Independent Republican.

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VOLUME 11. MONTROSE, SUSQ. CO., PA., TUESDAY, JANUARY 24, 1865. NUMBER 4

Business Directory.

CHARLES HOLES,

DEALER IN CLOCKS, WATCHES, AND JEWELRY Repairing done as usual, on short notice and reasonable terms Shop on east side Public Avenue in F. B. Chandler's store. Montrose, Pa., Nov. 7, 1864.

DR. E. L. HANDRICK,

PHYSICIAN and SURGEON, respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of Friendsville and vicinity. Office in the office of Dr. Lent. Boards at J. Hosford's. Friendsville, July 27, 1864.—tf

E. W. SMITH,

ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW and Licensed Claim Agent. Office over Lewis Drug store. Susquehanna Depot January 23, 1864.

H. BURRITT,

DEALER in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Crockery, Hardware, Iron, Stoves, Drugs, Oils and Paints, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Furs, Buffalo Robes, Groceries, Provisions, &c. New Milford, Pa., April 11, 1864.—tf

S. H. SAYRE & BROTHERS,

MANUFACTURERS of Mill Castings, Castings of all kinds of Stoves, Tin and Sheet Iron Ware, Agricultural Implements, and Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, &c. Montrose, Pa., February 23, 1864.

W. E. & J. B. KIRBY,

KEEP constantly on hand a good assortment of GROCERIES; also, a good assortment of FRESH MEAT. Shop under W. H. Boyd's Tin Shop. Montrose, February 8, 1864.

BILLINGS STROUD,

FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE AGENT. Office in Lathrop's building, east end of Brick Block. In his absence, business at the office will be transacted by C. L. Brown. Montrose, February 1, 1864.—tf

J. D. VAIL, M. D.,

HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN, has permanently located himself in Montrose, Pa., where he will promptly attend to all calls in his profession with which he may be favored. Office and Residence West of the Court House, near Bentley & Fitch's. Montrose, February 1, 1864.—Oct. 22, 1863.

A. O. WARREN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, BOUNTY, BACK PAY and PENSION CLAIM AGENT. All Pension Claims carefully prepared. Office in room formerly occupied by Dr. Vail, in W. H. Boyd's building, below Searle's Hotel. Montrose, Pa., Feb. 1, 1864.—febl7y1 1863.

S. S. ROBERTSON,

MANUFACTURER of BOOTS & SHOES Owego Street, Montrose, Pa. Montrose, January 25, 1864.—tf

CHARLES MORRIS,

FASHIONABLE BARBER and HAIR DRESSER, over F. B. Week's Shoe Store, Montrose. Hair Cutting, Shampooing, Shaving, and Shampooing done in the BEST STYLE. Ladies' Hair Dressed in the most APPROVED FASHION. Montrose, Sept. 23, 1863.—tf

LEWIS KIRBY & E. BACON,

KEEP constantly on hand a full supply of every variety of GROCERIES and CONFECTIONERIES. Attention to business and fairness in deal, they hope to merit the liberal patronage of the public. An OYSTER and ENTERTAINING SALOON attached to the grocery, where bivalves in season, are served in every style that the tastes of the public demand. Remember the place, the old Mott Grocery stand, on Main Street, below the Postoffice. Montrose, Nov. 17, 1863.—mch17,63.—tf

DR. CALVIN C. HALSEY,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, AND EXAMINING SURGEON for PENSIONERS. Office over the store of J. Lyons & Son, Public Avenue. Boards at Mr. Etheridge's. Montrose, October, 1863.—tf

D. A. BALDWIN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, and Pension, Bounty, and Back Pay Agent, Great Bend, Susquehanna County, Pa. Great Bend, August 10, 1863.—1y

BOYD & WEBSTER,

DEALERS in Stoves, Stove Pipe, Tin, Copper, and Sheet Iron Ware; also, Window Sash, Panel Doors, Window Blinds, Lath, Pine Lumber, and all kinds of Building Materials. Tin Shop south of Searle's Hotel, and Carpenter Shop near the Methodist Church. Montrose, Pa., January 1, 1864.—tf

DR. JOHN W. COBB,

PHYSICIAN and SURGEON, respectfully tenders his services to the citizens of Susquehanna County. Having had about a year's experience in the United States Army, as Surgeon, especial attention will be given to SURGICAL OPERATIONS. Residence on Maple Street, East of J. S. Tarbell's Hotel. Montrose, Susq. County, Pa., June 22, 1863.—tf

DR. WILLIAM W. SMITH,

SURGEON DENTIST. Office over the Barclay Office of Cooper & Co. All Dental Operations will be performed in his usual good style and warranted. Remember, office formerly of H. Smith & Son. Montrose, January 1, 1864.—tf

