BRADFORD REPUBLICAN.

BOLCOMB & 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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Towanda Business Directory.

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

CLEVELAND & MCCOY BROS., (*E. J. Cleveland and W. McCoy*), Canton, Bradford County, Pa. All business entrusted to their care in Western Bradford will receive prompt attention. [apr7'82-y]

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

CAMPBELL, E. N., Office in Wood's Block, south of First National Bank, up stairs. June 12,'78

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

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

MERCUR, L. A., Office over Dayton's Store april 14,'76

WILLIAMS, C. COLEBREW, Office in Mean's Block, apr14,'76

DAVIES, CARNOCHAN & HALL, (*W. T. Davies, W. Carnochan, L. M. Hall.*) Office in rear of Wood's Block, Entrance on Poplar St. (jel2,'75

MERCUR, CONSTANT SHELEY, Solicitor of Patents. Particular attention paid to business in the Orphans' Court and to the settlement of estates. Office in Towanda's Block 49-79

MACPHERSON & YOUNG, (*L. McPherson and M. T. 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 Mercur's office. All business entrusted to their care will receive prompt attention. oct 26,'77

JAMES H. AND JOHN W. CODDING, Attorneys and Counsellors-at-Law. Office in the Mercur Block, over C. T. Kirby's Drug Store. July 3, '80 tf.

KENNY, J. P., Attorney-at-Law. Office in Montanye's Block, Main Street. Sept 27-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 Government, Bounties, Patents, etc., and to the settlement of decedent's estates. [jy 12,'78-y]

HENRY B. MCKEAN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

TOWANDA, PA.

Agent for Patents. Government claims attended to. [16feb82

PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS.

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

NAPHEN, DR. G. N., F.E.C. Office at Dwelling on Second street, corner Weston St. feb 12,'77

CRAIGE, S. S., M.D., Office 1st door above old Post-office, on Main street. Special attention given to diseases of the throat and lungs. july19,'78

CUTLER, S. M., M.D., Office and residence on Main street, north of M.E. Church. Examiner for Pension Department. feb 22 '78

DAVIS, E. D., M.D., Office Pine St., opposite Mercur's. Office hours from 10 to 12 A.M. and 1 to 4 P.M. Special attention given to diseases of the Eye and Diseases of the Ear. oct 20 '77

TORREY, H. L., M.D., Homœopathic Physician & Surgeon. Residence and office east north of Dr. Corbon's Street, Athens, Pa.

HOTELS.

HENRY HOUSE, Main St., next corner south of Bridge street. New house and new throughout. The proprietor has spared neither pains nor expense in making his house a first-class and respectfully solicits a share of public patronage. Meals at all hours. Terms reasonable. Large Stable attached. WM. HENRY.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

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

CRESCENT LODGE, NO. 57, Meets at K. of P. Hall every Monday evening at 7:30. Initiation $10.00. Benefits $3.00 per week. Average assessments 7 years experience, $11. JESSE MYERS, *Reporter.* L. BRADLEY, *Dictator.* feb 22 '78

BRADFORD LODGE NO. 167, I. O. O. F., Meets in Odd Fellow's Hall every Monday evening at 7:30. WARREN HILL, *Noble Grand.* jan 25

HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTING.

PAGE 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 EGBERT QUINLAN, A. M. Towanda, Pa.

PLUMBER AND GAS FITTER.

WILLIAMS, EDWARD. Practical Plumber and Gas Fitter. Place of business in Mercur's 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

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 & Gordon'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.

Aug16.

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

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.

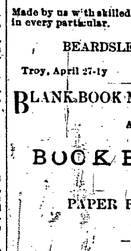
☞ ALL OF WHICH WILL BE SOLD AT THE VERY LOWEST PRICES,

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

M. HENDELMAN.

sept16-tf

The World Challenged!



