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 11, 1882. NUMBER 50

THE BRADFORD REPORTER

Is published every Thursday morning by

MARSH & HITCHCOCK,

At the REPORTER Building, Park-st., Towanda, Pa.

SUBSCRIPTION: $1.50 per year, 75 cents for six months, 50 cents for four months. Sample Copies sent free on application.

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

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

DAVIES, & HALL,
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Dec 23-78. TOWANDA, PA.

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Nov.1879. TOWANDA, PENN'A
Office—At Treasurer's Office, in Court House.

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H. F. MADILL. 3,18,80 O. D. KINNEY.

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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.
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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, '78.

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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

HIRAM E. BULL,
SURVEYOR.
ENGINEERING, SURVEYING AND DRAFTING.
Office over C. P. Welles' 99-Cent Store, Main street, Towanda, Pa. 4.15.80.

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TOWANDA, PA. (nov11-76.

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.

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. 11-'72.

F. 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. F. D. Morrow; First National Bank, Towanda.

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 Street, Elmira, N. Y. 62-y1
A. B. AUSTIN, O. D. GOODRICH. C. A. AUSTIN.

C. S. RUSSELL'S
GENERAL
INSURANCE AGENCY
Apr28-76tf. 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.

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 16, 1876

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.

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 16, 1882.

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 sightseeer 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.

Spring Clothing!

A LARGE STOCK of NEW STYLES just received at

J. K. BUSH'S,
BRIDGE STREET, TOWANDA.

HATS & CAPS

The BEST and FRESHEST stock in town at BUSH'S.

A FULL LINE OF

Gents Furnishing Goods

AT BUSH'S.

TRUNKS
TRAVELING BAGS

A large stock of NEW and DESIRABLE goods at BUSH'S.

If you want a SUIT of CLOTHES or any goods in his line at BOTTOM PRICES, call on J. K. BUSH, Bridge Street, Towanda, Pa. 23mar82.

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. RANSOM, } Co. Coms.
Attest: WM. LEWIS, Clerk.

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. J. WILDER.
Springfield, Pa., 4apr82. Administratrix.

THE RHODORA.

In May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,
I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
To please the desert and the sluggish brook!
The purple petals fallen in the pool
Made the black water with their beauty gay—
Here might the red-bird come his plumes to cool,
And court the flower that cheapens his array.
Rhodora, if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,
Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,
Then beauty is its own excuse for being.
Why were thou there, O rival of the rose?
I never thought to ask, I never know;
But in my simple ignorance suppose
The self-same Power that brought me there brought you. —*Emerson.*

GOOD-BYE, PROUD WORLD.

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON—WRITTEN IN 1832.

Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home;
Thou art not my friend; I am not thine!
Too long through weary crowds I roam—
A river ark on the ocean brine;
Too long I am tossed like the driven foam;
But now, proud world, I am going home!

Good-bye to Flattery's fawning face,
To Grandeur with his wild grimace;
To upstart Wealth's averted eye,
To supple office, low and high;
To crowded halls, to court and street,
To frozen hearts and hasting feet;
To those who go and those who come
Good-bye, proud world, I'm going home.

I go to seek my own hearthstone,
Bosomed in yon green hills alone,
A secret lodge in a pleasant land,
Whose groves the frolic fairies planned,
Where arches green the livelong day
Echo the blackbird's roundelay,
And evil men have never trod
A spot that is sacred to thought and God.

Oh, when I am safe in my sylvan home,
I mock at the pride of Greece and Rome;
And when I am stretched beneath the pines,
When the evening star so holy shines,
I laugh at the lore and pride of man,
At the sophist schools, and the learned clan;
For what are they all in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet.

ROMA.

I.

It was certainly a veritable antique, not absolutely perfect, still more valuable. Professor Buchanan contemplated it with al. the satisfaction of an antiquary confirmed in an original opinion.

It was, after all, a poor thing at first sight—only a dilapidated-looking ornament, an old bracelet spoiled by sea-sand and sea-water.

