BRADFORD REPUBLICAN.

HOLCOMB & TRACY, Publishers. "GOVERNMENT OF THE PEOPLE BY THE PEOPLE AND FOR THE PEOPLE." $1.50 a Year, in Advance.

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—THE—

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Towanda Business Directory.

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

CLEVELAND & McGOVERN, (*E. J. Cleveland* and *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. June 12,78

ELSBREE & SON (*N C Elsbree* and *L Elsbree.*) Office in Mercur Block, Park St. may14,78

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

OVERTON & SANDERSON (*E Overton* and *John F Sanderson.*) Office in Adams Block. july5'78

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

WILT, J. A. DREW, 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. (feb19,76

MERCUR, SIDNEY 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. feb1,78

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 26,77

JAMES H. AND JOHN W. CODDING, Attorneys and Counsellors-at-Law. Office in the Mercur Block, over C. T. Kirby's Drug Store. july3, '80 tf.

KEENEY, 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. [16feb82

PHYSICANS AND SURGEONS.

JOHNSON, T. B., M.D. Office over Dr. H. C. Porter's Drug Store. feb12,78

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

LADD, 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. 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 ELLIS, *Noble Grand.* June 12,75

HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTING.

POST, F. E. No. 32 Second street All orders will receive prompt attention. June 12,75

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

And had One of His

25 CENT DINNERS

feb26-6m

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

NEW FIRM! NEW STORE! NEW GOODS!

Ed. Mouillesseaux,

(Formerly with Hendelman,)

HAS OPENED A

Jewelry Store

OF HIS OWN

IN PATTON'S BLOCK

With Swarts & Gorden's Store,

Main Street, Towanda, Pa.,

Where he keeps a FULL ASSORTMENT OF

Gold & Silver Watches,

SWISS AND AMERICAN;

CLOCKS, — JEWELRY,

SPECTACLES, ETC.

His Stock is all NEW and of the FINEST QUALITY. Call and see for yourself.

REPAIRING DONE PROMPTLY.

ENGRAVING A SPECIALTY.

dec16.

TROY, PA.

We keep on hand constantly for builders,

LIME, HAIR, BRICK, LATH,

SHINGLES, SASH, DOORS,

BLINDS, SHEETING PAPER,

PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES,

CHESPEAK NAILS.

Also

WAGON MAKER'S SUPPLIES

Fellows, Spokes, Hubbs, Thills, Poles

Carriage Trimmings.

Also a full line of Shelf and Heavy Hardware, and a full line of

Carriages, Platform and Lumber Wagons,

Made by us with skilled workmen, and warranted in every particular.

BEARDSLEY & SPALDING,

Hardware Dealers.

Troy, April 27-1y

BLANK BOOK MANUFACTURER

AND

BOOK BINDER,

PAPER RULER, &c.

Alfred J. Purvis,

No. 131 Genessee street,

UTICA, N. Y.

All work in his line done well and promptly at lowest price.

Parties having volumes incomplete will be furnished with any missing numbers at cost price.

All orders given to J. J. Scanlan, Agent for Bradford County, will be promptly executed according to directions. sep2-1f

GEO. L. ROSS

Now occupies the Corner Store opposite Dr. H. C. Porter's Drug Store, Main Street, with a large stock of

GROCERIES,

OF THE BEST QUALITY.

Mr. Ross has ANOTHER STORE on BRIDGE STREET J. L. Schoonover is clerk. The two stores are connected by Telephone. Mr. Ross can now feel satisfied that he can give the

BEST GOODS FOR THE LEAST MONEY

His experience enables him to select the best goods, which he is bound to sell at a LOW PRICE. You can always get a bargain if you

BUY YOUR GROCERIES AT ROSS'S.

All goods delivered in the Borough FREE. FARMERS will do well to call with their Produce and get the CASH. 20apr82-1y.

M. HENDELMAN

JEWELLER,

Is still to be found at the OLD STAND

MAIN STREET,

Next door to Dr. H. C. Porter's Drug Store

WITH A FULL LINE OF

FINE AMERICAN AND SWISS

WATCHES,

JEWELRY,

STERLING SILVER AND

FINE PLATED WARE,

SPECTACLES & EYE GLASSES,

CLOCKS,

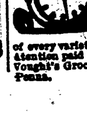
FROM THE CHEAPEST TO THE BEST.

