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 16, 1881. NUMBER 3

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

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

Advertising in all cases exclusive of subscription to the paper.

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

YEARLY ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at reasonable rates.

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

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

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

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

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

Business Cards.

DAVIES, CARNOCHAN & HALL,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
SOUTH SIDE OF WARD HOUSE.
Dec 22-73. 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.
W. H. THOMPSON,
Apr.7'81-y1 EDWARD A. THOMPSON.

A. BEVERLY SMITH & CO.,
BOOKBINDERS,
And dealers in Fret Saws and Amateurs' Supplies. Send for price-lists. REPORTER Building.
Box 1342, Towanda, Pa. March 1, 1881.

F. L. HOLLISTER, D. D. S.,
DENTIST.
(Successor to Dr. E. H. Angle). OFFICE—Second floor of Dr. Pratt's office.
Towanda, Pa., January 6, 1881.

MADILL & KINNEY,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.
Office—Rooms formerly occupied by Y. M. C. A. Reading Room.
H. J. MADILL. 3,18,80 O. D. KINNEY.

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. Sep25,'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. Feb 27, '79

E. L. HILLIS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA. [nov11-78.

HIRAM E. BULL,
SURVEYOR.
ENGINEERING, SURVEYING AND DRAFTING.
Office with G. F. Mason, over Patch & Tracy, Main street, Towanda, Pa. 4.15.80.

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—Mercur 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 SUPERINTENDE
Office day last Saturday of each month, over Turner & Gordon's Drug Store, Towanda, Pa.
Towanda, June 20, 1878.

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

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

EDWARD WILLIAMS,
PRACTICAL PLUMBER & GAS FITTER.
Place of business, a few doors north of Post-Office.
Plumbing, Gas Fitting, Repairing Pumps of all kinds, and all kinds of Gearing promptly attended to. All wanting work in his line should give him a call. Dec. 4, 1879.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK,
TOWANDA, PA.
CAPITAL PAID IN.....$125,000
SURPLUS FUND..... 66,000
This Bank offers unusual facilities for the transaction of a general banking business.
N. N. BETTS, Cashier.
JOS. POWELL, President. April 1, 1879

HENRY HOUSE,
CORNER MAIN & WASHINGTON STREETS
FIRST WARD, TOWANDA, PA.
Meals at all hours. Terms to suit the times. Large stable attached.
WM. HENRY, PROPRIETOR.
Towanda, July 3, '79-tf.

A FEW COPIES OF THE ROAD LAWS can be had at this Office.

MISSING.

Missing, no more; a dumb, dead wall
Of silence and darkness stands
Between us and they who left us here,
In the golden morning of the year,
With hope and promise and parting cheer,
Wet eyes and waving hands.

Never an omen told our hearts
How fate lurked, grim and dark;
Fresh and sweet smiled the April day,
And the treacherous waves in sunlight lay,
Kissing the hands of the sheltered bay,
And laughing around the bark.

Like molten silver shone her sails,
As she glided from our gaze;
And we turned us back to our homes again,
To let custom grow o'er the yearning pain,
And to count by the hearth—ah, labor vain?
The lonely, lingering days.

Never a letter from loving hands,
Never a message came;
We knew long since should the port be won;
We knew what the fierce north gale had done
And slowly crept over every one
A terror we would not name.

Ah me! the weary mornings
When on the great pier-head
We strained our sight o'er the tossing seas,
And studied each change in the fitful breeze,
And strove to answer, in tones of ease,
Light question coldly said.

Ah me! those weary midnights,
Hearing the breakers roar;
Starting from dreams of storm and death,
With beating pulses and catching breath,
To hear the white surf "call" beneath,
Along the billow shore.

Never a flash down the wires,
Never a word from the East,
From the port she sailed for—how long ago!
Why, even a spar one would weep to know,
Tossed on the wild waves' ebb and flow,
Were something real at least.

Missing, missing, and silence,
The great tides rise and fall;
The sea lies dimpling out in the light,
Or dances, all living gleaming white;
Day follows day, night rolls on nights;
Missing, and that is all.

The bark crossed out in the log-book,
The names dropped out of the prayers;
In many a household a vacant place;
In many a life a vanished grace,
We know our cast in the long life race,
But only God knows theirs.

—*Tinsley's Magazine.*

PARTHENOPE.

