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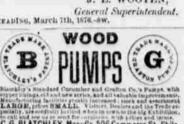
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ADVICE.

The Columbian.

Fly away, pretty moth, to the shade Be content with the moon and the stars, pretty Chough you glittering light may have dazzled you

Many things in this world that look bright, pretty moth, only dazzle to lead us estray. have seen, pretty moth, in the world

Some as wild as yourself and as gay, Who, bewitched by the sweet fascination of eyes, Flitted 'round them by night and by day; them quite, They at last found it dangerous play Many things in this world that look bright, pretty Only dazzle to lead us estray.

LIFE AND DEATH.

What is the life of man 7 A passing shade Upon the changeful mirror of old Time; A sere leaf, long ere autumn comes decayed A plant or tree that scantly reaches prime A dew-drop of the morning; gone ere noon; A meteor expiring in its fall; A blade of grass that springs to wither soon; A dying taper on a carksome pall; The foam upon the torrent's whirling wave; A bird that flutters on a drooping wing; A shadowy spectre o'er an open grave; A morning-glory's momenta in the spring;

A breaking bubble on a rushing stream ; a sunset after storm, an erring angel's dream. What is this death we fear? The peaceful clos-Of stormy life-of reckless passion's sway; The vell that manties all our cares and woes The beavenly ending of an earthly day; The crown of life well spent : the portal fair Which opes the way to never-ending joy

it sets the captive free as air From all the fotters which on earth annov. What is this death? The sleep the pfigrin takes After much weary travel he has known, And whence with renovated power he wakes Die soul more mighty for its slumber grown The glorious conquest over human ill; A spirit's joy which death can never kill.

Original.

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NUMBER XVL

A sketch of this celebrated woman and her family will be properly introduced by a

short description of the magnificent ridge which bears her name. Montour's ridge rises somewhat abruptly on the West Branch near the mouth of Chillisquaque creek, and starting out in a northeast course becomes the boundary between the townships of Point and Chillisquaque in Northumberland county, and between Point and the townships of Liberty and Mahoning in Montour county, near Danville, ere Mahoning creek breaks through t the North Branch-thence becoming the boundary between Valley and Mahoning, and West Hemlock and Cooper, in Montour county : and between Hemlock and Montous in Columbia county; breaking down again where Hemlock creek flows through into Fishingcreek, and again a short distance beyond where Fishingcreek rolls between its precipitous sides north of Bloomsburg off into the North Branch; then rising again and throwing toward the surface its rich iron deposits north and east of Bloomsburg, and sinking forever, after developing mil-

lions of tons of limestone, north and east of

An axis of elevation passes nearly along the middle of the ridge, composed of hard gray and reddish sandstone, which are covered along both sides sometimes nearly and sometimes quite to the top by slates and shales of overlying series, the lower part of which consists of vellowish or greenish slates, containing thin strata of limestone in which are impressions of shells and other fossils : and near these a very valuable laver of brownish red iron ore, from six inches to over two feet in thickness, also containing fossil impressions. This ore is found on both sides of the ridge as far east as the vicinity of Bloomsburg, where the strata converge over its top as it sinks away on the east. and finally disappears under the overlying red shale in the neighborhood of Espytown. In the slates above the iron ore are some this layers of dark colored limestone, succeeded by a thick bed of red shale, which forms the upper portion of the series. Overlying this red shale is a limestone formation, which encircles the ridge outside of the red shale and which may be seen not far from the river above Northumberland, and along the railroad from Danville to Bloomsburg; dipping under the Fishingcreek above it again near Espy, and extends nearly to Berlying slate. A splendid body of mantel and itself on Little Fishingcreek about a milabove Bloomsburg. It has been wrought and approved by competent workmen and judges, and needs only capital and enterprise

to become a recognized industry of the Thus it will be seen that Montour's ridge is useful as well as ornamental, rich as well as rugged; yielding right at our doors iron ore, limestone, slate and building stone in

almost unlimited quantities. Madame Montour, who gave her name t this beautiful range of hills, is a personage of considerable importance in the early his tory of Pennsylvania, and especially of the Susquehanna region. Her birth, her character, and her actions have been the subject of romance and of history. She has been the victim of vituperation as well as the her-o ine of culogy. Her name has been used to dignify and horrify the Wyoming massacre. But neither romance nor history, neither vituperation nor eulogy, seem to have done her justice.

ance in our history at a council held at Philadelphia on the 3d of July, 1727, between the Hen. Patrick Gordon, Lieutenant Governor, and his council on one side, and divers chiefs of the Five Nations, the Conestogoes, Gangawese and Susquehanna Indians on the other. The council being met and scated: "The Governor told them by M. Montour, a French woman who had lived long among these people, and is now interpretress, that he was glad to see them all well after so long a journey, and was now ready with his council to receive what they have to say." The meetings continued several days, Madame Montour making the interpretations between the parties. She was called Queen Esther, whose more permanent keener and thinner than ever. Beyond the words.

