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 & MCGOVERN, (*E. J. Cleveland Wm. McGovern*), Canton, Bradford County Pa. All business entrusted to their care in Western Bradford will receive prompt attention. mapr82-1y

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. 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. (feb12,78

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. 25, '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. feb 12,78

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

LAID, 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. WM. HENRY.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

WATKINS POST, NO. 88, G. A. R., Meets every Saturday evening, at Military Hall. GEO. V. MYER, *Commander.* J. R. KITTREDGE, *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.

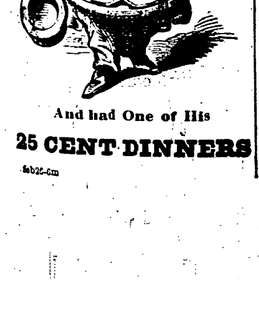
SUSQUEHANNA COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE. The SPRING TERM will begin Monday, April 3, 1882. For catalogue or other information, address or call on the Principal. EDWIN E. QUINLAN, A. M. July 19,78 Towanda, Pa.

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, O. S., General Insurance Agency, Towanda, Pa. Office in Whitcomb's Book Store. july 12,78



And had One of His

25 CENT DINNERS

feb22-6m

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. sep9-1f

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,

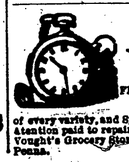
FROM THE CHEAPEST TO THE BEST.

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.

sept18-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. sept-6

New Advertisements.

NOTED MEN!

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

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

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

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

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

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

DR. EDWARD EARICKSON, Secretary Baltimore College of Pharmacy, says:

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

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

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

A Druggist Cured.

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

GEO. W. HOFFMAN, Druggist.

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

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.

Hop Bitters are the Purest and Best Bitters Ever Made.

They are compounded from Hops, Malt, Buchu, Mandrake and Dandelion,—the oldest, best, and most valuable medicines in the world and contain all the best and most curative properties of all other remedies, being the greatest Blood Purifier, Liver Regulator, and Life and Health Restoring Agent on earth. No disease or ill health can possibly long exist where these Bitters are used, so varied and perfect are their operations.

They give new life and vigor to the aged and infirm. To all whose employments cause irregularity of the bowles or urinary organs, or who require an Apetizer, Tonic and mild Stimulant, Hop Bitters are invaluable, being highly curative, tonic and stimulating, without intoxicating.

No matter what your feelings or symptoms are, what the disease or ailment is, use Hop Bitters. Don't wait until you are sick, but if you only feel bad or miserable, use Hop Bitters at once. It may save your life. Hundreds have been saved by so doing. $500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help.

Do not suffer or let your friends suffer, but use urge them to use Hop Bitters.

Remember, Hop Bitters is no vile, drugged, drunken nostrum, but the Purest and Best Medicine ever made; the "Invalid's Friend and Hope," and no person or family should be without them. Try the Bitters to-day. Oct26'1.

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 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, Trappers, Cow-boys, Miners, Border Ruffians, etc., vividly portraying Life in the Great West as it now is. *42d 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 particulars *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.

SELECT POETRY.

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

Little by little the time goes by—
Short if you sing through it, long if you sigh;
Little by little—an hour, a day,
Gone with the years that have vanished away
Little by little the race is run,
Trouble and waiting and toil are done!

Little by little the skies grow clear;
Little by little the sun comes near;
Little by little the days smile out
Gladder and brighter on pain and doubt:
Little by little the seed we sow
Into a beautiful yield will grow.

Little by little the world grows strong,
Fighting the battle of Right and Wrong:
Little by little the Wrong gives way,
Little by little the Right has sway;
Little by little all longing souls,
Struggle up nearer the shining goals.

Little by little the good in men
Blossoms to beauty for human ken:
Little by little the angels see
Prophecies better of good to be;
Little by little the God of all
Lifts the world nearer his pleading call!

MISCELLANEOUS.

A COUNTRY PARSON.

If Miss Matty Rice had yawned once since breakfast, she had yawned a score of times; and even pretty Eveleen was growing drowsy over her embroidery by the window. For it was a hopelessly rainy day in mid-October, with the sky veiled in dark gray mist, the tinted leaves floating down into matted layers of dim color around the columns of the piazza, and the tall dahlias nearly prostrated by the steady down-pour. No walks, no gathering of ferns, mosses, berries, in the still, delicious woods; no dreamy rambles to the mountain-tops—and, worst and saddest of all, nothing to read.

