The Bradford Reporter.

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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.

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

Business Cards.

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ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.
SOUTH SIDE OF WARD HOUSE.
Dec 22-75. TOWANDA, PA.

SAM W. BUCK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Nov.12'79. TOWANDA, PENN'A
Office—At Treasurer's Office, in Court House.

A. BEVERLY SMITH & CO.,
BOOKBINDERS,
And dealers in Fret Saws and Amateurs' Supplies. Send for price-lists. REPORTER Building.
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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 Aluminum 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

C. L. LAMB,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
105 North Franklin-st., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
Special attention given to collections in Luzerne and Lackawanna counties. References: Hon. P. D. Morrow; First National Bank, Towanda.

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. Vaniflect'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
May24-70tf. 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.

SUSQUEHANNA COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE—FIRST WINTER TERM will commence MONDAY, OCT. 31, 1881. Expenses for Tuition and furnished room, from $172 to $182 per year. For catalogue or further particulars address the Principal.
EDWIN E. QUINLAN, A. M.
Towanda, July 7, 1881.

New Advertisements.

A. D. DYE & CO.

Fall & Winter, 1881.

ATTENTION IS INVITED to our first-class

Heating Stoves.

They are too well known to require any commendation—

New Hecla, Westminster, Crown Jewell.

We also have a line of CHEAP BASE BURNERS, the best of their class in the market, and well adapted for supplying a demand for an efficient but inexpensive heating stove.

WOOD HEATING STOVES in great variety.

READ THIS:

300

Happy Thought Ranges

Sold in Towanda and vicinity by

A. D. DYE & CO.

A LARGE STOCK OF

Wood Cook Stoves,

CARRIAGEMAKERS' AND BLACKSMITHS' SUPPLIES,

And a general stock of

HARDWARE.

MAIN STREET, TOWANDA.

Towanda, October 1881.

SELLING OUT AT COST!

HARDWARE,

IRON,

NAILS—NAILS,

STOVES,

TINWARE,

WAGONMAKERS'

---AND---

BLACKSMITHS'

SUPPLIES.

☞ The Entire Stock of the late firm of McIntyre Brothers must be closed out at Cost within Thirty Days, by the purchaser. Goods recently bought at Sheriff's sale.

JAS. S. KUHN.

Towanda, July 18, 1881-m1

UP AND DOWN.

We're up to-day on fortune's hill
And free from every sorrow,
But in the wheel of good or ill
All may be changed to-morrow.
We're up and down as time flies on—
Now easy, now hardest labor—
No millionaire can safely frown
Upon his lowly neighbor.

Riches take wings—the man of wealth
May meet with sudden losses,
While he whose only store is health
May ride behind his horses;
Then do not slight the toiling poor,
For labor never disgraces,
And though your fortune seems secure,
Some day you may change places.

God help us all—we're poor at best—
Dependent on each other—
Though crowned with ease or sore distressed,
Weak man is still man's brother.
Then when on fortune's top we stand,
No ill our state attending,
Let us extend a helping hand
To those about descending.

A PHYSICIAN'S STORY.

BY J. F. F.

I am old now; so old and feeble that for several years I have been unable to continue the practice of my profession. Yet as a matter of habit, as a kind of second nature, a day rarely passes without finding me at my office, as I still call the little dusty den away out of hearing of the noise and crash of the street.

Yesterday, as I was sitting there alone, a friend came in and gave me a long, garrulous account of a skeleton that had been but an hour before disinterred in the heart of the city by some workmen digging for the foundation of a building. It was the skeleton of a woman, he said. I looked at him sharply, and satisfied myself that he told this merely as a piece of intelligence. Heaven helped me to keep composed, I think. This was my dead secret!

'And some physicians gave it as their opinion that this skeleton had lain under the ground quite fifty years,' the man continued.

I bit my lips; they were white enough before. Cunning fellows, these brother physicians of mine. It was exactly fifty years!

'But nobody could recognize the bones, of course.'

I breathed more freely.

'There was one remarkable thing, however, about this singular exhumation. On the fourth bony finger of the left hand a brilliant diamond ring was discovered, which sparkled and scintillated as clearly as though it had not been for half a century covered by the mold.'

