The Bradford Reporter.

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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, EDWARD A. THOMPSON.
Apr.7'81-yl

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,
WYALUSING, PENN'A.
Particular attention paid to business in the Orphans' Court and to the settlement of estates.
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,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
TOWANDA, PA.
E. OVERTON, JR. JOHN F. SANDERSON

W. H. JESSUP,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW,
MONTROSE, PA.
Judge Jessup having resumed the practice of the law in Northern Pennsylvania, will attend to any legal business intrusted to him in Bradford county. Persons wishing to consult him, can call on H. Streeter, Esq., Towanda, Pa., when an appointment can be made.

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

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

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

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 Aluminium base. Teeth extracted without pain. Oct. 34-72.

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..... 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.

GOD.

[The following beautiful poem is from the Russian Anthology, and was written by the celebrated Dershavin. This poem is said to have been translated into Japanese, by order of the Emperor, and is hung up embroidered in gold, in the Temple of Jeddo. It has also been translated into the Chinese and Tartar languages, written on a piece of rich silk and suspended in the Imperial Palace at Pekin. It is a noble composition, worthy of these honors.]

O, thou Eternal One! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy—all motions guide.
Unchanged through time's all-devastating flight
Thou only God! There is no God beside!
Being above all things! Mighty One!
Whom none can comprehend, and none explore,
Who filest existence with Thyself alone,
Embracing all,—supporting—ruling o'er—
Being whom we call God—and know no more.

In all its sublime research, Philosophy
May measure out the ocean deep,—may count
The sands, or the sun's rays—but God, for Thee
There is no weight nor measure; none can mount
Up to Thy mysteries. Reason's brightest spark,
Though kindled by the light, in vain would try
To trace thy counsels infinite and dark;
And thought is lost ere thought can soar so high,
Even like past moments in eternity.

Thou from primeval nothingness didst call
First chaos; then existence—Lord on Thee
Eternity hath its foundation; all
Sprung forth from Thee—of light, joy, harmony,
Sole origin,—all, all beauty Thine:
Thy word created all, and doth create;
Thy splendor fills all space with rays divine.
Thou art, Thou wert, and shall be glorious, great,
Life-giving, life-sustaining Potentate.

Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround
Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with breath.
Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,
And beautiful mingled life with death!
As sparks mount upward from the fiery blaze,
So suns are born, for worlds spring forth from Thee.
And as the spangles in the sunny rays
Shine round the silver show, the pageantry
Of heaven's bright army glitters in Thy praise.

A million torches lighted by Thy hand,
Wander wearied through the blue abyss;
They own Thy power, accomplish Thy command;
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss—
What shall we call them? Piles of crystal light?
A glorious company of golden streams?
Lamps of celestial ether burning bright?
Suns lighting systems, with their glorious beams?
But Thou to these art as the moon to-night.

Yes, as a drop of water in the sea
All this magnificence to Thee is lost
What are ten thousand worlds compared to Thee?
And what am I then? Heaven's numbered host,
Though multiplied by millions and arrayed
In all the glory of sublimest thought,
Is but an atom in the balance; weighed
Against Thy greatness—is a cypher brought
Against infinity! What am I then? Naught.

Naught!—but the influence of Thy light divine
Pervading worlds, hath reached my bosom, too;
Yes, in my spirit doth Thy spirit shine,
So shines a sunbeam in a drop of dew.
Naught! but I live, and on hope's pinions fly,
Eager towards Thy presence; for in Thee
I live, I breathe, I dwell; aspiring high,
Even to the throne of Thy divinity;
I am, O God! and surely Thou must be!

Thou art! directing, guiding all. Thou art!
Direct my understanding then to Thee;
Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart
Though but an atom midst immensity,
Still I am something fashioned to Thy hand!
I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth,
On the last verge of mortal being stand,
Close to the realms where angels have their birth,
Just on the boundaries of the spirit-land!

A STIRRING APPEAL.

Address of the Republican State Committee.