The dull yellow sunlight of the English autumn struggled vaguely through the silken curtains. Shadows lurked everywhere in the richly furnished apartment, but nowhere so heavily as upon the faces of the two men who stood regarding each other with gloomy eyes. The younger, a stronger built, handsome man of thirty, confronted his companion with a look of open resentment. The other, double his age, but erect and stately as a pine, returned his gaze with assumed calmness. His lip quivered perceptibly, however, and there was an accent of rage in his voice as he said:

"You appear to forget that you are my secretary, sir—my hired servant."

"And you would intimate that I also forget that you are Sir Thomas Ulmer," was the bitter retort, "one of the world's leaven and something better, by Heaven's will, than we poor common mortals. Therefore, because I was born plain Luke Talbot, I am no match for your daughter."

"Exactly, sir," replied Sir Thomas; "your logic is excellent. My admiration for your talent is only equaled by my wonder at your impudence."

"You speak according to your code, Sir Thomas, when you call my just assertion of the rights God has distributed equally among all men by so insulting a name. But in your supreme justice you forget one important fact. Your daughter loves me."

"I do not forget that you assert it," was the sharp retort. "I do not believe it, for I have a better opinion of my daughter's good sense."

"She has told me so," was the prompt reply, "and I can trust her."

"Indeed!" said Sir Thomas, ironically. "It has gone as far as that? It is high time that a grain of sense were cast into the atmosphere of foolery which you have brought into this house with you. There are laws in England made to protect weaklings like my daughter from scoundrels like you. Be assured that I shall lodge you in the nearest jail if you presume to breathe a word of this subject again during the brief remainder of your stay. Now leave the room."

Talbot's face flushed hotly.

"You are a fool to threaten me," he cried, "when it is in my heart to put you and your pompous pride out of the world altogether."

"I haven't a doubt you number assassination among your virtues," said Sir Thomas coldly. "At the same time we will dispense with heroics if you please. Come here at 9 o'clock this evening, present your accounts, and get out of the house within the hour, or—well, I will not bandy words with you."

Talbot glared at him fiercely for a moment, and then, as if he really feared that his temper would get the best of him, he rushed out of the room. As he opened the door a woman's dress whisked quickly into an alcove in the corridor. In his excitement Talbot passed on, unconscious that there had been a witness to his interview with Sir Thomas.

At the foot of the stairs he was met by a young girl, who approached him with a pale and agitated face. She looked up at him anxiously, and seeing the heavy frown upon his forehead shrank back from him murmuring tremulously:

"What did he say, Luke?"

"Say!" answered Talbot harshly, "he heaped insults upon me and ordered me out of his house like a mongrel dog."

"Poor Luke," said a low, sweet voice behind him, and a tall, slender girl came to his side and took his hand with an air of compassion. "You are learning the hard lesson which is as old as the world, that love has more sorrow than joy in it."

"Yes, Parthenope," returned Talbot, more gently, "pray God when your turn comes the lesson may not be as bitter as mine."

The girl dropped his hand and averted her face in silence. One rarely sees so wide a contrast between the two children of the same parents as between the two daughters of Sir Thomas Ulmer. Pearl, the younger, was small and fragile of figure, with large, timid, velvet eyes and pale gold hair. A sweet thing, born to live all her life a clinging child, and to be the meek shadow of those she loved. Parthenope, the elder, on the other hand, was of grand proportions, graceful as a deer, with hair and eyes of a Moorish blackness. Her very movements were expressive of mental strength and decision. In the old time she might have been chosen by an Emperor to be his royal mate. As she stood beside Talbot now, however, there was a strange air of submission in her attitude.

"Help us, Parthenope," said the younger sister, clinging about her neck. "You can influence our father where I could only anger him. We love each other so."

The elder sister looked down at her in silence. There was a pink spot in each cheek and a hard expression about her pale lips.

"What do you know about love?" she said in a smothered voice.

"All that a woman can know," sobbed Pearl.

"Nothing," returned the other almost violently. "Nothing of the agony, the bitter self-abasement, the utter hopelessness that have burned into a woman's heart before now, and may again. But," she said with a sudden movement and a cold smile, "I must leave the sentiment to you and Luke, who are better judges than I. I will try what I can do with father to-night."

"You are a true friend, Parthenope," said Talbot, warmly.

"Friend," she echoed in a strange tone, "wait until the event proves my friendship."