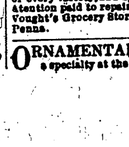
This liniment has been manufactured and used for twenty-five years, and our innumerable certificates of cure prove it to be an unparalleled success. We do not offer it as an internal Remedy, positively asserting that any Liniment that can be taken into the stomach without injury can have little efficiency in acting as a specific when externally applied. This being compounded entirely of Oils, is readily absorbed into the system giving prompt relief even in cases of acute pain caused by Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Sprains, Bruises, Chilblains, or from any cause where a Liniment is demanded. The Oils are so penetrating that a thorough use of the Liniment will remove all stiffness of joints, lameness of muscles, or pain arising from inflamation or any cause. Even in chronic Spinal Diseases, and Paralysis, frequent use of the Liniment will effect many cures. Finally, for pain in any part of the body, use freely, with rubbing and warmth and we guarantee relief. You will find a trial of it the best certificate of its value. It is the *only* Liniment made *entirely* of Oils, and we challenge the world for its equal. Price 25 and 50 cents per bottle. SOLD BY ALL DEALERS.

For Man & Beast

Try Dr. Sawens Improved Mandrake Pills, they are made pleasant and effective. Price 25 cents.

And had One of His

25 CENT DINNERS



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. sep9-3

ORNAMENTAL JOB PRINTING a specialty at the REPUBLICAN office.

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 an 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. 18th. 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

"I have a better tonic than any one who is recommending up," than [illegible] made.

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.

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 bowels 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 1y.

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 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 we 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 Indians 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. 414 *thousand to 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.

Seeing the Comet.

Which of you all, my friends, has seen the Comet rise
And spread his glistening tail across the skies?
This is the only Comet of the season;
And, if you have not seen it, what's the reason?
Perhaps because you must get up at four,
And leave the downy couch you love too well;
Maybe, when Bridget hammers on the door,
You wab her and then Comet both in ——. Well,
I am not so lazy quite as you;
So up I rose before the break of day,
And what I saw I will describe in few
And simple words. Nothing at all to pay!
The little clock, that I had wound up tight,
Went off at 4 a. m. like "all possessed,"
Shivering, I sprang from bed, and stood upright;
I was, I needn't mention, thinly dressed.
The first thing that I lit on was a tack;
Ye gods and little fishes! how I swore!
The plaguey thing was sticking in a crack.
With much dispatch I sat down on the floor.
This taxed my patience very sore, but still
I made my mind up to do nothing rash.
Slowly and sadly, to the window-sill
I felt my way, and then threw up the sash.
The night was still, and, dark as dungeon-cell.
Still! did I say? Ye gods! what do I hear?
A long-drawn, frightful, and blood-curdling yell.
My hair stood up on end with sudden fear.
A moment more, away my fears all flee—
I recognized the voice of an old friend;
Our speckled Thomas-cat, like me, was up to see
The shooting star that had a Grecian bend.
A soap-dish quickly settled him, and then I tried
To find the place where I could see the Comet,
And, unless all my calculations lied,
I really did not think I was far from it.
I'll tell you all I saw, for I ain't proud,
And telling of the truth is only right;
That darned old Comet was behind a cloud,
And had his tail tucked snugly out of sight.
I shut the window down, and went to bed
To curse my luck and warm my chilly spine;
But firmly to myself I softly said,
"I'll have no Comets, if you please, in mine!"

Chicago Tribune.

MRS. CHALLONER'S DANCE.

Mrs. Challoner is a woman who does everything in the world—her small part of it, that is to say—by fits and starts, and her own caprice.

As she stands outside the old farmhouse gazing thoughtfully through one of the kitchen windows, she half decides to turn back and never disturb Rose Escott's quiet, but happy life.

Unconsciously Rose decides her own fate. There floats through the open window a quick, merry ditty, in an exquisite soprano voice. That voice scatters Mrs. Challoner's indecision to the winds.

"It would be a pity," she thinks, abnegating all responsibility, as is her wont, "if a girl like that could never have a chance to see a little of life."

Then she steps up to the window and looks in. Rose is paring apples. A dainty girl, with fair, straight features, an arch, smiling mouth, and eyes with the velvet blue lustre of pansies. As she works, she sings little bits of the love-ditty I have mentioned before. She is all unaware that she has an admiring auditor and looker-on.

