BRADFORD REPUBLICAN.

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—THE—

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Towanda Business Directory.

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

CLEVELAND & McGOVERN, (*E. J. Cleveland, Wm. McGovern*), Canton, Bradford County Pa. All business entrusted to their care in Western Bradford will receive prompt attention. 20apr82-1y

SMITH & HILLIS, Attorneys-at-Law; Office over Powell & Co.

CALIFF, J. N., Office in Wood's Block, south First National Bank, up stairs. june12,'8

ELSBREE & SON (*N C Elsbree and L Elsbree*) Office in Mercur Block, Park St. may14,'8

BECK & OVERTON (*Benj M Peck and D A Overton*). Office over Hill's Market 49-79

OVERTON & SANDERSON (*E Overton and John P Sanderson.*) Office in Adams Block. July5 78

MAXWELL, WM. Office over Dayton's Store april14,76

WILT, J. ANDREW. Office in Mean's Block. apr14,76

DAVIES, CARNOCHAN & HALL. (*W T Davies, W H Carnochan, L M Hall.*) Office in rear of Ward House. Entrance on Poplar St. (jel2,75

MERCUR, RODNEY A. Solicitor of Patents. Particular attention paid to business in Orphans' Court and to the settlement of estates. Office in Montanye's Block 49-79

McPHERSON & YOUNG, (*I. McPherson and W. I. Young.*) Office south side of Mercur's Block. feb1,'8

WILLIAMS, ANGLE & BUFFINGTON. (*H N Williams, E J Angle and E D Buffington*), office west side of Main street, two doors north of Argus office. All business entrusted to their care will receive prompt attention. oct 26,'7

JAMES H. AND JOHN W. CODDING, Attorneys and Counsellors-at-Law. Office in the Mercur Block, over C. T. Kirby's Drug Store. july5,'80 tf.

KEENEY, J. F. Attorney-at-Law. Office in Montanye's Block, Main Street. Sept. 15, '81-tf.

THOMPSON, W. H. and E. A., Attorneys-at-Law, Towanda, Pa. Office in Mercur Block, over C. T. Kirby's Drug Store, entrance on Main street, first stairway north of Post-office. All business promptly attended to. Special attention given to claims against the United States or Pensions, Bounties, Patents, etc., and to collections and settlement of decedent's estates. April 21, 1y

HENRY B. M'KEAN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

TOWANDA, PA.

Solicitor of Patents. Government claims attended to. [18feb82

PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS.

JOHNSON, T. B., M.D. Office over Dr. H. C. Porter's Drug Store. feb12,'8

NEWTON, Drs. D. N. & F. G. Office at Dwelling on River Street, corner Weston St. feb 12,'7

ADD, C. E., M.D. Office 1st door above old bank building, on Main street. Special attention given to diseases of the throat and lungs. july19,'8

WOODBURN, S. M., M.D. Office and residence, Main street, north of M.E. Church. Medical Examiner for Pension Department. feb22,'8

PAYNE, E. D., M.D. Office over Montanye's 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. oct 26,'7

TOWNER, H. L., M.D., HOMŒOPATHIC PHYSICIAN & SURGEON. Residence and office just north of Dr. Corbon's Main street, Athens, Pa.

HOTELS.

HENRY HOUSE Main st., next corner south of Bridge street. New house and new furniture throughout. The proprietor has spared neither pains or expense in making his hotel first-class and respectfully solicits a share of public patronage. Meals at all hours. Terms reasonable. Large Stable attached. WM. HENRY.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

WATKINS POST, NO. 68, G. A. R. Meets every Saturday evening, at Military Hall. GEO. Y. MYER, *Commander.* J. R. KITTRIDGE, *Adjutant.* feb 7, 79

CRYSTAL LODGE, NO. 57. Meets at K. of P. Hall every Monday evening at 7:30. Insurance $2,000. Benefits $3.00 per week. Average annual cost, 5 years experience, $11. J. R. KITTRIDGE, *Reporter.* JESSE WARDELL, Jr., *Dictator.* feb 22,'8

BRADFORD LODGE, NO. 167, I. O. O. F. Meets in Odd Fellow's Hall, every Monday evening, at 7 o'clock. WARREN HILL, *Noble Grand.* june 12,'8

HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTING.

POST, F. E. No. 32 Second street. All orders will receive prompt attention. june 12,'8

EDUCATIONAL.

SUSQUEHANNA COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE. The SPRING TERM will begin Monday, April 3, 1882. For catalogue or other information, address or call on the Principal, EDWIN E. QUINLAN, A. M. July 19,'7 Towanda, Pa.

PLUMBER AND GAS FITTER.

WILLIAMS, EDWARD. Practical Plumber and Gas Fitter. Place of business in Mercur Block next door to Journal office opposite Public Square. 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. July 27,'7

INSURANCE.

