TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

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

Business Cards.

DAVIES, CARNOCHAN & HALL,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

SOUTH SIDE OF WARD HOUSE.

Dec 23-75. TOWANDA, PA.

SAM W. BUCK,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Nov.13'79. *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.

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Apr.7'81-y1 EDWARD A. THOMPSON.

A. BEVERLY SMITH & CO.,

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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. Angie). OFFICE—Second floor of Dr. Pratt's office.

Towanda, Pa., January 6, 1881.

MADILL & KINNEY,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

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

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

MRS. E. J. PERRIGO,

TEACHER OF PIANO AND ORGAN.

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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.,

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

DISEASES OF THE EYE } and { DISEASES OF THE EAR

G. W. RYAN,

COUNTY 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.
Aril 1, 1879

The Bradford Reporter.

GOODRICH & HITCHCOCK, Publishers.

REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER.

$1.00 per Annum in Advance.

VOLUME XLII.

TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, JUNE 9, 1881.

NUMBER 2

DON'T TAKE IT TO HEART.

There's many a trouble
Would break like a bubble,
And into the waters of Lethe depart
Did not we rehearse it,
And tenderly nurse it,
And give it a permanent place in the heart.

There's many a sorrow
Would vanish to-morrow,
Were we not unwilling to furnish the wings,
So sadly intruding,
And quietly brooding,
It hatches out all sorts of horrible things.

How welcome the seeming
Of looks that are beaming,
Whether one's wealthy or whether one's poor,
Eyes bright as a berry,
Cheeks red as a cherry,
The groan and the curse and the heartache can cure.

Resolved to be merry,
All worry to ferry
Across the famed waters that bid us forget;
And no longer tearful,
But happy and cheerful,
We feel life has much that's worth living for yet.

—*Tinsley's Magazine.*

TEN TERRIBLE MINUTES

One November evening a few years ago I had occasion to travel from Cannon street to Spa road station, on the Southeastern Railway. It had been a cold, foggy day throughout, and there were comparatively few passengers. The compartment which I entered—a second-class—had but one previous occupant, a stoutly-built man of thirty-five or forty. He was attempting, with evidently small success, to read a book, and he fidgeted about on his seat in rather a testy fashion.

Having a doubt as to the regularity of trains on such an evening I said, "I suppose this stops at Spa road?"

"Spa road! Of course it does," said this gentleman, with what I considered unnecessary vehemence. "All these trains stop at Spa road."

"Don't thank me, sir," he said, a moment later. "I only answered a simple question—a fool or madman could do that."

Here the train slowly moved off, and the speaker, whose face I had not yet seen, resumed his efforts to read, muttering now and again an imprecation at the expense of the fog and the cold.

When we reached the glass dome of the Borough Market the train came to a stop, and for the first time I found myself in a position to obtain a good view of my fellow passenger. Hitherto he had obstinately kept his back or shoulders towards me. Now he threw his volume down on the seat and faced about. He was, as I have said, a man in the full prime of life. Rather over the average height, he had the broad shoulders, full chest, and nervous hands of an athlete. The impression which his features produced was decidedly unpleasant. Yet save for the eyes, which had a peculiar and indescribable glare in them, the face was not an unhandsome one.

"I did not know that we were so near the Crystal Palace," he said brusquely.

"The Crystal Palace!" I said, in some surprise. "We are not near the Crystal Palace."

"The fog has affecced your eyesight, my friend," was the reply. "Trouble yourself to look out of this window."

"Oh, that!" I said, smiling. "You like your joke, sir, I perceive. The Borough Market must feel flattered, indeed, to be mistaken for the Sydenham Palace."

"Borough Market! Of course, it was only my joke," laughed my companion. But there was no mirth in the laugh.

He now took up his book again and made another attempt to read. Though he fixed his eyes on the page and even now and again turned a leaf, it was evident that his reading was little better than a pretence. Indeed, it was so dark in the carriage that to see the small characters in an ordinary volume had become quite impossible. While he was thus engaged the train reached London Bridge. The moment we entered the station my companion, who had drawn nearer me, returned to his seat in the corner farthest from the platform. From this he gazed with evidently eager interest on the people passing and repassing the carriage door. As at Cannon street the number of these was not great, and we were still alone when the train again moved off.

The moment we were outside the station a change came over my fellow passenger. He threw his book on the floor, and rose to his feet. Hitherto I had, being preoccupied with my own thoughts, given small heed to him. Now, without knowing why, I felt myself fascinated. There was a light in his dark eyes, an expression in his mouth which at once repelled and attracted me.

"Have you been much of a traveler?" he asked suddenly. He was standing with his back to the door watching me curiously.

"I have never been out of the island," I replied.

"Ah!" he said, "I have been everywhere—Italy, Russia, India, China, Timbuctoo, Ashantee—anywhere—everywhere. I have been near the North Pole and quite at the South."