E. J. ROGERS,

MANUFACTURER of all descriptions of WAGONS, CARRIAGES, SLEIGHS, &c., in the best style of workmanship and of the best materials. Shop at the well known stand of E. H. ROGERS, a few rods east of Searle's Hotel in Montrose, where he will be happy to receive the calls of all who want anything in his line. Montrose, June 1, 1863.—tf

BALDWIN & ALLEN,

DEALERS in FLOUR, Salt, Pork, Fish, Lard, Grain, Feed Candles, Clover and Timothy Seed. Also GROCERIES such as Sugars, Molasses, Syrups, Tea and Coffee. West side of Public Avenue, one door below J. Kibbridge. Montrose, January 1, 1864.—tf

DR. G. W. BEACH,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, having permanently located himself at Brooklyn Center, Pa., tenders his professional services to the citizens of Susquehanna County, on the terms commensurate with the times. Occupies the office of the late Dr. B. Richardson, and boards at Mrs. Richardson's. Brooklyn Center, Pa., June 4, 1864.—1y

F. B. WEEKS,

PRACTICAL BOOT AND SHOE MAKER; also Dealer in Boots, Shoes, Leather, and Shoe Findings. Repairing done with neatness and dispatch. Two doors above Searle's Hotel. Montrose, January 1, 1864.—tf

JOSEPH RICE,

MANUFACTURER and DEALER in all kinds of CHAIRS Shop four miles east of New Milford Borough. New Milford, October 1, 1863.—tf

DRS. PATRICK & GARDNER,

PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS, will attend faithfully and promptly to all business that may be entrusted to their care. Office on Turnpike street, two doors west of the Public Square, formerly occupied by Drs. Tyler and Darrow. Office over Webb's Store. Office hours, 9 to 11 a. m. and 1 to 4 p. m. E. PATRICK, Jr., Montrose, January 1, 1864.—tf E. L. GARDNER.

WM. & WM. H. JESSUP,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Montrose, Pa. Practice in Susquehanna, Bradford, Wayne, Wyoming and Luzerne Counties. Montrose, Pa., January 1st, 1861.

ALBERT CHAMBERLIN,

DISTRICT ATTORNEY AND ATTORNEY AT LAW—Office over the Store formerly occupied by Post Brothers Montrose, Pa., January 1, 1860.

J. LYONS & SON,

DEALERS IN DRY GOODS, Groceries, Crockery, Hardware Tinware, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Furs, and the finest Musical Instruments, Sheet Music, &c. Also carry on the Book Binding business in all its branches. J. LYONS, Montrose, January 1, 1864. T. A. LYONS.

ABEL TURRELL,

DEALER IN DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS, Paints, Oils, Dye-stuffs, Varnishes, Window Glass, Liquors, Groceries, Crockery, Glassware, Wall-Paper, Jewelry, Fancy Goods, Perfumery, Surgical Instruments, Trusses, Clocks, Brushes, &c.—and Agent for all of the most popular Patent Medicines. Montrose, January 1, 1861.

C. O. FORDHAM,

MANUFACTURER of BOOTS & SHOES, Montrose, Pa. Shop over DeWitt's Store. All kinds of work made to order, and repairing done neatly. Work done when promised. Montrose, April 2, 1861.—tf

CHARLES N. STODDARD,

DEALER in BOOTS & SHOES, Leather and Findings, on Main st. third door below Searle's Hotel, N. B. Work made to order, and repairing done neatly. Montrose, Pa., December 12, 1860.

B. R. LYONS & CO.,

DEALERS IN DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, BOOTS, SHOES, Ladies' Gaiters, Carpets, Oil Cloths, Wall and Window Paper, Paints, Oils, &c. Store on the east side of Public Avenue.

B. R. LYONS, - - - - - - J. D. LYONS

Montrose, January 1, 1864.—tf

READ, WATROUS, & FOSTER,

DEALERS IN DRY GOODS, Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Groceries, Hardware, Crockery, Iron, Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, Silver Spoons, Perfumery, &c., Brick Block, Montrose.

O. P. READ, ... WATROUS ..... H. O. FOSTER.

Montrose, January 1, 1864.

PHILANDER LINES,

FASHIONABLE TAILOR, Brick Block, over Read, Watrous & Foster's Store, Montrose, Pa. Montrose, Pa., July 27, 1859.

JOHN GROVES,

FASHIONABLE TAILOR. Shop opposite the Republican Office. Montrose, Pa., October 23, 1859.—tf

D. A. LYONS,

DEALER in Dry Goods, Groceries, Flour, Salt, Crockery, Hardware, &c. Store on Main Street, Susquehanna Depot February 11, 1863.—tf

BEAUMONT & WARD,

WOOL CARDING, Cloth Dressing, and Manufacturers, at the old stand known as Smith's Carding Machine. Terms made known when the work is brought. JOHN BEAUMONT, Hop Bottom, June 1, 1863. SAMUEL P. WARD.

