The Bradford Reporter.

REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER.

GOODRICH & HITCHCOCK, Publishers. $1.00 per Annum in Advance.

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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.

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SOUTH SIDE OF WARD HOUSE.
Dec 23-78. 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.
Apr.7-81-yl W. H. THOMPSON, 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,
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Office over Kirby's Drug Store.

THOMAS E. MYER
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Office with Patrick and Foyle. Sep.29,'79

PECK & OVERTON
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Solicitor of Patents. Particular attention paid to business in the Orphans Court and to the settlement of estates.
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ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW,
MONTROSE, PA.
Judge Jessup having resumed the practice of the law in Northern Pennsylvania, will attend to any legal business intrusted to him in Bradford county. Persons wishing to consult him, can call on H. Streeter, Esq., Towanda, Pa., when an appointment can be made.

HENRY STREETER,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA. Feb 27, '79

E. L. HILLIS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA. [nov11-75.

HIRAM E. BULL,
SURVEYOR.
ENGINEERING, SURVEYING AND DRAFTING.
Office with G. F. Mason, over Patch & Tracy, Main street, Towanda, Pa. 4,15,80.

ELSBREE & SON,
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TOWANDA, PA.
N. C. ELSBREE. L. ELSBREE.

JOHN W. MIX,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW AND U. S. COMMISSIONER,
TOWANDA, PA.
Office—North Side Public Square. Jan. 1, 1875.

J. ANDREW WILT,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Office—Means' Block, Main st., over J. L. Kent's store, Towanda. May be consulted in German. [April 12, '76.

W. J. YOUNG,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Office—Mercur Block, Park street, up stairs.

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

W. B. KELLY, DENTIST.—Office over M. E. Rosenfield's, Towanda, Pa. Teeth inserted on Gold, Silver, Rubber, and Aluminum base. Teeth extracted without pain. Oct. 24-72.

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

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. F. 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. April 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, '78-tf.

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

IF.

If, sitting with this little worn-out shoe
And scarlet stocking lying on my knee,
I knew the little feet had pattered through
The pearl set gates that lie 'twixt heaven and me,
I could be reconciled, and happy too,
And look with glad eyes toward the jasper sea.

If, in the morning, when the song of birds
Reminds us of a music far more sweet,
I listen for his pretty broken words
And for the music of his dimpled feet,
I could be almost happy though I heard
No answer, and but saw his vacant seat.

I could be glad, if, when the day is done,
And all its cares and heartaches laid away,
I could look westward to the hidden sun,
And with a heart full of sweet yearning say:
"To-night I'm nearer to my little one
By just the travel of a single day."

If I could know those little feet were shod
In sandals wrought of light in better lands,
And the footprints of a tender God
Ran side by side with his golden sands,
I could bow cheerfully and kiss the rod,
Since Bennie was in wiser, safer hands.

If he were dead, I would not sit to-day
And stain with tears the wee sock on my knee;
I would not kiss the tiny shoe and say,
"Bring back again my little boy to me!"
I would be patient, knowing 'twas God's way,
And that he'd lead me to him o'er death's silent sea.

But oh, to know the feet once pure and white,
The haunts of vice have boldly ventured in!
The hands that should have battled for the right
Have been wrung crimson in the clasp of sin!
And should he knock at heaven's gate to-night,
I fear my boy could hardly enter in.

—*May Riley Smith.*

THE STORY OF A COUPE.

Every one in Paris knows Darley, the livery-stable keeper. His establishment is now half a century old, and he furnishes the Faubourg St. Germain with all the carriages they hire. Many of the upper ten have their homes in the country, and never take their horses to Paris. Therefore, Monsier de Merisi, immediately after his arrival, went to see Darley to engage a coupe.

After the usual salutations, the following dialogue began:

'Well, Darley, I want a handsome coupe, with one horse; now how much will it be?'

'What will the amount of work be, sir?'

'Oh, not very much. I never want it before 5 in the afternoon. I pay a few visits, and take a drive in the park. In the evening I want it to take me to the theatre or home from the club.'

Darley reflectively scratched his head.

'Well, how much a month do you want for it?'

'Hum—let me see. For a new coupe and a good horse in May—the busiest month—750 francs is cheap.'

'What! from 5 o'clock to midnight or 1 o'clock in the morning?'