The speaker did not notice at that point how nervously I closed my left hand. I did not care to have him see the counterpart of the ornament he described at that moment.

* * * * *

Somewhat more than fifty years ago, and in this very room where I write, I concluded the long, weary probation of my student life, and entered singly upon the practice of my profession.

My success was immediate and gratifying. Those who had been long and firmly established in the city were astonished to find themselves supplanted in a day, as it were, by one whom they had hitherto affected to despise.

To be brief, I was successful almost beyond precedent; business and money came at my command, and the city resounded with praises of my skill, and the wonderful cures I had performed.

I was called from my bed at midnight upon one occasion, and directed in the most urgent manner to repair at once to the residence of Judge C——. The house indicated was the home of one of the wealthiest and proudest families of B——, and I obeyed the summons as soon as possible.

It was with difficulty that I ascertained, amid the sobs and tears which greeted my arrival, that Helena C——, the only and idolized daughter of the family, and the acknowledged belle and beauty of the city, had been suddenly attacked with a violent malady.

It needed but a glance at the sufferer to assure me of this. Although perfectly well an hour before, she was now far nearer death than life.

The disease which had seized her was one of the most malignant and quickly fatal with which my experience had yet made me conversant.

She lay perfectly motionless, her lips as rigid as those of death, and the closest scrutiny could detect no respiration; while upon each cheek burned a single fiery spot, the sure mark of the destroyer.

'Can you save her?' was the father's agonized question.

The chances are ninety-nine in a hundred against her living an hour,' was the reply. 'Nevertheless, I will leave nothing undone.'

My end was accomplished. For thirty-six consecutive hours I sat by her bedside, wearily combating the fatal disease which had assailed her; and when I at last pronounced her out of danger, I felt that I had almost wrought a miracle.

This was another triumph added to my list, and the report of my fame was in every mouth.

But this was not the only consequence of the occurrence.

The discovery that my lovely and amiable patient regarded me with a warmth of emotion and gratitude which only her own warm heart could conceive, filled me with feeling of the liveliest pleasure. She regarded me as her benefactor, her savior; in short, she loved me most fervently. I knew it long before her recovery, in a hundred different ways she betrayed it, and the consciousness of that fact gave me an exultation which carried me with a buoyant step through the labors of the day. To be loved by one so pure, so fair, and so good, was well worthy to be made the great ambition of any ordinary lifetime.

For several weeks after Helena's perfect restoration to health, I was a frequent and welcome visitor at the house. Neither of us had ever spoken of love, and yet I knew that she, equally with myself, was secretly hoping for a future of wedded happiness—at least this hope was the cherished dream of my life, and alas! like every other dream it had its end.

Buoyant and elated with my false hopes, I ventured one day to ask Helena's father to sanction our love. The revelation was a new one to him; and with a frown, the haughty, purse-proud aristocrat bade me leave his house and to never approach it again.

I remonstrated, but to no purpose; even the poor privilege of a farewell interview with Helena was denied me, and I left that mansion of pride and heartlessness utterly wretched and sick at heart.

I quickly discovered that no opportunity was left for clandestine interviews with Helena. The severity of paternal despotism had even, as I ascertained, imposed upon her the confinement of locks and bars, upon her positive refusal to discard me. Her house was now a prison to her.

Embittered by such relentless opposition as this, I began to consider Helena as forever lost to me, and following the idle impulse of the moment, I started upon a voyage to Europe.

Wandering restlessly over the countries of the Old World for a year, I at length received a letter from home, which, among other things, spoke of the marriage of Helena ——. I smiled bitterly as the name of the husband caught my eye. The man who was thus preferred to me was coarse, sensual and unrefined, but wealthy, and therefore quite unexceptionable to Judge C——.

I shuddered as I thought of her future—sighed, perhaps, at the thought of the event of my hopes and expectations—and then resolutely dismissing the theme from my mind, I commenced my weary homeward journey.

It was the very day, if I remember rightly, subsequent to my return to B——, that I was sitting here in my office, solitary and alone.

