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 & McCOY, BN. (*E. J. Cleveland* Wm. *McCoy*), Canton, Bradford County Pa. All business entrusted to their care in Western Bradford will receive prompt attention. mapr2-1y

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

CALIFF, J. N., Office in Wood's Block, 2d 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 Jean 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. (jel2,75

MERCUR & DONEY A. Solicitor of Patents. Practical 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. July 3, '80 tf.

KENEY, J. P. Attorney-at-Law. Office in Montanye's Block, Main Street. Sept. 18, '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 for 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

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

LAIRD, 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. may 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 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 12,78 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 12,78

And had One of His

25 CENT DINNERS

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

NEW FIRM! NEW STORE! NEW GOODS!

Ed. Mouillesseaux,

(Formerly with Handelman,)

HAS OPENED A

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OF HIS OWN

IN PATTON'S BLOCK

With Swartz & 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,

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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-tf

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.

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sept16-tf

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DEALER IN

WATCHES,

CLOCKS,

FINE GOLD AND PLATED JEWELER

of every variety, and Spectacles. ☞ Particul Attention paid to repairing. Shop in Decker Vought's Grocery Store, Main Street, Towanda, Penna. sep6-1

New Advertisements.

SEEK

health and avoid sickness. Instead of feeling tired and worn out, instead of aches and pains, wouldn't you rather feel fresh and strong?

You can continue feeling miserable and good for nothing, and no one but yourself can find fault, but if you are tired of that kind of life, you can change it if you choose.

How? By getting one bottle of BROWN' IRON BITTERS, and taking it regularly according to directions.

Mansfield, Ohio, Nov. 26, 1881.

Gentlemen:—I have suffered with pain in my side and back, and great soreness on my breast, with shooting pains all through my body, attended with great weakness, depression of spirits, and loss of appetite. I have taken several different medicines, and was treated by prominent physicians for my liver, kidneys, and spleen, but got no relief. I thought I would try Brown's Iron Bitters; I have now taken one bottle and a half and am about well—pain in side and back all gone, and in all out of my breast, and I have a good appetite, and am gaining in strength and flesh. It can justly be called the *king of medicines.*

JOHN K. ALLENDER.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is composed of Iron in soluble form; Cinchona the great tonic, together with other standard remedies, making a remarkable non-alcoholic tonic, which will cure Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Malaria, Weakness, and relieve all Lung and Kidney diseases.

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.

The Bad and Worthless

are never *imitated* or *counterfeited.* This is especially true of a family medicine, and it is positive proof that the remedy *imitated* is of the highest value. As soon as it had been tested and proved by the whole world that Hop Bitters was the purest, best and most valuable family medicine on earth, many imitations sprung up and began to steal the notices in which the press and people of the country had expressed the merits of H. B., and in every way trying to induce suffering invalids to use their stuff instead, expecting to make money on the credit and good name of H. B. Many others started nostrums put up in similar style to H. B., with variously devised names in which the word "Hop" or "Hops" were used in a way to induce people to believe they were the same as Hop Bitters. All such pretended remedies or cures, no matter what their style or name is, and especially those with the word "Hop" or "Hops" in their name or in any way connected with them or their name, are imitations or counterfeits. Beware of them. Touch none of them. Use nothing but genuine Hop Bitters, with a bunch or cluster of green Hops on the white label. Trust nothing else. Druggists and dealers are warned against dealing in imitations or counterfeits.

Various Causes—

Advancing years, care, sickness, disappointment, and hereditary predisposition—all operate to turn the hair gray, and either of them inclines it to shed prematurely. AYER'S HAIR VIGOR will restore faded or gray, light or red hair to a rich brown or deep black, as may be desired. It softens and cleanses the scalp, giving it a healthy action. It removes and cures dandruff and humors. By its use falling hair is checked, and a new growth will be produced in all cases where the follicles are not destroyed or the glands decayed. Its effects are beautifully shown on brashy, weak, or sickly hair, on which a few applications will produce the gloss and freshness of youth. Harmless and sure in its results, it is incomparable as a dressing, and is especially valued for the soft lustre and richness of tone it imparts.

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR is colorless; contains neither oil nor dye; and will not soil or color white cambric; yet it lasts long on the hair, and keeps it fresh and vigorous, imparting an agreeable perfume.