"Indeed, you must be a very great traveler," I said.

"I have never been to the moon. No man can be a great traveler who has not been there."

"Then I'm afraid that with the exception of those famous heroes of Jules Verne there are very few about."

"Just so! just so! And yet a trip up above this detestable fog beyond the clouds would be enjoyable. In a night like this it would be peculiarly so; don't you agree with me?"

"Not quite," I said; "for my own part I'd much rather be at my fireside."

"You would, would you? Look at that, smell that, taste that cursed fog." He threw open the window, and certainly the fog which poured in was bad enough in all conscience.

"I grant you it is not pleasant, either for eyes or throat," I said.

"I knew you would," continued my strange companion. "Anyone would be glad to get out of it. The man who could free you from it would deserve your thanks, would he not?"

There was a light in the speaker's eyes which I did not like, and there was a movement at the corners of his mouth the opposite of pleasant. While not feeling the least dread of him, I was yet not without a strong desire to reach Spa road. As bad luck would have it, while yet we had not made half the short journey, the train came to a sudden stop.

"Yes, he would be a public benefactor who could deliver the people of London from fog," I said.

"He would, would he not?" whispered my companion eagerly. "Then I am the man."

As he spoke he crouched down and looked up at me with a glare that made me start. He buttoned his coat and pulled up his sleeves, as he whispered again, "I am the man. I can free you from these fogs—I can free myself."

For the first time the thought now flashed into my mind that I was alone with a madman. I recognized now that wild light in his eyes, that strange twitching at the corners of the mouth. I do not suppose I am constitutionally more timid than most of my neighbors; yet at this moment I felt a cold sweat breaking all over me, and I know I looked eagerly out in the darkness, hoping that as now the train was slowly moving we were near the station. I saw only the thick fog and the feeble light of here and there a lamp.

Yes, the man was mad, raving-mad. There could be no doubt about it. Only a maniac could laugh the mirthless laugh which now came from his throat, as he drew two steps nearer and hissed at me: "We shall travel together to the moon. Adieu to the fogs; say with me, adieu to the fogs."

I was now erect, watching my companion intently, nerving myself for a struggle, which it was easy to tell was very near. I could easily see I was no match for such an antagonist. My hope was that I might hold my own for the few minutes necessary to reach Spa road, where plenty of assistance would be available.

"Your balloon would scarcely travel on such a night," I said, with affected indifference. "The atmosphere is too thick."

"Too thick? Do you think so?" he said.

"I do. Consider the density of the fog. How could we possibly get through it?"

"Well, there's something in that," he said, sitting down. "Yet the effort is worth a trial. Yes, it is worth a trial."

He sprang anew to his feet, and approached me. He threw out his strong hands, and made a clutch at my throat.

"This is how we begin, this is how I get the gas for the trip. I kill you first to give you start. Then I start myself and follow you." One shout I gave for help, but it was lost in the report of a fog signal; then we were swaying backwarks and forwards in the carriage in a struggle which was literally for life and death. The madman's breath came hot on my face, his strong arms held me in a fierce embrace. There was a fierce joy in his eyes.

The foam worked out of his mouth and his teeth gnashed angrily against each other.

Life is dear, and I felt no inclination to yield mine without a desperate struggle. I tore my antagonist's hands from my throat, and for a moment forced him to act on the defensive. I shouted again and again for help, and how I longed for Spa road no words can describe. The train was now running at a good rate and I knew the station could not be far off. If only I could hold my own for one half minute all would be safe.

Pausing in his exertions for a moment the madman suddenly quitted me. Just then to my horror the train rushed through my station without even slackening speed. I was in the wrong train and there was no hope of assistance until we reached New Cross. It was evident that my fellow-passengers had not heard my shouts for assistance.

Without a word of warning my companion again threw himself upon me, this time with a fury so resistless that I was borne to the floor.

"We shall go to the moon," he shrieked. "I have a knife—we can cut our way through the fog."

I felt myself helpless. My previous exertions had exhausted my strength, while that of the maniac seemed to increase with the struggle. Strive as I might I was utterly and entirely in his power now.

How slowly the train seemed to move. I believe now that it was going at a good speed, but to me it appeared to progress at a snail's pace. And how curiously vivid were my thoughts. I saw the home where I was expected, the kind faces waiting to greet me I wondered what they'd say when they heard of my death. I caught myself thinking how ugly were the madman's eyes, and I even noticed the color of his necktie—blue, with white spots I no longer felt any inclination to shout for help. To all intents I looked upon myself as dead. I even began to think of myself as a third person, and to lament in a philosophical fashion, the ill-fortune which cut off at the beginning of his career a promising young man. Then I remembered that I owed a shoemaker for a pair of boots, and I pitied the unfortunate tradesman for the bad debt he had made. While these and a hundred other thoughts were passing through my brain, it seemed to me that an age had transpired. In reality I do not suppose that at the outside more than a minute had elapsed since my unlucky fall. Suddenly as in a dream, I heard the madman, who was now seated astride my chest, hiss:

"We'll cut our way to the moon—my knife is sharp. Let's try it on your throat."