I had as yet seen hardly a single one of my former acquaintances, and was more utterly wretched and desolate, if possible, than before my departure, for, spite of my utmost endeavors, my thoughts were constantly fixed on Helena.

I had almost lost consciousness of external objects, when a light rap upon the door reached me. There had been an audible step in the passage, and conjecturing that my visitant was a woman, I hastened to admit her. I was correct; it was a woman, and none other than the subject of my thoughts.

Helena stood in the doorway, but how changed! So altered was she, that I could scarcely recognize her; her thin, prematurely wasted face marked with lines of grief and care, preserved few, very few vestiges of the beauty it once wore. The shock which her unexpected appearance gave me composed me at once, and closing the door after her, I placed a chair and calmly awaited her pleasure.

She, however, was embarrassed and agitated. She remained standing for a moment, slipping a ring on and off her finger, her eyes resting on the floor. Finally she said, in a trembling voice:

'Do not think ill of me, Walter, for coming here. I heard of your return and wished to see you, if but for a moment. I am very unhappy.'

Her last words were addressed rather to herself than to me, and yielding to her emotion she sank into a chair and sobbed bitterly. Respecting the feeling which I knew she could not control, and which was momentarily gaining upon me, I turned away until she had an opportunity to compose herself.

'My errand here to-day,' she continued, 'is to return you this ring. You will remember it, I know. There was no person to whom I could intrust it, and my husband almost daily demands to know the history of it. And besides, I wished to say farewell, forever. Good-by, Walter!'

Her hand was icy cold. As I released it she turned toward the door, but in an instant she tottered toward me, her face blanched to the whiteness of death. Had I not sustained her she must have fallen to the floor.

'Good heaven, Walter! it is my husband's step on the stairs,' she whispered, in a thrilling tone. 'You know him; his jealousy is always active—I am lost if he finds me here! Save me from discovery, in God's name!—everything depends upon it!'

'There is that closet,' I suggested.

She entered it eagerly and closed the door.

'It might be left a little ajar for air,' I whispered, hurriedly.

'No; close it—lock it!' was excitedly whispered back, and I had hardly withdrawn the key when Helena's husband entered.

'Why, what is the matter?' were his first words. 'You are pale and agitated; what has happened?'

'Nothing—nothing, I assure you, more than the effects of traveling,' was my reply.

The remark was an unfortunate one, for my unwelcome visitor immediately insisted upon hearing a detailed account of my foreign experience. Uneasy and restless as I was, I was compelled to submit, and for a full hour my tormentor compelled me to sit and answer his questions. Meanwhile, I was in a perfect agony of fear and uneasiness. I followed every movement that he made, lest some chance clew might betray the presence of Helena, and I alternately adopted and rejected a thousand expedients to rid myself of him. My position at length grew absolutely intolerable; not the least among my thoughts was that of the sufferings of Helena, confined in the stifling air of that miserable closet, and I was on the point of intimating to the tormentor that I wished to be alone, when he exclaimed:

'Ah! let me examine your ring!' And before I could make a movement to prevent him, he had slipped it from my finger and was intently examining it.'

'A pretty ring,' he observed, eyeing me sharply. 'May I ask where you obtained it?'

'I purchased it some time since,' was my careless reply.

How I hated the monster for his question! How I wished to hurl him headlong down the stairs! But I forbore.

'Did you ever give away an ornament like this?' was his next question.

'I never did.'

The answer came emphatic and positive, and my wrath rose almost beyond check. Never may I have a harder struggle to refrain from striking a human being to my feet. Idiot! villain! he was murdering a life worth more than a thousand of his own every moment of his stay!

'Well,' he continued, 'I asked because I had particular reasons for asking—very particular reasons they are, I assure you, you know my wife?'

'I have met her,' I replied, with an involuntary start.

'It is something that concerns her. I will tell you exactly what I mean some day.'

'I don't ask your confidence,' was my answer.

'No, but I mean to give it, nevertheless,' he rejoined, with a grim smile, rising to go. 'Doctors are sometimes very useful advisers in family affairs.'

