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, MAY 4, 1882. NUMBER 49

Business Cards.

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

WILLIAMS & ANGLE,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Office—Main street, opposite Post-Office.
M. N. 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.13-79. 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.
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.
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. Soutter, Esq., Towanda, Pa., when an appointment can be made.

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

HIRAM E. BULL,
SURVEYOR.
ENGINEERING, SURVEYING AND DRAFTING.
Office over C. P. Welles' 10-Cent Store, Main street, Towanda, Pa. 4.15.80.

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

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. Teeth inserted on Gold, Silver, Rubber, and Aluminum base. Teeth extracted without pain. Oct. 24-72.

D. 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, Lycoming, Susquehanna counties. References: Hon. F. B. Morrow; First National Bank, Towanda.

C. S. RUSSELL'S
GENERAL
INSURANCE AGENCY
Oct 25-70tf. TOWANDA, PA.

EDWARD WILLIAMS,
PRACTICAL PLUMBER & GAS FITTER.
Prince of business, a few doors north of Post-Office.
Plumbing, Gas Fitting, Repairing Pumps of all kinds, and all kinds of Tinning promptly attended to. All wanting work in his line should give him a call. Dec. 4, 1879.

A. B. AUSTIN & CO.,
DEALERS IN FINE GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS,
Teas, Coffees, Canned Fruits, &c.,
200 and 202 West Water and 103, 105 and 107 Main Streets, Elmira, N. Y.
A. B. AUSTIN, L. BUD, O. D. GOODRICH.
April 20, '82-1yr.

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.

MEAT MARKET!
C. M. MYER,
Located in
BEIDLEMAN'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 11, 1881 C. M. MYER

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. 19, 1879.

Hardware, Stoves, &c.

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.

Decker Brothers
NEW STORE,
128 & 130 Means Block
Is one of the prettiest stores in Towanda, and is filled with an ELEGANT ASSORTMENT of
SPRING GOODS
Which will be sold at PRICES LOW AS THE LOWEST.
FULL LINE OF MENS, BOYS AND YOUTHS
CLOTHING AND Under-Clothing
LATEST STYLES OF
HATS AND CAPS
FULL STOCK OF FURNISHING GOODS, VALISES, TRUNKS, CANES, UMBRELLAS, &c,
Celluloid Collars and Cuffs,
And the best line of NECKWEAR in the County always in stock.
Call at our store and examine Goods and Prices, and you will be sure to buy.
Towanda, Pa., 20apr82.

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.

Legal.

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 KINGSLEY, M. F. RANSOOM, } Co. Coms.
Attest: WM. LEWIS, Clerk.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE. Letters of administration having been granted to the undersigned upon the estate of Elizabeth Sherman, late of Overton township, deceased, notice is hereby given that all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and all persons having claims against said estate must present the same duly authenticated to the undersigned for settlement.
NELSON SHERMAN, Administrators.
Overton, Pa., 6apr82-w6.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE. Letters of administration having been granted to the undersigned upon the estate of Eliza Henson, late of Albany township, deceased all persons indebted to the estate of said decedent are hereby notified to make immediate payment, and all having claims against said estate must present the same duly authenticated to the undersigned for settlement.
OLIVER ALLEN, Administrator.
Albany, Pa., 6apr82-w6.

ADMINISTRATRIX'S NOTICE—Letters of administration *cum testamento annexo* having been granted to the undersigned upon the estate of Theodore Wilder, late of Springfield township, deceased, notice is hereby given that all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and all persons having claims against said estate must present the same duly authenticated to the undersigned for settlement. MRS. E. L. WILDER, Administratrix.
Springfield, Pa., 13apr82.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration having been granted to the undersigned upon the estate of Warren Baker, late of Rome township, deceased, notice is hereby given that all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and all persons having claims against said estate must present the same duly authenticated to the undersigned for settlement.
A. L. BAKER, Administrator.
Rome, Pa., 13apr82-w6.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE. Letters of administration having been granted to the undersigned, upon the estate of Daniel H. Coburn, late of Warren twp., dec'd, notice is hereby given that all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and all persons having claims against said estate must present the same duly authenticated to the undersigned for settlement.
FRANKLIN COBURN, Administrator.
Warren, Pa., 6apr82-w6.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE—Letters of administration having been granted to the undersigned upon the estate of Rosina Eddy, late of Rome township, deceased, notice is hereby given that all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and all persons having claims against said estate must present the same duly authenticated to the undersigned for settlement.
LOYAL F. RUSSELL, Administrator.
Rome, Pa., 6apr82-w6.