Madame Montour makes her first appea

Robert Hunter, alias Carondawana, a chief of Seneca Lake, as being a half-breed, who of the Oneidas. It is agreed on all hands had been well educated in Canada. Her silvery in the sun. Far off a group of baththat her first husband was Roland Montour, reputed father was one of the French Gova brave of the Senecas. She had no chisdren ernors of that Province, and she herself was by her second husband, who was killed in a lady of comparative refinement. She was war with the Catawbas as early as the year much caressed in Philadelphia, and mingled

Madame Montour is by some writers al- trolling influence among the indians, and leged to have been the daughter of one of resided in this quarter, [Tiox a point, Bradthe French Governors of Canada, and to ford county while they were making their have been a lady in manners, style and edu- incursions upon the Wyoming settlements. cation. That she mingled in the best socie- It has been even suspected that she presided ty of Philadelphia and possessed great at- at the bloody sacrifice of the Wyoming tractions of mind and person. But when we prisoners after the battle; but Col. Stone remember that she had a sister married to a who is good authority upon the history of brave of the Miamis, and was herself twice the Six Nations, utterly discredits the married to Indians of the Five Nations, it is story," more than likely that her claims to beauty, That the Montours, Roland, John and education and refinement were not so positive as her admirers have asserted, yet far French Governor of Canada, is altogether in advance of her husbands' and her swarthy probable; but that Catharine the sister

An examination of the authorities seems | refined and caressed lady of the best society bring us to the conclusion that Madame of Philadelphia, is an entire misapprehen-Montour was a French Canadian without any admixture of Indian blood-that she ever was in Philadelphia. Mr. Pearce aswas educated-that she preferred the Indian serts, notwithstanding Col. Stone's denial, custom and roving and unsettled habit of that "Queen Esther" was at the massacre. life-and that the family into which she If be means by "Queen Esther," Madame married were the French half-breeds who Montour, the French woman, the wife of Hark! What was that? Surely she heard a had a French Governor of Canada for their Roland Montour he is mistaken; but if he father, if, indeed, they were entitled to make | means Catrina Montour, the sister of Roland any such claim. That in early life she mar- and John, then he may be right. The ried Roland Montour, a brave of the Sene- authority from whom Mr. Day quotes, has cas, who had a brother John, and a sister evidently confounded the two women. who was variously known as Catharine, Kate, Madame Montour and Catharine Montour Catrina, Catreen and Queen Esther.

ertainly four and possibly five children, any authority which has come under my ob-Andrew, Henry and Robert are well known. servation; and the person who had her We hear of Lewis also; and at a council in castle at Tioga Point, and her town at the Philadelphia, June 18, 1733, before Thomas | head of Seneca Lake was not the wife or Penn, Esquire, Shekellamy, then at Shamokin as the head of the tribes, speaks of an daughter Margaret; might not that have Indian "named Katarioniecha, who is mar- been too, the name of the mother? Between ried to one Margaret, a daughter of Mrs.

econd marriage. In some instructions givand John Petty, then about to visit the Susquehanna Indians, the Governor says: Give my kind love also to Carundowana and his wife and speak to them to the same purpose. Lett him know I expect of him. that as he is a great Captain, he will take Care that all the People about him shall by whom they would be correctly and show themselves good Men & truehearted, graphically related. as he is himself, and that I hope to see him at the Treaty." And again, in the same year, there is the following memorandum: 'It was afterward considered by the Board Nations, appointed to reside among the Shanese, whose services had been and may yet be of great advantage to this Government; designated. And it was agreed that Five Pounds in Bills