With curious deliberation he drew a strong pocket-knife and opened it.

"All right, friend, eh?" he cried, laughing. "Now, mind, do not leave the carriage till I have come up to you"

"I am swift," said I, and I declare I did not recognize my own voice.

"If I go first you shall certainly not overtake me—you start and I'll follow."

"Me start?"

"Yes; you're braver, stronger, and you have the knife. You must go first to clear the way."

"Of course; I forgot that," he cried, almost to my horror, so utterly was I surprised. "Of course; I forgot that," he cried again. "I must clear the way."

Still sitting on me he deliberately drew the bright blade across his throat. In another moment I was deluged with blood. At the same time the knife fell from his nerveless grasp. To spring to my feet, to seize the open wound and press the edges together, was the work of an instant—though the escape made me stagger. At the same moment we reached New Cross Station, and a porter threw open the carriage door.

* * * * * *

Fortunately the self-inflicted wound of the madman did not prove fatal. Ultimately I heard that the blood-letting had a beneficial effect on his brain. I discovered next day that he was a most dangerous lunatic, who had managed to escape from a private asylum.

To my surprise, when I looked at the clock at New Cross I found that the journey from London Bridge had not taken ten minutes. They were certainly the longest ten minutes I ever spent.—*Fife (Scotland) News.*

A Terrible Liar.

"He was the orfulest liar I ever seen," said Cooley O'Leary as he returned from his friend's funeral. "Why, he told me once that he lived on a small island out in the Pacific Ocean, on which there was a volcano. And he said there was an active demand out in that region for watermelons, and he went into the business of raising them. And he said one year his whole crop failed except one melon, and that kept on growing at such a fearful rate that it crowded him off the lowland and up on the side of the volcano, which generated steam and caused an explosion which blew up the whole concern to atoms, and shot him four hundred miles out to sea, where he was picked up by a whaler. He used to tell me that the one great mistake of his life was that he didn't drive a plug in the crater of the volcano so as to make it water-tight, and then slice open the water-melon and then come home sailing on the half-shell.

"He would lie. He said that once he was cast away on an iceberg, with no baggage but a pair of skates and a fishing pole. But he skated around until he came across a dead whale frozen into the ice. So he took off his shirt—it was night for six months that year up there—tore it into strips for a wick, ran the strips through the bamboo fishing-rod, stuck the rod into the fat of the whale, and lit the other end. He said it burned splendidly, and the iceberg reflected the light so strongly that it was as bright as day for forty miles around, and one vessel ran into the berg, thinking it was a light-house. He said he sold the iceberg to the captain for fifteen thousand dollars, and the captain split it up and took it home, and made two hundred per cent. profit disposing of it to ice companies.

"Lie? Well, sir, he beat any man I ever came across. Told me that once out in Nevada a mountain lion attacked him, with his mouth wide open. He had presence of mind enough to grab it by the tongue and pull. The lion roared with pain, but he did his level best at pulling, and pretty soon the tongue began to give and the tail to shorten, and directly out they came, the tongue and the tail, in one long, continuous string. He said he had 'em at home and he showed 'em to me, but my belief is that they were only three or four cow-hides and a bull's tail dovetailed together.

"He was astonishing as a truth crusher. Said he served on a gunboat during the war which was very small and light, while the mortar on the deck was very large and heavy, and he said the first time they tried to fire a fifteen-inch shell, the shell remained stationery while the recoil was so great that it fired the gunboat four miles up the stream and landed it in a tree. He was a liar, but now he's gone dead I reckon he'll ketch it."

There was no doubt about it; Mr. O'Leary was very successful as a constructor of energetic work of fiction.

Be Alone Sometimes.

Secure for yourself some regular privacy of life. As George Herbert says, "By all means use sometimes to be alone." God has put each into a separate body. We should follow the divine hint, and see to it that we do not lapse again into the general flood of being. Many people cannot endure being alone; they are lost unless there is a clatter of tongues in their ears. It is not only weak, but it fosters weakness. The gregarious instinct is animal—the sheep and deer living on in us; to be alone is spiritual. We can have no clear, personal judgment of things till we are somewhat separate from them. Mr. Webster used to say of a difficult question, "Let me sleep on it." It was not merely for morning vigor, but to get the matter at a distance where he could measure its proportions and see its regulations. So it is well at times away from our world—companions, actions, work—in order to measure it, and ascertain our relations to it. The moral use of the night is in the isolation it brings, shutting out the world from the senses, that it may be realized in thought. It is very simple advice, but worth heeding. Get some moments each day to yourself; take now and then a solitary walk; get into the silence of thick woods, or some other isolation as deep, and suffer the mysterious sense of selfhood to steal upon you, as it surely will. Pythagoras insisted upon an hour of solitude every day, to meet his own mind and learn what oracle it had to impart.—*Theodore T. Munger.*

The Nocturnal Cow.

