# BRADFORD REPUBLICAN.

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## Bradford Republican

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## Towanda Business Directory.

*ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.*

CLEVELAND & McGOVERN, (*E. J. Cleveland* and *H. M. McGovern*), Canton, Bradford County Pa. All business entrusted to their care in Western Bradford will receive prompt attention. 3mpr3-ly

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

CALIFF, J. N., Office in Wood's Block, south of First National Bank, up stairs. june 12,78

ELSBREE & SON (*N. C. Elsbree* and *L. Elsbree*) Office in Mercur Block, Park St. may18,78

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

OVERTON & SANDERSON (*E. Overton* and *J. Am. Sanderson*.) Office in Adams Block, July5'78

MAXWELL, WM. Office over Dayton's Store. april 14,76

WILT, J. ANDREW. Office in Mean's Block. apr 14,76

DAVIES, CARNOCHAN & HALL, (*W. T. Davies, W. H. Carnochan, L. M. Hall.*) Office in rear of Ward House, Entrance on Poplar St. 1d12,77

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, (*J. McPherson and W. I. Young.*) Office south side of Mercur's Block. feb1,78

WILLIAMS, ANGLE & BUFFINGTON, (*H. N. Williams, E. J. Angle* and *E. B. Buffington*), office west side of Main street, two doors north of Argus office. All business entrusted to their care will receive prompt attention. oct 26,77

JAMES H. AND JOHN W. CODDING, Attorneys and Counsellors-at-Law. Office in the Mercur Block, over C. T. Kirby's Drug Store. July 3, '80 tf.

KENNEY, J. P. 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. [lyr6082

*PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS.*

JOHNSON, T. B., M.D. Office over Dr. H. C. Porter's Drug Store. [feb 12,78

NEWTON, Drs. D. N. & F. G. Office at Dwelling on River Street, corner Weston St. feb 12,77

LUD, C. K., M.D. Office 1st door above old bank building, on Main street. Special attention given to diseases of the throat and lungs. [july19,78

WOODBURN, S. M., M.D. Office and residence, Main street, north of M.E. Church. Medical Examiner for Pension Department. feb 22,78

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 20,77

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.

mar 8 '77 WM. HENRY.

*SECRET SOCIETIES.*

WATKINS POST, NO. 68, G. A. R. Meets every Saturday evening, at Military Hall. GEO. V. 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.

JESSE MYERS, *Reporter.*

E. B. PIERCE, *Dictator.* feb 22,78

BRADFORD LODGE, NO. 167, I. O. O. F. Meet in Odd Fellow's Hall, every Monday evening at 7 o'clock. WARREN HILL, *Noble Grand.* june 12,78

*HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTING.*

POST, F. E. No. 32 Second street All orders will receive prompt attention. June 12,78

*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 19,78 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 27,77

*INSURANCE.*

RUSSELL, C. S., General Insurance Agency, Towanda, Pa. Office in Whitcomb's Book Store. July 12,76



## Miscellaneous Advertisements.

# SUFFER

no longer from Dyspepsia, Indigestion, want of Appetite, loss of Strength lack of Energy, Malaria, Intermittent Fevers, &c.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS never fails to cure all these diseases.

Boston, November 26, 1881.

BROWN CHEMICAL CO.

Gentlemen:—For years I have been a great sufferer from Dyspepsia, and could get no relief (having tried everything which was recommended) until, acting on the advice of a friend, who had been benefited by BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, I tried a bottle, with most surprising results. Previous to taking Brown's Iron Bitters, everything I ate distressed me, and I suffered greatly from a burning sensation in the stomach, which was unbearable. Since taking Brown's Iron Bitters, all my troubles are at an end. Can eat any time without any disagreeable results. I am practically another person. MRS. W. J. FLYNN, 30 Maverick St., E. Boston.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS acts like a charm on the digestive organs, removing all dyspeptic symptoms, such as tasting the food, Belching, Heat in the Stomach, Heartburn, etc. The only Iron Preparation that will not blacken the teeth or give headache.

Sold by all Druggists.

Brown Chemical Co.

Baltimore, Md.

