Business Cards.

McPHERSON & YOUNG,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
L. McPHERSON, W. J. YOUNG. Office—Mercur Block, Park street, up stairs.

WILLIAMS & ANGLE,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Office—Main street, opposite Post-Office.
H. M. WILLIAMS. 16feb82 E. J. ANGLE.

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

SAM W. BUCK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Nov.18'79. TOWANDA, PENN'A
Office—At Treasurer's Office, in Court House.

MADILL & KINNEY,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.
Office—Rooms formerly occupied by Y. M. C. A. Reading Room.
M. 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.
Will give attention paid to business in the Orphans' Court and to the settlement of estates.
Wyalusing, Dec 25, 1879.

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

RODNEY A. MERCUR,
ATTORNEY AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.,
Attention of Patents. Particular attention paid to business in the Orphans Court and to the settlement of estates.
Office 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.
Mr. 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. Sayre, Esq., Towanda, Pa., when an appointment can be made.

HENRY STREETER,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA. Feb27,'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 Mch. 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.]

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.
Is prepared to work on Gold, Silver, Rubber, and Aluminum Plates. Teeth extracted without pain.
Towanda, Pa.

F. D. PAYNE, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office: 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,
124 North Franklin-st., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
Special attention given to collections in Luzerne and Lackawanna counties. References: Hon. P. D. Maxwell; First National Bank, Towanda.

C. S. RUSSELL'S
GENERAL
INSURANCE AGENCY
Incorporated. 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 Repairing promptly attended to. All warranting 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.
HON. D. 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 8, 1878.

MEAT MARKET!
C. M. MYER,
Located in
BRIDLEMAN'S BLOCK, BRIDGE STREET,
Keep on hand,
FRESH AND SALT MEATS,
DRIED BEEF, FISH, POULTRY,
GARDEN VEGETABLES AND BERRIES IN THEIR SEASON, &c.
All goods delivered free of charge
Towanda, Pa., May 14, 1881. C. M. MYER

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS' MEETINGS.

For the information of the public the County Commissioners hereby give notice that they will hold a session of the Board every Tuesday at the Commissioners' Office in the Court House at Towanda, and that they will hold a meeting of the Board at the County House, at Burlington, the First and Second Monday of each month. Those having business to bring before the Board will govern themselves accordingly.

DANIEL BRADFORD, MYRON KLOSLEY, M. F. RANSOOM, } Co. Coms.
Attest: WM. LEWIS, Clerk.

FARMS FOR SALE IN TIOGA COUNTY, PA.—I have farms, and wild land suitable for farms, for sale on reasonable terms, situated in Elk and Gaines townships, Tioga County, and also in Pike township, Potter County. These lands are productive, situated about midway between three large tanneries, affording the very best market for farm products in the county. Three of the farms adjoining are peculiarly adapted for dairying on a large scale. Containing over 200 acres. A very large spring on the centre lot would afford water power sufficient for churning, and could be brought at trifling cost into the dairy house and used to cool the milk. Temperature, 44°. For further particulars address the editor of this paper or the undersigned. D. K. MARSH.
Marshfield, Pa., June 8'82-tf.

The Bradford Reporter.

MARSH & HITCHCOCK, Proprietors. REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER. $1.50 per Annum in Advance.

VOLUME XLII. TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, MARCH 30, 1882. NUMBER 44

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.

CLOTHING!

Hard Times Scared to Death!

"I cannot tell a lie, I did it with my little hatchet," when I knocked the covers of my immense cases of LOW PRICED SPRING GOODS, and now

I AM ALL READY

TO GIVE YOU A WELCOME THAT MEANS BUSINESS.

I have laid in a new Spring Stock of Mens', Youths', Boys' and Childrens'

CLOTHING
CLOTHING

Which is positively a surprise to all.

I astonish the sightseer with an unrivaled collection of elegant styles and beautiful fabrics.

I delight the purchaser with prices which were never before so low.

I afford all an opportunity to secure the newest and best Spring garments at prices within their means.

THESE PLAIN FACTS demand your attention, and we respectfully advise an early examination, and invite it.

M. E. ROSENFIELD,
TOWANDA, PENNA.

INSURANCE!

C. S. RUSSELL, Agent,
TOWANDA, PA.

FIRE, LIFE, AND ACCIDENT POLICIES

Issued on the most reasonable terms.

None but reliable companies represented.