Have derived some benefit from the use of Simmons' Liver Regulator, and wish to give it a further trial.
HON. ALEX. H. STEPHENS, Georgia.
"I have never seen or tried such a simple, efficacious, satisfactory and pleasant remedy in my life.
A. H. NALLEY, St. Louis, Mo."

New Advertisements.

THE ATHENS
5-CENT STORE,
In EASTABROOK BLOCK, has just received the biggest assortment of
Dry and Fancy Goods Crockery, Glass and Tinware.
For the coming season we will REDUCE OUR PRICES in any line of goods. It will be for your benefit to stay and examine prices. Our PRICES ARE THE LOWEST and our GOODS THE BEST.
LOEWUS & FREIMUTH.
Athens, Pa., 13apr82.

THE TOWANDA 5 CENT STORE!
Main Street,
(NEXT DOOR TO DYE & CO.)
Has a complete assortment of
DRY AND FANCY GOODS,
Grockery,
Glassware,
Lamps,
WHITE AND DECORATED CHINA.
Latest designs and patterns of
CUTLERY, PLATED, & MAJOLICA WARE,
BIRD CAGES,
SATCHELS, &c.
For the coming Spring Trade, we adhere as heretofore to our established principle—that a quick sale with a small profit is better than a slow one with a large profit—and therefore our prices in any line of goods will compare favorably with the prices of any other house.
We endeavor to sell the best article for the least possible money.
LOEWUS & FREIMUTH.
Towanda, March 28, 1882-1yr.

AN ECHO OF BYGONE YEARS.

A song comes back from the bygone years
Whose melody never grows old,
And I listen again, through my smiles and tears,
Though the singer lay dead and cold.
'Tis a song so sweet, by a voice so rare,
Far purer than any other,
And I heard it again, though troubled by care,
The lullaby sung me by mother.

There are times, it seems, when all alone,
The singer is by my side,
And I hear her voice like a monotone,
Like the rise and fall of the tide.
While the days go by, till the end of time
And the struggle of life is ended,
May the singer never forget her rhyme
Till her bliss and mine are blended.

—*Foster Coates in New York Mail.*

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Excelsior! At last the mystic word,
Which erst from thy pen's point has stirr'd
To deepest depths a Christian world
Has come to thee;
Set thy soul free
From toil's trite trammels and unfurl'd
Thy banner and Archangels' minstrelsy.

Excelsior! Aye, over thus thy soul
Has sweetly phrased the long death roll;
Has breath'd in hope, in faith and love,
Supreme in each,
That thou might'st reach
With passport Paradise, and prove
Reward waits the o ho p actice what they preach.

Excelsior! Never from purer breast
Well'd wilder wail of fierce unrest.
Oh, strange anomaly! for peace
A war cry loud;
The surging crowd
Above a cry that will not cease
Its clarion call though thy dear head is bow'd.

—*George B. Herbert*

"CREVASSE!"

'Miss Ruth, Major says it's jes' on ter sundown, an' told me to ax was he ter come out yere?'

'Tell him I'll come in, Cappie.' Cap spun around on her bare toes a few times, then started slowly for the house, while Ruth swung idly in her hammock in the shade of the live oak, and I exclaimed:

'Think what you are doing, Ruth. He is not happy a moment without you. He loves you so that the thought of not being able to sail with you brings on a fever turn, and you know he had a hemorrhage the last time you went riding without him. His life is bound up in you!'

'I know it, Aunty, so I shall go riding and sailing no more.'

'But such devotion will surely deceive him!'