See that all Iron Bitters are made by Brown Chemical Co., Baltimore, and have crossed red lines and trade-mark on wrapper.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

## 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. 3mpr 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.

"REPOSTER" DINDERY,

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

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN HAIR RENEWER is a scientific combination of some of the most powerful restorative agents in the vegetable kingdom. It restores gray hair to its original color. It makes the scalp white and clean. It cures dandruff and humors, and falling-out of the hair. It furnishes the nutritive principle by which the hair is nourished and supported. It makes the hair moist, soft and glossy, and is unsurpassed as a hair dressing. It is the most economical preparation ever offered to the public, as its effects remain a long time, making only an occasional application necessary. It is recommended and used by eminent medical men, and officially endorsed by the State Assayer of Massachusetts. The popularity of Hall's Hair Renewer has increased with the test of many years, both in this country and in foreign lands, and it is now known and used in all the civilized countries of the world.

For sale by all dealers.

And had One of His

**25 CENT DINNERS**

feb 8—3m

## 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,

25bt4w* Towanda Pa.


## SELECT POETRY.

### LIVE IT DOWN.

Do people slander your good name
About the church or mart or town,
And carry lies on wings of fame?
Just live it down.

Do you are humbly live discreet,
While villains bask in high renown,
Who pace the earth with shining feet?
Why, live them down.

Are you within the world's race,
Yet wandering poor 'neath fortune's frown?
Put on a smiling cheerful face
And live it down.

Do you toil flagging up the hill,
While others o'er your head have flown?
Your god-like heart with courage fill
And live it down.

When yelping curs with mouthing rage
The voice of reason in you drown,
In patience work till doubts assuage,
And live them down.

Do people think your heart is weak
Because your outward bearing's meek?
'Cause inward strength you ever seek,
Why, live it down.

Be you in world's hell-like mart
Fighting a noble Christian part,
Yet sinning creature seeming art,
Why, live it down.

You'll reach the highest heights you could
On earth, and yet wear heaven's crown,
If but with god-like heart you should
Live all things down.

—Omicron.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### JACK AND TOM.

When Mrs. Hudson's little baby was born all the neighbors were very sorry for her—left in that cold and cruel way, with a child to bring up!

But Mrs. Hudson, a fine-looking young woman of six-and-twenty years, was, like the rest of them, able to take care of herself. She had a relative or two in a distant State, and she was known as reliable and honest. The letters she wrote brought her certain loans, with which she started a small shop for millinery and trimmings.

She had good taste in the opinion of the neighborhood, and when she sold the ribbon and flowers for a bonnet she trimmed it for nothing. When she sold a dress she gave a pattern to make it by. These things cost her nothing but time, and she was industrious. They drew custom.

In time the store was enlarged, all the loans were paid, little Tom was kept at school as well dressed as any child there, and Mrs. Hudson went to church of a Sunday in a black silk dress that rustled with richness. No one envied her her good fortune, especially as it did not make her proud.

She had a temper but she had too much policy to offend her customers.

Yes, she had a temper. That was what sent Jack away; she had boxed his ears. He had a habit of chewing tobacco, and had spit upon her clean scoured hearth, and there had been a quarrel, and the blow fell.

"I never lifted my hand against you, Sally," said Jack. "But this I'll say, I'll bear no more. You'll never see me again."

He had walked out of the house and had shipped on a vessel bound for China.

Sally had believed he only meant to frighten her and would come back. Six months afterward their baby came into the world, but Jack had never been heard of since.

She cried over it still in secret, for she had been very much in love with Jack and had thought him very fond of her. And she was proud of Tom, and fonder of him for looking like his father. She scolded him when he needed scolding, but his home was happy for all that. Only when he grew old enough to leave school did any serious conflict of opinion take place between the boy and his mother. It was on a Saturday night, after the shutters were put up that it began.

"The business is so big now, Tom," said Mrs. Hudson, "that it will take us both. I'll teach you all about it at once, and when you are twenty-one I'll take you regularly into partnership. It will be yours after me and I've no doubt," said the mother, with a forecast of maternal jealousy in her eye, "that some day your wife will be behind the cash desk there."

Tom, who was dutifully casting up his mother's weekly accounts for her, laid down his pen and looked at her.