To the Electors of Pennsylvania:

Ours is "a government of the people, by the people, and for the people"—of the people, since all authority springs from them; by the people, since their will, when expressed thro' established voluntary and legal forms, should be respected and obeyed; for the people, in the fact that whatever is thus done should be done for their welfare. Accepted maxims are these. They were given shape by the spirit of our customs and laws and direct expression by a martyred President at a time when they had just been sanctified by the best blood of the nation.

There was an election last year, and the result was confessed on all sides to have been fairly reached. It showed both an electoral and a popular majority for a Republican President and Vice President. The bullet of an assassin has robbed the people of their personal choice, and in his stead they have secured by constitutional and acceptable methods his distinguished colleague. Since that election events have crowded thick and fast, but the on-looking world saw a Republic, in every material view, unshaken by calamity; our own people saw, through the instrumentalities of our laws and Constitution, a faithful reflection of their will in the more immediate change incident to the death of their President, and they had almost permitted their political vigilance to relax and take an indifferently easy air, when it was aroused by a partisan act on the part of the political organization which did not represent the people in the struggle for governmental policy. For the second time in our history "a prize had been drawn in the lottery of assassanation" by a common foe; and, in both cases, that foe was quick in the search for every cumulative profit. The Democratic party did seek a partisan profit from the murder of Lincoln, and unwarned by that experience, in its greed for power, repeated the attempt but a week ago. Andrew Johnson's betrayal of the ides that the legal expression of the will of the people must be respected was compensated after a struggle of many months, the recent betrayal of a public trust by the Democratic Senators was, so far as we can now judge, partially met within two days. A bad purpose has been defeated, and while the will of the people has not been fully guarded or their policy guaranteed, the Republicans of the Senate have at least removed a glaring temptation to further assassination, and for a time checked the greed of ever-watchful enemies.

DEMOCRATIC BOURBONISM.

The saddest of all deaths, the legal succession, the theft of the second place in the gift of the people, and its partial restoration have transpired with confusing speed; yet not so fast but that the reflecting man could give some little thought to the fact that if this Government of ours is to be preserved "as of the people, by the people, and for the people," there must be neither direct nor indirect overtures to a partisan foe which has never yet bowed to the doctrine—which was the friend of slavery, in a great section the author of rebellion, in yet other sections its aider and abettor—and in all times subsequent to our greatest civil crisis the persistent foe of every advance toward a more perfect freedom. With its inherent belief in slavery, it opposed emancipation, civil rights, equal suffrage, the planting of the school-house in the places where it was most needed; and instead of favoring and fostering those who suffered for their country, it has, by every insidious agency, sought to reward those who betrayed it. This is not true of all Democrats, but it is true of the leaders, into whose hands power will be thrust by failure to hold Republican strongholds. They have a machinery which is cohesive in its power, which permits no freedom of opinion, which never divides, and which grinds on until its own force breaks it. The power of selection still rests with the Republicans of Pennsylvania. Ohio has risen from her grief to confirm her selection by majorities relatively greater than in Presidential years. Iowa makes a most intelligent choice with unanimity. The Virginians, struggling to rid themselves of a form of Bourbon rule which is the same wherever it obtains, were, until recently, divided as to policies; but in the rush of events have thrown away every idea of faction, and are now ready to place themselves in the column of progress. The Republicans of New York, in natural solicitude for a distinguished citizen called to the point of danger, have buried from sight every dividing issue, and now present an example of harmony which has been wisely imitated in nearly all other States. There is a needed unity of watchfulness, to the end that the present, and at least the near future of our country may be guarded from possible calamity. Shall we, as Pennsylvanians, be less dutiful? When, in the past, sacrifices were called for have we ever, in either hatred, sullenness or despair, stood off? A claim to patriotism but mocks the term when it will not sacrifice convenience, comfort, even happiness and life, for the country's weal. A profession of fealty to admittedly just political principles is but a sham and a pretense when it will not sacrifice something to unity and when it will not blend a personal purpose into the one which moves for the common good. When public dangers quick succeed each other, when but a single life stands between approved government and a revolution in politics, there ought to be no room for mere personalties, none for the detraction of friends, none for the creation of faction, and there ought to be universal reprobation of counsels which are openly confessed to be in the interest of the enemy. Good soldiers do not stop to dress mere bruises when the battle is on, nor do they march out of the line by either flank at the beck of the foe.