THE EXPERIENCE OF "BILL NYE AND BOOMERANG."

With the opening of my spring movements in the agricultural line comes the cow.

Laramie has about seven cows that annoy me a good deal. They work me up so that I lose my equanimity. I have mentioned this matter before, but this spring the trouble seems to have assumed some new features. The prevailing cow for this season seems to be a seal-brown cow with a stub tail, which is arranged as a night key. She wears it banged.

The other day I had just planted my celluloid radishes and irrigated my Royal Bengal turnips and sown my hunting case summer squashes, and the cow went by trying to convey the impression that she was out for a walk.

That night the blow fell. The queen of night was high in the blue vault of heaven and the twinkling stars. All nature was hushed to repose. The people of Laramie were in their beds. So were my hunting case summer squashes. I heard a healthy step near the conservatory where my celluloid radishes and pickled beets are growing, and I arose.

* * * * * *

It was a lovely night. At the head of the procession there was a seal-brown cow with a tail like the handle of a pump, and standing at an angle of forty-five degrees.

That was the cow.

Following at a rapid gait was a bewitching picture of alabaster limbs and Gothic joints and Wamsutta muslin night robe.

That was me.

The queen of night withdrew behind a cloud.

The vision seemed to break her all up.

Bye-and-bye there was a crash, and the seal-brown cow went home carrying the garden gates with her as a kind of keepsake. She had plenty of garden gates at home in her collection, but she had none of that particular pattern. So she wore it home around her neck.

The writer of these lines then carefully brushed the sand off his feet with a pillow sham and retired to rest.

When the bright May morn was ushered in upon the busy world the radish and squash bed had melted into chaos, and there only remained some sticks of stove-wood and the tracks of a cow, interspersed with the dainty little footprints of some Peri or other who evidently stepped about four yards at a lick, and could wear a number nine shoe if necessary.

Yesterday morning, it was very cold, and when I went out to feed my royal, self-acting hen, I found this same cow wedged into the hen-coop. Oh, thrice blessed and long-sought revenge!

Now I had her where she could not back out, and I secured a large picket from the fence and took my coat off, and breathed in a full breath. I did not want to kill her, I simply wanted to make her wish she had died of membranous croup when she was young.

While I was spitting on my hands she seemed to catch my idea, but she saw how hopeless was her position. I brought down the picket with the condensed strength and eagerness and wrath of two long, suffering years. It struck the corner of the hen-house. There was a deafening crash and then all was still, save the low, rippling laugh of the cow, as she stood in the alley and encouraged me as I nailed up the hen-house again.

Looking back over my whole life, it seems to me that it is strewn with nothing but the rugged ruins of my busted anticipations.

The Mango Trick.

HOW IT IS DONE—NOT A WONDERFUL PERFORMANCE.

With certain Indian jugglers the "mango" trick is their most effective feat. A mango seed is produced, and a flower pot filled with mold, and after a lot of ceremony (in plain English, fuss,) the seed is put under the mould and several coverings of baskets and cloths are placed over the pot. Then there is more ceremony and fingering about the covered baskets, and the pot is shown with the mango leaves just sprouting up. Then it is covered over again and more hocussing goes on, and the cover is lifted up again and the plant is seen to have grown. The covering, hocussing and opening go on, the plant meanwhile having further grown and become strong enough to bear fruit, the blossoms to appear, the fruit to form, and finally the fruit to ripen, which is then plucked off and given to be eaten.

Now we, for our part, cannot understand how any one can fail to see through the performance, Nay, even when to a fellow spectator who once viewed this performance we explained the details of the trick after it was over, he would not believe, but reckoned the affair wonderful and even partaking of the supernatural. We can only attribute it to his having been so mystified as to have been actually mesmerized, though partaking of consciousness. The real truth about this feat was that the green and ripe fruits, and every branch and shoot that was exhibited, were actually there, just as much as the seed and the flower-pot—all in the wraps and folds and baskets which formed the covering. We were carefully watching the man's proceedings, and at the time had acquired some knowledge of juggling tricks. As we were not allowed to touch the instruments of the exhibition after the peculiar performance began, the baskets, wraps, etc., could not be disturbed; but with our own eyes we saw the performer draw out the branches, etc., from the folds of the cloths, and noticed him sticking them into the pot beneath the covering, working away with his hands, and, as we thought, very clumsily.

