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W. RYAN,

COUNTY SUPERINTENDE Towanda, June 20, 1878.

(S. RUSSELL'S GENERAL

May26-70tf.

PRACTICAL PLUMBER & GAS FITTER. Place of business, a few doors north of Post-Office

JOS. POWELL, President.

heard Ludwig ask my father to let it not to the sad, half-civilized and and kiss it, for I loved this brother,

him go to Vienna and become a sol- neglected boys, who had grown up this grave, silent, noble brother, bet-

dier also. My father had answered in the old stone castle, without the ter than all in the world or in heaven,

epelled while it allured.

come out.

I felt as if an icy heart had taken

season shut the dangerous door of angry wolf all night.

of her, as I had heard that men had and we had a long consultation.

COODRICH & HITCHCOCK, Publishers.

REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER,

save the image of our dead mother

But in our silent misery we would

better than all I loved Ludwig.

darkness came over me.

'Oh! Erlody! Erlody!" said she

Her mother came down, a fine

\$1.00 per Annum in Advance.

VOLUME XLII.

CHESTNUTS.

TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 3, 1881.

NUMBER 23

Won Him Back.

One of the travelers for a new, town in the interior of the state, to

Yes. oinch?

Boston house?' No. I can't say as he did. vears?

attend church?' am looked upon as a Christian.'

once subscribed \$10.1

ister.'

and Ernst are both married. The but my heart is stone. I move alone fortress, perhaps. Then we began to door life; she seemed always to be go together to the chapel and kneel and Ernst are both married. The but my heart is stone. I move alone suspect that he had been guilty of discovering a bit of carving, a majol. there for hours before the image of old Baron died long ago. I come to without any comfort. It was hard to three brothers, we and our old father, some political offense; that we were lica jug, an old mirror, or curious the Blessed Virgin, as Frere Franz them from my convent in the neighborhood of the Ermeitek. For when twe. Pa made me choose. Don't

The two girls went down to break-

It is not often that a political par-I was on my shaggy pony, stop- Something of the boy mingles in looked like his mother, but the old the Bishop gave that title to the ty strays away and becomes absothe character of such a woman as she. Baron glared at him with his red young neophyte who had been Count lutely non est inventus during a campaign. But something very like it has happened in Pennsylvania. A case somewhat similar was noted in the State of Maine two years ago, when the Democratic party got lost up in the Aroostook region, and had not been heard of when the votes were counted in November, 1880. nothing more nor less than a good, The Democracy of Pennsylvania appeared by its delegates in Convena tress of her long, golden hair, and duct you to my father, the Baron capable of gayly criticising her gowns a wine merchant of Posth, who had sudden wealth by a piece of good tion at Williamsport some weeks a tress of ner long, golden nair, and duct you to my father, the Baron ber book of prayers.

Some great tragedy had happened, some terrible misfortune, to my father, said the President; politely spoken, my golden haired you to my father, the Baron capable of gayly criticising her gowns and ribbons, if they did not altogether on his business. Leaving Ludwig in the care of Ernst and Felehaza, I the sale of a colebrated oil property. Had he the shrewdness even of an tive of the horny-handed bone and ordinary business man he should, by sinew of the State, kissed all around, this time, have at least doubled his and melted away into the body polioriginal resources. He is not worth tic like a lump of sugar under the seductive influence of a summer rain. Since then nothing has been heard and drawn into foolish and worthless from the party as a party. Mr. Bull, investments, by a set of hangers-on, as chairman of the committee, has his once ample fortune has steadily been fumbling around the Mayor's dwindled to nothing more than a mere office with a few friends, and the organs have played some fugitive pieces for the delectation of the rank crat. Disappointed in his aspirations and file, who have scarcely missed for office in the Republican party, he their leaders. We have waited to came over to the Democracy in 1872. hear the bugle sound the call to ra-

we dared not ask. We only heard now, and I have made a better, much bargains with the enemy in this sectional district, where biennially the

Fourthly—He is a mere figure sound. serene companionship of those monks, prepare my father for the visitors. to speak to her of her marriage. It last summer. Her father (you know, knaves and hypocrites, with no liam L. Scott, of Erie, and he seems who had been noblemen and soldiers. I saw Frere Franz in the court was a family arrangement, she said, Elrody, I mean Count Zichy) was a brains but brass, and with no ability to have lost his reckoning somewhat, in their day, and seemed to love us yard and told him the astounding well. Frere Franz was the great news, leaving him to break it to the blessing of ourseling ourseling of ourseling ou

finances of the great State of Penn- each other by mistake. Mr. Scott sylvania, which for many years has has come out of the woods and fallen been under the control of the worst upon Mr. Noble tooth and nail, no ring of thieves and speculators a doubt mistaking him for a Republicountry has ever been cursed with, can. This all results from getting er, to which we cannot get but by are friends, or those who are indifferent needs a man of boldness, prompt ac- lost in the woods, a thing that no rowing against the head of a stream. to you. tion, stern will, unflinching zeal, and party should do, or suffer to be done.

