BRADFORD REPUBLICAN.

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—THE—

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Towanda Business Directory.

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

CLEVELAND & McGOVERN, (*E. J. Cleveland and W. M. McGovern*), Canton, Bradford County, Pa. Business entrusted to their care in Bradford will receive prompt attention. [1m1y

CHAFFEE & MILLIS, Attorneys-at-Law; Office over Powell & Co.

CHAPMAN, L. L., Office in Wood's Block, south of First National Bank, up stairs. June 12,'78

DAVIS & KINNEY (*N. C. Elsbree* and *L. Elsbree*) Office in Mercur Block, Park St may14,'78

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

FOSTER, H. A., Office over Dayton's Store april 14,'76

GRIFFITH, T. D. W., Office in Mean's Block apr 14,'76

LAWTON, CARNOCHAN & HALL, (*W. T. Davies, W. H. Carnochan, L. M. Hall*) Office in rear of Post-office, entrance on Poplar St. (1m12,'79

MERCUR, ADONEY M., Solicitor of Patents. Prompt attention paid to business in Court and to the settlement of estates. Mercur's Block. 49-79

MERCUR & PATTERSON, Office over Dayton's Store april 14,'76

MERCUR, WILLARD W., Office in Mean's Block apr 14,'76

MONTANYE AND JOHN W. CODDING, Attorneys-at-Law. Office in the Court House, over C. T. Kirby's Drug Store. july 3, '80 tf.

KELLY, L. P. Attorney-at-Law. Office in Montanye's Block, Main Street. 1-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 Pensions, Bounties, Patents, etc., and to the collection and settlement of decedent's estates. [1m1y

PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS.

BEACH, F. B., M.D. Office over Dr. H. C. Porter's Drug Store. feb 12,'78

BURGE, G. N. & F. G. Office at Dwelling on Second street, corner Weston St. feb 12,'77

CAMPBELL, A. H., Office and Dwelling two doors above Odd Fellows' Hall, on Main street. Special attention given to diseases of the throat and lungs. july19,'79.

CODDING, A. H., M.D., Office and residence, second street, north of M.E Church. Examiner for Pension Department. feb 22 78

DERBY, H. B., M.D., Office Pine St., opposite Court House. Office hours from 10 to 12 A.M. and from 1 to 3 P.M. Special attention given to diseases of the Eye, and Diseases of the Ear. [oct 20 77

FRENCH, H. L., M.D., HOMŒOPATHIC PHYSICIAN & SURGEON Office first north of Dr. Torrey's, Athens Pa.

HOTELS.

ALPINE HOUSE Main st., next corner south of Bridge street. New house and new throughout. The proprietor has spared no pains or expense in making his house a first class and respectfully solicits a share of patronage. Meals at all hours Terms reasonable. Large Stable attached. WM. HENRY.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

WASHINGTON POST, NO. 68, G. A. R. Meets every Saturday evening, at Military Hall. GEO. V. MYER, *Commander.* J. Geo. Hoffman, *Adjutant.* feb 7, '79

TRUSAL LODGE, NO. 57. Meets at K. of P. Hall every Monday evening at 7:30. Initiation Fees, Benefits $3.00 per week. Average cost, 3 years experience, $11. JESSE AYERS, *Reporter.* Geo. W. Beck, *Dictator.* feb 22 78

TOWANDA LODGE, NO. 167, I. O. O. F. Meets in Odd Fellow's Hall every Monday evening. WARREN HILL, *Noble Grand.*

HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTING.

BENT, F. E. No 32 Second street All orders will receive prompt attention. june 12,'75

EDUCATIONAL.

SUSQUEHANNA COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE. THE SPRING TERM will begin Monday, April 3, 1882. For catalogue or other information address or call on the Principal. EDWIN E. QUINLAN, A. M. 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 will find it to their interest to call and 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

ORNAMENTAL JOB PRINTING a specialty at the REPUBLICAN office.

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. 4m16.

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 Genesee 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. Sesman, 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. 20apr92-1y.

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 JEWELER

of every variety, and Spectacles. Particular attention paid to repairing. Shop in Decker Vought's Grocery Store, Main Street, Towanda, Penna. sep9-1

New Advertisements.