For sale by all druggists.

Wanted

AGENTS! AGENTS! AGENTS!

For GEN. DODGE'S brav' new book, entitled

Thirty-Three Years Among OUR WILD INDIANS!

A true record of the Author's *Thirty-Three Years Personal Experience among our Indians.* With an able Introduction

By ***Gen. Sherman.***

This new work was at once subscribed for by *President* ARTHUR *and entire Cabinet,* and by *Gen. Sherman, Gen. Grant, Gen. Sheridan, Gen. Hancock,* and *thousands of Eminent Men.* GEN. GRANT says:—"*It is the best book on Indian Life ever written.*" BISHOP WILEY (Methodist) says:—"*It is a book of immense value.*" It is the only authentic account of our Indians ever published, fully revealing their "inner life," secret doings, exploits, etc. It is replete with thrilling experiences of the Author, and of famous Scouts, Troopers, Cow-boys, Miners, Border Ruffians, etc., vividly portraying Life in the Great West as it *was!* 65d *thousand in press.* With Steel Engravings and Superb Chromo-Lithograph Plates in 15 colors, from photographs made by the U. S. Government *expressly for this great work.*

AGENTS! This grand book is now out-selling all others 10 to 1. *No competition.* Agents average 10 to 20 orders a day. We want 1000 more agents at once. *Exclusive Territory and Special Terms given.* Our large circulars with full gentlemen sent *free.* A fine Specimen Plate sent *in addition for a 3 cent stamp.* Address the sole pub's, A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., HARTFORD, CONN.

TOO HONEST TO SUCCEED.

"Sir, I have here a little thing,
Quite touching in its way,
That tells of rippling waters
And the smell of new-mown hay.
The bashful maiden's witching smile,
The lowing of the kine,
The meadows, spangled o'er with flowers,
The sunset most divine,
Are also pictured by the use
Of softly sounding words,
And over all there comes the sweet,
Low twittering of the birds."

'Twas then upspoke the editor:
"Your scheme is good," he said;
"On the rippling water racket
You are really quite ahead.
But the spangled meadow business
And the blushing country maid
Have long since been copyrighted,
And therefore I'm afraid
That your story will not answer;
But if you could only make
The maiden sweep the parlor
It will simply take the cake."

The poet man was much downcast,
The tears started in his eye;
He rose to go, and sadly said:
"I cannot tell a lie."

Chicago Tribune.

A CHILD'S MOOD.

I want that rose the wind took yesterday,
I want it more than this;
It had no thorn—it was the best that grew,
I want my last night's kiss.

I want that butterfly with spotted wings
That brushed across my hand
Last night between the sunset and the dew—
It came from fairy land.

It would have stayed, I guess, it wavered so,
Where all those pansies bloom;
They gave it wings to get away from me,
I lost it in the gloom.

And yesterday the bees on all the heads
Of clover swung so low,
I saw them take their honey; but to-day
They only sting and go.

That star that always came before the moon,
Dropped out of heaven last night;
I hunted where I saw it fall—and found
A worm with yellow light.

I want the sun to go, and let the dark
Hide everything away.
That was the sweetest rose in all the world
This wind took yesterday.

Juliet C. Marsh in Wide Awake.

THE FIVE-MILE HOUSE.

Indian Corners was in a state of wild excitement when Gertrude Graham married Peter Pillsbury. Do not think too badly of Gertrude Graham when I tell you that she married against her mother's will.

Whoever poor Gertrude had married, from the lowest to the highest in the land, young or old, rich or poor, Mrs. Graham would have found some reason for being furiously set against the match. She was a thin, yellow woman, with a sharp, red nose, that always looked cold. Her normal expression was one of indignation, which she sometimes exchanged for one of despairing melancholy. She felt injured by Gertrude's protracted spinsterhood, but refused her consent to every offer the poor girl seemed likely to have, even before it was made. On his second visit the wooer was dismissed with an asperity that made him remember he old legends concerning mothers-in-law, and feel thankful for his escape.

Therefore, when at thirty, with such good looks as she originally had on the wane, Gertrude attracted the attention of Mr. Pillsbury, a pale young druggist's clerk, with a hollow chest, and a disposition to write poetry for the local newspapers, who can blame her if she married him one morning without consulting her one remaining parent? Mr. Graham had hung himself to a barn door early in his married life, having previously chalked across its panels this epigrammatic epitaph: "Couldn't stand it no more."