of Credit should be given to Mistress Montour and her husband." After the death of her second husband in 1729 she probably spent a good deal of her time in Philadelphia; and in 1734 several of the Oneidas and others coming to town, "Mrs Montour, now in town but not a member of the delegation," was inquired of as to their standing and importance, and they were entertained and rewarded with some reference to her information concerning

evidenced by the fact that at least two of her sons received large grants of "donation lands" from the Government. Henry's lay on the Chillisquaque, and Andrew's on the Loval Sock where Montoursville now stands, In September 1742 Shikellimus the great Cayuga chief was living at Shamokin, and was there then visited by Conrad Weiser, Count Zinzendorf, Martin Mack and his wife and several other persons. After spending some time at Shamokin the "Count and part of his company forded the Susquehanna, and went to Ostonwackin on the West Branch. This place was then inhabited, not only by Indians, of different tribes, but by Europeans, who had adopted the indian nanner of life. Among the latter was a Frenchwoman, Madame Montour, who had couldn't do a heartsome hand's stirring was married an Indian warrior (Carondowana, best left alone to her brooding, and the widalias Robert Hunter.) but lost him in a war ow's smoky little cabin, solitary apart on the

went soon after to Wyoming." The location of the town of Ostonwackin has not been definitely ascertained. Let us see if we cannot locate it from the given facts. In the first place it was on the West Branch, in the second, it was a short distance stupidly content, poor Tom! so beaming and mouth and passing under Bloomsburg it rises above Shamokin, in the third, in order to good natured over beggarliness and hope reach it the Susquebanna, that is the North wick, where it sinks away beneath the over- Branch, was forded. We are justified in bare-feet, a torn straw hat and a red shirt, placing Ostonwackin, Madame Montour's Tom took the world easily, looking with revroefing slate of the very best quality develops residence at about the mouth of Chillisquaque Creek, and near the mountainous ridge, which bears her name. Near there, on the same stream her son Henry subsequently probably died, though of the time or place of her death no sufficient and certain information has been obtained. But in October 1734, she is spoken of by a Chief and Messenger from the Six Nations, as an old wothe neighborhood of, and no doubt on friend-

mus died in 1749, and we hear nothing of Madame Montour after 1742. There is no authority for believing that she was alive, much less present, thirty-six years later, at the massacre of Wyoming. No history, nor no authentic tradition connects Madame Montour with the shedding of any blood white or Indian; the whole tenor of her life forbids it, and the attempt to enhance the romance of a locality or a tragedy by naming her in connection with it, must be a

failure The Hon, Stewart Pearce in his Annals, says Capt. Reland Montour was at the massacre. If he means the husband again. Did he take her for a common houseof Madame Montour he is mistakan. Roland | hold drudge, or a low-born field hand? She had long been dead, and he left no son of thanked God she had too much spirit left to his name.

of Roland ever was the educated and sion. There is no evidence that Catharine were very different persons. The christian By her husband Roland Montour she had name of Madame Montour is not given in

widow of Roland Montour. She had a her and John and Catrina, there seems to Montour," as living "in that neighborhood." have been no intercourse, at least they are Whatever Roland Montour may have never mentioned in connection with her nor seen, Madame had always been the friend named as of her family. John and Catreen of the Proprietary government. And that are alleged to have both been at the taking eputation is enhanced, if possible, after her of Fort Freeland in July 1779; and that John received a wound there which proved en in 1728 by Gov. Gordon to Henry Smith | fatal, and that he was buried at the "Painted Post." The probabilities of this story being true, a.e increased, when we renumber the number of persons taken prisoners at that time, and that many of them returned from captivity, to whom

In view of all the cyldence now attainable, it seems possible that Madame Montour may have been of pure French extraction, and scorned the broken paddle and the heavy that Roland and his brother and sister may what Present might be proper to be made have been half-breeds. At any rate Madto Mistress Montour & her husband, Caran- ame is always spoken of as a French woman dowana, & likewise to Shikellima, of the Five and never as as a half-breed, while Catharine is always distinguished as half-breed, although the brothers are seldom if ever so

that the truth of history might be vindicated and the confusion or error which the -that the good reputation of Madame Monunderlie the beautiful Ridge which perpetuates her name, and her memory be as green and grateful as the pines that clothe its sides and wave over its summit. JOHN G. FREEZE.

Miscellaneous.