'When he came to us, with his doom plainly written in every feature, I resolved that if I could not nurse him back to the life he so much loves, his last days should be as happy as possible.'

'Suppose he dies deceived, believing that you loved him—believing a lie?'

'Don't you think when he sees no more 'through a glass darkly' that he will understand?'

'But should he recover, do you think he would thank you for his life if you had taken all hope and brightness from it?'

'I assure you that his happiness should be, then as now, my first and only object.'

'Ruth,' I exclaimed aghast, 'you would not marry him with no love to give him—loving another as you do!'

She raised herself slowly on her elbow, her beautiful brown eyes looking steadily through the long lashes wet with tears, and said:

'My life is something that I do not prize, but by dying I cannot give him life, so if by living I can make his life happy, why not?' Whatever is for his happiness that I shall do. Now I'll go and watch the sunset with him.'

I sat still under the spreading branches of the great old oak and watched the swollen river which seemed trying to force its way thro' the great wall of earth that confined it to its course, and thought of the beautiful girl who had just left me.

When Major Grant had come to us, sick and apparently dying, she had just met the first great sorrow of her life. A misunderstanding had arisen between herself and Frank Russell, to whom she had given all the loving devotion of her warm heart, and by the interference of friends the lovers' quarrel became a serious matter, and the engagement was broken.

She believed herself deceived and cast aside for another, and life not worth the living, but she was proud, and lived on bravely, making no moan.

Major Grant had lost his health by exposure doing his army life, but would not for a moment doubt his entire recovery. He was always better. He clung to Ruth—was never happy when she was absent and built castle after castle in the air when beside her. And now the two were watching the sunset—one believing the sun of her life had already set in clouds and darkness, and the light was fast failing for the other; she turning in dismay and dread from the life before her—he longing and striving for the life that was fast slipping from him.

A bunch of gray moss swung smartly in my face and roused me to the fact that the wind was rising, for added to the muttering of the river was the moaning of the pines. I walked hastily to the levee. Everybody was there, working or watching, for should a jet of water force its way through undiscovered a crevasse was certain and sure destruction.

There was great danger that the levee could not withstand the force of the water without the wind, but with a gale it seemed hopeless.

It was a yearly danger to which every one had become accustomed, so that no plans were changed, and all amusements went on as gaily as if destruction did not threaten every home for miles around, and our nearest neighbors had invited us to attend a country wedding with them that night. Ruth hesitated about leaving her invalid, but he urged her to go, assuring her there was no danger whatever; so when we heard the call at the gate, 'Oh, Miss Ruth, are you ready?' we threw on our wraps and started, gloves in hand.

We found after various apologies that the family carriage had strayed away during the 'late unpleasantness' and had failed to return and that the conveyance provided for us was a two-wheeled cart. We were assured the straw on the bottom was clean and begged to 'Sit right down, sit right down; it's all clean.' And after much laughing and crowding, we six—grandma and baby, mother and sister, Ruth and I, with a bundle of hay for the horse to eat, were packed away and jolted along right merrily. We drove beside the levee, but the angry rush of the river and the rising wind seemed to occasion no uneasiness in our companions.

The house to which we were going stood on a point of land which the river had encroached upon year after year until it was almost an island, and it seemed that soon the whole plantation would be washed away. I could only wonder at the gayety of my companions, and to divert my mind from my own fears, asked:

'Has Miss Dora been long engaged?'

'Yes, five years. The wedding day has been fixed twice before; the guests invited, the cake ready, and the bridal veil waiting to be put on. The first time Dora was sick, so very sick it seemed impossible that she could live through that day, but as soon as the hour for the wedding was passed she began to improve. The next time the groom fell and broke his leg an hour or two before he should have been married.'

'How strange!'

'Well, Dora is the last one of an old, old family. She had an old nurse who saw visions and foretold coming events, who told Dora that she would never be a wife or mother, and she almost began to believe it. She says if she fails this time she will never try again.'

'O, here we are! Back up and dump your load.' And amid much noise and chattering we scrambled to the ground and shook out our crumpled dresses.

