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—

Bradford Republican

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AT TOWANDA, PA., BY

HOLCOMB & TRACY.

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Towanda Business Directory.

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

CLEVELAND & McGOV RN, (*E. J. Cleveland & Wm. McGovern*), Canton, Bradford County Pa. All business entrusted to their care in Western Bradford will receive prompt attention. [mapr-2-1y

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 J Sanderson*) Office in Adams Block. july5'78

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

WHITE, 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 & ONEY A. Solicitor of Patents. Particular attention paid to business in Orphans' Court and to the settlement of estates. Office in Montanye's Block 48-79

McPHERSON & YOUNG, (*I. McPherson and W. J. Young.*) Office south side of Mercur's Block. feb 1,'78

WILLIAMS, ANGLE & BUFFINGTON, (*H N Williams, S 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.

KENEY, J. P. Attorney-at-Law. Office in Montanye's Block, Main Street. Sept. 13, '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

PHYSICANS AND SURGEONS.

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

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

LADD, E. 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

DOWNER, 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 this hotel first-class and respectfully solicits a share of public patronage. Meals at all hours. Terms reasonable. LEWIS OWLEY, Proprietor. may 5,'77 WM. HENRY.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

WATKINS POST, NO. 68, G. A. R. Meets every Saturday evening, at Military Hall. GEO. V. MYER, *Commander.* J. H. RITTENDIRE, *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 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

feb26-1m

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. sep9-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,

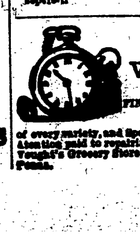
FROM THE CHEAPEST TO THE BEST.

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

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

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, Pa. sep6-1

New Advertisements.

Know

That BROWN'S IRON BITTERS will cure the worst case of dyspepsia.

Will insure a hearty appetite and increased digestion.

Cures general debility, and gives a new lease of life.

Dispels nervous depression and low spirits.

Restores worn-out and exhausted nursing mother to full strength and gives abundant sustenance for her child.

Strengthens the muscles and nerves, enriches the blood.

Overcomes weakness, wakefulness, and lack of energy

Keeps off all chills, fevers, and other malarial poison.

Will infuse with new life the weakest invalid.

37 Walker St., Baltimore, Dec. 1881. For six years I have been a great sufferer from Blood Disease, Dyspepsia and Constipation, and became so debilitated that I could not retain anything on my stomach, in fact, life had almost become a burden. Finally, when hope had almost left me, my husband seeing Brown's IRON BITTERS advertised in the paper, induced me to give it a trial. I am now taking the third bottle and have not felt so well in six years as I do at the present time. Mrs. L. F. GRIFFIN.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS will have a better tonic effect upon any one who needs "bracing up," than any medicine made.

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.

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 other worthless 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.

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.

Wanted

AGENTS! AGENTS! AGENTS!

For GEN. DODGE'S brass' 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 Generals of Eminent Mrs. 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 now is. 414 thousand in press. With Steel Engravings and Superb Chromo-Lithograph Plates in 16 colors, from photographs made by the U. S. Government expressly for this great work.*

AGENTS! This grand book is now selling all other 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. One large chromo with full particulars sent free. A fine Specimen Plate sent to solicitous for $1 cash in advance. Address the sole pubs. A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., HARTFORD, CONN.

HER FAN.

So I am to keep you, little fan,
While she goes to waltz with the eighteenth man.
Well! now that I have you, the question, sweet,
Is whether to kiss you, or batter and beat?

That you're been her accomplice, in moments gone by,
In tricks to torment me you cannot deny!

How oft from her side I've been ordered to go
To hunt for your fanship, high and low,

And been, for not finding you, frowned at and chid,
While 'neath her own furbelows basely you hid,

If you weren't just warm from her chap I fear
You'd have muttered your last at soirees, my dear! * *

This, too, is the cord she cruelly twists,
In my envious sight, round her milk-white wrists;

And this the edge she'd do nothing but bite,
When I prayed for one word in the soft starlight.

She's a flirt, wretched fan! from her head to her foot,
In its dainty, supremely absurd little boot!

(Though one such wickedness wouldn't surmise
From those tender lips and sly, sweet eyes!

And she looks to-night, in that white robe's flow,
Fair and pure as a lily in snow!)

But her heart, under all, may be deep and true—
The ocean has frivolous froth on its blue!

That she likes me a little I can't help believing
If I only were sure of that fact, all-retrieving!

* * * Here she comes back at last, grown a rose in the waltz!
Fanling! take her this kiss, and I'll pardon your fault! C. E. S., in the Century.