Losses adjusted and paid here.

Towanda, Nov. 13, 1879.

D. M. FERRY & Co., Detroit, Mich.

HE THAT O'ERCOMETH.

OWEN MEREDITH.

No stream from its source
Flows seaward, how lonely soever its course,
But some land is gladden'd. No star ever rose
And set, without influence somewhere. Who knows
What earth needs from earth's lowest creature?
No life
Can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife,
And all life not be purer and stronger thereby.
The spirit of just'm n made perfect on high,
The army of martyrs who stand by the throne
And gaze into the face that makes glorious their own,
Know this, surely, at last. Honest love, honest sorrow,
Honest work for the day, honest work for the morrow,
Are these worth nothing more than the hand they make weary,
The heart they have sadden'd, the life they leave dreary?
Hush! the seventfold heavens to the voice of the spirit
Echo: He that o'ercometh shall all things inherit.

GREETING.

I send you violets, friend—
Purple and sweet;
Do you remember when
About our straying feet
Their subtle fragrance like a sea was flowing?

Our world, your world and mine
(We dreamed it ours),
Its shimmering sunshine,
Its fadeless flowers,
Its loves and hates have gone beyond our knowing.

Ah, friend, there is beyond
A life complete,
A love that changes not,
A joy so sweet
That life is worth the living for the going.

Behind Minerva's Shield.

BY FRANCES C. SPARHAWK.

Homer Ashton one autumn evening listened to stories of witches and ghosts told around him, and joined in them, until he felt an occasional shiver creeping down his back. Not that he believed in the supernatural, but the firelight into which he sat looking grew pleasanter than the corners of the great room, for lamps had been banished with the subject under discussion, and it seemed that the shadows flickering behind the young people grouped about the grate of blazing coal were massive and weird, and that when one glanced at them sideways suddenly, there was something about them like ghostly visitors. When he faced them, to be sure, they were only ordinary shadows. Homer was ashamed of himself, he was afraid his nerves were unsteady, and resolved to test them. He knew a way to do it.

Near the place at which he was staying, an English country house, were the ruins of the older part of a castle said to have been built in the time of the Crusades. The whole castle was at present uninhabited, but the part which had been allowed to fall into hopeless decay was the width of the courtyard away from the rest of the house. Probably it had once been connected with it by buildings which had formed three sides of a hollow square, but, if so, it had been left out in the changes made at different times, and now it was roofless, the walls were crumbled, and the underground portion was all that made any pretence to a habitation, and offered a suitable home to the unearthly beings who were said to roam in it, for a dampness covered all the stones and the air had a deadly chill. But these facts seemed conclusions from the nature of things rather than the results of observation, for Homer could not find anybody who had explored it.

Ghosts ought really to be forgiven a good many faults, because they are in general so unselfish about selecting homes nobody else wants.

That evening as Ashton connected the reports of the place itself with stories of sights and sounds around it, he found himself yielding so much to the influence of gossip that he determined to shake off the weakness and to try what stuff he was made of. He would stand in these haunted halls and summon the ghosts and see what would happen. He knew well enough that it would be nothing.

But he did not tell his plan to the others, he said merely that he was going for a walk to blow away this ghostly atmosphere by a little fresh air. Nobody volunteered to accompany him, night had never seemed more distateful to them all. They only looked at each other significantly as he left them, and said:

'Another Americanism.'

There is an unreasoning element in human nature which assumes every individuality of a foreigner to be a national characteristic. Dr. Ashton, whom the son of the house had become acquainted with in London and brought home with him for a visit, was to his entertainers an epitome of America, and it must be confessed that at the end of a week they had come to have a good opinion of that country.

As Homer walked on rapidly he saw an occasional star in the sky, but it seemed as if he never could get out of the shadow of the trees, there were so many of them.

He soon came to the ruin a mile away, opened the heavy gate, and began to descend the long flight of steps leading into the corridors and rooms underground. What could the old place have been used for? Did monks come here for prayers and penances, or were these dungeons where captives taken in the petty warfare of those times felt the personal vengeance of their captors? He thought of the one described in 'Ivanhoe,' into which Isaac the Jew was thrown, damp, dark, hung with chains and shackles, and where in the ring of one set of fetters were two mouldering bones. It was no wonder ghosts were said to haunt a place like that.

