember."

He laughed and sighed at the romantic reminiscence, and setting a foot on the prostrate door, he entered the stable. The wood flew into tinder at his steps and let him through to the brick floor—it was so old and rotten.

"Hillo!" cried Wrestall, "What's that?"

"What's what?" asked the barrister.

His companion had stooped to pick something from the ground. The something brought a little old-fashioned square lock with it.

"Skeleton keys," he said. "Inside the door, too, and the bolt shot. I'm a native detective," the lawyer added laughingly. "Now, you know," he went on with a half-smiling, mock gravity, "that a man can't lock a door on the inside after leaving a room. The only place of exit is the chimney."

"You establish your mystery," said Mackenzie lightly. "Where's the motive for locking one's self in and going up the chimney?"

"Never mind the motive," said the lawyer, laughing openly. "Let's investigate the mystery."

So saying he stooped and peered up the chimney, and withdrew his head so hastily that he knocked his hat off. Then it was Mackenzie's turn to laugh, but there was such a look on the lawyer's face that the laugh found an abrupt termination.

"What's the matter!" he asked.

"Look and see," said the lawyer, gasping—scared and pale.

He looked, and rose after the look almost as pale as his companion.

"There's a skeleton hanging there," he said.

"Ay," said the lawyer, "and a skeleton key to the skeleton keys, I fancy. That seems likely to be a true word, spoken in random jest, when I picked up these keys."

They stood looking at each other a long time, pale and silent.

"The few rags there look ready to fall to dust," said Walter, breaking the silence. He put his stick into the chimney and moved it slightly, when, as if there needed only a sign to bring it down, the whole ghastly thing came tumbling loose into the grateless hearth, and with the falling bones fell something with a metallic crash. The two recoiled and when the dust had cleared itself away, the lawyer, advancing, cried, "the motive," and with the crook of his walking stick dragged up a small cash-box by the handle. The key was in the keyhole, and with wrinkled features of disgust, and a finger and thumb which only just touched it, he unlocked the box, and there before them lay eight thousand pounds, in Bank of England notes, and on top of them the paper which Tiburce Menseau, habitual criminal, had stolen from one John Jones, a tramp from Liverpool. There was nothing by which to identify Tiburce, but Walter Mackenzie had no doubt of him, nor had the lawyer, when he heard the story.

The Genus Homo.

The average weight of an adult man is 140 lbs. 6 oz.

The average weight of a skeleton is 14 lbs.

The number of bones, 200.

The skeleton measures one inch less than the height of the living man.

The average weight of the brain of a man is 3½ lbs., of a woman, 2 lbs. 11 oz.

The brain of a man exceeds twice that of any other animal.

The average height of an Englishman is 5 ft. 9 in.; of a Frenchman, 5 ft. 4 in., and of a Belgian, 5 ft. 6¾ in.

The average weight of an Englishman is 150 lbs.; of a Frenchman, 136 lbs., and of a Belgian, 140 lbs.

The average number of teeth is 31.

A man breathes about 20 times in a minute, or 1,200 times in an hour.

A man breathes about 18 pints of air in a minute, or upwards of seven hogsheads in a day.

A man gives off 4.08 per cent. carbonic gas of the air he respires; respires 10,666 cubic feet of carbonic acid gas in 24 hours; consumes 10,667 cubic feet of oxygen in 24 hours, equal to 125 cubic inches of common air.

A man annually contributes to vegetation 124 lbs. of carbon.

The average of the pulse in infancy is 120 per minute; in manhood, 80; at sixty years, 60. The pulse of females is more frequent than that of males.

The weight of the circulating blood is about 28 lbs.

The heart beats 75 times in a minute; sends nearly 10 lbs. of blood through the veins and arteries each beat; makes four beats while we breathe once.

540 lbs., or 1 hogshead 1¼ pints of blood pass through the heart in one hour.

12,000 lbs., or 24 hogsheads 4 gallons, or 10,782½ pints pass through the heart in 24 hours.

1,000 oz. of blood pass through the kidneys in one hour.

174,000,000 holes or cells are in the lungs which would cover a surface thirty times greater than the human body.—*Old Volume.*

AN arithmetical snake—The adder.—*Cambridge Tribune.* A tedious snake—The boa.—*Boston Times.* An Irish snake—Erin cobra.—*Yawcob Strauss.* A limber snake—The garter. —*Philadelphia News.* A Democratic snake—The copper-head.—*Pittsburgh Commercial.* The dish-washer's snake—A Wiper, and the Lover's Snake—Anna Conda.—*Lancaster Examiner.* Snakes for the baby—Rattle and Milk.