STAND BY THE PRESIDENT.

To admit that any considerable number of Pennsylvanians will be less solicitous of the national good than those of our neighboring States is to belie our past history. The Administration of President Arthur from its very beginning needs at the least the support of all Republican States, and of none more than that which has proved the Keystone to Republicanism, as she has to the Union. That support can only be extended through ballots cast for General Baily, the standard-bearer of the party—a gallant soldier, wounded while heading his troops, ascending through high personal merit from the bars of a Captain to the stars of a General—now a modest, quiet citizen—not a politician, not an officeholder—one who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow, yet far too good to oppose, and of all men the last to be selected as the victim of spites against others. There was at least fairness in the hissing and explosion of the shell which struck him at Gaines' Mill; there is neither generosity nor manliness in the attempt to crush him with missles professedly aimed at others.

Our National Administration is Republican in its make-up and character; we know it as such; the world knows it as such. It can, therefore, only find support in Republican majorities. We have no other method of support; the world abroad recognizes no other, and no persuasion of secret enemies, of demagogues, or any apparent apathy of the open foe should be permitted to lure us from the one direct object—support of the National Government and the administration thereof. This withheld and chagrin and disaster will quickly succeed each other. The man who can be persuaded to lose one battle in the hope that he can more easily win the next does not live to see how false is his philosophy.

WHAT THE PARTY REPRESENTS.

The Republican party represents issues and purposes which are worthy the most active effort of all who believe in the principles which have made our government what it is—"of the people, by the people, and for the people." It represents ideas of administration specially dear to all. President Arthur has vowed—that

"All the noble aspirations of my lamented predecessor which found expression in his life, the measures devised and suggested during his brief administration to correct abuses and promote the general welfare, to secure domestic security, and maintain friendly and honorable relations with the nations of the earth, will be garnered in the hearts of the people, and it will be my earnest endeavor to profit and to see that the nation shall profit by his example and experience."

His faithful adherence to this declaration calls for direct encouragement from Pennsylvania. Support of the Republican cause and ticket will do it; support of any other means its condemnation. The Administration, its friends and enemies, and all intelligent on-lookers will say so, and none will more quickly gloat over such a calamity than the journals and politicians who are now counseling division.

The Republican party is liberal enough for all. Its national deeds and declarations are not forgotten; its latest enunciation in this State points unequivocally to a reform in a plank which received the warm support of 251 representatives in State Convention assembled; while that of the Democratic party plays with dangerous recklessness on the edges of communism. Must these declarations in representative convention be held less potent than those of the self-seeking, the irresponsible, and the noisy on the rostrum? Only barbarous tribes wildly follow their howling dervishes.

THINGS TO BE REMEMBERED.

The statesmen of the century have been members of the Republican party. It has counted in its ranks names which have become immortal, and are so confessed of all the earth—Lincoln, Seward, Chase, Sumner, Garfield!—names which are nurtured in our party's traditions even more tenderly than in historic pages. It is the party of reform, for it is progressive and never looks backward; it is the party of liberty, and constantly seeks a more perfect freedom True, some have wearied of its good work; some have straggled in the march of progress; others have regarded their bruises more than the goal beyond; some have even fallen by the wayside, but the earnest and the active still march on and gather as they move.

You can on the 8th of November next so shape your ballots, citizens of Pennsylvania, that they will prove the voice of order, promoter of stable government in the State and the Nation. If they are cast as the mere waifs of passion, the double-edged instruments of faction, the world may be justified in forming a different opinion of our people—for their character will at least seem to have changed from the sturdy and steadfast to that which is weak and vacilating. Let us remember, Pennsylvanians, that there is no form of mental slavery more humiliating to its victim than that which yields itself captive to every sensation.