"It's no use talking that way, mother," he said. "The shop will be yours, and not mine, to the end. I won't keep it. I don't mean to stand behind a counter. I don't call that man's work."

My goodness, Tom, what notions have you got into your head?" cried Mrs. Hudson. "Man's work, indeed! Why, there's more men than women in stores; and you can be cashier and buyer, and take stock, and all that. Lizzie, the girl helps me now; and I could get a regular salesman or saleswoman."

"Mother," said Tom, "I won't go into business of this sort at all. I shall go to sea and get to be a captain in time, I hope. What I'd like is the navy, if I had a chance; but anyhow the sea."

"You couldn't be anything but a common sailor, Tom," said the poor woman. "Think of your education."

"Such as it is, I do," said Tom; "and very thankful I am for it, but a sailor's life is the life for me. No shop is; I know it."

"It's a store; it's a good business. I've made it what it is," cried Mrs. Hudson, "and you despise it."

"I don't. You're the smartest woman I know, mother," said Tom; "but I won't keep shop—or store. I won't sell bonnets. It's absurd to think of it."

"Half of it is dry goods, sobbed Mrs. Hudson.

But the trouble had begun. It went with her to church on Sunday, after keeping her wide awake all night. Arguments began. The mother at last no longer implored; she asserted her authority. Tom was not of age and at last Tom was not so respectful as he should have been, and there was a regular quarrel, and Mrs. Hudson boxed her son's ears.

The next morning she went down to her little dining-room very early. The gray dawn was in the sky, but a shutter had been left open; "very carelessly," as she said to herself, and by the light that fell through it she saw a letter lying on the table.

She took it up. It had no postmark, but it was formally addressed to her—to Mrs. Sarah Hudson.

"If it should be Jack come back after all," she thought and tore it open. Within, on a sheet of paper were these words:

"Mother, I'm off. I won't have my ears boxed; I won't be treated like a child. I shall ship at once. Home has grown too hot to hold me. "TOM."

The boy had his father's temper as well as his father's face.

The poor woman turned giddy and staggered to a seat, and hid her face for a while.

She had lived for Tom. He was her idol. Her fixed idea of having him in the business came only of her longing that they should not be parted, and now he was gone; he had left her like this; left her as his father had before him, and for the same cause.

A little while after this, the servant girl, Susan, coming slowly down the stairs, tying her apron as she came, saw to her horror the neat figure of her mistress, in its trim black cashmere, lying prone upon the floor. She held a letter crushed in her hand, and was quite insensible.

Tom was a sailor, at least on the way to be one. He had shipped as one of the crew of an ocean steamer, and for the time he slept in the crowded room of a sailor's boarding house.

It was well filled with little cots, and it was close, and not too clean. Some of the men were intoxicated, some were talking to each other in the dark, others swearing at them for disturbing them at that hour. It was two o'clock. Tom had been in New York four days, and his life had not been a pleasant one.

Now as he lay in the dark and thought, the boy of sixteen years grew soft-hearted, and his pillow was wet with tears.

"Young chap," said a voice at his ear.

"Well?" said Tom, starting. "Do you mean me?"

"Yes," said the voice. And a big man, whom he had noticed in the next cot, rose and sat down on the edge of his bed. "I've been watching you for a couple of days, and I see as there's something on your mind. If freeing it would help you, why, I'm old enough to be your father, and I feel a kind o' hankering to know more of you. You look like a little brother o' mine that died when he was a little chap like you. Don't mind me. I've done it myself. You're crying."

"It isn't like a man, I know," said Tom, who had never been alone in the world before. "I'm ashamed of it. But, you see, I ran away from mother. She's been good to me—too good; but she wanted me to go into the rag shop—dry goods, they call it—and I didn't like the idea, and something happened that made me angry, and here I am, I'm thinking of poor mother. I—I'm sorry now. I—but it's no use."

"You can write to her, penitent-like," said the man.

"But I won't be there, you see. She'll miss me at meals and at night. I think I've been wrong. Anyhow, it's rough on poor mother, so good as she's been to me."

"We're apt to be rough to the women that love us," said the man, speaking softly in the dark. "What's your name, lad?"

"Tom Hudson," said the boy.

The sailor gave a start.

