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.

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

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

Business Cards.

DAVIES, & HALL,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

SOUTH SIDE OF WARD HOUSE.

Dec 23-75. TOWANDA, PA.

SAM W. BUCK,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Nov.1379. *TOWANDA, PENN'A.*

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

W. H. & E. A. THOMPSON,

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

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

A. BEVERLY SMITH & CO.,

BOOKBINDERS,

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

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

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

DENTIST.

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

Towanda, Pa., January 6, 1881.

MADILL & KINNEY,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

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

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

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

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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.

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. 31-72.

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

MRS. E. J. PERRIGO,

TEACHER OF PIANO AND ORGAN.

Lessons given in Thorough Bass and Harmony Cultivation of the voice a specialty. Located at J. P. VanFleet's, State Street. Reference: Holmes & Passage. Towanda, Pa., March 4, 1880.

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.

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, 187.9

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.

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, JULY 7, 1881.

NUMBER 6

THE COMET.

The Comet! He is on his way,
And singing as he flies;
The whizzing planets shrink before
The spectre of the skies:
Ah! well may regal orbs burn blue,
And satellites turn pale—
Ten million cubic miles of head,
Ten billion leagues of tail!

On, on by whistling spheres of light
He flashes and he flames;
He turns not to the left nor right,
He asks them not their names;
One spurn from his demoniac heel,—
Away, away they fly,
Where darkness may be bottled up
And sold for "Tyrian dye."

And what would happen to the land,
And how would look the sea,
If in the bearded devil's path
Our earth should chance to be?
Full hot and high the sea would boil,
Full read the forests gleam:
Methought I saw and heard it all
In a dyspeptic dream.

I saw a tutor take his tube
The Comet's course to spy;
I heard a scream—the gathered rays
Had stewed the tutor's eye;
I saw a fort,—the soldiers all
Were armed with goggles green;
Pop cracked the guns! whizz flew the balls!
Bang went the magazine!

I saw a poet dip a scroll
Each moment in a tub
I read upon the warping back,
"The Dream of Beelzebub;"
He could not see his verses burn,
Although his brain was fried,
And ever and anon he bent
To wet them as they dried.

I saw the scalding pitch roll down
The cracking, sweating pines,
And streams of smoke, like water spouts,
Burst through the rumbling mines;
I asked the firemen why they made
Such noise about the town;
They answered not—but all the while
The breaks went up and down.

I saw a roasting pullet sit
Upon a baking egg;
I saw a cripple scorch his hand
Extinguishing his leg;
I saw nine geese upon the wing
Towards the frozen pole,
And every mother's gosling fell
Crisped to a crackling coal.

I saw the ox that browsed the grass
Writhe in the blistering rays,
The herbage in his shrinking jaws
Was all a fiery blaze;
I saw huge fishes, boiled to rags,
Bob through the bubbling brine;
And thoughts of supper crossed my soul;
I had been rash at mine.

Strange sights! strange sounds! O fearful dream
Its memory haunts me still;
The steaming sea, the crimson glare,
That wreathed each wooded hill;
Stranger! if through thy reeling brain
Such midnight visions sweep,
Spare! spare, O, spare thine evening meal,
And sweet shall be thy sleep!

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

OUR COLONEL'S STORY;

Or, A Slip 'Twixt the Cup and the Lip.

'You all knew Sandy McPherson?' said our Colonel.

'Intimately!' 'Perfectly!' 'As well as my own brother, sir!' most of us replied, though, if the truth be told, there was not a man at that mess-table who had ever heard of Mr. McPherson before. You see, it was the commanding officer who spoke, and it was always risky saying him nay when he expected yea.

'They used to call him, you recollect, "the Great Unwashed"; a vulgar but appropriate *sobriquet* nevertheless,' continued the chief. 'Great, on account of his burly and preciously ugly person; unwashed, by reason of his accredited scant acquaintance with brown windsor, spring-water and the functions of the *dhirzees* and *dhobies*, i. e. tailors and washermen of the land.

'On his coffee estate in the mountains, and among his undraped and unscrubbed coolies, this disregard for the comforts and conveniences of life went for nothing, perhaps it was even in keeping with the surroundings; but when he came down to this city, walked in its public gardens and esplanade, or showed with its swells at the band, his appearance was something too outrageous, and his brother K. C. B.s, meaning Knights of the Coffee Berry, and not, as you might suppose, of the Order of the Bath, dressy men hereabouts, whatever else they are on their plantations, cast him completely into the shade by their get-up and gorgeousness.

'As for the spinsters and young widows of the station, by "Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, virorum," as Colonel Damas in the play puts it, there was scarce one but who fought shy of admitting him into her presence as a morning visitor, much less as a suitor, though many of these blooming ladies were on the sharp look-out for the silken chains of matrimony, and Barkis—that is to say, McPherson—was, as they knew, willing.

'But, disadvantages of person and attire notwithstanding, he was a right good fellow, this same gentleman. He was honest, hard-working, thrifty, simple-minded; and from being a mere adventurer without interest, friends or money, he had, self-helped only, saved up the bawbees little by little; had bought patch after patch, acre after acre, of virgin land; cut down its timber, cleared it, planted it; and now he had squatted down free from encumbrances on Ailsa Craig as he called his property, as pretty and as fruitful a small coffee estate as could be found in one of the most picturesque districts of this lovely island.