HE was from the mountain side, and was buying his first glass of soda. "I wish you'd skim off that skum, boss; I ain't paying for no froth, you bet."

Decoration Day Address.

As follows is the full text of the Address delivered by the Rev. C. T. Hallowell, in this place, on Monday last,—Decoration Day:

When the war closed most of the soldiers and citizens of the North desired to forgive the South and wished to do nothing that would keep alive the passions by which the Nation had been swayed for over four years. Accordingly we find a slow growth of such an institution as the G. A. R., and for a long while an indifferent recognition of Decoration Day.

As for myself it was a long time ere I could see the value of such an expression or had anything to do with it. To-day these matters are better understood; they no longer appear as a menace from one section to another but as being necessary to the accomplishment of a grand purpose. Posts of the G. A. R. are springing up in all parts of the land and the 30th of May is observed by all that part of the Nation that was true in the time of trial.

This month was chosen, no doubt, because in ancient times it opened with the festival in honor of Flora the Goddess of flowers. Which the English speaking world recognize in its May Day.

Let us consider some of the reasons for decorating the graves of loyal soldiers whether dying in the battle or since the war was ended.

We scatter flowers on the graves of these dead men because flowers represent a completed work and foretell their own decay, but in that decay they leave behind the fruit which is better.

So these men went forth, in the bud, to battle, the bud opened, the flower shed its fragrance for a season and now lies in decay, but as the precious fruit we have an undivided country.

If it be said that this does not include the living soldier whose toils and perhaps sufferings were as great as theirs who did, we answer that as Isaac died under the hand of Abraham, though not a hair of his head was injured, so these who went forth to battle have as truly laid down their lives, though they came back, as those whose bodies lay upon the plain.

When the dead soldier is honored the living one is also dead and the same honor comes to him.

Therefore those comrades who spend a day scattering flowers upon the graves scatter them also to their own memory and those who are indifferent cast not only reproach upon the dead but pour contempt upon scenes of their own lives of which they should be proud.

None of us come here as soldier's, we are all citizens of a great country. As such we come to pay a debt—what debt? The Nation was imperilled, money and statesmanship were alike impotent to save her, between her and death must be built an impenetrable wall and nothing would make it save steel and heart and muscle. Never before had she needed such an offering. It was a tremendous thing for men to give. Would they do it? I imagine that there were many misgivings in the heart of our martyred president as he called for the first and second quota of men. But when he heard the steady tramp of the thousands, and saw the peaceful citizen changed in a moment to a warrior, methinks a tear must have stood upon his cheek; and, if never before, in that hour he said "Oh God, I thank Thee for the heart of these men."

Peradventure, as the wall was broken and new men were needed to repair the breach, his heart again misgave him, but on came the sweeping legions until it seemed as though they grew in a night and the day of need did but reveal them. The dead lay along the path; the peaceful cities received back the shattered bodies of the wounded or those with broken health to nurse them into vigor again.

The thousands who came not back at all were almost equal to the thousands that returned. Of those who came once again but few brought unbroken health.

You ask, "what do we owe these men?" I answer, that whether in the right or wrong, you owe them the acknowledgement that they lay down their lives for what they conceived to be right. Nor was it alone their lives that they gave up, death was little to many of them compared with the farewell to friends. The sickness of heart as the last appearance and the last words kept coming back again. Then in the home was poverty while other men were growing rich. It cannot all be told, but certainly it was no light thing to stand between the government and death.

To-day the old flag floats over the old States and the new; not one star is lost; and, with a navy of rotten vessels, with an army insufficient to quell a riot in one State, with a coast comparatively unprotected, with a Congress in deadly hatred within itself, with a people split into bitter factions, we may bid defiance to the world. The stars and stripes protect us in any land. Why? Because we are one and not many. United we stand, divided we fall.

Separate this country into States, or groups of States, and what are we? A prey to one another and to the world. Prosperity could not rest with us; we would be weak at home and powerless abroad; worse than Mexico with its anarchy and confusion would be our fate.

And why are we now united? Simply because these men stood against separation. Are you protected by the power of the flag? You owe your protection to these men. Are you kept safe by the law, as far as law and order can make you safe?

But for them there would be no power behind the law.

For all this, then, your are in debt.

Did they do right in preserving this government? Of course they did.

Examine the compact between the States and then examine the plan of this government.

In the first place we will find that the right of separation was never in that compact and could not justly be drawn from it. A union once for all. They laid down their lives to preserve the act of their fathers.