LITTLE ROSABEL.

"Of course they don't want me," said Rosabel Raymond, sadly. "Nobody seems to want me. No home seems to be open to me anywhere. When papa died, he told me that Uncle Dallas would be kind to me, and take his vacant place. And he is kind, after his odd, abrupt fashion. But my Aunt Alicia don't care for me, and the girls look coldly on my shabby dress and pale, worn face. Evidently I am not a cousin to be proud of. If I were an heiress, things would be very different!"

Poor little Rosabel! The world looked very dark to her as she sat on the window-sill of the third-story back room in the Dallas mansion, which had been unanimously voted "good enough for Rosabel Raymond," and watched the dull reds and grays of the winter sunset fading out behind the crowding spires of the city.

How desperately she longed for the snow-mantled fields, the black, leafless woods of the country! She was so homesick, so solitary, so alone!

"Oh, Rosabel, are you here?"

It was her Cousin Medora's soft, sweet voice. She disliked Medora more than either Augusta or Bell, although she could not tell why, and she was vexed that Medora should see the traces of tears on her eyelashes. But Medora pretended not to notice them.

"We were thinking, mamma and I," said Medora, "that you must be terribly dull without anything to do, all these dismal days."

"It is rather lonesome," sighed Rosabel, wondering at her cousin's unusual thoughtfulness.

"And so," added Medora, with the sweet smile that Rosabel always mistrusted, "when Miss Armitage told us of the place in the china-painting and flower-designing rooms—you always were an artist, you know, dear—I exclaimed, in that silly, impulsive way of mine, 'The very idea for Rosabel!' You see, Miss Armitage's *protege*—Helen Hauvemonde—has gone to Rome to prosecute her art studies, and there is a vacancy. And the salary would be something of an object, of course, because—"

"Of course it would be an object," said Rosabel, quickly. "You do not suppose that I do not feel my dependence here?"

"And," added Medora, thinking it best not to notice this outburst, "Miss Armitage says you can obtain excellent board for four dollars a week with a widow lady near the Rooms, and that would save you a deal of time and no end of fares. So, if you conclude to accept the position, perhaps you had better come down into the drawing-room and see Miss Armitage."

If there was anything which Rosabel Raymond loved, it was her pencil. Water-colors were expensive, and drawing-boards came dear, and Aunt Alicia thought it very unfeminine for a woman to set up an easel and a palette, full of oil-colors, "like a man," so that her tendencies had, since her residence in her uncle's house, been literally starved. Here, at last, was the much-longed-for opportunity, and she rose with alacrity and followed Medora Dallas down the stairs.

Mrs. Dallas and the Misses Dallas were openly exultant when Rosabel Raymond was gone.

"So dispiriting to have her around all the time, with her swollen eyelids and pale face!" said Miss Augusta.

"And so shabby as she looked, too!" said Mrs. Dallas. "And how on earth was I to provide her with a wardrobe, when papa made such a dreadful fuss over every dress that came home from Madame Ficelle's for my own girls?"

"Of all things, poor relations are the most intolerable!" said Medora, spitefully.

"But what are we to say if Mr. Ballard asks after her?" blurted out Bell, the most honest and least politic of the family.

"Say? Why, the truth!" declared Medora. "That she has left us!"

For the secret of Miss Medora Dallas' anxiety to get rid of her pale little cousin, whose mourning was so distressingly becoming to her, was the fact of Mr. Hugh Ballard's admiration of the white, statuesque face, the deep larkspur-blue eyes, and the features which were as perfect as any cameo. Miss Medora had marked Mr. Ballard for her own prey, and declared war upon any unfortunate pretender who should come in her way.

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Dallas, hopefully, "he'll never inquire about her at all."

"Don't you believe it," said Bell, with a significant nod.

Bell was right. The very first evening that Mr. Ballard called, he inquired for Miss Raymond. Medora dropped her long lashes.

"Rosabel had a cold, reserved nature," she said. "She never seemed to become fond of any of us, and she has gone away."

"Gone where?" Mr. Ballard was persistent enough to ask.

"She said she would write and send us the address," said Medora, drawing on her imagination; "but she never did. It quite went to dear mamma's heart. Mamma regarded Rosabel as a fourth daughter. But Rosabel never was inclined to reciprocate our affection."

Mr. Ballard glanced at Medora with an expression which she could not interpret, but it meant simply:

"If this girl is lying, she's doing it very artistically. Appearances are certainly against Rosabel Raymond; but it would take more than the testimony of one woman to make me believe her either cold or ungrateful."

