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, SEPTEMBER 1, 1881. NUMBER 14

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,
TOWANDA, PENN'A.
Nov.13'79. Office—At Treasurer's Office, in Court House.

W. H. & E. A. THOMPSON,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, TOWANDA, PA.
Office in Mercur Block, over C. P. 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,
Apr27'81-y1 EDWARD A. THOMPSON.

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

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

MADILL & KINNEY,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.
Office—Rooms formerly occupied by Y. M. C. A. Reading Room.
H. J. MADILL. 3,15,80 O. D. KINNEY.

JOHN W. CODDING,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, TOWANDA, PA.
Office over Kirby's Drug Store.

THOMAS E. MYER
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
WYALUSING, PENN'A.
September 25, 1879.

PECK & OVERTON
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
D. A. OVERTON. BENJ. M. PECK.

RODNEY A. MERCUR,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.,
Solicitor of Patents. Particular attention paid to business in the Orphans Court and to the settlement of estates.
Office in Montanyes Block May 1, '79.

OVERTON & SANDERSON,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
TOWANDA, PA.
E. OVERTON, JR. JOHN P. 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. Stroud, 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 Store, 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.

ANDREW WILT,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Office—Means' Block, Main st., over J. L. Kent's store, Towanda. May be consulted in German. [April 1, '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. 3-72.

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. L. Vaughn's, State Street. Reference: Holmes Packer. 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
May22-76tf. 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 this line should give him a call. Dec. 4, 1879.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK,
TOWANDA, PA.
CAPITAL PAID IN $125,000
SURPLUS FUND 75,000
This Bank offers unusual facilities for the transaction of a general banking business.
N. N. BETTS, Cashier.
JOS. POWELL, President.

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 2, '79-tf.

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

THE DEVIL.

Men don't believe in a Devil now, as their father's used to do;
They've forced the door of the broadest creed to let his Majesty through.
There isn't a print of his cloven foot, or a fiery dart from his bow
To be found in earth or air to-day, for the world has voted so.

But who is mixing the fatal draught that palsies heart and brain,
And loads the bier of each passing year with ten hundred thousand slain?
Who blights the bloom of the land to-day with the fiery breath of hell,
If the Devil isn't, and never was? Won't somebody rise and tell?

Who digs the step of the tolling saint and digs the pit for his feet?
Who sows the tares in the fields of Time wherever God sows his wheat?
The Devil is voted not to be, and, of course, the thing is true;
But who is doing the kind of work the Devil alone should do?

We are told he does not go about like a roaring lion now;
But who shall we hold responsible for the everlasting row
To be heard at home, in Church and State, to the earth's remotest bound,
If the Devil by a unanimous vote is nowhere to be found?

Won't somebody step to the front forthwith and make their bow and show
How the frauds and the crimes of a single day spring up? We want to know.
The Devil was fairly voted out, and, of course, the Devil's gone,
But simple people would like to know who carries his business on?

MISTAKEN ECONOMY.

'We really must economize somewhere!' said Obadiah, tugging away at his whiskers.

'Yes, indeed,' said I, wringing my hands, we must! But I'm sure, Oby, dear, we are neither of us extravagant. We must eat; we must drink and we must live!'

And Obadiah and I sat and looked at each other, in a sort of mild despair.

We had only been married six months, Obadiah and I. We were very young, both of us, and perhaps we had begun the world too early. Our relations told us we hadn't any business to marry; but as their gratuitous opinions were all that they had ever given us, or ever intended to give us, we had not paid much attention to their utterances.

We had taken a little one-story cottage, just on the high road, which was to let cheap, because there were only two rooms and a kitchen to it. But what did Obadiah and I want with more than two rooms and a kitchen? I had the furniture which Grandmother Newcomb had given me, and a rag carpet which my poor mother had woven the winter before she died. To be sure, our accommodations were not extensive, but we did not expect to hold fashionable receptions, or give large dinner parties.

Obadiah had plenty of work in the woolen factory, down by the depot, and I hung out my little sign, 'Dressmaking and Millinery,' and hoped that some one would see it, and come in and give me an order. But no one came. I had plenty of time after my housekeeping duties were over in the morning, and I couldn't be always beeswaxing the furniture, arranging the china cupboard, or polishing the windows.

