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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HOLCOMB & TRACY,

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THE REPUBLICAN is published in the Tracy, Moore and Nobles Block, at the corner of Main and Pine streets, over J. F. Porter's Boot and Shoe store. Its circulation is over 2000. As an advertising medium it is unexcelled in its immediate field.

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

CLEVELAND & McCOY, (E. J. Cleveland and Wm. McCoy), Canton, Bradford County, Pa. All business entrusted to their care in Western Bradford will receive prompt attention. [mar 2-1y

SMITH & HILLS, Attorneys-at-Law, Office in Powell & Co.

[illegible] Office in Wood's Block, south of the Exchange Bank, up stairs.

[illegible] O'Elsbree and L. Elsbree, Wilkes-Barre, Pa. Office, Dana's Block, Market St.

[illegible] Office in Mercur Block.

[illegible] DONEY, Solicitor of Patents. Special attention paid to business in Orphans' Court and for the settlement of estates. Office in Montanye's Block. [ap 27

McPHERSON & YOUNG, (H. McPherson and W. H. Young), Office south side of Mercur's Block.

WILLIAMS AND BUNDY, (H. A. Williams, E. S. Bunnell and E. D. Bunnell), Office west side of Main street, two doors north of Argus office. All business entrusted to their care will receive prompt attention. oct 26,75.

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

KENNEY, J. P. Attorney-at-Law. Office in Montanye's Block, Main Street. Sept. 5, '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.

HENRY B. McKEAN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

TOWANDA, PA.

Solicitor of Patents. Government claims attended to. [16feb82

PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS.

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

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

LADD, 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 Pine St., opposite Jail. 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. Porter's Main street, Athens, Pa.

HOTELS.

HENRY HOUSE Main st., next corner south of Bridge street. New house and new furniture throughout. The proprietor has spared neither pains or expense in making his hotel first-class and respectfully solicits a share of public patronage. Meals at all hours. Terms reasonable. Large Stable attached. mar 8 77. WM. HENRY.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

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

CRYSTAL LODGE, NO. 57. Meets at K. of P. Hall every Monday evening at 7:30. Initiation $10.00. Benefits $3.00 per week. Average assessment, [illegible] years experience, $11. JESSE EVERS, *Reporter.* [illegible] *Dictator.* feb 22 78

BRADFORD LODGE, NO. 157, I. O. O. F. Meets in Odd Fellows Hall every Monday evening at [illegible] o'clock. WARREN HILL, *Noble Grand.* [illegible] 75

HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTING.

DR. 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 [illegible], 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, S. S. General Insurance Agency, Towanda, Pa. Office in Whitcomb's Book Store. July 12,78

And had One of His

25 CENT DINNERS

feb22-2m

LETTER HEADS, BILL HEADS NOTE HEADS, &c. printed in the best style of the art 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.

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TROY, PA.

WAGON MAKER'S SUPPLIES

Felloes, Spokes, Hubs, 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 men who skilled workmen, and warranted in every part thereof.

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. Scanlan, Agent for Bradford County, will be promptly executed according to directions. sep2-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.

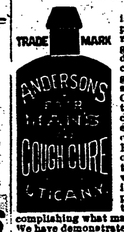
M. HENDELMAN.

sep216-tf

WARRANTED | WARRANTED

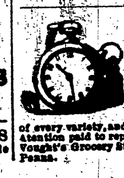
The best and cheapest Cough Cure used. | *to give satisfaction or money refunded.*

Price 25 and 50 cents.



This positive Cough Cure, is placed at the moderate price of 25 cents, within the reach of all classes; and is guaranteed to produce the desired result, where sufficiently thorough trial is given it, to prove its intrinsic merit. For Coughs, Colds, and all diseases of the throat, Lungs, and bronchial tubes, it is unparalleled—effecting cures where all other remedies have failed. Physicians are constantly ordering consumptive patients to the Pine Woods; we have succeeded in bringing all the virtues and vital principles of the "Pineries" to the invalid at home—accomplishing what many have long tried to do. We have demonstrated the perfect solubility of tar, and thereby its ready absorption into the system—by a much more rapid and general power than merely inhaling the air of the Pineries. This refined tar, with other valuable vegetable compounds GREAT ANDERSON'S POOR MAN'S COUGH CURE, which gives the pleasing result of a sure cure at a small price. It is perfectly safe to be taken, as the case may require—small and frequent doses, being most effectual in allaying the existent irritability. SOLD BY ALL DEALERS

Try Dr. Stevens Improved Mandrake Pills. They are made pleasant and effective. Price 25 cents. Sold by all dealers



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, Pa. sep6-3

New Advertisements.

