

**HABITUAL PROFANITY.**—One cannot walk the streets or travel in the cars, or stop at public places, and not be said to be touched by the amount of profanity he hears. Boys hardly old enough to talk plainly; young men just stepping over the threshold of active life; gray-haired men bending over the grave, and all in letters to this degrading habit. It matters little what the place or occasion, your ears are filled with profanity. We can understand how under extreme provocation a man might give utterance to an oath. We understand, if we do not sympathize with a passionate man, beset with little difficulties, when he snaps out a too energetic word. But for a man in common, every day conversation, calmly, even stupidly, in a dozen or more profane expressions, there is no excuse; and yet it is the result of a habit that has grown upon the American people and deserved censure.

No boy ever utters the first oath without something of a shudder.

No man with any regard for the propriety of society ever utters in the presence of habits.

It is more a matter of habit than any vice to which people are addicted. Now, if those who have this wretched habit will break it, only for a few days, and listen to others, they will see *how needless, low, unmanly it is and how little necessity there is for it.* It is the most gratuitous and uncompensating of all sins. It neither gives force to remark, dignity to speech, nor impressiveness to thought. And it is a habit as easily broken as formed.

**MINGLING METAPHORS.**—This is a common, but ludicrous way of making language nonsensical. A litteries before me, in fact, which has this phrase, "I hope, this widow's mate will bring me a friend." Heretics in your lands! They are paralleled by a person who said, "God's rod and staff might be ours wide, tost on the staff of life, that thus we may fight the good fight of faith." I am sure, since one has said that before you use a figure of speech, it is, draw a mental picture of it; see whether it conveys sense or nonsense. "We thank thee for this work of grace, water it, Lord." Surely he who thus prayed did not paint it, "Gird up the loins of our minds, that we may receive the latter rain"—If we were barrels which hoops were loose.

Speaking of a visit to England, last year John T. Raymond recently said at a London dinner party the lady he escorted to the dinner table said to him in a very earnest voice:

"Mr. Raymond, are you really an American? You are not in the least like my idea of one."

"I am an American, but not an aboriginal," responded he.

"An aboriginal! You mean an Indian. That reminds me to ask if you have much trouble with the Indians in New York?"

"No; we have got them pretty well under there," was the reply.

"And are they—do they dress as you do?"

"Oh, yes; in New York city they are great snobs, but at Niagara Falls they run about in the simplicity of nothingness."

"How dreadful!" murmured the lady; "and Dean Stanley wrote so glowingly of the place and never said a word about it."

SATISFACTION MRS. BLAINE.—Mrs. Blaine had been some years in Washington before Mrs. X., wife of a Senator, called on her. At last Mrs. X. was announced. As Mrs. Blaine entered her drawing-room to receive her guest, she noticed the colored tools slung hurriedly from the reception room, where Mrs. X. was waiting. Next day, however, her valuable cook left her to find a place in Mrs. X.'s kitchen. At a state dinner soon afterwards given at the Executive Mansion the two ladies chanced to be placed with only a seat between them. She was greatly annoyed. As Mrs. Blaine entered her drawing-room to receive her guest, she noticed the colored tools slung hurriedly from the reception room, where Mrs. X. was waiting. Next day, however, her valuable cook left her to find a place in Mrs. X.'s kitchen. At a state dinner soon afterwards given at the Executive Mansion the two ladies chanced to be placed with only a seat between them at table. The gentleman sitting between, noticing that Mrs. Blaine did not address a word of conversation to her other neighbor, exclaimed: "Why, Mrs. Blaine, you know Mr. Senator X. do you not?" "No," was the answer, and loud enough for all to hear; "Mrs. X. called on my cook the other day at my house, and her card was handed to me by mistake. My cook returned the call."—*Nashville (Tenn.) Intelligencer.*

A GOVERNOR JACOB C. ALICE—A good old Governor, the late Dr. Jacob C. Alice, who died a day or two ago, made up his mind to forego platinums and to tell his people just how, in his opinion, they ought to get ready to observe the day. This was his advice: It is recommended to each citizen to observe the day as a Christian, if he be under the influence of any vice, to banish it; if in error, to correct it; if under obligation to others, home to discharge them; if suffering injuries, to forgive them; if aware of inabilities, to extinguish them; and if able to do any benevolent act to do it being created by the Almighty Power to which he owes existence and his faculties, to do it!