The Finances of the State.

It is considered important that you should be fully informed concerning the manner in which the Republican party has managed the finances of the Commonwealth since 1860—the first year that trust was committed to it. For a period of twenty years the Democrats have only had charge of the State Treasury three years, in 1863 under W. V. McGrath, and in 1878 and 1879 under A. C. Noyes. In 1861 the debt of Pennsylvania was the largest owed by any State in the Union, and $3,000,000 was then necessarily added to the enormous load to enable our troops to march to the defense of the nation's life. But the crushing load has been manfully borne and honorably paid, until the debt, less available securities in the Sinking Fund pledged to its redemption, is now one of the smallest owed by any State in debt. The total reduction since 1861 has been $19,033,420 84, and the present debt is $21,561,989.65. The Sinking Fund amounts to $8,000,000, making the net debt $13,561,989.65.

The following table will show the reduction which has been made from year to year during the period of Republican control of the Treasury, and the attention of voters who regard facts is invited to it:

YRS.	DEBT.	INCREASE.	REDUCTION.
1861..	$37,904,902 02	.....	$122,387 74
1862..	40,575,420 60	.....	849,496 08
1863..	40,443,052 86	.....	106,992 84
1864..	39,496,556 78	.....	1,903,245 88
1865..	39,378,603 94	.....	1,854,205 90
1866..	37,476,258 06	.....	855,620 94
1867..	35,622,052 16	.....	1,479,485 09
1868..	31,760,431 22	.....	472,395 18
1869..	33,286,946 13	.....	1,702,879 05
1870..	32,814,540 95	.....	3,813,175 83
1871..	31,111,661 90	.....	.....
1872..	27,298,456 07	.....	1,504,672 70
1873..	27,303,494 64	$5,008 57	1,230,186 57
1874..	25,798,824 94	.....	1,375,497 53
1875..	24,568 635 37	.....	1,032,468 83
1876..	23,222,137 74	.....	315,047 99
1877..	22,190,658 86	.....	.....
1878..	21,875,629 86	.....	628,679 21
1879..	22,190,658 86	315,048 00	.....
1880..	21,561,989 65	.....	$19,353,477 41
		$320,056 57	320,056 67
			$19,033,420 84

LESSENING THE PEOPLE'S BURDEN.

When the last Democratic State Treasurer handed over the office to the Republican incumbent a very large sum of warrants were unpaid and constituted a floating debt. This has all been paid, and at this moment ample funds are held to meet every legal demand on the State.

While thus reducing the debt the Republican party has steadily lessened the burdens of the people. In 1866 the flour-mill tax on real estate, producing an annual revenue of $1,000,000, was taken off. In 1871 the tax on offices, trades and professions, amounting annually to $75,000, was repealed. In 1873 the taxes on horses and cattle, producing a revenue of $50,000 a year, was taken off, and in 1879 the tax on coal, yielding annually $700,000, was repealed. Thus $15,000,000 of tax on the homes of our people has been remitted in as many years. Relief to working-men, amounting to $750,000, has been extended by abolishing the tax on occupation; $350,000 has been remitted, chiefly to our farmers, by repealing the law taxing live stock, and $700,000 has been taken off our great coal industry for the past year. But this creditable record does not stop here. While the debt was disappearing, notwithstanding reduced taxation, amounting to $16,800,000, the State supported her noble charities with a generous hand and gave a lavish aid to the Centennial Exhibition, as will be seen from the annexed table:

Amount for support of Soldiers' Orphan Schools	$6,012,494 87
Amount for support of charitable institutions	7,374,733 00
Amount for the support of common schools	11,919,711 00
Amount for the Centennial Exhibition	1,000,000 00
Making a total of	$27,207,139 47

A CRITICISM OF THE REFORMERS.