"You didn't speak of your father," said he. "Is your mother a widow?"

Despite himself, the boy began to weep again.

"Hang it! That's the worst of it," he said. "My father—and a precious scoundrel he must have been—ran off and left my mother before I was born. She's the smartest woman that ever lived. She's kept us both and made money. A lady, mother is, and a good woman. I take after my confounded father, I expect—to leave her, after all, like that."

"Your father's name was Jack, I guess," said the sailor. He lived at a place called Wharf Town."

"Yes. Did you know him?" asked Tom.

"Knew him well," said the man. "A darned fool he was to leave your mother. And she hasn't married?"

"She says she never would, because she might not be a widow," said Tom. "Law gives her the right, but she wouldn't take it. She's had offers—good ones—but I'm proud to say she's very strict about duty. Besides, she's fond of that rascal of a father of mine to this day. A pair of us—we deserve to be hanged."

"You do," replied the old sailor. "But look here, lad, don't tell me there wasn't any particular reason for your going off as you did. Didn't something happen of a particular nature? Wasn't nothing said or done more than usual?"

"Well, mother boxed my ears," said Tom.

"I thought so," said the sailor. "Look here, she boxed your father's before he cut his stick. There's that excuse for him. However—wouldn't you like to go home to your mother again, and at least leave home square and fair and decent?"

"Ah, it's too late now," said Tom. "Too late."

"No, lad," said the man, taking his hand in his. "No, lad, not too late. You're under age, and your father can break your agreement with any captain. I'm your father, Tom. I'm Jack Hudson. I didn't know you were on the face of the earth, Tom; and I'd have gone back to Sally long ago only what I had done set her free, and I was afraid she'd take the advantage the law gives her and marry, and I'd only upset everything.

"You'll go back to your mother, Tom. And I'm going too. If she wants me to stay, I'll stay; if not, I'll be off again. I don't deserve forgiveness."

"No, neither of us do," said Tom. "Neither of us."

Susan stood behind the counter of the store. Since her son's departure Mrs. Hudson had not showed her face. She was heart-broken; she sat with her head on her hands, and refused to see every one. Susan told all the story to the customers, who sympathized and were indignant. Such a mother—such a woman to be so used!

"He's an ungrateful wretch!" said one matron, as she walked away with the piece of tape which had been her excuse for coming in. "Tom Hudson is an ungrateful wretch!"

"So he is, Mrs. Morely," said a voice.

And she turned and saw Tom standing in the door—Tom and a sailor of some five-and-forty years, burly and broad-shouldered, but a handsome fellow, too.

"I meant it, Tom," she said, looked at the sailor, turned pale, and ran away shivering.

"Was it a ghost," she said to herself, "or am I crazy?"

Meanwhile a shriek from Susan had brought Mrs. Hudson into the store. She stood all pale with grief and illness, and with her usual neat dress disordered, and looked at her son. Then she opened her arms. Tom thought it was to take him in them and rushed toward her, but she passed him and threw them around his father's neck.

"Jack! Jack!" she cried. "I knew you'd come back at last. I knew you'd never leave your Sally for good and all—never, never, never!"

Tom goes to sea now. He is second mate already, and he loves the life as most sailors do. It is Jack who stays home and is partner in the business.

"He's a great deal more trouble than he is good, bless him!" says his wife Sally; but he doesn't know it, and I sha'n't tell him."

Tom comes home very often, but he is not his mother's first object in life any more. Jack is that.—*Mary Kyle Dallas.*

A CAUTION.—The man who attempts to follow all the directions given by writers of popular medical works upon food, and tries to measure the quantities of fibrine, carbon, gluting, benzine, and so forth, will die like Midshipman Easy's father, of over experiment.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

### APACHE MATT, THE SCOUT.

**A Famous Frontiersman's Reason for Waging War Upon the Indians.**

Matthew Johnston reached this city from Fort Hualapai yesterday and to-day will leave for his old home in New York State, there to spend his remaining days. Several years ago he was living with his wife and several children near Hualapai. One early morning, while the father was absent at the military post, the band of Mojave Indians of which Delshay was chief attacked the ranch, outraged the mother and tortured her and the three children to death. When Johnson returned, his cabin was in flames and the blood of his dying family still warm. Almost crazed, he went back to the fort without even waiting to inter the remains of his wife and children and briefly told the awful tragedy. Within fifteen minutes a detachment of K company of the Fifth Cavalry were mounted, under command of Colonel Mason, and on the trail of the copper-skinned devils, Johnson going along.