But in the eye of an antiquarian the disfigurements of age are so many signs of beauty. That the bracelet was bent, that its gold was tarnished and the mosaics with which it was inlaid were partly wanting, was nothing; its antique shape and the magic word 'Roma,' with which its ancient maker had cunningly engraved it, were quite enough for the Professor

Moreover, had he not always maintained that the remains on that part of the coast were Roman? His brother Professor, McNaughton, had constantly endeavored to prove that that mighty nation had never penetrated so far north.

The ocean itself was to witness for the truth, and only 10 days ago this precious relic had been offered to him by a fisherman who had brought it to shore in his net.

It was with some difficulty that the Professor could control his sense of the value of the bracelet sufficiently to drive a reasonable bargain; but his Scotch prudence prevailed, and in his heart he congratulated himself.

For some years he had spent part of his holiday on this coast, where a far-famed river widened to the sea, and the passing to and fro of the little steamer across its mouth was one of the great events of the day. To-day was stormy, and the waves ran high, and even now the Professor had been watching the somewhat rough passage of the boat.

'Overdue,' he had said, and then he had turned again to inspect his treasure. 'I only regret'—so ran his professional thoughts—'that that paragraph got into the *Modern Athenian* of yesterday; that body Andrew was just premature in sending it. It will anticipate what I was writing to the *Antiquary*.'

'Here's a gentleman speering for ye,' said his rough Scotch domestic at this moment, recalling him rudely to every-day life.

The Professor instinctively replaced the bracelet in an open door, and closed the latter quickly before he turned to receive his guest, who proved to be a young man of about 20, short, fair, and frank-looking.

'Professor Buchanan, I think?' said this young man with a bow. 'I must apologize, Sir, for intruding on you. I have called upon you in consequence of a paragraph in the *Modern Athenian*.'

'Deed,' said the Professor. 'I am glad to hear it, Sir. At your age is a are not always so much interested as all that in antiquities. And what will your name be?'

'My name?'—there was, perhaps, a moment's hesitation on the part of the visitor; his color deepened—'Oh, my name is Henderson, and I—'

'Sit down, Mr. Henderson, sit down. And so you saw the pit passage in the paper; but in with no leave of mine, I must tell you.'

'Well, I am very glad it was put in,' was the reply, 'for it has led to the discovery—'

'A discovery you may well call it, Mr. Henderson,' said the Professor, rising, and holding the lapels of his coat with both hands. 'A discovery confirming that which I have for years maintained, and that is that the remains hereabout are Roman, and that if we could get leave to excavate we should find—'

'Nay, Sir,' interrupted Mr. Henderson, with a smile intended to disarm and propitiate; 'I am afraid I am not here to confirm your antiquarian theories. I am here—in fact, I came to tell you that the bracelet described in the *Modern Athenian* belonged to a lady who wishes to claim it.'

'To a leddy!' ejaculated the Professor, becoming more Scotch in his surprise. 'To a leddy! Na, na, Mr. Henderson. The leddy that wore that bracelet is away to her grave, and will na claim it.'

'But, Sir,' was the rejoinder, 'I assure you I have often seen this lady wear the bracelet described in the paragraph; and she herself has no doubt it is here. It was brought to her some years ago from Rome. You know they make them on the antique model still. The lady is very anxious to have the bracelet restored to her; and Professor Buchanan is so well known in the antiquarian world that we felt sure he would wish to be undeceived as to the value of an ornament which has no claim to antiquity.

This last sentiment was certainly a delicate piece of flattery. The Professor accepted it as a literal statement of the truth.

''Deed, Mr. Henderson,' said he, 'and that's a fact. But how will I know,' continued the cautious Scotchman, 'that the leddy has sent you after it? And how will she have dropped it into the sea?'

'Well, Sir,' said Mr. Henderson, 'I have brought my credentials with me. Here is my card and here is an exact description of the bracelet.'

He handed a card and a piece of paper to the Professor, whose last hopes faded away as he read the minute description of his treasure. He knitted his brows to gain time.

'Of course,' said the young man, 'it must have become injured by being in the sea.'

Though a man of theories, the Professor was candid.

'I am satisfied, young sir; I was mistaken,' said he, resuming his ordinary manner. 'And now, may I ask who was the lady who lost it?'