ALL OF WHICH WILL BE SOLD AT THE VERY LOWEST PRICES,

Clocks, Watches and Jewelry promptly repaired by an experienced and competent workman.

M. HENDELMAN.

sept16-tf



A. N. NELSON

DEALER IN

WATCHES,

CLOCKS,

FINE GOLD AND PLATED JEWELRY

of every variety, and Spectacles. Particular attention paid to repairing. Shop in Decker Vought's Grocery Store, Main Street, Towanda, Penna. sep9-3

New Advertisements.

The Secret

of the universal success of Brown's Iron Bitters is simply this: It is the best Iron preparation ever made; is compounded on thoroughly scientific, chemical and medicinal principles, and does just what is claimed for it—no more and no less.

By thorough and rapid assimilation with the blood, it reaches every part of the system, healing, purifying and strengthening. Commencing at the foundation it builds up and restores lost health—in no other way can lasting benefit be obtained.

77 Dearborn Ave., Chicago, Nov. 7.

I have been a great sufferer from a very weak stomach, heartburn, and dyspepsia in its worst form. Nearly everything I ate gave me distress, and I could eat but little. I have tried everything recommended, have taken the prescriptions of a dozen physicians, but got no relief until I took Brown's Iron Bitters. I feel none of the old troubles, and am a new man. I am getting much stronger, and feel first-rate. I am a railroad engineer, and now make my trips regularly. I can not say too much in praise of your wonderful medicine. D. C. MACK.

Brown's Iron Bitters does not contain whiskey or alcohol, and will not blacken the teeth, or cause headache and constipation. It will cure dyspepsia, indigestion, heartburn, sleeplessness, dizziness, nervous debility, weakness, &c.

Use only Brown's Iron Bitters made by Brown Chemical Co., Baltimore. Crossed red lines and trade-mark on wrapper.

By Universal Accord,

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS are the best of all purgatives for family use. They are the product of long, laborious, and successful chemical investigation, and their extensive use, by physicians in their practice, and by all civilized nations, proves them the best and most effectual purgative Pill that medical science can devise. Being purely vegetable no harm can arise from their use, and being sugar-coated, they are pleasant to take. In intrinsic value and curative powers no other Pills can be compared with them; and every person, knowing their virtues, will employ them, when needed. They keep the system in perfect order, and maintain in healthy action the whole machinery of life. Mild, searching and effectual, they are especially adapted to the needs of the digestive apparatus, derangements of which they prevent and cure, if timely taken. They are the best and safest physic to employ for children and weakened constitutions, where a mild but effectual cathartic is required.

For sale by all druggists.

$200.00 REWARD!

Will be paid for the detection and conviction of any person selling or dealing in any bogus, counterfit or immitation HOP BITTERS, especially Bitters or preparation with the word HOP or HOPS in their name or connected therewith, that is intended to mislead and cheat the public, or for any preparation put in any form, pretending to be the same as HOP BITTERS. The genuine have cluster of GREEN HOPS (notice this) printed on the white label, and are the purest and best medicine on earth, especialy for Kidney, Liver and Nervous Diseases. Beware of all others, and of all pretended formulas or receipts of HOP BITTERS published in papers or for sale, as they are frauds and swindles. Whoever deals in any but the genuine will be prosecuted.

HOP BITTERS MFG. CO.,

Sept. 14. 4w Rochester, N. Y.

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.

STOP AT

T. MUIR & CO.'S

FOR

GROCERIES

AND

PROVISIONS.

The place to save money b buying cheap is at Corner Main and Franklin Streets.

TOWANDA, PA.

They respectfully announce to the public that they have a large stock of

FLOUR, FEED, MEAL, GRAIN, SALT, FISH PORK, and PROVISIONS generally.

We have also added to our stock a variety of WOODEN WARE, such as BUTTER TUBS, PAIL KINS, CHURNS, ETC.

Just received a large stock of Sugars, Teas, Coffees, Spices, MOULSON'S PURE SOAP, the best in the market, and other makes of soap Syrup and Molasses, which they offer at low prices for Cash. oct 26 77

DOWN BY THE SEA.