Seventeen years ago a few professed Republican politicians in this State had shown their capacity for leadership by reducing the party to a minority. The Legislature was lost and McGrath, Democrat, became State Treasurer. Able leaders came forward in that crisis and the Republicans immediately gained their supremacy. These rejected leaders, unable longer to plunder the State and ruin the Republican party, at once became "Reformers." They commenced an attack upon the financial management of our party, it being the subject least understood by the average voter. For half a generation these "Reformers" have kept the State ringing with denunciations of a work which outside our borders is looked on and commended with universal praise. The Republican voter has been told each year that our State was systematically and constantly robbed, and that this unending robbery was performed by the State Treasurers the results of whose work is a part of this address. Each year official facts have been presented disproving these charges, but the "Reformers" keep up the assault, as though the Republicans of this State were without the advantages of common schools and common sense. The original projectors of this movement have long since "reformed" themselves into the Democratic party; but the "Reformer" of to-day exhibits the same lofty contempt of facts officially promulgated each year by the fiscal officers of the State Government, from which the figures here submitted have been taken.

On the question of official peculation by the Treasurers charged with this crime, the following comprehensive exhibit of their work would seem to be conclusive to all who consider arguments and respect truth. Of the moneys collected and expended during the last seventeen years the total is as follows:

For ordinary expenses of the State Government	$84,784,636
For the Centennial, charities, reformatories, etc.	27,207,149
For reduction of the State debt	19,033,420
Total	$131,025,205

Of this vast sum only $18,660.94 are not now available, but the Attorney General is pressing suits to recover it, and will recover it from the bondsmen of ex-State Treasurers. The State is amply secured.

Do not these facts carry us safely beyond the assaults of demagogues? and do they not compel all who assail to seek a footing alone upon falsehood and slander? Are they not strong enough to bid us carry our appeal beyond the lines of our party—into the counting-rooms of all merchants and manufacturers, the gates of our ship-yards and rolling mills, the shops of our myriads of workmen and the homes of the quiet and non partisan—there to ask that a Government so careful of its resources, so honorable in meeting its obligations, so charitable to the lame, the halt and the blind, so liberal to its schools and yet so just to all—shall be perpetuated?

By order of the Republican State Committee,

THOMAS V. COOPER,
Chairman.

The Michigan Vennor.

THE WEATHER FIEND OF THE LIME KILN CLUB INDULGES IN PREDICTIONS.

The following tribute to the zeal and industry of the Lime-Kiln Club Weather Bureau elicited hearty applause when read by the Secretary:

WASHINGTON, October 12, 1881.

To the Lime-Kiln Club: Out of forty-two predictions made by your Weather Bureau for August and September forty-one were fully verified. The prediction that Cairo would be visited by a waterspout in August was a miss, but as there were 8,000 barrels of whiskey stored there that week the predicted cloud burst probably thought best to take another course. Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,
General HAZEM.

When the applause had subsided and the stove-pipe was replaced, the following plump up and down guarantees for the coming week were handed in and read:

Sunday—Sort of a cross between a bad day to go fishing and a good day to hunt woodchucks.

Monday — A twenty-five pound chunk of ice begins to have a slight effect on the constitution of a quart of milk.

Tuesday—Frost takes the starch out of the high-nosed tulip and the airy daffodil, and the romantic maidens wander forth to gather the gorgeous Autumn leaf.

Wednesday—Cloudy or clearing or partly cloudy or clearing weather, with some clouds and clear spots; good day to grub out old stumps or sit around the post office.

Thursday—Pic-nics played out in the upper Lake region. Tramps appear in the Ohio Valley with straws in their hair and a hankering after hot coffee. Possible hurricane on the Upper Missouri, but it may end in wind.

Friday—Increased temperature all around. Absent-minded farmers put eight gallons of water into each cider barrel as a foundation to begin on.

Saturday—Lower barometer. Areas of rain; also of mince-pies and apple-sass. County fairs begin to close up, and the plumber makes his first visit of the season.

IT is generally in ourselves that we study the defects we criticise most severely in others.

THE seeing good in all even when we know none are all good, makes life happier, the heart far kindlier.

IF a man has nothing to do you may be pretty sure that Satan is looking out for an employee and will soon find one.