In the midst of these thoughts the gate he had left open swung to with a clang, shutting out earthly things behind him. Step by step he went down the stone stairs into blackness to which the night outside was twilight. Sometimes he seemed to hear a sound, but when he stopped to listen it was the beating of his heart. When he reached the foot of the stairs he still went on; every now and then his outstretched hands struck against a wall or pillar, for he was passing through an arched hall that ended in a narrow passage. He next entered what he thought must be a large room, for the air had an indefinable difference and the blackness seemed that of space instead of substance. As he stood there uncertain which way to move and the very echo of his footsteps ceased, the horror of darkness and silence which had been growing upon him reached its height. He tried to utter his challenge, but his dry lips would give forth no sound, an abyss of night seemed to swallow him up.

Suddenly he fancied he heard a movement, he thought that something like palpable blackness flitted about him. He turned to fly and took a few hurried steps in the direction of the entrance. Then he stopped: It was no ghostly presence that arrested him, but the iron hand of his resolution; he had come here to do a certain thing and was not to be cowed by a feeling which he would be ashamed to own to himself in the daylight. He faced about and went forward quickly a few steps.

'If there is any ghost let him now appear,' he called loudly.

The dreary walls answered his cry with a dull reverberation.

With arms folded he stood a moment—the hardest thing of all to do—awaiting results. If there had not been a roar in his ears, if the beating of his heart had not made even his vision unsteady, he would have said that he heard subdued laughter, or moaning, it was impossible to tell which as the sound rolled toward him from the hollow sides, and that he saw something like a whiteness in the distance, while a sense of presence made him cold with horror.

He had done all he had resolved to do and was free now to get out of this dreadful place. He hurried toward the entrance, urged on by the unreasoning sense of pursuit that comes over one when he turns his back upon danger. All at once he lost his footing and lay at full length on the slippery floor; the shock, however, only jarred and bewildered him. As he put out his hands to rise he touched something from which he drew back instantly with a stifled exclamation: he thought it must be one of the reptiles likely to be crawling in this den. But he recollected that it was small and hard, perhaps it was a curious stone which would prove his night's excursion if the strangers he was with should be tempted to doubt it. After a little groping he found it again; it felt like a stone covered with slimy moisture, and putting it into his pocket he made his way out of the ruins as best he could.

When he returned to the house his friend was alone waiting for him, and sleepy, as Homer could see, consequently a trifle annoyed at being kept up so late. The guest said nothing that night of where he had been.

In his room he took out the stone. It was not a stone or a piece of the pavement, as he had supposed, but an oval of grayish lava that had once been a brooch or part of a bracelet. As he cleaned it with his pen knife and pocket-handkerchief he saw that the work upon it was beautiful; it was a picture of Minerva, the very folds in her tunic carefully cut, and, as he saw by his magnifying-glass, with a light tracery of carving on her helmet and shield. On the opposite side, just under the shield, was the word 'Violet.'

It was evidently the owner's name, but who was she? Where did she live, and when? The pin, if it were a pin, had not lain in its last hiding-place long, he thought, it was not enough stained by the dampness, yet he was not sure about that. 'Violet' might belong to a former generation or might have been sleeping the sleep of the just for a century. But suppose not, suppose she were a young lady beautiful as her name, wealthy and high-born? Well, what then?

Homer put out his light and went to bed, but not immediately to sleep. The affair seemed to promise an adventure; as such it would have been interesting to any young person. But Ashton, in addition to being barely twenty-five, had been obliged to make his way for the last ten years; for though he was of good family, Dame Fortune had started him in life with no more than one of her pennies, which, however, every time a man turns it, as in the legend, leaves a gold-piece in his hand.

The next morning but one a tall young man with dark hair and eyes and an expression amused, yet resolute, handed in his card at Grantham Hall and asked to see its owner, Sir Gresham Land.

'Dr. Homer Ashton,' cried Sir Gresham, looking up from his letters displeased at the interruption. 'Who's he? I don't know any such person. Beryl,' to the servant, 'what does he look like?'

'A swell, Sir Gresham, only spryer.'

'Oh, "spryer," is he? In his head or his heels, I wonder? Well, I suppose I must see what the fellow wants; one of these genteel sponges come to suck up as many pounds as I'll give to their deuced charities,' he muttered. By which speech it is fair to conclude that Sir Gresham had been sponged in this way more than once.