BENTLEY & LOOMIS,

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT LAW, Scranton, Pa. Office over Fuller's Drug Store, on Lackawanna Avenue, next door West Marshall's Office. Military Exemption papers made out. Persons in Susquehanna County, if desired, would do well to call on us. Information by letter cheerfully given, and all business attended to as promptly attended to. W. S. BENTLEY, Scranton, Pa., Sept. 23, 1864.—tf S. S. LOOMIS.

I. H. BURNS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office with William H. Burrell, Esq., Opposite Search's Hotel. Montrose, Nov. 2, 1864.

A SINGING BIRD.

My soul is dull—through all this day,
Its drooping life will not be stirred;
I'll go a street's length from my way,
To hear the singing of a bird.

A little bird, in wire-bound cage,
Suspended o'er the dusty path,
That more than poet's brightest page,
The power, methinks, to cheer me hath.

I've heard it many times ere now,
When pressed by toil's dull weariness;
And through my soul has passed a glow
I could but tell, not all express.

Ah, there it is! 'mid dust and din,
What wondrous charm is in that voice!
It wakes the dormant life within,
And in its joy does it rejoice.

Still clearer, brighter, every note
Comes sparkling out in silver showers;
Ah! now my soul is all afloat,
In dreams of fields and dew-lit flowers.

The fair hedge rose and clover sweet,
With odor blend of new mown hay,
I hear the streamlet's dabbling feet
Above the cool white pebbles play.

It poureth out a soaring strain,
Now soft and low, a soothing hymn;
I thrill with joy through every vein—
I drink repose in woodlands dim.

I wake refreshed—where is the cloud
That dimmed my life a while ago?
Yet I am still among the crowd,
That toil-worn passes to and fro.

Who would not, on a summer's day,
When life may thus be sweetly stirred,
A street's length wander from his way,
To hear the singing of a bird?

RET'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

"There! and while we are so cosy and comfortable over our tea, poor Mr. Malden is out in that cold office over those nasty ledgers, without a mouthful, and likely to be there hours for all I know; and he's not strong, I'm sure. Nellie, I mean to go right out and ask him in."

If Ret had never said this, our story might never have been written, for, as she turned her bright eyes upon her sister's face, she saw carnation tints bathe her brow and cheek and chin, and saw the bosom under the dove tinted dress rise and flutter, and knew at once, with womanly intuition, what these signs meant. She paused a moment, thinking of her own discovery, and pain and pleasure wavered in the balance for that brief space of time. The next instant she had decided that she was pleased, and her round face beamed with smiles again. "It must have been somebody sometime," she said, "and I'm glad it's him instead of anybody else." And she gave one little half-hysterical laugh, turned her back to put another spoonful of Young Hyson into the teapot, and began again, as though the sentence had not been interrupted.—"I say, Nellie, I'm going to ask Mr. Malden in to tea."

Nellie found the voice by this time. "What will father say?" she half whispered.

"I believe you think father is a heathen," cried Ret. "I absolutely believe you think our dear father is a barbarian."

"Oh, no, indeed," pleaded Nellie. "But you know, Ret, just as well as I do, how particular father is about some things, and I'm sure I shouldn't venture on such a step; not but that I'm glad *you* dare Ret, and I hope you won't be stopped by anything I have said." And Nellie grew crimson again, and would not meet her sister's eyes.

"As if I ever minded *you*," said Ret. "As if minding you, who don't exactly know your own mind, wouldn't be the most idiotic thing in the world.—Father would feel grieved to think that any one lost comfort in his service."

"I'm sure of that, Ret," replied Nellie. "Father would say, 'Send the young man some refreshments.' But asking him in—a clerk, you know, and—"

"Oh, if *you* object," said Ret, demurely.

"You know I don't," answered Nellie. "But, Ret, I understand father, and I hope I understand my duty; and you'll say this of me, I trust, after I'm gone, that I always try to obey father when it is the hardest. Write this upon my tomb-stone, 'She was impulsive and wrong headed, but she always minded'—in better language, of course—and I'm content."

"When do you mean to die?" asked Ret.

"Oh, Ret, that's almost wicked, indeed it is. But I'm sure I shouldn't mind an early death. There isn't a great deal in this world to live for, except one's duty."

Nellie said this in a dreary sort of a tone, and shook her head wisely.

"Very well," said Ret, "and all this time Mr. Malden has had no tea."

No two women were ever outwardly in greater contrast to each other than Henrietta and Ellen Anderson. The first was forty, the latter twenty. The first always styled "Ret" by every one who knew her, was very short and very fat, with glittering black eyes and kinky black hair, hands that were dimpled, and no perceptible waist. When dressed according to her own taste, she wore all the hues of the rainbow at once, flounced to her waist—had ruffles on her sleeves and quillings on her boddice, and, at times, managed to make of her little person a bright colored ball, not unlike one of those curious percha women in the toy shops, who, throw which ever way they may be, always come down feet first, and fall to rocking. A brisk little manager, too, who saw to everything, settled with the tradesman, and set the servants to order, as she had ever done since her mother's death.