'You must remember that during the remainder of the time I can't use either the coupe or the horse.'

'Well, let us say 700 francs; that's handsome pay for so little work.'

'All right,' grumbled Darley. 'Same place, I suppose.'

'Yes.'

'Well, I'll send it around to-morrow.'

An hour later Darley received, with the utmost respect, another important customer, Mme. de Belroy.

'Well, madame, what can I do for you? Carriage, eh! Well, let me recommend a laudau—in that madame's toilet can be seen to the best advantage.'

'No, sir; as you see, I am yet in mourning, and came to Paris only to settle some affairs.'

'But madame will pardon me if I say that in a coupe her beauty—'

'No, Monsier Darley; I am a widow, and I live retired. I want a carriage only for my shopping and such things; a coupe with one horse, elegantly lined, but dark. How much will it be per month?'

'That depends upon the work.'

'Oh, it will not be much. At 9 o'clock I will drive to mass; after breakfast I shall have a call to make and shopping to do; at 3 o'clock I shall drive home. This is all, for I never go out in the evening.'

'Well, madame, during May, our business month, the price is 700 francs a month.'

'Too much, I think. It seems to me that 600 francs—'

'Come, madame, I have something that will just suit you; something very elegant but quiet; lined with silk—'

'You tempt me. Well, be it so. Send it around to-morrow morning.'

And so it happened that M. de Merisi and Mme. de Belroy had the same coupe by the month.

* * * * *

The gentleman found this out very soon. One day he saw in one of the coupe pockets a notebook with gray enameled cover and gold border in which were several cards. On the back of some of these were memoranda; such as calls to be made, impressions, reflections, etc. He examined a card and read on one side:

MADAME DE BELROY.

On the other side, in a delicate, feminine handwriting, were these penciled lines:

After Mass to the Sisters.
Then to the Mission for the Poor.
At half-past 12, my lawyer.
Then to the cemetery.
Then to St. Thomas's Church.
At 2 o'clock see grandmamma.
At 3 o'clock, Julius.
Now I feel that he is mine.

The coupe stopped at the club. 'She must be a saint,' thought Merisi; 'but who is Julius?'

He replaced the note book where he had found it, and, alighting, said to the coachman:

'Some one left a notebook in the coupe. Consequently, some one must have used it.'

The coachman's confusion showed Merisi that he was not mistaken. The name of Mme. de Belroy was not unknown to him, but he had lived so long away from Paris that he couldn't remember who she was. As soon as he had entered the club room he sought for information.

'De Bassino,' said he, 'do you know a Mme. de Belroy?'

'Yes,' replied that gentleman, 'she that was little De St. Saone. Poor Belroy died last year, and she is plunged in grief. It was a great loss.'

'Who? Belroy?'

'No; his wife, who is charming, but is invisible. Society sees her no more.'

Merisi now waited anxiously for another find in the coupe. But alas! for a whole week neither notebook nor anything else was forgotten. But the little 'saint,' who spent her time so piously, occupied his mind incessantly. So he said one evening to the coachman:

'I have discovered that my coupe is also used by a Mme. de Belroy. Do not deny it; I am sure. Now, I am curious to see this lady. Tell me where I might do so?'

'Well, sir, every morning at nine o'clock I take her to mass at the church of St. Philippe.'

Next morning M. de Merisi was punctual, and saw his saint at her devotions. It seemed to him that never before had he seen such a lovely face. She was still in mourning. She wore a small bonnet of black tulle, which framed her lovely blonde hair; a long veil of black gauze hung down on the train of her dress, which was of dead black silk, trimmed with black surah. In her black gloved hands were a missal full of saints' pictures and illuminated texts.

Merisi paid little attention to the mass.

'Ah,' thought he, 'if I had known there was on earth such a woman—beautiful, young, modest and shunning society—oh! I would have adored her. How gracefully she makes the sign of the cross. She is a little saint. But that Julius—who the deuce can he be?'

From this moment Monsieur de Merisi hung upon her steps. He saw her every morning at the Church of St. Philippe, and followed her coupe in another one. Her route was nearly always the same: To her grandmother's, to the parish priest's, to the Sisters of Charity, to her lawyer's office, and a long stay at a house on the Boulevard St. Michel.