Commanding ability. Not a single The Republicans are having a fair spirit and virtue. It is hard for an quaintances as be advances through life, he will soon find himself left alone. A one of these qualities belongs to Mr. scrimmage in the open, meanwhile, Noble. He is only a kind, simple, and the methods employed by Mr. heard in the wood near me two whom she had picked out for her, duestion of simple interest, and of the Democratic party before it got excuse of feeble and puzzled spirits. the stuff such as knaves and sharpers lost in the bush, that a good many It was not long before Ludwig's would rub their hands over in high Republicans have arrived at the con-

> PART III. It was spring when the Wolves the grave of that bright hope."

them looked like the women in Ludwig's pictures, and he; great, handchest yielded its treasures, the sound loved your mother I should not lings could now do him no good in blood. I assure you it is nearly all

and I were the Lotharios of the fam- in her service, nailing up old tapes- his trust; the disgraced and pro- Franz sat by his chair and talked and come any more? asked the breathily, but Ludwig was sombre and tries and curtains. Lucille insisted scribed nobleman. All for that face read to him, and led him to pray to less listener. gloomy, and seemed to have somethat Ludwig should fresco her room, thing in his character like my father, and she bought muslin at the village gave up that which a man should sons. To pray that the cruel recklesswith whom he had a strange relation-which soon fluttered in the morning hold sacred above all things—his ness of youth and the bitter severity

door. Ludwig was the only creature soon a seat across country that was band. No! stay here, and when I a blue cloth dress and a hat with a on the face of the earth that my faunarylous. She would not hear of die it shall be yours. Go, and I curse long feather. By her side sits an
therefored I began to notice all our making a change in our toilettes. you! these things, as I grew to be 16, and 'No,' she said; 'those sheepskins Ernst had gone off, we knew not and again, with our noble wolf hounds, so on all these years we lived, as were so picturesque and suited to where; perhaps to see again that fair Czilagy and Maros, I go down to treating him so nicely he didn't like wild a set of barbarians as could be the landscape.' She soon got out of face at Erdieszegh, which he had meet them. As I pass a great mirror found in the neighborhood of the Ernest the fact that he loved a young once fallen in with, on one of our vis. in the hall, I see myself, a young have him leave. Oh! the saddest

help to gather the grape, flirt with much; she corrected our French, more haggard, more som- year; a sharp sword cuts to my vengeful sea, he separated my own the pretty girls who came to work in which was something archaic; she bre. We had not told each other heart, as I wish that I were again and me' there !-that young barbarian. The How did he do it? What steps pastoral business of shearing and beard! A young girl from the vil- rambles, in our silent hours over the knowledge of the world had not did he take? killing the sheep, and not entirely lage was introduced as parlor-maid, canvas, in the turret, it told itself. brought to me happiness. Alas!

went off to be soldiers. We had once to men. A woman's hand, what was the room; and I would take his hand over to kiss her. blessings, as I have heard all things, know. Says pa, "Give up the lover or the hat. Can't have both." in a dream.

you look for the name of the Frere you think it pretty?' Frantz of to-day, as you visit my old One day Ludwig fell into a dead herd and carries a terror to the heart was 22 when the great event of our beauty and refinement to our den. faint on the stone floor of our turret convent where I spent my boyhood, fast, the forlorn girl singing, in a of the wandering boy and girl. Cer- life happened. A little carriage The Wolves in her presence forgot room, and when we brought him to and to which I came after the world low, sweet voice, 'The good sword is ceased to be my home—this spot raised, the good knight is busted.' except my brother Ludwig, who had horses, hung with bells, came trotting carried with her an atmosphere which Old Felenaza and I bathed his where I hid the sorrows of childhood, er the heartbreak of manhood-vou safe as if she had been in the moon. and she wept as she saw how he will see that when the old one died

Five Good Reasons

Erlody Wolfgang von Wolf.