"And I won't be deluded into working worsteds," said Matty, "nor yet into crewels and Kensington stitch. Eveleen, where is that delightful little book that papa was reading aloud out of last night?"

"Do you mean the 'Recreations of a Country Parson?'" said Eveleen, comparing two shades of rose-colored wool.

"If that's the name of it—yes."

"He took it to the city with him," said Eveleen. "I saw it sticking out of his coat-pocket, when he was running for the train."

"How provoking!" sighed Matty, clasping her dimpled hands above her head; "when it's the book of all books that I should like to read on a day like this."

"Mr. Winton has a copy of it," said Eveleen, threading a worsted-needle with the very darkest shade of garnet.

"But what good will that do me?" said Matty, disconsolately.

"Borrow it," suggested Eveleen. "Every-body borrows everything in a place like this; and I'm sure Mr. Winton would be glad to oblige you."

"But how?" urged Matty. "The hotel is at least half a mile away."

"Send Nora."

"Nora, indeed! I don't suppose Nora ever did an errand in her life," said Matty.

"Then it's high time she began," laughingly suggested Eveleen. "Write a note, and—"

"I'd rather send a verbal message," said Matty; "and I wouldn't send at all, if I wasn't dying to read the end of that essay that papa began last night."

Nora, deep in the energetic occupation of blacking the kitchen-stove, was summoned up stairs.

"Nora," said Matty, impressively, "I want you to go to the hotel. You know where the hotel is?"

"Sure an' I do, miss," said Nora, with wide-open mouth, and eyes of intense attention.

"And ask for Mr. Winton, and tell him hat Miss Matty Rice sends her compliments, and would like to borrow the 'Recreations of a Country Parson.'"

"Yis'm," said Nora.

"You're sure you understand?"

"Yis'm, an' why wouldn't I?" promptly retorted Nora, rather nettled by this implied aspersion on her powers of comprehension.

"And come back as quick as you can."

"Sure an' it's me that will," said Nora.

And presently the two sisters caught a glimpse of her stout Milesian figure, beneath the folds of a rusty water-proof cloak, with a mammoth cotton umbrella held over her head, disappearing behind the huge leaves of the rhododendron hedge.

"I hope she won't be long," said Matty. "Why should she?" said serene Eveleen.

And she went on composedly with the pomegranate blossom that she was embroidering, while Matty sat down to the little cabinet-piano, and tried to pick out the notes of some dreamy little refrain, which had haunted her ever since she hear it at the opera last winter, with Patti smiling on the stage, and the full orchestra thundering out its strains.

And Nora, plunging down the ravine, like anything but a wood-nymph, plashed her way to the hotel, going a quarter of a mile out of her road on account of a spotted snake, and stopping for a good chat with a fellow-Hibernian who was on his way to the post-office.

"There," said Nora, as she turned away from Teddy O'Hara, "an' sure I've forgotten the name as clane as if I niver had heard it."

"Whose name was it, alanna?" consolingly demanded Colonel Roes' coachman, whose soft nothings had put the message so completely out of Nora's head.

"There was somethin' in it about the 'Rectory of a Country Parson,'" said Nora, twisting herself into the letter S, with the violent attempt at recollection to which she forced herself.

"There ain't no rectory hereabouts," said Teddy. "Sure it ain't built yet! But the parson he's up on the hotel steps. I seen him there as I came beyant. A tall young gintleman, with a high vest—for all the wurreld like Father Rockwell—an' spectacles as gintale as yo plaze. Is it a message you've got for him, Nora, mavourneen?"

"I'm to borrow him!" said Nora, fixing her dull, glassy glare on Teddy O'Hara's astonished face.

"To—borrow him?" repeated Teddy.

"Yis, sure!" Nora answered, doggedly.

Teddy uttered a whistle.

"It's the quarest loan as iver I heard of," said he. "An' if it's a fair question, who is it wants him?"

"Miss Matty Rice's compliments," repeated Nora, with parrot-like promptitude, "and she wants to borrow the parson."

Teddy exploded into a laugh.

"Sure, an' if it was leap year," said he, "I should think it meant something. I niver heard such a message in all me born days before. But I must make haste, or the post will be too late for me."

Away trudged Teddy, stopping ever and anon to laugh in the dripping autumn woods, while Nora kept on to the hotel, all unconscious of the curious transformation that had befallen her luckless message.