Nellie, on the contrary was fair and slender, fair of skin, and with eyes soft baby blue—roses came and went upon her cheeks. Her teeth were pearly, and her hair pale brown, with a touch of gold in the sunlight. A moonlight sort of beauty lovely enough to inspire a poet. Very timid, nothing of a manager, with a strong sense of right and wrong, and a great many romantic fancies. Loving and dutiful by nature, a daring little woman as ever walked this earth, but by no means self reliant. Old Mr. Anderson was proud of this fair daughter, but in cases of emergency went to Ret.

Fonny little Ret. This night she wore a pea-green merino dress, a jacket of scarlet hue, and a blue head-dress, and looked like some Dutch doll as she left the room, and trotted along the narrow carpeted passage which connected the dwelling with the counting-house. For old Mr. Anderson, rich as he was, had not forsaken the lower part of the city, but lived in a great gloomy house, with carved mantles and massive doors, which stood back to back with his place of business, and scowled upon the altered street like some unsettled old Philadelphia aristocrat besieged by plebeians. Across this passage, which great storerooms lay, Ret Anderson trotted, and, coming at last to its end, opened a door and stood within the private office of Anderson & Co.—the sanctum, on the outer door of which was posted the notice, "No admittance except by invitation."

A jet of gas was turned on here, and under it hastily writing, sat a young gentleman. He had a strange, sensitive, beautiful face, exquisite hands, and a figure which looked gracefull as it bent over the table, and his eye, when it turned upon Miss Ret, was of a velvety brown, soft and sparkling as the stars upon a frosty night.

"Good evening, Mr. Malden."

"Good evening, Miss Anderson," and he paused and looked an inquiry.

"Setting Cousin Bertie's mistakes right, I suppose, Mr. Malden."

"Yes!" he laughed, and lifted his head wearily.—"I fancy Mr. Anderson will never make an accountant of Master Bertie."

"Nor anything else," Ret answered, curtly.—"And I can't see why you should fag for him. Put the book down, and come and take tea with us, will you?"

Henry Malden's face flushed as Nellie's had ten minutes before, and Ret watched him also.

"With myself and sister, I mean," she said.—"Come; you'll be here an hour or two, and then it will take another to get to your boarding house, and you'll starve by that time if you are like me. Don't say no, but come along." And the fat little hands shut the ledger in a way which defied resistance.

Perhaps the young clerk had no wish to resist.—With some polite common place remark of acceptance, he arose and followed Ret out into the passage; and, as he did so, you would have seen, had you been there, that he was lame. That was the meaning of the sensitive expression on his handsome face. He was no lamer than Lord Byron, and no more disfigured by the defect. But Lord Byron's whole life was embittered by that broken ankle of his, which he could not forget for a moment, though so conscious of his talent and beauty and power of fascination. And this young clerk, who did not know that he had a handsome face, had the same morbid sensitiveness. It made him feel glad that fat, good-natured, forty-year-old Miss Ret walked on before him.

Nellie sat near the table, and bent her head in conscious welcome. Her cheeks were very red, but that may have been the fire. Ret said it was so, and made her sit upon the opposite side of the table.

"And help Mr. Malden to everything, do," she continued, "for I have my hands full with the teapot.

So the conversation began by passing of bread and butter, and head-cheese and jam, and honey and crisp crullers. And blue eyes and brown eyes met, and hands nearly touched. The ice was broken and the two began to talk. After awhile Ret grew silent, and listened. They had read the same books, they loved the same music. They warmed with their subjects, and grew merry and eloquent and poetical, and Ret said to herself, "Just suited to each other."—Over the tea-pot therefore, she nodded her wise little head, and began to plot like a very innocent Gay Fawkes.

It was the beginning of December. Christmas time was rapidly drawing near. Already Ret had begun to hide mysterious worsted in table drawers at the sound of approaching footsteps, and to have whispering interviews with people with bundles in the hall. What she was thinking of I do not know, but she said to herself or the tea-pot, "Only a fortnight. It's a short time, but I fancy I can do it.—Stranger things have been done in fewer days."—And as she thus thought, the bronze blacksmith on the mantle brought his hammer down upon the anvil, and the hands upon the clock face below pointed to the hour of eight.

Henry Malden arose.

"Much as I am enjoying myself," he said, "I must not forget my task nor fail to remember that I am clerk in the counting house of Anderson & Co."

He uttered the words in a light, jesting tone, but his face gave the lie to his accent, and the sensitive flush was upon it again, and he bowed at the door and turned to take his way along the carpeted passage to the office.

"We shall be happy to see you here again," quoth Ret, but Nellie never said a word; she only bowed her head, like a willow waving in the wind. Yet when the sound of the halting footstep had died away, she went to the mantlepiece and put her arm upon it, and buried her head in the lace sleeve.

Ret came behind her and drew her back and saw that the blue eyes were full of tears.