Al last De Merisi came to the conclusion that he was a fool. He was occupied with Mme. de Belroy to such a degree that he neglected for her sake the affairs for which he had come to Paris. There was only one thing to be done—to ask permission to be presented to her and to pay his addresses to her. His state of mind was becoming intolerable. So one day, at the club, he said to M. de Villeparte, who was nicknamed the 'Elite Dictionary':

'Do you know the Belroy family, Villeparte?'

'Very well, indeed; but there's not many left—only the grandmother and daughter-in-law.'

'Could you present me?'

'Hum—not easily; the grandmother is 80 years old; the young widow is nearly always in the country and lives very retired since the death of her husband.'

'Come, now, as a great favor to me.'

'Well, I'll see.'

'But at once, because I'm going away.'

'Well, I'll go to-morrow and see her grandmother.'

'Are you acquainted with the young widow, too.'

'Known her ever since she was born, my dear boy; handsome, distinguished and graceful woman.'

'And she is—hum—hum—never been any scandal about her, has there?'

Villeparte arose with such precipitation that he overturned his chair.

'What do you mean?' he roared. 'Mme. de Belroy! Why, not a whisper has been heard—'

Outwardly discomfited, but inwardly rejoicing, Merisi abased himself before his indignant friend, and finally succeeded in making his peace.

The next morning he again followed the charming widow, who spent her time as usual. The stay which she made at the Boulevard St. Michel however, seemed to him a little longer than usual. And it seemed to him when she came out that her toilet was a little disarranged. Her hair was disheveled, her hat awry, and her collar rumpled. But after some moments of jealous rage, the answer of Monsieur de Villeparte came to his mind and he quickly repented of his distrust.

The grandmother had been very amiable, and had given Monsieur de Villeparte permission to present his friend. This was soon done, and Monsieur de Merisi fell deeper in love than before, if it were possible. The old lady befriended him, too. He was her partner at the card table, and he used to read to her newspapers and the newest of novels. He was a clever fellow, was De Merisi.

But he was a suspicious fellow, too, and he had retained the coupe, hoping again to find the note which had so deeply interested him. 'Julius' stuck in his memory. But his researches were far from successful. Being more and more captivated by Mme. de Belroy, he at last dared to declare his intention, and was strongly supported by the grandmother. Mme. de Belroy did not say 'No,' and so the engagement began.

One day De Merisi leaped into his coupe to make a purchase required by his new situation—an engagement ring of fabulous value and exquisite taste. The gray notebook was there. He opened it. The memorands had changed very little.

'The lawyer's; the priest's; the milliner's; flowers; bring Julius his shako.'

A shako! Not one of the friends of the Belroy family was in the army; what could it mean? With feverish haste he turned the card over. Alas! he found too easily the meaning:

'He looks adorable with his new shako. How silly I am! He would not leave my room last night, and I pretended to be angry.'

Tingling with jealous rage and shame, Merisi ordered the coachman to drive him immediately to Mme. de Belroy's house. She was waiting for him at her window.

'Why how funny,' she exclaimed, 'you are in my coupe. How did it happen, and what does it mean?'

Merisi was deadly pale, so angered was he. He choked with rage as he endeavored to find words to upbraid her.

Suddenly an unexpected visitor made his appearance. It was a little boy, four or five years old, adorned with a shako and a sabre. So frightened was the little fellow by the agitated air of M. de Merisi that he sought refuge in the folds of Mme. de Belroy's dress.

'Why, Julius,' said she, patting his cheek, 'what is the matter?'

'Julius!' roared the discomfited lover; 'is this Julius?'

'Yes; he is my godson, a poor orphan. By-and-by I shall tell you all about his mother, and the trouble I had to be appointed his guardian, and how I used to go and see him at the Boulevard St. Michel, where he lived. Now, Julius, go and kiss Monsieur de Merisi, who, I am sure, will be very kind to you—if he loves me truly.'

Monsieur de Merisi did love her truly. He loved her so truly that he would have died rather than tell her that he had doubted her.

And she does not know it to this day.

Jackson's Assailants.

RECOLLECTIONS CAUSED BY THE ATTACK ON PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

The mad attack on President Garfield, brings to the mind of one acquainted with the history of his country, and possessing as well a good memory, that with the exception of the assassination of President Lincoln, only one other of the president's of the United States was ever subjected to a murderous assault. This was General Andrew Jackson, and he was twice attacked. He was a bad man to tackle, however.