That such was the uniform character of the family of Madame Montour is further SEEING BETTER DAYS. The widow Minton had seen better days How far back wasn't exactly certified; but she had seen them. Better days hung mouldering about her,like the defaced shreds or antiquated embroidery. The sturdy gossips of the seaside village, who went about with their skirts tucked up

> for any work, looked askance at the widow Minton, with her pitiful meagerness of aspect, her flickering black eye, and her trailing old gown. They nudged each other and said, "Better days- Lord save us!" But the widow did not trouble the neighbors much, nor they her. A body who

and their bare, brown arms ready and able

against the Catawbas. She kindly enter- seashore, was left pretty much to herself and tained the Count for two days. The Count | boy Tom. Tom was a sturdy, brown-faced lad, who picked up a living by doing odd jobs for the poatmen, and then taking a day for fishing Tom had probably never seen better days The widow shook her head over him-s essness. A tall, well-grown fellow, with erent eyes on his mother's by-gape gentility, out by no means seeming to covet it for him

The widow deemed it due to her past reobtained a large tract of land, and there she spectability to be seen at church of a Sunday evening, and you could see the two walking at twilight along the sands together, she with her clean pocket handkerchies folded over her old hymn-book and a certain doubtful hesitancy of gait, as if Heaven itman. We do not hear of her after the year self might be looking down critically on her 1742, and then as living at Ostonwackin, in shabby black gown and rusty bonnet. As for Tom, patient Tom, he went plodding ly terms with the great and good Shikellimus slowly after her, with his smiling face, he father of the more celebrated Logan, and whistling to himself as he went. Always the steady triend of our people. Shekelli- patient, always plodding, poor Tom! Patiently falling asleep during the sermon, and red shirt, and once he took me and father patiently listening, open-mouthed, to the out rowing. Tom, your mother saved my closing hymn, his careless, bright face, con- life." trasting so oddly with his mother's querulous and tearworn visage, won for him the soubriquet of Widow Minton's rainbow. The minister of the parish, mistaken sou

warily offered to employ her services in his making a cup of tea for her protege. It household for a season. He deemed it his was wonderful how a little warmth of huduty to rouse the old woman to activity. He did rouse her and it is averred that and activity again. he never found time to call at the cabin put herself under anybody's feet. He hadn't But Roland had a brother John, and far to go to find scores of drudges and diggers

John is alleged by several writers to have but he might go further before he knew a been at Wyoming. They had a sister Cat- lady when he saw her. ring, and she and John were all their lives It might have been the afternoon after the forward. "Oh, father, this good lady has bitter and unrelenting enemies of the Eng- good man's visit that the widow sat idly saved my life !" lish colonists. Mr. Day, speaks of "the brooding at her cabin door. Her eyes had a celebrated Catharine Montour, sometimes wandering, far away look, and her face was the beautiful rosy lips that pronounced the

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. X, NO. 17 COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. XLI, NO. 11 at this time married to her second husband, residence was at Catharinestown at the head, bluff which sheltered her cabin, stretched a far line of seacoast, the white sand gleaming ers, in bright dresses, frolicked between shore and water. They came from the great notel down beyond; she could almost catch the sound of their voices as she sat slowly rocking in her doorway. It was a quiet in the best society. She exercised a conafternoon, the air was soft and soothing, and the widow's heart so full of bitterness, felt tself sweeten and soften in the stillness. This part of the shore, sheltered by its over nanging rock, was seldom disturbed by intruders, but presently the watcher's eye caught sight of a young girl splashing and frolicking in the water just beyond the rocks. It was a pretty sight, the rounded arms, the urving shoulders, the swaying, floating figure. And perhaps the old woman recalled with a sigh the time when she was young Catharine were half-breeds, children of a and blithe too, and had as cheery a voice as that with which the fair swimmer hailed her

companions in the distance. Gazing absently on the smiling scene, reverie fell upon her, and when she looked again, the young water-nymph had disappeared. She had probably swam ashore behind the rocks. The widow turned away, hugged her thin shawl over her shoulders, and thought that the sea wind was chilly. cry. No merry shout or ringing laugh this : it might be the cry of a wild bird on its way to its mate.

She couldn't have got beyond her depth, that young creature, surely ! But, la! what of it if she had? Dying young, a body gets quit of a deal of trouble. And-Yes, surely that was a scream. The widow looked sharply out. Would Tom never come? The tide was rising, and -and something certainly was the matter. She called-she beckoned frantically to the bathers beyond-they seemed both blind and deaf.