And she hurried away, leaving the lovers to derive what comfort they might from her promise of assistance.

In the vague hope that he might find Sir Thomas more favorably disposed toward him, Talbot repaired to the Baronet's room that night at nine o'clock. As he paused before the door to summon his composure for what was likely to prove an eventful interview, a strange sound, proceeding from the room, startled him. It was that of a low, deep groan, followed by a heavy fall. As he turned the door knob there was a muttering of voices and the tread of heavy footsteps within. On entering the apartment a terrible scene met his gaze. The Baronet lay upon the floor with the blood flowing from a deep wound in the forehead. His open eyes and clenched teeth told that it had been almost instantly mortal. Near him on the carpet was a short bar of iron stained with the old man's blood. It had evidently been used to pry up the window, which opened upon a low balcony, from whence the perpetrators of the awful deed had probably entered the room and killed Sir Thomas, sleeping in his arm-chair.

As Talbot stood bewildered and uncertain how to act, he was startled by a low cry behind him. Turning quickly he beheld Parthenope gazing at her father with wide and horrified eyes.

"He is dead," said Luke, hoarsely. "They have killed him with one blow and escaped by the balcony into the garden. Quick, ring the bell and arouse the house."

She turned toward the bell rope as if to comply; then paused and looked at him with a sudden mad gleam in her eye.

"Luke," she said, in a whisper, dropping the bell handle and coming close to him, "you were heard to threaten my father to-day. You will be accused of this."

"You cannot believe me guilty," gasped Talbot.

"No," she answered, in the same low voice, "but others will. Do what I tell you. Close the window—softly, so. Now take up that bar of iron."

Without understanding her, without even consenting to her command, he obeyed her mechanically, as if he were magnetized by her fierce energy. When he had done as she directed she suddenly sprang toward him and seizing him by the arm uttered a shrill scream for help. In an instant the room was filled with affrighted servants, and with them came Pearl, nearly fainting.

"Take him" she cried. "I accuse him of my father's murder! See, he has the weapon still in his hand."

There was a rush and twenty rough hands seized him. He struggled violently to free himself.

"What do you mean?" he exclaimed, in horror. "Parthenope, you know that I am innocent. Why should you seek to fasten this awful crime upon me?"

"I accuse you of my father's murder," she repeated, with a ghastly face.

"Pearl," cried the unfortunate man—"Pearl, for God's sake, look at me! You, too, do not believe me guilty?"

But Pearl averted her eyes and shrank back from him in affright.

"You quarreled with my father to-day," she moaned. "Oh, Luke! Luke! how had you the heart to do it?"

He ceased his resistance instantly.

"Take me away," he said. "If she believes me guilty, who will have faith in me? Pearl, you have broken my heart. Parthenope, my blood be on your head, and may Heaven forgive you!"

With a sorrowful look at the sisters—the younger bowed to the earth with terror, the elder erect and facing him with an expression of mingled triumph and agony—he was led away.

The unhappy young man soon had reason to believe in his own prophecy. The bar had been found in his hand. The motive for the deed was established to the satisfaction of the most charitably disposed. The whole melancholy story of his love was made public, together with his quarrel with the Baronet on the day of the murder. Parthenope, whose unaccountable malice had fastened the most damning proofs upon him, testified to having heard him threaten to murder her father, and her evidence was supported by others.

The case was plain. His own counsel was so fully convinced of his client's guilt that he barely made a show of defense. Talbot had little doubt of the issue of the trial, and cared still less. If Pearl had loved him she would have believed in him, and he should have had the courage to make a manly struggle for his life. As it was, death seemed the happiest mode of ending his wretchedness, even if it must come upon the scaffold.

One night, as he sat moodily in his cell indulging in the gloomiest reflections, the grated door was flung open and a muffed female figure entered. He started up with a bounding heart; he hoped it might be Pearl, come at last to testify her faith in him. The woman flung back her wrappings, and Parthenope, pale as some shadowy visitant of that dreary place, stood before him. He drew back from her with a gesture of disgust.

"Are you here," he said, sternly, "to mock me with the fate your own malice has wrought upon me?"

"I am here to save you," she said gently.

"I will not take my safety from your hands," he cried, fiercely. "For some evil reason of your own you have plotted for my life. Take it; I will not bargain with you."