She married, went home with her husband and her "certificate," and was instantly disinherited and turned out of doors.

"I disown you," said Mrs. Graham, pointing to the door with her skinny finger—"I disown you. Don't darken this here door no more unless you wish to have my curse. Go!"

The young apothecary, who was just twenty, and had a salary of five dollars a week, hurried his adored one away, and wrote a poem for the *Rural Adviser*, entitled "The Mother's Curse," the next week. The poem appeared; but the "*Adviser*" did not pay for contributions, and it added nothing to the weekly income.

Perhaps Mr. Pillsbury had hoped that his mother-in-law would relent toward her only daughter, but if so he was mistaken; her frame of mind remained the same. She locked up her memory with a more determined aspect, threatened to "cuss" the unhappy Gertrude more vehemently, and frightened young Pillsbury out of his senses whenever she met him in the village street by bestowing upon him a glance "which, if it wasn't your dear ma, Gertrude, I should call fiendish," Mr. Pillsbury afterwards remarked to his wife. It is probable that these glances and the impending anathema frightened the poor Pillsburys away from the little town—though there was a report that Pillsbury had had an offer of an engagement from a New York druggist.

They vanished, at all events, and were seen no more, and five years passed away and brought no word from them. The sick and lonely old woman attended to her property and found fault with the world in general as before, and her business prospered; real estate went up, and stocks did not fall; and no one knew just how much she was really worth, or to whom she would leave her money when she departed this life; yet she was as anxious for every dollar as the poorest woman in the land.

The house in which Mrs. Graham's father, old Mr. Spicer, had made the money he afterwards bequeathed to his only daughter, was a long, rickety edifice, partly stone, partly unpainted wood, standing on the road, exactly five miles from Indian Corners.

At the time when Mr. Spicer there entertained travelers, it had been called the Five-Mile House. Its beer had had a reputation, and its chops, steaks, and apple-pie has been highly spoken of by the farmers who dined or supped there on their way to market; but since the proprietor's death the portion of the dwelling which had been built during the Revolutionary war had fallen to decay, and was pronounced unsafe, and only the more modern portion remained inhabitable. This was let to any one who would hire it at a small sum per year, and for three years had been the shelter of a worthy Methodist preacher, long since superannuated.

Early one June morning this venerable gentleman descended from the wagon of a civil neighbor who had driven him over, and entered the gate of Mrs. Graham's courtyard. He had come as usual to pay his rent, but it was evident that he had something on his mind, and having made the usual remarks about the weather, the crops, and the last revival, he broached the subject:

"Sister Graham, I am afraid I shall be obliged to leave my little home," he said. "In fact, I am sure of it. I have, indeed, taken rooms in the Widow Goodenough's cottage. There was no help for it. I shall not be so well lodged, but—there were other considerations."

"It the roof leaked, Mr. [illegible] had it mended," said Mrs. [illegible]

"Yes, ma'am; but the [illegible] replied Mr. Prang.

"If the chimney smoked [illegible] Graham.

"No, ma'am," interrupted [illegible]

"Mrs. Prang and I were [illegible] mining," said Mrs. Graham. "Now, if the tenant's place to take [illegible] is you, I'd do it sooner than [illegible] Prang."

"Ma'am," said Mr. Prang, [illegible] would be so, but [illegible] help our trouble. I [illegible] trouble, I know. It may be [illegible] which I should be [illegible] leader, Wesley, was [illegible] frightens my wife, and [illegible] meadow again, I'll have [illegible] cried Mrs. Graham.

"No, ma'am, no; it is—since I must tell you—a spiritual visitation," replied the worthy Mr. Prang. "A female figure at times, at others a male—generally in their shrouds. There is no hallucination whatever. They meet us on the stairs and in the hall-way; we hear them when we do not see them—and they eat us out of house and home—"

"Eat—spirits eat!" cried Mrs. Graham.

"I assure you it is a fact," replied Mr. Prang; "and if we lock the pantry they appear in a terrible blue light and menace us. We must go."