RUSSELL, C. S. General Insurance Agency, Towanda, Pa. Office in Whitcomb's Book Store. July 12,'6

And had One of His

25 CENT DINNERS

feb22-6m

FARM FOR SALE.

A farm of fifty acres, located in the Wysox valley, five minutes drive from Rome borough. For full particulars, address JAMES C. FORBES, 22feb1m* Towanda Pa.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

NOTED MEN!

DR. JOHN F. HANCOCK, late President of the National Pharmaceutical Association of the United States, says:

"Brown's Iron Bitters has a heavy sale, is conceded to be a fine tonic; the character of the manufacturers is a voucher for its purity and medicinal excellence."

DR. JOSEPH ROBERTS, President Baltimore Pharmaceutical College, says:

"I indorse it as a fine medicine, reliable as a strengthening tonic, free from alcoholic poisons."

DR. J. FARIS MOORE, PH. D., Professor of Pharmacy, Baltimore Pharmaceutical College, says:

"Brown's Iron Bitters is a safe and reliable medicine, positively free from alcoholic poisons, and can be recommended as a tonic for use among those who oppose alcohol."

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"I indorse it as an excellent medicine, a good digestive agent, and a non-intoxicant in the fullest sense."

DR. RICHARD SAPINGTON, one of Baltimore's oldest and most reliable physicians, says:

"All who have used it praise its standard virtues, and the well-known character of the house which makes it is a sufficient guarantee of its being all that is claimed, for they are men who could not be induced to offer anything else but a reliable medicine for public use."

A Druggist Cured.

Boonsboro, Md., Oct. 12, 1880. Gentlemen: Brown's Iron Bitters cured me of a bad attack of Indigestion and fullness in the stomach. Having tested it, I take pleasure in recommending it to my customers, and am glad to say it gives entire satisfaction to all. GEO. W. HOFFMAN, Druggist.

Ask your Druggist for BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, and take no other. One trial will convince you that it is just what you need.

NATHAN TIDD,

(Successor to Mr. McKean,)

DEALER IN

PITTSTON, WILKESBARRE

AND LOYAL SOCK

COAL,

FOOT OF PINE STREET, NEAR COURT HOUSE,

TOWANDA, PA.

LOWEST PRICES FOR CASH.

The patronage of my old friends and the public generally is solicited. 1sep,'8

In the Whole History of Medicine

No preparation has ever performed such marvellous cures, or maintained so wide a reputation, as AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, which is recognized as the world's remedy for all diseases of the throat and lungs. Its long-continued series of wonderful cures in all climates has made it universally known as a safe and reliable agent to employ. Against ordinary colds, which are the forerunners of more serious disorders, it acts speedily and surely, always relieving suffering, and often saving life. The protection it affords, by its timely use in throat and chest disorders, makes it an invaluable remedy to be kept always on hand in every home. No person can afford to be without it, and those who have once used it never will. From their knowledge of its composition and operation, physicians use the CHERRY PECTORAL extensively in their practice, and clergymen recommend it. It is absolutely certain in its healing effects, and will always cure where cures are possible.

For sale by all druggists.

A. BEVERLY SMITH,

BOOK BINDER

AND

Dealer in Scroll Saw Goods,

BOOKBINDING OF ALL KINDS

DONE, NEATLY and CHEAPLY.

Fine Blank Books

MY SPECIALTY.

Amateur's Supplies.

This department of my business is very complete, and being a practical sawyer myself I know the wants of my patrons.

WOODS, SAW BLADES, CLOCK MOVEMENTS, &c, constantly on hand. $1.25 worth of designs for $1. Send for price lists.

"REPORTER" BINDERY, Park street, P. O. box 1512. Towanda, Pa

DR. JONES' CREAMCAMPHOR

IS THE NAME OF the popular Liniment that cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Swollen or Stiffened Joints, Frost Bites, pain in the Face, Head or Spine, Chapped hands, Bruises, Sprains, Burns, Mosquito bites, Sting or Bite of an insect, Poison from common Poison Vines, etc., for man or beast. Always reliable, and almost instantaneous in its relief. Having an agreeable odor, it is pleasant to apply. Sold by all druggists. Price 25 cents.

N. B.—This Liniment received a Prize Medal at the State Fair, 1879. May 20 1y

Nothing Short of Unmistakable Benefits

Conferred upon tens of thousands of sufferers could originate and maintain the reputation which AYER'S SARSAPARILLA enjoys. It is a compound of the best vegetable alteratives, with the Iodides of Potassium and Iron,—all powerful, blood-making, blood-cleansing and life-sustaining—and is the most effectual of all remedies for scrofulous, mercurial, or blood disorders. Uniformly successful and certain, it produces rapid and complete cures of Scrofula, Sores, Boils, Humors, Pimples, Eruptions, Skin Diseases and all disorders arising from impurity of the blood. By its invigorating effects it always relieves and often cures Liver Complaints, Female Weaknesses and Irregularities, and is a potent renewer of waning vitality. For purifying the blood it has no equal. It tones up the system, restores and preserves the health, and imparts vigor and energy. For forty years it has been in extensive use, and is to-day the most available medicine for the suffering sick.