On the morning of the third day the cavalry [illegible] the Black Mts., the headwaters of the Verdi river, the home of the wild Apache Mojaves. That evening camp was made near the Verdi and a scouting party further followed the trail, which appeared to be only a few hours old. In a small clump of cottonwoods and near a marshy portion of the river the smoke of the Indian fires was discovered. It was too late to attack the Indians, as the darkness would afford them an escape. They had apparently located with the intention of remaining a few days and hunting, so the assault was deferred until the morning, the cavalry coming up, however, and putting out sentinels. On one of the posts Johnson stood keeping vigil through the night. In the morning the cavalry swept down upon them. Surprised in their stronghold, and with their arms scattered carelessly about, the Indians could do nothing better than fly; and fly they did towards the river, the soldiers picking them off one by one in the chase. Delshay was more cunning and self-possessed than his followers, making up the river through the thick cottonwood. The six Indians were killed before one of them had reached the stream, but Delshay, the seventh, had such a start that the cavalry almost gave up all hope of overtaking him. They spread out, however, and made a skirmish through the cottonwood forest.

When they brought up in a little glade up the stream a couple of miles they were astonished to find Johnson leaning over the dead body of the Indian chief, hacking and cutting it with a huge bowie-knife in insane frenzy. The body lay upon the river bank as if it had been pulled out after the infliction of the death wound. The head was nearly severed by a stroke of the knife and Johnson had scalped it. It was many minutes before his fury had spent itself, the soldiers never interfering with the horrible satisfaction which the widowed husband and childless father was taking for his wrongs. Finally, when he had grown calm enough to explain, he told how he had seen the Indian making up the river, and resolved that none should escape, he followed as best he might. When he got through the timber he found the trail, and although it was done with much difficulty he succeeded in tracing it to the river bank. There it became lost and, knowing that the Indian could not have crossed the stream without having been seen on the opposite side, which was open and denuded of trees and underbrush, he concluded that the Indian was secreted in the bank. While walking down the bank a head was protruded from a pool near the shore. It was Delshay taking air. Stealthily Johnson approached and before the Indian could realize that the avenger was nigh he was grasped by the hair and his throat was slit from ear to ear.

When the fort was reached Johnson requested to be employed in the scouting service and was engaged. He became the bloodiest and most relentless of the border scouts and figured prominently in all the campaigns against the Apaches up to the recent one which General Carr led, earning the title of "Apache Matt."—*Denver Tribune.*

### A MOCK MARRIAGE.

**Why Samuel Price, of the Pacific Slope, Carries a Cannon in His Vest Pocket.**

Sam Price was last night the victim of a most ridiculous practical joke. It seems that the festive Samuel, who is only about 45 years old, became enamored of a pretty young girl who occupies the position of chambermaid at the Richmond House, which fact was well known among the boarders of the caravansary. The girl, on account of the difference in their ages and social position, did not reciprocate his manly affection, but allowed him to continue his devotions. Last night an effeminate-looking waiter named Jasper, who works in the house, was dressed in a neat-fitting lady's costume, and when Price made his usual evening call presented himself in the place of the chambermaid. Price did not notice the deception in the partially darkened room and was overjoyed when, on pressing his suit as usual, the supposed chambermaid consented to their marriage. Price, being a man of business, wanted the nuptials consummated immediately, to which "she" also consented.

James Woods, a driver in the Oregon Transportation Company's employ, who had previously dressed in female attire, acted as bridesmaid; James Hall, an old Californian, was palmed off as a Justice of the Peace, while James Johnston, the originator of the sell, was best man and master of ceremonies. The rite was performed in Room 21, with one solemnity, every one engaged in it playing his part so well as to completely dupe the overjoyed Samuel. After the sealing kiss and subsequent congratulations the bride ran into the hall screaming, and as had been planned brought a crowd of probably forty people to the room, who set Samuel completely wild with their jeers and yells. Price did not say much, but was seen a short time after with four revolvers, two breech-loading double-acting rifles and a cannon in his vest pocket.