Oh, My Back!

That's a common expression and has a world of meaning. How much suffering is summed up in it.

The singular thing about it is, that pain in the back is occasioned by so many things. May be caused by kidney disease, liver complaint, consumption, cold, rheumatism, dyspepsia, overwork, nervous debility, &c.

Whatever the cause, don't neglect it. Something is wrong and needs prompt attention. No medicine has yet been discovered that will so quickly and surely cure such diseases as BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, and it does this by commencing at the foundation, and making the blood pure and rich.

Logansport, Ind. Dec. 1, 1880.

For a long time I have been a sufferer from stomach and kidney disease. My appetite was very poor and the very small amount I did eat disagreed with me. I was annoyed very much from non-retention of urine. I tried many remedies with no success, until I used Brown's Iron Bitters. Since I used that my stomach does not bother me any. My appetite is simply immense. My kidney trouble is no more, and my general health is such, that I feel like a new man. After the use of Brown's Iron Bitters for one month, I have gained twenty pounds in weight. O. B. SARGENT

Leading physicians and clergymen use and recommend BROWN'S IRON BITTERS. It has cured others suffering as you are, and it will cure you.

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN HAIR RENEWER is a scientific combination of some of the most powerful restorative agents in the vegetable kingdom. It restores gray hair to its original color. It makes the scalp white and clean. It cures dandruff and humors, and falling-out of the hair. It furnishes the nutritive principle by which the hair is nourished and supported. It makes the hair moist, soft and glossy, and is unsurpassed as a hair dressing. It is the most economical preparation ever offered to the public, as its effects remain a long time, making only an occasional application necessary. It is recommended and used by eminent medical men, and officially endorsed by the State Assayer of Massachusetts. The popularity of Hall's Hair Renewer has increased with the test of many years, both in this country and in foreign lands, and it is now known and used in all the civilized countries of the world.

For sale by all dealers.

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. Oct26ly.

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.

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 is. *454 thousand in press.* With Steel Engravings and Chromo-Lithograph Plates in 15 colors, from photos. made by the U. S. Government expressly *for this great work.*

AGENTS! This grand book is now 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.

THE WOODS OF TROOH.

With the rings shining fair
Of her rich head of hair—
With the beam flashing blue from her eye,
These heart-strings of mine
Are like fibres they twine
When they fetter the fawn that must die.

Yet, if Fortune would give
That with her I might live,
Like the winds should I fly to my queen,
For my fond heart abides
Where the bright one resides,
Where the tall woods of Trooh flourish green.

Now then let us depart,
O thou prize of my heart!
And in love's rosy bowers we'll abide;
There's a murmur of bees,
And of waves and of trees,
Where the tall woods of Trooh mantle wide.

The apple is there,
And the nuts cluster fair,
And the berry hangs red on the bough;
Then away love with me,
There is award to the knee
Under Trooh's summer foliage now.

The linnet shall pour
From its blossomy bower,
And the thrush shall shed from the tree
Such warbling divine
When they know you are mine
All the woods—all the world—shall be gay!

—From the Irish.

A PEACEMAKER.

Old Jasper Trently sat alone in his library one chill October evening. In fact, he was generally alone, and his solitary life, though of his own choosing, was fast changing him into a gloomy, morose man.

All around him were evidences of wealth; velvet carpets, silken draperies, statuary and rare paintings, and a library of well-bound volumes, worth of themselves a small fortune; but there was an aching void in his worldly, old heart, that even these things failed to fill.

Over the mantle hung a portrait, a handsome, boyish face with frank, blue eyes and a sensitive, smiling mouth. The poise of the head betokened pride and self-will and the square chin looked very resolute, but the eyes were kind and true, and these lent a charm to the whole countenance.

Old Jasper looked up at the handsome, smiling face and sighed. He would have the portrait hung there where he could see it every day, even though its original was banished from his sight forever.

And sometimes, when he felt the resentment dying out of his heart and his pride giving way to kinder feelings, he would turn away from the picture, lest in his softer mood, the tender lips and pleading eyes make him yield the forgiveness for which the man was too proud to ask.

"A young lady, sir," announced the butler at the door, and the old man started from his reverie. Calls were not frequent at Trently Manor.