"Ah, ah!" she said, shaking her blue ribbons and her black curls together, "how long has this been going on, Nellie?"

"How long has *what* been going on, Ret?" said Nellie.

"Don't be deceitful, Nellie," said Ret: "you know well enough what I mean."

Nellie sobbed—"Upon my word, nothing has been going on. He has hardly spoken to me oftener than you. He has never said a word like—like—what you mean, indeed he hasn't. And I, Oh! Ret, you don't think I would be so immodest! No, I told you once that I would obey father if he told me to strangle myself, and I know my duty. If Henry Malden and I do go to the same church, and do occasionally meet out of this house by accident; and if I can't help seeing that he is superior to anybody I ever knew, and thinking—as who wouldn't? what a sweet dear face he has, that is not to say that either he or I ever forget father, or his prejudices, or our duty. And mind, Ret, I don't say that Mr. Malden cares anything about me. I have no reason to think he does. The weakness and the folly may be all on my side; but, as I said before, I know my duty."

"The fact of the matter is," said Ret, testily, "that both of you consider dear father a heathen."

"Oh! Ret."

"You do. What objection can he have to Mr. Malden."

"Oh! Ret you know he's poor, and he is clerk, and father always said that I must marry well, and he means by that some rich man for whom I do not care a cent. I know he does."

"Perhaps he may," said Ret "Old gentlemen are poor judges of girl's hearts. But again I say, father isn't a heathen. How long has this been going on—this church going, and accidental meetings, and all that?"

"Two years, Ret."

"And you are not tired of each other yet?"

"Hush, Ret! I swear—at least: I *would* swear, if it were not wicked—that I have no reason to know that Mr. Malden likes me. It is immodest of you to say such a thing at all, when you can't be sure."

"I think I *am* sure," said Ret. "You and he are both alike. You believe father a heathen, and you have all sorts of ideas about duty and self sacrifice—I must take you in hand. I've a good mind," continued Ret, laughing, "to have a wedding at Christmas."

It was such a broad joke that Nellie smiled. And little Ret settled her blue headdress at the glass, and fell for the first time in her life into a brown study.

At ten Nellie retired, but Ret sat up still. At half past ten the bell rang, and the master of the mansion entered. He had just been dining out, and was rosy and genial. Just enough old port had he taken to make him good-natured, and he kissed Ret very affectionately and called her a good girl. A hale old man he was, past sixty-five, with snow-white hair on his head, like masses of floss silk. An old aristocrat if ever there was one in feeling; he forgot that, in all the world, there was any one above himself, and fancied that if a man were not a prosperous merchant he was nobody. He had married well, as we have merchants and always wealthy men. It was a theory of his that no gentleman would be poor, and that only a merchant could be quite a gentleman.

Ret had supper for him, and he sat down to it in a pleasant mood—Ret perched on the arm of a sofa opposite, with much exhibition of plump foot and ankle in open-work stockings and slippers, with purple rosettes on them. Ret was fine all over always.

And out popped a confession which would have awakened ire if murmured with hesitation.

"Father, I had Mr. Henry Malden in here tonight."

"Ah!!"

The old gentleman's eyebrows were elevated in surprise.

"How's that? Did the young man ask for tea?"

"Ask?—oh no. I asked him."

"Why?"

"He was out there in the bleak office, and we were so cosy, and it's injurious to go without one's meals. Nellie said you'd be angry but I told her you were not a heathen who wished to starve people in your employ. Mr. Malden is a very superior young man, father."

"Ah, yes! a very pleasant person—for a clerk."

"And he'll be here often now before Christmas—late, won't he?"

"Yes. There is much to do, besides the trouble your Cousin Bertie has given us. The boy don't understand the multiplication table."

"May I always ask him in, father?"

"You are housekeeper, Ret."

"It's settled, then," and Ret descended from her perch and kissed her father exactly in the centre of the spot among his white floss silk tresses. She had gained her first point.

Mr. Malden was asked in every night, and came. He used to row resistance, but he always yielded. Only he knew how delightful this constant intercourse with Nellie Anderson was to him, or how miserable and happy it made him. Happy, because it was that dear little Ret. She came to him one evening in the office, shut the door, and then regardless of propriety, bolted it. Looking him straight in the face, she said, in a whisper—

"Why don't you tell her so?"

Henry Malden's face flushed, but he would not understand her. So he said, "To what do you allude, Miss Anderson?" with such an icy tone as would have repelled anybody but Ret.

She had no angles about her, mentally or physically, and rolled softly where others would have stuck fast.

"I allude to you and her," she said, "to my sister Nellie and you, you young goose. Why have you gone on this way for two years, instead of popping the question and trying to find out whether Nellie likes you, eh?"

The ice melted. Ret had looked into his heart. The flush faded from his cheek and he grew pale again.

"It is cruel of you, Miss Anderson," he said. You must know why. If you have read my secret, you must understand why it is one and must be one forever."