"Luke," she moaned, "wretched as you are, I am a thousand times more miserable. Death is all that threatens you. I would gladly exchange with you if I might be rid of the burden of remorse and shame that is bearing me to the earth. You say true. I did plot to criminate you knowing you to be innocent. I aimed to have your life in my hands, that I might have it and make it mine. On the evil impulse of the moment I put the bar in your hand and had you accused of my father's death. I believed that I could save you then; I know that I can save you now."

"But what was your object?" asked Talbot, in wonder.

"Luke," she cried, flinging herself abjectly at his feet, "I loved you. See what an awful thing my love must be when I can sacrifice every womanly sentiment to it. But I do not care. It is too late to shield myself behind any false pretense. More than life, or honor, or pride, I love you, as I loved you from the day you entered my father's house. With some women, Luke, love is a gentle emotion—all meekness and submission. Such love is my sister Pear's. Other women love like evil spirits, and their love is deadly to themselves and all around them. I am one of those women, Luke. But do not mistake me. I have nourished no vain hope since that dreadful night. There is no longer any hope left me in this world."

"Poor girl!" said Talbot, gently. "If this be true, God knows I forgive you. My own heart is sore enough to urge all charity for you. I, too, have nothing worth living for."

"Yes," cried Parthenope, "you have a long life of happiness before you, blessed with Pearl's love. Weak as she is, she has never been untrue to you. I have poisoned her against you until she could not but believe in your guilt. It shall be a part of my penance to restore her to you."

"Then all will be forgiven and forgotten," answered Talbot. "Rise my poor sister, and be comforted."

"Comforted," she said, raising her tear stained eyes to his, "where shall I find comfort."

He stooped to raise her up and would have kissed her, but she drew back, with a bright spot in her haggard cheek.

"Not now," she whispered; "not till all wrong is righted, Luke."

With bowed head and tottering step she left the cell. Three days later Talbot was taken into Court and formally acquitted.

"Young man," said the Judge, with emotion, "your life has been saved at the expense of a noble woman's. Go to her and thank her for the sacrifice as best you may, for your gratitude and the world's applause are as nothing to her."

Fearing he knew not what, Talbot hastened to the Ulmer mansion. A surgeon's gig was standing before the door, and a weeping servant admitted him. He was led into a room where he saw Parthenope lying upon a sofa and beside her, holding one of her hands, knelt Pearl, her frail form shaking with sobs. One glance at the white face and hollow eyes of the elder sister told the sorrowful story.

"What has happened?" he exclaimed. "There is blood on her dress."

"She has received a wound in the breast," said the surgeon, who stood gravely by. "She is beyond human aid."

"I have earned my pardon, Luke," murmured Parthenope with a faint smile. "Even you will forgive me now, as Pearl has, for I have told her all. There was good in my heart, even if it took an assassin's knife to find it. I knew you were innocent that night, for I saw that the house had been entered by thieves and my father murdered by them. But I hoped by casting the blame on you to bargain for your love when I could offer your life for it. It was a mad hope. I might have learned how futile it must be from my own heart. After you were taken away I searched the grounds beneath the window and found a coat which one of the villains had flung off in his flight. I recognized it as that which I had seen on one of two vagrants who had been lurking about the place during the day. I secreted it until my time should come. But in my ignorance of the law I had made a terrible mistake. As your trial progressed I saw that my plan must fail, and unless I made the whole shameful truth known you must die. I resolved to do it, and save you, as promised you in the prison cell. But I was spared that. Secure in your arrest and probable conviction, the murderer's instinct led the tramps to return to the scene of their crime. I saw them both in the garden again. Fearing that they would escape before help arrived, I seized one of them. He struggled, but I was strong, and it was only by dealing me my death that he tore himself away. They were quickly captured, and the lesser villain, to save himself from the consequences of a double crime, confessed the whole. This is the story, Luke," she added, faintly. "Now, if you have forgiven the poor girl who has atoned for her love and her guilt with her life, kiss her that she may die in peace."

With tears in his eyes, Talbot bent and kissed her. Even with the act, with a look of supreme love she breathed out her soul upon his lips. Arising, he looked sadly down at her and said, in a low voice:

"Love is mighty, for good or evil. God's peace be with her, for her love was great."

And Pearl, hiding her tear-stained face upon his breast, whispered:

"As mine shall be."

Something New in Etomology.