'I wish I could get some dressmaking to do!' said I, wistfully; for Obadiah's earnings were small, and I did so long for a dollar or two of my own.

'Why don't you advertise in the village paper?' said old Mr. Meggs.

Obadiah burst out laughing.

'Advertise!' said he. 'Why, what on earth do you take us for, Mr. Meggs? It costs a deal of money to advertise.'

'It costs something, certainly,' said Mr. Meggs, thoughtfully stroking his chin; 'but, then, it calls public attention to the particular sort of iron that you have in the fire.'

'A little local paper like that?' said Obadiah, rather contemptuously.

'It's local custom that your wife wants, isn't it?' said Mr. Meggs.

'And I never did think much of newspapers,' added Obadiah.

So that settled the question; and afterward, when the foreman of the woolen factory cut down all the wages of the workmen twenty per cent., and coal went up, and the winter set in hard and cold, and we began to consider the question of how and where we could economize, the local newspaper was almost the first thing upon which Obadiah settled.

'That, at least, is an unnecessary extravagance,' said he.

I winced a little. The Boggsville *Herald* had been my constant companion for more lonely evenings than I cared to remember.

'It's only a dollar and a half a year, Obadiah,' said I; 'and really, it's a very interesting little paper.'

'Just a dollar and a half a year too much,' said my husband, curtly. 'The subscription is just out. I'll tell 'em we won't renew it. If you care so much about it, Josie, you can easily borrow Mrs. Meggs' paper.'

I was silent. I never could make Obadiah understand the deep-rooted aversion to 'boarowin' of any creature whatever that I had inherited from my mother.

So we cut down the weekly paper, and left off using butter, and burned candles a penny a pound cheaper, and I sponged, and cleaned, and rebound, and new-buttoned Obadiah's greatcoat, instead of buying a new one, and left off going to church because my old cloak was so shabby and I couldn't afford anything better.

And oh, how I did miss the Boggsville *Herald*.

'If I could only get a little dressmaking to do,' said I to myself, 'I would subscribe again myself. But I cannot bear to ask Obadiah for a cent of his hard-earned money.'

I was sitting very sad and lonely, one freezing February day, by the window trying to mend one of Obadiah's old waistcoats, so that it should last a few days longer, when a traveling peddler, with a huge basket of china ornaments on one arm and a bundle on his shoulder, knocked at the door. He nodded in an insinuating manner at me as I answered the summons.

'Couldn't I sell you something this morning, ma'am?' said he, with a liberal display of a very white and even set of teeth. 'Anything in the way of elegant mantel vases, statuettes, decorated china, match-boxes——'

'I have no money,' said I, spiritlessly. 'And I do not need any of your wares.'

'Ah, but you do not know what a splendid article I have here,' he persisted, loosening the strap which passed across his shoulder, and lowering the precious package carefully to the floor. 'A pair of real Wedgewood *faiences*. Oh, don't shake your head, ma'am; I shan't charge you anything for looking at 'em, you know. I'm certain you're an artist—all the ladies are born artists—and this is really something quite out of the ordinary.'

And with a succession of nods and grins, he unwrapped a pair of really very pretty blue vases, nearly two feet high, and ornamented with raised garlands in white.

'Only six dollars for a pair, ma'am,' said he. 'Dirt cheap. It's positively giving them away at that price.'

'I have no six dollars to spare,' said I, indifferently.

'It's a great bargain, ma'am,' he insisted.

'I do not want them,' said I.

He was silent for a few seconds.

'I'm sorry, ma'am,' said he. 'They'd be a great decoration for a house like this. But if you really won't buy, it would be doing me a great favor to allow them to stand here until tomorrow. I've a long tramp before me, and I'm not going to any place where I think they'd be likely to buy anything of this sort. I'll set 'em back by the chimney-piece, ma'am, where they won't be in any one's way. And I'm very tired with carrying 'em.'

I felt sorry for the poor jaded wretch—so I made no objection. And when he was gone the vases did make the room look wonderfully pretty. I could not but wish that they were mine.

Obadiah perceived them at once, when he came home to tea.

'Hello!' said he, 'what does this mean?'

So I told him, adding:

'I only wish that I could afford to buy them—they are so handsome.'

Obadiah walked around and around them, with his hands in his pockets, and his brows knit thoughtfully.