"I'll see her here," he said shortly.

She came in timidly, a small, slender girl in a pretty, oval face, and dark, wistful eyes. Jasper Trently glanced her over with a look of approval and motioned her to a seat.

"Your face looks familiar," he said, "yet I do not recollect having seen you before."

"I am Hilda Vinton," she answered; "Percy Vinton's daughter."

The old man started from his seat.

"Percy Vinton's daughter!" he exclaimed. "Is it possible? Well, yes, you have your father's features. What brings you here?"

His manner was not unkind, though he spoke so brusquely.

"I have been an orphan for a year," Hilda said, and her voice quivered. "They both died in France, and I was thrown on my own resources. Father never found the fortune he was expecting, you know."

"No, though we both started together in life. He was a dreamy man, never meant for real work, though I remember his wild talk about the wealth he would have one day. Poor fellow! so he's dead?"

He stared at the glowing coals with dreamy eyes, and shook his bald head sadly. Then his mood changed and he leaned forward in his chair with flushing face.

"I tried to keep him steady," he said, excitedly, "but it was no use. He was like a rolling stone, here, there, and all over, and precious little moss he ever gathered. When he planned that foolish expedition to Europe, I was thoroughly vexed with him, but when he married a pretty French singer the first year without a cent to live on, I washed my hands of him altogether."

"She was a good wife," Hilda said, gently. Then, when the old man's excitement had subsided, she continued: "Father mentioned the quarrel, but before he died he told me what staunch friends you used to be, and though he hadn't heard from you for years, he had kept track of you and gave me your address. He told me if I was ever in trouble, to come to you, and he was sure you would help me. I did my best for awhile, but I was poor and unknown, and everything went wrong, so I made up my mind to take father's advice, and——"

"And here you are," interrupted Jasper Trently. "Poor Percy! Well he was a good fellow, after all, though no man for business."

"I have been well educated," said Hilda, "and thought, with your influence, I might secure a good position as governess. I am willing to work hard, sir."

Jasper Trently surveyed her with kindly favor. He admired her spirit, and her face, so like her father's, despite its foreign eyes and complexion, awakened the dormant affection for his old friend.

The little ormulu clock chimed ten.

"We'll talk it over to-morrow. You look tired, and doubtlessly need rest," he said, and rang for the housekeeper.

They met again early the next morning. The old man told Hilda his purpose at once.

"I need someone here; the place is lonely. If you will stay, I will remunerate you well," he said.

His first thought had been to offer her a home there without duties or compensation, but he knew that she was too proud to accept a dependent position, and adroitly worded his proposal.

Hilda Vinton thanked him with tears of gratitude in her eyes.

"Are you sure that you need me, sir?" she asked. "I did not expect this."

"Yes, I need you. There is no one I would rather have here than Percy Vinton's daughter."

So Hilda remained at Trently Manor.

The days went by. Gradually there came a change of affairs in the lonely mansion. It lost its old gloominess; the silken curtains were parted to admit the sunlight, fresh flowers from the conservatory filled the empty vases, the old-fashioned piano was uncovered, and its tones, clear and sweet as in the olden time, echoed through the vast rooms, when Hilda's dainty fingers pressed the yellow keys.

Old Jasper grew cheerful and genial under the sunny influence, and life assumed a brighter aspect to him. But he was not quite content.

Hilda found him one day leaning on the library mantle with his eyes on the portrait above. They wore a wistful expression, and his face looked sad and grave, almost regretful.

"Who is it, sir?" she asked, softly.

The old man frowned on her, then turned with sudden impulse.

"That's Charlie, my nephew, Charlie," he said, with emotion. "I have never spoken of him to you, my dear, but he is seldom out of my mind. We used to get along famously, but he was wild a bit, and self-willed, and one day we quarreled. I don't think either of us meant one word we said then, but we were both very angry, and the end of it was I ordered him from my house forever. He took me at my word, and I have never seen him since."

"You loved him, sir?" asked Hilda.

"As my own son," he answered, then with sudden bitterness. "But he did wrong. I was in the right, and he was too stubborn to yield. I told him I would never forgive him."

"Oh, I'm sure you will."

Hilda laid her hand on the old man's arm and looked at him with wistful eyes. They had grown to be very fond of each other, and the bright young girl held a deep place in the old man's affections.

"I'm sure you will," she repeated. "He was such a boy then, you know, and he has repented."