### QUIETING THE INSANE.

Among the inmates of a Western Insane Asylum is a man who is often perfectly sensible, and when accosted at such times causes visitors to wonder why he is confined there. This inmate entered into conversation the other day with a caller whose dress proclaimed him a clergyman. Said the mad-man: "It was too bad, was it not, the killing of Grant at Chicago?" "It was," said the minister, who followed the accepted custom of assenting to the statements of lunatics for peace's sake. "Hayes was assassinated at Cincinnati, was he not?" again asked the lunatic. "Yes," replied the clergyman. "And was not Queen Victoria murdered in her palace?" To this query from the madman the clerical visitor once more answered in the affirmative. The lunatic named one after another, a dozen royal personages, all of whom the clergyman was led to admit were put out of the way. Finishing his catechism, the mad-man turned to the clergyman and said fiercely: "Your dress would show you to be a minister, but you are the worst liar I ever met."

### A DARING RUSSIAN GENERAL.

**The Reckless and Brilliant Military Exploits of Skobeleff.**

Though two Austrian detectives have been ordered to watch General Skobeleff until he leaves Vienna for St. Petersburg, it is given out with special stress that his recent fiery speech was not delivered seriously, but was born of too much champagne.

In connection with General Skobeleff the London *Pall Mall Gazette* reproduces some interesting reminiscences of his career. The story of his exploits in the Bulgarian campaign includes all that was most exciting in the war which brought the Russian army in sight of the minarets of Stamboul. From the day when, "to show the stuff he was made of," he swam his horse across the Danube while General Dragominoff was forcing the passage at Simnitza to the time when he could with difficulty be restrained from marching into Constantinople as soon as the British fleet entered the Sea of Marmora he was the most prominent actor in the drama. He became the legendary hero of the campaign, and in the minds of the common people he almost monopolized its glories. He was always in the fore front of the hottest battles; four horses were shot under him in ten days, but he was only wounded once, and after being in constant expectation of death for months he returned home safe and sound. His white uniform was to his soldiers as the white plume of Henri Quatre at the battle of Ivry. "I have heard the soldiers speak of him," says Lieutenant Green, "as a general under whom they would rather fight and die than fight and live under another. They had often to die—sometimes fifty per cent of his command perished—but he spared no exertion to minister to their wants and supply their needs. His division was the best fed the best clothed and the best armed in the army. He was always with them in the most exposed positions in the fight, sleeping with them in the trenches and looking after all their necessities in the camp. In short," says Lieutenant Green, "he succeeded so thoroughly in making himself one with his division that his men responded to his thoughts as readily as the muscles obey the will. I doubt if a more thoroughly ideal relation between a general and his men has existed since the days of Cromwell."

His custom of wearing white, as if to court the bullets of his enemies; his reckless personal bravery and the strange custom of his always "going into battle in his cleanest uniform and fresh underclothing, covered with perfume and wearing a diamond hilted sword, in order that, as he said, "he might die with his best clothes on," gained him the reputation of a wild daredevil, which somewhat obscured his capacity as a general. In reality they only showed how thoroughly he had divined that secret of power which lies in fascinating the imagination as well as of appealing to the reason of men. When he was sent to take Geok Tepe and subdue the Tekkes many shook their heads and predicted that his impetuosity would be his ruin. So far from that being the case he displayed the utmost caution, acted with the greatest deliberation, refused to move from July to December, until he had made all his preparations, and after he had carried on camels to the trenches no fewer than 1,575,000 rounds of ammunition, to say nothing of several thousands of heavy shot and shell, he laid siege to Geok Tepe and captured that hitherto impregnable stronghold. He had 10,000 troops against 40,000 Asiatics, and he achieved the conquest of the Akhal Tekke country with a loss of 937 men. Only once in that campaign did Skobeleff display his usual recklessness. After the fortress had fallen he was riding through the country with his escort when he met several Tekkes. He asked who they were. They answered, "Friendly Tekkes." "How can I believe your word?" he asked again. "Tekkes never lie," was their confident response. "Well," replied Skobeleff, "if that is the case I will send my escort home and will return accompanied by you." He was as good as his word, and his trust in the word of the nomads was not misplaced.