I stood by her side where the tide came in,
With its creeping kiss and its restless moan;
I held her fast—was she mine to win?
Could I call her, I loved so well, my own?

I looked in the depth of her hazel eyes,
Close to our feet crept the restless sea:
In the tender tones that fond hearts prize,
I told her how fair she was to me.

I praised the grace of her queenly head—
The plaining waves sung low and sweet,
The bright eyes shone at the words I said
While the light foam nestled about her feet.

I praised the sheen of her silken hair,
Never a word she said to me,
But closer she moved to my side, down there
By the restless, foaming, tossing sea.

"Might she be mine, oh, fairest fair?"
I asked the driver, who turns and hollers,
That he "lowed I could her the chestnut mare
Just as she stood, for two hundred dollars!"

—Burlington Hawkeye.

SO GOES THE WORLD.

When I wear the cap and bells,
Many friends have I;
Unto careless, merry hearts,
Merry hearts reply.
Just as this old earth of ours
Dimples in a million flowers,
When above, in summer's hours,
Laughs a summer sky.

When Grief bides with me, alas!
Not a friend have I;
Sad hearts meet on every side
With a cold "Good by."
Just as this old earth of ours
Parts with all the drooping flowers,
When above, in autumn hours,
Glooms a somber sky.

Margaret Eytinge.

THE FALSE LOVER.

"But do you really mean it, Mr. Brabazon?"

Rosa Dale was standing in the illuminated archway of the autumn woods, her bright braids of hair pierced by one or two wandering sunbeams, her dimpled child-face framed in, as it were, by sprays of red-veined autumn leaves, while her apron was full of the glistening brown chestnuts which she had picked up.

John Brabazon leaned against the tall, smooth trunk of the birch tree, and looked at her with a lazy, luxurious sense of artistic beauty entering into his mind as he gazed.

"Of course I mean it," said he.

"But I am only twelve years old," cried Rosa, flinging back the sunny tendrils of hair that hung over her forehead.

"You are exactly twelve times as lovely as any of the city belles that congregate hereabouts," said Mr. Brabazon, striving to conceal a yawn. "And if they think I am engaged—don't you see?—there will be some probability of their leaving off persecuting me."

"Well!" said Rosa, every dimple coming shyly out on lip and cheek as he stood there.

"It's to be a compact, eh?" said Mr. Brabazon.

Rosa nodded her fair little head.

"But," she questioned, rather dubiously, "where is the ring?"

"The—what?"

"The engagement-ring, Mr. Brabazon," explained Rosa, reproachfully. "Don't you know there's always a ring in the novels? And most generally it's a diamond."

"If you'll believe me," said Mr. Brabazon, tragically, "I never thought of the ring. But here's a little opal that used to be my mother's, hanging on my watch-chain. Won't that do?"

Rosa held out her brown finger, while he fitted it on.

"You—you haven't kissed me yet!" she said, when this ceremony was complete. "Lovers always kiss their *fiancees*!"

Mr. Brabazon laughed.

"Come," said he, "this is getting serious. But here's the kiss, before the rest of the chestnut party get back. And, mind, this is to be a profound secret between you and me."

Rosa ran back home with a vague sensation of mysterious delight, and thought how nice Mr. Brabazon looked, all the time she was munching her roasted chestnuts; and Mr. Brabazon himself took advantage of the little joke to proclaim himself an engaged man. Nor is it an exaggeration to say that the young ladies were genuinely disappointed.

"It must be a recent thing," said Kate Kennedy, tossing her head.

"Oh, quite recent," acknowledged Mr. Brabazon.

"Love at first sight?" asked Miss Day.

"N-no, not exactly," said Brabazon. "In fact, I may say that I have admired the young lady since her infancy."

"What a delightful enigma!" said Belle Vernon, looking anything but delighted. "But of course, Mr. Brabazon, you'll tell us her name?"

"I am pledged to secrecy," said the engaged man, solemnly.