"Is the parson here?" demanded she, shaking her umbrella until it sent forth a miniature water-spout of flying drops, and stamping up and down the floor, for one of the newsboys had come too and had dragged to see the splendors of the October frosts among the woods.

The hotel clerk, who had just come out to glance at the barometer, stared at her; the young ladies on the wide verandah giggled; the stout old gentleman, who were walking up and down the boards to gain their daily two miles of exercise, stopped short; and a spectacled, grave-looking young man, who was talking with a lady just beyond, glanced around, as if he fancied that he were personally interested.

"Do you want the—clergyman?" said the hotel clerk, doubtful, yet polite.

"Is it a stone-mason or a chimney-swape I'd be manin', d'ye think?" retorted Nora, beginning to imagine that she was being made game of.

"I am the clergyman," said the spectacled gentleman, stepping courteously forward at this juncture. "Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Miss Matty Rice's compliments," said Nora, without so much as blinking the shrillness of her voice, "an' she wants to borrow you."

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Fontaine, "but—I'm not quite sure that I understand you, my good woman?"

"I'm spakin' the English language, sure," said Nora, somewhat affronted. "She wants to borrow you."

"But what for?" said the parson, ignoring the titters of the group which was now fast gathering on the verandah.

"To amuse herself wid this rainy day," said Nora. "You're to come back wid me, pl'ase. I was to bring you. Miss Matty Rice's compliments, and—"

"Really," said Mr. Fontaine, "this is very strange."

"The Rices live in the little Swiss cottage by Haldino Falls," suggested the hotel clerk. "Gentleman goes up and down to the city every day. Keeps a little pony carriage, with—"

"You're to come back wid me, please," said Nora. "'The Rectory,' or 'The Country Parson.' Miss Matty Rice's compliments, and—"

Mr. Fontaine, hurriedly surveying the situation in his mind's eye, decided that it was better to obey this strange behest.

And putting on his water-proof wrap, and arming himself with a light silk umbrella, he accompanied Nora McShane, to the great buzzing and whispering of the group on the verandah.

Miss Rice was listlessly watching Eveleen's embroidery, as the door bounced open and Nora rushed in, exclaiming:

"Here he is! I've brought him!"

"Brought whom?" said Matty, in surprise.

"The country parson," said Nora. "There wasn't no rectory. I inquired for it, but it wasn't built."

"What on earth is the girl talking about?" said Matty, in amazement.

And then Mr. Fontaine walked in, holding his hat in his hand.

"I am the clergyman," said he. "Can I be of any use?"

Matty colored a deep cherry-pink.

"Oh, dear, I am so sorry!" she faltered; "but there is some dreadful mistake here. I sent Nora to the hotel to borrow a book, and she has brought me back—a man!"

"A book?" said Mr. Winton.

"Yes," said Matty, trying harder and harder to keep back her laughter as the comic side of the circumstance forced itself upon her. "'The Recreations of a Country Parson.' Mr. Paul Winton has it."

Mr. Fontaine began to laugh. So did Matty and Eveleen; and in five minutes they were the best friends in the world. Mr. Fontaine stayed to lunch, and they never knew how that long, rainy morning whiled itself away, until at last the blue rifts of sky spread their banners above the pine-trees on old Sky-top, and every shining drop was transformed into a tiny rainbow.

Mr. Fontaine came often after that. So did Mr. Paul Winton, the owner of the genuine "Country Parson." And when the family closed their cottage and returned to the city, the two young men discovered that the journey to Philadelphia was not such a very long one. And there is every probability that the lacking rectory will be built in the spring, and that the country parson will bring a pretty young wife there; at least so says popular opinion.

"Dear, stupid old Nora!" says Matty Rice, "it was all her doing. And she shall have a home with me always."

"But blunders don't always terminate so successfully," Eveleen gravely remarks.

Matty shakes her head. She will not concede this to be a blunder at all. Only—a coincidence.—*Helen Forrest Graves.*

CRANKS AND QUEER CHARACTERS.