These reflections passed through his mind as he was politely accepting Miss Dallas' invitation to accompany her to Mrs. Whitworth Walkingham's musical tea, the next day.

"It will be a bore," he said to himself; "but Mrs. Whitworth Walkingham is a genius, and there will be sure to be good music there."

There was good music there, and also delicious "Orange Pekoe" in the finest of cups, each painted with a separate wild-flower or bunch of grasses; and lilies and white grapes following the dark wine and *rondolettas*—and all went merry as a marriage bell, until, in turning to place a chair nearer the window for Miss Dallas, Mr. Ballard's unfortunate elbow knocked one of the priceless cups off the carved shelf of the Japanese cabinet and broke it into three pieces.

"Mrs. Whitworth Walkingham will commit suicide!" cried Medora, clasping her hands with simulated terror.

"I swear you to eternal secrecy!" said Mr. Ballard, laughing, as he scrapped the precious pieces in his pocket-handkerchief and disposed them safely in his pocket. "If there is a store in New York, Brooklyn or Jersey City where the pattern by can be matched, it shall not be left unmatched."

For every one, Mr. Ballard included, knew that Mrs. Whitworth Walkingham was almost a monomaniac on the subject of her china; and he was really more deeply chagrined than he appeared to be.

"You can't match it," said Medora Dallas.

And she proved to be right.

In his despair, Hugh Ballard went to old Mrs. Megarreau, who was exactly like everybody's fairy godmother.

"What am I to do?" said he blankly.

"Do?" said Mrs. Megarreau, nodding the diamond butterflies on her cap. "Why, go to the china painting and decorating rooms, of course, in Hammersley Square. Take your sample, and they'll duplicate it for you in twenty-four hours. Say that Mrs. Megarreau sent you."

Mr. Ballard devoutly thanked the old lady, and obeyed without loss of time.

It was a huge, airy room, with the windows all glorified with winter sunshine, and a soft steam-heat modifying the rigor of the February air, where half a dozen young women were working at a large table. Mrs. Baker, the superintendent, who sat at her desk, took the pieces of Mrs. Whitworth Walkingham's doomed cup and looked earnestly at them, with her head on one side.

"We have that shape in our wares," said she, and I am quite sure that we can reproduce the design—blue iris-buds and marsh-grasses. Miss Raymond's designs are some of them even more exquisite than this. Rosabel, my dear, come here."

And Rosabel Raymond, pale and pretty as ever, came unconsciously forward in her brown linen painting-dress, with a bow of black ribbon at her throat, and her lovely chestnut-brown hair pushed back from her face. Mrs. Baker was holding out the bits of fractured china, whereon were painted the blue iris-buds and drooping grasses, but Rosabel never looked at them.

"Mr. Ballard!" she cried, her face brightening with a delight which she was too unsophisticated to repress, "what brought you to this place?"

"Miss Raymond!" he exclaimed, "what are you doing here?"

"Earning my own living," said Rosabel, with quiet dignity.

"Does Miss Dallas—Medora, I mean—know where you are?"

"She ought to know," said Rosabel, "for it was she who recommended me to come here. For the Dallases, I think, were getting tired of me," she added, with a sigh. "But I ought to be very much obliged to her, for I have acquired a most welcome independence, and the work here is exceedingly congenial to my tastes. Is that the pattern you wished copied, Mrs. Baker?" she asked, taking a piece of china. "Oh, what an exquisite group of buds! yet I am bold enough to think I can imitate it successfully.

"If you can replace that cup," said Mr. Ballard, dramatically, "I am your slave for life!"

"I think I can promise to replace it without any such condition," said Rosabel, laughing.

And Mrs. Whitworth Walkingham never knew that her iris-bud cup was broken until Hugh Ballard brought back its exact counterpart.

"You must have some spell out of the Arabian Nights," said she enthusiastically.

"No," he answered, quietly, "no spell stronger than a woman's practiced eye and skillful hand." He came no more to Mrs. Dallas' Tuesday morning receptions and Friday afternoon teas. Miss Medora wondered vainly why. But one day she met him on Fifth Avenue, and prettily reproached him with his recreant absenteeism.

"I have been fortunate enough to discover the abiding-place of your cousin, Miss Rosabel Raymond," said he, gravely.

Medora looked up, with a deep color mounting to her cheeks.

"Indeed?" said she.

"It was very kind of you to secure for her such a congenial position as that," he added.