He was gone at last. With three strides I reached the closet, when the outer door again opened on my tormentor. He had merely returned to make some trivial remarks, and again he was gone. Now, however, I waited until his footfalls had ceased to fall on the stairs, and then the key was again inserted in the lock. But I could proceed no further; the reaction of my terrible nervous excitement of the last two hours overcame me, and I leaned, weak and breathless, against the door. The thought occurred to me to call her name, and accordingly I spoke it, 'Helena?'

It was in a low whisper and no response. I repeated it aloud, but no answer; still louder, with the same result. A mortal, dizzy sickness overcame me, and I could scarcely force vitality enough to my fingers to unclose the door. But I did, and looked in fearfully, shudderingly. Helena was leaning against the wall, her face hidden in her hands. Again I repeated her name, and when she gave me no reply, I placed my hand upon her shoulder. Her whole body yielded to my touch, and I found myself supporting her in my arms. She had doubtless fainted.

So I thought as I carried her from the closet and placed her inert form in my office chair, for not until then had I seen her face. God of mercy! what a revelation did that face contain! It was white and ghastly, every muscle set with a rigid expression of fear, the dull eyes gazing upon me with their expressionless, stony gaze. My heart gave one great throb, and stood still; in an instant I had applied my fingers to the wrist. The pulse was still—the blood stagnant—a stroke of the lancet failed to draw it forth! The horrible truth was apparent. She was dead. Fear alone had killed her.

Here my strength failed me; I reeled and fell to the floor, lost in a stupor of insensibility.

It was night when I awoke, and slowly the horrors of my position came back to me. But I was calm, at least; and there, in the darkness of midnight, and in the company of the dead, I pondered upon my future movements.

My determination was quickly taken. First placing the ring which she had given me upon her finger—the ring that she once promised me to wear as long as she loved me—and kissing her dead lips once (I dared to do that), I raised the body in my arms and bore it out into the night. Fortune favored me; the streets were deserted; no one crossed my way during my fearful journey. Reaching a woody spot just beyond the city, I hollowed out a grave, and there I buried her.

Here is my story. Learn from it, if you will, why I am drawn hither daily; decide whether there should be a fascination for me in the dust and cobwebs of my office.

About Beer.

The first emergence from barbarism is marked by the invention of some intoxicating drink, and possibly the acme of civilization will be marked by total abstinence. James Parton may have stumbled on a great truth when he asserted that the coming man will not drink wine, simply because his high intelligence will show him that the constituent elements of all alcoholic drinks are of no use to the body, and secondly that he will have the educated will power to control any desire to indulge in what his judgment condemns. Be this as it may, we can only regard it as a speculation. We must deal with the real and practical. Reforms are a matter of growth, not of sudden making, either by consent or legal enactment. Men will drink and do drink, and the problem to be solved is, not to stop them by police measures, but rather to guard what they naturally crave. A nation is known by what it drinks. The English character is as strong as its October brewings, the Irish as pungacious as its Mountain Dew, the French as volatile as the effervescence of its champagne, while many a German speculation has sprung from the foam of its beloved beer. It matters little how we regard the drinking question, the fact remains that alcoholic stimulants have had much to do in the development of national character. As we will drink something, the true temperance aim should be to give drinking its proper direction. As we are a nervous nation, our national beverage naturally should be sedative in its character and effects. That we are becoming a great beer drinking nation every one admits; and the unprejudiced man can see in this tendency the true temperance corrective of alcoholic drinking; and the wise man can see the necessity of so putting safeguards around the manufacture of this beverage that the national health will not be injured by a bogus or adulterated article. That little of our beer is what we buy or think it is, no one doubts. Increased consumption has put a premium upon a cheap way of manufacture; chemical skill is employed to take the place of the honest brewer; the simple ingredients used by our forefathers are displaced by the cheap compounds of modern ingenuity. What should be our national beverage is fast becoming a foaming drug in which is hidden the poison of death. We noticed in the daily papers of Tuesday of last week a dispatch to the effect that the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, Mr Raum, has had the question of materials which enter into the manufacture of beer in New York City, examined by some of his agents there. The main point of inquiry was directed toward ascertaining whether the brewers were in the habit of reporting on the regular forms the materials, other than malt and hops, which they used.