We were received by a beautiful white haired old lady, who kissed us all and made us welcome. After a glance at the bare hands about us we slipped our gloves into our pockets and were ushered into the parlor and joined one of the two lines that sat facing each other for the ceremony to begin. The white-haired old lady sat beside Ruth, who had evidently taken her fancy. I could see that the sweet-faced matron was telling my gentle girl the story of her own daughter's misadventurous love that was soon to be crowned with happy fruition. Had she divined that my Ruth was heart-sore and sick because of love? I think so.

The guests waited awkwardly as country people gathered from far and near are wont to do. The servants moved officiously about to save the appearance of delay. At length the hostess, with the slightest flush of annoyance on her fair face, left Ruth to devote herself to others. Ruth came over where I was standing by an open window, and putting her hand on my shoulder turned her face from the light and said:

'Oh, Aunty, I am so miserable. Why is it that every one else may be happy and I—'

'There, there, I said soothingly.' 'Do not be so weak' And then I added in a bantering tone, 'No doubt Frank will come back'—

'Too late,' she said, 'I have promised to marry Major Grant.'

'Why, Ruth!'

I had no time to say more. The minister appeared; then came the bridal party; the promises were made, hands were shaken, congratulations uttered, refreshments were eaten, the fiddlers were called in and dancing began.

Three hours had passed. The revel was at its height. The fair bride, her long-delayed hopes fulfilled, the gloomy prophecy exploded, floated in and out in the mazes of the dance, the gayest of the gay. Ruth, her fair face flushed, seemed to have forgotten her sorrow in her enjoyment of this auspicious occasion. By her grace and tact I could see that she was adding much to the enjoyment of others. The happy mother of the bride moved about among the older guests, dispensing smiles and bringing pleasure wherever she went. Presently Ruth came, and said with a face beaming with joy:

'Oh, Aunty, I am so glad we came. I never knew it was such pleasure to make others happy. I am not a bit sad now. I believe I could even meet Frank with composure. Hark! What is that?' she exclaimed, turning toward the open window, through which came a dull, harsh murmur.

Before she had time to say more there was an uproar at the lower end of the room, a cry of 'Crevasse! Crevasse!' from the affrighted servants, and Frank Russell rushing through a crowd of dancers, leaped upon a chair not three steps from us and shouted:

'The levee has broken; save yourselves at once, there is no time to lose.'

There was an instant of awful silence; every breath was hushed, and rosy cheeks were blanched with terror; then the voice of the despairing bride rang out:

'Has it come true! It has come true!' she cried, and as she fell into the arms of her husband the guests fled in every direction. The gray-haired mother sank upon her knees, and we could see her lips move in prayer.

Frank's eyes wandered over the hurrying crowd an instant in search of some one he evidently expected to see. Even in that terrible moment I could not help thinking how brave and handsome he was. I did not wonder that Ruth had lost her heart to him. At length his eye rested on us. In an instant he was beside us. He put his arm about Ruth as if they had parted with kisses but yesterday, looked quickly back, and said as his face blanched and his lips shut close:

'We can only save ourselves. Come!'

He swung Ruth lightly through the casement, clasped me by the arm, and we fled away from the house of feasting with the bride's heart-rending shriek in our ears and the mother's blanched face upturned in hopeless prayer ever before our eyes as we dashed out into the night, and joined in the wild scramble for life.

The blackness of the night, the roaring of the wind, and the increasing thunder of the river were enough to appall the stoutest heart. But we were hurried on, stumbling over roots and stumps, caught and torn by vines and briars, dashed against trees by the raging wind, spattered by the spray of the rising water until we reached the place where Frank had left his boat.

The river was full of floating trees, the ruins of houses, and all the *debris* which the mad water had wrested from its conquerors. The current was so strong it seemed certain death to trust ourselves to it, but it was the only chance. We stepped to the boat, and seized each an oar. We pushed out and the fight for life began. We were driven against huge floating logs, again and again almost overturned, caught in the branches of some great tree that rushed down the current, and which in the darkness we could not see. Cries of terror reached us now and then, but the thunder of the liberated river filled the air. It seemed the triumphing of the river god as he swallowed his victims, the human sacrifice to his power.