The Secret

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

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

79 Dearborn Ave., Chicago, Nov. 7. I have been a great sufferer from a very weak stomach, heartburn, and dyspepsia in its worst form. Nearly everything I ate gave me distress, and I could eat but little. I have tried everything recommended, have taken the prescriptions of a dozen physicians, but got no relief until I took Brown's Iron Bitters. I feel none of the old troubles, and am a new man. I am getting much stronger, and feel first-rate. I am a railroad engineer, and now make my trips regularly. I can not say too much in praise of your wonderful medicine. D. C. MACK.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS does not contain whiskey or alcohol, and will not blacken the teeth, or cause headache and constipation. It will cure dyspepsia, indigestion, heartburn, sleeplessness, dizziness, nervous debility, weakness, &c.

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

By Universal Accord,

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

For sale by all druggists.

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.

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.

Wanted

AGENTS! AGENTS! AGENTS!

For GEN. DODGE'S brand 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. *434 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'rs, A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., HARTFORD, CONN.

SELECT POETRY.

OVERCOMETH!

To him that overcomith,
O word divinely strong,
The victor's palm, the faddless wreath,
The grand immortal song.
And his the hidden manna,
And his the polished stone,
Within whose whiteness shines the name
Revealed to him alone.

To him that overcometh—
Ah, what of bitter strife
Before he win the battle's gage
And snatch the crown of life!
What whirl of crossing weapons,
What gleam of flashing eyes,
What stern debate with haughty foes,
Must be before the prize.

To him that overcometh
Shall trials, are befall,
The World, the Flesh, the Devil,
He needs must face them all.
Sweet sirens of temptation
May lure with silvern strain,
And cope he must with subtle foes,
And blanch 'neath fiery pain.

To him that overcometh
A mighty help is pledged;
He wields a sword of purest mould,
By use of cycles edged.
And prophets and confessors,
A matchless valiant band,
Have vanquished earth, and stormed the skies
With that triumphant brand.

To him that overcometh
O promise dearest dear!
The Lord himself who died for him
Will evermore be near.
Here, dust upon his garments,
There, robes that royal be,
For "On my throne," the King hath said,
"Mine own shall sit with me."

To him that overcometh,
O word divinely strong!
It weaves itself through weary hours
Like some rejoicing song.
For his the hidden manna,
And his the name unknown.
Which Christ the Lord one day of days
Will tell to him alone.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A WEDDING RECEPTION.

"Just what I expected!" said Miss Delavigue, mournfully.

She was sitting out on the balcony, where the mignonette and aster were all a blaze of vivid color, to enjoy the sunset; but she didn't enjoy it any more, after Muriade Vail had told her the news. There was a band playing in the little park, whose green grass and sparkling fountain formed such a pretty living picture, but she did not hear its music any longer.

"Married!" said Miss Delavigue, lifting her hands, and drawing a sepulchral sigh—"married! Does the whole world think, and dream, and trouble itself about nothing else?"

"I'm verry sorry, aunt," said Muriade; "but—

"No, you are not," said Miss Delavigue. "Don't begin, at this late day, to tell me falsehoods."

"I don't mean that I'm sorry because I've promised to marry Tom," said Muriade, with a bright spot on each cheek, "because that would be a falsehood. No, indeed, I'm not sorry; but I mean I'm vexed to disappoint you, aunt."

Muriade Vale was a dark, Spanish-eyed girl, with brows like two perfect arches; a red, cherry-cleft mouth, and the most roguish of dints, scarcely large enough to be dignified with the name of dimple, that came and went in a capricious fashion in her chin. She stood, with folded hands and head slightly drooped, before the prim, elderly lady, whose black silk dress resolved itself into such perfect folds, and whose iron-gray curls hung so precisely on either side of her face.

"Didn't I take you when you were seven years old, and bring you up as a young lady should be brought up?" sadly demanded Miss Delavigue.

"Yes, aunt."

"And haven't I had you educated at Mademoiselle Melisse's, with extra piano lessons, and your voice cultivated at two dollars a lesson?" went on the old lady.

"Yes, aunt," confessed Muriade.

"And," severely went on the catechist, "just as you were getting to be a real companion for me, in my advancing years, you forget all this, and run off with—Tom Whitworth."

"I haven't run off with him, aunt!" flashed out Muriade, scarcely knowing whether to laugh or to cry.