The result of the investigation shows that the brewers are very willing to exhibit what hops and malt they use, but decidedly adverse to telling anything about the other compounds every one of them put into their beer. In fact some of the government officers report that materials are used that the brewers see fit to take to their breweries under the shadows of nightly darkness. Glucose, rice, grape-sugar, corn, cornmeal, and various drugs, are smuggled into the breweries at night and no doubt the next morning they come out foaming beer—such is the celerity of modern advancement. As a matter for beer-drinkers' reflections, we quote the following statement:

"One brewery showed the use in a month of 11,130 bushels of malt, no hops, and 3,046 bushels of other materials. On inquiry, it appeared that the latter item was all cornmeal. At one brewery where the returns to the Collector showed the use of malt and hops only, investigation revealed the fact that for every 96 bushels of malt there were used 500 pounds of coraline, although the latter was not entered either on the returns of material received or material used. Another large brewery, which reported only hops and malts as used, really manufactured their beer in the following proportions: Malt, 13,250 bushels; corn, 26,3 0 pounds; glucose, 6,600 lbs. Another establishment used malt, hops, cornmeal and rice, the proportion of malt and meal being 50 bushels of cornmeal to 250 bushels of malt. The last brewery examined had just abandoned the use of glucose. The practice had been to use 600 pounds of glucose to every 165 bushels of malt."

Such being the facts the question arises, what will we do about it? How can we get good, pure beer? He who believes in mechanical agency would naturally say have a Government Inspector. Well, if a Bank Inspector could not detect a cashier taking $2,000,000 from a bank, he might fail in discovering glucose in beer. It is a notorious fact that the London *Lancet* stopped the poisonous brewing in London, when all the inspectors were incapable. The newspapers can stop it. Let some capable chemist analyse the beer from time to time and let the newspapers publish the report, and the public may rest assured that not much of the bogus article will get into the market. Sensible people will not drink a poisonous article, if they can get a pure one, and the only way we can find the genuine is by the guidance of the newspaper. If the great dailies of the large cities would publish regularly the result of honest chemical analysis of beer, there would be precious little bad brewed. It is idle to talk sentiment about beer. The American people will drink it, and if the press does its duty they will get it pure.

The Earth Drying Up.

There is abundant evidence, says the New York *Times*, that the amount of water on the earth surface has been steadily diminishing for many thousands of years. No one doubts that there was a time when the Caspian Sea, communicated with the Black Sea, and when the Mediterranean covered the greater part of the Desert of Sahara. In fact, geologists tell us that at one period the whole of the earth was covered by water, and the fact that continents of dry land now exist is a proof that there is less water on our globe than there was in its infancy. This diminution of our supply of water is going on at the present day at a rate so rapid as to be clearly appreciable. The rivers and smaller streams of our Atlantic States are visibly smaller than they were twenty-five years ago. Country brooks in which men now living were accustomed to fish and bathe in their childhood have in many cases disappeared, not through any act of man, but solely in consequence of the failure of the springs and rains which once fed them. The level of the great lakes is falling year by year. There are many piers on the shores of lake cities which vessels once approached with ease, but which now hardly reach to the edge of the water. Harbors are everywhere growing shallower. This is not due to the gradual deposit of earth brought down by the rivers or of refuse from city sewers. The harbor of Toronto has grown shallow in spite of the fact that it has been dredged out so that the bottom rock has been reached, and all the dredging which can be done to the harbor of New York will not permanently deepen it. The growing shallowness of the Hudson is more evident above Albany than it is in the tide water region, and, like the outlet of Lake Champlain, which was once navigable by Indian canoes at all seasons, the upper Hudson is now almost bare of water in many places during the summer. In all other parts of the world there is the same steady decrease of water in rivers and lakes, and the rain fall in Europe, where scientific observations are made, is manifestly less than it was at a period within man's memory. What is becoming of our water? Obviously it is not disappearing through evaporation, for in that case rains would give back whatever water the atmosphere might absorb. We must accept the theory that, like the water of the moon, our water is sinking into the earth's interior.

A Carson City Scene.