In one of these attacks General Jackson was just coming out upon the eastern portico of the capitol in a funeral procession. He had a member of his cabinet on either side of him. A young man with a cloak over one arm come up to within eight feet of him and drawing a pistol pointed it directly at the general's breast and fired. The percussion cap exploded, but did not ignite the powder. The assassin dropped the untrustworthy weapon and immediately presented another with a similar result. Unawed by the danger, the president rushed upon the culprit with his uplifted cane and with eyes flashing. A naval officer standing near knocked the would-be assassin down and secured him. This was in the winter of 1834-5 during a period of great business depression. The young man was a house painter, out of employment and had others dependent upon him for support. His mind, morbidly inclined to melancholy, was influenced by the belief that Jackson was the sole cause of the trouble and that he alone stood in the way of general prosperity. General Jackson could never believe that the attempt was the result of insanity. He always attributed it to a conspiracy. The failure of the pistols was remarked as a special interposition of divine providence. They were fired without difficulty at the next trial, and each sent its bullet through an inch board at the distance of thirty feet.

A few months before this occurrence, the president was attacked by a cowardly ruffian while he was on his way to Fredericksburg to lay a corner-stone of a monument to be erected to the memory of the mother of Washington. While the boat, which bore the president and a large company of distinguished persons down the Potomac, was lying at the wharf at Alexandria, the president retired to the cabin and sat behind the table, next to the berths, quietly smoking and reading, while many friends were standing around in conversation. A lieutenant recently dismissed from the navy for improper conduct approached the president as if to give him a friendly salutation, but instantly struck the venerable man in the face. Before he could repeat the blow, he was seized by the captain of the boat, and severely 'punched' in the ribs with an umbrella, by a clerk in one of the departments. The president was so confined by the table, that he could not rise at first, nor use his omnipresent cane; and so anxious were all present to ascertain whether he was injured, that the friends of the ruffian were allowed to carry him ashore and effect his escape. 'Had I been apprised,' said the president, 'that Randolph stood before me, I should have been prepared for him, and I could have defended myself. No villian has ever escaped me before; and he would not, had it not been for my confined situation.' A few minutes afterward, when a citizen of Alexandria said to Jackson, 'Sir, if you will pardon me, in case I am tried and convicted, I will kill Randolph for this insult to you, in fifteen minutes;' the president instantly replied, 'No, sir; I cannot do that. I want no man to stand between me and my assailant, nor none to take revenge on my account. Had I been prepared for this cowardly villain's approach, I can assure you all that he would never have had the temerity to undertake such a thing again.'

And it is not very likely that he would.

Over 2,000,000,000 Birds in One Flock.

The passenger pigeon is one of the most wonderful of birds. Wisson's description of their camping grounds is: "As soon as the young were fully grown, and before they left their nests, numerous parties of the inhabitants from all parts of the country came with wagons, oxen, beds, cooking utensils, many of them accompanied by the greater part of their families, and encamped for several days at this immense nursery. Several of them informed us that the noise in the woods was so great as to terrify their horses, and that it was difficult for one person to hear another speak without bawling in his ear. The ground was strewn with branches, broken limbs, eggs and young squab pigeons which had been precipitated from above, and on which herds of hogs were fattening. Hawks, buzzards and eagles were sailing about in great numbers, and seizing the squabs from their nests at pleasure, while from twenty feet upward to the top of the trees the view through the trees presented a perpetual tumult of crowding and fluttering multitudes of pigeons, their wings roaring like thunder, mingled with the crash of falling trees." It is utterly impossible to estimate the numbers that congregate together. On some trees more than 300 nests were found, and the branches were continually falling, owing to the weight of the old birds. The amount consumed by a flock of these birds is wonderful. Wilson calculates that, taking the breadth of a column of pigeons he saw to be only one mile, its length to be 240 miles, and to contain only three pigeons in each square yard (taking no account of the several strata of birds one above the other), and that each bird consumes a half a pint of food daily, all of which assumptions are below the actual amount, the quantity of food consumed in a day would be 17,000,000 bushels. Supposing this column to be one mile in breadth, and flying at the rate of one mile a minute for four hours, and supposing that each square yard contains three pigeons, the square yards in the whole space, multiplied by three, would give 2,230,272,000 birds! In the Kentucky country, where they are mostly found, they appear suddenly, darkening the sky so completely that all work and labor is given up, until they have passed. The air is literally filled with pigeons, and in some places mortars are used to bring down hundreds at one discharge. Their rapidity of flight is wonderful.