"How do you know?" old Jasper asked, fiercely. "He will never repent, I tell you."

"He looks too kind and true to harbor resentment long," said Hilda. "Won't you write to him, sir, and tell him he may come back?"

He shook his head slowly and his features grew hard and cold again. He was not ready to yield just yet, but Hilda hoped that at some future day he would grant her request and send for his wayward nephew.

Summer came and passed. It was October again, but Jasper Trently did not dread now the coming winter with its bleak days and long, weary nights.

He was lonely no longer; Hilda became a constant companion, brightening his life with her sunny presence, and whiling away the hours that were once so tedious.

Sitting one evening at twilight at the old piano, she began the ballad of "Robin Adair." With the first notes old Jasper started up and laid his hand on her shoulder.

"Don't, don't," he exclaimed, tremulously; "that was always Charlie's favorite. Don't sing it."

Hilda had never seen him so moved; she thought it would be a good opportunity to plead for the absent lad, and began without delay, earnestly and appealingly while the old man listened and did not silence her.

"Oh, sir, please forgive him, I know he is sorry. It will be best for you both. Won't you forgive him?"

"But I was right," persisted the old man.

"Yes, I know, but he was so young and thoughtless. I don't think he deserves such severe punishment."

"Well, perhaps not."

"Then you forgive him and take it all back?"

"Well, yes, I'll forgive him."

Old Jasper spoke reluctantly, but Hilda knew that he would not retract his words.

"And you will write and tell him so?" she added.

A change came over the old man's face; it grew sad and thoughtful.

"Alas! I don't know where he is now," he answered; "but I will try to find him."

Hilda rose from the piano and knelt at his side.

"Mr. Trently," she said, slowly, "I too must ask for forgiveness. Would you grant it when I tell you I have deceived you?"

"Deceived me? I cannot understand."

Briefly she related her story.

"Before father died we met your nephew, Charlie Trently. Father welcomed him at once for your sake, and he visited us very often. Then when I was left alone I had no other friend, so I turned to him, and—and a few months later we were married."

She looked up timidly at old Jasper's face, but it was non-committal and he maintained a grim silence.

"I did it for Charlie's sake," she went on. "He was willing to return to you, but he said it would be useless, so I came, and—and—oh, Mr. Trently, can you ever forgive me?"

For a moment the old man sat silent and motionless, then to her surprise, he bent and kissed her forehead.

"You have done me a great favor, my dear," he said, gently, and thought of the past years, lonely and profitless, before this young girl came. With those in mind he could not resent her deception; then, too, he was touched by her devotion and perseverance.

Charlie came a few days later, and the old feud was forgotten.

During the years that followed, it would be difficult to find a happier trio than old Jasper Trently, of Trently Manor, his nephew Charlie, and the idol of both loyal hearts, sweet, womanly Hilda, the little peacemaker.

NEW YORK'S ADVANTAGES.

A correspondent of the Providence *Star* has discovered that New York is like the society of a beautiful and gifted woman, it never palls. It is constantly bringing to the surface fresh incentive for man to go forth and partake of the highest enjoyments modern art, science, and letters afford. What though he own not enough of its soil to plant his cane upright, if he will he may daily sit down at feasts which the gods might be glad to share. The studios open at his tap at the door; the private galleries, where the best examples of modern European masters hang, are accessible; the treasure lore of the ages on the shelves of the Astor and Lenox are his own. If he cannot travel there is the club house of the American Geographical Society in Twenty-ninth street, where he may meet those who carry about them what Longfellow calls the "Ansonian air" of those just landed from foreign shores, escaping the life-nauseating *mal de mer*; indeed, with Judge Daly, the President, for a cicerone, he may visit every square foot of terra firma known to man, and have entertainingly mapped those which as yet exist only in theory. Is he a lover of practical philanthropy, the work of men who prefer to be their own executors and forestall the joys of heaven by developing the latent talent of youth, the halls of the Cooper Institute will make him acquainted with the noblest benefactor of the age. On every hand is spread the outcome of the highest attainment in engineering and architectural skill.

GREAT INDIANS.—The best blood of Mexico does not flow through Spanish channels. The best man Mexico has had was Benito Juarez, who was a pure blooded Indian—one of the common people, but a great man. Altimirano, the leading orator in the Mexican Congress, is a pure blooded Indian; Romero, the present Minister to Washington, a statesman who has done much for his country, is an Indian; Gen. Trevino is, I think, more Indian than Spanish, and I am sure this is true of the greatest living man in Mexico, Don Porfirio Diaz, to whom more than to any other man Mexico owes the final ending of civil war and the establishment of a peaceful, orderly permanent government. —*John A. Dillon.*

COFFEE MAKING A FINE ART.