We were trying to force our way through the crevasse up to higher ground when suddenly a bonfire some one had lighted hours before blazed up, and we saw clinging in the branches of a tree rushing past us the bride clasped tightly in the arms of he husband. Was the prophecy to fulfilled, "never a wife or a mother?" Though the attempt was madness, we strove to reach them. Fortunately both Ruth and myself were accomplished oarswomen and accustomed to the river. Frank stood up and called to them while we bent to our oars with all our strength. The bridegroom heard us and waved his hand in acknowledgment. Then Frank took the oars, Ruth the pole that was used to keep us from colliding with the floating masses, and we rowed down the current after the great tree with its living burden. A jutting bluff for a moment shut out the view of the bonfire. When it shone upon the floating tree again, only the bare trunk and dripping branches were to be seen. Ruth uttered a moan of terror. Frank changed our course, and we shot off into the darkness again. After hours of desperate fighting for our lives, the faint light of dawn came to our aid, and at last we were able to land.

As soon as our feet were on firm ground again Ruth turned to Frank and held out both her hands with tears in her eyes and trembling lips, but said no word. He drew her to him and kissed her again and again. They were saved for each other, but I thought of Major Grant with a sigh.

We found him at the house of a friend miles back from the river, where he had been borne for safety, but the excitement and exertion had been too great for his strength, and he was suffering from a severe hemorrhage which was wasting his life-blood. Ruth went at once to him, leading Frank by the hand.

Some hours after, as the sun was setting, we were all called to his room. Ruth knelt on the floor at his bedside with her face buried in her hands, and the Major's hands rested on her head.

The dark curling hair lay in damp rings on his white forehead, and the large sad eyes were lifted as if in prayer. His lips moved. "Ruth, dear," he whispered. She raised her head. He drew her to him with a yearning in his eyes that would not be refused. Their lips met in one last, long kiss. Then he reached out and taking Frank's hand put Ruth's into it, and blessed them with a look of unutterable love till the light faded from his eyes forever.

MARY A. ASHLEY.

—*In Our Continent.*

Leigh Hunt.

He is a man of thoroughly London make, such as you could not find elsewhere, and I think about the best possible to be made of his sort: an airy, crotchety, and most copious clever talker, with an honest undercurrent of reason too, but unfortunately not the deepest, not the most practical—or rather it is the most unpractical man ever dealt in. His hair is grizzled, eyes black-hazel, complexion of the clearest dusky brown; a thin glimmer of a smile plays over a face of cast-iron gravity. He never laughs—can only titter, which I think indicates his worst deficiency. His house excels all you have ever read of—a poetical Tinkerdom, without parallel even in literature. In his family room, where are a sickly large wife and a whole shoal of well-conditioned wild children, you will find half a dozen old rickety chairs gathered from half a dozen different hucksters, and all seemingly engaged, and just pausing, in a violent hornpipe. On these and around them and over the dusty table and ragged carpet lie all kinds of litter—books, papers, egg-shells, scissors, and last night when I was there the torn heart of a half-quartern loaf. His own room above stairs, into which alone I strive to enter, he keeps cleaner. It has only two chairs, a book-case, and a writing-table; yet the Noble Hunt receives you in his Tinkerdom in the spirit of a king apologizes for nothing, places you in the best seat, takes a window-sill himself if there is no other, and there folding closer his loose-flowing "muslin cloud" of a printed nightgown in which he always writes, commences the liveliest dialogue on philosophy and the prospects of man (who is to be beyond measure "happy" yet); which again he will courteously terminate the moment you are bound to go: a most interesting, pitiable, lovable man, to be used kindly but with discretion.—*From one of Carlyle's Letters.*

Our Continent says that marriage is on the decline. That may be, but the ladies who are over 15 and under 60 years are not on the decline.

The Cave Men.