FINE connections are apt to plunge you into a sea of extravagance, and then not to throw you a rope to save you from drowning.

THERE is hope for a man as long as he can blush.

IF there is one thing more than another which most people detest it is the obligation to be just to those with whom they differ.

MONEY and fame are two things that men work hardest for, and after death one is worth to them just about as much as the other.

IT may be true that misfortune braces a man up, but an even run of good luck helps his amiability about as much as anything we know of.

The Champion Thief.

The Vienna correspondent of the London *Globe* says: "Last week a certain Hungarian countess well known for her riches and beauty (the same spirited lady who last year seconded her brother in a duel) graced with her presence the performance at the Aress, or summer theatre. On one of her fair fingers my lady wore two splendid diamond rings exactly like each other. During an *entr'acte* there presented himself in her box a big fellow in gorgeous livery—six feet of the finest flunkey imaginable. Quoth he, in finest Hungarian, "My mistress, Princess P——, has sent me to beg of your ladyship the loan of one of your rings for five minutes. Her highness has observed them from her box opposite, and is very anxious to examine one more closely, as she wishes to have made after the pattern." Without an instant's hesitation the countess handed a ring to "Jeames," who bowed with respectful dignity and retired. The performance over, the two great ladies met on the staircase, and the countess begged her friend to keep the ring at her convenience. "What ring, my dear?" Denouement! Tableaux! The "powdered menial" was no flunkey at all, but a thief, and the ring was gone. The police were informed of the impudent trick. Justice seemed to have overtaken the culprit in a few strides, for next morning the countess, whilst still *en robe-de-chambre*, received a letter informing her that the thief had been caught and the ring found on his person. "Only," added the note, "the man stoutly denies the charge and declares the ring to be his own. To clear up all doubts, pray come at once to the police station or send the duplicate ring by bearer." To draw the second ring from the finger and intrust it to the messenger—a fine fellow in full police uniform—together with a handsome "tip" for the glorious news, was the work of a moment. Only when my lady an hour later betook herself radiant to the police station to recover her jewels, a slight mistake came to light. "Well, my ring? I could not come myself the instant I got your letter." "What letter, madam?" Denouement! Tableau! No. 2! The thief had got them both."

Struggle With a Porter-House Steak.

"This is the porter-house, is it?" asked the sad passenger, sitting at the corner table in the restaurant.

"Yes sir," said the waiter, with the weary air of a man who was tired of having to tell the same lie a thousand times a day, porter-house steak, sir; same as you ordered, sir."

"Do you cut porter-house steak from between the horns this year?" asked the sad passenger, with the intonation of a man who wanted to know.

"Sir?" said the waiter.

"It seemed to be a trifle tenderer last year," the sad passenger went on, with the air of a tired man indulging in pleasant reminiscences of the past; "but I remember now, it was cut a trifle lower down then. Last year you cut your porter-house steaks from the curl in the forehead and the sirloins from the shin. But I think this comes from between the horns. I used to live in a boarding-house where they cut the porter-house between the horns, and this one reminds me of them. Animal dead this steak came from."

"Dead," echoed the astonished waiter; "course, sir. He was butchered, sir."

"Butchered to make a Roman holiday," sighed the passenger. "He would be more likely to make a Roman swear. Well, it was time he was killed. He hadn't many more years to live on this earth. Ah, here is the brass tip from one of his horns. Dropped into the steak, no doubt, while you were slicing it off. What do you do with these steaks when the guests are through with them?"

The waiter looked puzzled. "Why, sir," he said, "they ain't nothing left of 'em when customers get through with 'em, sir."

"Possible?" said the sad passenger; "what becomes of them?".

The waiter looked nervous. "What!" he said; "the customers eat them up."