And when he left the Mountain Notch, in the late autumn, and forgot all about the wild little woodland sprite, who climbed trees and pelted him with chestnuts, waded with brown, dimpled feet in the foamy waters of the glen torrent, and conducted him so mysteriously to the barn-chamber to show him her empty birds' nests, butterfly wings and diamond-bright pebbles, how was he to know that she remembered the episode under the yellow-leaved chestnut-trees as a red-letter day in her calendar?

"He ought to write to me," said Rosa, gloomily, as the weeks and months glided by, and no epistle came. "I do hope he isn't going to turn out false, like the wicked cavaliers in the story books.

And when Mr. Brabazon sent her a huge wax doll, with its miniature Saratoga trunk and complete outfit of elegantly-made dresses, at Christmas, Rosa flew into a passion.

"As if I were a baby!" said she. "A doll, indeed, and I twelve years old in October! I wonder if he takes me for a child? Who ever heard of a gentleman sending a doll to the young lady he was engaged to?"

"My dear Rosa," said her mother, half vexed, half amused, "what nonsense you are talking!"

"We are engaged!" said Rosa. "See the ring!"

And she slyly pulled it out from the bosom of her dress.

"It was only a joke," said Mrs. Dale.

"It was sober earnest!" flashed out Rosa.

"My dear," said Mrs. Dale, "haven't you heard? Mr. Brabazon is to be married to Lady Helen Hartford, Mrs. Pailleton's English niece, next month. The cards are already out."

"What!" cried Rosa, her sapphire-blue eyes blazing, her rosy lips apart. "To be married!—and he engaged to me!"

And then Rosa rushed away into the barn-chamber, and hid herself for full two hours, to sob out the current of her childish grief.

Mrs. Dale smiled and sighed.

"Who would think the child would have attached so much importance to a piece of nonsense like that?" said she. "Really, I'm afraid I have made a mistake in allowing her to read so many novels. But she was always an impetuous little creature."

Rosa wrote several harrowing letters to Mr. Brabazon, all of which she finally tore up, and when she saw the marriage proclaimed in the papers she gave the big wax-doll to a little girl who was only eleven years and six months old.

"She won't have any associations connected with it!" sighed Rosa.

And about that time she was promoted to a higher grade in school, began lessons on the guitar, and put her unhappy love affair out of her mind.

It could not have been more than eight years subsequently that the collision occurred on the Grand Canal at Venice, in which one of the gondolas capsized, and a beautiful young American lady, niece of the then United States consul, received an involuntary ducking.

Perhaps the romantically-dressed gondoliers were intoxicated; perhaps Miss Barony had, as they asserted, risen hastily, to point out something, and destroyed the balance of the mouldy, black-velvet-lined old conveyance. At all events, Miss Barony was upset, directly in front of the Palazzo di Silvia, where Mr. Brabazon occupied the first floor, a marble-paved desolation of old pictures, broken-nosed statues, and orange-trees in tubs.

Of course, Mr. Brabazon sent out his valet to offer his services. Of course, they carried Miss Barony in, and laid her on a sofa (draped with tapestry which somebody said Lucrezia Borgia had worked in embroidery), and made much of her.

"But how ridiculous all this is!" said Miss Barony, with merriment gleaming in her beautiful, dark-blue eyes. "I am a little wet, to-be-sure, but otherwise I am entirely unharmed. Why didn't they put me in the gondola again and send me back to my uncle's palazzo?"

Mr. Brabazon, however, was far too hospitable for that. His capped and spectacled old house-keeper was ready with spiced drinks and great baskets of grapes and cake, and he himself was all politeness and chivalrous courtesy.

Miss Barony gazed curiously around. How angelically beautiful she looked, wrapped in the violet velvet cloak, edged with ermine, her cheeks flushed with softest rose, her eyes sparkling, her hair hanging in a fringe of dark gold over her forehead!

"Where is Lady Helen Brabazon?" she asked, abruptly.

Mr. Brabazon winced.

"She has been dead for a year," he said. "I am a widower. You were acquainted with my late wife?"

"Oh, no, not at all!" said Mrs. Barony. "Only, of course, all the world has heard of her. She was a famous beauty, wasn't she?"

"She was very lovely," said the widower.