"No one, not one soul at hand, and that young thing in peril of life!" A minute she stood still, listening-a feeble old wo man with a haggard, scared-face, to whom no one would have dreamed of looking for

"I can't stand this," she said. "Seems night puil out that old scow myself. Tom!" she screamed, with a vell that held the concentrated energy of ten years. But no Tom appeared. And it was the widow herself. with those withered old hands, that disdained the minister's kitchen work-it was the widow herself, who, straining, tugging, and the facts must have been well known, and with her gray hair fluttering in the wind, unloosed the old dug-out from its moorings. and trembling, unskillful, armed with a rude paddle, went spinning out dizzily over the rude water. It leaked, the old scow; it oars, but finally it came drifting out blind ly and dizzily to the object of her search. A plump hand, with a glittering ring upon it clutched the edge of the beat, nearly oversetting it. A young, eager face, with streaming hair, looked up from the water, and grasping, shuddering, half-drowned, was presently aboard the old craft.

"Oh, how frightened I was?" she cried authorities leave upon the mind be dispelled "I felt sure I was losing all my strength. and would go to the bottom. Oh, you good our might be as immovable as the rocks that old soul! you dear soul! how ever did you get to me in that water-logged craft ?" "It has seen its best days, certain," said

the widow, tugging at the oars. "You don't look able for such work," said

thegirl. "I have seen better days," was the quiet

nswer.

And then-oh, sufficient reward of all her efforts !- this real lady, this fair young girl with the soft hands and the pretty bathing dress, actually replied, "I thought so." "Here, give me an oar," she added, stil nanting. "But, my dear soul, we"ll never be able to row down to that point, where I

left my clothes, and I can't walk to the bodown yonder ?" The little dark cabin on the shore brightened up with an unwonted lustre as the widow sheltered her young charge, and changed her we garments for some of her

"If my Tom would only come, I'd send him for your things." "Oh, no matter! I'll wrap your shawl a bout me, and walk down myself you know.

only scared. Dear me, how I was scared

My old nurse used to teach me not to scream

but if I hadn't screamed, where should I be

"They have seen better days, the clothes

now. I wonder."

miss, and I'll not deny that they've been in good company in their time; but they're not fit for a lady now." Her companion laughed, a pretty, mis

chievous laugh. She read the weakness of her rescuer, and treated it tenderly. "Whatever a lady has worn is fit for lady to wear," she said, and forthwith wrapped herself, smiling, in the old gray shawl. And at that moment Tom, with his red shirt gleaming in the setting sun, and a string of fish on his shoulder, stood in the

He stopped when he saw the guest standing on the hearth stone, a bright fire behind her, and the kettle boiling cheerily She nodded to him familiarly, Tom thought he must be dreaming.

"Tom and I are acquainted," said she. "Are you "" responded the astonished wid-"Yes," said the girl. "I've watched Tom

many a time walking along shore with his

"Saved your life!" echoed Tom, who never in all his life had heard of his mother's doing anything before. Tom, stupid and staring, was hurried off leemed it incumbent to make a call on the in search of the missing garments. And widow; and on charity bent, it is said he un- meanwhile his mother betook herself to

> man feeling had roused this woman to life When Tom returned, ladened with varous articles of apparel, the two were quietly pping their tea together at the old round

He did not return alone, however. Fol owing him came a tall, gray-headed gentle-

"Here's father!" cried the girl springing

Lady! The widow Minton wanted to kiss

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cards in the "Business inrectory" column, one dollar per year for each line. "Well, my dear," said the old gentleman,

ood-humoredly pinching the plump cheek, 'she has done it very thoroughly. You certainly don't look very near death just now." Whereas the story, with due enlargement and variation, was told him with a pretty

The father smiled, but also he furtively

wiped away a tear. "Well, madam," said he courteously, "acept my cordial thanks for looking after my little madeap Belle. She's my only child, you see, and as full of pranks as any doz-

Belle playfully put her hand over his nouth. "I won't have my character traduced where they've been so good to me," she cried. "And oh, father, isn't this a beautiful place-such a view of the water! I mean to come down here every day and do my

sketching." "I'm afraid," said the sire, shaking his head, "that this good lady will have cause to wish she had thrown you overboard."

"Oh no, father; she likes me and I like her, and I've fallen in love with Tom long ago, you know."