I wish that I could give you even a faint idea of the exquisite beauty of its scenery, as it stood on a range of lofty hills looking out on still higher mountains, clothed to their very summits with hoary forest trees. I wish I could paint that mighty waterfall, almost beside the house, as it came rushing and tearing over beds and boulders of rock, tumbling with an incessant roar into a foaming river below. I would I were able to picture the slopes green with scented grass, the fields white at one season with the snowy blossoms, and at another red with the ripening fruit of the coffee-bushes, the towering crags glowing with bright tropical flowers, and the steep declivities verdant to their very bases with ferns and lichens. I can't do it, boys, and I won't try. All that I want to let you know is that it was a deuced nice sort of a place this habitat of the McPherson; and that to be settled there with one's household gods and coffee selling at seventy or eighty shillings per hundred-weight in the market would pay a precious deal better than does her most gracious Majesty—God bless her!—and the command of this dear old corps with its unruly subs.

'So, no doubt, too, thought its owner as he lolled and smoked at his cottage-front and gazed at the silver bloom or the ruddy cherries of his trees growing almost up to the very door. But it was a poor ungarnished comfortless higgledly-piggledly sort of a homestead that same dwelling-house; for whatever else friend Sandy had done toward the beautifying and fertilizing of this land his roof-tree, like his wardrobe, had been utterly neglected. Both wanted just exactly what he thought they did—the wife element to set them ship-shape and presentable; and as you have heard before for that desideratum he was on the *qui vive.*

'Now, you young gentlemen who are in the habit of lawn-tennising, afternoon teaing, talking, spooning, walking, driving, with all the feminies, plain and colored, of this place, and who think that you have only to ask and be received—which I beg and entreat you will not put to the test, cutting up the mess and so on—can't perhaps realize to yourselves the difficulties the worthy I am speaking of had met with in even this overstocked matrimonial emporium. The Anglefralls, the Hunters, the Hookers, lots of girls whom I will not name, had snubbed or turned up their pretty noses at him when he came a-wooing; and so, *nolens volens*, he remained a bachelor, anathematizing his ill-luck, and venting his disappointments upon the backs of shirking and recusant Tamil coolies, the recognized natural enemies of coffee and the scapegoat of its cultivators.

'Then as a last resource he sought, among his brethren of the berry around, counsel as to the most advisable method of getting the so-needed helpmate; and the first man he consulted was Herr Thaler, a successful and rich German, whose estate bordered on Ailsa Craig.

'"So, so!" said that personage. "Zere is noting more easy. Zave off zat ragged beard, burn in ze fire zose old clodes not fit for 'Oundsditch or any Juden Strasse, buy von big tob, mein frend, get some Europe-muster coats, and zen return to ze frauleins and vidder-fraus vid ze monish-bags in ze 'ands. If zey will not 'ave zou, zey vill take ze rupee; trost 'em for zat, my zon."

'But the recommendation was unpalatable, and to a great extent impracticable, so another *fidus Achates* was appealed to, one Jack le Geste, a man much addicted to chaff and practical joking.

'"In this land of pearls and precious stones, no go, dear boys," said Mr. le G. "From Dondra Head to Point Calamere—north, south, east, west—the women won't look at you; that you have found out long ago. Give up hunting, then, in these oft-trod colonial fields, and draw the home covers. Don't you happen to know any bonny lassie in your own 'Caledonia stern and wild,' or a pretty colleen in the oisle of shillelahs and shamrocks, who would be glad to share curry and rice with you? Go and try those parts; if not, have a haphazard shy at where I hail from, the Channel Islands. Spins—ay, and precious good-looking ones too—are as plentiful there as cocoanuts are here, and maybe one of them might be induced to clear out in your favor. Failing those islets, I know of no other dodge than indenting upon one of those co-operative associations which furnish everything, even to a better-half. But mind, old man, they keep a roster for foreign service in their offices; first lady on the list, plain or pretty, first for duty; you pays your money, but you don't take your choice."

'But these suggestions also were considered infeasible, and put aside. Presently, however, a thought struck McPherson.

'"Le Geste," said he, "when I was a boy there lived in the neighborhood of my father's manse a widowed lady with two or three then wee, very wee, daughters. From what I can recollect of them their means were cramped, not to say scanty, but they were of good blood and form. One of the children, the eldest, if my memory serves me, was Effie—Effie Needum, and they promised to be bonny, for I can faintly recall her blue eyes, flaxen hair, rosy complexion and jimp little figure. If she be alive she must be close on thirty; for it is many years since I came out here a stripling, and was Chinna Doray [*Anglice*, little master] on the Paycock estate, as my kind employer styled that property. Mrs. Needum knew me well—better, indeed, than I knew her. I wonder if she and the bairns be in the land of the leal or the living."

'"Write indirectly and inquire."