A rather ludicrous affair occurred down in Harris county, Ga., recently. A negro procured a license to marry, and paid therefor \$1.50. He also purchased the services of a colored minister at \$2.50. The ceremony was duly celebrated, and while the happy couple were receiving congratulations of friends a former lover of the girl stepped in, drew a dangerous looking pistol, told the girl she had promised to marry him, and that she must come right to his home. Fearing that she might be killed, she fled to the demands of the puzled bride responded to the demand, leaving a unhappy groom minus \$4 and a new wife.

A negro named Rom. Lawson, at Alvinston, N. C., on election day, according to the *Roxboro (N. C.) Herald*, made a meal of one and a half quarters of mutton, eighteen biscuits, one pound of candy, two half-grown chickens, five herrings, one loaf of corn bread, and a piece of short supposed to weigh one pound; drank five quarts of water, and said he hadn't eat half enough. He then offered to be bid to crowd any man, or lift more with a hand-sack than any man on the ground. In order to show his strength, he took a man that weighed about two hundred pounds and carried him over the ground in his teeth. He then went up to another table, and offered for a twenty-five cent snack.

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#### Grievance of Being Over-Estimated.

**The Jennie Cramer Class.**—New York Times: Every large city has its Jennie Cramers. They are prettily, gay, frivolous young girls; fond of dress; greedy for admiration; petted and indulged by their parents, and not subject to the restraints of a home; surrounded by temptations in the midst of which they walk fearlessly and unconsciously, as a soldier may go unarmed into a deadly ambush. What is to be done for them? How are they to be taught that the sons of souls are abroad? Experience is too rough a school for them. The fate of Jennie Cramer should put many of them on their guard. Dishonor is the only end to such a course. The love of flattery which wins friends and acquaintances, the pursuit in attributing to them excellencies of mind, body, or estate, which he does not really possess. Great expectations are entertained about him which he is unable to fulfil. A burden is laid upon him which is beyond his strength to support. And the hardship of it is that when he breaks down under it (he must invariably do, sooner or later), the error that has been made becomes apparent, then those who overrated him are sure to be just as much disgusted at his failure as though their mistaken estimate of him had been caused by false impressions on the part of their victim. They feel virtuously indignant at having been taken in, and forget that they are themselves the authors of the alarming prospect that has deceived them. Take a man of moderate means, who somehow gets the name of being a Cross. People think he is bound to keep open house and purse, to subscribe largely to every thing under the sun, and to launch out into all manner of extravagancies, under penalty of being shabby, and a miser. Tweed's daughter would be married before the day and said, "Now, Louisa, I want a tip-top supper for my daughter's wedding. It is not going to give any orders, and I don't want to know what it will cost, but I may pay the bill next day. Give me your best for 500 people." He did not say he had paid me a check for \$50,000.

For \$5,000," said the late Mr. Delmonico, "I could give fifty people a very good dinner, but many of my best customers feel satisfied to order without stipulation. For instance, when Mr. Tweed's daughter would be married he called her about two months before the day and said, "Now, Louisa, I want a tip-top supper for my daughter's wedding. It is not going to give any orders, and I don't want to know what it will cost, but I may pay the bill next day. Give me your best for 500 people." He did not say he had paid me a check for \$50,000.

A ready method for hot fomentations is to place flannels in the steamer of an ordinary potato steam kettle. They readily become permeated with the steam when the kettle is placed on the fire, and can be readily changed with out any fear of scalded fingers during the attempt to wring them sufficiently dry, as in the ordinary method.

**Druggists' Prints.**—

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