But when Homer, who was admiring the view from the drawing-room window, turned and bowed as the baronet approached, Sir Gresham perceived nothing of the suppliant about him and began to doubt whether this elegant stranger did mean to make him a few pounds poorer by his visit. He came forward and requested his visitor to be seated. Ashton spoke of the beauty of the country and Sir Gresham answered him, but at the moment curiosity was evidently his ruling passion.

'You are wondering why I came,' said Homer. 'Certainly it was not to tell you, what everybody knows, that this is the finest situation about here. But I have in my possession part of an ornament which, I believe, belongs to Miss Laud.'

'You! What is it?'

Ashton bowed and smiled also, as he handed the other his discovery of the night before. 'Does it belong to your daughter?' he said.

But Sir Gresham was too bewildered to answer him.

'That?' he cried. 'Good Heavens! that? Where did you find it? It's a clue.'

'A clue to what?' cried Homer eagerly. He felt on the brink of discovering how a lady's ornament could come in so strange a place.

But Sir Gresham was too excited by some suggestion awaked by the sight of the stone to have an idea of trying to satisfy any curiosity but his own.

'Where did you find it?' he repeated.

'Is it your daughter's?' returned Homer.

'Yes, it must be hers,' and remembering at last to thank the young man for returning it, he stood with the stone in his hand waiting impatiently for a full account of its recovery.

'Does Sir Gresham Laud suppose that I came here for the purpose of telling a midnight venture to *him*?' thought Homer, as a look of amusement flitted across his face. 'If you will be so kind,' he answered suavely, 'as to ask Miss Laud if she will do me the favor to identify her ornament, I shall be most happy to tell you, and her if she cares to know, how I came by it.'

Sir Gresham hesitated only an instant. 'Assuredly,' he said, and sent for his daughter.

The young man's heart beat faster at the sound of light steps behind him. Suppose Violet were plain and heavy-looking, yet suppose—he turned hastily, but not too soon for the beautiful face that was coming toward him. She was named for her eyes,' thought Homer; and there was something else he thought, too, that could no more than this be spoken at the moment. She greeted him with a simplicity that charmed him; but when she saw the medallion in her father's hand she cried:

'Oh, papa, my bracelet clasp; where did you get it? Have they found out the robbers?'

Homer's eyes opened wide at her words.

'Robbers?' he repeated. 'That's it, then? 'Perhaps I really did hear and see something after all.' And after a moment in which three people stood facing each other with looks of inquiry he began an account of his expedition to the ruin. He was truthful in every detail, yet the story sounded remarkably well as he told it, watching Violet's face and seeing her shiver and grow pale in imagining the blackness of the old cellars. If she would but 'love him for the dangers he had passed,' he knew nothing of wars to be sure, except of personal struggles with misfortune, out of place to be told here, yet having left their mark upon him in a consciousness of power to dare and conquer adverse circumstances.

'I've no doubt they carried their booty there,' exclaimed Sir Gresham, his thoughts still in the ruins an infinite distance behind the young man's winged fancy and supplementing the narrative which Ashton had just finished. While Violet was listening to her father's account of a daring burglary committed the winter before while the family were in the house, Ashton had an opportunity to study her face more critically, or, rather, more admiringly. It was possible he did not drop all the admiration out of his expression as from time to time she turned to him to explain more fully something that her father was saying.

'I've no doubt the villains bring their booty miles to hide it in the ruin,' said Sir Gresham. 'This medallion was the clasp of a heavy gold bracelet. It was given to my daughter by a friend, and she is much obliged to you, I am sure, for finding it.'

'Indeed I am,' said Violet, coloring a little as she spoke.

'It is I who am under obligation to fate,' answered Homer; 'I have found something that Miss Laud values.'

'The rest of the bracelet has been melted down long ago,' pursued Sir Gresham. 'That place ought to be searched.'

'Yes,' said Homer; 'when will you do it?'

The baronet looked somewhat taken aback at this energetic suggestion.

'No doubt,' he answered, 'and perhaps, Dr. Ashton, you would like to be one of the party if I go with some of my neighbors? I suppose it ought to be done as soon as possible, within a day or two,' he went on, as the other assented, 'lest they should take alarm at your intrusion upon them. When should you advise going?'

'This moment,' cried Homer. 'It's a wonder that we Americans have any grass in our country,' he added, smiling, 'we are so averse to letting it grow under our feet.'

He met Violet's eyes as he finished, and read in them an admiration and interest. In another moment she had turned away on some trifling pretext, but, undoubtedly, she was blushing. How was Homer to know that she had once declared she would marry the man who brought her back her bracelet clasp? That, however, was when she was quite sure it would never be found.