'And Sandy did so, and ascertained that his acquaintances, Miss Effie included, were still alive, and proudly bearing up against the *res augusta domi.* Armed with which intelligence he once again returned to le Geste.

'"It is all right now, Mac," said he; "your course is as clear as day. Send a 'chit' to mater-familias N.; tell her that you are well-to-do in the world, own lands and cattle, men-servants and maid-servants; that you want to settle; that as a whipper-snapper you liked—no, better say loved—Miss Effie, and ask her in plain English to come out and marry you. Above all things, though, be sure and send your photograph; you are not such a very, very bad-looking chap, Sandy, if you would only dress like a Christian and not like a coolie."

'So the letter was written, submitted to le Geste's inspection, sealing, posting, and in due course was received by the Needums, in whose little household it created no small amount of astonishment and was much spelt and pondered over, especially by the damsel most concerned—still a comely if even a somewhat *passe* body—and who, after a while, consented to go out and wed her suitor.

'"After all, mother dear," she said, "he has house and home for me; maybe, by and by, for you too, Jennie; and I'll do what I can to help you. It's the best thing for me. And really, Mr. McPherson—or I suppose I ought to call him Alexander—is yet young and not bad-looking. Quite the contrary—very, very nice-looking; see the photo he has sent us."

'And Miss Jennie quite agreed with her elder sister that Mr. McPherson was a beauty.

'"Well, my bairns," said the old lady, "I can't gainsay you but that the portrait is winsome and douce enough; but as I call to mind the boy Sandy, the son of the minister, he was not nearly so seemly and well favored. But it is, indeed, lang syne since I set eyes on him, and likely he has got handsomer as he got older; some men do."

'Then everything being settled, Miss Needum accepted her kismet, agreed to go out, and her lover—open-handed, honorable, true, as I have already told you he was—sent the wherewithall for passage and outfit.

'And pending the many, many weeks that elapsed, and while the good ship Queen of Serendib was sailing round the Cape for her destination, a change, a radical change, came over the life and habits of our bride expecting friend. He cast into the limbo of things done with his coarse "cumlies," rough "dungarees," and other country clothing, and burst out into "Europe-muster" linen, tweeds and nicknacks; he bought a lady's horse and a Peat's side-saddle; he whose equine proclivities had never extended beyond a shaggy mountain pony, and a tattered and torn pigskin. He told his old flames and chums that he was going in for the Benedict, and bashfully listened to the "riles" and jeers of the one, and the chaff and laugh of the other.

'But, barring "The Great Unwashed" himself, no one was more taken aback at the course of events than Tamby, his long-serving "appoo" or butler. That functionary saw coolie after coolie arrive at Ailsa Craig with load upon load of unknown and unusual goods; and altho' in the "Lines," and other native resorts, he might have expressed his bewilderment, yet in his master's presence he reserved a stolid silence. But when one day a string of "bandies" (carts) drew up, and from beneath their leaf-colored tilts there were dragged out mats and carpets, sofas, chairs, tables, what not, then his apparent indifference and his "nigger" tongue could hold out no longer.

'"Why master kick up all dis bobberee? What for he want all dese tings on wattie" (estate)? he inquired.

'"A young lady is on her way from Scotland to marry me, Tamby".

'"Marry! Doray (master) going take wife after all dis plenty long time do too well without?"

'"Yes!"

'"Den, master, please, I discharge you, sar. No my custom stop wid lady in bungalow. Master's missis come, master's appoo go. Master take choice."

'As the time for the arrival of the Queen of Serendib drew nigh, awful were the fidgets of our hero, and many days before it was possible for that slow and sure craft to reach her port, he was there walking about with a big binoculuar in his hands, looking out seaward, and entreating all sorts and conditions of men for the very earliest news of her being sighted. The fact was that the rough seasoned old fellow was on the very tenterhooks of anxiety and expectation, as nervous as a schoolgirl, and behaving himself as such.

'Then at long last it was told him that the vessel was in the offing, was rounding the point, was at anchor in the harbor; and in the Master Attendant's boat, cushioned, flagged and bedecked for the auspicious occasion, Sandy McPherson, Esquire, of Ailsa Craig, planter, rowed alongside "same like he Governor," the native spectators observed.

'Scrambling up the side, he took a hasty glance at the many passengers assembled on the poop; and, instinctively guessing that Miss Effie was not among them, he dived below and confronted the stewardess.

'"Miss Needum on board and well?" asked he.

"Yes, sir," replied the matron; "and a very nice, good, kind, pleasant young lady she is, and I've taken the greatest care of her." She felt sure that the gent was Miss N.'s husband to be, and that there was money in his purse for a gratuity, notwithstanding that, according to the terms of the passage-money, steward's and stewardess's fees were included; a fiction, gentlemen, a pleasant fiction, which you will find out when you go down to the sea in ships.

'"Take this card to her," said the pale and trembling gentleman. "I'll wait her coming up in that far corner of this saloon."

'Glancing at the pasteboard the woman disappeared; and presently there ascended, step by step, from the regions below, first a neat straw hat, trimmed with bright ribbons, beneath that hat a face somewhat worn with years and cares; then a slight compact figure, draped in plain well-fitting garments, shawled, and ready for the shore. Miss Effie, *in propria persona*, stood before her hand-seeker, blushing "celestial rosy red."