Mrs. Challoner had taken a great fancy to the girl. I doubt if she would have noticed her at all, however, if it had not been for Rose's voice and fresh young beauty. There had been a houseful of visitors at the Grange, lately, and Mrs. Challoner had been obliged to call on Farmer Escott for cream, butter and fruit.

It was on one of these expeditions that she first saw Rose.

At last Mrs. Challoner taps softly with the ivory handle of her fan on the window-sill, and pulling aside a clinging vine, looks smilingly in at her young *protege.*

Rose looks quickly up, half-startled. When she sees it is Mrs. Challoner, she smiles back, and comes eagerly forward.

She likes Mrs. Challoner very much, and is not a little proud that she should be chosen as the friend of such a stylish, aristocratic lady.

"Won't you come in?"

"Thank you—no; it's too delicious out here among your old-fashioned flower-beds! And, then, I must go. I am going to give a carpet-dance tonight. Will you come?"

That Rose is pleased with the invitation there can be no doubt. The pansy-blue eyes shine, while a quick blush rises to her fair face.

"Then it is settled," says Mrs. Challoner, seeing the delight in Rose's face, though she has said nothing. "Try to look your best, child, and you will take all the men's hearts by storm. Good-bye!"

Mrs. Challoner has scarcely gone, when Tom Haines knocks and enters, a slight frown on his sunny face.

He is a tall, sun-browned young fellow, with clear, grey eyes; not very handsome, certainly, but with an air about him that is honest and true.

"I wish you and that woman weren't such great friends," he says, abruptly, standing tall and straight before Rose, a displeased expression in his grey eyes.

Rose is not working now; her fair, white hands are folded idly in her lap, and she is staring straight before her, in a thoughtful, dreamy expression on her face.

The sight irritates Tom; he is angry with Mrs. Challoner for putting "notions" into the girl's head. His voice is sharper than he had meant it to be.

"Why?" said Rose, looking quickly up.

There is a rebellious ring in her voice, which Tom does not see fit to notice.

"Companionship with Mrs. Challoner and her visitors will only make you dissatisfied with your own condition in life. They are above you socially and—"

Tom stopped.

"Why don't you go on?" says Rose, passionately. "You were about to say that they are above me socially and intellectually! Here is the ring that you gave me!" tearing it from her finger and tossing it haughtily towardshim. "I will never marry a man who thinks me below other people, both in regard to intellect and social standing."

"Rose, you know I didn't mean that," says Tom, hurriedly and pleadingly.

"Pardon me, but I know nothing of the kind," says Rose, freezingly. "And really, Mr. Haines"—hiding her heart-pain beneath the smile women know so well how to assume—"I don't wish to appear rude, but—I am going to a carpet-dance at the Grange, to-night, and I have considerable work to do before that time."

"I suppose Mrs. Challoner's brother will be there?" sneers Tom, thoroughly aroused again at mention of the party, and knowing that he has been given his *congé.*

"Mr. Palmer will probably be there," says Rose, a faint flush stealing to her face.

With a muttered imprecation Tom turns on his heel, and strides out of the room.

Women are all false and fickle to the core, he thinks bitterly. Every new face has power to charm them, if it be only handsome, no matter how black the soul it masks. Well, he has invested Rose with an ideal character, not belonging to other women, and he has found out his mistake—that is all.

All of which is very untrue and very unjust of Tom. He is jealous without a cause, as Mr. Palmer is utterly indifferent to Rose, who, if he did but know it, is even now crying herself sick because of their quarrel. But her wounded woman's pride sustains her, and when evening comes she is gay even to recklessness. There is an exquisite flush on the fair face, and the pansy-blue eyes are shining.

Mrs. Challoner comes for her in her carriage. Her face lights up at the sight of the fair vision before her.

"You look like a daughter of the gods," she says, delighted. "You will be the belle of the evening, *ma chere.*"

Rose blushes, and smiles with pleasure. She knows that she is beautiful, and is not averse to having people tell her so. Her father likes to have her dress well, and she knows how to set off her beauty to the best advantage.

Decidedly she is the belle of the evening, and Mrs. Challoner is pleased to present her to her select set.