"Very well, Mr. Prang," said Mrs. Graham, believing in her inmost soul that the old clergyman was losing his mind. "Very well, Mr. Prang; I am sorry to lose you; but I know David Woolstock would like the house. He's a plain laborer with a large family, but I don't think the spirits would frighten him."

"They may not be permitted to appear to him," said Mr. Prang, with much dignity, being secretly proud of his visitation. "Good-by, Sister Graham."

The next week, David Woolstock, with his large family and his small stock of furniture, took possession of the Five-Mile House. In a few days he stalked over to Mrs. Graham's with a queer, bashful grin on his rosy face and paid her a week's rent.

"We can't live there, Mrs. Graham," he said. "So mother she's packing up to start. Real sorry we be, but queer things happen, as we was told they would, and we've got to git."

"Poor old Mr. Prang's ghost stories, I suppose," said Mrs. Graham. "You're a great fool, David Woolstock; can't you see the old folks are getting childish? I'm ashamed of you."

"So be I ashamed of myself, but facts is facts," said David, "and these ghosts eat bread, and I can't afford to keep 'em, let alone the skeer."

"Ghosts in my house? In father's old homestead in the Five-Mile House?" screamed Mrs. Graham. "It's all a falsehood!" But as yet yearly leases were unknown at Indian Corners, and she was obliged to let her tenant go. One tenant after another, in fact, until at last black Minty, who took in washing, hired it to board the colored men who were working on the new railroad.

Alas! with no better result. The boarders fled precipitately in the night, and shivered in a field until daybreak, and the lady of the house could hardly be persuaded to enter her kitchen to collect her belongings at high noon next day.

Mrs. Graham was furious. It was all a plot and a plan to rob her of her house, she declared. She had known it done before, and the price of valuable property reduced to nothing.

"I'll go to the Five-Mile House myself," she said, "live there a year, and let my own home at Indian Corners meanwhile. And let me see a ghost dare to haunt me!"

Accordingly repairs were made, kalsomining done, flowers planted, hanging baskets suspended from the porch, and white curtains placed at all the windows, and Mrs. Graham took possession, supported by the presence of her little bound girl, Evelina Griggs, who wept with terror all the way over, and who certainly would have expired with fright if Mrs. Graham had not allowed her to sleep for the bence on a cot in her own bedroom.

At nine o'clock both retired, Mrs. Graham with an old pistol under her pillow, and by ten they slumbered soundly, snoring in different keys. At eleven Evelina started awake, and listening with her very heart in her ears, heard the stairs creak. With a shriek and a bound, she was out of bed; with another she was in that of her mistress, who clutched her wildly, and cried:

"What—what—what, Evelina?"

"I hear it!" sobbed Evelina. "Listen, you'll hear it, too."

"I do!" said Mrs. Graham, savagely, seizing the pistol, and hurrying, in her red flannel night-gown, to the door.

She opened it. All was dark. Catching up a candle, she descended the stairs. In the hall below she saw a white figure emerging from the dining-room door. It wore sheet and shroud, and its face shone with a strange light; but, undismayed, she advanced. The figure stood still, and she saw a face she knew.

"Gertrude!" she screamed.

And an awful voice replied:

"Yes, mother. You starved me to death, and I've returned to haunt you. "Beware!"

Mrs. Graham uttered a scream, and dropped her pistol, already cocked. It went off, and the bullet entered her shoulder as the ghost vanished.

Poor Mrs. Graham was very ill after this, and came near dying. She was carried to her house at Indian Corners, and it was a long time before she recovered. Meanwhile, every one avoided the Five-Mile House, where lights were seen at night, and ghostly faces grinned through the upper panes at dusk on Sundays, if popular report were true; and Mrs. Graham made a sort of confession to good old Mr. Prang.

"I expect I've done wrong," she said. "I hadn't ought to hev been so hard on Gertrude. She was always flat and foolish, and my only girl. I sha'n't be easy on my dying bed after what I've seen and what I've heard; for it was her spirit, plain as plain could be."

Mr. Prang put the tips of his fingers together and shook his head.

"If your daughter were alive, Sister Graham, you'd forgive her, then?" he asked.

"I'd be glad to; but she's not. I've seen her ghost," said Mrs Graham.

"We shall see," said Mr. Prang. "Be of good cheer, sister; and if you have a chance to be forgiven, take it."