'He advanced from his coign of vantage to greet her; but as he drew nigher, instead of the warm affectionate welcome he looked for there was a fixed stare, a shudder, a hasty retreat, and a loud scream which resounded from stem to stern of the big ship, and brought everyone from decks and cabins into the saloon.

'"Miss Needum—Effie, my dear girl, what on earth is the matter?" hurriedly stammered out the astounded Sandy.

'"Shiver my timbers, what ails the lassie?" put in the captain. "Look out for squalls, if you've annoyed her!" And all the by-standers echoed the words in more or less threatening terms. She was evidently a favorite on board.

'"Oh, take him away," cried the lady piteously—"take him away from me someone! I don't know him! I've been misled, deceived! I can't marry him—indeed, indeed I can't. He is not Mr. McPherson who wrote to me, to whom I came out to be mar— He is so ugly! Oh, such a dreadful fright! I'll return him his money! I'll work my way back to my poor mother! I'll do anything, but I can't be his wife! I'd rather die first!"

'"Miss Needum, I don't indeed understand this," said the taken-aback and completely flabbergasted one. "What does it all mean? Are we not engaged? Have you not come out of your own free will to accept the home and the love I offer you? Did I not send you my likeness?"

'"No, no!"

'"Surely I did. It was taken by Collodion, our best photographer; and when he gave it to me he said, 'Mr. McPherson, sir, there is no flattery 'ere; your worst henemies would admit that.' Why, I myself put it inside the letter to your mother."

'"I repeat, no—decidedly and emphatically, no! Look at this," and drawing from her bosom a little locket, she opened it, and displayed the head and face of a younger, much handsomer, and in every outward respect a more lovable man than the scared one now before her. It was the counterfeit presentment of Mr. Jack le Geste, and I leave you to imagine what McPherson thought when he saw it there.

'How could it get into the pocket, you ask? Why, in the simplest way in the world. That good-for-nothing fellow leGeste, when Sandy's letter came into his possession, thought to "sell" him, and so had surreptitiously removed his *carte de visite*, substituting one of his own, and Effie had worn it ever since.

'The poor deil of a disappointed bridegroom pleaded hard, and tried every argument to induce the girl to let matters progress, but she was obstinate and determined.

'She would esteem and respect him always, but nothing more. To let the cat out of the bag, Effie had fallen most desperately in love with the picture of her supposed Alexander, and in vulgar language had spooned over it awfully during the tedious and long hours of a long voyage. Of course, she imagined that it was her intended husband she was approving, or she would not have done it—certainly not.

'So, quite chopfallen and in the maddest of rages, McPherson returned to his estate.

'Arrived there, he cut from one of his coffee bushes the thickest and knottiest of sticks, and proceeded with it in search of le Geste; but fortunately for the jester he had made tracks and was gone.

'Then he reverted to his old customs and habits, sold his not now necessary goods and chattels, and thought as little as he could of the false Effie.

'A fickle and capricious creature, woman. Listen, gentlemen, to another exemplification of old Virgil's dictum.

'In the same ship in which, shortly after the breaking off of her intended espousal, Miss Needum sailed for England, there came on board almost at the last minute, a slim, dark-haired, good-looking man, going home, some said, for health; others, in fear and trembling of an irate Gael with a huge stick in his hands. Be this as it may, the health-seeker or the fugitive—take whick you place, was no other than le Geste; and to close my story, when the vessel touched at St. Helena for water and provisions, he and Effie went on shore and returned man and wife.—*London Society.*

An Act

TO PROVIDE FOR THE REGISTRATION OF ALL PRACTITIONERS OF MEDICINE AND SURGERY.

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted, &c*; That the prothonotary of each county shall purchase a book of suitable size, to be known as the medical register of the county, (if such book has not been purchased already), and shall set apart one full page for the registration of each practitioner, and when any practitioner shall depart this life, or remove from the county, he shall make a note of the same at the bottom of the page, and shall perform such other duties as are required by this act.

SEC. 2. Every person who shall practice medicine or surgery, or any of the branches of medicine or surgery, for gain, or shall receive or accept for his or her services, as a practitioner of medicine or surgery any fee or reward, directly or indirectly, shall be a graduate of a legally chartered medical college or university, having authority to confer the degree of doctor of medicine, (except as provided for in section five of this act), and such person shall present to the prothonotary of the county, in which he or she resides or sojourns, his or her medical diploma, as well as a true copy of the same, including any endorsements thereon, and shall make affidavit before him that the diploma and endorsements are genuine; thereupon the prothonotary shall enter the following in the register, to-wit: The name in full of the practitioner, his or her place of nativity, his or her place of residence, the name of the college or university that has conferred the degree of doctor of medicine, the year when such degree was conferred, and in like manner any other degree or degrees that the practitioner may desire to place on record, to all of which the practitioner shall likewise make affidavit before the prothonotary, and the prothonotary shall place the copy of such diploma, including the endorsements, on file in his office, for inspection by the public.