'Yes,' they're pretty,' said he. 'But they're not perfect.'

'Not perfect!' I echoed.

'Not by any means. Don't you see that lengthwise crack down one? And the end of the little raised rosebud is chipped off on the other. I hope you didn't do it, Josie?' with a sudden look of apprehension.

'I? Certainly not!' I cried. 'Why, I haven't so much as touched the things!'

'Then I dare say it's all right,' said Obadiah.

And he sat down to supper.

The next day, however, my friend, the china-vender, came along, smiling and obsequious as ever.

'There are your vases,' said I, 'just where you left them.'

But all at once he broke out into a storm of reproach and obloquy.

They had been cracked and damaged in my care. They were perfect—absolutely perfect—when he left them here the day before. I had worked the mischief, and I was of course responsible for the value of the articles!

Of course I knew that the rascal was telling a falsehood; but what could I do? I was alone in the house, and fairly cowed by the ferocity of the man.

'You must pay me for them,' he reiterated, again and again, 'or I will have you arrested at once!'

I burst into tears.

'How can I pay you?' said I. 'The vases were damaged when you left them here. And, besides, I have not five dollars—no, not one dollar—in the house.'

(Which, also, was true enough).

While I spoke, he had been glancing furtively around.

'I don't want to be hard with you, ma'am,' said he. 'Of course, a poor man like me has got to save himself from loss, and if you'll let me have that set of blue and white India china in the dresser, in exchange, I'll leave the vases, and we'll say no more about it.'

It went to my heart to part with the India ware, which had been a relic of my mother's housekeeping days, but I was so cowed and terrified by the man's bullying manner that I believe I would have given him the house from over my head if he had asked for it; and he went away, leaving the beautiful vases on the floor.

How glad I was to see Mrs. Meggs come cheerfully in, half an hour afterward!—a good, motherly old soul, with silver spectacles and an elderly dimple still lingering on her cheek.

'Why, my dear,' said she, 'what's the matter?'

And I told her all.

'But, my dear,' said she, 'how came you to be so taken in? There was an article in the paper last week, warning everybody against this very imposter. Didn't you see it? It was called "The Vase Swindler."'

I colored deeply, and hung down my head.

'We have stopped taking the paper,' said I. 'Obadiah thought we couldn't afford——'

'And your beautiful old china, too!' said Mrs. Meggs. 'Why, there was half a column in the paper, week before last, about the value of old china just now. And by what it stated, your set of old India ware must have been worth twenty dollars at least.'

Twenty dollars! And I had frittered them away for a pair of wretched, cracked, tawdry things, of the very sight of which I was already sick.

'My dear,' said Mrs. Meggs, 'your ideas of economy are altogether misplaced. You should read the papers.'

Obadiah went and subscribed for the Boggsville *Herald* that very evening. And in the first number he saw an advertisement for hands at a new steam factory in the neighborhood, which offered steady work and a third higher wages than he was now receiving. And I inserted a modest little 'Dressmaking Wanted,' and it was answered within the week, and I am making my own snug little income now, thank heaven!

And if anybody tells us now that we can't afford to take a paper, we tell them, Obadiah and I, that we can't afford to do without one.—*Helen Forrest Graves.*

The Yankee Wore the Belt.

It was during the Crimean war that three officers, one an Englishman, one a Frenchman, and the other a Yankee, who had joined the allies, fell into a dispute as to which was the best swordsman. The dispute finally grew so hot as to end in a challenge to mortal combat, the survivor to wear the laurels. As duelling was contrary to army regulations, and the affair coming to the ears of the commanding officer, he at once took measures to put a stop to it, but as all the officers were anxious to witness a trial between these experts, he hit upon a plan that would test their skill and at the same time not transgress any of the 'rules.'

There were three prisoners under sentence of death, and the commander decided to let the belligerents act as executioners, and the one that would perform the duty with the greatest skill should be declared the victor. So on the appointed day a large number of officers were present to witness the trial of skill. The Englishman was the first one called upon, and singling out his man, drew his sword with a flash, and with a single stroke severed the head from the body. Great applause followed.