Medora Dallas hung her head, and was silent.

"But she will not remain there long," he continued, cheerfully. "I am happy to tell you that I am engaged to her. We are to be married in a few weeks. Of course you will receive at home cards when we are finally settled!"

Medora murmured something about "congratulations" and "delighted to hear of it." But Mr. Ballard smiled to himself when she had passed on.

"*La belle cousine* is not exactly pleased," he said to himself. "But what need I care for the frowns or smiles of other women, so long as I have won my little Rosabel?"—*Helen Forrest Graves.*

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

The San Francisco *Alta California* says:—"Without intending to do it, California has virtually abolished capital punishment. A few years ago a clause was put into the law enabling jurors, in returning verdicts for murder in the first degree, to stipulate, if they wished, that the penalty should be imprisonment for life. The object was, doubtless, to provide a punishment which juries would be less loath to inflict than they would that of hanging in cases where palliating circumstances existed, or where there was a slight doubt as to the evidence. But from the frequency with which verdicts of murder have been recently returned accompanied by recommendations to imprisonment for life, it would appear that the humanity of juries is leading them in the direction of total disuse of the death penalty. If the substitution of imprisonment for hanging leads to conviction in cases that would otherwise result in acquittal—and this is by all odds the strongest argument which the friends of unconditional abolition of capital punishment have been able to make—it is an undeniable benefit. Certainty of punishment is more important in the repression of crime than severity.

TEARING DOWN MOUNTAINS.

How President Villard is Driving the Iron Horse Through Montana.

Mingling with the roar of the falls, a mile or so above this point, I hear the heavy boom or sharp, Parrott-gun-like crack of the blast fired by Hallett's army of railway laborers, now within a few miles of this point, and approaching with a speed heretofore unknown in the era of railway building. Hundreds of men are scattered in the woods on this side of the river getting out timber for the false work of the great bridge that is to span Clark's Fork here. The river banks and barges for pile-driving fairly swarm with workmen getting these timbers into position, and the "bosses" are really confident that they will have a temporary crossing ready by the time Hallett's graders can get here. I very much doubt it, for the last heavy through-rock cut has been made, five miles east of Rock Island, and when what is known here as the "big blast" tore away a mountain the chief difficulty was overcome and the force surged ahead like a released racer.

Following with the eye the small, dark line on which the map represents the route of the Northern Pacific around the headwaters of Pen d'Oreille and along rugged Clark's Fork, one has no conception of what the construction of such a railway means. Going over the profiles in the chief or subordinate engineer's office there comes a better idea and realization, but one must ride over the completed track, or watch the thousands of men at work in these rock-ribbed hills, see the deep cuttings, the immense fillings, count the bridges and miles of trestle-work that carry the train safely over streams and arms of lakes and inlets, to fairly realize the expenditure of muscle, directed by skill and executive ability, necessary for such a work as building a great railway route through this mountainous country.

At places, for instance a point near Cabinet Landing, to the men who do the labor, and even to the subordinate leaders, the passage seems closed against them. The mountain towers like a prop to the sky, and from the water's edge it rises like a wall, presenting no break or crevice for a foothold. Discouraged, the men make a halt, and word goes back to the chief that Nature has raised an insurmountable barrier—"the work cannot be done." The reply is: "It must be done," and Hallet comes to see it done. By and by cable ropes holding a plank staging go down the precipitous sides of the mountain. Down rope ladders to this staging clamber Chinamen armed with drills, and soon the rock sides are filled with giant powder. Then they clamber up, the blast is fired, and the foothold made by the explosive soon swarms with Celestials; the "can't be done" has been done and man's skill, energy and perseverance have triumphed. And so this work has progressed in spite of the rigors of winter, combined with the huge obstructions Nature throw in the way.—*Shannonville Letter in the San Francisco Chronicle.*

LADY LANDLORDS.

Two Young Women's Experiment With a New York Tenement House.