SEC. 3. Any person, whose medical diploma has been destroyed or lost, shall present to the prothonotary of the county, in which he or she resides or sojourns, a duly certified copy of his or her diploma, but if the same is not obtainable, a statement of this fact, together with the names of the professors whose lectures he or she attended and the branches of study upon which each professor lectured, to all of which the practitioner shall make affidavit before the prothonotary, after which the practitioner shall be allowed to register, in manner and form as indicated in section two of this act, and the prothonotary shall place such certified statement on file in his office, for inspection by the public.

SEC. 4. Any person, who may desire to commence the practice of medicine or surgery in this state after the passage of this act, having a medical diploma issued or purporting to have been issued by any college, university, society or association in another state or foreign country, shall lay the same before the faculty of one of the medical colleges or universities of this commonwealth for inspection, and the faculty, being satisfied as to the qualifications of the applicant and genuineness of the diploma, shall direct the dean of the faculty to endorse the same, after which such person shall be allowed to register, as required by section two of this act.

SEC. 5. Any person, who has been in the continuous practice of medicine or surgery in this commonwealth since one thousand eight hundred and seventy-one without the decree of doctor of medicine, shall be allowed to continue such practice, but such person shall nevertheless appear before the prothonotary of the county, in which he or she resides, and shall present to him a written statement of these facts, to which the practitioner shall make affidavit. Thereupon the prothonotary shall enter the following in the register, to-wit: the name in full of the practitioner, his or her place of nativity, his or her place of residence, the time of continuous practice in this commonwealth and the place or places where such practice was pursued, to all of which the practitioner shall likewise make affidavit, and the prothonotary shall place the certified statement on file in his office, for inspection by the public.

SEC. 6. Every practitioner, who shall be admitted to registration, shall pay to the prothonotary one dollar, which shall be compensation in full for registration, and the prothonotary shall give a receipt for the same.

SEC. 7. Any practitioner, who shall present to the faculty of an institution for endorsement or to a prothonotary a diploma which has been obtained fraudulently, or is in whole or in part a forgery, or shall make affidavit to any false statement to be filed or registered, or shall practice medicine or surgery without conforming to the requirements of this act, or shall otherwise violate or neglect to comply with any of the provisions of this act, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and on conviction shall be punished, for each and every offense, by a fine of one hundred dollars, one half to be paid to the prosecutor and the other half to be paid to the county, or be imprisoned in the county jail of the proper county for a term not exceeding one year, or both, or either, at the discretion of the court.

SEC. 8. Nothing in this act shall be so constructed as to prevent any physician or surgeon, legally qualified to practice medicine or surgery in the state in which he or she resides, from practicing in this commonwealth, but any person or persons opening an office or appointing any place where he or she may meet patients or receive calls, shall be deemed a sojourner, and shall conform to the requirements of this act.

SEC. 9. This act shall take effect on the first day of June, one thousand eight hundred and eighty-one.

SEC. 10. That all acts or parts of acts, heretofore passed and inconsistent with this act, be and the same are hereby repealed.

Approved the 8th day of June, A. D. 1881. HENRY M. HOYT.

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Fun, Fact and Facetiæ.

A LITTLE boy being told by his mother to take a powder she had prepared for him, "Powder, powder," said he, "mother, I ain't a gun."

WHEN civilization advances to that point when school children shall be as carefully housed and trained as race horses reform will have reached its millennial stage.

To Mr. H. Vennor, Canada: Dear Sir—If you have such a thing as a belated snowstorm lying around loose, please forward at once, C. O. D., and oblige yours, etc. P. S.—Put a small chunk of blizzard in it.

A Philadelphia man was fined twenty-seven dollars in that city for kissing a girl on the street. In this city he'd have to pay five hundred dollars. We believe in making 'em pay what a Wing is worth.—*Boston Post.*

THE man said he couldn't hire the applicant. Said the young man: "I can prove that I'm perfectly honest." "Yes, I know," said the other. "That's the trouble. You see I'm in the coal business."

"You can't both eat your cake and have it."—*Ancient Proverb.* "No; but you can take your drinks and have 'em—have 'em bad."—*Washington Critic.*

"THE other thing in which Mr. Atkinson speaks is a newly-discovered force called Ensilage, for restoring exhausted soils and developing productive power." Mr. Boggs, the financial editor, read this from the *United States Economist*, and laid the paper down in disgust. "Why, that man's a fool," said he; "anybody ought to know that Ensilage is a new heat-saving fuel, which produces the minimum of heat and the maximum of smoke." "Oh, you're off as bad as he is," said Mr. Spike, the art critic. "Ensilage is a new kind of religion, invented by Sarah Bernhardt." They disputed over it for some time, till finally the managing editor who is also the religious editor, interfered and crushed them both with the information that Ensilage is a new process discovered by Anthony Comstock for brewing lager beer from burdock leaves.

AN exchange speaks of "a theoretical realist," and asks: "What is he?" He is a man with only two cents who wants to buy a three-cent stamp. But a good, wholesome realistic theorist is, we suppose, the man who gets a friend to lend him the stamp.—*New York Herald.*

Spoopendyke on Women.