"Stuff and nonsense," said Ret, perching, with great disregard to decorum, on a high stool. The slippers were bronze, with gilt buckles this time "I say again, why?"

"Do you know my salary?"

"Yes."

"And my position here?"

"That also."

"And your father's prejudices."

"I ought to have learned them in forty years."

"Do you suppose, Miss Anderson, that a poor salaried clerk would be received with favor as an applicant for the hand of Mr. Anderson's daughter?"

"No. But then father is not the barbarian you fancy him."

"I beg your pardon, Miss Anderson; I fancy him so entirely civilized that I would have no hope of his relenting. But——" he broke off suddenly. "This is folly. Why have you led me to talk thus? It is impossible that my presumptuous passion—you have forced it from me—can be returned by one so beautiful!"

"Why, again?"

Ret crossed her slippers as she spoke and waited for an answer.

"Were I the highest and richest in the land I should not dare to hope, crippled, deformed, as I am."

Ret descended from her perch and began to touch his shoulders with her fat hand. "Feeling for the hump," she said apologetically and explanatorily. "I don't see it."

She was so comical that the despairing lover absolutely laughed. "Ah! I begin to know that you mean that little limp of yours; so that's the obstacle?"

"Miss Ellen Anderson has never given me the slightest hope, even were there any."

"I wash my hands of that," said Ret; "I put her out of the question. If a man wants to know a girl's heart, he must find it out for himself; manfully. But a limp is not an obstacle. Women are not like men. If you absolutely had a humpback, some women would love you; and, you are as good looking as most people, after all."

"Miss Anderson, you are different from most women—better—you can't judge for them."

"You think because I'm not pretty I would not have been so particular when I was young."

What answer could he make? He put his arms upon the desk and rested his forehead on them. "If I were handsome and rich," he almost sobbed.

"Make believe you are; forget father, who is not a heathen; forget that limp of yours, that you brood over as though no one ever limped before. Find out whether Nellie loves you, and, if she don't, make the best of it. I can't be fidgeted any more; I've lost two pounds over it; I have, indeed."

She did not show the loss. "What a goose you are," she went on "Two years of good chances and not one step nearer than at first. Look here, Henry Malden, I'll give you one opportunity, and, if you lose that, you shall never know whether Nellie likes you or not; for I'll marry her to somebody else at once, I will indeed. You don't deserve her, faint heart, you actually don't!"

"I know it. I have known it all along.

Ret laughed. "There," she said, "I'm going. Take tea with us to night and I'll give you an opportunity, you morbidly sensitive foolish creature, with your bad opinion of dear father. Listen, there's a verse in a queer old book up stairs, and it runs in this way:

"One without stockings may wear a shoe,
And travel all day as the plowmen do;
But delicate sentiment thinks a shoe shocking,
And travels in mire with only a stocking"

And out went Ret, unlocking the door to let herself out, to the great scandal of a very proper housemaid who happened to be passing and who told the cook soon after that she "never expected to blush for Miss Ret."

Nellie, making roses on a pair of velvet slippers for the parent's feet, was astonished by seeing Ret soon after standing in her scarlet Welsh flannel gown before her, shaking her fingers menacingly.

"If Henry Malden tells you that he loves you," she said, "and you break your heart under the false impression that your excellent father is a brute, I shall hate you." This was her speech, and Nellie caught her skirt nervously in both hands.

"Oh, if he should, dear Ret, what should I do, my feelings are so at strife? It's very hard to be obliged to do such dreadful things; you cruel creature you will kill me."

"I *know* he'll pop the question soon," said Ret, "and if you like him say 'yes,' and be married on Christmas Day."

"You must be going crazy, Ret," and Nellie thought so.

"No; I'm not even in love, if it comes to that. I'll manage father; I know him. Remember—yes."

"He hasn't asked me," cried Nellie, "and I don't believe he will—I hope not; we both know our duty." But Ret left her, and that night Mr. Malden was asked once more to tea; and left in the room alone for one good half hour with Nellie.

He came out with red and trembling, and ran against Ret in the long passage. She clutched his arm. "What did she say? Not no, oh!—not no!"

And a broken voice sobbed—

"Ah; my darling! my own darling! She loves me! she loves me!"

"Good!" said Ret. "I'll have a Christmas wedding, and prove that father is no heathen."

Inside the hall Nellie in tears.

"Oh! wicked girl that I am," she said. "You tempted me, Ret. I've done so wrong. I couldn't help it. How he loves me, Ret!"

"Didn't I say so?"

"And father, oh! father. He has reason to disown me."

"But he won't," said Ret, "and now we must hurry. Miss Bliss is coming to-day to make your white silk dress. I bought it yesterday—*morte antique*. What a pity a bride couldn't wear pink."

"A bride."

"Yes. Christmas is your wedding day. Rev Mathias Ringdove will officiate, and I'll be bridesmaid."

"And father?"