In the second place we observe that this government is founded on the basis of right, not on might makes right, the whole people have a voice, it is by the people, for the people in the interest of all, every real right of man is recognized, and man's accountability to God is acknowledged, and yet no restraints are put upon men, save that they are forbidden to interfere with the rights of others.

This may not all be carried out, but the provisions for it are all there, and the people say whether they shall be met. It is not our Congress and Senate that makes our condition, but ourselves.

The law-makers are such only as *we* will, and if our choice is evil, evil will follow. We believe, then, that these men died to defend their right and *the* right; that they died to preserve a plan of government than which no better has ever been devised.

We owe them, then, a debt, because they stood between right and wrong, on the side of right.

We owe them another, because they stood between good and evil, on the side of good.

You perceive, friends, that it is not difficult to delineate your indebtedness.

We might carry it much further, but we forbear.

Suffice it then to say that we are all deeply in their debt. How can we pay it? Money is no treasure to them, and in many instances is in no measure needed by theirs, and in those where it would be received would not suffice, besides a generous government does not forget the widow, the orphan or the dependent mother. If what we have said is true we owe them honor, and the good Book says "pay honor to him to whom it is due." How shall we pay it? First—By maintaining what they died to retain. Second—By keeping their acts ever fresh in our minds.

Our government has set a good example in the latter. One day of the year is set apart in their behalf, no government work possible to be avoided is done on that day, every National flag is appropriately arranged expressive of the occasion. All the aid, possible for the government to give, to lend influence to the services of the day, are rendered.

We as citizens should give our time and lend our presence, that it may be evident to all that we look with no ungrateful thoughts upon the benefits we have received.

We come not only to pay a debt, but also to teach a lesson.

All of the actors in our great civil war will soon be gone. Those who looked on will likewise pass away, and it will become to those who follow as the revolution is to us held in memory simply by the observance of a day. We should then teach our youth that these men are dead by the hand of treason and our best endeavors should be put forth to make treason odious. It was a long while before we awoke sufficiently to perceive that treason was possible in this great land, and while we slumbered it had nearly destroyed us. See to it that our children are not so easily deceived. But says one, "If we do this do we not keep alive the passion that we desire to die?" By no means, we simply guard against a deception that destroys.

And if we should keep some of those old fires burning there certainly is need. Read once more the utterances of the chief traitor in his new book, they are the same as of yore. He is not alone, many are too cautious to express themselves, but the same spirit lives. Read their school histories, written especially for the South. Look into their spelling books, and among other things see the picture of a lame soldier with this inscription: "This is a lame soldier; he was wounded in battle for the lost cause; the cause is not lost, it only waits." Look once again upon the stars and bars flung out in the heat of the late election, and listen to the old rebel yell that chilled the very marrow in days of yore. Listen to Wade Hampton talking about Lee and Jackson. Read the speeches of Southern representatives in Congress and Senate, and in the face of it tell me there is no reason to keep awake ourselves as well as teach our children about treason. I speak not as a politician, nor as distinguishing between political parties. Treason is the same, be it found in the heart of a Republican, or in that of a Democrat. I know no politics in this matter. Teach not then that either party is the party of treason, but teach the character of it and proclaim that the penalty of treason is death.

This act to-day should teach men to honor the flag. When the war waged it was not because the South was too valuable to be lost. The fact is, that the South has always been a bill of expense to the country. Before the war, as now, she was numerically the smaller section, and yet her word was law and the North was a mudsill for the South to walk over. The troubles among us as a people have always been from the South, and it seems as though she intended to remain our thorn in the flesh. Not then that we felt the need of the South. Not that we particularly loved her—nor that we hated her and desired to pay old scores. We fought the South for the honor of the Nation.

The *existence* of this Nation did not lie, as some aver, in the mere union of North and South, but in the fact that not only self-respect would be gone, which would include interstate respect, but the respect of the world would pass away, and we would sink into insignificance.

Had the South been permitted to depart, and the North continued on its way, its population increasing even more rapidly than it has until its strength would be greater than all combined at present, it would yet have been weak, always being considered as having death in its very life.

The war was hard to bear; it was no easy thing for brother to fight with brother.

The dead left vacancies never to be filled. The returned ones brought back habits hard to overcome, and many came but to be a burden to themselves and friends the remainder of life. The whole country has groaned these twenty years under the taxes it imposed, and no one can estimate the individual losses direct and indirect. But the war brought benefit. It settled the question whether we are a Nation or a Confederacy. It incidentally and unintentionally destroyed slavery, which had been the bad humor in the body politic, breaking out not in boils but broils continually. It led us to appreciate ourselves, and above all, it made the world to not only understand, but to rightly estimate us. In other words it showed us worthy of honor and brought honor to us. This honor was obtained under the stars and stripes by the men clad in blue, fighting against those clad in gray gathered under the stars and bars. It was loyalty fighting against treason.