How the Bean Should Be Roasted and Ground and the Beverage Prepared.

Chicory may be a good and wholesome root, but it is out of place in a cup of coffee. There is no affinity of one to the other, and no reason on earth why they should be joined except for the purposes of the seller. Those who tell you that they rather like chicory in their coffee are not to be reasoned with, any more than they who like their claret sour, like the economical Scotchman in the story, or their oysters high, like George II. Coffee has no fellow, and to mix it with anything else is to deprave the noble berry. The amateur, to be safe, must buy his coffee whole, taking care that he has the true article, for the ingenuity of wicked men has gone so far as to fabricate imitation coffee berries. Those who affect to be real connoisseurs buy their coffee several years before they use it, age being held to mellow and ripen the berry. The next care is the roasting, which, of course, should be done at home. Dean Swift always roasted his coffee with his own illustrious hands, "in an engine for the purpose," so Pope told Dr. Arbuthnot. What that engine was we should like to know, for, strange as it may seem, and a proof of the gross ignorance which surrounds this part of the subject, there is not now extant any simple coffee roasting apparatus such as the bachelor of moderate means and small appliances can use with his own hands. There are several patent machines of elaborate construction of which the best is a cylinder which goes round by clock work; but their fault is that they roast more than is necessary for one man's use, and coffee to be good should be fresh roasted the day it is made. The volatile elements in which so much of the value as well as the flavor of coffee resides speedily evaporate after they have once been developed by the action of fire. The next step is the grinding or rather pounding; for coffee, for the due evolution of its ethereal essences, should be bruised into a more or less fine powder—not cut, as it is in all the grinding machines of commerce. The Eastern, who are the best of coffee makers, lay great stress on this point. They bruise their coffee with pestle and mortar, so as to preserve the oily particles in greatest perfection, and reduce it to a fine powder, which is cooked in water like soup and wholly consumed. This last however, is a detail which the amateur need not follow unless his taste has been so far Orientalized as to prefer the thick muddy decoction of the East to the more artificial product of the West. The coffee being ground, and no more ground than is needed for immediate use, now comes the important process of making. The simplest way of making coffee is the best, always bearing in mind that the object is to secure the union of the coffee with the water at the exact point of boiling, neither before nor after—a process which is momentary and delicate, something between infusion and decoction. There are two ways by which it can be accomplished. The first is to pour the water on the coffee, which is the more common practice; the other is to throw the coffee into the water, which is far better and more simple. All that is needed is a saucepan narrower at the top than at the bottom, with a long wooden handle. Into this measure the exact quantity of water required, the proportion of which to coffee is a matter of taste. Setting the saucepan over a brisk fire, and with your measure of coffee ready to hand, watch for the large bubbles to appear. Then take the saucepan off and throw in the coffee, and with a shake or two put it back on the fire for a couple of seconds. Take it off and let it rest for two or three minutes before pouring off into the cup or coffee pot. By this process, the nicety of which depends upon catching the exact moment of boiling, and in not overdoing the second time of boiling, you will have coffee in its fullest development of flavor and aroma. —*St James Gazette.*

SHUT UP WITH CHARCOAL.

Bayard Taylor once came very near being cut off at the commencement of his career, by a serious piece of carelessness. It was during his first visit to Paris, and before he was quite as well acquainted with the dangerous qualities of charcoal as the Parisians are. He tells the incident as follows, in "Views Afoot:"

One day, towards the end of February, I was preparing my letters to send home, and had written until I was thoroughly chilled, when the idea of procuring a brazier of coals came into my head.

On my applying to my landlady, she at once furnished me with the article, for four sous, assuring me in reply to my question, that the coals were not made from charcoal but from wood.

I fastened the door and windows tightly, in order to retain the heat, placed the brazier under the table, at my feet, and resumed my letters. In about half an hour I became conscious of a heavy and painful sensation in the head, which I attributed to my cold hands and feet. The feeling increased, until a sharp spike driven through my temples could scarcely have given me greater pain. The paper became blurred, so that I could no longer write; a dull, gray mist floated before my eyes; I dropped the pen, and laid my head upon the table.