WHY ORANGE NOBLE SHOULD NOT BE ELECTED STATE TREASURER. of the woman whom they loved; and I had more learning and more although her Parasian fineries and knowledge of business than my First—He is incompetent. He is have nothing of her but her picture, at your service, said I. 'Can I consenses like a new perfume, I still felt wines I had become acquainted with kind simple old man who acquired ther, we never knew what. Gloom spoken; yes, I bring you a cousin and severity were his two inseparation from Paris, Mademoiselle Marie Luindespising his one broadcloth, badlymade suit. We were comrades as the hills to a railway station, on my great walls for the boy of nineteen to-day a fifth of what he had fifteen But Pandora's box had been open- to look at, and the past and present vears ago. Victimized by sharpers, times my mother came and encircled *Lucille goes away to-morrow; she | me in her arms; sometimes the old

times I saw Ludwig dying, and again | competency. Secondly-He is not a true Demosalad. She had been with us all the woman he loved-and a great It was in a beautiful salon in Par-A candidate for State Treasurer be- tions, and waited in vain. It was that Lucille received me. She did not know me in my French clothes, 1875, and failing to obtain the nomi- would put a barrel on tap, but this nation, he bolted the nominee of his expectation does not seem to have own convention, and, openly, with been realized. There is so far none voice, so pale and sad and shadowv

for the nominee of the Republican sadly-and she threw herself into party. Thirdly—He is a Democrat for explanatory of the management my arms and kissed me. The first Revenue only, of the Boss Kelly and State finances prior to 1861. Wallace pattern. On the defeat of would, we think, have been quite Governor Robinson in 1879, through proper for the orators of the party French lady, all crape, and very the treachery of John Kelley, his to arise and enlarge upon the beau-'It was I who was so romantic," clique threw their caps high in the ties of Democratic financial manage said she; "I was the French com. air and called for three cheers for ment. A solemn science reigns in estimable boon of liberty and the small, long and lithe, and her gloves loved luxury. I could not give it to panion who induced your mother, John Kelly. It is also well known the fastnesses of Clearfield, where my lovely Roumanian schoolmate, that Mr. Wallace, the Democratic the siren voice of Senator Wallace to run off with the gallant Austrian Cameron Senator from Pennsylvania, used to arouse the echoes in the night at some village or market town, in my life, but she did look like— daughter of the gods? Why had she officer, your father! Ah, dear, dear! comes to this faction of hungry Dem- good old Democratic fashion.. A entered our mountain fustness? That It led to sad trouble. I am wiser ocrats, to aid him in carrying out his silence reigns in the Third Congress-

tion of the State. better arrangement for my Lucille. so kind of you to take her as a visi- head, behind and under cover of tor when we were so disturbed here whose name a parcel of leeches,

'He is not one at heart,' said Lu-There was in my luggage a roll of canvas, and in my care a consign-It was not long before the widow Zichy was convinced that Lucille

The Boston Girl's Woe.

'The snow has drifted around my

flown. The grasses are bending over

team and drive into my outstretched

'My l' ejaculated the Brooklyn girl. 'Always. He came, until I looked for him as for the stars. Every night until one. Then he came no more. sage from Vienna. He could never And my heart is sad and weary. was to tra 'Yes, going like a fool to follow again go to salute his sovereign, to Listen. I have a father. Pitiless, Lucille!' said my father. 'Love has claim again those trappings which he cold, relentless, but still he is my fa-

'Did he say the young man musn't

'He did not. He welcomed him like the whirlpool's rings that swallow up all sorts of things. Give him ci-gars and talked with him. Pa was ship. They rarely spoke together, and yet we heard at times long, serious and angry discussions between them, when they would shut them, when they would shut them selves up in a room and lock the door. Ludwig men the calculations are shown as a little timid at first, but shown a lock the door. Ludwig men the calculations are shown as a little timid at first, but shown and lock the local and the little timid at first, but have and a lock the local and the little timid at first, but have and a lock the local and the little timid at first, but have and a lock the local and the little timid at first, but have and a lock the local and the little timid at first, but have and a lock the local and the local and the little timid at first, but have and a lock the local and the little timid at first, but have and a lock the local and the little timid at first, but local and the little timid at first, but local and the little timid at first, but local and the local and the little timid at first, but local and the local and the little timid at first, but local and the local an 'Then how did he come to go away?

I'm crazy to know.' 'You shall hear how the disintegration originated. All the time pa was him. He was making up his mind to Danube. We were all fearless, ex- girl at Erdioszegh; she taught him its to Frere Franz, at the convent. Parisian, in modern clothes, I remem- word of tongues or pen is the terripert horsemen, could shoot and fish, how to write and fold his love letters; Lucille had been away three months, ber the savage in sheepskin, with bleness of these male men. Pa sepand, in the season of the vintage, she reproved him for drinking too and Ludwig had grown every day long, golden curls—that I was last arated us. Like the pouting of the

'Give me your attention. You shall know the facts from the protoplasm I go up with dear Lucille, and see to the finish. I will tell you of my never seemed to occur to us; altho' ing upon the Wolves at table. We Ludwig would say to me; 'Poor boy! Ludwig extend his arms to her, I awful doom, right here in your cheerthe boys with whom we had played were all being changed from animals poor boy!' as he walked up and down see her fall upon his breast as he bends ful little bed-room. I wanted an Easter hat. I said to pa, "Must have I hear faintly their thanks, their it." Was coming to see you, you