According to Professor Boyd Dawkins, the numerous discoveries made in France, Belgium and Switzerland have enabled scientists to form a tolerably definite idea as to the cave man's habits and mode of life. He dwelt for the most part in caves, and he accumulated enormous masses of refuse, bones of the animals on which he lived. In these refuse heaps were numerous implements of stone, bone and antler, spear-heads, arrow-heads, scrapers, elaborately cut harpoon heads, elaborate needles of bone and antler, and along with these occurred curious carvings representing the surroundings of the cave man, and for the most part reproducing the forms of the animals on which he lived. From the numerous implements for scraping skins, it might be inferred that the cave man dressed in skins, sewn together by needles. They also wore gloves, as was known from the representations of gloves, with two, three or four fingers, and running almost up to the elbows, like the 26-button gloves of the present time. Perforated stones and shells and the teeth of bears, lions and wolves were used as necklaces and amulets. They adorned themselves with red raddle, which might be looked upon as the lineal ancestor of rogue.

In their hunting they used spears and arrows. On one bit of antler found in France they saw the hunter carefully creeping up to the gigantic ox—the great urus; in others they saw figures of bisons, reindeer, horses, and ibexes; and in others the great woolly mammoth was represented so faithfully that were it not for the discovery of the creature in the frozen morasses of Siberia it would be said that the drawing was quite wrong. On the other slabs of stone might be seen the birds and fishes on which the cave men lived. All those outlines had been made with a splinter of flint, and were engraved in a great many cases upon the bones and teeth of the animals which were represented. The cave men also were sculptors, and the handles of some of their daggers made of reindeer antler or ivory represented the form sometimes of a kneeling reindeer and at other times of elephants. * * * The cave men were hunters pure and simple, without knowledge of the metals, without domestic animals, and were even ignorant of the potter's art. Nor had they left behind them any evidence that they were in the habit of burying their dead.

Could the cave men be identified with any living race? The answer was to be found in their habits, implements and art. On the shores of the great Arctic Sea, on both sides of Behring's Straits, and along the north of the American Continent and Greenland, lived the Esquimaux, a people cut off from all others, and whose origin was a puzzle to the ethnologist. Those people had exactly the same habit of accumulating refuse, their implements were exactly of the same kind, and their art was identical with that of the cave man in Europe. They lived also to a large extent on the same animals, and they were careless as to what happened to their dead. From all those lines of argument it might be inferred that the Esquimaux was in all probability the living representative of the cave man, just as the musk sheep now living in Esquimaux-land was undoubtedly the representative of the musk sheep then living in France.

Women as Listeners.

Woman is primarily a being who listens. She has in these days lost much of her original teachableness, but she has not yet entirely discarded the appearance of being teachable. In her capacity for hearing without obeying lies her true power. As a talker, she has her peers; as a listener, she is unequalled.

If, as a French writer says, the conversation of women in society is like the straw in which china is packed—worthless in itself, but without which everything would be broken—the listening of woman is what saves us from a Babel of tongues that would bring the sky about our ears in no time. Not that woman is always, or, as a rule, unwilling to use her tongue (there is no need of being radical, but the listener who encourages you with eyes and expression and appreciative laughter is a woman. She never lets her glance wander in an absent manner, to be brought back to meet yours at an important point with an effort of which you are both keenly conscious. To whom are you tempted to relate bits of curious personal experience, the suffering caused by some random arrow of outrageous fortune, the fancies suggested by some book, some view, some journey? To a clever, sympathetic woman, whose eyes brighten with interest or sadden with sympathy as she listens, who seems to anticipate your next word with eager pleasure, and who, for some reason or other, just then, while you are in this confidential mood, has very few experiences or fancies of her own to communicate—only hints at them—just enough to keep you in countenance.—*From Lippincott's Magazine.*

The Cross-Mark.

The mark which persons who are unable to write are required to make instead of their signature is in the form of a cross, and this practice, having formerly been followed by kings and nobles, is constantly referred to as an instance of the deplorable ignorance of ancient times. This signature is not, however, invariable proof of such ignorance, Anciently, the use of this mark was not confined to illiterate persons; for among the Saxons the mark of the cross, as an attestation of the good faith of the person signing, was required to be attached to the signature of those who could write, as well as those who could not write. In those times if a man could write, or even read, his knowledge was considered proof positive that he was in holy orders. The word *clericus*, or clerk, was synonymous with penman, and the laity, or people who were not clerks, did not feel any urgent necessity for the use of letters.