'Not until after luncheon, papa, will you?' she said. 'You'd better not take Dr. Ashton until after that.'

Several years later, when the medallion had led to more than the finding of stores of plunder in the old ruins which a gang of thieves had taken care to make appear haunted, Homer Ashton, a physician of high standing, was living in a large American city. A schoolmate whom he had not met for years said to him one day at dinner as they were talking of marriages and deaths among their former comrades:

'By the way, Ashton, you never told me where you first met your wife. I only know that it was in England.'

'I first met her,' he said, 'behind Minerva's shield. Did I not, Violet?'

—*Our Continent.*

AMONG new colors is Presbyterian blue—the very darkest of all blues.

A Legend of Drybugh Abbey.

WHAT HOWARD CARROLL HEARD IN WALTER SCOTT'S TOMB.

According to local tradition the dungeons are now occupied by a number of ghosts of more or less celebrity, in addition to the world renowned White Maid of Avenel and 'Smaylho'me's Lady Gay,' made famous by Scott in 'The Eve of St. John.' These supernatural personages, as I was assured by a neighboring peasant, have even now a disagreeable habit of appearing to mortals who venture into their abode at unseemly hours. The man evidently meant what he said, for he refused £5 which were offered to him to act as a guide through the vaults, saying:

'Na, na, na, I thank'ee. The shillins be all vera weel, but there be spirits about this place o' evenens.'

'Have you ever seen any of them?' I asked, and he replied:

'Na, surely, but I ken that has,' and then walked briskly away from the haunted spot

Subsequently I was told the pathetic and thoroughly reliable story, which has doubtless done much to create and keep alive local superstition in regard to the ghosts of the abbey. It was substantially as follows:

Shortly after the last effort and failure of the followers of the Stuarts to regain the throne, a young woman, described as beautiful and well-spoken, went to live in one of the Drybugh dungeons. During the day she never left the vault, which was at that time comparatively well preserved and completely shut out from the sunlight. Sometimes at night, however, she would leave her wretched den and seek from kindly disposed people near by food sufficient to keep her alive. From these excursions she invariably returned to the vault at midnight, saying to those who from goodness of heart might wish to detain her that as the clock struck 12 in the night she was obliged to meet a spirit whom she called Fatlips, and described as a little old man who wore heavy iron shoes and put her home in order while she was absent. Why she adopted this mode of life she would never explain, but it leaked out in one way or another that she had taken a vow never to see the sun till her lover returned from the wars. He never returned, and she died in her sunless dungeon. To this day the ignorant country people about fully believe that the vault is haunted.

—*N. Y. Times.*

How Western Towns Spring Up.

Major H. A. E. Pickard, postmaster of Buena Vista, Colorado, was registered at the St. Cloud Hotel yesterday prior to his return to the far West. As Buena Vista had no existence whatever three years ago as an abiding place, it might be inferred that its postmaster enjoyed a sinecure, but the tale he was to tell soon removes the impression that a town of so recent birth cannot consist of more than a few shantles. "Why you people in the East," said the Major yesterday, as he threw his right hand up in the air, "have no idea of the jump in our people. They are all push. They are in a hurry to go to bed, in a hurry to get up, in a hurry to make money, in a hurry to do anything they make up their minds to do. Two years and a half ago there was not a house where Buena Vista now stands. To-day it contains 3,000 inhabitants, has a fine bank, an opera house, a brick school house, and we have begun building an elegant stone-pointed Court House that will cost $30,000. I put up one of the first houses in town. The land and building cost me $690. In the past two years I have collected $1,100 rent from it, and last week I sold the property for $2,000 in cash. Buena Vista is now the seat of Chaffee County, and has become the distributing point for the country west of it. What has brought us this sudden success? Why, our minerals sir! We have an anthracite coal, a very soft bituminous coal, and another coal ranging in quality between these two. My business East is to dispose of 2,100 acres of coal land. Then we have silver in profusion. Buena Vista, is on the Arkansas River, thirty-five miles southeast of Leadville, and is the centre of several mining districts—the Chalk Creek, Cottonwood Creek, Clear Creek, Four Mile and Trout Creek. Many Philadelphia parties are interested in the workings of some of the mines in these districts. There is the Grand Union Mining Company, in which Auditor General Schell, Frederick Gaston and Judge Greenbank are interested The Princeton Mining Company has Lawyer Hunsicker for its President. The Herrick Mining Company is named after its President who lives in West Philadelphia All these are legitimately worked for what they may be worth. An effort was made to turn one of them into simply a stock concern to throw shares on the market, but it did not succeed. The Grand Union has just started a mill of its own on the cottonwood and its Mt. Carmel mine is turning out a great deal of rich ore. In fact, everything is humming at Buena Vista, and if any of you eastern folks come out we will make you stare."—*Press.*

Beaconfield's Many-Sidedness.