The question may be asked by a doubter of our account of the process how about a green and a ripe fruit, as well as blossoms, being produced simultaneously, say at a period when there are no such things—that is, when they are out of season? This, indeed, has been brought forward as a complete answer by those who believe in these jugglers. To answer this is not so difficult, however, as it appears. India is a vast continent, and from its most southernmost limit on the Indian ocean, where there is little difference between summer and winter, to its northern boundary on the snowy Himalaya, there is existing every variety of climate at any time of the year. The mango flourishes equally in Ceylon and in the sub-Himalayan countries. We have ourselves, in passing through the plains into the upper Himalayas, in the course of successive weeks, seen the mango season just over on the plains; a little higher up, mangoes were just in season, the fruits forming higher up still; the blossoms in full flush a couple of thousand feet higher; while higher still the blossoms had not yet made an appearance. With this fact are to be taken two others: the first, that Indian jugglers all belong to one Masonic brotherhood, and are in intimate communication with one another, all ever on the move; and the second, that even they will decline at times to perform this particular feat—that is, when they are not provided with the blossoms, green and ripe fruits. The seeds, shoots, etc., are always everywhere procurable.

If there be still any other doubter, let us only add that after the performance detailed above we took the man aside (unwilling naturally to expose the man and destroy the credit by means of which he made his living) and asked him if it was not true that the branches and fruits were all there in the wraps. The glance of our eye told him that we knew every detail in the process, and had watched everything that he did, and so he confessed that what we said was the truth, and apologized by saying that he must make a living.—*Harper's Weekly.*

A Plea for the Boys.

Most any night a large number of young boys, from ten years old up, can be seen lounging around the business streets to a late hour. It is an evil that seems to be rapidly growing, and it is in this way that many bad habits and associations are formed that bring sons of worthy parents to a bad end, and pain to the hearts of an over-indulgent mother or father. Keep your boys at home nights unless you know that they are out for some reputable purpose, and your feelings will be spared and your sons grow up to bless you for it and be a comfort to your declining years. It is not an uncommon thing to see fifteen-year old youths staggering along so full of beer that it is difficult work for them to navigate, and the attendance of cheap cigars and low jests is almost universal with the street loungers. Parents often talk about "Young Amercia" having his day, and the boys must "sow their wild oats" and then they will "settle down," but such talk is a delusion and a snare. Sometimes the boys "settle down," but they more often turn out drunkards and criminals. No boy was ever better for having been allowed to go through what is called "sowing his wild oats," and when one does survive the trial, and comes back to the right ways of thinking and doing, it is generally with an impaired constitution and the thought always haunting him of how much better off he would be in every sense of the word were it not for the degenerating period through which he had passed.

It is an easy thing to gain such respect and love from a son as will always ensure his obedience if rightly managed. Do not try to beat the principles of right into him, but treat him as a fellow being; do not be forever telling him that children should be seen and not heard, and sending him off by himself to study over a dry Sunday school lesson, or peruse a chapter in the Bible on future punishment and the terrors of hell fire; but treat him like a human being, with thoughts and feelings like yourself; talk to him of politics, and the current events of the day; advise with him as to your business, and talk up with him any new project you may have on hand, and let him thus see that you have confidence in him and consider him of some account; and with a reasonably pleasant home in other respects, you will not have much trouble in keeping him from the streets, and will have the proud satisfaction of seeing a useful and respected citizen grow up out of your boy. There may be exceptions, but it is the general rule, that parents are to blame if children love to gad the streets rather than to remain at home.

A LETTER should always be carried write side up.

THE saw mills will soon be engaged in turning out spring board.

JOURNALISTS are careful in Algiers about publishing gossip of the Dey.

A STROKE of lightning generally spares the rod and spoils the house.

MISS OYSTER is a belle in Washington society. They say she looks good enough to eat.

NASBY is going to Europe in the spring. For his health probably. He has long had a bad spell.

THE ordinary life of a locomotive is thirty years. Possibly it would live longer if it didn't smoke.

"THE spring will be backward," predicted Vennor, as he was about to apply a red-hot poker to the cat's nose.

"SATAN died here," reads a sign in Pittsburgh, by which the owner intends to indicate that satins are dyed at his shop.

BRIGHAM YOUNG acquired the title of general from having been called "Briggy, dear," so often by his numerous wives.

"Do you think," said a husband, mildly rebuking his wife, "that women are possessed by Satan?" "Yes, as soon as they are married," was the quick reply.

THE Louisville *Courier-Journal* heads its account of the Czar's murder, "A Crime." That's to let the Louisville folks know that it wasn't merely a good-natured practical joke.

THE STIRRUP-CUP.

My short and happy day is done:
The long and lonely night comes on;
And at my door the pale horse stands
To carry me to unknown lands.