Then the Frenchman's turn came next. He, drawing a narrow ribbon from his pocket, tied it around the neck of his victim; then turning his back upon the prisoner, his sword flew from its scapboard, and he, turning on his heel at the same time, with one stroke cut the head from his victim, splitting the ribbon thro' the centre. Tremendous applause followed, and the universal opinion was that he would certainly be the victor.

Now came the Yankee's turn. He calmly walked up to his man, drew his sword with the rapidity of lightning, and giving it a flourish around his head, sheathed it as quickly, and turning, saluted the commander. Hisses and groans went up from the crowd, and the commander sternly asked him what he meant by such conduct. The Yankee, turning to the man he was to have slain, said: 'Will you please to spit, sir?' The man attempted to comply with his request, when his head rolled off, it having been so quickly severed that he did not know it until he went to move his head. The Yankee wore the belt.

Why Deacon S. Went Behind.

It had been the common talk of the neighbors that Deacon S., who several years ago lived in Hamilton county, Ohio, was going behind, but no one knew exactly the reason why. The fences were down on his farm; the place was not only covered with weeds, but worst of all, with a mortgage to a considerable amount. One day the hoe was missing, and after hunting it for a long time, Deacon S. called to his son John:

'Where is the hoe, John?'

'Don't know, father.'

'Thought I told you to always keep it in its place?'

'Didn't know you had a place for it, father.'

Next day the shovel was missing, then the axe. An hour was consumed in finding it—just at that time, too, when Mrs. S. was impatiently waiting for wood to get dinner with. After the axe was found, the handle was discovered to have been broken; another hour was consumed in fixing it.

One evening farmer A. came in about dark to sit awhile. After a little conversation, says Deacon S.:

'Will you have anything to drink?'

'Well, I don't mind,' replied farmer A., 'if it's handy.'

'Certainly it's handy,' says the deacon; although it was dark, he went to the cupboard and without any trouble put his hand on the bottle. A light was struck, and if some of the inquisitive persons had looked in an hour thereafter they would have found a solution very readily to the question of why Deacon S. was going behind.

Although he had taken several draughts from the bottle, he was careful to put it back in its accustomed place. He could get up in the darkest night and put his hand on the bottle, but he never could find the hoe. This was the secret of Deacon S. going behind. Any man who attends to his bottle and forgets his hoe will be likely to go behind.

HORRIBLE BIRTH-MARK.—Geneva *Advertiser:* Once in a while there comes to Geneva from the vicinity of "Huckleberry Swamp," a location famous for its snakes, a woman not greatly advanced in years—perhaps thirty-five—who was born and has always lived there. Her features bear the birth-mark occasioned by fright at a snake, and occasionally her walk is similar to the wriggling movement of a snake when pursuing its path. Her eyes are not far apart in the head, small, and instead of being oval, are diagonally set. At the close of a sentence, when talking, she invariably runs her tongue out for an instant. Aside from these terrible traits she is a handsome woman, with flowing auburn hair, plump in form, and weighs 137 lbs. She attributes her peculiarities to a birth-mark. To strangers she is naturally sensitive about her appearance; to friends she is quite reticent, but learning our association with the press, told us thus much of her infirmities.

A MAN is known by the company he keeps out of.—*Lowell Citizen.*

A United States Boundary Line.

The northern boundary of this country is marked by some cairns, iron pillars, wood pillars, earth mounds and timber posts. A stone cairn is seven and a half by eight feet, an earth mound is seven by fourteen feet, an iron pillar eight feet high, eight inches square at the bottom, and four inches at the top; timber posts five feet high and eight inches square. There are three hundred and eighty-two of these marks between the Lake of the Woods and the base of the Rocky Mountains. That portion of the boundary which lies east and west of the Red River Valley is marked by cast-iron pillars at even-mile intervals. The British placed one at every two miles and the United States one between each two British posts. Our pillars or markers were made at Detroit, Michigan. They are hollow iron castings, three-eighths of an inch in thickness, in the form of a truncated pyramid, eight feet high, eight inches square at the bottom and four inches at the top, as before stated.