Again we must differ from Herr Brandes in the assertion that Disraeli was lacking in the "many-sidedness" of the Jew. Prime-minister of England, poet, novelist, orator, satirist, wit and dandy, the leader of the Tories and the writer of a novel ("Sybil") which Herr Brandes says is "a confession of sympathy with the Chartists," and contains "passages that remind one of Lasalle," the author of "a little masterpiece of composition ("Ixion in Heaven")—a classic model which Heme might have envied," and of poems (in "Venetia") "not worthy of Shelley," the chief of the Conservatives and the enthusiastic champion of Byron and Shelley as opposed to the cant and stupidity of British society,— in the name of Proteus, have we not here enough, on Herr Brandes' own showing, to establish Disraeli's claim to many-sidedness of sympathy and mind?

And yet the fact remains that Disraeli was not a first-class man; his qualities were not those of the world's heroes; he possessed talent, rather than genius; he was a sagacious politician aiming at self-aggrandizement, not a wise statesman building his monument in enduring acts of public service; and the study of his career is calculated to dazzle, to entertain, even to amuse, rather than to elevate, to stimulate, or to ennoble. But do all these derogatory facts preclude him from being considered a representative Jew? On the contrary, we think they tend to confirm his title.

Atlantic Telegraph Stations.

A Frenchman, M. Menuisier, has just proffered a novel and bold plan for enabling vessels crossing the Atlantic to communicate with the mainland Lay, he says, a telegraph cable between Saint Nasaire, Bordeaux and New-York, with branch in mid-ocean to Panama. Every sixty leagues, the average daily distance covered by a ship, connect to the principal cable a vertical cable, ending in a buoy at the surface. To the right and left of the principal cable lay two branch cables, ten to twenty leagues each, ending in a vertical cable with buoys. These branches would form two crosses with the main cable. The chances of ships sighting buoys would thus be frequent. Each buoy has a number, and its position in mid-ocean is known from special tables. When a ship passing near a buoy wishes to telegraph, it connects its apparatus wire, one with the wire of the buoy, the other with the buoy itself, which serves as an earthwire. Thus the ship might communicate with a central post which should be established on an island or rock, or a ship moored according to M. Menuisier's system. A vessel in distress near one buoy might, through the central station, get help from a ship passing near the next buoy. The difficult matter would be the buoy. How would it resist storms that have broken cables? M. Menuisier has not yet described it in detail, but says it is pronounced quite successful by competent navigators. It is luminous by night, sonorous in fog, and easily accessible in any weather.

I S'all S'eep Wiv Him To-night.

The Detroit *Chaff*: Sometimes I think the little ones say the best things after all. I know a little family in Detroit who are heart-broken and sad this Saturday night. There were three last Saturday, but to-day only two are left. The tie that bound them more closely than that which the clergyman drew has lately been loosened and the light of their lives went out with the red winter sun only the other night. The father is a railroad man, whose duties call him away from home nearly three fourths of the time. It was his habit whenever he was about to start for home to telegraph his wife apprising her of the fact. In these telegrams he never failed to mention the name of the little four-year-old and the dispatches generally ran as follows:

"Tell Arthur I shall sleep with him to-night."

The baby-boy was very proud of these telegrams, which his mother would read over and over to him, and he considered the "teledraf" a great institution. The other night when the fever had done its work and the mother was sobbing out her anguish, the little one turned calmly in his bed and said:

"Don't ky, mamma, I s'all s'eep wiv Dod, 'oo know. Sen' Dod a teledraf and tell-Him I s'all s'eep wiv Him to-night."

But the message went straight up there without the clicking of wires or the rustle of wings.

Society's Pet Vice.