That night a phantom postman—for who else would have done such a thing—thrust a letter, addressed to "The Ghosts," under the door of the Five-Mile House, and a spirit coming into the hall at daybreak picked it up. It ran as follows:

I believe I know who haunts the Five-Mile House. The deserted part of the building would shelter a large family, and doubtless the door in the partition can be opened.

[illegible] Graham should [illegible] daughter may be the cause of her mother's death. Go to her if you are [illegible]

[illegible]

mother.

The ghost no longer troubled the Five-Mile House, and good Mr. Prang moved back into it, Mrs. Graham refusing to take any rent from him.

No one ever knew whether she guessed what had haunted the place, or how, living in the garret of the old ruins, Pillsbury and his wife had stolen down, with faces daubed with phosphorus, and old sheets about them, to steal scraps of food; but for the fifteen years in which she dwelt on earth she was certainly a much more amiable woman.

As for Pillsbury's drug store, it prospered, and he and his wife kept their secret between them, or only spoke of it when they drove out to call on the Prangs at the Five-Mile House.—*Mary Kyle Dallas.*

MYSTERIES OF MESMERISM.

The Modus Operandi and How the Patient Is Affected.

A recent writer on the mysteries of mesmerism says: I lay it down as a matter which can be verified by all who are curious enough to try it, that the mesmeric conditions can be produced without the supposition of a subtle fluid, without the use of the cabalistic passes of the mesmerist, without the bouquet, the magnetic rod, or any of the mysterious means employed by the professionals to heighten the effect of what would be too simple and too unattractive if performed straightforwardly. The directions are these:—Place the person to be operated on naturally in a chair. With your left hand suspend by a string, about a foot from the eyes, some small object, a dark marble, or a bright steel ball, or a diamond—it matters not what, though something bright is, perhaps preferable. Direct the subject to fasten his eyes and concentrate his attention on the object. Slowly raise your left hand until the object is as far above the eyes of the patient as is compatible with his gazing steadily at it. Watch his eyes. At first you will see the pupils contract, but after a few seconds they will expand rapidly. When they are at the point of greatest expansion, move the first two fingers of your right hand from the object directly toward the eyes, the fingers being separated, forklike, to embrace both eyes. As the fingers approach the eyes will close, and the subject will be unable to open them. After a quarter of a minute the subject will be thoroughly under control, so that the operator may make him believe whatever he tells him. Left quiet, the subject will sink into a profound torpor, during which his ears may be pierced, his cheeks sewed to his nose, and even a finger cut off without pain. To arouse him—and this is an important step—wind, either from a hand-bellows or a fan, should be directed against his eyes, or else his eyes should be tickled with a feather. The rationale of the method is simple. The fixed stare of the subject fatigues his retinal nerves, and, when the operator's fingers approach the eyelids close, as eyelids always do when the eyes are threatened. But the fatigue of the nerves has produced muscular fatigue as well, transient paralysis in the eyelids has resulted, and they cannot be opened. The eyelids being, then, closed, the delicate frontal nerves exhausted, and the mind made vacant by monotonous attention to one subject, the patient is in a condition to fall asleep—and he does fall asleep. He is now ready to dream. The only thing remaining to do is to make him dream. But how is this to be effected? Dreaming, as has long been determined, is the result of external suggestion. Dr. Gregory, to illustrate, having been thinking of Vesuvius, went to bed with a jug of hot water at his feet and dreamed that he was climbing the sides of the burning mountain. Dr. Reid read a book on the Indians, put a blister to his head on retiring, and thought in his sleep that he was being scalped. Both the dreams, as all others are, were caused by suggestions offered externally. These suggestions, being received while the directing power, the common sense of the mind was in abeyance owing to sleep, were interrupted very erroneously, yet, according to plain laws of association. The hot water, in the one case, called up the previous subject of thought, Vesuvius: the stinging blister, in the other, the equally stinging scalping knife. It is now easy to see how the sleeping subject may be made to accept as truth whatever he is told.

MODERN MONKS OF "MONT MORT."