I was fast losing consciousness when my friend, who had been out, opened the door. He at once noticed that the room was filled with a stifling gas, and threw open the window.

I arose, staggered down stairs, and went into the streets, but finding that I saw nothing distinctly, and was constantly on the point of falling, I returned to my room and went to bed, where I lay two days before I fully recovered.

If the suicides by charcoal suffer in proportion as I did, their deaths must be terrible.

DRIVING THE BLACK MARIAS.

"This is a mighty responsible job for a fellow to tackle, although there are very few people who would believe it. Why, very often I have a man in my charge who is under $15,000 bonds. Just suppose he should by some means give me the slip. I tell you a driver on one of those vans has got to keep his best eye peeled every minute, for even on the wharf a desperate fellow may give us loads of trouble.

"Not very long ago I had a man in No. 5 and was taking him up, but hadn't gone very far when I heard a sound of something snapping on the inside. I knew the man couldn't get out, 'cause the van is lined with iron on the inside, but, on looking through the little front window I saw the chap, with an iron staple in his hand, trying to wrench apart the grating that guards the ventilator. He didn't succeed very well, and I was satisfied he couldn't escape, if he tore the whole 'business' off, but to save damages, I simply drew this revolver, and looking in at the window (which is, in fact, merely a ventilator about ten inches in circumference) I called out:

"'Hallo, there, drop that!'

"The fellow turned about quickly, and seeing the muzzle of the revolver resting on the edge of the hole, wilted at once, and kept very quiet afterward.—*N. Y. Journal.*

IN CLOUD LAND.

Mount Hood stands about sixty miles from the great Pacific, as the crow flies, and about two hundred miles up the Columbia River, as it is navigated. Mount Hood stands utterly alone. And yet he is only a brother, a bigger and taller brother, of a well-raised family of seven snow-peaks.

At any season of the year, you can stand on almost any little eminence within two hundred miles of Mount Hood and count seven snow-cones, clad in eternal winter, piercing the clouds. There is no scene so sublime as this in all the world.

The mountains of Europe are only hills in comparison. Although some of them are quite as high as those of Oregon and Washington Territory, yet they lie far inland, and are so set on the top of other hills that they lose much of their majesty. Those of Oregon start up sudden and solitary, and almost out of the sea, as it were. So that while they are really not much higher than the mountain peaks of the Alps, they seem to be about twice as high. And being all in the form of pyramids or cones, they are much more imposing and beautiful than those of either Asia or Europe.

But that which adds most of all to the beauty and sublimity of the mountain scenery of Mount Hood and his environs is the marvelous cloud effects that encompass him.

In the first place, you must understand that all this region here is one dense black mass of matchless and magnificent forests. From the water's edge up to the snow-line clamber and cling the dark green fir, pine, cedar, tamarack, yew, and juniper. Some of the pines are heavy with great cones as long as your arms; some of the yew trees are scarlet with berries; and now and then you see a burly juniper bending under a load of blue and bitter fruit. And nearly all of these trees are mantled in garments of moss. This moss trails and swings lazily in the wind, and sometimes droops to the length of a hundred feet.

In these great dark forests is a dense undergrowth of vine-maple, hazel, mountain ash, marsh ash, willow, and brier bushes. Tangled in with all this is the rank and ever present and imperishable fern.

Up and through and over all this darkness of forests, drift and drag and lazily creep the most weird and wonderful clouds in all this world. They move in great caravans. They seem literally to be alive. They rise with the morning sun, like the countless millions of snow-white geese, swans, and other water-fowl that frequent the rivers of Oregon, and slowly ascend the mountain sides, dragging themselves through and over the tops of the trees, heading straight for the sea, or hovering about the mountain peaks, like mighty white-winged birds, weary of flight and wanting to rest.

They are white as snow, these clouds of Oregon, fleecy, and rarely, if ever, still; constantly moving in contrast with the black forests, these clouds are strangely sympathic to one who worships nature.

Of course, in the rainy season, which is nearly half the year here, these cloud effects are absent. At such times the whole land is one vast raincloud, dark and dreary and full of thunder.

To see a snow-peak in all its sublimity, you must see it above the clouds. It is not necessary that you should climb the peak to do this, but ascend some neighboring hill and have the white clouds creep up or down the valley, through and over the black forest, between you and the snowy summit that pricks the blue home of stars. What color! Movement! Miraculous life!—From *"In the Land of Clouds," by Joaquin Miller, in St. Nicholas.*

SIXTY YEARS IN THE SERVICE.