George Palmer, handsome, polished, and *debonnaire,* hovers about her most of the evening, and dances so often with Rose, that it occasions remark.

As Rose listens to the tender nothings he whispers in her ear, she smiles up at him, while that exquisite flush of hers steals over her face.

A woman is watching them intently—a pale, plain, slender woman, faultlessly dressed, but with an air of apathy and misery about her touching to behold.

"Do you know who that lady is?" said Rose. "She has been looking at me continually. She does not appear to be happy in this great crowd."

Mr. Palmer laughs uneasily.

"No-o, I don't know who she is," he says, in a strange, hesitating way. "I think I have seen her before, but—I must have forgotten who she is."

Then he departs abruptly for an ice, and Rose is left to marvel at his altered demeanor. Mrs. Challoner rustles up, the next moment, the pale lady by her side.

"Allow me to present my brother's wife," she says. "Mrs. Palmer, Miss Escott."

For a moment Rose feels faint and bewildered. Then she rallies and greets the wronged young wife with all the cordiality of her warm nature.

There is such a touching, child-like air about Mrs. Palmer that Rose falls in love with her on the spot. She wonders indignantly how her husband can treat her so cruelly. Mr. Palmer has evidently seen them together, as he very discreetly keeps away for the rest of the evening.

How glad Rose is when it is all over, and she is at home in her own room again! What a weary, mocking sham fashionable life is! How could she have compared her noble Tom with George Palmer? She will never go to a fashionable dance again—never! And she never does.

The next day Tom comes to ask to be forgiven, and is compelled to forgive remorseful Rose instead.

As for Mr. Palmer, that very day he departs for town, leaving his wife at the Grange.

"Dear George," says Mrs. Challoner, in explanation to her friends; "he is so restless! And then, don't you know, his married life has been so—so much of a disappointment to him—to us all, in fact."

Hamlet in Street Clothes.

Maze Edwards, manager for Edwin Booth, thus describes their appearance at Waterbury last Winter, when the troupe played without their costumes:

When I found the baggage with the costumes had not arrived, I was just going to throw myself into the river, when I thought I would go and tell Mr. Booth about it, and bid good-bye to some of the people who had always thought a good deal of me, before killing myself. To my astonishment, Mr. Booth took it coolly. He said, inasmuch as the people were in the hall, he would make a few remarks to them about the accident, and then they would go on and play three acts of "Hamlet" in the clothes they had on. And so it was fixed up that way.

Well, the thought of Hamlet in a short-tailed coat and tight pants almost made me sick, and when Mr. Booth came on the stage looking like an Episcopal minister, with a Knight Templar's cheese knife that he had borrowed, I couldn't think of anything but Hamlet. I forgot all about his clothes, and I believe if he had only had on a pair of sailor pants and a red flannel fireman's shirt, that the people would have seen Hamlet. I tell you he is the greatest actor that ever lived. The people sat perfectly still, and seemed wrapped up in Booth. That is, they were when they did not look at the other fellows.

But when they took in Laertes, with a short ham-fat coat on, a pair of la-de-dah pants, and a pancake hat, it seemed to me I could hear them smile. And the King, Hamlet's step-father, he was a sight. Imagine a King with a cut-away checkered coat, a Pullman car blanket thrown over his shoulder for a robe, and a leg of a chair for a scepter, mashed on a queen with a traveling dress and a gray woolen basque with buttons on it. And think of Polonius with a linen duster and a straw hat with a blue ribbon on! O, it made me tired. Ophelia was all right enough. She had on some crazy clothes that she had been traveling in, and we got some straw out of a barn, and some artificial flowers off the bonnets, and she pulled through pretty well.

But the Ghost. You would have died to see the Ghost. He had on one of those long hand-me-down ulster overcoats with a buckle in the back as big as a curry-comb, and the belt was hanging down on both sides. The boys got him a green mosquito bar to put over it, and with a stuffed club for a scepter, he fell over a chair and then came on. I should have laughed if I had been on my deathbed, when he said to Hamlet "I am thy father's ghost." He looked more like a drummer for a wholesale confectionery house, with a sort of tin skimmer on his head, and I believe the audience would have gone wild with laughter if it had not been for Mr. Booth. I don't believe you could get him to laugh on the stage for a million dollars. He just looked at the Ghost as though it was a genuine one, and the audience looked at Booth, and forget all about the ulster, and the ghost's pants being rolled up at the bottom.