We must teach our children this. If our decorative ceremonies do not thus instruct them then is this whole thing a farce and unnecessary. They should not be taught to hate the traitor, only as he is inseparably connected with his treason. But they should be taught to despise the badge of his dishonor. That badge is the so-called flag of the South—the gray uniform of rebellion and death in the ranks of treason. It has been the fashion of some to read or speak of the blue and the gray on these occasions, and they ask, was not the gray a good soldier. Yes, because he was an American, and could not be otherwise; but he was a traitor, and if you do like honors to him as to the loyal son of the Nation, you do say to the youth of this present age that the Nation honors alike the citizen who sought its life and the one who saved it. As for me I cannot say it; there are no flowers in my hand for the gray, and may it wither when it lays them as honors to treason. There are flowers in my hand, love in my heart, and honor in my life for the blue.

It shall be mine to teach the same to my children, so that if the need comes they like their father will offer their lives for their country.

Our country writes upon paper the record of each individual soldier, and preserves it for all time—but the people do not see it. We then must impress those things upon our children by every means, and should make this service of decoration like the Israelitish Passover a reminder of what has been done. I take it then that these ceremonies are not to keep alive hatred and ill-will. far be it from me to seek or desire such an evil, but to pay a debt and to lead the minds of all so to honor loyalty, that it will be impossible for treason ever again to bring the Nation to sorrow.

Deacons Who Run the Church.

An ex-deacon of a certain West Side church, a learned man, and an able man too, is possessed with what may be called the deaconal ambition, an ambition usually confined to the owners of country groceries, whose trade is increased by the honor. After having been deacon for a series of years, during which time he "ran" the church, he was suddenly ousted at a late election and is now reported to be plotting to drive the minister out of the church. "Either he or I will leave within six months," he has said in effect to his followers. The pastor, though able and popular, is not a discreet man. He is apt to talk. This astute deacon, knowing this, is laying all sorts of traps for his minister with the intention of mortifying him by exhibiting his catch at some future meeting of the church, thereby compelling him to resign. If this ex-deacon cannot rule the church he intends to break it up, and will very likely succeed. There was a certain personage, who, according to John Milton, had such a design regarding heaven. There are a great many men with this small ambition in the churches. One gentleman with this tendency, who had broken up every church that he had ever belonged to, joined a hitherto harmonious church and commenced his machinations. This church was blessed with a genial and witty deacon, who rose one night at a prayer meeting at which his plotting brother D—— was present and commenced to lead in prayer.

"Oh, Lord, we pray that brother D—— may die," he said, and the good brothers and sisters opened their eyes wide with surprise. "Oh, Lord, we pray that brother D—— may die and go to hell," he continued. Shocked beyond measure the pastor raised his head and was about to rebuke the deacon, when he finished his petition with the words: "For we know that if he goes to hell he will break up the whole institution in less than a year."

This church was not broken up.—*Chicago Alliance.*

WHAT IS A CHRISTIAN?—If you come to us and say you are a praying man, we answer we are glad; but we would like to ask your wife and children what your praying is doing for you? If you say you daily read the Bible, that is right, but let us ask your partner in business how much of its teachings you practice. If you say you are a member of the church, we are glad of that, if you are a worthy member, if not—we are sorry for the church. But let us go on to the street to see whether the people you daily meet think you ought to be a church member. So it comes to pass that a bundle of Christian duties may become dry and useless, or they may be the evidence of a sincere Christian life. Whether a man is a Christian or not depends entirely upon the principles which govern his daily life, and the harvest the world is gathering from that life.

A Strange Case.