When Miss Barony was carried away in a newly summoned gondola, whose picturesque carsmen were more to be relied upon than their predecessors, Mr. Brabazon asked permission to call at the consulate, to inquire how she was, in the course of a day or two; and Miss Barony accorded the permission as a young queen might have done.

Miss Barony was young, beautiful and piquant; Mr. Brabazon, whose life had been nearly badgered out of him by the caprices, exactions and varying temper of the late Lady Helen, was charmed by her sunny brilliance; and at a month's end he came to Mr. Barony, the United States consul, to ask permission to press his suit with his niece.

Mr. Barony looked conscious.

"Didn't you know?" said he. "She is engaged."

"Engaged!" repeated Mr. Brabazon, his heart seeming to turn to a lump of ice within him.

"Quite an old affair, I believe," said the consul. "But perhaps you had better see my niece herself about it. I'll give her your message. She can decide to suit herself."

Miss Barony was prettier than ever, in her cool muslin dress and pale-blue ribbons, as she sat among the jessamines and pomegranates of the consulate reception-room the next day, to receive Mr. Brabazon. He had a speech carefully prepared, wherein all the nominatives and subjects were carefully balanced, and the exact words stationed in their exict places; but he forgot it all at the fair vision of her perfect loveliness, and could only stand helplessly before her, and say:

"Miss Barony, I love you!"

"So you have been driven to confess it at last," said Miss Barony, "after all these years!"

"I don't understand you," said Mr. Brabazon.

"You have forgotten me," said Rosa.

"That would be impossible," asseverated Mr. Brabazon, earnestly.

"But it's the fact," said she. "I'm little Rosa Dale, who was engaged to you, under the chestnut-trees at Amber Hill, nearly nine years ago, and here is the engagement-ring," holding up a slender golden hoop, with an opal glimmering in its centre. "No, I'm not at all surprised that you didn't recognize me. I was a child then—I am a woman now. And after my parents' death, when Uncle Barony adopted me, I took his name instead of my own. But I never have quite gotten over the pang of bitter jealousy that pierced my baby-heart when you were married to Lady Helen Hartfort."

"But dare I hope," began Mr. Brabazon, "that you still care a little for me? I know it seems like presumption, but—"

"Yes, you may hope," whispered Rosa, half-laughing, half-crying. "I do care for you—more than a little."

The consul gave them his blessing.

"It was she herself who told me to say she was engaged," said he, patting Rosa's head. "Little puss! she is always full of her mischief!"

"I wanted to be revenged," said Rosa. "But I have quite forgiven my false lover at last."—*Helen Forrest Graves.*

THE MAD POET.

Such was the name given to Mc Donald Clarke, a wild, eccentric writer of verses, who lived in the city of New York some thirty years ago. He had a talent for improvisation, with which he used to celebrate the charms of those persons of whom, from time to time, he became enamored. A volume of his poems, published by subscription, contains in the preface these touching paragraphs:

"I won't pester folks with apologies. Here's a rough handful of flowers—a little dirt about the roots—a tear 'll wash it off!"

"If the life of my poetry is unwholesome, 'twill breathe after the wild spirit that inspired it has been sobered at the terrible tribune of eternity, and the weak hand that traced it long wasted to ashes."

In one of these wild moods which frequently came upon him, when the will to be sublime was not sustained by the strength, he wrote these lines on Washington:

Eternity—give him elbow room!
A spirit like his is large;
Earth—fence with artillery his tomb,
And fire a double charge.

To the memory of America's greatest man;
Match him posterity if you can.

The "Mad Poet" died in the lunatic asylum on Blackwell's Island, and was buried in Greenwood Cemetery, New York. Speaking of the arrangements he desired made for his funeral, he said:

"I hope the children will come; I want to be buried by the side of children. Four things I am sure there will be in heaven—music, flowers, pure air, and plenty of little children."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

PROVINCETOWN.

The Quaint Village at the Extreme Point o Cape Cod.