> "And you?" I have two dear sisters and many Give him up, of course. How nephews and nieces, for my Ludwig could I help it? The hat is lovely,

A Missing Party. fore the Democratic convention in confidently expected that Mr. Noble in 1660 Ætha disgorged 20 times its snows day of Indian summer, when

his entire flock of parasites, worked of the bustle of preparation which usually follows after rations are serv-

voice of a Randall is wont to re-The only active Democrat we can discry at this juncture is Mr. Wilregiments used to come unexpectedy out of the woods upon other Fifthly-The management of the Union regiments and whack away at

that party under Mr. Wolfe's leadership. It looks very little like it indeed. The Republicans of Pennsylvania will do well to assume that the sat on the floor, lacing their boots they may be wandering about in perfume of flowers-faded and dried, Norming more impairs authority than

small, light cloud is liarnless; but if not children, is increased a thousand soon dissipated, it rises and blackens, and fold.

THERE is nothing that has so much authority, and is entitled to so little, as cus-

'Didn't we always do well by you?'

'And did we ever press you in a

Did you get lower prices of the photographs colored by artists, how-'Then I can't understand why you

should leave our house all of a sud-

'So am I. I've got the date of my baptism right in my note-book.' it over the other day, when the Bos- | be faithfully produced, but protected ton drummer was in here, and he at from the action of light by being

kegs of nails! Put me down for \$30 | ingredient, and some of the photocash, a new silk hat for every season, graphs so treated have been exposed and a full suit of clothes for the min-'Do you really mean it?'

'Of course I do; and if that 2-cent Christian from Boston dares sign another \$5, I'll send you down a \$600 church organ, and pay a man \$500 per year to play it. We are a house which never makes any great display of gospel hymns and religious tracts. but when a Boston drummer bluffs we show our religious hand and take n the pot every time.'

lcal with the New York house.

The merchant will still continue to What a Volcano Can Do. Cotapaxi, in 1738, threw its fiery "a bad number" and went into the rockets 1,000 feet above the crater, army, where he got to be an officer, while in 1754 the blazing mass strug- whereupon, there being no wars, he gling for an outlet roared so that its resigned and rushed off to India to awful voice was heard at a distance shoot panthers and tigers and eleof more than 600 miles. In 1797 the phants. He used to "knock 'em crater of Tunguragua, one of the cold," but one day a lion which he great peaks of the Andes, flung out had shot through the brain revived torrents of mud, which dammed up sufficiently to break Leo's thigh the rivers, opened new lakes, and in bone with one blow of his paw, and valleys 1,000 feet wide made depostithe "mighty hunter" returned to its 600 feet deep. The stream from Belgium. On his recovery he went Vesuvius, which, in 1737, passed into the show business, and, as I through Terre del Greco, contained have already stated, is now in Paris 33,000,000 cubic feet of solid matter, giving exhibitions which are really and in 1793, when Terre del Greco wonderful. I have seen him shoot was destroyed, a second time, the three balls into one place on top of mass of lava amounted to 45,000, the other, and so accurately that it 000 cubic feet. In 1760 Ætna pour seemed as though one bullet had ed forth a flood which covered 84 passed the iron. I have seen him square miles of surface and measured | cut in twain a telegraph wire at thironly 1000,000,000 cubit feet. On ty paces, which was so fine that I this occasion the sand and scoria could just see it at the same distance. formed the Monte Rosini near Nich- He is not a trick shooter like Dr. olosa, a cone of two miles in circum- | Carver, nor a pigeon slaughterer like ference, and 4,000 feet high. The Captain Bogardus, nor a long range stream thrown out by Etna in 1810 rifleman like Bruce and Sumner and was in motion at the rate of a yard a Gregory and Rathbone and nearly a day for nine months after the erup-tion; and it is on record that the tion, but he is at short range one of lava of the same mountain, after a the most skillful in the world, and terrible eruption, was not thorough. his attempts are nightly watched by ly, cool and consolidated for ten years | large and interesting audiences. after the event. In the eruption of Vesuvius, A. D. 79, the scoria and

ashes vomited forth far exceeded the be married in the fall, my sweet." entire bulk of the mountain; while "Yes, Oscar, in the rich, hazy, senown mass. Vesuvius has sent its the low note of the farmer's bov. own ashes as far as Constantinople, seeking the lost cow is heard as he Syria, and Egypt; it hurled stones sits on the vine embroidered stile eight pounds in weight to Pompeii, and blasphemes until the fire-fly a distance of six miles, where similar leaves for a cool spot. You must masses were tossed up 2,000 feet take all my money, Oscar; it must above the summit Cotapaxi has pro- be yours to do as you will with it. jected a block of 100 cubic yards in Surely you have an ambition?" volume a distance of nine miles and have," said Oscar, kissing her while Sumbawa, in 1815, during the most she held her breath. "And you let terrible eruption on record, sent its any false pride stand in the way of ashes as far as Java, a distance of using my money to attain the height three hundred miles of surface, and you fain would reach?" "No. darout of a population of 15,000 souls ling, I will not. You say you have only 20 escapeo:

Words of Wisdom. protection is your own spine. There is no pleasure but that some pain is nearly allied to it.