'The lady—Oh, well, Sir, the lady who sent me here, I will tell you between ourselves, is my sister.' Mr. Henderson reddened again. 'And, Sir, you will not, I hope, mind my asking you to keep this to yourself. There are reasons—'

'Say no more, Mr. Henderson, say no more; you may be sure I will not be ready to tell my mistake. Pretorian here, Pretorian there. There's no lack of Edie Ochiltrees, though the King's bedesmen are extinct.'

He opened the drawer, and taking out the bracelet surveyed it rather ruefully.

'Yes, that is it,' said Mr. Henderson; but it is a good deal the worse for water. I don't wonder, Sir, you were misled. It looks as old as the hills.'

The Professor slowly wrapped it in paper and said, as he handed it to the young man—

'And will the lady have dropped it into the sea, young Sir?'

'Well, she knew it was hers, directly she read the paragraph, and—'

'Well, I'm no asking to know more,' said the elder man.

'And now I must be off, Sir, with many thanks from my sister and myself for your kindness; but first, you must be good enough to let me know what I owe you. I know what these fishing fellows are, and how they swindle one.'

The Professor, however, obdurately refused to satisfy Mr. Henderson's curiosity on this point, and he found it impossible to urge the matter further. It might have been that he now blushed to own having given a sum which at the time seemed moderate, but anyway the Professor would only restore the bracelet as a gift to Miss Henderson.

It pleased him evidently to have his way on this point. And if he was left alone with a shattered theory, he was not without a compensating gleam of modern interest.

'I liked the laddie well,' thought he, as he again watched the tossing boat, 'and if his sister had been as wise-like she would not have lost her jewels in the sea.'

II.

Our friend the Professor did not always take his vacation in Scotland. There are other parts of the world in which the remains are undoubtedly Roman, and in which, if there is nothing for an antiquarian to prove, there is everything for him to enjoy. Such a place the good Professor found the land of Provence, where he was disposed to linger about 16 months after the date of his interview with Mr. Henderson. He arrived at Nimes one day, having with great difficulty torn himself away from Arles—Arles, where the pagan relics confirm, as it were, the Christian tradition, being of necessity so much older.

He had been—low be it spoken—to a *course de taureaux* on Sunday in the amphitheatre; he had inspected St Tropheme, and done justice to the Forum. He had lingered yet longer for the sake of the library of Mont Majeur; but on the evening of a hot day in May he found himself at Nimes, too late for anything in the way of sight-seeing, but in time for the table d'hote. The places on his right hand were empty; that on his left was occupied by a French gentlemen, who spoke such good English that he and the Professor were soon engaged in a discussion on the language of Provence. Between discussing this topic and discussing his dinner, he was for some time so deeply engaged that he hardly noticed that the seats next to him had become filled, and that his neighbor was a lady, until his friend, finding one of his assertions disputed by a spectacled savant opposite, burst into a stream of French so fluent, rapid, imperative, and idiomatic, that the Professor lost the thread. Not till then, I say, did our friend become conscious of a memory—not altogether pleasant—the memory of a mistake. Even as he sat down his glass of *vin ordinaire*, what was it that made him recall what he had so long forgotten—Mr. Henderson, Edie Ochiltree, Pretorian here, Pretorian there?

It was only a bracelet. What was it that immediately convinced the Professor that it was the bracelet? I hardly know, unless it was the sensitiveness of his antiquarian conscience. From whatever cause it arose, it is certain that he at once jumped to a conclusion, and glanced behind the lady, who was so composedly taking her soup, to her companion.

Not Mr. Henderson. It is a question whether the Professor was more puzzled or relieved. Not Mr. Henderson; a man older, darker, handsomer. With the 'laddie' had said it was from his sister he came, and, after all, was not this lady rather like him? A bride, no doubt. He had the curiosity to look at her third finger, as well as her wrist. There was the magic circle, and young, too, and pretty, with an air of composed happiness which it did him good to see.

He made a little advance in handing her the salt. She turned and looked at him with the sweetest gray eyes he had ever seen, and a few minutes after they had entered into conversation. She and her husband had spent the Winter in Italy, she told him, and were soon going into the Pyrenees. That day they had been to the Roman baths and to the amphitheatre, and she grew merry over the recital of the way she had teased the cicerone of the latter.