For sale by all druggists.

SELECT POETRY.

BY THE STREAM.

Sweet tangled banks, where ox-eyed daisies grow
And scarlet poppies gleam;
Sweet changing lights, that ever come and go
Up the quiet stream!

Once more I see the flash of splendid wings,
As dragon-flies flit by;
Once more for me the small sedge-warbler sings
Beneath a sapphire sky.

Once more I feel the simple, fresh content
I found in stream and soil
When golden summers slowly came and went
And mine was all the spoil.

I find amid the honeysuckle flowers,
And shy forget-me-not,
Old boyish memories of lonely hours
Passed in this silent spot.

O God of nature, how thy kindness keeps
Some changeless things on earth!
And he who roams far off and toils and weeps
Comes home to learn their worth.

Gay visions vanish, worldly schemes may fail,
Hope prove an idle dream,
But still the blossoms flourish, red and pale,
Beside my native stream.

—The Sunday Magazine.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JOHN'S WIFE.

"Good-bye, Ethel. It is forever!

He took my hand in a farewell clasp, his brown eyes full of sadness. I could not speak; I had no power to utter a word. I was only conscious of one truth—one sad, dreary, heart-breaking truth—that John Audenreid and I loved each other, and it was all in vain.

We were going to part—we expected to meet no more. I, to go back to the old, dreary life in the great bustling city—the monotonous existence of a teacher—while John (it was Fate's decree—how could he help it?) must return to his home to prepare for his approaching marriage.

It had been a family arrangement, one of those fashionable alliances, where heart is sacrificed on the shrine of Mammon, and true love is not considered. Gertrude Ware was a weak-minded, insipid school-girl, possessed of neither wit nor beauty—but then she had wealth, that which in these days in which the golden calf is worshiped, is considered superior to all else.

I was only Ethel Gray, an orphan—alone in the world—and a poor school-teacher. What possible comparison could there be between the heiress and the poor teacher? I had come to the seaside for a vacation, hoping to bring the roses back to my cheeks, faded through excess of hard work and close confinement in the dreary school-room—my head throbbing with pain, my heart shrinking with dread from the Herculean task before me of "teaching the young idea how to shoot." I detested it all, but thrown upon my own resources, it was either that or starvation.

When I came to Seaside and became acquainted with John Audenreid I found a new life—something to live for—there were brighter sunshine, bluer skies, the birds sang sweeter, the great foamy sea seemed full of strange, weird music, and the morning stars sang together. It was Paradise over again—but in every Paradise the serpent must intrude.

And so, at last, one evening—strolling at my side along the shining, silvery beach, the glory of the setting sun all about us—John Audenreid had forgotten that he was "in honor bound," and had confessed that he had learned to love me with all his heart—the first real love of his life. It was a bitter wrong—his confession—I knew it and I could not refrain from saying so. His face flushed hotly and his eyes drooped for an instant; then he stopped short, and faced me, there on the silvery beach.

"Ethel," he said, his voice hoarse with suppressed passion and excitement, "despise me if you will. I deserve it all, but I cannot help loving you. I never loved Gertrude; the engagement was all a foolish mistake—an arrangement between her family and mine—into which we entered passively, having little option in the matter. I can see the horror of it now, now that I have met a woman whom I can and do love. I cannot marry Gertrude Ware!"

"John!"

I folded my arms upon my breast, and stood like a statue on the sand before him as I continued:

"I could never accept your sacrifice of wealth to love. That I have learned to care for you it is useless to deny, but it is the source of sincere regret. I shall never wrong that other woman. You are bound to marry her—be as happy as you can.

"Happy!"

The word dropped from his pale lips like a stone.

"And you counsel this, Ethel?" he asked harshly and abruptly. "You ask me to forget?"

"Yes," I forced my lips to utter, "forget."

Then I fled away up the white path, and back to the hotel. Once within the shelter of my own room I had it all out with myself. I fought the battle; more, I came off conqueror.

The next day I went back to the city, back to my weary work, and so my dream was over and I was awake to reality.

* * * * * * * * *

Two months afterwards I read in the newspapers an announcement of the marriage of John Audenreid to Gertrude Ware, and I had strength to pray God that they might be happy.

I took up my burden of toil—how heavy and weary it had become! The days passed in a ceaseless round of work, and so four years slipped by.