Principles like troops of the line are undisturbed and stand fast. Our deeds determine us as much as we determine our deeds. Those who never retract their opinions love themselves more than they

Knowledge, like religion, must be experienced' in order to be known. Genuine suffering often jests best; for it knows no idle longing for tears. Virtue dwells at the head of a rivempty bag to stand upright. Great men should think of opportunity and not of time. Time is the

Envy is a passion so full of cowclusion-that they are confronted by had the confidence to own its posses-It is with you as with plants; from the first fruits they bear we learn what may be expected in the future. Memory can glean but can never

of the summer that is gone. man is a great wrong, but when ex-

No error should be deemed trilling. A ercised in the daily association with No persons, be they in ever so

To succeed in any of life's endeav-

The announcement is again made that a process has been discovered for taking photographs possessing all the brilliancy and delicacy of the natural colors, and an exhibition of pictures thus naturally colored has just been held in London. According to the reports, the colors are produced by the action of light alone in the camera, and owe nothing whatever to the artist's brush. In the photograph exhibited, the coloring appeared to be quite true to nature, and delicate tones and shades were clear to view. The flesh tint was exact to life, and full justice was done to gorgeous regimentals. The protruded tongue of a dog in one of the photographs possessed the exact color of nature. Some of the guests, says the English Mechanic, inspecting this collection, and not fully acfresh, dry-goods house arrived at a quainted with the character of the latest invention, took it for granted find that one of his best customers that the work was done by skillful was to transfer his custom to a Bos- artistic hands on ivory and other material, and could scarcely believe their eyes when informed that the asked the New Yorker, as he sat color, as much as the form and outline, was produced by the light of day. Careful investigation, howev-Didn't we ship goods promptly?' er, would then show that human handicraft was not in it; for there were touches and effects which nature's pencil of light could alone accomplish. The contention is that

Photographs in Natural Colors.

ever clever, must be more or less monotonous, hard, untrue to nature, and to the originals." The process was discovered, it is den after buying of us for several said, by a French scientist, but has since undergone improvement by the 'I know that some explanation is proprietor of the process in England. lue, and I will make one,' replied If the new system proves an unqualthe merchant. 'You know that I issed success, the reward will not have been reaped without much la-'Yes, and so do I.'
'Do yo? I didn't know that. I tempts have been made to induce the sun-pencil to fix colors in the picture it draws in the camera; but chemical and mechanical difficulties 'Is that so? Well, our church is have stood in the way. In the new n need of repairs. We were talking | process colors are said not only to passed through a boiling solution, of 'Ten dollars! Why that's only two which gelatine forms the principle for months to the sun without being in anywise affected by the ordeal Unfortunately the process is yet unknown, as it is likely to be for some-

> time.—Manufacturer and Builder. A Great Shot

A-Paris letter to the Philadelphia Press tells of a wonderful shot. There is a man giving exhibitions in shooting at one of the cafe concerts in the Champs Elysees who is the peer in skill of any marksman I ever saw, and I have seen the best of them. His name is Leo, and he is a Belgian. He became a famous marksman when a boy. At twenty he drew

A CHICAGO ROMANCE.—"And we'll \$100,000in four percents. It is enough. To-morrow I will act, and in less than a day my name will be as familiar throughout the world as that of The best lightning rod for your England's proud queen." "Oh, Oscar, what will you do?" "I shall purchase Muad S." * * * * Two minutes later a human form fell with a dull thud on the front porch of the haughty pork packer's resi-

dence. It was Oscar Harris. The old man had fired him. An unkind word from one beloved of en draws the blood from many a heart which would defy the battle-axe of hatred

man should keep his friendship in con BEN BUTLER scouts the idea of his hav-

ng accepted a retainer from Guiteau, and ardice and shame that nobody ever that yet. As Guiteau's wealth is at presquarter with a hole in it, Ben Butler's head is evidently as level as ever .- Chica no Tribune.

They who are weary of life, and yet are unwilling to die, are those who have breathed than lived.

a too frequent or indiscreet use of it. If Lying and deceit between man and thunder itself was to be continued would excite no more terror than t noise of a mill.

ORDINARILY we know from what country most people come by the language they use; but in the case of the swearer it is different. He uses the language of Men are so credulous that they believe any amount of evil told of a neighbor, and at the same time so incredulous that they can't possibly believe any good.