Tom blushed painfully. Something strange and new stirred in his mind. Compliments did not sweeten his thoughts as they did his mother's, for Tom had never seen better days, and felt as if he were being made a jest of. A week passed, during which the young

girl strolled almost daily to the cabin. When

she was there Tom seldom entered the house. He had grown shy and sulky; he sat on the shore darkly brooding, or went off silently to his fishing. One morning Belle and her father departed. Belle kissed the withered cheek of her friend, and that was all. For when mention had been made of helping her substantially,

the widow had drawn herself sharply up, all the lady shining in her eyes. "I may have seen my best days," she said, but I haven't come to that vet. And if I needed any reward. I've had it now," she added, as she felt the soft blood mautling in the cheek that Belle had kisssed.

about with a cloud on his face, and in his ears were ringing those mocking words: "I am in love with Tom." A disgust for his fishing life and for himself and for all their miscrable surroundings of poverty filled the lad's heart with an unwonted bitterness. "Mother, ' said he one day as he sat dark-

Long after the two had left, Tom went

were a born lady; why didn't you make a gentleman of me ?" "I had no money left when you came," said the widow, briefly,

"Then it's money that makes people gen-

y brooding over the hearth, "you said you

lemen and ladies ?" "I don't know," said the widow, puzzled, they somehow mostly have it." One day Tom came and told her he was oing to sea. There had been a man down oking for hands, and he had taken To gladly, for Tom was a handy fellow at almost

any kind of sea craft, and would soon make a good seaman. "And you must just bide here patiently till I come back, mother; for if there's better days anywhere I shall bring them with

me, be sure." After that the sea looked bluer and colder than ever, and the solitary weman lived a sort of bermit's life. No cheery voice of gossiping neighbor lightened the dreary cabin, no children prattled about her; and only Belle, the blithe, bright-hearte I lassie, seemed to remember to cheer her with a letter now and then. Belle was away from home now. visiting some distant friends, but in her kindly heart she kept a corner, it seemed, for the poor old woman who had saved her

Three years-four-passed away, and daily of a summer afternoon you might have tel; I'm awfully tired. Can't you put me seen the widow sitting in the doorway, eage! ashore at your place, and send word for me and hollow-eyed, looking out for some possi ble ship that might be Tom's. Tom was not a good correspondent, but occasionally up at the little post office a wandering epistle waited her trembling hand. She was growing very old and feeble now; but Tom was getting up in the world, Tom was first mate of his ship, Tom was a success, Tom was a gentleman, and oh, above all things, Tom

was coming home. Not every one watches in vain, though we nay not always be looking in the right direction. It was so with the widow. As she sat one day, with straining eye gazing on far off sunlit sails, and seeing how some of them hovered nearer and nearer, and some, alas! took wing farther and farther away, the doorway darkened suddenly; there came rushing upon her, as if dropped from the clouds, a plump, dark-eved, rosy-cheeked lady, who flung herself into the arms of the

watcher with a cry of joy. "Oh, mother!" she exclaimed, half sobbing, half laughing-"oh, mother! don't you know me? Why, I'm Tom's wife, and I've brought the captain with me!" "Mother," said Captain Tom that night,

'you've seen better days, perhaps, but I

"For didn't I tell you," said Mrs. Tom.

archly, "that I was in love with Tom? And father owns half his ship, you know; so if Tom's captain, I'm second mate, you see. And we are going to take you away to where we found our better days."

never have."

A New Orleans merchant was induced by woman, who told a pitiful story of poverty, to give her \$14 with which to bury her dead husband. Before giving the money he went to the house and saw a discolored corpse that he thought ought to have been buried days before. In his hurry to get away from the place he forgot his umbrella. When he returned for it be found the corpse sitting up

BACK PAY. -Some years ago, says the Dotroit Free Frees, a certain Detroiter settled a debt by giving his note of hand. The holder tried for two years to collect it, and then filed it away. The other day he had an opportunity to work it off on an innocent party and shortly after so doing he encountered the maker of the note and said :

"Now you'll have to come to time! I've sold that note of yours!" "You don't say so?"

and counting the \$14.

"Yes, I have; got it off on a man for seven dollars." "See here, Tom," said the debtor in a

pleading voice, "if you got seven dollars for that forty dollar note against me, and you won't give me at least two dollars, I'll never do another favor for you in my