'I told him,' she said, 'that the amphitheatre at Verona was far more perfect, and hurt his feelings dreadfully. You really must take pity on him to-morrow, and restore his self-esteem, for he is quite part of the show.'

As she spoke her eyes sparkled, and the Professor began to think it would be interesting to have his conjecture confirmed.

He led the conversation further and further into the realm of the past, and the young husband and wife followed him with intelligence. He was deep in his favorite topic, when he was both amused and nonplussed by the gentleman's referring to a paper on Roman antiquities, read before the Society of Antiquaries, and asking him if he agreed with one of the theories put forward.

''Deed,' said the Professor, 'I more than agree. I originated it.'

'Indeed!' replied the gentleman, with an interested air. 'I fancied it had been original on the Professor's part.'

'That it was,' said our friend, with dry humor. 'I was the originator.'

'Oh, then I am speaking to Professor Buchanan,' said the younger man. 'I beg your pardon, Sir.'

'No, indeed, Sir,' replied the Professor, with a polite bow.

Instinctively at this moment his eyes fell on the bracelet. Was it the same association of ideas which caused it to be nervously turned by its wearer, and which called so becoming a blush to her cheek? She glanced at her husband, and he, too, seemed to have some consciousness connected with the Professor's name, shown, however, only by a moment's pause before he said:

'We are, indeed, fortunate to meet such a distinguished countryman. Do you remain here any time?'

'I am not limited to time,' said the Professor; 'that is not my idea of enjoyment.'

The lady had somehow become silent; she was engaged with her *poulet*. The French gentleman again opened fire, and the Professor's attention was distracted from his right-hand neighbors. He noticed their departure, for they bowed with pointed politeness, and he shortly after passed into the *salon de lecture* to look at *Galignani*.

It was, perhaps, an hour later that the young husband returned, and, again entering into conversation, asked him if he would like to come into their *salon* and look at some photographs, as he and his wife were leaving Nimes next morning, and they would both like to see him again.

'My name is Montrevor,' said he, as he led the way to their room; 'and we are at the end of a long wedding tour.'

Mrs. Montrevor greeted the Professor with a smile. She had ordered coffee, and as the three sat near the open window the Professor could not but admire the sweet face and fresh grace of the young wife.

He looked over the photographs, and might have become too discursive on their merits had not Mrs. Montrevor, with a glance at her husband, said:

'I have wished to thank you myself, Professor Buchanan, for restoring to me what I so much value.'

As she spoke she handed to him the ornament to which I have so often referred, and her husband said:

'I do not wonder you took it for a true antique, it was so much injured. Now you see it has a more modern air.'

''Deed,' said the Professor, who was handling the trinket; 'we will, if you please, say no more of my mistake. Then, Madame,' with his old-fashioned courteous bow, 'I had a theory which I was too glad to have confirmed, and I must confess that the word "Roma" was too much for me. Now I see it in a fresh light, and I assure you it pleases me more than any discovery to find I have been of slight service to you.'

Mrs. Montrevor smiled. She certainly had a wonderful smile, and there was an indescribable air of quiet content in the way in which she said, as she reclasped her bracelet:

'Yes, I was very glad to have it again.'

'And how did you lose it in the sea?' said the Professor, who had always felt a curiosity on this point.

The lady did not answer; she was arranging the lace at her wrist.

'She did not lose it,' said her husband. 'I threw it into the sea myself. Well, my dear,' in answer to a glance from her, 'you would thank the Professor yourself, so he may as well hear the whole story, and that is, Sir,' said Mr. Montrevor, 'that I pitched it in myself—I did indeed. I had parted from this lady, who is now my wife; I was in wretched spirits, and I was determined that at least no one else should ever wear the present she had returned to me. And then she saw the paragraph in the paper, and guessed what I had done; and so by your means it came back to her.'

'It was an omen,' said a quiet voice.

The husband's eyes brightened; he gave a short laugh.

'The omen is fulfilled, you see, or we should not have met you here.'

'Thanks to the word "Roma,"' said the Professor.—*Tinsley's Magazine.*

Gems From Emerson.