It was in the summer, the golden summer time, and my vacation. I decided to visit Seaside for a few weeks. My strength was failing, and the physicians advised me to try the salt sea air.

It was the evening after my arrival. I was strolling along the shining sands very near the spot where John and I had parted, when a little child came bounding towards me—a lovely little fairy with great brown eyes, and clouds of golden hair floating over her shoulders, both hands clutching frantically a huge bunch of wild-flowers. She came straight to my side, her innocent face raised smilingly to my own.

"See my pitty flowers?" she exclaimed, in her baby fashion, slipping one little hand into mine confidingly.

With a sudden tremor gnawing at my heart, I gazed into the child's face. Surely I had seen eyes like those before.

I sat down on a great rock, and lifted her to my knee.

"What is your name, my dear?" I asked, my heart pausing involuntarily, as though listening for the answer.

"Bessie," she answered, gleefully. "Bessie Audenreid!"

"Do you live here?" was my next question.

"Oh, no. Mamma brings me here for air." This with a womanly dignity quite amusing in the woe woman. "My papa's dead, you know."

"Dead!"

God! Could it be possible? I felt as though every thing had grown cold and dark. This was John's child then—and John was dead! and I loved him! A wild cry of anguish arose in my heart, "an exceeding bitter cry." For notwithstanding the lapse of time, notwithstanding the circumstances of our separation, the heart which had learned to look up to John Audenreid with intense devotion had never forgotten him. And "the heart which once truly loves never forgets."

I put the child down upon the sand. The world had grown suddenly blank to me. I stretched out my hands, groping in the darkness which had come upon me; and my heart scarcely pulsated, so fearful was the shock.

Little Bessie, with the volatile spirits of childhood, began to dance up and down the sand.

"There's my mamma!" she cried suddenly. "She's lookin' for me, I 'spect!"

I turned my eyes towards the slim figure in black coming slowly over the beach. I had never met John's wife, but I felt that I should know her at once. A pretty, childish face (he had thought her no beauty), waves of golden hair, and a delicate peach bloom on the rounded cheeks; and "eyes deeply, darkly, beautifully blue." I bowed as cordially as I could.

"My name is Gray!" I began, "Miss Ethel Grey; and you are Mrs. Audenreid!"

She smiled a sweet, sad smile, and extended one fair hand. "May I rest here awhile?" she asked. "You seem to have a comfortable seat, Miss Gray!"

She pressed my hand warmly, and seated herself at my side. Ere an hour had passed we had become quite well acquainted and I found, to my intense surprise, that a kindly even tender—feeling had sprung up in my heart for the fair young widow.

All at once she glanced down the beach, where a tall, manly figure was coming in our direction. Her face lighted up with a smile of satisfaction.

"There comes John," she exclaimed.

"John!"

The name fell from my lips without any volition. I half rose from my seat and then sank back again. On came the tall straight figure. My God! could it be possible? It was John Audenreid—alive and well. He came forward rapidly; then stopped short, and his face grew ashen white.

"Ethel!" he cried. "Thank God, we meet again."

I sat there, pallid and panting, unable to speak. He glanced from Mrs. Audenreid back to me again.

"This is my brother's wife, Miss Gray," he said gently. "My poor brother Philip, who was lost at sea."

"Your brother's wife!" I repeated, blankly. "I thought this lady was your wife, and that child yours!"

He looked grave.

"My wife is dead, Ethel," he returned, quietly. "She had consumption when we were married, and did not survive but a few months. She died in France, where we were then journeying. This little fairy"—laying his hand gently on Bessie's golden head—"is Philip's child. Come, pet."

He lifted Bessie up to his shoulder, and she sat there like a demure elf, scattering her withered flowers about.

And so we all went back to the hotel. That very night everything was explained. How John had been delayed in foreign lands by business matters; and how he had written to me and the letters had been intercepted by a false friend; and how John had found it all out, and had followed me to Seaside, "to claim his wife."—so he said. He loved me truly; time had not changed either of us; and so, when another summer came in all the glory of green and gold, I stood at the altar with John Audenreid, and vowed "to love, honor and cherish, until death us do part."—*Mrs. E. Burke Collins.*

THE OLD RAIL FENCE.

I am told by foreign tourists that while many of our fences are reflected in those of other lands, the counterpart of the zigzag fence is to be seen in no other country. It is typical of Yankeeland.

It is known as the snake or Virginia fence, and is the relic of a lavish era of unlimited forestry. History does not chronicle the name of its inventor, but I have long since learned to cherish a profound respect for the memory of this unknown individual. It is hard for me to imagine in the person of this primitive rail-splitter the picture of an untutored backwoodsman, and I never follow the course of one of these fences without feeling a certain consciousness that its original builder must have seen his work through eyes artistic as well as practical.