As I neared "Mont Mort," writes a correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun*, who is traveling through Switzerland, the guides told me of the Superior of the monks who lost his life while trying to rescue some children from an avalanche. An iron tablet on the road records the deed. Here the most wild and dangerous spot presents itself to the traveler, just as you near the hospice. With an unconscious cripplodness I am unable to dismount, therefore my guides lift me off the mule, and I approach the renowned portals of the Monks of St. Bernard. In an instant a thousand thoughts flash through my brain, and boyish recollections come and go like historic phantoms before I am accosted by one of the pious householders. In the dark, grimy, and cold corridor I stand in a semi-dreamy state, awaiting the reception I fancied to be so entirely different. The imagination of my boy mind was shattered in an instant. No dogs met me with the orthodox provender around their necks, no typical monk in cowl and sandaled feet embraced me. The mastiff and the monk were momentary myths. The odors of sanctity were scarce, and the famed fumes of roasted chamois scarcer; and, all historians to the reverse, there was an absence of that perfume suggestive of

"The slaughtered saints whose bones
Lie scattered on these Alpine mountains cold."

Before I had my thoughts collected as to what I should say or do I discovered that I had lost my card-case, my sketch-book, and pencil notes. A glimmering light, a tall, fair, and fine-looking monk came towards me. "I am Brother Bernard," said he, and I answered with my name and desired to have bed and board at the hospice. In the most polite French he said, equal to any theatrical Yankee, "Why, certainly!" I followed him, and he seemed a very angel of light and warmth. We covered a great deal of mental ground in a moment's chat, and I found him a charming boon companion.

A VENTRILOQUIST'S STORY.

[illegible]

"Then what do you consider the proper qualifications?"

"I cannot say. I have studied that matter from observation some time, but noticed few things peculiar to the members of my profession. I have noticed that the organs of speech are well formed, and that those who are able to practice it are generally short, stout and well formed. Further than that I have observed nothing common to the class."

"Is it a natural gift or a cultivated art, one that anybody with good lungs, a good throat and mouth can acquire?"

"I should rather call it a gift, although it requires constant cultivation."

"How did you cultivate it? Are there any books on that subject?"

"Yes; there are a number of works in which pretenses are made, but I have found none of them of the slightest benefit to me. In fact, they rather had a tendency to confuse and discourage me."

"Well, then, how did you learn it?"

"I'll just tell you. Ever since I was a small boy I had the habit of mocking squealing pigs, dogs, frogs, crying children and screaming whistles. In this childish sport my voice received fine training, and putting it to the various tests I may say I accidentally discovered that I possessed the power of locating the sound elsewhere."

"I can't tell you now exactly. It came to me gradually. I had often thought it sounded away from me when I growled at dogs or mewed in the presence of cats, and finally other people took notice of it and began to call me a ventriloquist. You know I was a boy then, and did not even know what they meant."

"How long have you been upon the regular stage?"

"Only about three years."

"How long before that was it that you became conscious of your ability to control your voice in this manner?"

"About three years."

"What muscles are brought into action in locating the sound?"

"Oh, that is done by contracting the stomach."

"In all cases?"

"Yes."

"Then why don't all the voices you imitate sound at a certain distance from you?"

"Well, you see that is regulated in this way: When I want the voice to sound some distance off, I move only the muscles at the base of the stomach, and when I want it nearer the contraction is higher up. The pitch and tone are regulated by the throat and mouth."

"When you are going through with your part does it appear to you that the sounds are located elsewhere?"

"Oh, yes; when I talk to the figures they seem to be speaking to me, and so does the charcoal man."

"Isn't that imagination?"

"The effect upon my ears is the same as that upon the ears of the audience."

"They say that ventriloquists do not live long. What do you think of that proposition?"

"I don't believe it. When there is so much strain on the stomach I think one should be careful not to strain that organ under improper conditions. It may be that I have escaped all the disorders that are said to afflict the profession by taking the best of care of myself. You see I am a very temperate man. Once in a long while I drink a glass of beer; sometimes I smoke a cigar or take a chew of tobacco; but these habits are indulged in with such moderation that you would scarcely know I possessed any of them. I also take good care never to eat heartily immediately before any performance."

"How did you happen ever to appear in public?"

"I belonged to a Bible class and was called upon to take part in a church entertainment, which led to other engagements until I got a paid contract."

"If you knew a young man with some gift in your respect do you think you could teach him to become proficient?"

"I guess not, but I might help him. I have often had people make me splendid offers to teach them, but I would not undertake the job."