"Now, my dear," said Mr. Spoopendyke, as he drew writing materials toward him, "now I want your woman's wit. These fellows insist that I must respond to the toast 'Woman,' to-morrow night, and I must prepare a few remarks. If we both go at it, we'll get up something nice."

"What do you want!" argued Mrs. Spoopendyke, entering into the spirit of the undertaking, and tapping her teeth with her thimble. "What you want is woman in her various phases."

"What I want is a speech," retorted Mr. Spoopendyke. They haven't put me down for a panorama. I want a short address, full of good points and pleasing things about the ladies. Now I shall begin, 'Fellow citizens—'"

"But women ain't fellow citizens. I should say—"

"You'd say, 'fellow backhair,' that's what you'd say. I'm addressing the people, and they are men; don't you see? I've got to commence somehow, and then I go on. 'Now, fellow citizens, regarding women, our origin, our companions, our posterity, our mothers, our wives, and our daughters, what more can we say than that they gave us life, make it happy, and soothe its decline?' How's that?"

"Is that the same woman?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, bending over the table. "It don't strike me that she would care to have it put in that way. Why not say, 'Fellow citizens, we are assembled—'"

"What's the matter with you?" demanded Mr. Spoopendyke. "I've got to open with a sentiment, and you can't find anything more graceful than that. Then I will go on, 'She rises in the cradle, reaches her meridian at the altar, and goes down in a flood of dew at the grave.' Can you grasp that?"

"I don't like that as well as the other," remonstrated Mrs. Spoopendyke. "You make her a mother while she's a baby, and as for the grave part, you don't stop to think that she may be another meridian by getting married again. I would say something like this, 'Fellow citizens, we are assem—'"

"No, I won't either. Who's going to get married again? Can't you see that I'm only carrying out the first idea of origin, companionship, and posterity? Rising in the cradle means giving us birth. Now you hold up. Suppose I say next, 'We revere her as mother, adore her as wife, and—and,' say, what do we do for her as daughter?"

"We provide a home for her. Wouldn't—"

"Yes, of course!" raved Mr. Spoopendyke. "That's the idea! That fixes it! All you want now is two 'prolonged laughters,' four 'continued applauses,' one 'enthusiasm,' and 'a voice,' to be an oration! 'Fellow citizens, we furnish her with poached eggs and beans! Fellow citizens, we pass her the gravy! Fellow citizens!'" yelled Mr. Spoopendyke, gesticulating like a horse-chestnut tree. "'Fellow citizens, if she wants her beef rare, we give it to her! Fellow citizens, we give her all the dod gasted butter she can paste on her bread!' Is that what you want me to say? Expect that I'm going to stand around and make a measly ass of myself? 'Fellow citizens, to help a man get up a speech she's the dod slamdest donkey that ever raised a family!' wah-h-h," shrieked Mr. Spoopendyke, purple in the face, "got any more suggestions? Know any more eloquence?" and the worthy gentleman leaned back in his chair speechless.

"Couldn't you leave her out altogether?" recommended Mrs. Spoopendyke. "Can't you just revere her as mother and adore her as wife? As for the daughter, you might pass it over with saying, 'Fellow citizens, we are assem—'"

"Yes, or I can cut her throat?" proclaimed Mr. Spoopendyke. "I can take her to the pound! I can salt her down for winter use! Dod gast the speech!" and Mr. Spoopendyke danced on the fragments of his notes. "To-morrow night I'll answer that toast by telling what a dod gasted old mule you'd make of any man that would listen to you," and he banged himself into the bed like a beer spigot and went to sleep.

"Well," thought Mrs. Spoonendyke as she took down her hair and put it up again, "I don't see why he couldn't say, 'Fellow citizens, we are assembled here to say something poetical about women, and the best I can say is we show her when we don't always love her, and we love her when we don't always show it.' That's sensible and it's so," sighed Mrs. Spoopendyke, falling over her husband's boots, and then the good woman opened the window on her spouse's side of the bed, and sticking a few pins in the pillow in case she would want them in the night, she went prayerfully to sleep.

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How to Kill Canada Thistles.

When the thistle is blooming, or about to do so, is the time when the greatest injury can be inflicted upon it. But with the Canada thistle, once cutting, while it greatly weakens it, will by no means kill it, and there is no time at which it can be destroyed at a single cutting. The only proper way with this and similar plants is to cut the shoots that first appear, and to continue as long as there is anything to cut. That continued and persistent cutting will conquer the Canada thistle, and that even worse weed, the horse nettle (solanum carolinense), we have positive knowledge, but no half-way work will prevail.

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No prettier compliment can be given than that which comes from the warm heart and quick wit of the true Hibernian. Mike was laying pavement brick in the hot sun, and the lady of the house mixed up a nice, cool drink and carried it out to quench his thirst. After a long-drawn "swig," he wiped his mouth on his sleeve and said: "Ye'll be in heaven siven years before the divil 'll find it out."—*New Haven Register.*

"Oh, where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"To do some shopping," she sweetly said;
"And where?" I asked, in a glad surprise;
"Oh, anywhere, where they advertise."