The careless abandon of its lines—a repetition of form in which absolute repetition is continually defied by the capricious convolutions of the grain, for there are no two rails made in the same mould—and their gray satin sheen, their weather-beaten stains of moss and lichen, and the ever changing play of lights and shadows from their waving weeds and vines, make the old rail fence truly an object of real beauty in our landscape. Often have I lingered in its angles, and a hundred times have I thought of the host of pictures and reminiscences which might fill a book to the glory of a fence corner.

Moreover, this peculiarity of conformation panders to most worthy and blessed shiftlessnes happily latent in the bones of almost every farmer; for while the plowshare creeps close along the base of the old stone wall, and the direct course of most other fences offers a free scope for the mower's scythe or the reapers blade, the outward corners of the zigzag fence dodge beyond its reach and thus escape. How often, too, are these recesses the convenient storage quarters for the stones and stubble of the field, and as such receive a wide berth from the newly whetted scythe or cradle.

Thus does the old rail fence bedeck itself abundantly with wreathes and garlands. The refuse stone piles clothe themselves in tangles of creeping dew-berry, cinque-foil, and ground-ivy; and the round leaves of the creeping mallows conspire to hide their nakedness. Tall brambles rise and yield their snowy blossoms to the rifling bees, or later hang their purple fruit in tempting clusters to the troop of boys in their eager scrambles among the rails. There are no black raspberries so large and luscious, no hazel-nuts so full and brown, and no filberts so tantalizing beneath their prickly pods, as those that grow up under the protection of the old rail fence. Here the rich green beds of sweet-fern give out their aromatic savor to the wise old simpler, the eager small boy or even to the squirrel in quest of the nutty kernels among its seed bobs. The dull red blossoms of the glycine tell of sweet tubers beneath the ground, and the bright sunflowers or tall artichokes invade the old-time search among their roots.—*Harper's Magazine.*

HARD TO BEAT.—An Austin man, who is in the clothing business, refuses to believe that the Jews have been maltreated in Russia. If they really have been beaten, he says they must be a different kind from those in this country, as he has never been able to beat a Jew yet, although he has tried it frequently. —*Texas Siftings.*

TOLEDO, SPAIN.

The Beauty of Spanish Women—Their Marvelous Grace With the Fan.

Never shall I forget our walk around the city walls that first afternoon in Toledo. A broad thoroughfare skirts the disused defenses on the south and west, running at first along the sheer descent to the river, and a beetling height against which houses, shops and churches are crammed confusedly. I noticed one smithy with a wide dark mouth revealing the naked rock on which walls and roof abutted, and other houses into the faces of which had been wrought large granite projections of the hill. After this the way led through a gate of peculiar strength and shapeliness, carrying up arches of granite and red brick to a considerable height—a stout relic of the proud Moorish dominion so long maintained here: and then when we had rambled about a church of Santiago lower down, passing through some streets irregular as foot-paths, where over a neglected door stood a unique announcement of the owner's name—"I am Don Sanchez. 1792"—we came to the Visagra, the country gate. This menancing, double-towered portal is mediæval; so that a few steps had carried us from Mohammedan Alimaymon to the Emperor Charles V. Just outside of it again is the Alameda, the modern garden promenade, where the beauty and the idleness of Toledo congregate on Sunday evenings to the soft compulsion of strains from the military academical band. Thin runnels of water murmur along through the hedges and embowered trees, explaining by their presence how this refreshing pleasure-ground was conjured into being; for on the slope, a few feet below the green hedges you still see the sun-parched soil just as it once spread over the whole area. The contrast suggests Eden blossoming on a crater-side.

At the open-air soirees of the Alameda may be seen excellent examples of Spanish beauty. The national type of woman appears here in good preservation, and not too much hampered by foreign airs. Doubtless one finds it too in Burgos and Madrid, and in fact everywhere; and the grace of the women in other places is rather fonder of setting itself off by a fan used for parasol purposes in the street than in Toledo. But on the *paseo* and *alameda* all Spanish ladies carry fans, and it is something marvelous to see how they manage them. Not for a moment is the subtle instrument at rest; it flutters, wavers idly, is opened and shut in the space of a second, falls to the side, and again rises to take its part in the conversation almost like a third person—all without effort, with merely a turn of the supple fingers or wrist, and contributing an added charm to the bearer. The type of face which beams with more or less similarity above every fan in Spain is difficult to describe, and at first difficult even to apprehend. One has heard so much about its beauty that in the beginning it seems to fall short; but gradually its spell seizes on the mind, becoming stronger and stronger. The tint varies from tawny rose or olive to white; ladies of higher caste, from their night life and rare exposure to the sun, acquire a deathly pallor, which is unfortunately too often imitated with powder. Chestnut or lighter hair is seen a good deal in the south and east, but deep black is the prevalent hue. And the eyes!—it is impossible to more than suggest the luminous, dreamy medium in which they swim, so large, dark and vivid. But above all, there is combined with a certain child-like frankness a freedom and force, a quick mobility in the lines of the face, equalled only in American women. To these elements you must add a strong arching eyebrow and a pervading richness and fire of nature in the features, which it would be hard to parallel at all, especially when the whole is framed in the seductive folds of the black mantilla, like a drifting night cloud enchancing the sparkle of a star.—*Geo. P. Lathrop, in Harper's Magazine.*

CUTTING OUT.