### MASTER OF THE SITUATION.

**How a Sentinel Made His Commanding Officer "Mark Time."**

Ex-Governor Wise, who had been made a brigadier general by President Davis, arrived at this time in Staunton, *en route* for the Kenawha Valley. His arrival was the remote cause of a very ludicrous incident which came very near opening our campaign with an unpleasant tragedy. Lieutenant Colonel Crenshaw, who had gone with me to pay our respects to Governor Wise on the evening of his arrival, invited his staff surgeon, Dr. Peter Lyons, to accompany us to our camp, with a promise of sardines, cigars and other comforts with which he was provided. We reached camp about nine o'clock, and were halted by the first sentinel we approached, who ordered one of us to advance and give the countersign. Unfortunately, although having the envelope containing the countersign, which had been handed us by the adjutant, we had not opened it and it was too dark to read it then. We replied:—"Commanding officer without the countersign; call the sergeant of the guard." "That won't do," said the sentinel. "Now, mark time! them's my orders." We remonstrated against the indignity to which he contemplated subjected his field officers in the presence of a stranger as well as against the exercise involved in the execution of his command on a hot summer night, but he was inflexible. "Mark time!" he replied, "or I will certainly shoot you," and suiting the action of the word, cocked his musket and leveled it at us. We tried threats, but he was unreasonable; he knew nothing and would neither permit us to advance or retire, insisting upon "doing his duty," which was to shoot us if we did not "mark time." He was master of the situation, and as we looked down the musket barrel we "marked time" until the perspiration rolled from our foreheads. We were relieved by the sergeant of the guard, who relieved the sentinel, but not until we had whetted our appetites for the expected repast by abundant exercise. I supposed the man was a lunatic and sent for his company officers to make inquiries. It turned out that he had been instructed at Camp Lee by cadets of the Military Institute, who required all who failed to have the countersign to "mark time" for their amusement until the guard officer appeared.—*Major General Taliaferro in the Philadelphia Weekly Times.*

HIS MASTER'S FAITHFUL FRIEND.—Near Dayton, Nev., the body of John Suitine, a Swiss, was found a few days ago. He had evidently been dead some time, and a part of his face had been eaten by coyotes. The attention of a passing Chinaman was attracted to the place where he was lying by the barking of a small dog that belonged to the dead man. The little fellow had kept sentinel over his dead master, and had endeavored to call the attention of passers-by, as was remembered by several who passed and thought nothing of the dog's barking. Suitine left Dayton with a heavy load, and it is supposed that he sank down from exhaustion and died.—*Territorial Enterprise.*

### BUT ONE.

The year has but one June, dear friend
The year has but one June;
And when that perfect month doth end,
The robin's song, though long, though loud,
Seems never quite in tune.

The rose, though still its blushing face
By bee and bird is seen,
May yet have lost that subtile grace—
That nameless spell the winds know well—
Which makes its gardens green.

Life's perfect June, love's red, red rose,
Have burned and bloomed for me.
Though still youth's summer sunlight glows;
Though thou art kind, dear friend, I find
I have no heart for thee.

—Ella Wheeler.