From Town Hill, an immense sand dune overtopping the village roofs, one gets an admirable idea of the town's isolated and exposed position. The summit of this hill is encircled by an iron fence, and, being well supplied with settees, makes a delightfully unique park, much affected by the townsmen. Looking east, the place is seen extending for three miles along the curve of a harbor that, for perfect protection from wind and wave, is the wonder of the physicist. If one stretches out both arms, then curves the right fingers, hand, and arm, bringing it within an inch of his out stretched left, he will describe the configuration of Provincetown Harbor—his right arm representing Long Point, the extreme tip of Cape Cod, and his body and left arm the north shore of the cape, trending toward the main land. The harbor has a depth of from three to fourteen fathoms, and is two miles in width. The town is an irregular mass of wooden buildings, built on the narrow beach, barely one hundred feet wide, which intervenes between the water and the sand-hills. Two narrow streets follow the trend of the coast, thickly lined with stores and dwellings. Until within a few years these streets were mere sand, through which horse and pedestrian waded toilsomely, but of late, earth and gravel have been carted in and a solid roadbed formed, while a narrow plank-walk has been laid on one side of the street. Along the water-front the old town is seen in its purity; quaint, weather-beaten structures, are here; cooper's-shop, boat-shop, fish-house, ship-chandler's stores, commission offices, and, in striking contrast, the neatly-painted village hotel, built on piles over the bay, its favored guests lulled to sleep every night by the ripple of the waves. On the docks fishermen are cleaning the morning's catch of mackerel, and "Bankers" just in are landing the spoil won from the Banks or stormy Labrador. In open spaces between the docks long lines of dories are drawn up, nets are drying in the sun, and cod-fish are curing in flakes, or lie piled in immense heaps, waiting for the packer. The dwellings are nestled near the bases of the dunes; some homes of wealth and refinement, furnished with all modern appointments, some quaint and venerable; some hidden in trees and shrubbery, others bare to the sun; and some, in the Portuguese quarter, squalid and poverty-stricken.

Looking landward from our hilltop as far as the eye can reach, one sees an arid waste of sand heaped in curiously-shaped hills, some covered with beach grass, some with scrub oak and stunted shrubs, others bare and white in the sunlight. It is hardly three miles across from Cape Cod on the north to the Atlantic on the south.

Nothing edible can be raised on these sand heaps. Provincetown cattle are fed on hay and grain imported from Boston. The butter, vegetables, and fruit on the hotel table come from far down the Cape.

Nothing is indigenous but fish, and one's first query is how a town came to be founded at all on the further end of this desolate sand spit. It was the ocean, and above all the harbor, that gave it its excuse for being.—*New York Evening Post.*

A BLUNDER OF LAW MAKERS.

The Chesterfield County Court met at Chesterfield Court House on Monday last. The criminal docket was full. When the first case was called the prisoner moved his discharge on the ground that there was no law under which he could be punished, because the offense charged against him was alleged to have been committed prior to the 1st of May, when the law which repealed and took the place of the "whipping post" law took effect; that he could not be punished under the old law because that was repealed; nor could he be punished under the new law because it was not in force at the time the offense was committed. This being a matter of grave importance the Court took time to consider. On Thusday the Judge delivered a long and elaborate opinion, citing numerous authorities to sustain his views on the subject, deciding that the prisoner could not be punished at all, because the old law was expressly repealed by the new law, and the latter made no provision for punishment for offences committed after the former was repealed and before the latter took effect. The Judge said he regretted that the Legislature had so blundered in legislation as to cause to be turned loose unpunished upon the community persons guilty of crimes against society, and he had striven to come to a different conclusion in construing the law, but the weight of authority was against him. The result was that five criminals—three housebreakers, one of whom had been convicted by the jury, and two charged with larceny—were admonished by the Court and sent forth as free and forever discharged of the crimes for which they were indicted.—*Richmond Dispatch.*

AN ELOPING GIRL'S JOKE.

A Seventeen-Year-Old Miss Plays a Clever but Heartless Trick Upon Her Parents.

An elopement occurred in this city last evening which was planned in a very novel manner. The parties to the somewhat sensational affair are Arthur W. Robertson, son of James E. Robertson, president of the Franklin Fire Insurance Company, and Miss Addie Wilson, the seventeen-year-old daughter of Benjamin A. Wilson, the real estate agent, who resides at 333 North West street. The girl, yesterday afternoon, visited quite a number of her lady and gentlemen friends and invited them to her home in the evening to take supper. She said she was preparing a surprise for her father and mother and desired in some way to have them leave home long enough for her to complete the arrangements and have all in readiness. In this dilemma she was accommodated by a young lawyer, who summoned her father away from home on a pretended business transaction, while a lady friend quickly volunteered her services in having her mother leave home to make a call.