It was probably the greatest triumph that an actor ever had, for Mr. Booth to compel the vast audience to forget the ludicrous surroundings and think only of the character he was portraying. I wouldn't have missed the night's performance for a thousand dollars, and when, at 10 o'clock, I heard the boys getting the trunks up stairs, I was almost sorry. The last two acts were played with the costumes, but they were no better performed than the first. Still, I think, on the whole, I had rather the baggage would be there. It makes a manager feel better.

No Time to Talk.

Scene—New England railroad office: Time—Immediately after a collision of lightning express trains:

Anxious Inquirer—"Is it true that a terrible accident has happened and many passengers killed and injured? My wife and children were on the train."

Polite Official—"Accident! Accident! Well, I believe there is little delay somewhere."

Anxious Inquirer—"Can't you tell me something about it?"

Polite Official—"With pleasure as soon as I learn the particulars. Go home and I will send a boy around with the information in a week or two. Am very busy forwarding bandages and coffins. No time to talk.—*Philadelphia News.*

Vouch for your neighbor's honesty, not for payment of his debts.

Arabi Pasha's Home Life.

I had already seen and spoken with Arabi, writes Lady Gregory, but it was not until the end of February that I went with Lady Anne Blunt to see his wife. They had moved some little time before to a new house, large and dilapidated looking, and which Arabi was represented as having fitted up in a luxurious style; in fact, at that time the crime most frequently alleged against him was that he had bought carpets to the amount of £120. There were some pieces of new and not beautiful European carpets in the chief rooms, but if Arabi paid £120 for them he got a very bad bargain. I have heard very lately, from one who has taken trouble to investigate the truth of the stories of his avarice, that he has the same small amount of money to his credit now that he had before he was either Pasha or Minister, and that the foundation of the story of his having become a large landed proprietor is his having become trustee for the child of an old friend who had been kind to him.

The sole furniture of the reception room of Arabi's wife consisted of small, hard divans covered with brown linen and a tiny table with a crochet antimacassar over it. On the whitewashed walls the only ornaments were photographs of him in black wooden frames, and one larger photograph of the Sacred Stone at Mecca. In the room where Arabi himself sat and received were a similar hard divan, two or three chairs, a table and an inkstand covered with stains.

His wife was ready to receive us, having heard an hour or two earlier of our intended visit. She greeted us warmly, speaking in Arabic, which Lady Anne interpreted for me. She has a pleasant, intelligent expression; but, having five children living out of fourteen that have been born to her, looked rather overcome with the cares of maternity, her beauty dimmed since the time when the tall, grave soldier she had seen passing under her window every day looked up at last and saw and loved her. She wore a long dress of green silk. "My husband hates this long train," she told us afterward; "he would like to take a knife and cut it off, but I say I must have a fashionable dress to wear when I visit the Khedive's wife and other ladies." I think there are English husbands, who, in this grievance at least, will sympathize with Arabi.

A day or two before we left I went again to see his wife. She looked a little sadder, a little more anxious, than when I had last seen her, but was on hospitable cares intent, and soon went out of the room to see to the preparation of dinner. I had an Italian lady with me as interpreter, who spoke French and Arabic very well. They had expected me this time, and made more preparations; and when the meal was ready and I saw dish after dish coming in, I was in despair until I found that one of the children, my bright-eyed friend Hassan, was quite ready to sit by me and be fed from my plate, and so I disposed of my share to his great satisfaction. "I like this better than having to wait down stairs till dinner is over," he said. "Then they forget me and eat up all the good things."

By the time dessert arrived he said he liked me, but hated other ladies, and would like to come and see me in England, but did not know how he would manage it, as his papa wanted the carriage every day. I advised him to learn English, and his mother said she would like to send him to one of the Christian schools in Cairo. "But how can I send him where he would hear his father spoken ill of?" She seemed troubled, poor woman, because the Khedive's wife, who used to be good and kind to her, now says: "How can we be friends when your husband is such a bad man?"