What is gossip but the patent sign of vulgarity in heart and mind? Intellect that never rises beyond the small, mean facts of personal history, fluidity which cannot keep to itself what has been told even in confidence and that goes around swelling molehills into mountains, can claim no respect, make out no case against the decree of gross, stupid vulgarity recorded against it. It is as thoroughly vulgar as a curiosity; and between prying into things with which we have no concern, and retailing gossip which is no business of ours to handle at all, there is no hair's breadth to choose. Each is simply the sign of utter and entire vulgarity; and is one of the bull's-eye, the other is the gold. But both are faults to be found growing as rank as weeds by the wayside, and it would be hard to count upon one's fingers our largest circle of acquaintance those who are absolutely free from the vice of society and the vulgarity of curiosity.—*London Queen.*

Every Day a Little.

Every day a little knowledge. One fact in a day. How small is one fact! Only one! Ten years passed by. Three thousand six hundred and fifty facts are not so small a thing.

Every day a little self-denial. The thing that is difficult to do to-day will be an easy thing to do three hundred and sixty days hence, if each day it shall have been repeated. What power of self mastery shall he enjoy who seeks every day to practice the grace he prays for. Every day a little happiness. We live for the good of others, if our living be in any sense true living. It is not in great deeds of kindness only, that the blessing is found. In "little deeds of kindness," repeated every day, we find true happiness. At home, at school, in the street, in the neighbor's house, in the play-ground, we shall find opportunity every day for usefulness.

THE OLD CHURCH BELL.

Ring on, ring on, sweet Sabbath bell!
Thy mellow tones I love to hear,
I was a boy when first they fell
In melody upon mine ear;
In those dear days, long past and gone,
When sporting here in boyish glee,
The magic of thy Sabbath tone
Awoke emotions deep in me.

Long years have gone and I have strayed
Out o'er the world far, far away,
But thy dear tones have round me played
On every lovely Sabbath day.
When strolling o'er the mighty plains,
Spread widely in the unpeopled West,
Each Sabbath morn I've heard thy strains
Telling the welcome day of rest.

Upon the rocky mountain's crest,
Where Christian feet had never trod,
In the deep bosom of the West
I've thought of thee and worshipped God:
Ring on, sweet bell! I've come again
To hear thy cherished call to prayer,
There's less of pleasure, now, than pain
In those dear tones which fill my ear.

Ring on, ring on, dear bell! ring on!
Once more I've come with whitened head,
To hear thee toll. The sounds are gone!
And ere this Sabbath day has sped,
I shall be gone, and may no more
Give ear to thee, sweet Sabbath bell!
Dear church and bell, so loved of yore,
And childhood's happy home, farewell!

—*The late Colonel W. H. Sparks, of Georgia.*

Changes of a Century.

The nineteenth century witnessed many and very great discoveries and changes:

In 1809 Fulton took out his first patent for the invention of a steamboat.

The first steamships which made regular trips across the Atlantic ocean were the Sirius and Great Western, in 1830.

The first public application to practical use of gas for illumination was made in 1802.

In 1813 the streets of London were for the first time lighted with gas.

In 1813 there was built in Waltham, Mass., a mill, believed to be the first one in the world, which combined all the requirements for making finished cloth from the raw cotton.

In 1790 there were only twenty-five post-offices in the whole country, and up to 1837 the rates of postage was twenty-five cents for a letter sent over 400 miles.

In 1807 wooden clocks began to be made by machinery. This ushered in the era of cheap clocks.

About the year 1833 the first railroad of any considerable length in the United States was constructed.

In 1840 the first experiments in photography were made by Daguerre.

About 1840 the first express business was established.

The anthracite coal business may be said to have begun in 1820.

In 1836 the patent for the invention of matches were granted.

Steel pens were introduced for use in 1803.

The first successful trial of a reaper took place in 1833.

In 1846 Elias Howe obtained a patent for his sewing machine.

The first successful method of making vulcanized india rubber was patented in 1839.

In an article entitled "Estheticism Old and New," *Our Continent* says:

"As for curious fancies of flowers and costumes, we may say that as a coxcomb in his immaculate dress is a walking protest against slovenliness, so the new estheticism, yet undefined and restless, is a standing rebuke to the gross materialism and grinding utilitarianism of the age. The satire is based upon truth that England has become a "nation of shopkeepers." What are her idols? Material power, revenue, lands and goods, and the training of the intellect has been mainly that it may conduce to these creature comforts. Now there is something better than all this—an ideal for which the great representative faculty, the imagination, must be nurtured and trained. It is the realm of taste, of which ideal beauty is queen. Only let us return to one thought: as Plato declared that there could be no beauty without goodness, and Cousin found the perfect enshrinement of beauty in God, so let us be vigilant lest the new estheticism become a pander to vice and a foe to the pure religion and undefiled which, according to the Apostle, finds its exponent and illustration in charity and purity."