At the appointed time the guests began to assemble, and the young lady's parents also returned home. Instead of finding a tempting meal awaiting them, there was no one at home to receive them, and the surprise, instead of being a happy one, was of a very different nature. It was discovered that the young lady, in the absence of her parents, had packed her trunk and fled with her lover, the young man named above. The mother was almost crazed with grief and the father became very indignant over the affair. The guests were dismissed, not however, before the elopement had leaked out, and afterward a warrant was obtained for young Robertson's arrest on charge of abduction and grand larceny, the latter consisting of the alleged theft of the trunk and clothing. No trace of the eloping couple had been found at a late hour last night, and it was the opinion of the officers that they were either concealed in the city or had departed in a hack for the purpose of catching a late train at one of the adjoining towns. The parties belong to highly respectable families.—*Indianapolis News.*

THE MEDICAL STUDENTS' COLONY.

The College of Physicians and Surgeons, the Bellevue Hospital College, and the University College contribute over fifteen hundred students to the city's population, who come, as we have stated, from every part of the world—even from South Australia and India—and who have representatives among them of every political bias and social condition. The native Americans include a large proportion of the sons of poor farmers and artisans of the Southern and Western States, who, bringing with them little or no margin to the minimum of fees, sacrifice personal comfort, like young Spartans, to their ambition. In the neighborhood of the colleges there are many shabby lodging-houses which provide shelter and food for four dollars a week; and subsisting upon rations of a class at which a well-to-do laborer would complain, the young doctor pursues his studies by the light of a kerosene lamp in the attic gloom of these caravansaries.

The coldest winter finds some of the studious dents trudging to lectures and dissections through snow and sleet, without overcoats, and with shoes worn down to a papery condition of tenuity. But mixed with these plebeians are other young men of fortune and fashion, who dress exquisitely, belong to the clubs, and smoke, if a cigar, a choice Havana, or, if it is a pipe, an elaborate meerschaum, filled with aromatic perique and Turkish. No factions inspired by envious ill-will are bred by these contrasts, however.

The presence of medical students is not considered a desirable element in many large cities. They are apt to be lawless, exuberant, and addicted to nocturnal disorders. M. Robert Sawyer and Mr. Benjamin Allen are not the most satisfactory guests to landladies, nor the least troublesome neighbors to persons of quiet and early habits.

What with lectures, clinique, and recitations, besides practice in the laboratory and dissecting-room, the industrious student who means to be successful has little time for recreation except in the brief intervals between the retirement of one professor and the entrance of another, and the only period when he can conscientiously rest is Sunday. The first lecture begins at nine o'clock in the morning, and the last is not concluded until five in the afternoon. At all hours until nine or ten at night students may be seen singly or in twos and threes entering or leaving the colleges, where the intricate secrets of physiology, the tissues, arteries, and nerves are revealed in the sickening atmosphere and amid the ghastly surroundings of the dissecting-room. But the atmosphere, though overpowering to a stranger at his initiation, is not perceptibly offensive to those accustomed to it, and the "subjects," instead of being repulsive to the embryo surgeons, possess an absorbing interest, and all the beauty of a perfect mechanism. There is no dearth of "subjects" in New York, where hundreds die unrecognized in the wards of the charity hospitals, and many are picked up in the rivers with no voice or record to tell how they came to their end.—*W. H. Rideing, in Harper's Magazine.*

RAILROAD TICKETS.