There have always been a number of queer people in this city, says a writer in the Philadelphia *Record*, but crowded as our streets are now little attention is paid to them. I remember as a boy to have seen a quack doctor who paraded the streets in the court costume of President Washington's day, and who wore a wig of long, flowing white curls under his cocked hat. The smiles of the passers by and the jeers of the street boys made no impression on him—it was all a part of his advertising scheme. For a time he made money, and as soon as practice was assured him he dropped his velvet suit and knee-breeches and took to office work in ordinary dress. His costume was imitated about fifteen years since by a man who bore a most striking resemblance to the portraits of Benjamin Franklin, and who went about selling his own photographs. In 1867 he invaded the Assembly Chamber at Albany and attacked the members of the Constitutional Convention. For a time he got along pretty well, for his face was jovial, and his old-fashioned suit of buff was most becoming and picturesque. But, after he had lighted upon Mr. Tilden and found all blandishments thrown away, he shook off the dirt of his feet against the tinkers of the Constitution and sought the Metropolis again. Forty years ago the two eccentricities of the City were the "Blue Man" and the "Limekiln Man." They were as well known as the City Hall clock, and followed their orbits with quite as much regularity. The "Blue Man" was tall and thin, had a face of violet hue, ghastly as death, and moved rapidly through the streets, as if he wished to shun observation. He was a clerk in a down-town store and was of good parentage, but his physical peculiarity made him notorious in the little City of a quarter of a million inhabitants. The "Limekiln Man" was stout and of ruddy complexion, with a brown beard reaching to his waist. He had a history, but no one ever heard it, and none knew how he lived. His clothes bore witness that he slept in the limekilns in the upper part of the City, but he answered no questions and never seemed to want for food. To the children he was an object of awe. He died as he had lived, and the mystery of his life passed away with him. Had he belonged to a later generation he might have passed along unnoticed as a tramp; but he was really a man of education and natural refinement, whom some adverse wind of fortune had driven into eccentricity.

FOUR HUNDRED THOUSAND ACRES.

A Large Estate in Southern California.

The possessions of some of the great landowners of this section are prodigious. It is a favorite story that certain men are able to drive a herd of cattle from the northern counties of the State to San Diego, at its extreme southern limit, and quarter the animals every night upon their own territory. Haggin, Carr, and Tevis, whose property I was privileged to examine considerably in detail, have some four hundred thousand acres. Much of this was secured for a mere trifle while in the condition of waste land, and afterward redeemed. A neighbor who had acquired a great estate of a similar kind, mainly while holding the post of Surveyor-general of the United States, drew forth one of the best *bon mots* of President Lincoln. "Let me congratulate you," said Lincoln, as this gentleman was retiring from office under his administration. "You have become monarch of about all you have surveyed."

The owners do not often live upon their estates, but leave them in the hands of managers, and draw the revenues. The Haggin, Carr and Tevis property is divided into a number of separate ranches, each with its resident superintendent. The Bellevue Ranch, so called, is the centre and focus of authority for the whole. Here is the residence and office of the general manager, and here are assembled a force of book-keepers, engineers, and mechanics, who keep the accounts, map, plan, supervise, construct, and repair, and give to the whole the clock-work regularity of a great commercial enterprise. The numerous buildings constitute a considerable settlement. There is a "store" of general merchandise and supplies. A dormitory and a dining-hall have been erected for the laboring hands. A tower-like water-tank, surmounted by a windmill, and accommodating a milk-room below, rises at one side. There are shops for the mechanics, capacious barns, and long sheds filled with an interminable array of agricultural implements. It is worth while to take a walk past this collection of reapers, threshers, sulky ploughs, and rakes, and study out their uses. The immense "header and separator" rises from the rest like some awe-inspiring leviathan of the deep. A whole department is devoted to the "road scrapers" "buck scrapers," and ploughs of various sorts used in the construction and dredging out of the irrigating ditches. The soil is, fortunately, free from stones, and the work is for the most part quite easy. One enormous plough is seen which was designed to be drawn by sixty yoke of oxen, and to cut at once a furrow five feet wide by four deep. Like the famous steamship *Great Eastern*, it has defeated itself by pure bulk, and is not now in use.

More than $500,000 has been expended on the great estate in the item of fencing alone. An average of four hundred laborers is employed, and in the harvest season seven hundred. The rate of wages is quoted at from two and a half to three dollars per day to mechanics, and one dollar per day to common hands. This seems low as compared with information from other sources, and that which appears in the chronic complaints of the scarcity of farm labor in the California papers.