A most extraordinary natural accident, and one for the discussion of physicians, came to light a few days ago, in which a needle taken into a lady's foot nine years ago worked out of the thigh of the third child, a baby of one year. The lady in question is the wife of Mr. Henry Isaacs, the cigar-maker, who lives on Market street, near Wenzel. At the time of the accident Mrs. Isaacs was unmarried and was then Mrs. Pauline Coblins. The needle was encountered in a carpet and penetrated her foot the full length. A physician was called in immediately, but the needle could not be found, although it was known to be in the foot. She suffered great pain, and for four months was unable to leave her bed. During that period three physicians made frequent attempts to extract the needle, and the knife was used extensively, but without success. Miss Coblens was quite fleshy before the accident, but fell off greatly from her long confinement. At length she was able to get about with the aid of crutches, but she continued to suffer from the needle. The pain decreased gradually from the time she was able to get about and she regained her former fleshiness. Finally she felt the needle only at periods when there was a change in the weather. The movement of the needle seemed to be upward, and the point was not stationary, but moved with the needle. About five years ago she was married to Mr. Harry Isaacs. Three children are the fruit of that union, the youngest which is a boy named Arthur, who is about a year old. The pain which troubled the mother left her even before the birth of her child, and the total disappearance of the pain she was wont to feel was a subject of remark and pleasure to her. On Monday a week ago her baby, who had since its birth manifested a kindly disposition, was very restless and cried unceasingly all night. The cause of the child's ailment was not discovered until the following morning, when in giving it a bath the mother discovered something black protruding through the skin of the child's thigh. She caught hold of it, and was frightened when she found the thing of a resisting substance. She however, used a little force, and soon extracted the dark object. Imagine her surprise when she found it was a needle. black and corroded. The eye broke off in her hand while examining it. The recollection of the needle, which had caused her much pain, came vividly before the mother, and she felt keenly for the child. The remembrance of her relief from the pain also forced itself on the mother, and the connection of the two served as a clue as to how the needle came to be in the child's thigh. The mother says it would be almost impossible for the child to have taken up the needle without her finding it out, as the child would have made it known in piteous cries, as she did when the needle worked out.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

TROOPS STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.—A terrible experience, almost unique in military annals, is, says the *Colonies and India*, recorded by a correspondent at the Cape of Good Hope in connection with the march of the Diamond-Field Horse to the scene of operation in Basutoland toward the end of last year. The men had outspanned for breakfast when a heavy thunderstorm suddenly burst over them, so severe in its effects that they were forced to abandon their attempts to procure a meal, and remounted in the hope of riding out the storm. Toward three in the afternoon, however, it broke upon them with increased violence, the rain falling apparently in sheets, and flashes of lightning appearing continuous. At last a flash struck the troop, flinging seventeen horses with their riders to the ground, killing ten men and five horses on the spot. Those who were not killed were all seriously injured, and it was long before animation could be restored in the case of seven of the men. The bits and stirrup-irons of the whole number were blackened, and many of the men, though personally uninjured, had their clothing rent by the force of the electric discharge. The greatest difficulty was naturally experienced in preventing a general stampede among the frightened horses.

OUT AND OUT RELIGION.—Mr. Carlyle's advice is thoroughly sound, and his adjuration is none too strong. "Be virtuous and have done with it;" speak the truth and stand to it, profess the truth which is revealed in the Scripture, and neither by word of mouth, nor by act, nor by association, nor even in thought, contradict the eternal verities of God. We have had too much of concession in order to win a hollow peace from philosophic Rationalists on the one hand, and superstitious Romanizers on the other. The thing will not work, and if it would, it is wrong, and ought not to be attempted. Who gave us the right to yield an atom of truth? Are the doctrines of God's Word yours or mine to do as we like with, to give up this and modify that? Nay, verily; we are put in trust with the gospel, and it is at our peril that we dream of compromising the least of its teachings. A straightforward, decided line of testimony is the best, is most consistent with true charity, and in the end will most promote peace.

FORTY FEET OF SNOW TWO YEARS OLD.—The *Mountain Messenger*, published at Downieville, Cal., well up in the Sierra Nevadas, tells the following concerning an immense snow arch now spanning one of the forks of the Feather river: On the east fork, about five miles above Downieville, is an immense snow-slide which completely covers the river for a distance of several hundred feet. The slide formed a year ago this winter, and was then about seventy-feet deep. The summer sun of last year failed to melt it, and it is now, with some of last winter's snow, at least forty feet in depth, the old snow being almost as hard as ice. The river has worn its way through, and the arch is as regular as though formed by human hands. There will doubtless be plenty of snow there all the coming summer, as it lies in a gorge where the sun strikes it only a few hours in the day.

A COLORED preacher, in translating to his hearers the sentence, "The harvest is over, the season is ended, and thy soul is not saved," put it, "De corn has been cribbed, dere ain't any more work, and de debbil is still foolin' wid dis community."

WHEN the young ladies hand you a card nowadays with the cabalistic letters, Y. M. C. A., it means, "you may call again."

DEAF lady — "What's his name?" Young lady—"Augustus Tyler." Deaf lady—"Bless me! what a name! Busthis Biler! Eliza, you must be making fun of me."