The New York correspondent of the Boston *Herald* writes: I have found two unique philanthropists, Miss O. E. Dow and Miss B. M. Dow, young women, are the managers of one of the biggest tenement houses on Manhattan Island, at Nos. 36 and 38 Cherry street, in the shadow of the East River Bridge and the midst of the greatest squalor of the City. They are trying the experiment of keeping such premises in a cleanly, orderly condition, at low rents, and at the same time making it pay. The premises measure 240x50 feet, with an alleyway on each of the long sides, and one through the centre lengthwise. The main house holds 123 families. There are 665 persons housed in these buildings, of whom about 200 are children. A few years ago this place was infamous as are "The Double Alley." "The House of Blazes" and "Murderers' Alley." Even policemen dreaded to go in there; fights were of daily and nightly occurrence, and there were occasional murders. Under the mild sway of these two women the character of the place has been entirely changed, cleanliness and order have taken the place of filth and riot. The alleys, instead of being filled with garbage, are clear and clean. All the offal is removed. The halls are scrubbed every day. The walls are kept whitewashed. None of the tenants are permitted to bring liquor on the premises. There are laundries for the general use of those who do not wish to wash in their own rooms. A part of the house is kept as an assembly room, where, in Winter, the women and children are taught sewing occasionally. They have a little speech making of good advice, but, as most of the tenants are Catholics, there is no attempt at proselyting. There are on the premises a grocery, a broom store, a free dispensary and a mission school. Many of the tenants are supplied with free tuition and medical treatment.

Strange to say, the place is remarkably healthy. The death rate is low. Last Summer only one child died. When the health officer came there was not one sick child to be attended. One woman has fifteen children, and the sole income of the family is $9 a week, which three of the children earn. The tenants are variously occupied as laborers and peddlers, with a few mechanics. Many of the children sell newspapers out of school hours, but nearly all go to school. For three rooms in these buildings, measuring in the aggregate fifteen by fifteen feet, the rent is $3 50 per month for the lower and top floors. For the middle floors $4 is charged, and some of the families pay $7 for the best tenements. The Misses Dow visit the place every day, go among the tenants, and see that they observe the rules as to cleanliness, and collect the rents. They have been doing this over a year, and now have a remarkable influence over the tenants, to whom, in many respects, their word is law. During all this time, they say, they have not been insulted, they have not been greatly imposed upon, and they have made the property pay a fair return on the investment.

BOYS ON THE FARM.

The boy leaves the farm, does he? Is it any wonder? He has to use worn out tools, and gets scolded if his work is not well done! He goes to the blacksmith shop with a horse while the "men" take a nooning. He has a lamb, calf, or colt "given" him, but when it is sold the proceeds go into the general treasury, and he gets a new hat and is content (?) He turns the grindstone, and because his back aches he is informed that "boys have no backs." He goes to fairs, lectures, and other entertainments mostly "in his mind." He wants to go to school, but is told that farmers need no education, and—he leaves the farm! It's no wonder. Of course there are many exceptions to this rule of treatment, but not so many as there ought to be. It should be the father's aim to interest his boys in their work by sharing some of the proceeds with them and consulting them occasionally. Boys have some rights that men ought to respect.

CYPRESS TIMBER OF LOUISIANA.

Along the Mississippi River, from the delta to the mouth of the Arkansas River, grow large cypress swamps, just back of the cultivated land. In these swamps, where, on the deep, miry soil, a new layer of vegetable mould is every year deposited by the floods, the cypress attains its greatest development. The largest trees are 120 feet in height, and from 25 to 40 feet in circumference above the conical base, which at the surface of the earth is always three or four times as large as the continued diameter of the trunk. Those felling the trees build scaffolds five or six feet high, upon which they stand to chop down these huge Southern vegetable monsters. The base is usually hollow for three-fourths of its bulk. Its surface is longitudinally furrowed with deep channels, the ridges of which serve as cramps to fix it more firmly in the loose soil.

In the preparation of the wood, both varieties, white and red, should be cut in winter, and seasoned until perfectly dry. It is extensively used for building purposes. Roofs covered with cypress shingles from timber cut in winter will last for forty years. The boards are preferred to pine for the inside work of brick houses and for window sashes and panels of doors exposed to the weather. Cabinet makers use it for the inside of mahogany furniture. It has been used for the sides of vessels, and to a limited extent for masts. Large trunks are frequently made into canoes, some of them thirty feet long and five feet wide. They are more solid and durable than those of any other tree. It makes the best pipes to convey water, especially the red variety.