Last Sunday as Mr. Jones was returning from church with his family he discovered a new and singular-looking bug on his front door-steps. As he was something of a scientist he was pleased with the new specimen, and forming his pocket-handkerchief into a sort of a cage, he pounced down on it and succeeded in capturing it.

"Bring the microscope, children," he cried, "and tell your ma to hurry; I want her to look at it; I'm sure it belongs to the Hemiptera class and is a new specimen. Here, Charlie, put your eye to the ocular side and tell me what you see."

"Oh, pa, ain't it splendid? It's got four wings, eight eyes, and, oh, my! ain't it a sparkler, though? Red, and green, and yellow, and—oh, it's getting away, ain't it, pa?"

"Then it isn't dead!" cried Mr. Jones, in ecstacy. "I wasn't quite sure whether it moved or not. Let me look! Yes, it's a terrestial, I think, after all; it belongs to the genus Pentoma—the antennæ have that peculiar flexible look; and yet, now that I look again, the eyes seem to indicate that it is a phytocoris, in which case it will be very destructive to your ma's plants, and we must kill it at once. I'll ask Prof. Sill. It will be, in any case, a valuable addition to science. Maria, where's the chloroform?"

"Up on the clock shelf; what are you going to do with it?" asked Mrs. Jones, who had been giving her undivided attention to the baby.

"Kill this bug as soon as you have examined it," answered Mr. Jones, in a lofty voice. "I shall present it to the Detroit scientific association—"

"Well, I guess not, Mr. Jones," broke in his wife, who was looking with much interest at the new specimen. "I paid $2 for that bug last week to wear on my new bonnet, and I must have dropped it off when I came in. It belongs to the genus millinera, and couldn't be any deader if it had been baked for a century. Science will have to get along without it, Jones; it's already classified."

Poor Jones!

The Nearest Star.

In an interesting article on Southern stars reprinted in *Science*, Mr. Pope, of New Zealand, describes Alpha Centauri, the known nearest fixed star to the earth. This magnificent double star, he says, is the finest object of the kind in the heavens. Besides being a binary star of very short period, everyone knows that Alpha Centauri is our next neighbor among the stars, and that it was the first to give up the secret of its parallax under direct Transit Circle observations. The color of this star is straw yellow, or sometimes golden-yellow, according to the state of the atmosphere. When there is haze, of course the smaller star is somewhat more affected by it than the larger. This tends to give it a slight brownish tint when the sky is not clear. Alpha Centauri is a star of the second class. It spectrum is very like of the sun. Even the principal dark lines are fine, and they apparently occupy the same relative positions as do the well-known lettered lines in the solar spectrum.

There can be little doubt, in fact, that the physical constitution of this great star is, in most respects, the same as that of the sun. It is probable, however, that Alpha Centauri is less developed than the sun; for, as Mr. Proctor has pointed out, its light is brighter than its mass would lead us to expect it to be, judging from the light of our sun, as compared with his mass. While the mass of the star is to the mass of the sun as 2 : 1, the light of the star is to the light of the sun as 3 : 1. Now, if it is true, as physicists have good grounds for believing, that the sun is, and has been, very slowly but surely losing his heat, just as our earth has most certainly lost an enormous amount of hers, there must have been a time when the sun and his system were less developed, but far hotter and brighter than they are now—when they formed, probably, a white star—that is to say, there was, quite possibly, a time when the light from our sun bore the same relation to his mass as the light from Alpha Centauri bears now to its mass. We may also believe that matters are less advanced in the planets (if there are any) of this neighboring system than they are with us.

Planets as Non-Disturbers.

At a recent meeting of the astronomical section of the Minnesota Historical Society, Mr. S. S. Corrigan read a sensible paper showing that the near approach of several of the great planets to the sun and earth cannot produce any unusual disturbance. The only rational method, he says, of learning whether the forces radiating from the planets can appreciably affect the earth, is to subject them to analysis according to the fundamental laws that govern all forces. The principal law is that all radiant forces diminish in intensity as the square of the distance through which they are exerted increases, and vice versa. When Jupiter is in perihelion, once in twelve years, and in conjunction with the earth, he is 23,000,000 of miles nearer to the sun and to us than when he is at his average distance. Saturn, once in nearly thirty years is, under similar circumstances, 50,000,000 of miles nearer than his average distance.