No great portion of this domain appears to be now in the market at the disposal of settlers of small means, though the intention is avowed of offering some of it in this way when all shall have been thoroughly reclaimed. Numerous tracts, however, are occupied on very favorable terms by renters, as they are called. They take from 120 to 600 acres. Very many of them are Portuguese and Italians. They are usually unmarried, work in companies of from six to fifteen persons, and wear the red Garibaldi shirt. The renter is provided by his landlords with a house, an artesian well, a credit to a moderate amount at the general store, and the use of some cows. He has the milk of the cows, but must give their increase to the estate. His lease runs three years, and he pays as rent one-third of his crop. Instances of large profits are frequent among these persons, and no doubt the same opportunities are open to others who may wish to follow their example.—*William Henry Bishop, in Harper's Magazine.*

A CORNER ON APPLE-BUTTER.

Peck's *Sun* tells the following story about two Grand Rapids partners in the produce business, named Spafford & Cole, who sent two orders to be filled, one of 3,000 dols. to New York, another of 16 dols. to a Michigan firm. By some unaccountable mistake Cole sent the 16 dol. draft to the New York house with instructions to place the amount to the credit of the firm, and the 3,000 dol. draft was sent to the Michigan firm with instructions to send the worth of the enclosed draft in apple-butter. The New York house was disgusted at the small remittance, and the Michigan firm were scared out of their boots. It was the biggest order for apple sauce they had ever heard of, and they started men out all over central Michigan buying up all the apple-butter they could find, and at the end of two days they shipped four car-loads, and wrote they would ship the balance some time during the week. Cole was away shooting pigeons when the first load of apple-butter arrived. Spafford was probably as near crazy as any man can be who never tried to edit a newspaper. He looked over the eleven wagon-loads of apple-butter, and when told that there were several car loads more at the depot he turned pale, leaned against a barrel of beans, and fanned himself with a codfish. He rallied, however, allowed the wagons to be unloaded, but told the teamsters that was probably all the apple-butter they would need that day, if they economised on it, and they need not haul the rest till the next day. The next day Cole got back, and was astonished at the number of barrels in front of the store. Spafford watched him a few minutes, and then called him into the office, and told him it was as good a time as any to dissolve partnership; that Cole could take the apple-butter, and he would take the rest of the stuff, and they would separate. Spafford said, at his time of life he didn't want to establish an apple-butter reservoir to supply the whole of Wisconsin and Minnesota.

The firm finally got out of the apple-butter by shipping it over the State to be sold on commission, and shoving it into the woods for the lumbermen, and the traveling man who told us about it says the firm actually made 800 dols. clear on the apple-butter, because they had unconsciously cornered the market.

A VERY MILD SENTENCE.—An Austin Justice has the reputation of being very severe on vagrants, hence when Jim Webster was hauled up and asked if he pleaded guilty, he replied: "Yes, boss, I pleads guilty."

Now he expected to be fined at least $5, as is usual in such cases, but how great was his surprise when the kind-hearted Justice told him that his sentence would be mitigated by putting him at hard work on the public streets for ten days before he would be allowed to pay his fine of $20, in default of which he was to be confined indefinitely in the county jail on bread and water.—*Texas Siftings.*

PINCHING THE PINK TOES.

How Some Mothers Torture Their Babies With Very Small Shoes.

A shoe dealer said to a reporter last evening that the majority of mothers exhibited more vanity than judgment in the selection of shoes for their young children. "One will bring her baby in here," he continued, "and ask me to try a pair of shoes on it that will look 'real sweet.' I know what that means, but I'm always sorry for the baby, who is usually in its first short dress and as skittish as any old maid about having its feet meddled with. I don't say that I'm going to put a shoe on it a size larger than the foot seems to be, but I do; at least I get it on as well as anyone could fit a foot operated by a perpetual motion power. Then I trust to the mother's sense for results. If it's her first baby she will be indignant and say that she doesn't want the 'treasure' to 'look sloppy in its shoes.' They must fit exactly or she won't take them. I insist that the child's weight will push the foot out at least a fourth of an inch and that the shoe is just right. If she objects again I give up and find what she wants. The foot is squeezed into a tight shoe and the baby protests by squalling. She says the seraph is teething or colicky or hasn't had its usual nap, and she shakes it up vigorously, while declaring the shoes are 'just lovely' and that its papa will be delighted.

"The chances are that when she wants another pair she will leave the baby at home and bring down its shoe literally burst out at the toe. She wants several pairs to take home for trial, and I notice that the only ones I considered unsuitable are the very pair she prefers. Children would have better looking feet if they had wiser mothers and the fault lies in the first shoes worn. One pair too short will ruin the feet, no matter how loose subsequent ones may be."