A DEAD TREE.

The field with buttercups is cloth of gold,
Beneath the burning blue;
The tender tree-tops their last leaves unfold
And find their dreams are true.

Yes, it is summer in the land, and all
The flowers and birds rejoice—
Ah, that my heart could hearken to the call—
Put forth a leaf or voice.

Still, like a bare, dead tree my thought that grew
Stands changeless and the same;
No more can quickening fancies clothe anew,
As with fresh leaves, the frame.

"Love lost, hope vanished, what is thy distress?"
Nay, ask not, God alone
Knows, and the heart knows its own bitterness—
And each must bear its own.

—*London Spectator.*

Influence of Music.

Gustavus Adolphus, Sweden's heroic king, was fond of music. The sweet voice of song, especially from the lips of childhood, often moved him to tears.

Once upon a time Gustavus Adolphus, after long and severe fighting, had conquered a strongly fortified town, in which were citizens who had been born within the limits of Swedish rule, but had since found inducement to seek new homes. And all these people he condemned to death. They were marched out from the town at nightfall, to be held in camp until the following morning, when they were to be shot for treason.—Several of his own officers interceded with the king for the lives of those poor people.

But Gustavus felt that he had already granted enough. First—in the ruddy heat of his passion—he had consigned the whole tribe to death; but since then he had greatly modified the sentence, condemning to be shot only those of the former subjects of Sweden who had been taken with arms in their hands; and from this no power of argument or persuasion could move him. All the talk of his old chaplain about these people having only joined their fellows in protecting the homes to their wives and children, moved him not an atom. "They are traitors!" he said, "and as traitors they shall die!"

At a late hour—it was past midnight—Gustavus Adolphus threw on his cloak and drew his slouched hat down over his eyes, and, staff in hand, wandered forth into the darkness. Without thinking whither he went, he slowly walked on, answering the sentinels as they hailed him, until at length his steps were arrested by a strain of music.

"Who is that?" he asked of a sentinel who he chanced to meet a moment later.

"It is one of the prisoners, sire. The wife and children of one of their chief men have had permission to spend the night with the husband and father."

The king nodded his thanks for his information, and moved on. Slowly he approached the tent whence the music had issued, and as he drew near he heard the sound of weeping and wailing; for the song had ceased. As he stopped, close by the rear of the tent, he heard a deep, manly voice:

"Hush! Hush! Weep not. God will provide!" the voice said.

The king looked in through the open seam in the cloth and saw a gray-haired man, with an imposing presence—a grand face and head, and a clear, flashing eye, surrounded by his wife and children, who clung to him with passionate tenderness.

"Hush!" he said. "Let us not make these precious moments darker than they need to be. It is but the fortune of war, my loved ones. Come, my Hermione—sing to me, once more, our dear old song of the Fatherland! For, though Gustavus will take my life, yet I love the land that gave me birth. God bless dear Sweden, now and evermore! Now, Hermione—sing! Come,—let thy voice give my poor heart cheer if it may be."

Presently thereafter a beautiful girl of fifteen or sixteen summers, threw back the silken hood from her golden curls, and began to sing. Her song was the Swede's oldest and most deeply cherished piece of heart-music—the words full of love and devotion—love of home and of country,—and the melody was peculiarly sweet and touching. And never had the king heard it sung so grandly. The words fell upon his ears with a new meaning, and the music touched his spirit with a strangely awakening power. As the charming melody swelled to grander and grander tones, and the voice of the singer deepened and strengthened, the listener felt his heart hush with awe. And finally, when the last rich cadence died away, in mellow, melting echoes upon the upper air, he pressed his hands over his eyes, and burst into tears.

After a time Gustavus lifted his head and looking once more through the aperture in the wall of the tent he saw the family upon their knees, and heard the voice of the old man raised in prayer. He listened for a few seconds, and then turned and strode away towards his quarters, where he found two of his attendants sitting up waiting for him. To one of them he said:

"Colonel, I wish you to go to the prisoners' quarters, and in the large tent nearest to the river—it is at the extreme north-western corner of the camp—you will find the family of a prisoner named Hoven; and of that family is a girl named Hermione. Bring her to me. Assure her that no harm shall befall her."

And when the messenger had gone the king turned to his table, and having found the necessary materials he went to work at writing. He wrote rapidly and heavily, like one moved by ponderous ideas; and he had just finished his work when the colonel appeared with the gentle songstress in company.

"Fear not, my child," the king said, the maiden standing trembling before him, "I have sent for you because I wish to repay you for a great good you unconsciously did me this night. Do you call to mind that you sang the dear old song of the Vasas—the hymn of the fatherland?"

"Yes, your majesty, I sang it for my father, who is to die on the morrow. Though no longer in Sweden, he dearly loves the memory of the land that gave him birth."

"Well, I chanced to hear you sing; and you shall ere long know how your song affected me. Here! Take this paper, and go with it to the officer commanding the camp of the prisoners. Colonel Forsby will go with you. And my child, the next time you sing that song, think of Gustavus Adolphus Vasas, and bear witness that his heart was not all hard, nor cold."