His whinny shrill, his pawing hoof,
Sound dreadful as a gathering storm;
And I must leave this sheltering roof
And joys of life so soft and warm.

Tender and warm the joys of life—
Good friends, the faithful and the true;
My rosy children and my wife,
So sweet to kiss, so fair to view.

So sweet to kiss, so fair to view;
The night comes on, the lights burn blue;
And at my door the pale horse stands
To bear me forth to unknown lands.

—*Scribner for May.*

THE JUDGE'S SURPRISE.

The day was bitterly cold in Virginia City, as winter days most generally are in that Alpine town, and though the sun was bright, its rays were as cheerless and chill almost as moon-beams. Wild gusts whistled through the streets, breathing icicles and frost in their furious course, and driving every living thing away to seek shelter from its biting penetrating breath. And yet not everyone was housed from the pitiless gale, for he who had work to do or business to transact was summoned by inexorable duty to come forth to his post, or else, when the day of reckoning came, abide by the consequences; but, with such exceptions as these, the male population generally sought the warm and friendly atmosphere of drinking-saloons, where, with "hot Scotch" and a glowing furnace, they managed to keep themselves from freezing. Of these exceptions, Abe Denning, the baker, was one. In sunshine or storm, hail, rain or snow, people must eat, eat, in fact, all the more voraciously because it does hail or snow, as if to perpetrate an unseasonable joke upon the baker, who especially in appetizing weather, must see to it that his customers' larders be properly stored with the rarest and best productions of his oven.

Even such cold weather as this did not deter Mr. Denning from attending to the wants of his customers with the assiduity and attention characteristic of his class. While disappearing into a customer's house with an armful of bread, a girl of some fifteen years of age emerged from a miner's cabin close by, and, first casting wild and hurried glances around her, rushed to the baker's cart, and had just abstracted therefrom three loaves of bread, and was carrying them off when the baker returned, and caught her in the act.

Unfortunately, an officer was passing just at the time, and the baker, on the spur of the moment, and without giving the case that consideration which he otherwise might, gave her in custody, on a charge of theft. The girl, without any attempt at expostulation or explanation burst into an agony of tears—a sufficient evidence, perhaps, that she was but a novice, after all, in the art of stealing.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "don't take me in this way. Let me wrap a shawl around my head, or the people will know me."

The officer consenting, accompanied her into the cabin, while the baker drove away, telling the policeman he would be in court next day to prefer the charge before the police judge.

The officer, on entering, found no one in the cabin but three children—the youngest about three and the eldest six. The hut was cold and cheerless; there was no fire. The two elder children, alarmed at the presence of the officer, exhibited discolored eyes and faces, which bore evidence of suffering and recent tears; while little Willie, the youngest, was crying and inappeasable, moping aimlessly around the cabin, looking into the empty closet, and putting his little hands mechanically into the empty dishes on the table.

"What made you steal the bread, my girl?" asked the officer. At mention of the word "bread" little Willie looked tearfully and piteously in the man's face. The girl hugged the little fellow frantically in her arms, covering him with tears and kisses.

"Oh, my poor little brother!" she cried, bitterly. "What will become of you now? This man is going to take your Lena away with him!"

Here the child threw his arms around the girl's neck, as if to detain her by force, while the other two children screamed piteously.

The officer, suspecting the actual state of affairs, began to investigate.

"Is there no coal, or anything at all to eat in the house?" said he.

"No coal, no bread, nothing to eat!" replied the girl, wringing her hands; "and poor Willie and the rest of us have had nothing to eat since yesterday morning."

Here the officer went away, saying that he would be back again in a short time.

"Is the man gone for bread?" asked the oldest of the children.

"Hush, Molly, dear!" said Lena. "I don't know what he has gone for. He's not a bad man, any how, for he hasn't arrested me as I thought he would."

In a very few minutes the officer returned with bread and groceries, not forgetting some cakes and condiments for the smallest children, while another man at his heels carried a big sack of coal on his back.

At sight of the bread the children screamed with delight; while Lena cut up large slices of bread, and helped the children and herself, the two men set to work to make a large fire in the stove, the glow of which soon diffused warmth and comfort through the cabin. Then they cooked the meat, and made tea, and spread a steaming meal on the table for the four orphans, while they carved and attended to their wants till they were fully satisfied.

Happy, happy childhood, whose prerogatives are innocence, mirth and joy! The children after their dinner didn't look like the same children at all. Their faces were bright and joyous, happy and handsome; and in a few minutes they were playing and laughing and romping, as happy as if they had never felt the pangs of hunger.

"And now," said the officer, delighted at seeing the children so happy, "sit down Lena, and answer me a few questions. Have you no father or mother?"

"We have no mother," was Lena's reply. "She died about a year ago, and father went away to Eureka, to work, about eight months ago, and we hain't seen him ever since."