"Then some women learn your philosophy?"

"Yes, but after the little people have laid a foundation for corns and bunions. I know many children between the ages of two and three years who have both these afflictions because their mothers wanted them to look cute, as they term this phase of foot squeezing."

"Is there no change in the shape of children's shoes?"

"None. There can't well be, because the sole must be sufficiently broad to stand the wear and tear. Square toes are preferred to round because they allow freer development of the toes. The spring heel, which was introduced nearly two years ago, is worn as early as two years of age, and has recently become fashionable for girls in their teens. It is nothing but a slip of leather inserted between the sole and that part of the shoe pressed by the wearer's heel. It is seldom that a smaller than No. 8 is made with a regular heel, and that is on the commonsense plan, low and broad. These and the larger sizes have a higher top than has been usual for several years."

"Tell me something about baby shoes. How high are they numbered?"

"Number 4 is the first shoe out of babyhood. No. 0 has a soft sole of white kid and pasteboard and is the successor of the little knit wool boots that are sold for babies in long dresses. Nos. 1, 2 and 3 have what is called the turned sole, sewed together on the wrong side and turned out. There are from four to five buttons on the side and a black tassel is now fastened at the top in front. The latest is to have a vamp of French kid with calf uppers; or what is still better, a half-boxed round toe tipped with patent leather."—*St Louis Post Despatch.*

"BLESS HIS DEAR HEART."

In a very elegant palace car entered a weary-faced, poorly dressed woman with three little children—one a babe in her arms. A look of joy crept into her face as she settled down into one of the luxurious chairs, but it was quickly dispelled as she was asked rudely to "start her boot."

A smile of amusement was seen on several faces as the frightened group hurried out to enter one of the common cars. Upon one young face, however, there was a look which shamed the countenance of the others.

"Auntie," said the boy to the lady beside him, "I am going to carry my basket of fruit and this box of Sandwiches to the poor woman in the next car. You are willing, of course?"

He spoke eagerly, but she answered: "Don't be foolish, dear, you may need them yourself, and perhaps the woman is an impostor."

"No, I'll not need them," he answered decidedly, but in a very low tone.

"You know I had a hearty breakfast, and don't need a lunch. The woman looked hungry, auntie, and so tired, too, with those three little babies clinging to her. I'll be back in a minute, auntie; I know mother wouldn't like it if I didn't speak a kind word to the least of these when I meet them."

The worldly aunt brushed a tear from her eye after the boy left her, and said audibly: "Just like his dear mother."

About five minutes later, as the lady passed the mother and the three children, she saw a pretty sight—the family feasting as perhaps they had never done before; the dainty sandwiches were eagerly eaten, the fruit basket stood open.

The eldest child, with her mouth filled with bread and butter, said, "Was the pretty boy an angel, mamma?"

"No," answered the mother, and a grateful look brightened her faded eyes, "but he is doing angels' work, bless his dear heart!"

And we, too, said, "Bless his dear heart!"—*Peoria Call.*

THEATRE PROPERTIES.

The "properties," as they are termed of the theatre, that is, the unused scenery and also the machinery and fixtures of old performances, gradually form an immense accumulation, observes the "Hermit" of the Troy *Times*. The machinery used in "Sardanapalus" was of very great bulk, and is now stored in the rear of the theatre, where it may remain till called for. The storage room in the Booth Theatre is of vast extent, and embraces an accumulation which, no doubt, cost $100,000. It is in this manner that the profits are so often sunk. A play must, before it can be called profitable, pay for the expense of getting it up, and hence a large risk is taken. "Sardanapalus" is said to have cost $30,000, but as the play had a run the outlay proved a first-rate investment. After a few years it may be revived and have another run. At present, however, it is almost forgotten. There is at the present time scenery of more than 100 plays lying idle, and most of it will be painted over. Scene painters are now very busy, and the best artists make $50 per week. They work with rapid touch, and acquire great skill in this specialty. The drop curtains, however, are very elaborate, and are often highly admired. It is estimated that 25,000 persons attend the theatre every night, beside those who attend other places of amusement. One reason for this is found in the homeless character of New York life. Everybody wants to go somewhere to be amused, and hence the theatres are crowded.

A SCHOLAR.

"Yes, I am five year old to-day!
Last week I put my dolls away;
For it was time, I'm sure you'll say,
For one so old to go
To