No persons, be they in ever so it is different. He uses the range the country to which he is going. The grandest and strongest and receive them to an equality with their fellowing the aymbol of frailties not y THE grandest and strongest natures are over the calmest. A flery restlessness is the symbol of frailties not yet out-

grown. The repose of power is its richest phase and its clearest testimony. First Wand, Towarda, Pa.

Medical all hours. Terms to sail table.

Medical table wint to touble. The fold blue birds, which in danger.

Medical all hours. Terms to sail table.

Medical table.

Med

Business Cards.

SOUTH SIDE OF WARD HOUSE.

TOWANDA, PENNA

o claims against the United States for PENSION BOUNTIES, PATENTS, etc.; to collections a to the settlement of decedent's estates. W. H. THOMPSON, EDWARD A. THOMPSON,

I ne'er shall see such woods again, Those autumn days can come no more; For life has drifted me away From youth's enchanted flowery shore How strong the tie that binds the heart

Amid this restless, busy life,

TOHN W. CODDING,

Particular attention paid to business in the Orphans' Court and to the settlement of estates.

September 25, 1879.

D'A. OVERTON, DODNEY A. MERCUR, ATTORNEY AT-LAW, TOWANDA, PA.,

John F. Sanderson W. H. JESSUP,

ATTOUNENATELAW. TOWANDA, PA. [nov11-75. HIRAM E. BULL, STRVEYOR.

omce-North Side Public Square.

W. J. found, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

R. S. M. WOODBURN, Physi

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
or Montanges, Store. Office hours from 10
to 12 A. M., and from 2 to 4 r. M.
Special attention given to
ES (DISEASES)

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

Office day last Saturday of each month, over Turnet & Gordon's Drug Store, Towanda, Pa.

INSURANCE AGENCY TOWANDA, PA. DOWARD WILLIAMS,

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,

HENRY HOUSE,

Brown children of the autumn wood. You tell me of the olden time. When o'er the hillside paths I reamed

In bright October's golden prime. When 'neath the maples all aflame, .I dreamed the pleasant hours away; While round me like a picture fair The woodlands in their beauty lay. And the white, mist-like fairy vell. Come slowly creeping up the bill, From where the river hastened on To the broad pond beside the mill.

There 'mid the grass and fragrant ferns, Just parted from their burry home, And the leaves all saffron dyed, The chesinuts lay around me strown Ah! then what joyous task was mine, My basket with brown nuts to fill; While 'mid the boughs the light-winged jay Gives me a welcome loud and shrill.

How well I love each woodland voice, The squirrel's chirp, the brook's low song, The music of the air-harps wild, Borne by the wondering winds along. That mossy seat beneath the trees. The wood with spicy perfume sweet, The carpet golden, green and brown, By Nature spread beneath my feet.

> To all it loved when life was new ! The hillside path, the orchard slope. The pastures where the berries grew. And here in commerce-crowded mart; Where all the world seems met to see Who shall be foremost in the strife, 'Mid all the sounds that fill the street, These small brown nuts in boxes piled, Bring back to me my vanished youth,

THE WOLF'S DEN.

-Carrie in Forest and Stream

And I am once again a child.

PART I. They called us the Wolves, us and her melancholy blue eyes; fine,

high-sculptured nose, and small, even | We lived in a great castle, near to Szegazard on the river Sarvis, south | chants to gather his account to carry | The Rosalinds, the Violas of great | eyes, and said that 'he was shamof Pesth, and not far from the Dan- to my father, when I heard the Pres. Shakspeare give us the keynote. Her ming-the fever, he had it not-no, ube, with a view from our windows ident speak out in a grand, pompous jolly companionship with us for a and yet he paced the room like an which had not its equal in the world | voice, and say: for picturesque beauty. No, there are no such hills, such skies as those. My mother was a Roumanian, and

ble companions. He used the whip cille de Zichy.' treely upon us, as boys, and upon all. I felt all the blood in my body go | well as cousins, and joked each other | way to Paris. The world opened its his servants and laborers. He was to my face. 'Zichy!' that name had freely. feared and hated as few have been,

for they said that he had killed his den! own wife and would blight their children. He had, however, an old to see me?' said the young lady in goes back to Paris to be married,' father Ambrose, at the convent, came monk to teach us to read and write, the most sweet, frank, pleasant voice, said the Baron one day, as she had and put a crucifix at my lips; some-Latin and mathematics, and how to must make the best of me. paint and to draw, for he could illuminate his Breviary like Fra Angelico. Frere Franz took us to church leather were ragged, that my hands and taught us to pray before the were brown, coarse and dirty, that I the place of that warm viscera which image of the Blessed Virgin. We was a savage. I thought of Castle before had beaten in my bosom, and whalf I have known but for how particularly that in summer he used such a lady! For as I stole a look pale as death. Ernest could only to take us to his convent, which was at her I saw a slender, delicate, tall speak.
near that lovely neighborhood where girl, with smooth, black hair folded 'So the sunshine goes out of the comfort, being allowed to ride at will | bright buttons down the front, and a | ment to the rich and famous family |