"But you would, if you couldn't wring a consent from me. You know you would," said Miss Delavigue. "You'd scramble down a ladder, or climb out of a fourth-story window."

"I love him, aunt," said Muriade, earnestly; "and he loves me."

"Rubbish!" said Aunt Delavigue, with an energy that nearly tipped her eyeglasses from her Roman nose. "You mean that he loves your expectations. He loves the idea of inheriting my money and this brownstone house, and all the shares in the Mexican silver mines. That's the beginning and the end of it!"

"Never, aunt!" cried poor Muriade.

"That's well," grimly pronounced Miss Delavigue; "because I've my own ideas on the subject. I don't know that I'm at all too old to marry myself."

"Aunt!" exclaimed Muriade, in surprise.

"Why not?" said Miss Delavigue. "I suppose there can be old fools as well as young ones."

"But," pleaded Muriade, "are you in earnest?"

"Why shouldn't I be in earnest?"

"Aunt," burst out Muriade, "is it Major Larkington? Is it? Oh, I know it is! And oh, aunt, dear, I do so hope you will be happy! And Major Larkington is perfectly splendid, since he got his false teeth; only, aunt, those tedious stories of his about the war in Florida—won't you get tired of them, if you're obliged to hear them every day?"

Miss Delavigue looked in some perplexity at her niece. She had supposed that this hint would have filled Muriade with dismay and disappointment; but on the contrary that young damsel appeared to accept the idea as the most natural thing in the world. And Tom Whitworth, chancing, entirely by accident, of course, to come in just about that time, coincided in Muriade's view of affairs entirely.

"The jolliest thing I ever heard of!" declared Tom, who was a fair-complexioned young Saxon, with curly yellow locks, a blonde moustache and superb teeth—which latter was a fortunate circumstance, because Tom Whitworth was always laughing. "It's a regular middle-aged romance!"

"I dare say," said Miss Delavigue, primly, "But what do you say to somebody else getting all my money?"

"Dear me!" said Tom, lifting his blonde brows. "It was Muriade I wanted, not your money, Miss Delavigue. Of course, if you choose to leave it to us, after you had done with it, it would have been very acceptable. Ready cash always comes handy. Now, you know that, Muriade, as well as I do," in response to a warning gesture from his fiancee; "but—"

"Oh, Tom, you are such a bungler!" said Muriade, half laughing, half crying.

"Well, perhaps I am," confessed Tom. "But I want Miss Delavigue to understand the whole thing. The money is hers, and we don't grudge it to her. And we're ready to work for our own, aren't we, Muriade? I'm not rich, but my office brings me a thousand dollars a year, and we're both going to economise like everything—aren't we, Muriade? And Major Larkington's a brick, and we hope you'll be happy, exactly as we're going to be."

And Tom Whitworth squeezed Miss Delavigue's hand until the old lady cried out for mercy.

"And now, aunt," said Muriade, radiantly, "when is the wedding to be? And why haven't you said anything about it before?"

Miss Delavigue hesitated a little. She blushed. Apparently she did not know what to say on the spur of the moment.

"Well," she faltered, "Major Larkington did say something about the twentieth of December."

"Christmas-time!" exclaimed Muriade. "Oh, Tom, how perfectly delightful! Couldn't we manage to have our wedding at the same time?"

"No," said Tom, stoutly. "We must be married on the first of December. You said we should, Muriade, and you must not go back of your word."

"But, Tom, it would only be three weeks."

"Three weeks or three days," stoutly maintained Tom Whitworth, "you promised me, and I can't let you off."

"Well, then, you obstinate fellow," said Miss Vale, "we can be back from our trip just in time to dance at Aunt Delavigue's wedding."

"Agreed!" said Tom, looking very happy indeed.

Apparently the young couple were in no wise discomfited at the idea of going to housekeeping on a capital of love, and love alone.

Tom Whitworth began to look diligently around among dim, old auction-rooms and musty, second-hand stores, to find something astoundingly cheap and delightfully comfortable, wherewith to garnish the small cottage which he had decided to take a little out of town, so as to economize in the article of rent.

And Muriade joined a cooking class, made herself a bib-apron, and began to come down into Mrs. Delavigue's kitchen to experiment in pies and puddings, dainty little tea-biscuit, and salad which might have tempted an anchorite to break his vows.