Says a Philadelphia *Press* correspondent at Carson City:

"After an absence of three years I see change in everything here, except among the Indians. They certainly have made no progress toward a higher moral condition, and it was never possible for them to go lower, and in writing about them I shall deal perforce with their history in telling of the present. The most striking thing about them is their dress. Costumes made up of odds and ends of savage and civilized articles which produce an effect which is grotesque in the extreme. They adorn themselves with any and everything that is given them. There is a tall young savage who struts about Carson, whom I have named Beau Brummell. It may be hardly fair to do so, yet in his way, which is quite another way, he is as fastidious as his illustrious predecessor. These vagabonds carry all their earthly possessions with them excepting their huts, so that the Beau carries about his person not only his successes but his failures. Here is a description of his costume: A red blanket hung over a rope and tied about his neck; above this a long scarf of pink calico, tied in a huge bow under his chin, something after the manner of Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt; on his head a very much battered plug hat, in the band of which is stuck two or three broken rooster's feathers, and a tattered ostrich plume. At the side, pinned with a large steel brooch, floats a blue veil, about two yards in length. Around his dirty, bare ankles are knotted some strips of red calico, but his feet have no ornament but mud. The crowning glory of his attire are his ear-rings. His ears have slits in them over an inch in length; and in one, tied with a buckskin string, is the handle of a table castor and two brass door keys—in the other an ornamented top of a meerschaum pipe, a broken tea-spoon and the tin cover from a box of baking powder. His face is painted with stripes of red, mixed with some ill-smelling oil, which diffuses its odor far as well as near, being 'the rankest compound of villainous smell that ever offended nostrils.' The young squaws cast upon him glances of respectful admiration as he saunters down the street with an air that plainly says, 'Look at me girls—this is all to please you.'"

At the Whipping Post.

'Did you ever see a public whipping?'

'No.'

'Well, let's ride over to Glendale. Old Turner is going to 'peel' a victim this afternoon.'

I was at Malvern Hill, and Glendale is a hamlet about four miles away. As we rode along the highway we found ourselves in the company of quite a number of merry men and women who were bound for the same place, and had the same object in view. It was known for a circuit of ten miles around that Lish Taylor, a negro, had been sentenced to thirty lashes for theft, and there was a genial desire on the part of the colored population to hear him holler.' The theft was the taking the hoe or shovel—I forgot which—from a farmer, and the prisoner would doubtless have been let down easy if this had not been his second offense.

Arriving at Glendale we found half a dozen white people and about seventy-five colored citizens on hand. Among the latter were about thirty women.

'How far did you walk?' we asked one of them.

'Bout fo' miles, sah.'

'And you came to see the whipping?'

'Yes, sah.'

'I shouldn't think you would want to see a man whipped.'

'Deed, sah, but I doan keer so werry much about it, but my ole man am lame an' couldn't come hisself. I've got to tell him all 'bout it when I get home.'

Some of the crowd had walked several miles, and nearly all of them over two, and it was plain to see that a whipping was a sort of a circus parade to them. There was much speculation as to whether old Turner would lay it on hard or not, and as to how the prisoner would bear the punishment; but all dispute was settled by a little, old squint-eyed darkey, wearing a stovepipe hat with the crown stoved in.

'Who's doin' this talkin?' he demanded as he ascended the steps and looked over the crowd. 'What you uns sayin' dis an' dat fo' when ye doan' know? I tell ye dat whip am gwine to draw blood, an' Lish Taylor am gwine to beller like a calf! Ize bin right dar myself, an' dat Mass'r Turner he doan' go light on nobody!'

I have seen hundreds of petty offenders going to the jail or workhouse without a change of countenance. Of the half hundred murderers and burglars I have heard sentenced, I never saw one of them take on' as Taylor did when brought down to the post. He was a strapping big fellow, able to knock an ox down at a blow, and yet he begged and whined and acted like a baby, and was on the point of having a real good cry when the hoots and hisses of the colored people around him acted as a brace. Still he trembled and cringed, and exhibited actual fear. If he had been going to jail for three months his face would have worn a grin of satisfaction, and he would have felt himself a hero. A large share of the crowd looked startled and anxious showing that an impression had been made, and I heard one man whisper to another:

'Fo' de Lawd, William, but I wouldn't be dar fur de bes' farm in Virginny!'