over a vast green basin of prairie, little hat, with a long blue feather which she enters. Women love lux- grand, Madame Zichy. once an inland sea, where there were floating back from her heavenly face. ury. They must have it. She beto roads, having for the time the in- I noticed her hands, they were so longs to your mother's blood! She privilege of getting lost, so dear to fitted her like her skin. She looked her. We are poor. boyhood, yet always bringing up at like no woman that I had ever seen Why had she come here—this sometimes going even on to Erdio-like, what? Yes. szegh (where Ernest found his ro- Like Ludwig's pictures! mance), and where we all had some wild adventures. Yet we always driver the road up to the castle, I 'We are poor' The Baron permitted Yet she droops, she droops. It was found ourselves, and got back to the told his Excellency, with a bow, that no questions. holy calm of the convent and the I would spur on my pony, and go to It was Ernest who had the courage

THE EAR blessing of ourselves, mitigating the Baron, while I dashed up to my room ant of all that most immediately con- golden hair, your mother's, though selves upon the treasury of the peotroubles and the peculiarity of a and washed my face and hands and cerned herself. The Zichys were a you are a Woife—yes, a Wolfe—as destiny which we could not under- combed my long hair. Then I called queer family, as we could not but to your face." stand; for we were noble but poor, our only wealth the uncertain yield of vineyards, which gave usually a rougish red, spirituous, fruity-tasted as my father was helping the young mund with my father was helping the young my father was helping the yo wine. There was a better hillside lady to alight. She did not notice still. I for the first time knew that ment of wine from the hillside vinevineyard (seldom satisfactory), which us much, being taken up with our I was a man and not a boy; that I yard, a letter from Frere Franz and we had heard belonged to Ludwig. dogs, Czilagy and Mards, two splen- loved her, and must win her, else my one from the wine merchant at Pesth. This yielded a white wine, with a did wolf hounds, who had barked at heart would break—and yet, what resh, cool taste, and pleasant faint every visitor we had ever had before, had I to offer her? bouquet, but we made very little of savage beasts, but who now were As I came home at nightfall I would never marry the gentleman that, except in good years. One old actually kissing her gloved hands, so heard in the wood near me two whom she had picked out for her, old man, hardly able to compute a Wolfe are so exactly like those of woman, called Felchaza, who had a sweet and gentle was she. black mustache and severe features, Oh! what lovely dogs, what dear behind a mighty pine tree and hid quired a change of air. was our cook and nurse, the only dogs,' said cousin Lucille, who evi- myself. It was Ludwig, and with woman whom we ever saw in our dently knew how to win man and him Lucille; he had his hand on her pictures were sold, and some of his glee.—Eric Herald, (Dem). house. Our table was served with beast Baron Wolfgang von Wolf bridle-rein; she was weeping bitterly. wine had been tested in Paris, that

bowls. My father ate like a wolf; just been killing a sheep, he did re- he looked as he bent his pale, grave we were not far behind, and we all ceive the lady with a stately civility. face over her.

castle, where he had a roll of canvas, some oil paints, and who had covered the walls with fresco.

Often I wondered where he got his saintly women's faces and his beautiful fancies. The peasant girls was not long before Lucille had won his still glowed in the broad, old-fashion-team arms.'

white wine are mine,' said Ludwig, and you have never allowed me the ed chimney-place. Heaven had struck arms.'

'Alw fresh, smiling, composed, praising werything.

It was not long closed, white wine are mine,' said Ludwig, ed chimney-place. Heaven had struck arms.'

'My!

'Alw graudfather left it me in his will, and you have kept it from me. Now I want it. I am going to sad spectacle.

It was not long before Lucille had parts; I am going to study painting, and you have kept it from me. Now I want it. I am going to sad spectacle.

It was not long before Lucille had parts; I am going to study painting, and you have never allowed in the broad, old-fashion-ed chimney-place. Heaven had struck down hitherto untamable, bitter, agreed and violent man. It was a still glowed in the broad, old-fashion-ed chimney-place. Heaven had struck was unlocked for the guest, and she was unlocked for the guest, and you have never allowed me the ed chimney-place. Heaven had struck arms.'

'My!

'Alw for him was a still glowed in the broad, old-fashion-ed chimney-place. Heaven had struck arms.'

'Alw for him was a spectacle.

It was not long before Lucille had arms of the prospect, praising everything.