"What is your father's name?"

"Dawson—Jim Dawson."

"And he has sent you no money—nothing?"

"Nothing. Never heard of him since he went away. But when he was going he left us a bag of flour, and lots of groceries and things—as much as would last us for six months, and he'd be sure and be back before the provisions were all out."

"And you got no letter from him at all?"

"Not one," replied poor Lena with a deep sigh.

Poor Dawson had written to his children however, but postal communications being at that time very irregular and uncertain in the Silver States, the children did not receive his letters.

"Well, I must go now," said the officer, after a pause; "but I will call for you to morrow, and you'll accompany me to the police office, for I must do my duty, you know. Good by." And Lena Dawson was left alone with her little brothers and sisters. She felt sad and lonesome after the departure of her kind benefactor, but the buoyancy of childhood soon gained the ascendency, and before bedtime the orphans were as happy as any group of little children in Virginia City.

Meantime the report about stealing the bread and the destitute condition of the children got abroad. Jim Dawson, a miner himself, was well known and popular among the miners, and the case created much sympathy, and elicited so many reminiscences and commentaries, that quite a crowd was attracted next day to the police court. Judge Moses presided. The Judge bore the name of being upright and honest, kind and benevolent. and if fault he had at all it was thought to be a somewhat uncompromising rigor in the discharge of his official duties. It was hard to say how the case would go. After the transaction of some preliminary business the case was called.

The baker swore to the stealing of the bread, and identified the defendant as the thief. The officer testified to the famishing condition in which he found the children, but said not a syllable about what he had done to relieve them. Poor Lena stood trembling before the Judge. Thereupon a miner rustled through the crowd and stood before the bench, eyeing the Judge with a deprecating look. "I declare to the Almighty, Jedge," said he, "I never knowed the state of Jim Dawson's children, and if I did ——" He dropped a twenty into Lena's trembling hand.

"You jest knowed as much about it as other folks," exclaimed another miner excitedly, walking up and putting another twenty into the girl's hand with an indignant air that flung back any latent suspicion that he knew anything of the children's distress any more than anybody else.

Here Long Alec, a miner—so called on account of his height and size—slid timidly and bashfully up to Lena's side. "Leeny," he said in a half whisper, "hold yer pinafore." And he slipped two twenties into her apron, and then slid back behind the crowd, into a corner, and, holding his hat to his face, glanced timidly around to see that he was completely out of sight.

Then came Wabbling Joe, who was far more bashful than even Long Alec, but put on a bold face, and laughed and talked aloud to make believe he was not bashful at al.

"Jedge," said Wabbling, laughing and nodding familiarly at the court, to disarm that functionary of possible rigor in the trial of the case in hand—"Jedge, let the girl slide. She ain't done nothing but what you or I would do if we was hunry!" And poor Lena was at once the recipient of another present.

The court held down his head and smiled gravely at Wabbling Joe's defence of the accused, bnt then immediately recovering his gravity said:

"Gentlemen, I appreciate your liberality and generous sympathy for the young offender, and I am particularly impressed with the ingenious defence made by Wabbling Joe"—here a good natured laugh escaped the whole crowd, as if to put the Judge in a good humor—"but," continued his honor, "whatever might be the sympathy of the court for the sad condition of the accused, there is a public duty to be performed, and the case must therefore proceed."

"What is your name, my girl?" asked the court.

"They call me Lena Dawson, sir," was the reply.

"Call you Lena Dawson! And I suppose Lena Dawson is your name, is it not?" observed the Judge.

"No, sir, it ain't," returned the girl. "My father died when I was only three years old, and my mother got married to Mr. Dawson some time afterward. My proper name is Madeline Winters, but they call me Lena for short."

"Madeline Winters! Where were you born?" asked the Judge.

"In Kansas City, sir," was the reply.

"In Kansas City!" echoed the court, in a voice of still deeper gravity than before. "And what was your mother's maiden name, do you know?"

"Madeline Moses, sir," responded Lena.

"Madeline Moses! My God! she is my sister!"

And Judge Moses, overcome with emotion, bowed his head on the desk, while a torrent of tears flowed down his face.

Just as the crowd, in obedience to the dictates of delicacy, were emerging from the police court, to let uncle and niece indulge the sacred joy of mutual recognition, Jim Dawson ap-

peared at the door, having just returned from his prospecting tour in Eureka, and, with an innate sense of propriety that did honor to his acquaintances, who were all rejoiced to see him, was quietly permitted to join his relatives inside.—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

Mixing up the Malones.