The ancient use of the cross was, therefore, universal alike by those who could and by those who could not write. It was indeed the symbol of an oath from its early associations, and generally the mark. On this account Mr. Charles Knight, in his notes in the "Pictorial Shakespeare," explains the expression of "God save the mark!" as a form of ejaculation approaching to the character of an oath. The phrase occurs three or more times in the plays of Shakespeare, but for a long time was left by the commentators in its original obscurity.—*The Manchester Times.*

Bob Burdette on Bob Ingersoll.

In a lecture before the Young Men's christian association of New York, Burdette, the *Hawkeye* man, talked of the pilgrimage of the funny man in search of fun, and told how and where funny things are found, and how they are dressed up for the newspapers afterward. Hand-made fun, of that sort of which hunting in the dictionary for good words upon which to build bad puns is a sample, he dealt with justly and severely. He spoke affectionately of Col. Ingersoll, whom he had known, he said, and found to contain much that is good. His success, the lecturer thought, was owing to his overwhelming humor, which made his audiences laugh at their own dearest creeds. "And I believe," continued Mr. Burdette, seriously, while his audience was hushed, "I believe Colonel Ingersoll's position is sound." There was a moment's hesitation, and all the tittering stopped. "I know," continued the speaker, "it isn't the thing to say in this hall and to this audience; but I have said it, and I won't go back on anything I have said." It appeared for a moment that Mr. Burdette's candor had got the better of his discretion. He continued: "But that is the trouble with Ingersoll; it is all sound, like a bass drum, and no sense." The orthodox audience was relieved and expressed itself in great laughter.

PUDDING SAUCE.—Stir a teacupful of white sugar and two tablespoonfuls of butter smoothly together; add the juice and half the grated peel of a lemon, and the well-beaten yolks of two eggs; beat well together, and set it on the fire to become well heated. Beat the whites to a stiff froth, and stir in quickly for one minute; then add a wineglassful of white wine or cider; beat up for a minute; turn into a sauce boat, and serve at once.

Fun, Fact and Facetiæ.

THE soda-water man minds sizz business in the summer.

THIS talk about about blue-blooded ancestry is all vein-glory.

THE milkman's motto—The pump is mightier than the cow.

IT takes a smart man to conceal from others what he doesn't know.

A SIGN of indigestion: "Gone to dinner; be back in five minutes."

THE love of glory can only create a hero; the contempt of it creates a great man.

IT is hard to catch a man's meaning when he carries on a running conversation.

THE reputation of a man is like his shadow. Gigantic when it precedes him, and pigmy in its proportions when it follows.

JOHN B. GOUGH stated to an Indianapolis reporter that his heart was still young. If Mr. Gough intends to remain long in Indiana a young liver is what he needs.

IT is asserted over and over that anxiety shortens life, but when a chap sees another fellow feeding his girl sandwiches at a pic-nic, is he going to sit down and bid his soul be calm? Not by a boot-jack.

"No woman is worth looking at after thirty," said young Mrs. A., a bride with all the arrogant youthfulness of twenty-one summers. "Quite true, my dear," answered Lady D., a very pretty woman some ten or fifteen years older; "not worth listening to before."

"How profoundly still and beautiful is the night," she whispered, resting her finely-veined temple against his coat collar and fixing her dreamy eyes on the far-off Pleiades, "how soothing, how restful." "Yes," he replied, toying with the golden aureola of her hair, "and what a night to shoot cats."

BACHELOR JONES—"The State would be better off if every Chinaman was kicked out of it to-morrow." His married friend—"Where would you get your washing done then?" Bachelor Jones—"Marry some nice girl and have it done at home." Chorus by six eligible young ladies who happened to overhear Jones and his friend talking—"The Chinese must go!"

BEHOLD the editor! He is up at four o'clock in the morning after news. He goeth forth and sticketh his nose in everybody's business. The editor gets three dollars a week, and is happy. He gets invitations to every supper, and "comps" to every show, and free passes on the railroad, yet verily the editor is the poorest creature on the earth. God help the poor editor!