The most desperate, yet generally successful and popular achievements have been those known as "cutting out" that is, attacks by open boats upon an enemy's ships in an enemy's harbor, and I may cite one as among the most brilliant and picturesque of these exploits. The small British frigate Seahorse was blockading another frigate at Porto Caballo, on the Spanish main. The idea of "cutting out" the frigate from under the Spanish batteries by means of his small open boats, manned with only 100 men, inspired Capt. Hamilton, and, when communicated to his crew, was received with three hearty cheers. The boats, commanded by the Captain himself, left the frigate at night and made for the harbor, not unobserved, however, by a Spanish launch "rowing guard," at the entrance. This did not deter the gallant assailants. Two boats proceeded to cut the cables, the others attempted to board at different points, two only out of the six succeeding at first. The Spanish crew, numbering 365, retired before the headlong attack of probably not 80 assailants, and two boats' crews remained to tow the enemy out if captured. For some minutes the issue was doubtful, but while the deadly struggle proceeded below our lithesome sailors sprang aloft like a flight of night-birds; the gaskets were cut, the sails dropped curtain-like from the yards, the ship gained life, and floated out like a Summer cloud of a vision amid the roar of guns from the battery, the continued fire of musketry, the loud curses of the Spaniards, and the measured splash of the oars. When the struggle ended outside the harbor 119 of the enemy lay stiff and stark, 97 were wounded, while the loss of the victors was trifling! This brilliantly successful exploit was of the irregular and desperate kind to which the well-known saying, "*C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre,*" would apply, and it shows that in war not only the chances of success, but the object to be gained, must decide. Readers of naval history know that there were special reasons why at all hazards the Hermoine should have been captured, or rather recaptured.—*The Nineteenth Century.*

A MIGHTY SMALL WHALE.—Saturday evening a party of retired sea captains were seated around the stove in a down-town grocery spinning yarns. Many wonderful stories of sealing and whaling adventures were told, some of which were more thrilling than truthful. At last one of the younger mariners startled his hearers by telling about a sperm whale he once saw, so small that it could be carried under his arm. This was too much for the old salts to swallow, and they immediately broke ground for a home cruise, but not until one old grayhaired son of Neptune remarked that "that's a mighty small whale but an awful big lie you're giving us, shipmate."—*Stonington Mirror.*

PROFITS OF THE STAGE.—It will excite the envy of our Western Texas stage robbers to learn that Booth has made several thousand dollars by the stage. Booth, however, made his money on the stage, while the robbers make their little pittances off the stage.—*Texas Siftings.*

DISCOMFORTS OF THE PAST.

Modern Civilization the Product of the Last Three Hundred Years.

Meats used to be brought in on the spits, just as they were cooked, and the carver held the meat in one hand, while he cut off huge chunks with a razor-shaped knife, held in the other, each guest helping himself with his fingers, and eating what he desired, throwing the remainder, with the bones, under the "board," for the dogs and cats. Knives were but little used, even as late as the times of Henry the Eighth, and forks came in a whole century later, having been borrowed from Venice during the reign of James the First. A writer of those days described the fork as "an instrument to hold meat, provided for each person at dinner, it being considered by the refined Venetian as ill-mannered to touch the viands with the fingers." For hundreds of years the simple convenience of plates for eating on was totally unknown to our ancestors. At first they used huge slices of bread, on which the meat and gravy were placed, while other bread was supplied for eating with the meat. After each one had finished he ate his plate, or "trencher" as it was then called, if he chose, and if not, it was put, with all the remnants of the meal, into the alms-basket, and sent out to the poor, who were always waiting at the gate for their share of the repast. The poor were never forgotten by our Saxon ancestors, and our very word "lady" comes to us from the Saxon "laffday," which means "bread giver," because the mistress of a manor used, in those days, to distribute, with her own hands, bread and other necessaries to the poor in her domain. Gradually these "trenchers" of bread were exchanged for real plates—made of silver for rich people, and of wood or pewter for the poor, until the introduction of crockery. Even fruits and flowers were rare and costly luxuries, scantily enjoyed by the wealthy, and almost unknown among those of moderate means. Apples were introduced from Syria in 1925; strawberries, from Flanders in 1530; gooseberries, from the same country a few years later; currants, from Corinth in 1533; pears, from China and continental Europe in 1590; plums, from Damascus in 1596, and walnuts from America in 1629. Most of our garden flowers were taken to England from various lands during the reign of Henry the Eighth and his three children, and thence have been subsequently imported to our own country. Cabbages and salads were introduced from Flanders as late as 1520, and cauliflowers a century and a half later, were considered too rare and expensive to be sold in the markets. At the beginning of the seventeenth century, few people even knew the taste of beans, peas, or lettuce; and a great proportion of our ordinary dishes were in England unheard of delicacies, till fifteen hundred years after the commencement of the Christian era. Yeast for bread was not brought into requisition until the year 1634; and previous to the reign of James the First, the ordinary bread of the country was a coarse unleavened, black mass of barley meal that in our day would scarcely be tolerated by the very poorest. England had her first carriage in 1553, her first hackney-coach in 1650, her first mail-coach in 1784, and her first watch in 1658, while it was only in the year 1641 or 1658, respectively, that tea and coffee came into general use, by our English ancestors.