The sad passenger looked up with an air of interest. "Incredible!" he exclaimed; "cannot accept your statement without proof. They may hide them under their chairs, or secrete them in their napkins, or they may carry them away in their pockets to throw at burglars, but I cannot believe they eat them. Here, let me see one of them eat this, and I will believe you. Trust me, good waiter, I—"

But the waiter pointed to a placard inscribed: "Positively no trust," and went to the cashier's desk to tell the boss to look out for that man at the corner table, as he didn't seem satisfied with his steak and had asked for trust.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

JOSH BILLINGS' PRAYER—NEW REVISION.—From tu many friends, and from things with luce ends, deliver us?

From a wife who don't luv us, and children who don't look like us, deliver us!

From wealth without charity, from pride without sense, from pedigree worn out, and from all rich relations, deliver us!

From snaix in the grass, from nails in our boots, from torchlight processions and from no rum, deliver us!

From pack-peddlers, from young folks in luv, from old aunts without money, and kolery, deliver us!

From newspaper cells, and pills that ain't good, from females who faint, and men who flatter, deliver us!

From other folks secrets, and from our own, and women committees deliver us!

From folks who won't laugh and from them who giggle, from tite butes and mutton, deliver us!

CHESTER ALLAN ARTHUR.

BY EDWARD N. POMEROY.

ARTHUR! the nation's heart goes forth to thee.
Thy honest manhood we beheld and trust:
We saw thee speechless, smitten in the dust,
And recognized thy grief's sincerity;
For thou didst pray as earnestly as we.
Harsh were our words before; but these we thrust
Into oblivion now. There let them rust.
Thou hast bought up the opportunity.
High the position thou art called to fill;
And hard as high; but thou dost take it well.
Seeking for aid where none e'er sought in vain.
Anxious to do God's and the people's will.
That future ages may thy wisdom tell,
May Heaven assure thee strength of heart and brain.

MARION, MASS.

Borrowing a Quarter.

Three city boys were on their way home from school, and, as there were at least two hours before dark (and before supper-time), they were quite ready to stop and look at anything from a circus to a dog-fight.

"Oh, boys, just look!" cried Charlie Thorn.

"What? Where?" exclaimed his companions. They were now in front of a secondhand bookstore; and pointing to a thick green covered volume in one window, Charlie exclaimed:

"Why, there's the 'Arabian Nights'—real good, not torn a bit, marked 'only twenty-five cents!' Full of pictures, too!"

"Oh!" said, or rather sighed, Edgar Denny and Will Farnham.

Three faces were pressed close to the bookseller's window, three pairs of eager eyes gloated over the treasure; for to what ten or twelve-year-old boy is not the "Arabian Nights" a treasure?

Neither Edgar, Charlie or Will had ever read the wonderful book; but one of the latter's cousins had done so, and had retailed one or two of the stories to Will, and he in turn had repeated them to his two friends. And to think that all this—roc's eggs, one-eyed caliphs, sparkling jewels, genii, palaces—might be obtained for twenty-five cents.

"I say, remarked Edgar, doubtfully, "has any fellow got a quarter."

No fellow had; what was worse, the united wealth of the three "fellows" amounted to just seven cents.

"Perhaps, if I tell papa about it, he'll buy it for us," suggested Charlie.

"Pshaw! Somebody'll snap it up before you can get to your father's store. A bargain like that isn't to be had every day."

"If Tom Baker sees it he'll buy it, sure pop. He's always got money," sighed Edgar. "If he hadn't been kept in, like as not he'd have bought it before this."

Suddenly Will's face brightened. Putting his hand in his pocket he drew out a dollar bill and announced his intention of buying the book.

"A dollar! Where did you get it?" asked Charlie, in amazement.

"'Tisn't mine; it's Aunt Mary's. She gave me a dollar this noon, and asked me to pay fifty cents to Mr. Jennison, the apothecary, you know. She will not be home until late this evening, and in the meantime I can run up to grandma's and get a quarter she owes me for some eggs I sold her—my little bantam's eggs. Aunt Mary will not mind if I do borrow a quarter from her for a little while."

So the treasury of marvels passed into Will Earnham's possession, and the three happy boys made immediate arrangements for reading it aloud, turn and turn about. At every street corner they paused to look at "just one more picture," and it was with a violent effort that Will tore himself away to "run up to grandma's."