Lots of Time to Drink.

He had his hat in one hand and his handkerchief in the other as he sat down squarely in front of a ginger ale fount in a Jefferson avenue drug store yesterday. One would have said he was about to melt, but he wasn't the sort of man to be boxed up in a hot day by any imprudent action of his own. He fanned with one hand and mopped with the other, and finally inquired:

'Be this root beer?'

'No, sir, this is ginger ale.'

'Ten cents per glass?'

'No, sir, it is five.'

'Cold?'

'Oh, yes.'

'Made of ginger?'

'Certainly.'

'Well, I suppose I might try some. Is it healthy or unhealthy?'

'It is said to be very healthy.'

'What organs does it seem to act on?'

'Well, I couldn't say.'

'That's unfortunate. How do you know it wouldn't aggravate my lung trouble, or help along my liver complaint? Have you certificates from any one it has helped or injured?'

'No, sir.'

'That's unlucky.'

'Will you have some?'

'Well, what do you think? Will it be perfectly safe?'

'I think so.'

'Then I might try it. You needn't draw but two cents' worth, considering the circumstances.'

'I—that is—we sell it for five cents per glass.'

'Very well—I won't take any. Have you any clear, cold water?'

'Yes.'

'Thanks. Sorry to put you to any trouble, but I fell through a hatchway once by not making inquiries in time. That's a fair article of water—very fair. Have you the analysis.'

'No, sir.'

'That's too bad. If you get it please lay it aside until I drop in. As to that ginger ale—let's see. To-day is Friday; I may pass here about next Thursday, and if I do I suppose you will still have it on draught?'

'Yes, sir.'

'And the price will be the same?'

'Yes.'

'Very well. I have no doubt it is a refreshing drink, and fully up to your guarantee, but there is no particular hurry in this case—not the least. I shall be in the city off and on about once a week all summer, and any time before cold weather will do. So long to you.'—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Velocity of Light.

Various experimenters are in the field to ascertain by direct measurement the velocity of light. Professor Forbes has described the results lately reached by him and Dr. Young, of Glasgow, in a modification of Fizeau's method. The beam was flashed across from Wemyss Bay, on the Clyde, to Innellan, and reflected back; but instead of totally eclipsing the ray, the experimenters, for greater accuracy, employed two mirrors, one a quarter of a mile behind the other, and then carefully observed the speeds of the toothed wheel which rendered each reflected ray of equal brightness to the other. The time was marked by a delicate electrical chronograph, indicating to the ten-thousandth of a second; and the light was furnished by an electric lamp. This method the experimenters believed to be more accurate than Fizeau's plan. The general result is that the velocity of the light of an electric lamp is 187,200 miles per second. Cornu found the light of a petroleum lamp to be 186,700 miles per second, and Michelson that of the sun to be 186,500 miles per second. Professor Newcomb, of Washington, it is also understood, is giving attention to the same problem, and hopes to attain a still higher degree of accuracy. With the velocity of light certainly known, the mean distance of the sun from the earth—the unit of measure in all astronomical distances—is readily determined.

You are more sure of success in the end if you regard yourself as a man of ordinary talent with plenty of hard work before you, than if you think yourself a man of genius, and spend too much time in watching your hair grow long, that you may convince people that you are not like other folks.

A Few Words to the Boys.

Don't trouble yourself about the details of your business. Leave small things to small minds. You were born at the top, and of course a way will be provided for keeping you there.

If you would make your mark in the world never learn to write.

Do you wish to be men? Learn to chew, smoke and drink. It will be hard to distinguish you from the real article.

It is well for you to know that the girls are all dying for you. You cannot but pity them, but then it is not your fault. This should teach you resignation.

Strive to get all the leisure time you can. It will make older and busier persons envy you.

Speak your mind freely. It shows that you possess such an article.

Characterize as nonsense everything that you can't understand. You will find a great deal of nonsense in the world.