Old Turner, as everybody calls him, has done all the whipping at Glendale for years. His face is neither refined nor brutal, and I could not see any change in it from first to last. He proceeded to business in a matter-of-fact methodical manner. The prisoner was ordered to 'peel,' and as he slowly and reluctantly removed his coat, Turner leaned against the whipping-post and switched the ground with the whip he was to use. This whip was a small raw-hide about like those used with a saddle-horse, and had a suspiciously red color for half its length. The prisoner was slow about removing his garments, and the executioner finally took hold to assist him. Coat and vest and shirt were at length removed, and Taylor stood with only his pants on. The thermometer marked 90 degrees where he stood, and yet he shivered and shook like a man freezing to death. His arms were drawn around the post and his hands made fast at the wrists, and then his pluck was all gone. If his sentence could have been changed to five years in State Prison he would have jumped for joy.

Old Turner wore the same neutral expression of countenance as he took his station and swung his whip for the first blow. It was a pretty hard cut, and Taylor yelled at the top of his voice:

'Oh! God! Oh! for the Lawd! but somebody save me! Oh! Mass'r Turner, if you let me off, I'll die for you!'

Had the prisoner shouted this in a police court in the north the spectators would have roared with laughter. There wasn't a smile to be seen in the crowd around the whipping post. It was a warning which made men tremble and women wipe their eyes.

—two—three—four—five—fell the blows, and a boy ten years old would not have exhibited more cowardice. I think he got it worse for taking on as he did. After the twelfth blow I saw blood on the prisoner's back, but when the thirtieth had fallen there was nothing revolting in a close inspection of the flesh. There were welts and ridges and some blood, and the simplest remedy would heal the wounds within a week. When that last blow fell the prisoner who had kept a true count all through despite his excitement, was overcome with joy, and, raising his voice to the highest pitch, he shouted:

'Oh! yain't I happy! Oh! doan' I feel blessed! Oh! fo' de Lawd! but I'ze de gladdest nigger in de whole world!'

Every person in the crowd looked upon the prisoner as a disgraced man. Thirty days in jail might have made a hero of him, but to be publicly whipped was quite another thing. Virginia has few jails, and some of those are always empty. Michigan has to increase her prison room year by year. The idea of the law is to punish. In Virginia the petty thief gets his punishment on his back. In the North he is sent to jail to idle away thirty or sixty days; to increase his zeal to feel himself a hero; to play cards and read novels, and to come out with his hat on his ear. One public whipping has a more salutary effect on the class to which the victim belong than fifty sentences to jail, and the records of Virginia, when compared with those of any other Northern State will prove the assertion.

A northern drunkard, or brawler, or villainous wife beater who cannot pay a fine goes to jail or the workhouse. In thousands of instances men commit offences in order to be sent there. They live well, sleep well, and have little to do. In Virginia this class of men go to the chain gang, and are made to benefit the general public and pay their way. Roads, ditches, bridges, and parks are built, improved and kept clean, and the law enforced at the same time. And the result is that Richmond with its 65,000 population and its chain gang does not show one-sixth of the arrests made in Detroit with its 130,000 population and the jail and workhouse. A bummer sent to our workhouse gains from three to five pounds of flesh in thirty days, has a warm suit, a good bed, and five or six hours work per day. One sent to the chain gang of Richmond lets the first time be the last, unless he is a chronic loafer.

At Alexandria the whipping is done by the police, and instead of a post the prisoner's hands are put through a cell door and made fast. I saw a white man get thirty lashes there for stealing a game chicken, and after the thing was over he told me he would rather take a year in the State Prison than another thirty lashes. Our snivelers may call it barbarism or whatever they like, but Virginia with her chain-gang and whipping-post laws does not record the arrest of one petty offender where Ohio or New York records six.—*Detroit Free Press.*

CURIOUS REMARKS ON THE BIBLE.—Here is something which will prove of much interest to many; it was gathered up by a widow lady aged 65 years: 'The Bible contains 3,556,489 letters; 810,697 words; 31,172 verses, 1,189 chapters; 66 books; The word 'and' 46227 times; 'Lord,' 1,854; 'reverend' only once, and that in the 111th Psalm. The 21th verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra contains the alphabet. The 19th chapter of the 2d book of Kings and the 37th chapter of Isaiah are alike. The first man recorded as buried in a coffin was Joseph; 50th chapter of Genesis and 26th verse. Nowhere but in the first chapter of Timothy is the word grandmother mentioned. Two particularly fine chapters to read you will find are the 2d of Joel and the 26th of Acts. There is no name or word of more than six syllables in the Holy Bible.