SELECTED THOUGHTS OF THE GREAT THINKER.

WE prize books, and they prize them most who are themselves wise.

WE owe to man higher succors than food and fire. We owe to man, man.

NATURE is a rag-merchant, who works up every shred and ort and end into new creation.

BUT the people are to be taken in very small doses. If solitude is proud, so is society vulgar.

POETRY is the only verity—the expression of a sound mind speaking after the ideal, and not after the apparent.

ONE of those conceited prigs who value nature only as its feeds and exhibits them is equally a pest with the roisterers.

WHEREVER there is power there is age. Don't be deceived by dimples and curls. I tell you that babe is a thousand years old.

NATURE is upheld by antagonism. Passions, resistance, dangers, are educators. We acquire the strength we have overcome.

THE true test of civilization is not the census nor the size of cities nor the crops—no, but the kind of man the country turns out.

THE man that works at home helps society at large with somewhat more of certainty than he who devotes himself to charities.

EVERY genuine work of art has as much reason for being as the earth and the sun. The gayest charm of beauty has a root in the constitution of things.

Can thy style discerning eye
The hidden-working Builder spy,
Who builds, yet makes no chips, no din,
With hammer soft as snowflake's flight.

NO way has been found for making heroism easy, even for the scholar. Labor, iron labor, is for him. The world was created as an audience for him; the atoms of which it is made are opportunities.

THE less government we have the better—the fewer laws and the less confided power. The antidote to this abuse of formal government is the influence of private character, the growth of the individual.

OUR efficiency depends so much on our concentration that Nature usually, in the instances where a marked man is sent into the world, overloads him with bias, sacrificing his symmetry to his working power.

I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,
Singing at dawn on the alder bough;
I thought his note home, in his nest, at even;
He sings the song, but it cheers not now,
For I did not bring home the river and sky;—
He sang to my ear,—they sang to my eye.

LIFE is a succession of lessons which must be lived to be understood. All is riddle, and the key to a riddle is another riddle. There are as many pillows of illusion as flakes in a snow-storm. We wake from one dream into another dream.

THE high prize of life, the crowning fortune of a man, is to be born to some pursuit which finds him in employment and happiness—whether it be to make baskets, or broadswords, or canals, or statutes, or songs.

The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,
Wrought in a sad sincerity;
Himself from God he could not free;
He builded better than he knew,
The conscious stone to beauty grew.

THE restraining grace of common sense is the mark of all the valid minds—of Æsop, Aristotle, Alfred, Luther, Shakespeare, Cervantes, Franklin. * * * The common sense which does not meddle with the absolute, but takes things at their word—things as they appear.

THE perception of the comic is a tie of sympathy with other men, a pledge of sanity and a protection from perverse tendencies and gloomy insanities in which the fine intellects sometime lose themselves. A rogue alive to the ridiculous is still convertible. If that sense is lost his fellow-men can do little for him.

EVERY ship that comes to America got its chart from Columbus. Every novel is a debtor to Homer. Every carpenter who shaves with a fore-plane borrows the genius of a forgotten inventor. Life is girt all round with a zodiac of sciences, the contributions of men who have perished to add their point of light to our sky.

WE are natural believers. Truth, or the connection between cause and effect, alone interests us. We are persuaded that a thread runs through all things; all worlds are strung on it, as beads; and men, and events, and life, come to us, only because of that thread; they pass and repass, only that we may know the direction and continuity of that line.

NEXT to the originator of a good sentence is the first quoter of it. Many will read the book before one thinks of quoting a passage. As soon as he has done that, that line will be quoted East and West. Then there are great ways of borrowing. Genius borrows nobly. When Shakespeare is charged with debts to his authors, Landor replies: "Yet he was more original than his originals. He breathed upon dead bodies and brought them into life."

THE law of the table is Beauty—a respect to the common soul of all the guests. Everything is unseasonable which is private to two or three or any portion of the company. Tact never violates for a moment this law; never intrudes the orders of the house, the vices of the absent, or a tariff of expenses, or professional privacies; as we say, we never "talk shop" before company. Lovers abstain from caresses, and haters from insults, while they sit in one parlor with common friends.