When you have anything to do, don't hurry about doing it. Take your own time, or your employer's, which is the same thing. If he discharges you, you will have the satisfaction of knowing that he will be the loser by not having your valuable services.

Shun those who are able to teach you anything in life or business. It is not agreeable to be overshadowed by anybody. Besides, who wants to be in school all his life?

Be above politeness. That will do for women and children; but a man, you know, should despise all such foolishness.

People who talk about sticking to principle are humbugs or ninnies. Never mind principle where money is to be made.

Never stop to consider. Make up your mind at once. It shows promptitude of decision.

Having once made up your mind, stick to your decision. People may call you an obstinate mule, but words harm nobody. If you are pig-headed, others may suffer, but you never.

Stand up for your rights, especially among women and timid folks. You may yield a point where the other party is stronger than you are.

Fight life's battles in the easiest way. Remember it is the sutler, and not the soldier, who makes money out of war.

Honor your father and your mother by showing them how much wiser you are than they. You can do this in no easier way than by rejecting all their counsel and admonition.

Don't go to church, if you can avoid it; but if you must go, take care to show your intelligent contempt for the worship and the worshipers.

Follow these few directions, boys, and you will at last attain a high place in the world. It may be the gallows, but it will be a high place nevertheless.

A Question of Tests.

'You see,' observed Dr. Slim, as he banged the patient across the back of the neck with a club, 'you see plainly, gentlemen, that there is no organic difficulty. The functions are natural, and this is a plain case of hysteria.'

'I don't know about that,' said Dr. Stout, kicking the woman a fearful lick under the ear. 'She may not manifest it, but there is certainly sensation there.'

'If you notice,' chipped in Dr. Green, dropping a bodful of bricks on the subject's head, 'she does not act as though she were conscious, though that may result as much from hysteria as from spinal derangement.'

'This test,' remarked Dr. Sapp, as he started a charcoal fire on the woman's stomach, 'has been found infallible. If, under this treatment, she kicks, it is hysteria. If she don't kick, we find that even more potent tests must be applied.'

'In that case my system is the one to employ,' said Dr. Flat, running a tightning rod through the patient. 'Under this treatment we inevitably arrive at results.'

'I'm not sure but what we will have to resort to heroic remedies,' suggested Dr. Gruel, emptying a gallon of vitriol down the woman's throat. 'These mild tests do not appear to conduce to conclusions.'

'Have you noticed any peculiar symptoms?' asked the faculty in a chorus of the weeping husband.

'Only—one—gentlemen,' sobbed the spouse.

'What was that?'

'She—died about—twenty-four hours ago?'

And the question now is whether she died of hysteria or spine, with a preponderance of evidence on both sides.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

THE DARKEY'S REPENTANCE.—Last Saturday night some sinner stole chickens from the coop of Rev. Aminidab Bledso, of the Galveston Blue light Tabernacle, and the next day the Reverend gentleman preached a powerful sermon against the sin of stealing chickens and promising everlasting punishment to the man who stole his two chickens.

Early Monday morning, Jim Webster called at the parson's door with a scared face and some poultry. He said:

'Parson Bledso, dat ar sermon most scared me to death. I couldn't sleep a wink, so I fotched your chickens back.'

'I don't keer for the fowls, Jeems, but it pleases me mightily to know dat I am an humble instrument in de hands of de Almighty to bring sinners to repentance and cause dem to lead a new life. But, look here, Jeems, dese chickens ain't de same ones yer stole from me.'

'I knows it. Your chickens am done eat up; but your sermon opened my eyes to der sinfulness ob stealin' your chickens, and I felt so bad about it dat the fust thing I did when church was out was to climb ober into Colonel Jones' yard and steal two ob his fattest pullets to replace the chickens you missed.'

A Tough Nevada Story.