And she studied up the question of polishing brasses, cleaning plate-glass, mending china, and darning table-linen, with notable earnestness. And she was more affectionate than ever with her aunt.

"Because," she told Tom, "there is something so pathetic about Aunt Delavigue's happiness, coming so strangely in the autumn of her life. And I'm afraid, Tom—now don't tell anybody—that Major Larkington is only going to marry her for her money. For he is certainly ten years younger than she is, and he has only come from Philadelphia once to see her since the engagement."

"Love is like measles," said Tom, philosophically. "Ever one has it in a different way."

While Miss Delavigue, who had been judge and jury all by herself, at last rendered the verdict to a public consisting of herself alone.

"They love each other, after all. My money had nothing to do with it. Tom loves Muriade, and Muriade has not ceased to love her old aunt, now that she no longer believes herself to be an heiress. There is such a thing as honor, and truth, and real affection in the world, after all."

The first of December came, and Miss Delavigue gave Muriade the prettiest of weddings; under a marriage-bell of white rose-buds and smilax, with an artistic little *dejeuner*, and she went away in a dove-colored silk dress, with daisies in her hat.

"But," aunt," she said, "it's so strange that Major Larkington isn't here!"

"He couldn't come," said Miss Delavigue. "He'll be on hand on the twentieth. Mind you and Tom get back in time!"

"Oh, we'll be sure to do that!" said Muriade. "And be sure, aunt, that you thank the major for the dear little pearl locket that he sent me."

The twentieth of December came; so did Mr. and Mrs. Tom Whitworth, fresh from the icy spray of Niagara Falls.

Miss Delavigue's parlors were once more decorated with the choicest hot-house flowers, while Souberetti's men were arranging the supper-table and putting champagne bottles into silver coolers. The old lady herself, in pearls, point lace, and the palest of lavender silks, stood in the middle of the room, receiving her guests. Major Larkington himself was there, looking very stiff and military, and an old-young lady in a dress exactly off the same pattern of Miss Delavigue's.

"You are late Tom, and Muriade," said the hostess, beamingly. "The marriage ceremony was performed half an hour ago. The major thought he would rather have it over before the guests began to arrive. Stop! Don't congratulate me! I'm not the bride. This," introducing the old-young lady with the profusion of curls, and the slight *soupcon* of powder on her cheekbones, "is Mrs. Major Larkington, and my old schoolmate, Helena Dove, who has given me great pleasure by accepting my hospitality on this occasion."

"Delighted, I am sure!" stammered Tom, staring with all his eyes.

"Many congratulations" faltered Muriade, scarcely less amazed.

And then they took advantage of a stream of newcomers, who monopolized the bridal pair, and taxed Miss Delavigue with her duplicity.

"Sold," said Tom, succinctly, "completely!"

"Aunt, how could you deceive us so?" said Muriade.

"I didn't deceive you," said Miss Delavigue, laughing. "I said there could be old fools as well as young ones, and I say so still. And you yourself mentioned Major Larkington! I didn't feel myself called upon to go into any disclaimers, although I knew then that he was engaged to Helena Dove; and the only point I gained was the certainty that my niece and nephew were not heartless fortune-seekers, but loved me just as well as if they believed themselves my heirs, as well as the conviction that Tom Whitworth loved Muriade just because she was Muriade, and not the rich old woman's only relation."

Miss Delavigue made her will the next day, and left all her money to Muriade and Tom, because she was easy in her mind at last.

"It was a regular conspiracy," she said; "but it revealed to me exactly what I wanted to know.—*Helen Forrest Graves.*

DAILY HABITS.—Always eat your food slowly, masticate well, sit down to your meal in good humor, as you go to bed, smiling and peaceful. Keep good natured, and never indulge in anger. This is the way to insure digestion, sound sleep and long life.

CONGRESSMEN AND SENATORS.

The Domestic Life of the People's Representatives in Washington.