Rubbing it Out.

The editor of the *Courier*, Mr. W. F. Cook, was siezed a few mornings ago by a terrible pain in the left shoulder and neck. Having been favorably impressed for some time with the virtue of an article, recommended for all sudden pains, and especially for rheumatism, we rubbed the offending part, and in less time than we write it, relief came. That article is St. Jacobs Oil.—*Canajoharie (N. Y.) Courier.*

"I BELIEVE St. Jacobs Oil to be the very best remedy known to mankind," says Mr. Roberts, business manager of this paper."—*Milwaukee (Wis.) Sentinel.*

Good breeding is the best of security against other people's ill manners.

Fashion Notes.

THE Velasquez hat, with Spanish lace, is the largest size offered for the spring.

PLAIN skirts with trimmed polonaises will soon rival trimmed skirts with plain basques.

IMPORTED dresses have transparent sleeves made of Venetian, Honiton or Spanish laces.

TERRA COTTA red with blue, and garnet with gray, are fashionable contrasts for wool dresses.

NEW mantle lambrequins are of colored plush trimmed with chenille fringe of the same shade.

AMBER colored celluloid eye-glasses for ladies' use are among the latest novelties of the season.

STYLISH contrasts for bonnets are Holbein green with pale blue, celadon with rose, opal with olive, and salmon-pink with gray-blue.

GREEN bids fair to be the prevailing shade for spring in self-colored and other fabrics, the dark or invisible greens, as they are termed, seeming to suit every complexion and age.

ONE of the loveliest parasols seen at Strawbridge & Clothier's opening was of black satin with deep flounce of Spanish lace and rich embroidery of wild roses and forge-menots in natural colors.

MAGNIFICENT white dresses of all kinds will be the rage in the fashionable world next summer, cream, ivory and snowdrop being generally preferred to the less becoming dead white or bluish tints.

THE magnificent array of parasols exhibited this week by several leading houses exceeds in artistic workmanship, richness of material; garniture and diversity of style anything ever yet manufactured in this line.

MOTHER HUBBARD mantles, made entirely of black lace, will be worn the coming summer. They are, it is said, to be made, not of piece lace, but of that about five inches wide, laid row upon row, kilted or otherwise.

COACHING hats this summer are to exceed in style, shape and adornment any thing ever yet worn or even seen. They are to be pictures of real French art, and are to savor very decidedly of the æsthetic and the antique.

THE skirts of last year's dresses can be very advantageously added to a new jersey bodice of a shade to match, where the original basque to the costume has become soiled or worn. A sash or Grecian tunic can be laid over the seam where the skirt and jersey are joined.

NEW wraps for spring and summer are lavishly trimmed with Spanish lace and jet. Some of the prettiest on exhibition at Homer Colliday & Co's. opening were formed entirely of hand-run Spanish net with many quiltings of hand-run lace, and pendant ornaments of hollow jet.

ELEGANT sashes of dark-colored moire in extra widths are shown which are in a measure to take the place of the poufs of the tournure. No one is now considered too old or too young to wear a sash, from baby to grandmother, the ceinture, or sash, of the kind being draped low on the left side of the dress.

Fun, Fact and Facetiæ.

DOES a gunsmith who sells a gun on credit charge it?

A FOWL in the henroop is worth two in the base-ball field.

WRITE plainly on all postal cards. The time of a postmistress is valuable.

READING makes a full man, conference a ready man, writing an exact man.

IF thou art a master, be sometimes blind; if a servant, sometimes deaf.

THE photographer is the only man whose regular business is to take something.

HOPE is the parent of belief. What one desires earnestly, one is apt to believe easily.

WHAT word is there of five letters that, after taking two away, will still have six. Sixty.

THE young man who can carry a ten-dollar bill in his pocket without breaking it is safe enough.

"EXCUSE the liberty I take," as the convict remarked when he escaped from the State prison.

"No," said the Cincinnati man, "I can't become a Christian. I can't bear to give up reading the local papers."

THERE'S no disgrace in being poor. The thing is to keep quiet and not let your neighbors know anything about it.

"I LIVE by my pen," said the poet, wishing to impress a young lady. "You look as if you lived in it," was the reply.