A gentleman of this place has a tree which is a species of acacia. It was grown from a seed brought from Australia. The tree is now a sapling some eight feet in height, and it is in full foliage and growing rapidly. It is leguminous, and very distinctly shows the characteristics of the mimosa or sensitive plant. Regularly every evening, about the time the "chickens go to roost," the tree goes to roost. The leaves fold together, and the ends of the tender twigs coil themselves up like the tail of a well-conditioned pig. After one of the twigs has been stroked or handled the leaves move uneasily, and are in a sort of wild commotion for a minute or more. All this was known about the tree, but it was only yesterday that it was discovered that the tree had in it much more of life and feeling than it had ever before been credited with. The tree being in quite a small pot, one which it was fast outgrowing, it was thought best to give it one of much larger size. Yesterday afternoon the tree was transferred to its new quarters. It resented the operation of its removal to the best of its ability. Arriving at his residence about the time the tree had been transplanted, the gentleman found the house in a grand commotion. On asking what was up he was told that they had transplanted the tree according to orders, and the operation had "made it very mad." Hardly had it been placed in its new quarters before the leaves began to stand up in all directions like the hair on the tail of an angry cat, and soon the whole plant was in a quiver. This could have been endured, but at the same time it gave out an odor most pungent and sickening—just such a smell as is given off by rattlesnakes and many other kinds of snakes in summer when teased. This odor so filled the house and was so sickening that it was found necessary to open the doors and windows. It was fully an hour before the plant calmed down and folded its leaves in peace. It would probably not have given up the fight even then had it not been that its time for going to roost had arrived. It is probably to add that the whole household now stand in not a little awe of the plant as being a thing more animal (or reptile) than vegetable.—*Virginia (Nev.) Enterprise.*

Electric Railways.

A New York evening newspaper had an editorial article recently on Prof. Siemens's experimental electric railway now said to be in successful operation at Berlin, in which it was intimated that the application of the system to the New York elevated railroads was not a remote probability. Mr. Fields was asked the other day whether such a statement was well founded. He promptly responded, 'I hope so. Just see what a splendid thing it would be for us. No coal, no smoke, no cinders, no noise! Anything that will rid us of these annoyances will be well worth adopting. What do you suppose our coal bill was to-day?' Without waiting for a reply he rattled on: 'I know Prof. Siemens very well, and I called upon him the last time I was in Europe, but his system had not then progressed beyond experiment. I see now that he has six miles of railway in successful operation.' Mr. Field was asked whether the adoption of the system had been discussed by the elevated companies. 'Oh, yes,' he replied. 'My nephew has been at work examing the system a year or more, and he is enthusiastic over it. I have no doubt myself it will work. It is only a question of time.'

BRAZILIAN TEA DISH.—Take some slices of bread about half an inch thick, cut off all crust, steep the bread in a little milk; when soaked through cover each piece with beaten egg yolk and fry with butter a light brown; then arrange the slices on a hot plate and lay on each piece a tolerably thick covering of powdered sugar and cinnamon well mingled.

Thoughtful Thoughts.

PROFANITY never did any man the least good. No man is richer, or happier, or wiser for it. It commends no one to society; it is disgusting to the refined and abominable to the good.

DO NOT think of knocking out another man's brains because he differs in opinion from you. It would be as rational to knock yourself on the head because you differed from yourself ten years ago.

A MAN may see every figure upon the dial, but he cannot tell how the day goes unless the sun shines. We may read many truths in the Bible, but we cannot know them savingly until God shines into our hearts.

WE speak of the snow as an image of death. It may be this, but it hides the everlasting life under its robes—the life to be revealed in due time, when all cold shadows shall melt away before the ascending sun, and shall be not unclothed but clothed upon, and mortality shall be swallowed up of life.

WHAT is friendship good for that only blossoms in sunshine, and shuts up at night and in stormy days? What is a friendship, or a love, or a faithfulness good for that stands in stead when you do not want or need it? Then, when a man would be ribbed up in strength, is the time when friendship will show itself.

THE best way in the world to seem to be anything is really to be what we would seem to be. Beside that, it is many times as troublesome to make good the pretence of a good quality as to have it; and if a man have it not, it is ten to one but he is discovered to want it, and then all his pains and labors to seem to have it are lost.

IN reality, there is perhaps no one of our natural passions so hard to subdue as pride. Dis ease it, struggle with it, stifle it, mortify it as much as one pleases, it is still alive, and will every now and then peep out and show itself; you will see it, perhaps, often in this history; for even if I could conceive that I had completely overcome it, I should be proud of my humility.