"You appear to place so much stress upon the value of the natural gifts, do you know of any remarkable differences in the formation of your own mouth and throat, as compared with other aspirants?"

"No; not in my own judgment, though I have had a great many doctors examine mine and pronounce their formation very perfect. I presume I have cultivated both," said he, as he inadvertently placed his hand upon a well rounded chin that belonged to a handsome face.—*St. Louis Post-Despatch.*

HOW THEY BOW IN SAXONY.

A Saxony correspondent of the Chicago *News* writes: In Chemnitz two gentlemen who are acquainted never meet without exchanging a cordial salutation and respectfully raising their hats. "There is more hat-raising done here than in any country in the world," said an American commercial tourist to me the other day, "and I'll be blanked if I can understand why the rims are not torn off from half the hats in Chemnitz." A gentleman of large acquaintance will in all probability be compelled to raise his hat a dozen times to the block, but he does it gracefully, and apparently without pain. If you are walking with a gentleman and you meet an acquaintance of his you are expected to raise your hat when he does so. You must raise your hat, bow, and pass the comtersign every time he does, and he must treat your acquaintances with the same consideration. You are not permitted to raise your hat and jam it back on your head again, as if you were afraid of being caught in the act, but you must hold it gracefully in your hand until the person you have saluted is past. The recognition of a lady differs from that which passes between gentlemen, in the height to which the hat is raised, the sweep which you give it, and the bow which accompanies it. If the lady is merely a passing acquaintance the salutation is very cold, stiff, and rather stagey. If the lady is an intimate acquaintance, or one whom you would like to have for an intimate acquaintance, you must be prepared to follow the raising of the hat and the bow with a rush of soul to the eyes and a rush of imbecility to the face—just exactly as you would do in America.

A DEAD MAN'S HEART BEATS.

Interesting Experiments With Electricity on the Body of a Murderer.

On Friday afternoon, within one minute after the body of James Tracy, the murderer of Bricksman Huebner, had been taken from the gallows, Drs. Mann and Bluthardt, in the presence of other physicians, began the interesting experiment of applying electricity with a view of resuscitation. The features were not distorted and the dead man looked as peaceful as though he had passed away in sleep. Dr. Bluthardt said:

"He died painlessly. He lost consciousness within a moment after the drop fell. He was dead before he knew what hurt him. The neck was dislocated at the first vertebra. I wish you would let me make a post-mortem," he added, turning to James McCann, to whom Tracy had willed his body.

"No," said the old Irishman, looking mournfully at the corpse. "He will be buried in Calvary just as he is."

Then the doctors applied the electricity, and it was intensely interesting to see the muscles of the cold face twitch, the mouth pout, the eyes open and shut and the breast heave. The countenance of Dr. Danforth lit up suddenly as he bent over the corpse. "Hush!" he said, "I can hear the heart beat." The others bent down in turn, and they, too, heard the rhythmic throbbing of the heart. This is the statement that they wrote at the request of the representative of the *Sun*:

"The experiment was begun by applying one pole over the spinal cord and the other over the heart—the latter by means of three needles, one over the apex and two over the base of the heart. The needles were inserted beneath the skin, so as to bring the electric current in direct communication with the heart. On turning on the current the effect was very marked. Muscular contortions began wherever the electric current reached, but especially in the face and neck. The heart began to contract feebly, not regularly. With the ear over the heart we could distinctly hear, or rather feel, the heart's contractions. By removing the electrode we could produce a variety of facial expressions. The arms would contract, the legs move with considerable force and the muscles of the abdomen contract strongly. The most significant fact, however, was the rhythmic action of the heart, notwithstanding that the neck was broken. It is probable that a considerable proportion of criminals who are hanged in this country are either mechanically strangled—that is, choked to death or killed by shock—that is, death is the result of the terrible impression made upon the nervous system. In cases where the neck is not broken and the spinal cord is not lacerated, we are of opinion that resuscitation would not be impossible. It might be accomplished by electricity, friction, artificial respiration, the hot bath and other well-known means of restoration. In this present case resuscitation was impossible, as the neck was broken."—*Chicago Dispatch to New York Sun.*

TAKING RISKS ON THE LOVERS.

The business of marriage insurance is now carried on very extensively in some of the Southern States. It does not seem to differ much from