They have at the top a solid pyramidal cap, and at the bottom an octagonal flange one inch in thickness. Upon the opposite faces are cast in letters two inches high the inscriptions, "Conventions of London," and "Oct. 20, 1818." The inscriptions begin about four feet six inches above the base, and read upward. The interior of the hollow posts are filled with well-seasoned cedar posts sawed to fit, and securely spiked through spike-holes cast in the pillar for that purpose. The average weight of each pillar when completed is eighty-five pounds. The pillars are set four feet in the ground, with their inscription faces to the north and south, and the earth is well settled and stamped about them. For the wooden posts well-seasoned logs are selected, and the portion above the ground painted red, to prevent swelling and shrinking. These posts do very well, but the Indians cut them down for fuel, and nothing but iron will last very long. Where the line crosses lakes, monuments of stone have been built, the bases being in some places eighteen feet under water and the tops projecting eight feet above the lake's surface at high-water mark. In the forests the line is marked by felling the timber a rod wide and clearing away the underbrush. The work of cutting through the timbered swamps was very great, but it has been well done and the boundary distinctly marked by the Commissioners the whole distance from Michigan to Alaska.

Hydrophobia

The following will doubtless be read with interest by all: The *Medical Journal and Examiner* publishes an extract from a paper of Dr. Gizyvala, relating to the terrible disease, hydrophobia, in which the doctor claims for the weed, *Xanthium Spinosum*, antirabic properties. He has tested its efficacy in a hundred victims bitten by rabid animals, of whom he lost none. Some very astonishing instances of the marvelous power of this drug are given, two of which are appended. Twelve persons of one family had been bitten by a mad wolf. Six of this number were admitted into a hospital, at Olsohanks, Government of Podolia, district of Balta and were treated with this drug, and all recovered. All of the others, treated with the actual cautery and the daily use of genista tinctoria died with hydrophobia in from twelve to sixty days. Thirty oxen had been bitten by a mad wolf; five of them died hydrophobic. The remaining twenty-five were treated with *Xanthium Spinosum* and recovered. Of the dried leaves, powdered, the dose for an adult is nine grains, thrice daily. For children under that age, half that dose. For the animals above alluded to, the dose was three ounces daily given in bran. Too warm a welcome to this new aspirant for the honors of specificity against hydrophobia cannot be extended. The trustworthiness of Dr. Gizyvala is vouched for by Professor Guber, of Paris.

Xanthium Spinosium, or Clot Weed,—the Thorny Cockle Burr, is a native of the United States as well as Europe, growing in the fields and roadsides, from Massachusetts to Pennsylvania and Georgia. It is a plant growing about one foot high, very conspicuously armed with straw colored spines, and possessed of distinctly sudorific properties.

Why Ostriches Eat Stones.

An ostrich's digestion is aided by stones or pebbles, which the bird puts into its stomach to grind the food it has eaten. This habit is brought out by the following narrative told in *Forest and Stream*, of a visitor's experience while at an ostrich farm in South Africa:

The first familiarity one of them ventures to take is to make a snap at your neck. We give him a slap and stand back.

'Oh! he's only after your breastpin,' says the farmer; 'I forgot to tell you to keep your jewelry out of sight.'

This is easily removed, but the inquisitive bird makes a peck at the top button of my coat, and when I find at last that he does not seem to be very strong in the beak, and that this is not his weapon of offence, I let him continue the operation.

If we ask why these birds have a passion for buttons and studs, and bright things generally, including jack knives, the farmer replies that they are in the habit of eating pebbles and stones to help digestion by the irituration of their food.

The harder the stone the better, and it is probable they associate brightness with hardness.

THE teacher had grown eloquent in picturing to his little pupils the beauties of heaven and he finally asked: "What kind of little boys go to heaven?" A little four year old boy, with kicking boots, flourished his fist. "Well, you may answer," said the teacher. "Dead ones," the little fellow shouted at the extent of his lungs.

Crossed the Dark River.

'Two nights ago at midnight,' said Brother Gardner to the Limekiln Club, 'I saw Brudder Kyan Jones take leave of airth to cross de dark ribber. De ole man had bin ailin' fur weeks, and he was ready to go. When his eyes looked under de dark cloud of death an' cotched sight of de aiges of Heaven, he gathered his friends about him, an' we sot beside him when his life went out. If dar am a man in dis hall who believe wid Bob Ingersoll he should have bin dar when de soul of dat poo' old black man began slippin' away from its home of clay. What brought de smile of joy to de old man's face? What put de look of blessed satisfaction in his eye? Why did he welcome de comin' of dat sleep which knows no wakin' till de blast of de trumpet turns airth into Paradise?