"I'll fix all that. I repeat once more father is not an ogre."

Nellie was aghast. Ret began to measure the breadths of the splendid skirt; and soon Miss Bliss, the dressmaker, arrived, to be astonished, to be sure, by the news, and think to herself what an extravagant thing it was to dress in moire antique for a family Christmas party at home, for Ret said nothing about the bride to her; and Mr. Anderson, innocent victim that he was, who but he went with Ret to Harkinson's the confectioner's at Germantown, when she ordered an immense bride cake, iced with Cupids on it, and then bought home from Evans, Chesnut street, in his pocket, lace for a veil.

Henry Malden and Nellie Anderson had drawn swords hanging over their heads by less than a single thread that week.

And so Christmas day came—absolutely dawned—and the chief conspirator had all to do to make her appearance.

She made it boldly. At dawn she entered her father's room, bearing a gorgeous dressing gown, after her own heart, in both hands

"Happy Christmas, father! See what Santa Claus has sent you."

"Splendid! Thank you, child. You'll find something upstairs, also, I fancy."

"I knew I should; but, dearest father, I want you to give me something else. Promise first. I want a Christmas present of my own choosing.

"You shall have it"

"Positively be sure, and not grumble, I brought pen blankets, slumber on all the field. Clank, clank, through the dusk, through the forest, go the cavalry men's sabres. Their marches cease not at night; they go forth to discover, or surprise. Before the day they have sent a guerrilla party headlong; they have anticipated the day with an illumination. The streams are cool and clear, by many a cliff and wood. Here, "naked and not ashamed," a hundred soldiers bathe within the waters. Their clothes and arms are flung upon the banks; their bodies gleam and splash among the ripples. Their laughter rings hareh and loud, low and musical, while moving ranks upon the bridge above go by. Down by towns and cities and plantations to the sea, the pageant and the wrath moves to the new conquest which at last is ours, and the curtain falls upon another complete act of a drama which shall go on—how long?

THE NOVELIST A PHYSICIAN.

Some ten years ago Alexander Dumas published a large novel, serially, in a political journal. The heroine was represented as a person suffering from consumption, the first stare of which was already passed.

Her perspiration, cough, irritability and moodiness, by turns gay and melancholy, the poetical flights of her imagination; in short, the whole category of phthisic were portrayed with that golden pen which the celebrated novelist still so defiantly holds.

One morning as he was about to conclude his work, a distinguished person from the court of Louis Philippe called to see the author.

The Marquis de —— was announced!

"Sir," said the Marquis, "is your novel finished?"

"Entirely," was the reply.

"And what become of the heroine in the end?"

"You are fond of rare things, Monsieur le Marquis," says the novelist, laughing, "or else you wish to read in Arabian style—beginning at the end."

"I have," replied the visitor, "a more serious motive to justify my curiosity."

"Well, then," says Dumas, "my poor sufferer dies in the last chapter."

"She must recover in that case," said his excellency."

"But the plan has been carried out."

"Then, the conclusion must be altered."

"But the *denouement* is exceedingly striking."

"Another must be found, however, and you may depend upon my gratitude."

Dumas stared with astonishment at the seigneur.

"Why require this of a fictitious person?" said he.

"Because my only daughter suffers the same malady and the same symptoms you have described, and the death of your heroine would be a mortal blow to the *morale* of my poor child, who follows her adventures anxiously in every morning's paper."

The far-famed writer pressed the father's hand. He revised the last part of his novel. The heroine was miraculously cured.

Five years afterwards Dumas met a beautiful lady, of transcendent charms, in the *salons* of M. de Montalivet; she was the Marquis's daughter, married, and in the bloom of health.

"She has had four children," said her father, in introducing her.

"And my book four editions," answer the novelist.

☞ A man of temperate habits was once dining at the house of a free drinker. No sooner was the cloth removed from the dinner table than wine and spirits were produced, and he was asked to take a glass of spirits and water.

"No, thank you," said he, "I'm not ill."

"Take a glass of wine then," said his hospitable host, "or a glass of ale."

"No, thank you," said he, "I'm not thirsty"

These answers called forth a loud burst of laughter. Soon after this the temperate man took a piece of bread from the side-board and handed it to his host, who refused it, saying that he was not hungry. At this the temperate man laughed in his turn.

"Surely," said he, "I have as much reason to laugh at you for not eating when you are not hungry as you have to laugh at me for declining medicine when not ill, and drink when I am not thirsty."

☞ At a great breakfast party given by the members of the Union League Club in New York to a distinguished gentleman, a passage of arms between Rev. Dr. Cox and Rev. Dr. Bellows created some amusement. In the course of a speech made by Dr. Cox, he stated in substance that, as a clergyman, he felt bound to abstain from secular contests, and he had therefore not left at liberty to vote at elections or give his voice at any meetings called for the promotion and encouragement of the war. He then went on to speak with some severity of the management of the Sanitary Commission. Dr. Bellows, in reply, said to have brought down the house by the suggestion that "Cocks that will neither vote nor fight had better abstain from crowing."