Gas-lights were the growth of a century and a half of later progress. The inventor was a Frenchman, an engineer of roads and bridges, by name Phillippe Le Bon, who in 1785, adopted the idea of using, for purposes of illumination, the gas generated during the combustion of wood. He labored for a long time in the effort to perfect his crude invention, and it was not until the year 1800 that he took out a patent. In the year 1816 the first use in London was made of gas, and in 1818 this invention, really of French origin, came to be applied in France.

Thus we see that with our English ancestors, the age of comfort, the golden age of refined civilization, had its birth about the beginning of the sixteenth century as the fifteenth gave us the priceless invention of printing. Since then, so rapid have been the growth and development of these three or four hundred years, that the home comfort and refinment of the English has passed into a proverb and we hear, even from the lips of foreigners, that in no other language, and by no other people of the wide world, is the word *comfort* so thoroughly understood as by the English; doubtless because no other nation has been so truly Christian in its laws and institutions. "Them that honor me, I will honor," says the Supreme Ruler; and we find countries and individuals, wise, progressive and happy, just in proportion as they reverence and obey God's holy commands.

A RUNAWAY ACCIDENT.

The Sort of People Reporters Come in Contact With.

The reporter saw two horses dashing down the street with a few pieces of the harness left, and also a portion of the running gear of the carriage. He made directly for the spot where the horses had left the carriage, and by following the track of spokes, hubs and fragments of the carriage, soon reached the wreck. There was a man standing by looking at it with some interest.

"How'd this happen?" asked the scribe.

"Dum fino," rejoined the man, "horse kind of run away, I guess."

"Can you give me any particulars?"

"Well, no, I did not see the first of it. Guess didn't amount to anything, anyhow. Got scared at something I s'pose."

"Anybody hurt?"

"Well now, stranger, I couldn't say. 'Pears to me somebody did mention it, but I forgot now who 'twas. Ain't much acquainted in the ward anyhow."

"Do you know anybody that does know?"

"Guess the horses got skeered somehow."

The reporter calls on eight or ten eye witnesses of the scene and none have sufficient intelligence to give any account of the accident, which happened right under their noses. All seem to labor under the impression that they will be arrested and sentenced to ten years' hard labor in the Penitentiary if they impart a single scrap of information. Inside of ten minutes the man first interviewed reaches home and his memory begins to liven up. He tells his wife all about it.

"I tell you, Sal, I never saw such an all fired runaway as I saw just a while ago. Billy Brown's two horse team ran away, threw Mrs. Brown and two children out and knocked old Brown senseless. I was right there and helped carry him over to Thompson's. The buggy struck a tree and smashed the daylights out of it. Guess Brown will die, they say his leg was broke, left leg, just below the knee and Mrs. Brown's jaw was smashed. The children, Betsy and Clara, wasn't hurt so much."

"I suppose it'll be in the paper in the morning."

"Bet you don't see a line there; reporters are too cussed lazy to hunt an item anyhow, and then they never get it right."

In the morning the man looks in his paper and cusses it for not giving fuller particulars. —*Salt Lake Tribune.*

"THOU FOOL, THIS NIGHT."—

The farmer smiled to see his bursting barns,
His fields yet ripening in the summer's sun,
And cried with pride upswelling from his heart,
"Lo, what the toil of my two hands have done!"
A sweet voice whispered from the rustling wheat
"To God who giveth increase, praise is meet."

"There is not room within these little sheds
To store from loss and theft my yellow grain;
So will I build me greater, that I may
Rejoice and cheer my soul with this my gain."
Still pleaded that angel whisper, low and sweet—
"Give to the poor who have no food to eat."