'Why down in de rice fields of Louisiana lies de body of his ole wife. Dat smile of joy was bo'n at de thought of meetin' her at de gates of Heaven. In a green lane in Georgia lies de dust of his first bo'n chile. Dat look cum to his eyes when he realized dat befo' de morrow he would fold dat boy in his arms. In de ly'ars of de long ago dey took his darter away an' he has nebber heard from her since. When he thought of de blessed family reunion up dar behind de gates of gold, his face wore sich a look dat we could almot' h'ar de music of de harps. Tell me of some unbeliever who has died dat way! Tell me of a scoffer who has let go of life wid a smile on his face! All de words of all de infidels on airth could not have shaken de faith of the poo' ole man. He could not read, but he could pray. He could not write, but he could hope. Jist befo' de bells struck midnight, we saw his smile brighten, an' he pinted wid his finger into distance. Shall I tell you what de old man saw? He saw beyond de curtain which hangs between life an' eternity. He saw legions upon legions an' hosts upon hosts marchin' down to de dark ribber. He saw beyond dat. He saw de sunlight on de odder sho'. He heard music. He saw de wife and chill'en of odder days, an' when dey held out deir arms to him he whispered to us: 'Dey is callin'—dey is callin', and he sunk away without even a sigh.'

A Monster Man's Body.

About three miles from Wilkes-Barre, at a place called Ashley, a Mr. McCauly has the contract from the Wilkes-Barre Coal and Iron Company for sinking a coal shaft. It is twenty feet square and is intended to have two tracks for carriages to run in hoisting up the coal, and is said to be the largest opening of the kind in the coal regions. It is located near the base of the mountain and has reached a depth of 475 feet. On Saturday last, when the gang or what is known as the second shift of men, were about retiring after firing off a course of holes, Tom Cassidy, the foreman, descended the shaft to ascertain the result of the explosion and was astonished to find an immense cavity in one of the sides of the shaft. The explosion appeared to have a terrible effect and caused more damage than benefit on account of an unnecessary opening on one side, but his astonishment was still greater increased on clearing away some of the dirt and refuse of rock blown by the shots to discover a solid mass of rocks in which appears a clearly defined human shape of giant proportions. All the limbs, muscles and lineaments are apparent. The rock is about sixteen feet in length, ten in breadth, and about eight in thickness. The dimensions of the human frame are giantly, measuring twelve feet in length and four across the chest. Across the breast is the impression of a huge shield about four feet in circumference, while the right hand clutches the broken and but end of a large cutlass or sword. The rock was taken out whole and is now in possession of Mr. McCauly, of Ashley.

A Strange Disease of Tomato Vines.

A mysterious disease is playing havoc with the tomato crop of New Jersey and Delaware. It has also made its appearance on a more limited scale in this State and in Maryland. In New Jersey the farmers are loudly bewailing their misfortune. Some of the largest growers find that from one-half to two-thirds of their crops are entirely unfit for the market, and in consequence several of the largest canneries of Burlington county have stopped making cans, in the belief that there will be a great shortage in the crop. It is just possible that the second and third cuttings may be free from the disease, but unless this hope shall be realized, there will be a corner in the canned tomato market during the coming winter. In the first stage a slight discoloration appears on the skin underneath the blossom stem. In the next stage this is more pronounced, and a sinking of the surface is apparent. In the third stage a general decay has extended over the entire blossom-stem side. From this onward the decay extends through the vegetable until it is nothing but an unpleasant mass of rottenness. The disease is a new one, and its origin is a mystery. An examination through powerful glasses has failed to detect the presence of animalculæ. Sometimes the vegetables are attacked when in a green state; at other times they are almost ready to be gathered when it makes its appearance. In this section, the rot is very marked, and is rendering unfit for market at least one-third of the crop. Our market gardeners are making great complaints of the losses they have already sustained, and owners of private gardens say the disease attacks their vines generally, and in addition to the loss by the rot, the yield in size and quantity is also considerable.