There are less than half-a-dozen railway ticket manufacturing establishments in the United States, and one of the largest and most successful of these is in Boston. Few people have any idea of the dimensions to which the business has grown, the capital and labor required to answer its demands, the exquisitely fine machinery necessary in the manufacture, or the skill and ability indispensable to its management. In the matter of local tickets alone the consumption is enormous, and the variety in manufacture all but infinite. The number of local tickets made by the Boston concern alone last year amounted to 17,000,000. The Eastern Railroad has on its main line and branches between its termini, Boston and Portland, ninety-eight stations. A complete set of local tickets requires not only that there shall be tickets sold in the Boston depot for every one of these outer stations, and in the Portland depot correspondingly for the other stations the other way, but that a ticket form shall exist, and tickets be constantly on hand at every station for every other on the line. The number for the Eastern amounts to about 4,400. Now remember that these printers make local tickets for every New England line, and many of those of Canada also, as well as some famous lines and systems in the West and South, and that they have constantly to carry stock for all of them, so that at any hour of any day they are prepared to fill an order for tickets, combination or local, and the business receives some illustration. No two of these local ticket forms are alike in colors and their arrangement. Of the 4,400 different local tickets in use on the Eastern no two are alike, and the same is true of all roads; nor are the same combinations repeated from one road to another. When a conductor fixes his eyes upon a ticket in the custody of a passenger and takes in its form and arrangements of colors, the glance shows him where the passenger is going, or at least the exact point to which he is ticketed; and that ordinarily is all the conductor cares to know, it being a matter entirely without his interest where the passenger came from or boarded his train, provided he has a ticket.—*Boston Herald.*

HE WANTED TO SOAR.

At Salem, Ala., the colored man who carried my "grip" to the depot wanted to know if any of his race up North held political offices, and when I mentioned one or two instances, he replied:

"Dar hain't no sort of show fur us down heah no mo'."

"What's to prevent you from running for office?"

"Hush! Doan' talk so loud! In de fust place I hain't got de confidence in myself."

"How's that?"

"Wall, sposen I was menshuned by de noosepapers as a candydate fur de Legislachur. De old woman she'd git her back up all of a sudden, an' feel too good to 'sociate wid de niggers libin' 'round heah, an' she'd drap de wash-board an' begin to powder up an' put on style."

"Yes."

"An' ebery nigger at de hotel he'd want me to git him a job at de Capitol, an' if I didn't promise dey wouldn't wote fur me."

"I see."

"An' de white trash would spect me to rent a box at de pos' office, smoke cigars, w'ar a plug hat an' hire my butes blacked."

"Yes."

"An' de reg'lar gem'len would ax me if I could read an' write an' spell an' cipher, an' git me all boxed up in no time 'tall.

"Just so."

"An' in case I wasn't 'lected dar am jist 1,000 niggers in dis nayburhood who'd laff an' grin an' chuckle till I'd go home an' upsot de fam'ly an' make a bee-line frew de woods fur Tennessee. It takes a heap o' confidence to face all dat, you see, an' dat's what keeps me down. I'd like to enter de pollytical field an' soar away to offis, but I lack de nerve. I want de offis, but I fear de result in case I should drap when I went to soar."—*Detroit Free Press.*

AMONG THE HILLS.

Like liquid opal set in living green,
Lies the fair lake beneath it's Summer sky,
Serenely blue and flecked with silvery sheen
Of many a cloud that floateth idly by.

These clouds their shadows scatter o'er the vale,
And climb the hills rugged with many a scar,
The record of their long unfinished tale,
Begun when sang the first glad morning star.

Those solitudes where never man intrudes,
But where the sun lies lovingly and long,
Where silence like a benediction broods,
And the bird breaks the silence with its song—

They wear the morning beams upon their crest,
And undisturbed reflect the noontide glare;
Or catch the rosy radiance of the West
When evening robes itself in vesture rare.

And when the night comes, hiding tree and tower,
And the stars speak unto the listening soul,
How vast and black and high those masses tower
Over which the hours in slow procession roll!

—Boston Transcript.

UTILITY OF DRUNKENNESS.

Darwin shows that the onward progress, the development, or what may be described as the collective prosperity of the species, is facilitated, about by over-multiplication, followed by a necessary struggle for existence, in the course of which the inferior or unsuitable individuals are weeded out, and "the survival of the fittest" necessarily follows; these superior or more suitable specimens transmit more or less of their advantages to their offspring, which, still multiplying excessively, are again and again similarly sifted and improved or developed in a boundless course of forward evolution.

In the earlier stages of human existence, the fittest for survival were those whose brutal or physical energies best enabled them to struggle with the physical difficulties of their surroundings, to subjugate the crudities of the primeval plains and forests