He Got Stuck.

'The kid' (as the young man was called) had no coffin and no grave but a deserted prospect hole, and there was not funeral hymn or clergyman to say the last sad words above the still white face. Around the prospect hole were grouped a few brown featured men, whose hearts bled for the distant mourners whose unfortunate loved one was soon to be laid to rest in that unknown grave.

In the absence of other services Buck Bramel stepped up on a large copper-stained boulder, and said:

'Pardners, we are here to plant all that is mortal of the Kid. He came to us as purty a piece of blossom rock as I ever saw, but before he struck the foot-ball, his lower level was flooded, and now the claim is abandoned. The indications seemed good, but whisky shut off the assessment work, and no dividends will ever be declared.

'If he'd struck some other outfit he might have panned all right, but we got him stuck on a jim jam lead, and now we are going to plant him in the prospect shaft of the Pauper's Dream.'

'Pardners, I don't know how you feel about this business, but I have pretty near made up my mind that there has got to be a reform in this camp, or there won't be prospect holes enough to go around.'

'I tell you, it's a solemn thought. How would Coloradò feel on resurrection day to have a delegation of drunk and disorderlies like us crawl out of the ground and ask to be recognized by the chair?'

'I tell you, pards, every one of us will pinch out before fall if we don't change our dip. Our lives will be nothing but a slide or blow-out, or a chimney of barren ore. If we calculate to have any showing on the dump in the sweet by and by, we've got to take a tumble.—*Nye's Boomerang.*

A Barbecue.

Very few know just what a barbecue means. Well, if you want to see one in all its glory go to Maryland. The barbecue ground is generally located near a spring. Around its clear waters are hung a score of gourd dippers. Starting early in the morning we find the campers already humming like a hive. Long, broad ditches have been dug and these are floored with coals a foot deep, over which are laid great splits and on these huge carcasses of hogs and bullocks. Farther on beyond these trenches are great log fires, which are kept constantly blazing, so that at any time the ditches may be replenished with coals. Such hissing and crackling as there is above these immense fires as the mounting flames curl and wreathe themselves into great columns of smoke! Scores of coaches, buggies and wagons are pouring in, filled with a laughing, jolly crowd, all intent upon a day's frolic. Families come on horseback, while not unfrequently can be seen three riders to one mule. Gaily-dressed ladies come with their escorts and negroes flock in on foot. The whole country seems to have entered into the frolic. Down by the great boiling kettles near the spring the darkies are dressing shoats, sheep and great beeves. Every animal is left whole, but is split to the back-bone. Long tables are spread beneath the pines. The horn is blown for dinner. As the band strike up a lively air the people wind in long, fantastic line in and out among the trees to the well-spread tables beneath. Babies crow and prattle, mothers chat together while old people find they have not forgotten how to laugh. Certainly nothing can be more jolly than a Maryland barbecue.

PAPER BLANKETS.—Everybody knows that a layer of newspaper over a bed affords as much warmth at night as the ordinary counterpain. Various attempts have been made of late years to turn this to account, but owing to the crackling nature of paper and the impossibility of securing free ventilation beneath paper coverings, the idea has been abandoned again and again. A Manchester, England, firm are, however, credited with having overcome these objections, and have invented a paper blanket, which furnishes as perfect ventilation as takes place beneath an ordinary woolen blanket. The new covering made of two sheets of paper, beneath which a layer of wadding, chemically prepared, is inserted in such a way that it cannot gather together in lumps, while the edges are strongly whipped; so that there is no possibility of a separation of the two pieces taking place. The paper is manufactured from the strongest fibre known, and