TO EVERY man there are many, many dark hours when he feels inclined to abandon his best interests—hours when his heart's dearest hopes appear delusive; hours when he feels unequal to the burden, when all of his aspirations seem worthless. Let no one think that he alone has dark hours. They are the common lot of humanity. They are the touchstone to try whether we are current coin or not.

WHEN THE TIDE GOES OUT.

Full white moon upon the waste of ocean,
High full tide upon the sandy shore;
In the fisher's cot, without a motion,
Waiteth he that shall never sail more—
Waiteth he, and one sad comrade, sighing,
Speaking lowly says, "Without a doubt
He will rest soon. Some One calls the dying
When the tide goes out."

Some One calls the tide, when it is flowing
It hath touched the limits of its bound;
Some great Voice; and all the billows, knowing
What omnipotence is in that sound,
Hasten back to ocean, none delaying
For man's profit, pleasuring, no doubt—
Backward to their source, not one wave straying
And the tide is out.

Some One calls the soul o'er life's dark ocean,
When the tide breaks high upon the land,
And it listens with such glad emotion
As the called alone can understand—
Listens, hastens to its source of being,
Leaves the sands of time without a doubt.
While we sadly wait, as yet but seeing
That the tide is out.

INVITED TO BREAKFAST

'Walk out to my house and have breakfast with me some morning.' Such was the invitation given me one day by Mr, Robertson, a genial middle-aged solicitor to whom I was articled in the thriving town of Abbeyton.

Now, I had only been articled for a few weeks, and what I had seen of Mr. Robertson in business made me wish to know him and his in their private life; hence I was much delighted to have this opportunity of gratifying my wish. A few days afterward, waking up and finding a glorious summer sun streaming into my room, I speedily decided that this was just the kind of morning on which I should accept the invitation to breakfast at Abbey Grove, and in a few minutes I was on my way thither.

Abbey Grove was situated about two miles from the town, and consisted of a small cluster of villas, built in a prettily situated spot, which generations ago had formed part of the grounds of an old abbey. The only remains of this ancient building, however, were a few yards of crumbling wall, with here and there vestiges of what at one time had been traceried windows; these, with numerous mounds of stone and masonry, were all that was now left to tell of what had been there centuries ago. Most of these mounds were now covered with grass and shrubs and trees, and thus formed a delightful secluded retreat, which the inhabitants of the Abbey Grove villas enjoyed in common.

The invigorating charms of an early walk on a summer's morning need no description. The pure air, the genial sun, the twittering birds, the sparkling due, and soft low breeze, all tend to exhilerate one's spirits, and to make the day pleasanter and happier throughout All these experiences were mine on the day I write of. As I approached Abbey Grove and saw the houses peeping from out the surrounding trees, I commenced wondering as to what kind of a residence would be occupied by Mr. Robertson, how it would be furnished, what kind of people his wife and family would be like, and the kindred things that you speculate upon when going to visit a house for the first time. Last, but by no means least, as my walk continued I wondered what kind of a breakfast there would be to appease the appetite stimulated by the morning breeze.

I walked down a short avenue leading to the houses, and then began to wonder which of the half dozen villas I was bound for. This small community dispensed with numbers to their houses, nor did they even distinguish them by the ambitious and ridiculous names which you see stuck up on most suburban residences. No; nothing savoring so of the town for this group of country residences—they all called their several houses by the common name of Abbey Grove; and the stranger had to take his chances of having to go to each of them in turn, before he found the particular one he sought. Fortune favored me, by sending across my path a traveling directory in the shape of a milkman, and in response to my inquiry as to which house was Mr. Robertson's I received the straightforward reply, 'This 'ere one as I've just come from, sir.' Walking up a path I found the door invitingly open and the housemaid putting the finishing touches on the bell-handle.

'Master is not down yet, sir,' she replied to my inquiry as to whether he was at home, which, considering the time of day, really appeared an absurd question to ask the girl; but we get accustomed to use stereotyped phrases under some circumstances.

'Oh, then, I will come in and wait,' I replied.

'What name shall I say, sir?' asked the girl.

'Just tell him Mr. Brookes has called, and he will understand.'

So saying the girl showed me into a snug little breakfast room, where the sunbeams and the fresh morning air seemed to be vying with each other as to which should hold possession of the room; with such friendly rivalry were they streaming through two open French windows, which opened upon a tastefully arranged lawn and flower-beds outside. While noting these