### CURIOUS INDIAN CUSTOMS.

**Peculiar Laws That Govern Property—Deplorable Condition of the Senecas.**

Among the Seneca Indians exist many curious tribal laws or customs, two or three of which I will mention. There is no way of transmitting the property of the father to the children, for the Indian himself is of very little account in the Indian family. The children are called by the mother's name, and through her draw an annuity and hold property. If a squaw marries a white man, their children are entitled to all the privileges of a full blooded Indian; but if an Indian man marries a white woman, their children are in no manner recognized by the nations, and having Indian blood in their veins they cannot become citizens, therefore are placed in an unenviable position. If a squaw dies the children are divided among her relatives and are by law their children thereafter. The property is divided among the relatives who take the children, and the father begins over again. If an Indian dies the squaw may take a proxy husband, which she has liberty to change as often as she chooses and go on raising the family and drawing annuities on each head or "expectation" so long as nature will permit. If both father and mother die, the property is given to the administrator to keep for the children, and as there is no law to compel him to give it up, he uses it for his own purpose and lets the children whistle. It would be an easy task to fill many columns describing various customs of the semi-barbarous people, but the above will suffice for this occasion. As long as the Indians were held in check by their old pagan ideas of right, wrong and honor, these customs worked no great harm; but since they have become partially "civilized" they greatly lower them in the state of morality every year. They have no objects in life; no way of obtaining any rights or privileges. If they should clear the land, build a home and accumulate stock and property, their entailment laws might deprive them of the labor of years, and give the property to some chief who had aptly learned his lesson from his white brothers. They live in a truly deplorable state, and it is no wonder to us, who see them every day and are conversant with their condition, that the Indian always wears a woe-begone, discontented and miserable look. It is a great wrong to keep this people in that condition, and the attention of our legislators cannot be turned to them any too quickly. They are not brought to this condition because they inherit vice in their race, but because the present laws of the State and nation force them into it and bar the avenues of escape. When the Indian is allotted his land in severality, given the privileges and rights the whites have, permitted to protect himself against the sharks that are continually leeching him, given the chance to make himself a home—then his condition will begin to improve, his women will become virtuous, and his lands bloom and blossom with well tilled fields of grain.—*Buffalo Courier.*

### A STRASSBURGH BEER GARDEN.

**Queer Mixtures of Languages and Beer.**

Doing as the Alsatians do, I resorted one evening to the beer halls, or brasseries, where the highly esteemed Strassburg beer is dispensed, and where, if one wishes it, the wines of France or Germany may be ordered at will to wash down pates de foie gras—a luxury that had its origin and still has its cheapest mart in this "wunderschoene stadt"—most beautiful city. Such crowds as filled the halls, the approaches to them—the very sidewalks in front of them! In the beer halls there was the same pressure at all. The Taverne Alsacienne, Estaminet Pitou, Zurn Felsenkeller, Muenchener Kindl, Stadt Muenchen (Munich is always glorified for its beer), Luxhof and Tivoli were all thronged. Men and women, in about equal numbers; young couples, family parties, assemblages of friends—youngsters, bachelors, old women and old men; a few soldiers, fewer officers—but such clouds of smoke, such oceans of beer, such over-worked, fagged-out kellners! Seats were at a premium; places at tables an enviable comfort; every passage way filled and the waiters—many of them girls—paragons of dexterity in carrying beer glasses. With arms uplifted, the white-aproned human figures had a semblance to trees, with beer mugs as the fruit of each finger—banana-like clusters of beer mugs—not of the "pony" kind, but honest half-litres, capacious almost as quart measures. The pewter tops and buttons glistened, and set off mottoes of good fellowship in quaint German text. Beer mugs coming and going by the thousand and yet so hard to get that customers were obliged to wait before they could be served. Failing to receive the beer which, though abundant, was long a-coming because of the immense demand which intercepted the supply, some contented themselves in bargaining with a mercurial trinket trader in a long white blouse of the Jean Crapaud style. Though understanding German he discoursed always in French. He was the only one that did so among the groups where the Senator and I found ourselves. At some tables a conversation begun in French would break over into German, and relapse again into French. Again a discussion between a party of friends would be conducted partly in one language and partly in another. Questions asked in German would be answered in French, a bi-lingual wrap and woof of words that gave piquancy to the table talk. It must be that Salvini and Rossi, the actors, caught the idea of rendering their plays in two tongues by a visit to Strassburg. The newspapers are partly in French and partly in German. The lettering in the shop windows are the same.

—A hermit who has lived for many years near Salmon Bay, W. T., and who has kept all intruders from his hut by threats of shooting was captured recently by the Sheriff. He was wandering in the woods and was surprised and seized. It was found, upon searching the old man's hut, that he had nothing to eat except skunk cabbage, and said that this constituted the only article of his diet for some time. He was taken to Seattle and served with a bountiful meal and provided with clothes. He was a forlorn-looking object when taken. He wore a tattered green blanket, fastened about his waist by a piece of hayrope, a pair of overalls, patched all over, and shoes out at all sides and corners.

### A BURGLARS'S DARING WORK.