"But you boys may look at it while I am gone, if you'll bring it to me before supper," he remarked graciously as he left them.

Unfortunately he got to his grandmother's just a little while after she had left home for a two days' visit to one of her sons; so the little bantam's eggs could not be paid for then.

"Oh, well, it can't be helped now," Will said to himself. "Grandma is certain to give me the quarter in a day or two, and I'll tell Aunt Mary about it as soon as she comes in."

When he got home his mother told him to put his aunt's change on her bureau, and then run to the grocer's and get some sugar for tea. After supper he betook himself to his new book, and soon was a thousand years and a thousand miles away. He dimly heard some one ask him about Aunt Mary's money, and he gave a dreamy answer; and his father had to speak to him three times before he realized it was bed time.

Of course he for a moment forgot all about the borrowed quarter. Conscious of "good intentions," he felt no anxiety about the matter.

"Isn't it too bad, Will, that our new cook, who makes such nice cake and pie, is not honest, and mamma has got to discharge her?" said his sister Jennie, the next morning.

"Yes, it is a pity. What has she taken?"

"Not very much; but as mamma says, it shows that her principles are not good. She or some fairy (for there was not a person but her in the room from the time you went there until mamma went in and discovered it) took a quarter out of Aunt Mary's room. You put her change on the bureau?"

"Yes, on a little blue mat."

"That is where I saw it," said Mrs. Farnham.

"Then it was lucky for your purse, Aunt Mary," said Will with a laugh, "that I borrowed a quarter of you, or you would be fifty cents poorer instead of twenty-five."

"What do you mean? I lent you no quarter!" was the surprised reply.

"No; but I borrowed it."

"Did you lay but one quarter on the bureau?" asked his mother.

"Yes, ma'am. I borrowed the other."

"Oh! exclaimed Mrs. Farnham, with a sigh of relief "Then the cook is not dishonest, and I have unjustly suspected her."

"I am very sorry I did not explain sooner," said Will, earnest[illegible]

"So you ought to be! But as [illegible] pose you explain now," interposed his father, a little sternly.

And Will told the whole story, adding, "You see, Aunt Mary, I didn't know that grandma was going away, and I thought I could get the money at once."

"Oh! it is all right. You are welcome to the money," answered his aunt.

"I disagree with you, Mary," exclaimed Mr. Farnham, quickly. "I think there is a great principle at stake, and that Will did not do right. There is but one step, one very little step, between borrowing, without its owners permission and stealing."

'Oh, papa, cried Jennie, horrified at the word, "our Will wouldn't steal!"

"I sincerely hope and firmly believe that he would not; but no one can tell what he may do under strong temptation. The clerk who borrows his employer's funds fully intends to restore them. Yet how often we read of a clerk or cashier involving himself beyond recall, just by 'borrowing' a few thousands to speculate with. I once knew a gentleman, highly educated and very intelligent, whom I would have trusted with my whole fortune, such implicit confidence did I and all who knew him have in his thorough integrity. He had a few hundred dollars invested in real estate, and felt himself honest (as our Will did) when he 'borrowed' a less sum from his employer's funds to invest in some stock that was sure to sell at a high price. Even if he lost all he knew he could repay it in a day or two, long before his employer needed it. Unlucklily, he did not lose. So he 'borrowed' again, and won; and yet again. And so on, until one fine morning, the tables turned, and he lost—lost $7,000!"

"Poor man! What did he did do?"

"What could he do? He confessed his dishonesty, but he could not make restitution. So he was sent to State prison, and died there, overcome with humiliation and contrition. You see, Will, what an honest man may be led into by borrowing another man's goods without permission."

"Father, I am very sorry I did it. I felt so sure of being able to pay it at once! But I can understand now why you say there is such a little step between borrowing without leave and stealing. O! mamma, did you accuse the cook?"

"No, I only suspected her. I waited to be very sure."

"There it is, Will! You came very near being the innocent cause of great injustice to cook, and of great trouble to your mother. It is easy to commit an appar