"Cease troubling me! Why should I not be glad?
For hard hath been my toil, and long the strife;
Now will I laugh and fill my heart with joy,
And live right merrily the rest of life."
"O fool," the angel whispered with a sigh,
"Repent, for thou, this very night shalt die."

A HACKMAN'S STORY.

What a New York Hack Driver Said to a Reporter.

"Seein' as you are not such a bad fellow," the hackman went on, as he took a puff at his cigar and blew out a cloud of smoke with a grunt of satisfaction, "I'll tell you something for your own benefit. When you hire a cab make a bargain before you start, and it will be money in your pocket. Any driver who don't keep up the dignity of the profession by charging every cent he thinks he can get ought to have his license revoked. I ain't got no sympathy with them hackmen as don't take a good thing when they can get it. We are allowed to charge $1 an hour, and it's a cold day when I can't make an hour bring me in $2. No, passengers don't protest—they kick. I always like to see a man kick. I know I've got him, sure, and besides, a little kicking at the end breaks the monotony of the trip—kinder warms a man up, you know. I never know a kicker that didn't pay before he finished. A man who looks up amazed-like when I stick him double, but pays and glances at my number, makes me feel uneasy.

"Fast women and fast men patronize us more than any other class. The bulk of our business is after nightfall. We do a good deal, though, in the afternoon. Down town is where all the business is found during the latter part of the day while the light lasts. The brokers and business men make up the trade. Can't beat them! Oh, no! They are too cute. Why we have to carry them under the price—for 50 and 75 cents. We can't stop any place around Wall street, as there is no stand. The policemen keep us moving and the brokers hail us. They know how it is. Countrymen don't hire hacks to any extent. A countryman is a bonanza when we can get him to ride. As a general thing a horse car or an elevated train is good enough for him. But after dark, if a driver has good luck, he can stuff and drink and smoke and is sure of good pay unless the passenger's money runs out before he settles for his ride. We see high life and low life—more of the latter. A hackman can tell you more about the sins of New York than Talmage. He sees a great many things every night that the Brooklyn preacher didn't when he took in the sights.

"Are we ever beaten out of pay? We get stuck once in a while. A driver that lets any one beat him ain't fit to hold the ribbons. When a man gets drunk he generally wants to ride, and he never wants to pay. If he don't square up, I take his overcoat off his back and hold on to it until he does. Some men have the habit of going into a place to get a drink and forget to come out again. They slide out through a back door, and that is the last that is seen of them. If a hackman is wise, he won't lose sight of a customer until he is paid. The better part of our business we catch at the shows, the dance halls, and the beer gardens, and the night winds up about three o'clock. Thieves don't hire our hacks. The lights give 'em away. They obtain a carriage at a livery stable that don't carry lights. Actors and actresses? No. Most of them take horse or elevated cars. Most of 'em dance in spangles and go home in pretty seedy clothes. You don't find 'em spending their money for hacks.

"Do we find lost articles left in our carriages? I should say we did. Everthing from a toothpick to a gold watch. People leave gloves, umbrellas, canes, packages and sometimes their pocketbooks, in hacks. Once in a while an overcoat, a cloak or a shawl will be found. I'd like to know what they are thinging of when they forget these things. Some folks don't seem to be thinking of anything, and they forget to pay too. They get out and walk off like machines and I guess they could get along just as well without heads. Do we give the things back? Well, yes, if people come after them. If they go off and leave 'em we ain't going to hunt 'em up. We can't afford to run all over the city to find absent-minded people. I've got more right-handed and left-handed gloves than you could wear in a life-time, but none to match. I never buy umbrellas. This overcoat a gentleman left in my cab. My wife is wearing a pair of shoes that a lady went out purposely to buy and forgot to take out of the carriage. Drunken men generally manage to leave about everything they have on the floor of the carriage, except their clothes, and they would probably take those off if they could. One man stuck the lining full of bills one night and hung his watch on the knob of the door. He had a high time. I put his stuff in his pockets when I left him at the hotel. I wouldn't rob a drunken man, but when sober people leave things they ought to lose 'em.—*N. Y. Times.*

PASTORAL ITEM.

A young man, named Folsom Bowser, applied to a wealthy Austin stockman for a position on his staff—to go west and herd sheep at $10 a month, but the stockman said he was not hiring anybody to herd sheep.

"Have you all the shepherds you require?" asked Folsom Bowser.

"No, I am needing several, but I'm going to wait till the President has made his appointments."

"What's that got to do with herding sheep?"

"It has a great deal to do with it. As soon as Arthur has made his appointments, I can have my pick of disappointed applicants who will be willing to hire for nothing but their grub, just to get out into the country."

The sheep