☞ "Will you have it rare, or well done?" said an Englishman to an Irishman, as he was cutting a slice of roast beef.

"I love it well done ever since I am in this country," replied Pat, "for it was rare enough we used to ate it in Ireland."

☞ Josh Billings, whose orneulir utterances are becoming more and more brilliant every day, says: "Tew bring up a child in the way he should go—travel that way yourself." Solomon couldn't improve on that.

SHERMAN'S MARCH.

The following description of the march of Sherman from Atlanta to Savannah, we clip from the correspondence of the New York *World*:

Considered as a spectacle, the march of General Sherman's army surpassed, in some respects, all marches in history. The flames of a city lighted its beginning; desolation, which in one sense is sublime, marked all its progress to the sea. Its end is a beautiful possession—a city spared from doom. Underneath smiling skies, cooled by airs balmy as the breath of a northern summer, the Army of the West, slowly transforming itself into the Army of the East, moved from sunset to sunrise, through a territory rich in all things wherein the theories of statisticians have declared it poor. Food in gardens, food in cellars, stock in fields, stock in barns, poultry everywhere, appeared in the distance, disappeared in the presence, and was borne away upon the knapsacks and bayonets of thousands of soldiers. A new El Dorado, too, was this heart of the South. Money—bright gold, shining silver—plucked from closets, and stockings, and burial places by the wayside, enriched the invaders. The soldier has his whims—the tall feathers of peacocks drooped and scintillated along the moving columns from the crests of infantrymen and troopers. Jokes and laughter and songs, and the tasting of the sweets of honey and sorghum, relieved the weary tramping, tramping over fields and roads and bridges, through a month of days. The cavalry swept the pathway of guerrillas; the clang of their hoofs and sabres resounded through the glens to the right, the left, and in the front. Swift and terrible, and not always just, were the strokes of their arms, the work of their hands. Pioneers along a march of desolation, forty miles in width, and three hundred miles in length, their labor was too swift to be discriminating.

The great army, over the lands and into the dwellings of the poor and rich alike, through towns and cities, like a roaring wave, swept, and coursed, raveled and surged on. In the day-time, the splendor, the toil, the desolation of the march; in the night time, the brilliance, the gloom, the music, the joy and the slumber of the camp. Memorable the music "that mocked the moon" of November on the soil of Georgia; sometimes a triumphant march, sometimes a glorious waltz, again an old air stirring the heart alike to recollection and hope. Floating out from throats of brass to the ears of soldiers in their blankets and generals within their tents, these tunes, hallowed in the eyes of all who listened. Sitting before his tent, in the glow of a camp fire, one evening, General Sherman let his cigar go out to listen to an air that a distant band was playing. The musicians ceased at last. The general turned to one of his officers: "Send an orderly to ask that band to play that tune again." A little while, and the band received the word. The tune was "The Blue Juniata," with exquisite variations. The band played it again, even more beautiful than before. Again it ceased, and then, off to the right, nearly a quarter of a mile away, the voices of some soldiers took it up with words. The band and still another band, played a low accompaniment; camp after camp became singing: the music of the "Blue Juniata" became, for a few minutes, the oratorio of half an army. Back, along the whole wide pathway of this grand march from border to coast, the eye catches glimpses of scenes whose savage and poetic images an American, five years ago, would have thought never could have been revived from the romantic past.

Pictures swarm in fields and glens, and by the banks of rivers. A halt at high noon besides a village—a besieging of houses by the troops—soldiers emerging from the door-ways and back-yards, bearing coverlids, plate, poultry and pigs—bee-hives attacked, honey in the hands and smearing the faces of the boys—hundreds of soldiers—hundreds hundreds bayonets in the corner of yards and gardens after concealed treasures—here and there a shining, tinkling prize, and shouting and scrambling, and a merry division of the spoils. In the background women with praying hands and beseeching lips unheeded. Night near a railroad depot—a roar of fires—a shouting of voices—thousands of men ripping up ties and rails, heaving them, twisting them, casting them down—axes at work—the depot and buildings and wood-piles ablaze—a picturesque and tumultuous scenery of savage faces, lit by a lurid gleam. The march by day—winding columns, glittering musket-barrels, glowing flags, General's cavalcades—wagon trains, stragglers, and thousands of negroes in the rear, stretching over miles—a country of level fields, crossed by streams, broken occasionally by swamps and patches of forest—the distant smoke of fires, razed villages, and razed hovels by the way—at intervals, a woman's face peeping out from a door or window, quickly closed—at times a negro family, volable with questions, thanking God for the advent, and joining the march with their kind in the rear.

The camp by night—a faint glow of camp fires through miles of darkness, the cooking of suppers everywhere—laughter and talk, card-playing, smoking, music, and the sound of horses' hoofs near