HIGH TIDES AND THE MOON.—Professor Ball, of Dublin, has been recently trying to prove that the moon is the result of tidal evolution, that in the very remote past when the moon was only 40,000 miles distant, the earth must have been swept by tides of enormous height, and that these tides must have been powerful agents in producing changes on the earth's surface which geologists are now unable to account for. In a recent number of *Nature*, Professor Newberry, of Columbia College, goes carefully over the geological record, and shows conclusively that these hypothetical high tides have left no trace of their existence, and that since the beninning of the geological record the order of nature has been essentially what it is to-day. The testimony of the rocks on this subject, says Professor Newberry, is so full and conclusive that it really leaves no room for discussion; and hence the astronomers have been in error in regard to the genesis of the moon, and she never formed a portion of the earth's mass, or the separation took place at a period so remote that she had receded to nearly her present distance before the dawn of life on the earth.

A HUGE BELL FOR ST. PAUL'S.—'Great' Paul, the new bell for St. Paul's Cathedral, London, will take rank among six or eight heaviest bells in Europe. At present her position cannot accurately be assigned, as she has not yet passed the scales; but it will probably lie between the great bell of Olmutz, weighing 17 tons 18 cwt., and that of Vienna, weighing 17 tons 14 cwt. Dr. Stainer, the organist of St. Paul's, says that 'when the tone was produced by swinging a heavy ball of iron against the sound bow a musical note boomed out which was impressive beyond description.' The bell is 8 feet 10 inches high and 9 feet 6½ inches in diameter. The note is E flat, the upper partials B flat, E flat and G being just audible with the sonorous ground tone. The cost of the bell and hoisting it into its place will be about $15,000, and it has been decided to use it for the first time on Easter Sunday next.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Fashion Notes.

POLKA dots are all the rage.

GROS gain silks are again in fashion.

WILD roses are the coming flower in millinery.

REP effects are very noticeable among new spring silks.

HUNTING jackets in new forms continue to be fashionable.

STRAW bonnets matching suits in tint are to be worn this spring.

EXTREMELY long-skirted, tailor-made coats are to be much worn this spring.

CORNET bands and combs set with Rhine crystal will be much worn.

IN mercantile invoices, all large bonnets are classed as pokes, small ones cottages.

STRAWBERRY-RED and copper-red polka dots are seen upon new black satin fabrics.

MOIRE will be much used in combination with cashmere and other woolen stuffs.

VERY low cut gilt sandals, in the old Directoire style, are worn with asthetic costumes.

THE Langtry, a new shape in bonnets, is a scoop with a cluster of flowers under the brim.

WHITE stockings are completely out of wear for ordinary purposes, fancy hose replacing them.

SKIRTS are growing shorter, and it would seem as if they had now reached the extreme limit of moderation.

A LATE novelty, the front lace boot, has matt kid top, foxed with straight goat. The fancy tip is of patent leather, and the boot is faced with the same kind of leather up front and around top.

NEW boots of glove, matt and French kid are laced over the instep through holes, and up the boot portion over hooks. Oxford ties are also laced, and the new specimens come up higher over the foot than those of last year.

THE French lisle thread stockings in rich colors, printed over foot and leg in clusters of all manners of fruit, such as plums, grapes and berries, which were decided novelties in mid-winter, are still in demand, but cannot be called in style.

CHARMING silken hose show the Maltese cross with lace centre and embroideries in leaves, flowers and other conceits. The plain silk hose come in evening shades, and others are embroidered in exquisite Oriental designs in rich or delicate hues.

THERE are numbers of new styles in boots for spring; one is as curved and undulating as a short serpent, with its slender top, round up and out instep, very high, tapering heel and long, pointed toe. The style is shown in French kid, satin and brocade, and is usually finished with embroidery.

FOR garnishing robes, costumes and confections laces of all styles are in favor, and of laces in every variety most charming toilette accessories are created. They are used either alone or in combination, with crepes, mulls, nets, tulls and gauzes, and most lovely are the results attained by the mingled textiles with the addition of knots and loops of rib