It was not long before and the prospect are mine, and she was unlocked for the guest, whom we flirted with at the village won Felchaza's confidence, and the and I claim what is mine. fairs, the high-born ladies whom we dinner table boasted again a table-

sometimes saw at church, none of cloth. Old trunks and table linen some fellow that he was, never seem- of hammer and chisel was heard in now be the man who broke his parole, the world.

ed to care for women, either. Ernest the rooms, and I became an upholster the Austrian officer who surrendered Would they in the next? Frere

ther feared. I began to notice all our making a change in our toilettes. you! the fields, followed up the somewhat absolutely trimmed the Baron's our secret, but in our long mountain neglecting Frere Franz and his books or waiter, or what not, and Lucille Sometimes he would put his hand on when did it ever? and paints. That we had any future soon had her in cap and apron wait my head, and smoothing my hair,

angrily, and told us we were not to sight of a woman? leave Szegszard unless we wished to Lucille found joy in our noble be insulted, to get into an Austrian landscape, happiness in our out-ofsay that we look like the animal a dreadful thing for boys to suspect. unnoticed. She brought in taste, little boys. which desolates the fold of the shep- I was 18, Ernest was 20, and Ludwig | that best of visitors, and love and tainly we all had rather sharp teeth, drawn by three fleet Hungarian all their grossness. The young girl life he was in a raging ferror in it was the President of the Komi. alone in our Wolves' den, she was as age made from the sweet verbens,

fat, and by his side a young lady.

'Can you tell me where lives the sentiment. I had no mysterious fear The next week Ernst came home, Baron Wolfgang von Wolf?' I took off my cap and bowed to liffered from my father in religion the lady and himself, and answered: I am the Count Erody von Wolf, pretty boots and gloves charmed my brothers, and in the sales of our

belonged to my mother. A cousin and women ran when they saw him, from Paris, and coming to our Wolf's ed, and the troubles were sure to mingled in a curious dream. Some-

'Cousin Erody does not seem glad

most excellent man called Frere but I have come come to make you departed to the kitchen to instruct Franz, who taught us Greek and a visit. You must make-really you Felchaza in the manufacture of a new I saw Lucille, the woman I loved-I suddenly felt I was dressed in summer-a golden summer for the sheepskins, that my boots of untanned | Wolves. owed to this man everything, and Wolf; what a place for a lady! and I looked up at Ludwig. He was as should I have known her but for her the spurs of the mountain chain, de- back from her white brow; dark blue | Wolves' castle, does it?' said lie. scending from Transylvania, unite eyes with long lashes; a red mouth Yes!' said the Baron, gloomily. with the great Alfold plain. There full of mischief and smiles. She was Lucille has been very charming, and the last time! with the holy monks we stayed in dressed in dark blue cloth, with She will make a noble wife—an orna-

When I had shown the President's and remembered that last sentence—

tenderness always seemed to follow which put them at once in the proper Valley of the Sarvis. Our grapes me, as a child whose mother had died, position of man and woman, of pro- were all gathered, however, and the and old Felehaza had ever a bit of kid boiled for me, or Fere Franz gave me some of his lentil soup on fast days, or my father told Ludwig to make the castle as comfortable as to nour water in my wing when I results for her and that we were told was that this lady but the Baron, my father, seemed by the window looking at a young was our distant cousin, that we were wrapped in a greater gloom than larch tree full of blue birds, which made him think of the blue cloth gated, but through no fault of ours.

heavy soups, big joints, and fish from was a gentleman, a man of sixteen He was telling her that he loved her; market of the world, and been the Sarvis, and vegetables in great quarterings, and although he had and oh! how manly and handsome pronounced a choice variety.

With my pockets full of gold 1 turned my face towards Vienna. One heart,' sighed a fair young Boston Democrats will manage to be on drank of the heady red wine—my brother Ernest too much, so that he was first silly, then quarrelsome, and then sleepy—every day at dinner. Ludwig was not so easily excited, but when he was not so easily excited, but not gailty. He had been the said the more act to be done, and then—and the Brooklyn hostess the more act to be done, and then—and the floor, lacing their boots they may be wandering about in start them.

The story which my father had then—and the floor, lacing their boots they may be wandering about in the other morning. 'No longer does the story which my father had been the story which my father had been the more act to be done, and then—and then—and the floor, lacing their boots they may be wandering about in the other morning. 'No longer does the story which my father had been the story which my father had been the floor, lacing their boots they may be wandering about in the other morning. 'No longer does the story which my father had been then.

North American. more act to be done, and then—and girl, as she and her Brooklyn hostess hand on election day, no matter how renew. It brings us joy faint as the

imprudent, but not guilty. He had son?' asked the Brooklyn girl symbeen deeply wronged. It was possi- pathetically.