A Postal Employe Who Once Carried Afoot the News of the Battle of New Orleans.

At an early hour every morning in the year there may be seen at the railroad depot at Fourteenth and Main streets, in this city, a little old man, wearing the postal uniform, busy with the mails. He is seventy-five years old and his name is Dr. Charles C. Green, a local agent for the United States mails.

"How long have you been in the mail service?" a reporter asked Dr. Green.

"Since 1824, when I began carrying the mails between Maysville and Lexington, by the way of Winchester, Mt. Sterling, Owingsville, Sherburne's Mills, Hillsboro and Flemingsburg. I carried the mails on horseback, making one trip weekly.

"But I may be said to have been in the mail service before 1824," continued Dr. Green. "I was eight years old when the battle of New Orleans occurred, in 1815. We had all heard that a battle had been fought, but had no particulars. On a certain bright, clear morning, when the snow covered the ground as far as the eye could reach, we awaited the coming of the mail carrier with his pack-horse. Before he came in sight the stillness of the air was broken by cries of 'Good news! good news!' People were awaiting all along the road for the approach of the bearer of the news. There had been printed at the office of the old Lexington *Gazette* a number of slips of paper containing the details of the battle and the mail carrier was distributing these broadcast. I was commissioned by my father to carry a number of these to the neighbors living around. I had never worn a pair of shoes then and I tramped about the neighborhood that day in the snow, my trousers rolled up to the knees, with never a thought of discomfort."—*Louisville Commercial.*

CITY MARKETS.

I have an idea that Philadelphians live better than New Yorkers, at least that the average of living is better in your city, writes a correspondent of the Philadelphia *Record.* New Yorkers have got so in the way of depending upon Delmonico and other caterers that they do not take so much pains to have their home cooking all that it should be. Of course, there are any number of people in New York who employ French cooks at very high prices, but among the general class of business people less is thought about the home dinner than in Philadelphia. A New York lady very seldom goes to market, and there are very few Philadelphia ladies who do not do their own marketing. Our markets are so badly situated for ladies that it is no wonder they dislike to deal at them. No lady who has ever been to Washington Market on a wet day would ever want to go there again. Not only are the streets in a terribly muddy and sloppy condition, but the crowd of trucks and drays and boisterous drivers, and the inaction of the policemen, are enough to make them dread the ordeal; and then things are not arranged in such a tempting way as they are in the Philadelphia markets. There is one thing that New Yorkers cannot get in the market, and that is butter. The first thing that one smells in going inside Washington Market is rancid butter. It rises over every other odor. Now, in Philadelphia, it is almost impossible to get bad butter. There are marketmen here who know that fact, and call their butter the best Philadelphia make; but it does not need a practiced nose to discover that it is anything else.

THE ALBATROSS.

He spreads his wings like banners to the breeze
He cleaves the air, afloat on pinions wide;
Leagues upon leagues, across the lonely seas,
He sweeps above the vast, uneasy tide.

For days together through the trackless skies,
Steadfast, without a quiver of his plumes,
Without a moment's pause for rest, he flies
Through dazzling sunshine and through cloudy glooms.

Down the green gulf he glides, or skims thy foam,
Searching for booty with an eager eye,
Hovering aloft where the long breakers comb
O'er wrecks forlorn, that topple helplessly.

He loves the tempest; he is glad to see
The roaring gale to heaven the billows toss,
For strong to battle with the storm is he,
The mystic bird, the wandering albatross!

—Celia Thaxter, in St. Nicholas.

FACTS ABOUT THE OSTRICH.

Selecting Land to Raise Them—Their Age and Running Abilities.

The selection of the land upon which the farm is to be established must be made with great care. The ostrich has proved himself very sensitive to the north wind as it blows in Southern Africa, and it is hardly to be supposed that the California zephyrs from that point of the compass will have less effect upon his nerves. The land should be level, for the ostrich is not adapted to hilly country and is, in great danger of breaking his legs if forced to travel up or down hill. The land should be sandy and gravelly to a certain degree. Gravel seems to be medicine for the ostrich, and a certain panacea for several of the few ills which affect him during the season of his youth. He must also have plenty of water, though he cannot bear wet weather. Against heat the bird is proof, and cold he can stand almost as well. Ostriches seldom die from sickness after they reach their second year, but it sometimes happens that they break a leg through accident, in which case they must