If You are Ruined

in health from any cause, especially from the use of the thousand nostrums that promise so largely, with long fictitious testimonials, have no fear. Resort to Hop Bitters at once, and in a short time you will have the most robust and blooming health.

Perfectly Amazed.

In the San Francisco *Evening Bulletin*, we observe that Mr. Rosenthal, of the well-known printing firm, Rosenthal & Roesch, 538 California street, that city, said to one of their reporters: "We all know of St. Jacobs Oil, and are perfectly amazed at the suddenness of the relief it affords. If you know of any one who is suffering with rheumatism, bruise or sprain, tell them to use St. Jacobs Oil.

IMPORTANT NEWS.

First Message Over the New Cable—Ivor—Queen Victoria's Son Takes a Wife—Terrible Massacre by Indians in Arizona—The Execution of Dr. Lamson.

Last Saturday the first telegrams passed over the new cable between America and Germany. The following are the messages sent:

"I take pleasure, Mr. President, in expressing to you, via the first direct telegraph line between Germany and America (which has this day gone into operation), the satisfaction which I feel at the completion of this work, which will serve to promote the development of the friendly relations between the two agents."

The President's message in reply was as follows:

"I have received with much satisfaction, as the first dispatch over the new line of telegraph between Germany and the United States, your Majesty's kind message. In common with all the people of the United States so many of whom still speak the German tongue in their homes, I share in the pleasure which your Majesty expresses at the opening of this new line of communication, and in the fact that it will serve to promote the friendly relations which we desire and which it will be my aim to preserve and increase."

LONDON, April 27.—The marriage of Prince Leopold to Princess Helena of Waldeck, took place at St. George's Chapel, in Windsor, to-day. A large crowd of people gathered at the Paddington Station this forenoon to witness the departure of the wedding guests. Windsor was gayly decorated with flags and bunting in honor of the event. The shops were closed and the town was crowded with visitors. Salutes were fired during the day. The war-ships at Portsmouth and at other places were decorated with flags. The weather was fine.

The marriage ceremony, which was conducted with great pomp, was concluded shortly after one o'clock this afternoon. The Archbishop of Canterbury was the chief officiating clergyman. He was assisted by the Bishops of London, Oxford, Worcester and Winchester and the Dean of Windsor. The Queen's arrival at the chapel was announced by a flourish of trumpets. Her Majesty wore the insignia of Prince Leopold and the Kohinoor diamond. Prince Leopold, who has not entirely recovered from the effects of his recent accident, walked to the altar with the aid of a cane. The Princess Helena was given away by her father. At the conclusion of the ceremony Prince Leopold kissed the bride, and the Queen kissed the newly-married couple and the father and mother of the Princess.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 26.—The town of Galeyville, in Arizona, west of the Mexican line, was burned and completely destroyed yesterday afternoon, and thirty white people were killed. The Indians scattered into small bands and started for the Chiricahua Mountains. Colonel Forsyth with his command started in pursuit.

The massacre is fully confirmed by later despatches. Parties arriving from the Burro Mountains report all quiet in that section. Great fears are entertained for the safety of the miners and prospectors occupying numerous small mining camps in the Chiricahua range, where the Indians are known to have taken refuge after their escape from the Stein's pack range.

A special from Santa Fe says: "Colonel Forsyth, after his battle with Locos' band on Sunday, was joined by Captain Chaffee with two companies of cavalry, and expects to strike them again to-morrow. He will keep right on and follow the Indians into Mexico. The whole population of the settlement of Galeyville in the Chiricahua Mountains, numbering thirty-five, were killed. Twenty persons were killed at Clifton and on the road from Clifton to Gilra river. Reports are current that Chief Nana and some renegade Apaches from Mescalero reservation were at San Carlos, and joined in inciting the outbreak. The Indians were well armed, and well supplied with ammunition. General Tuero is now marching north from Janos with 500 Mexican troops to attack the Indians now going south into the Chiricahua