I refer, of course, to those who do not live in hotels, which the majority of them cannot afford to do. Many of them, even those whose wives and children are with them, lodge in one place and go several squares in all kinds of weather for their meals, which last they take possibly in a dining room in a back building on the first floor, looking only upon a brick wall about six feet distant, where the sun never shines and where people are huddled together at meal times in little better order than animals in a pen. The food in the place which I am accurately describing as one where I know certain Representatives and their families to have taken their meals for several consecutive months is badly served, never very hot or temptingly cooked, is of medium quality but abundant. Naturally, eating in so cheerless a place of so unsavory a diet is apt to sow the seeds of the dyspepsia which irregular hours and even occasional drinks develop into the disease known, when a Representative has it, as malaria, or, when it seizes a Senator, as pneumonia.

The lodgings a few blocks distant used by some of those who eat, as I have described, are up more than one flight of steps in a very shabby-looking house inside, which is poorly furnished. The hall and staircase are dark by day and night, for only one gas-burner is allowed to flicker, in a dim way, during the evening in the hall on the first floor, and there is none in the hall up stairs through which the "member," his wife and children stumble on returning from their late dinner, and he gropes his way through darkness even more dense when he comes in after ten o'clock from any place. Their rooms are three, a so-called parlor and a bed room, in which they and two children crowd, and a hall room, or one in the back building for the nurse, if they indulge in such a luxury, as some feel they cannot afford to do. The parlor is the member's office, the children's play room and his wife's sewing room and reception room, where she receives visitors whenever any find her at home. It bears evidence of all the purposes to which it is put and its scanty, shabby furniture and carpet are almost concealed beneath newspapers, *Congressional Records*, documents and books and seeds from the Agricultural Department to be distributed to constituents. The children's toys, the baby's carriage, the nursery refrigerator in which the baby's milk is kept and the mother's work-basket, as well as her card-basket overflowing with cards from foreign and domestic dignitaries—for she has diligently called on every one in official life—notwithstanding the fact that she has no suitable place to see visitors, all are to be found or stumbled over in this room. No wonder she is generally reported "out," even when actually at home, when her visits are returned. But I am glad to say none even of her most fashionable acquaintances snub her because she does not live in better style.

Of course, there are some Senators and Representatives who live in boarding houses who are better situated than those I have described, but few of them are, if they have children with them, as their expenses are too heavy to afford the best accomodations here, many of them having residences at their distant homes, the expenses of which only partially cease during their absence. Some, instead of going out to meals, are supplied by caterers, who send the food in covered tin boxes to customers living sometimes a mile from where the food is cooked When it is brought in, none too hot, the member's writing material and manuscript, including his half-finished speech, are shoved to one side of his table and the food is deposited on the remaining space, which is covered during the meal with a cloth which has decidedly seen better days. To this unappetizing repast the family draw up and think that at least the sublimity of discomfort can be found in phases of Congressional life in Washington and wonder why they imagined before coming here that their paths would be strewn with roses and that when the head of the house was elected they thought earth had no brighter lot to offer than theirs was to be.

Unless rich enough to afford the best accommodations a hotel can offer, the members of either house of Congress who live at the hotels have the advantage of those living in boarding houses only in the better meals, better furniture and attendance. Their rooms usually are very small and, of course, overcrowded by their trunks, books and papers, and one room often has no outside windows. One Congressman of my acquaintance who, with his wife, occupies a couple of very cheerful rooms on the upper floor of a hotel, has perforce to do all his work—and he has no clerk or private secretary—in the same room where his wife receives all her visitors. Yet he does it well. But when he has work to do which demands steady thinking he must borrow the time from that belonging to sleep in order to secure quiet.—*Washington Correspondence Philadelphia Times.*

NEGROES SELLING COTTON.

Promptly at the proper hour the men and women employed in the cotton gins walked into the buildings, and when the whistle blew they were at work. Early in the morning, before sunrise, the little carts and light one-horse wagons began to roll into town. Sail and row-boats came slowly up and down the river toward the town. Carts and boats were laden with the famous Sea Island cotton. The cotton was packed in bed ticks, in baskets, tied up in sheets, pounded into grain sacks, pressed into burlaps, and one old woman had a handkerchief filled with the white staple. Cart after cart, wagon after wagon, boat after boat, drove or sailed up to the warehouse. As the cotton offered for sale was brought in, the black owners nervously pushed up to the scales, and watched the weighing and the motions of the weigher. The seller, when told the weight, generally mumbled in a low, much-abused tone, as if to himself. "Pears to me dat mighty light cotton." Then all the other negroes who had not sold glared at him, and said disparagingly, "You's no count nigger. Dis man, he a gentleman. He no cheat poor niggers." Some sold outright, accepting a fixed price for their seed cotton—seed cotton is that which has not had the seeds separated from the fibre by the cotton gins—others wanted their cotton ginned, they paying a certain price and receiving the seed and cotton back. Others sold the cotton and the seed after the cotton had been ginned. Still others sold the ginned cotton and received the seed back again. They took the seed home, using it as feed for their cattle said as manure for their land. There was much openly expressed suspicion of the buyer; but it was expressed good-naturedly and never offensively. The impression among the negroes was that the educated white man would take advantage of the ignorant black man; but there was not, to my knowledge, any dispute as to weight or price. The money was paid promptly, and the producers were apparently contented. With the money received for their cotton they bought food, clothing, whiskey (vile whiskey) in jugs, and almost every man or woman bought a little package of candy for the children at home.