A case involving a very curious instance of mistaken identiay occupied nearly the entire session of the Criminal Court yesterday. The circumstances, briefly related, are that during the term of the May court a saloon-keeper of Cuba street, named Archibald Campbell, was indicted for selling liquor on Sunday. When the case came up for hearing on the 27th, John Malone was placed on the stand as prosecuting witness. He promptly testified, to the evident surprise of the State's attorneys, that he knew nothing of the matter, and had never been in Campbell's place on Sunday. When asked if he had not given direct testimony before the Grand Jury, he asserted, in the most positive manner, that he had not been in the Grand Jury room for ten or twelve months. The foreman of the Grand Jury at that time, Mr. Gale, was then sent for, and after looking closely at Malone, said that he had undoubtedly been before the Grand Jury but a short time before and testified in Campbell's case. He was at once arrested on a bench warrant, and came up yesterday to answer under an indictment for perjury. Foreman Gale again appeared and identified the accused as the man who testified in Campbell's case before the Grand Jury. Mr. F. P. Hawkins, also a member of the Grand Jury, though not so positive as Mr. Gale, was pretty sure that Malone was the man who had testified. Court Clerk Cary, Major Andrew J. George, Deputy Clerk Davis and Crier George Jones severally testified as to the issue of summons and the swearing of Malone in the case. The traverser then took the stand in his own behalf and quietly repeated his former testimony: he had not drank at Campbell's on Sunday; had not been before the Grand Jury for more than a year, and moreover had received no summons to go before them. Officer Mettee and other policemen were then called for the defence, and from their testimony it appeared that the summons in three several instances had been given them, and they had served them on a man known as John Malone of O., living at 47 Elliott-st., a stevedore, while the accused is a puddler in the Abbott Iron Works and lives at 148 Chesapeake-st. Being called to the stand, John Malone of O. testified that he received the summons and went up to the court-house in response to the first one, was sworn, and, after waiting all day, was told that the case would not come up, and he went home without seeing the Grand Jury. He paid no attention to the other two summonses, having found out that they were not intended for him. This witness was as entirely unlike the other as it is possible to imagine. The one is short in stature, fair complexion, and very light hair; the other is tall, spare, with dark complexion and jet-black hair. At the conclusion of the testimony State's Attorney Campbell frankly told the jury that the State had no case, and a verdict of not guilty was promptly rendered.—*Baltimore American.*

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To Make Soft Molasses Gingerbread.—One cup of molasses, one teaspoonful of saleratus, one of ginger, one teaspoonful of butter or lard and a pinch of salt (if you use lard). Stir this together, and then pour on half a cup of boiling water and stir in one pint of flour. Bake about one inch deep in a sheet. This is very nice if pains be taken to have the water boiling add to beat well when the flour is added.

Thoughtful Thoughts.

No man is wise at all times.

Smite with the sword of truth.

To the counsellors of peace is joy.

Charity is the bond of perfectness.

Every one must bear his own burden.

Neatness and order are commendable.

A whisperer separateth chief friends.

Mental gifts often hide bodily defects.

Seek not for praise, but seek to deserve it.

Envy shoots at others and wounds itself.

Modesty has more charms than beauty.

We sow many seeds to get a few flowers.

Every season of life has its appropriate duties.

Egotism and self-assertion are unamiable traits.

Our night dreams partake of our day thoughts.

He who sows brambles must not go barefoot.

Ill examples are like contagious diseases.

The sleep of the laboring man is sweet.

Boasting renders one ridiculous in the eyes of others.

A clear brain is good, but a right aim is better.

Even a fool when he holdeth his peace is counted wise.

Nothing is more attractive than modest simplicity.

An ill-natured old man or woman is a pitiable object.

Watch for favorable opportunities: do not let them slip.

Wolves may lose their teeth, but never lose their nature.

A servile imitation of fashion is a mark of fashion.

The hog never looks up to him that throws down the acorns.

The love of country, and the love of race, are noble qualities.

He that waits for dead men's shoes, may go a long time barefoot.

The teacher may impart instruction, but he cannot furnish brains.

Manners, with learning and good character, make a gentleman.

Sorrows humanize our race. Tears are the showers that fertilize the world.

A judicious reticence is hard to learn, but is one of the great lessons of life.

To live according to one's means is honorable; not to do so is dishonorable.

Old age has but little to ask of the world; it estimates life at its true value.

Fun, Fact and Facetiæ.

To avoid being cheated in a horse trade, be sure that your horse is absolutely worth less. This simple rule never fails.

You can tell a merciful farmer as soon as he stops his team at a post. He takes the blanket off his wife's lap and spreads it over the poor horses.

Burdette, the *Hawkeye* humorist, visited Mark Twain in December, and people have been on tip-toe ever since to know how the Twain behaved.

A Georgia negro twisted a mule's tail to urge it over the fence. The small attendance at the funeral the next day showed that the people didn't care if he did twist the mule's tail.

A young lady wrote some verses for a country paper about her birthday, and headed them "May 30th." It almost made her hair turn gray when it appeared in print, "My 30th."