"LET'S rest a moment between bars," is what the musicians say when they want to go out and get a drink.—*Keokuk Constitution.*

Taking Advantage of an Accident

Three men-of-war ships—Dutch, French and English—while anchored in port, were contending with each other for the best display of sailorship, so that the captain of each vessel determined to send aloft an active sailor to perform some deed of grace and daring. The Dutch captain sent a Dutchman, the French a Frenchman, and the English an Irishman. Dutchman stood on the top of the mainmast with his arm extended. The Frenchman then went aloft and extended both arms. Now the Irishman thought if he could stand on the top of the mainmast with a leg and an arm extended he would be declared the most daring sailor. Nimbly he climbed aloft until he reached the highest point, then he balanced himself on both feet and extended his right hand with a graceful motion. Then he threw out his left leg until it came into a line with his right arm. In doing so he ingloriously lost his balance and fell from the mast, crashing through the rigging toward the deck. The various ropes with which he came into contact broke his fall, and his velocity was not too great to prevent his grasping a rope attached to the mainyard. To this he hung for two seconds, then, dropping lightly to the deck, landed safely on his feet. Folding his arms triumphantly, as if the fall and all were in the programe, he glanced toward the rival ships and joyously exclaimed—

'There, bate that if you can.'

People Who Whine.

There is a class of persons in this world, by no means small, whose prominent peculiarity is whining. They whine because they are poor, or if rich, because they have no health to enjoy their riches; they whine because they 'have no luck,' and others prosperity exceeds theirs; they whine because some friends have died and they are still living; they whine because they have aches and pains, and they have aches and pains because they whine; and they whine, no one can tell why. Now a word to these whining persons. First, stop whining—it is of no use complaining, fretting, fault-finding and whining. Why, you are the most deluded set of creatures who ever lived! Do you know that it is a well settled principle of physiology and common sense that these habits are more exhausting to nervous vitality than almost any other violation of physiological law? And do you know that life is pretty much as you make it? You can make it bright and sunshiny, or you can make it dark and shadowy. This life is meant only to discipline us—to fit us for a higher and purer state of beginning. Then stop whining and fretting, and go on your way rejoicing.

What 20,000 Acres Is.

Men talk carelessly about acres and money. It is difficult to realize to the mind large sums of money. Commodore Vanderbilt once told me that he could never realize how much $10,000,000 amounted to. The same is true of large tracts of land. Men talk of 20,000, 40,000 and 50,000 acres without any realization of the extent of such an acreage. I visited the other day a ranch of 20,000 acres. I intended to make a thorough survey of it, that is, to ride around it, and across it. I made my survey, but when I learned that the fence which enclosed it was over seventy miles in length I concluded to inspect it by sections. I did considerable riding in two days, nevertheless, but I didn't ride around it. On the ranch there were 1,500 acres all under the plow, one bit of land nearly as level as a floor, a parallelogram in shape, and the furrow which the plow cut in traversing from one end to the other three miles in a straight line. It is only after one has visited such an estate and devoted days in riding over it that he realizes what 20,000 acres of land is.

THE FAITFUL WIFE.—Oftentimes I have seen a tall ship glide by against the tide, as if drawn by an invisible tow line with a hundred strong arms pulling it. Her sails furled, her streamers drooping, she had neither side-wheel nor stern-wheel; still she moved on, stately, in serene triumph, as with her own life. But I knew that on the other side of the ship, hidden beneath the great bulk that swam so majestically, there was a little toilsome steam tug, with a heart of fire and arms of iron, that was tugging it bravely on; and I knew that if the little steam tug untwined her arms and left the ship, it would wallow and roll away, and drift hither and thither, and go with the effluent tide no man knows where; and so I have known more than one genius, high decked, full-freighted, wide-sailed, gay-pennoned, but for the bare toiling arm and brave warm heart of the faithful little wife that nestled close to him so that no wind or wave could part them, he would have gone down the stream and been heard of no more.—*O. W. Holmes.*

"So you're not going to marry Haskin's daughter, though you know my heart is set on that match," thundered Sir Marmaduke, the dairy king, to his son, Lem Norton, the ox tamer of Yellow Springs. "No, sir," meekly replied the young man. "And, sir," roared the exasperated father, "may I ask why you dare thus to thwart my expressed will?" "Yes, sir," said his son, in a low, faint voice, like a joke before breakfast, "because I asked her, and she said she'd rather marry pump log for brains than marry anybody in this family." "Ah!" exclaimed Sir Marmaduke, with a fading inflection, and then he turned away to the new Ayrshire cow in the corner of the lot, and said, in a voice of a thunder cloud: "Huddup yer foot, ye furtailed imp of a thistle patch, or I'll knock the stuffin' outen ye with a neck yoke!" And his own son knew that the proud-spirited old man was thinking of her.