ECCENTRICITIES OF BEAUTY.

Freaks of Beauties a Thousand Years Ago—The Uncivilized Belle.

Undoubtedly there is much idle talk about the wonderful extravagance of ladies of the present day, their pursuit of constantly changing styles and the luxuries demanded by those who can, or think they can, afford the expense. One would be led to suppose, in the absence of knowledge to the contrary, that these were things of modern growth. But just look at the "style" they used to put on in early ages, and their enormous extravagance. We are told that the ladies of Lesbos slept on roses whose perfume had been artificially heightened. And in those times court maidens powdered their hair with gold. Marc Antony's daughter did not change her dress half a dozen times a day, as do the Saratoga graces, but she made the lampreys in her fishpond wear earrings. The dresses of Lollia Paulina, the rival of Aggripina, were valued at $2,664,480. This did not include her jewels. She wore at one supper $1,562,500 worth of jewels, and it was a plain citizens' supper. The luxury of Poppæa, beloved by Nero, was equal to that of Lollia.

The women of the Roman Empire indulged in all sorts of luxuries and excesses, and these were revived under Napoleon the First in France. Mme. Tallien bathed herself in a wash of strawberries and raspberries, and had herself rubbed down with sponges dipped in milk and perfume.

An Albanian belle of to-day presents a rather striking appearance. She is, as a rule, coiled with seed pearls and coins, and enveloped in a black serge pelisse. She uses paint on her face profusely, and her taste runs to cherry lips and cheeks, and jet-black eyebrows strongly drawn. An Albanian bride discards paint for a while, and, if wealthy, wears a suit something like this:—Rose-colored under-robes, with an over-robe of dark green velvet, the idea being taken from a rosebud half opened in its leaves. Thus arrayed, the girl of handsome features is said to look really bewitching.

The Tartars despise prominent nasal appendages, and the woman who has the smallest nose is esteemed the most charming, but to outside barbarians she is a perfect fright.

The women of Spiti, in India, wear tunics and trousers of woollen stuff, with large boots, partly of leather, partly of blanket, which come up to the knee and which they are fond of taking off at any time. In order to get greater warmth they often put a quantity of flour into these boots besides their legs. Their taste in regard to ornaments runs much to all sorts of rings, including nose rings.

A typical woman in the interior of Africa is thus described:—"Her naked negro skin was leathery, coarse and wrinkled; her figure was tottering and knock-kneed; her thin hair hung in greasy locks; on her wrists and ankles she had almost an arsenal of metal links of iron, brass and copper, strong enough to bind a prisoner in his cell. About her neck were hanging chains of iron, strips of leather, strings of wooden balls, and heaven knows what more lumber."—*Boston World.*

NAUSEA.

The feeling of nausea is a very common one. Sometimes it is felt slightly in the morning, and passes away after breakfast. Sometimes it is severe, almost to vomiting, and lasts for hours after waking; and this may continue for weeks.

When slight, it is due to a disturbed state of the mucous membrane of the stomach, or to a deranged condition of the liver; or to both. It may be relieved by various pungent substances—say cayenne-pepper; or by a warm bath; or by rest for a few days with little food and plenty of fresh air.

If severe, relief may be obtained by medicines which quicken the secretions of the kidneys, bowels and skin, or by counter-irritation; that is, by applying, say, a mustard poultice over the stomach and liver for ten or fifteen minutes every third or fourth day.