These approaches may seem great enough to produce considerable effects, but they are in both cases only one-twentieth part of the average distances of these planets. The intensity of Jupiter's disturbing action when he is 23,000,000 of miles nearer to us will be found by the above law to be only one-tenth greater than the average force which he exerts, and it is only this increase that can produce disturbance; the average force cannot, as it is constant. Whether an increase of only 10 per cent. will affect the earth depends upon the intensity of Jupiter's force. But it can be shown that his whole force is inappreciable. Once in each year the earth approaches to and recedes from Jupiter by about 185,000,000 miles, or about eight times the distance by which Jupiter approaches us, at perhelion, once in twelve years. Therefore, according to the law above given, we should have disturbances due to Jupiter, every year, sixty-four times as great as those which seem to occur every twelve years, and are attributed to that planet. But during the great change of distance between us and Jupiter, once a year, no appreciable increase of electric or magnetic force, one of the most subtle of all forces, and probably the cause of terrestrial distances, can be detected by refined measurements.

Extraordinary Yield of Petroleum.

It is now twenty-one years since the first artificial well for petroleum was sunk. The following year mineral oils were first reported, and in 1864 exports of them began to be reported complete. Comparing 1870 (fiscal years), the increase in quantities of illuminating petroleum is enormous—367,325,000 gallons for 1880, against 96 902,000 in 1860. It rose to 132,608,000 in 1871, declined 10,000,000 in 1872, rose to 158,000,000 and 217,000,000 in 1873 and 1874, declined to 191,550,000 in 1875, and has since been largely and uninterruptedly increasing, having in 1880 increased 36,000,000 Between 1870 and 1880 the increase in quantity exported is 275 per cent.; but the increase in value is trivial, being less than $2,000,000 (64 per cent. only)—$31,783,000 against 29,864,000. The quantity exported in 1877, about 105,000,000 less than in 1880, brought more than $23,000,000 more. In quantity numerically speaking, and not by bulk, petroleum is an export of vast importance, its 367,000,000 gallons being outranked only by cotton, lard, and bacon and hams; in value it ranks fourth. Its discovery, subsequent commercial importance and extraordinary cheapness form a striking illustration not only of the bountiful dealings out of natural resources to this country, but of the great moral and economic lesson that when a new source of supply is enough needed it is found. A quarter-century ago there might have been doleful inquiries what the world would do for light ere long, for the whales were becoming alarmed at their own census returns, and if people did not worry about it the reason must have been the lack of the peculiarly demonstrative class of statisticians who now hurl at us such information as the number of trains, each made up of a certain number of freight cars, drawn up a certain grade by an engine of such a power, and having an engineer weighing so many pounds, which could haul at such a speed enough standard dollars (if they could only be coined) to pay the National debt (if anybody would take them). Posterity has done nothing for us, and we can lay on the table the problem of what will be done when all the coal is all gone—by that time the world may find out how to tow icebergs down and utilize their latent heat. Before the petroleum is exhausted we shall make the day twenty-four hours long by electricity. Petroleum then being out of demand for burning—even for starting the morning fire at which the servant girl makes herself a martyr to stupidity—we shall get beyond the use we now have for it (under new commercial names) in mollifying stiff joints, and shall probably discover that its nature has been mistaken, and that it is really the cure-all mineral water of the age.—*Chicago Journal of Commerce.*

A WRITER in the Atlanta *Constitution* tells this pathetic little story: "A friend of mine said to me yesterday: 'All the money you ever handled couldn't buy that little piece of paper.' With that he handed a manifold soiled scrap on which I first could see nothing. At length I deciphered in rude, disjointed letters the two words, "DEAR PAPA." He had discovered it in the play house of his little daughter, who died only a few days ago. Some time when, in the midst of play, her little heart had turned toward him she had scrawled these two words—and then, having borne testimony of her love, threw the paper away." There are many fathers who, on the blank leaves of old school books, have found similar proofs of the love of darling ones who "have crossed to the other side," and who will preserve them as precious momentoes, whose value no figures can express, as long as life shall last.

STUFFED SHOULDER OF VEAL.—Remove the bone from a shoulder of veal and fill with a stuffing of bread-crumb, seasone1 with summer savory, salt and pepper. Wet with as little water as possible, and add an egg and a lump of butter the size of an egg. Rub the shoulder well with butter and roast slowly till thoroughly done. Mince up any remnants of the meat and stuffing that are left after the meal, add a little more summer savory and some sage, mix with the yolk of an egg, and make into small balls and fry as veal croquettes for breakfast.