The old mother sat in the corner attending to the children and counting over her beads. I said, "Are you not proud now your son is a Pasha?" "No," she said, "we were happier in the old days when we had him with us always and feared nothing. Now he gets up at daybreak, and has only time to say his prayers before there are people waiting for him with petitions, and he has to attend to them and then go to his business, and often he is not back here until after midnight, and until he comes I cannot sleep, I cannot rest; I can do nothing but pray for him all the time.—There are many who wish him evil, and they will try to destroy him. A few days ago he came home suffering great pain, and I was sure he had been poisoned; but I got him a hot bath and remedies and he grew better, and since then I keep even the water that he drinks locked up. But, say all I can, I cannot frighten him or make him take care of himself; he always says, 'God will preserve me.'"—*London Times.*

Billy Arp on People and Things.

Every body, big and little and old and young, are always hankering after some new thing, or something that somebody else has got, or something they can't get; and it's a pity, it is, for when they get it they are no happier, for happiness comes from contentment and a willingness to enjoy what you have got, instead of what you haven't got.—Happiness is like religion. It ain't away off yonder but it is right at us, if we will only see it and take hold of it. My little chap is now in the gout age, and is begging me for a dollar to buy a goat with to work in his little wagon, and so I reckon I will have to let him have it, for I remember that a long time ago I was in the goat age myself, but now I am sorter approaching my dotage, and would not have a goat under any consideration. The office-seekers have their age too, and I reckon it's a forage, for they want to get their living easy, without working for it, and forage on the public. Politics is pretty hot up our way, and one can hear awful hard stories told on candidates. One of 'em complained to Cole the other day because they beat him for the Legislature and said they told lies on him—and Cole said, "Well, maybe you've heard it wrong, for folks will purvarecate and varygate and exaggerate powerful, and it won't do to believe more than half people say, and not more than a quarter of what you say yourself." Jesso! Cole is a curious case. He looked at a calf of mine the other day, and asked me what kind of an animal it was. I told him its father was a full Jersey and its mother a half Jersey and he pondered a moment and said, "Well that makes the calf a Jersey and a half, don't it, Squire?" He is very good on additions, but very poor on averages.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Troubled by Jake Martin's Month.

We heard some ladies talking at the breakfast table at the Boby House. One was complaining of headache. One suggested morphine. Another suggested bromide. "No," she replied, "I can't take bromide or morphine either of them run me wild." Another said: "That was just the way with a lady I knew who had a beautiful small mouth. The doctor gave her morphine, and she imagined some one had unscrewed her head and put old Jake Martin's on in place of it. Old Jake was a wicked, profane old sinner, and had an awful big mouth, and the lady kept holding both hands over the supposed mouth of old Jake to keep it from cursing.—*Hartwell Sun.*

Shipped.

On a very dark June evening I listened to an awful story of the incorrigible badness of a young man who was dragging an honored name through the mire. I said: "But what will they do with him?" The answer was: "Oh, he'll have to be shipped." Though the phrase was new, the imagery was expressive, and one was aware what was meant. Ah get the black sheep out of sight, somewhere beyond the great sea! My friend went on to say, speaking of a certain great city: "When you get there you will hear people saying, 'Mr. Smith has two sons shipped,' and the like, just as a matter of course." Too much pocket-money, and lads getting their own way, result in this. And the poor father and mother sometimes though not by any means always go about broken-hearted to their life's end. Some take it quite easily, out of sight being with them out of mind. Or, as the schoolmen said: "De non apparentibus et non existentiens eadem est ratio." Some folk merely think of getting the trouble away from here. They are able to forget that the shipped one lives on still, though far away. Out of sight with them is tantamount to having ceased to be. I suppose we have all some vague feeling that when a human being goes out of your door, or turns the corner of the street and passes out of sight, he disappears wholly; in any case that there is a marked break in his life. Ah, to the man that lives, life is continuous whatever it may be to those that look at him or think of him. Your brother is your brother still, though starving on the streets of 'Frisco. And to say that it serves him exactly right is not much comfort. All that can be said is that the shipped black sheep goes to destruction where it does not so conspicuously disgrace those at home. Likewise, that when there is a dinner party at home it is not quite so real that he is cold and hungry in Colorado as if he were so in the street below your windows and in the hearing of your hospitalities. All the same, I used to wonder how some fathers and sisters manage to live at all knowing the facts I know. I wonder yet. Has it come to this, that the best you can desire is quite to forget the bright little boy whose childish ways bring tears to your eyes when you remember them; who is dead, dead utterly, in the sodden, hulking scamp, liar, and cheat whom you do not hope to see again in this world or any other? It is a bitter world to many; but one might find heart to bear nearly anything rather than that.—*Fraser's Mayazine.*