Sometimes there is a persistent nausea dependent on the stomach's sympathy with other disturbed organs. In such, and in fact in all severe cases, the advice of a physician should be sought, and generally there is no need of suffering months without relief.

Those persons who suffer from sligh forms of nausea and want of appetite, are often advised to take a little alcohol before eating. But we earnestly commend to all such persons the following sound advice from the distinguished medical expert, Sir Lionel Beale,—

"Brandy, gin, bitters of various kind, are taken for weakened digestion, etc., and a worse system has never been carried out. The bad habit of taking now and then ginger-brandy, cherry-brandy, or the worse one, of frequently imbibing strong sherry for relieving nausea, or a sensation of hollowness, or faintness, or fulness, or what not, has been the ruin of thousands.

"The amount used is gradually increased, and the nausea and other unpleasant sensations, instead of occurring once or twice a day, occur a great many times. The result is, the victim will tell you he is obliged frequently to resort to the remedy in order to do his work. Of those who act thus many will become slaves to alcohol. They become unable to abstain, and self-control is lost."—*Youth's Companion.*

BRAKEMAN "OMAHA BILL."

William Hoggatt, better known as "Omaha Bill," the brakeman who was burned to death on the caboose of one of the trains which was wrecked by the collision on the Central Pacific Railroad, near Danville, last Saturday, was in many respects a remarkable character. His parents are in comfortable circumstances, and reside in the State of Ohio. At the age of sixteen years "Bill" left home, with his father's consent, and began his railroad life as a brakeman. He afterward served as firemen, engineer, and conductor, but never forsook the rail. He was six feet five inches tall, and his strength was prodigious. No man of equal physical prowess ever rode on the top of a box-car. He was employed at different times by almost every company in the country, and there is not a railroad man of any prominence to whom he was not known as "Omaha," or who will not regret his tragic fate. His habits were peculiar, but his integrity was unquestioned. He never remained on any line more than six months at a time. He would always give due notice of his intention to "move on," and leave his employers in an honorable manner. In the course of a year or two he would stride into the Superintendent's office again, and with the remark, "Well, Mr.——, here I am again. Any chance to catch on?" The Division Superintendents all over the Union appreciated his worth, and within six hours after making his application he could be placed at work again. His liberality was proverbial. No railroad man in distress ever asked for his aid in vain, and his death at the early age of thirty years will be most keenly felt by those whom he thus befriended. He was in the caboose getting his lights ready for use, when the collision occurred, and it can be truthfully said that he died while doing his duty.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

THE DEACON'S ADVICE.

"Think more of the harvest and less of the labor,"
Said good farmer Smith to his neighbor one day,
Who paused on the hillside both stony and sterile,
To chat with the deacon, hard-fisted and gray.

The prospect seemed cheerless where even weeds wilted,
And oft would the husbandman growl and lament,
Yet still he worked on, with heart unconfiding,
Vexation his portion, instead of content.

Soft dews and warm rains on the hillside descended,
A capital crop blessed the young farmer's eyes,
"O fool that I am," in the autumn he murmured—
"My summer-time doubts I now deeply despise.

"I might have spared all of the fretting and worry;
The deacon was right, and my duty was clear—
'Think more of the harvest and less of the labor,'
I'll sing both in spring-time and autumn, next year."

"Think more of the harvest and less of the labor,"
Should be the grand motto of all as they toil,
For God will bless those who act nobly and wisely,
And flowers will spring from unpromising soil.

—Youth's Companion.

THE TOMBS PRISON.

How the Friends of Prisoners try to Smuggle in Liquors.

Warden James Finn, of the Tombs prison, sat at the desk in his office contemplating the surroundings when a *Telegram* reporter called this afternoon. "I have been making a mental calculation as to what the contents of the cases on these walls are worth as curiosities," said the Warden. "I suppose that some enterprising museum director would pay a pretty good price for the oddities I have gathered, but they are not for sale. I'm not in the liquor traffic, but I have bottles of whiskey that ought to be good, if age improves that stuff."

Here the Warden opened one of the cases and brought out three loaves of bread. The reporter looked surprised, and the Warden laughingly said:—"I've not turned baker yet. Three loaves of bread don't make a bake shop or imply that I am in the baking business. Be patient a moment and I'll show you something that will convince you that the age of ingenuity is not yet in the sere and yellow lea