This truly excellent wood is now used for various purposes, and there is an increasing inquiry for it. Boat builders use it to a considerable extent. Many of the small boats belonging to the men-of-war in the United States service are constructed of cypress: much is used for water tanks, sugar coolers, and cisterns, on account of its durability; some enters into the construction of houses and house finishing, it being excellent in ceiling, and large quantities are made into shingles and railroad crossties. The Lehigh Valley Railroad Company ordered 75,000 of these ties to be used upon its road this season. In some instances the shingles are manufactured with the large end finished round and octagonal, that the roof may present a finer appearance. These kinds are used upon churches in the rural districts, and upon villas where the builders wish to display some taste in lines that vary from the ancient straight and conventional methods. Some claim that shingles, properly prepared, will last 100 years. They are certainly very durable. Wood taken from submerged swamps, which has been in contact with the decaying influences of mud and water for untold centuries, is found to be in an excellent state of perservation. Cypress logs have been taken from the soil deep underneath New Orleans in good condition. Evidences are abundant and conclusive in regard to the lasting properties of the wood. Hence it is gradually creeping into use more and more each year. Already it is being used in many houses in New York city in finishing, with calls for more. Five million shingles is the estimated amount of consumption in the New York market, with an increasing demand. At least 3,000,000 feet of the wood will be required to supply the market in railroad ties the present year, and about 2,000,000 feet of lumber for general use. It is exported to some extent to various ports. Railroad ties have been sent to Cuba, France, and England. Lumber has been sent abroad, but in no great quantities.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

An Explanation That Came Too Late to Prevent Trouble.

Some eight or ten years ago a silvery-tongued chap, who claimed to be a fruit-tree agent, swindled the farmers of this county in a shameful manner, and one resident of Nankin was so mad about it that he came to Detroit, searched the rascal out and gave him a pounding on the street. After he got through his work he told the fellow that he would lick him twice as bad if he ever put eyes on him again, and it was a threat to be remembered and nursed. About three weeks ago the Nankin man was traveling in Washtenaw county, and as he journeyed along the highway he met a traveler who so closely resembled the fruit-tree swindler that he halted and called out:—

"Here you are again, you bold-faced rascal!"

"Yes, I'm here," was the calm reply.

"Well, so'm I, and I'm going to fick you until you can't holler! I said I'd do it and I always keep my word. Climb down here!"

The stranger "clumb" without a protest, shedding his coat as he struck the ground, and a fight began. In about two minutes he had used up the farmer and was coolly replacing his coat.

"See here," said the man from Nankin as he wiped his nose with a burdock, "you fight better than you did eight years ago."

"Well, I dunno. This is my first affair with you."

"Didn't I wollop you in front of the Detroit Post Office eight years ago?"

"No, sir! I was in Australia up to a year ago."

"And you never saw me before?"

"Never!"

"And was never in Nankin!"

"Never!"

"Well, I'll be hanged! Come to look at you, I can see that you are not the man! Why on earth didn't you explain, or ask me to? You must have thought me mistaken!"

Oh, yes, I knew you were mistaken, but I had just discovered that I had driven seven miles on the wrong road and was wishing some one would come along and give me two words of sass. I didn't want any explanations about it. A rotton sweet apple will cure that black eye in three or four days and salt and water will tighten your front teeth in a week or so. I feel fifty per cent better, and I'm ever so much obliged. So long to you!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

HER FAVORITE NAME.—There is to be a wedding soon, the way to which was paved with so much delicate ingenuity by the lady in the case that it is worth recording. The gentleman had been an accepted suitor for months, but had never even remotely alluded to the wedding day, and the lady, tired with so much waiting, made up her mind to prompt him a little on the first favorable occasion. It happened in this way: They were sitting in the garden, and as was his custom he was making himself agreeable by gallant speeches, in one of which he alluded to her as "darling." He emphasized the name by a tender pressure of the hand, and remarked that "darling" was the sweetest word in the English language for him. "Do you think so?" she asked in a tremulous voice; "there is another name that to me is far sweeter." "What is it, darling?" asked the lover rapturously. "Just a little word of four letters—wife," she answered, with a gentle confusion, and there was nothing left for him but to ask her to decide the day when he might call her by her favorite name.—*Detroit Free Press.*

AT LAST.

When on my day of life the night is falling,
And, in the winds from unsumbered spaces blown,
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown,

Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay:
O Love divine, O Helper ever present,
Be Thou my strength and stay!

Be near me when all else is from me drifting,
Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade and shine,
And kindly faces to my own uplifting
The love which answers mine.

I have but Thee, O Father! Let thy spirit
Be with me then to comfort and uphold;
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm, I merit,
Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if—my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through thy abounding grace—
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place;

Some humble door among Thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,
And flows forever through heaven's green expansions,
The river of thy peace.

There, from the music round about me stealing
I fain would learn the new and holy song,
And find, at last, beneath Thy trees of healing,
The life for which I long.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

A FOREST FIRE.

A Thrilling Scene in a Rocky Mountain Mining Camp.

The frosty September nights had killed the mountain grasses. The west wind