"Darling Nellie Gray."

There are few persons in the South who have not heard and admired that charming negro melody, "Darling Nellie Gray," and at one time it stood in the same rank with "Old Kentucky Home," "The Old Folks at Home" and others of that class. It is less known now, but in certain Southern sections Nellie Gray is as household words, and in every list of plantation songs it has an honored place. But to come to my story. I was talking the other day to a musically-inclined gentleman, whose practice on the violin in a room near my own keeps me constantly striving to be a Christian, and not to do anything of a riotous or violent nature, when we mentioned the old song incidentally, and he told me the author was his cousin, and that it and its author had a little history.

The song writer was B. R. Hanby, of Westerville, O., who was also a painter, a musician and a poet. When he was about 20 years of age, he sometimes jotted down melodies which struck him, and on one occasion the notes of "Nellie Gray" went on paper, and he afterward wrote the words. He had never published any music, and this was put aside where he could use it as the fancy struck him.

One night at a little company at his home, the song, among others, was sung, and a gentleman present, being struck by the air, made some inquiry about it, and the facts were given him. He at once asked the young composer what it was worth, and Mr. Hanby, not being posted, put the figure at $5, and the trade was made. The new owner set about having it published, and when it appeared it struck the popular taste and over 200,000 copies were sold. Another case of the history of composers repeating itself, or rather of one story, with the names changed, being narrated of many.—*Cincinnati Letter.*

What is Good English?

Some persons are unwilling to be convinced about "in this connection" and "in our midst." "To me," writes one, "there is no grammatical difference between 'in their midst' and 'in the midst of them,' both of them being absolutely correct." This is a mistake. "In the midst of them" is absolutely correct; "in their midst" is absolutely incorrect. "Yet," writes another, "these phrases are grammatically correct, exceedingly useful, and highly idiomatic." This gentleman is also mistaken in every respect. The phrases are neither correct nor useful, and they are directly the reverse of idiomatic. Idiomatic phrases are old phrases growing out of the very roots of the language, sometimes apparently incorrect, yet always correct when profoundly examined in the light of philosophy and history. Phrases that are truly idiomatic are always beautiful and congenial to all the rest of the language, but phrases like "in our midst" are not only the opposite of idiomatic, but they have no congruity with the genius of the language, and are mere inventions and clumsy devices of modern ignorance and presumption. — *New York Sun.*

Gold in Central America.

The recent reports of the discovery and development of gold and silver mines at various points in Central America continue to excite attention. A late issue of the Panama *Star and Herald* gives particulars of progress made in gold mining in Antioquia and Tolima. Some valuable mines owned by the Columbian Government are to be sold in December, and other mines are being worked successfully by companies formed in this country and Europe. Recently a number of companies have been formed for the purpose of prospecting, and indications grow that a swarm of gold-hunters will soon be roving over the rocky backbone of the mountains that run along the narrow strip of territory uniting North and South America. These countries have long lain stagnant under the sway of mixed peoples that sprang up after the Spanish conquests, but now money, machinery and enterprise will pour in upon them as long as mining enterprises prove remunerative.

Wondered.

A young husband, desirous of provoking a chance to pay a compliment to his young wife and of receiving an assurance of affection, says, with an aspect of surpise: "My dear, I heard a very remarkable thing to-day. Whatsh