The girl looked up into the monarch's face, as he held forth the paper and when she saw the genial, kindly look that beamed upon her, she obeyed the impulse of the moment, and caught his hand and kissed it.

And when she went away she bore with her the royal order for the free pardon and instant release of all the prisoners. The old General to whom the order had been directed for promulgation and execution was one of those who had earnestly pleaded in behalf of the condemned; and we can readily imagine the joy with which he received it. He fairly caught the beautiful messenger in his arms, and kissed her upon the forehead, and blessed her; and he went with her to the tent where her father was held, and allowed her to publish the joyful tidings.

And with the dawn of day the prisoners—to the number of over two hundred—were mustered into line, many of them believing their hour had come, to receive the intelligence of pardon and freedom!

What transpired beyond that can be imagined full as well as we can tell it. We only add, that Gustavus Adolphus, by that act of mercy, secured the friendship which was to be of incalculable value to him in coming time.

And one other thing: In less than a year from that time Colonel Ulric Forsby, of the King's staff, gained for a wife the beautiful singer whose sweet notes had melted the heart of Gustavus Adolphus, and given life and liberty and joy to suffering men. —*N. Y. Ledger*.

A Real Romance.

The following account of a joyful meeting of two old lovers, after years of separation, is given by the Morehead City, N. C., correspondent of the Charleston *News*: "About fifty years ago a prepossessing young woman appeared suddenly in a small mountain village near Asheville, and obtained work in a farmer's family. She called herself Mary Burt, but gave no further clue to her origin. Her tasks were so skilfully performed, and she could sing a song, dance a reel and tell a story so well, that she became a village favorite. Fifteen years later the mystery surrounding her was forgotten. Having declined more than one good offer of marriage, she settled down as a good-natured old maid, became the beneficent "aunt" of the neighborhood, and finally was persuaded to take charge of a country school near by. After several years of teaching, her whole character seemed to change. She became moody, melancholy and fond of solitude. Purchasing a lovely and lonely spot among the mountains, she had a rude log hut built, and there she lived without any companionship but that of her dog, cat, cow and chickens. Her only book was the Bible, and this she nearly learned by heart. The publication of this woman hermit's story in the Asheville *Citizen* not long ago brought a solution of the mystery. The article was copied in a Vermont paper and attracted the notice of Robert Fletcher, a prominent citizen of that State, and Fletcher soon after visited Asheville, sought the editor of the *Citizen*, and together they went to Miss Burt's house. The hermit did not recognize the Vermonter, but she soon learned that he was her old lover. A mistake had kept them apart for half a century, but when Fletcher left Asheville a few days later Mary Burt Howe—for that was the hermit's full name—accompanied him as his wife. When Miss Howe and Fletcher were young they were engaged to be married. The young woman fancied her lover was attached to another girl, however, and suddenly left her home in Maine. Going to Boston, she shipped as a stewardess on a ship bound for Liverpool. The vessel was wrecked on the North Carolina coast, and, after many adventures at sea in an open boat and among friendly Indians on land, Miss Howe found her way to civilization. Robert Fletcher traced his runaway sweetheart to the ship on which she sailed, and, hearing of the loss of the vessel, always mourned her as dead, until the North Carolina paper gave him a happy surprise."

Thoughtful Thoughts.

WHAT you cannot avoid learn to bear.

GRATITUDE is the mucic of the heart when its chords are swept by kindness.

WHENEVER the tree of beneficence takes root it sends forth branches beyond the sky.

CAN one better expiate his sins than by enlisting his experience in the service of morals?

MOST of the shadows that cross our path through life are caused by standing in our own light.

Do what good thou canst unknown; and be not vain of what ought rather to be felt than seen.

IT is as easy to draw back a stone thrown with force from the hand as to recall a word once spoken.

THE raven is like the slanderer, seeking carrion to feed upon, and delighted when a feast is found.

SWEET is the breath of praise when given by those whose own high merit claims the praise they give.

IF a man can be happy and contented in his own company, he will generally be good company for others.

WE should be as careful of our words as of our actions, and as far from speaking ill as from doing ill.

WHEN we fight more against ourselves and less against God, we shall cease fighting against one another.

HAPPINESS is like a sunbeam, which the least shadow intercepts, while adversity is often as the rain of spring.

IT is the man who determines the dignity of the occupation, not the occupation which measures the dignity of the man.

IF you win by cunning you also lose by it—lose that which is of more value than any object gained by it—character.

TAKE the good with the evil, for ye are all the pensioners of God, and none may choose or refuse the cup his wisdom mixeth.

WHAT makes people so discontented with their own lot in life is the mistaken ideas which they form of the happy lot of others.

AS the sweetest wine is the fruit of the press, so are men's noblest deeds often the result of weighty responsibilities keenly felt.

SOME only leave their sins when their sins leave them, but a reformation of life avails little unless there be a renovation of heart.

OCCASIONS of greater adversity best show how great virtue each one hath. For occasions make not a man frail, but show what he is.

ENERGY will do anything that can be done in the world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities, will make a two-legged animal a man without it.