AWAITING.

With waiting and wishing our courses we pave;
We wait for the port as we battle the wave;
'Tis waiting forever from cradle to grave.

Waiting for morn, so serene in its light;
Waiting for noon-day, so brilliantly bright;
Waiting at eve for repose in the night.

Waiting for zephyrs in spring-time that blow;
Waiting for summer and flowers that grow;
Waiting for winter and swift-falling snow.

Waiting is ever the bosom's refrain,
In moments of pleasure and moments of pain;
Waiting, though stricken again and again.

Waiting in childhood for youth's joyous time;
"I'm waiting," says Youth, "but I'll certainly climb
The top of the ladder on reaching my prime."

In manhood awaiting the time when he may
Find rest on a calmer, a happier day,
When age shall relieve from the worrying fray,

Waiting when Fortune sheds brightly her smile;
When choice are the pleasures the pathway beguile,
There always is something to wait for the while.

Waiting in poverty, anguish and grief;
Waiting for heaven to send us relief,
Telling the heart that the trial is brief.

Aye, waiting for joys that will never appear;
Waiting for voices we never shall hear;
Waiting for moments that never are near.

Waiting when stunning and worn in the strife,
With penitent throbbings the bosom is rife,
Waiting the dawn of a holier life.

Waiting at last for the spirit's release;
Waiting a rest in the Dwelling of Peace,
Where waiting and longing forever will cease.

—AMON.

(For the REPORTER.)

LETTER FROM GERMANY.

12 FRANKFURTER STRASSE,
WIESBADEN, MAY 16, 1881.

* * * * * * * * * * *

We are just back from a little trip to Italy—not that the trip however was so little as the time we spent in making it. I believe we were hardly ten days in Rome and but two or three in Florence, but it was the richest fortnight I ever spent.

People here wondered at our starting off on so long a journey, intending to remain only so short a time away but Ma felt that because she could not have the *whole* loaf she wouldn't despise a slice or two. I am glad she did not, for in spite of its briefness, it was a most delightful and instructive visit. We knew we might spend a lifetime in Rome without exhausting the interests of the truly Eternal City—but why should we not have a peep at a few of its beauties, and its buildings of renown—a general survey at least of the city, and a more satisfactory geographical idea of its situation and surroundings? We never go about on the tourist principle of "doing" places "thoroughly," and meanwhile sacrificing comfort, convenience and later clearness of mind regarding what we have seen. We therefore greatly enjoyed Rome and Florence and ran no risk of the fever or any other unpleasant result of over fatigue. Sight-seeing is perhaps the most brain and body wearying of occupations, no matter how easily one takes it—yet induces disease as well as ridicule when overdone. And of all the cities on earth in which to hear a traveler declare he has come to "see everything," ROME with its art collections, its almost hallowed treasures, is the last. There is something almost too pitiable in the declaration, even to elicit a smile. Yet I believe there *are* guide books arranged with the delusive aim of enabling the hurried tourist to get a glimpse of all the city contains, even in seven or eight days! Truly a royal road to Rome.

They cannot however guarantee to provide against his afterward, speaking of things as they may recur to his bewildered intellect, as for instance the *Toothcombs* of the Appian way, or the Jews' *Get-Out*—*Donizetti's* St. Jerome—or the *Sixteenth* Chapel, etc.*

Truly beautiful indeed is that Communion of St. Jerome! It is in the Vatican, in the same room with Raffaello's Transfiguration—and it pleased me far better. Somehow that *dreadful boy* in Raphael's great painting, possessed with a devil, and quite cross-eyed and disjointed, is a frightfully conspicuous and uncomfortable fore ground. All the heads in Domenichino's Jerome are so beautiful, so grand, I could have sat hours before it in admiration.

The Vatican is so comfortable a place to visit—not too much there but all of such beauty and interest.

Then it is so odd to step out into Belvidere and find yourself surrounded by statues, familiar through photographs and engravings of every size and style, among them the world-famed Apollo, the Laocoon, the Wrestlers, and celebrated works of Canova, all in one small court-yard.

In statuary, I think I fell most in love with the Venus of the Capitol; "David," and Canova's "Reclining Venus," (alias Pauline Bonaparte,) out in the Villa Borghese.