A SAN FRANCISCO man has been arrested for deciving a widow. While his crime is to be abhorred, it must be admitted that his genius commands admiration.

AN advertisement reads, "Wanted—a young man to be partly out-door and partly behind the counter." A wag asks, "What will be the result when the door slams?"

X IN algebra stands for an unknown quantity. It is pretty much the same thing in beer. X and XX frequently stand for an unknown quantity—of hops and malt.

"LET 'em go," said a New York politician, while standing in front of his bar; "they are no good. Never see one of the yellow-legged pig-tails patronizing this institution."

THE highly graceful style of bowing out the arms now affected by our noblest young men is not the result of an elegant fitting coat, as might be supposed. It is a relic of their bundle-carrying days.

SCENE in the auditorium of a theatre: Actor (who has appeared in the first piece)—"Good evening! May I take the seat next you?" Lady—"Certainly; but don't you appear any more to-night!" Actor—"No." Lady—"Oh, I'm so glad! Pray sit down."

A DALLAS correspondent writes: "I wish you would settle a matter of etiquette by answering the following: "Should wives be invited with their husbands?" It depends on what you invite the husband to. If it's a dinner party or a church sociable it might be well enough to invite the wife; but if you invite him to a ward meeting, or to see the town, or to take something, etiquette requires that his wife remain at home and attend to her domestic duties. We are glad you asked the question, for if there is any one thing that we thoroughly understand it is etiquette.—*Texas Siftings.*

IMPORTANT NEWS.

Susquehanna's Appropriation—Cost of Removing Shoals From Nanticoke to Athens—Will the River be Improved?

Congressman Scranton recently presented, before the House Committee on Commerce, the claims of the Wyoming Valley, and urged a continuation of the appropriation for improving the Susquehanna River. We give below his remarks:

"The examination of the North Branch of the Susquehanna river, from the point where it enters the State of Pennsylvania, at the southern boundary of the State of New York, down to the Nanticoke dam in Luzerne county, was authorized by act of Congress approved March 3, 1879. The work was assigned to J. N. Macomb, Colonel of Engineers, and by him delegated to James Worrall, an assistant engineer. From Assistant Worrall's report, printed in the Annual Report of the Chief of Engineers for 1880, pages 594 to 604, it appears that the total extent of shoals requiring to be improved in that part of the Susquehanna specially under consideration, from Nanticoke to Athens, a distance of 117 miles, is about 12½ miles. The cost of obtaining a channel three feet in depth at low water is estimated in said report at $250,000.

The preliminary reconnoissance proved so favorable, that Congress appropriated $15,000, June 14, 1880, for commencement of the work, beginning at Richards Island, two miles and a half below Wilkes-Barre. With this sum the improvement of the river to Wilkes Barre was completed, and a channel secured four feet deep and fifty feet wide at the low water summer stage. On March 3, 1881, $15,000 additional were appropriated to continue the work upward from Wilkes-Barre to Pittston.

Mr. Worrall's report, referred to, dated Dec. 2, 1879, contains much interesting information, and many valuable suggestions from which I quote:

"The Susquehanna is a national stream, can be made a national highway, can connect equally well with the Ohio and the lakes, is perhaps the best connection of those great sources of wealth with the Atlantic ocean. Let the connection be commenced, even on the smallest scale; if it possesses the merit claimed for it th final enlargement will come in the course of time. All that is asked for now is the improvement of one of its branches from a point to which it is already accommodated by an extremely well managed canal

Canal communication already exists from Havre de Grace, the mouth of the Susquehanna, to Wilkes-Barre, a distance of about 190 miles. Here the greatest economy of transportation is practiced. Coal is transported over this canal at a cost of considerably less than half a cent per ton per mile, giving the assurance that that measure of cost may eventually be applied universally for all products when water communication can be established, and eventually guaranteeing a general reduction on railways to that figure, or a figure as near to it as they can stand."

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"The bottom of the North Branch consists, from Wilkes-Barre up, of a series of ponds and ripples; the ponds are often quite deep and extend for miles. The ripples are for the most part very short, and have a fall of but a few inches, not often reaching two feet and seldom exceeding it."

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