ONE FAITH IN MANY FORMS.

What is His Name? What name will all express Him.—
The mighty Whole, of whom we are but part—
So that all differing tongues may join in a worship
Echoing in every heart?

Then answers one—"God is an endless sequence,
Incapable of either break or flaw,
Which we discern but dimly and in fragments!
God is unchanging Law."

"Nay," said another, "Law is but His method.
Look back, behind the sequence to its source!
Behind all phases and all changes seek Him!
God is the primal force."

"Yea, these are not great, but God Himself is greater;
A living harmony, no dead-cold rule."
Saith one who in sweet sounds and forms of beauty
Hath found his soul's best school.

"Law, force and beauty are but vague abstractions,
Too unconnected with the life of Man,"
One answers: "Man hath neither time nor power,
Such mighty thoughts to scan."

"But here upon the earth we find him living,
And though in little time he fall and pass,
And all his faiths, and hopes, and thoughts die with him,
Surely, as ripened grass;

"Yet Man the race—man as he may be—will be,
Once he has reached unto his full-grown height,
Calm, wise, large-hearted and large-soul'd, will triumph,
In self-renouncing might.

"Who will not own, even now, with sight prophetic,
Life is divinest in its human dress,
And bend before it with a yearning reverence,
And strong desire to bless?"

Yea! Worship chiefly Love, but also beauty,
Wisdom and force; for they are all divine!
But God includes them, as some great cathedral
Includes each separate shrine.

So, Brothers, howsoe'er we apprehend Him,
Surely 'tis God himself we all adore,—
Life of all life, Soul of all souls, the Highest,
Heart of all hearts, and more.

—*M. A. Jevons in the Spectator.*

The Chameleon.

In a lecture at the London Zoological Garden by St. George Mivart, and published in *Nature*, some curious things are told of the chameleon. His eyes move with complete independence of each other; one may be directed upward and forward, while the other may gaze downward and backward. Each foot is practically a pair of pincers, and the chameleon is the most thoroughly arboreal animal in existence. But its tongue is a wonderful organ, six or seven inches long, with a cup-like depression at the tip. Its limb movements are slow and deliberate; those of its eyes and tongue, on the contrary, are remarkably rapid.

The chameleon lives largely upon flies, and at first sight it would seem impossible that so apparently torpid and sluggish an animal should be able to reach and seize creatures not only active in their movements, but possessing the power of flight. At this warm season, when the chameleon's appetite is keen, it may often be observed when a fly has been introduced into its cage to move about with comparitive celerity, attentively watching the fly's movements, now with one and now with the other eye. It sooner or later happens that the fly settles for a few seconds, somewhere within half a foot's distance of the chameleon's head. Then the chameleon's mouth may be observed to open and the apex of the tongue to protrude. In an instant it has shut again and the fly has disappeared. In fact the chameleon has spit out, as it were, its enormously extensible tongue upon the insect, secured it by the viscid secretion with which the tongue is coated, and again withdrawn that organ together with the prey, but the whole has been affected with such amazing rapidity that the observer's eye cannot follow the movements of the reptile's tongue. It is projected and withdrawn without the slightest noise, but in the twinkling of an eye.

It is this tongue which is as it were the centre of the chameleon's organization, and this tongue-movement is the very essence of its existence, and is its whole *raison d'etre*. Without it the animal's life would be impossible, while the very slowness and deliberations of its other movements are a gain, since they enable the chameleon to advance upon its prey within shooting distance without alarming it.

Thoughtful Thoughts.

DREAMS may serve as monitors, by indicating our present moral state; but must not be relied upon as foreshadowing future events.

WHAT sunshine is to flowers, smiles are to humanity. They are but trifles, to be sure, but scattered along life's pathway, the good they do is inconceivable.

POLITENESS is to a man what beauty is to a woman. It creates an instantaneous impression in his behalf, while the opposite quality exercises as quick a prejudice against