And what a magnificent old place is that! The splendid trees—the shaded sketches of green turf, almost as broad as meadows—the grand avenues, the picturesque bits of ruin here and there, a fountain once enclosed under elaborate architecture, now surrounded by broken and crumbling columns from which green vines sway in the soft wind, or clambering from one capitol to another, frame in a bit of gleaming sapphire sky.

Ah, most things in Rome were quite all, and oftentimes more than my fancy had painted them! I think what I was most disappointed in, were the paintings of Beatrice Conci, and La Fornarina—and the principal street of Rome, the Corso.

The colors Guido Roni used for his "Beatrice" have not held well, and I dare say the flesh tints that lacking, somewhat affect the general expression and impression of the face—of course it is "the proper thing" to put one's head on one side and utter superlative ejaculations over the beauty of Raphael's Fornarina—but she looks so much better as the *Madonna*, in his great painting at Dresden, that I found her *rather* uninteresting in every day clothes!

It was so difficult to imagine, as we have heard, of numbers of wild horses tearing down the "Corso" in the Carnival races of olden times—when, every time we drove slowly down through it with our "one horse shay," I expected we would annihilate all the people in the street. It was a marvel to me how the people dared traverse what they call the *narrow* streets on foot. I have seen them flatten themselves against the walls and yet our carriage wheels have nearly scraped their toes and they showed no special concern—a fierce look at the driver perhaps, or a muttered "Corpo di Baccho!"—if he *could* perchance have left them an inch or two more room, was all. I suppose they know it is inevitable, and think little of it—but I felt that I should become a lunatic in a week's time, if much of my nervous force had to be expended in a steady anticipation of being run down and demolished by some unpremeditating steed, accustomed to the long practiced gymnastics of the Roman people.

Up on the Pincian Hill and out in the Borghese grounds, we saw magnificent equipages and horses—we were fortunate enough also to see the king and Queen a couple of times.

Victor Emanuel said there was but one uglier looking man than himself in Italy—and that was his son; so we may conclude that Italy has not improved in monarchs, so far as looks are concerned. King Humbert has however a great deal of what we call *style*—and is always exceedingly well dressed, which is more than can always be said of distinguished personages. The Queen is pretty but extremely delicate looking. We also saw some half dozen Cardinals driving in their sombre-colored brougham—but that was no rarity, as there are eighty-two living at the Vatican, I believe, governing their "Church Universal," from that most luxurious post.

In Florence we found ourselves again "surrounded by the familiar" in the Palaces Pitti and Uffizi, and the Lodge of the Lancers in the magnificent Piazza della Signoria.

How could we but admire the Dome which Michael Angelo said he might exceed in size, but never surpass in beauty, when designing St. Peter's!

We saw Michael Angelo's house and the ancient dwelling of Dante; a bridge we crossed, over the Arno, was so lined with quaint old shops that it seemed quite like a street and reminded us of the Rialto.

For its lf and its present appearance we liked Florence far better that Rome—it has I think, a lighter air finesse as well as location and we regretted not being able to add *at least* a dozen hours or so to each day we spent there. Just now, it is of course impossible to think of the museums and galleries of Rome and Florence as more than great illustrated story books where one saw and enjoyed all the *pictures* without reading the *story!* Next time, I want to read the story too—but I dare say I shall be a long time waiting for that opportunity.

When we returned here, we found Wiesbaden in a ferment of jubilation over the German Emperor who had just arrived, and whom we occasionally met, driving about, sometimes with his daughter, the Duchess of Baden, or his grand daughter, who has recently been betrothed to the Crown Prince of Sweden.

Poor old Kaiser! he always had a look of nervous apprehension on his face in spite of his fine bearing and brave facing of multitudes. They say he has changed in appearance since the murder of his nephew the Czar. But Kaiser Wilhelm is so old (eighty-four) and so endeared to the masses here, that I think they will succeed in guarding him safely down to his grave.

But I have chatted so long—or so voluminously at least, that I shall have to be stopping while I can yet make one envelope hold the result. * * * * * * * *

A. M. E. N.

* We may well suppose our fair correspondent to have been listening to the valuable experiences of some Roman explorer who has got things *slightly mixed*—call, the famous Catacombs the *Toothcombs*, and the Ghetto, (or Jewish quarter of the city) the *Get out*; substitutes *Donizetti's* writer of operas, for *Domenichino*, the famous painter, and the *Sixteenth*, for the