Independent Republican.

H. H. FRAZIER, Publisher. "Freedom and Right against Slavery and Wrong." $2.00 per annum, in advance.

VOLUME 11. MONTROSE, SUSQ. CO., PA., TUESDAY, APRIL 11, 1865. NUMBER 15.

Business Directory.

JOHN BEAUMONT,
WOOL CARDER, Cloth Dresser, and Manufacturer, at the old stand known as Smith's Carding Machine. Terms made known when the work is brought.
Jessup, March 20, 1865.

DR. G. Z. DIMOCK,
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON, MONTROSE, Pa. Office on Owego street, opposite the REPUBLICAN Office. Boards at Searle's Hotel.
Montrose, February 6th, 1865.-1yp

C. M. CRANDALL,
MANUFACTURER of Linen-wheels, Wool-wheels, Wheel-heads, Clock-reels, &c., &c. Wood-turning done to order, and in the neatest manner. Turning Shop and Wheel Factory in Sayres' Foundry Building, up stairs.
Montrose, January 30th, 1865.-tf

B. S. BENTLEY, JR., NOTARY PUBLIC,
MONTROSE, PA.,
TAKES Acknowledgment of Deeds, Mortgages, &c., for any State in the United States. Pension Vouchers and Pay Certificates acknowledged before him do not require the certificate of the Clerk of the Court. Montrose, Jan. 2, 1865.-tf.

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 Lea's Drug store.
Susquehanna Depot January 25, 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 Stoves, Tin and Sheet Iron Ware, Agricultural Implements, and Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, &c.
Montrose, Pa., February 23, 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 the profession with which he may be favored. Office and Residence West of the Court House, near Beatley & Fitch's.
Montrose, February 1, 1864.-Oct. 22, 1861.

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. Bond'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 Whisker Coloring done in the BEST STYLE. Ladies' Hair Dressed in the most APPROVED FASHION.
Montrose, Sept. 22, 1863.-tf

LEWIS KIRBY & E. BACON,
KEEP constantly on hand a full supply of every variety of GROCERIES and CONFECTIONERIES. By strict attention to business and fairness in deal, they hope to merit the liberal patronage of the public. An OYSTER and EATING SALOON is 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 formerly of J. Lyons & Son, Public Avenue. Boards at Mr. Etheridge's.
Montrose, October, 1859.-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 E. Tarbell's Hotel.
Montrose, Susq. County, Pa., June 22, 1863.-tf

DR. WILLIAM W. SMITH,
SURGEON DENTIST. Office over the Banking 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 neatness of workmanship and of the material, equal to any shop in the state, 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. Etheridge.
Montrose, January 1, 1864.-tf

DR. G. W. BEACH,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, having permanently located himself in Brooklyn, Pa., tenders his professional services to the citizens of Susquehanna County, on terms commensurate with the times. Occupies the office of the late Dr. B. Richardson, and boards at Mrs. Richardson's.
Brooklyn Center, Pa., June 6, 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 CHAIRS, Bedsteads, and Cabinet Ware. Shop four miles east of New Milford Borough.
New Milford, October 1, 1862.-tf

DRS. PATRICK & GARDNER,
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS, will attend faithfully and punctually to all business that may be entrusted to their care, in Susquehanna and adjoining counties. Diseases and deformities of the EYE, Surgical Operations, and all Surgical Diseases particularly attended to. Office over Webb's Store. Office hours from 8 a. m. to 9 p. m.
Montrose, January 1, 1864.-tf. P. PATRICK, 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, Melodeons, Pianos, and all kinds of Musical Instruments, Sheet Music, &c. Also carry on the Book Binding business in all its branches.
Montrose, January 1, 1864. T. J. LYONS, 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, ... A. WATROUS ..... R. 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 Steam Printing 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

A NOVEL.

TO BE READ IN FIVE MINUTES.

VOL. I.

Moonlight evening—shady grove—
Two young people much in love;
Heroine with great wealth endowed,
Hero handsome, poor, proud;
Truth eternal—hearts united—
Vows of ceaseless passion plighted;
Kisses—quarrels—sighs—caresses,
Maiden yields one of her tresses;
Obstacles to be surmounted,
Happy hours pass by uncounted,
Ugly rival, old and stale,
Overhears the tender tale.

VOL. II.

Morning in the East looks ruddy;
Scene—Young lady's father's study.
Hero, with his hat in hand,
Comes her ditto to demand;
Angry parent storms—abuses—
And at once consent refuses;
Maiden faints beneath the blow—
Mother intercedes—no go;
Shrieks—hysterics—protestations,
Mixed with old man's execrations,
Exit lover midst the din—
Ugly rival enters in.

VOL. III.

Time—A moonlight night once more,
Scene—Outside the lady's door,
Lover, with half broken heart,
Swears he'd rather die than part.
Garden—flower—umbrageous shade—
Manly accents—serenade.
Chamber window opens wide—
Début of expectant bride;
Little dog most kindly mute—
Tears—rope-ladder—flight—pursuit—
Gallant steeds—too late—night's screen—
Triumph—marriage—Gretna Green.
Old man's rage—disowns forever—
Ugly rival—scarlet fever.

VOL. IV.

Old man sickly—sends for child—
All forgiven—reconciled;
Young man making money fast—
Old man's blessing—dies at last.
Youthful couple prove probate—
Get the money—live in state—
Family mansion—jewels, plate.
Mother's wishes crowned with joy—
Doctors—nurses—little boy.
Time proceeds—their ties endear—
Olive branches year by year.
Blessings on the good attend—
General gladness—moral end.

—London Paper.

ALMOST DIVORCED.

One would not guess they had ever a difference in their lives, just to see Mr. and Mrs. Puffer jogging along comfortably together in the same straight-backed green wagon, drawn by the same pumpkin-and-milk horse which took them home on the first day of their honey-moon; or, if not the very same horse, one precisely like it. Neither would one think it to see them of a Sunday—he in skyblue swallow-tailed coat, and she in her invisible green satin bonnet, sailing off like a tugboat towing a full-rigged schooner, he being exceedingly spare, and she being exceedingly portly.

And yet they once came as near dissolving into twain again as one flesh ever did. No one knows of it, however, except Counselor Sabin and I; and now, if I tell it to you, you are by no means to repeat the story.

Long and long before Mrs. Puffer was a fluffy old woman in caps and spectacles, when she was instead a plump, apple-faced girl, with eyes the color of whortleberries and skin the color of milk, she had a way of taking to the youths of her acquaintance—a way of which, I discover, she and her coevals by no means secured the monopoly; for truly as I write I see, under the elm tree by my window, a maiden, in a line of descent full two generations later, standing idly enough swinging her parasol to and fro, and smiling up from under the green ribons of her jocky as innocent and artless as a damask rose; and I know, as sure as can be, that every careless wave and motion is to that boy beside her—a being with hair parted behind, shining with oil, and with no beard worth naming—as the twisting of a spider's web around a tender-hearted fly.

But I do not pity his weakness in letting a bit of blue-eyed calico sway him back and forth as lightly as she does her spotted-handled parasol, because I know they are only playing at a game of see-saw, and years hence Master will be up and Miss will be down. Then it will be my lady's turn to fetch and carry, while she believes a tender word and smile makes amend for everything.

"Punctured by pins and tortured by fears," yet I rejoice in his pangs and doubts, for the time is brief enough. I'll warrant me that he plays the mouse, and she the cat in full story. So also I warrant in my heart for every prick and torment the whortleberries and milk wrought upon Puffer's callow heart while he was away back in spencers and soap-locks; because I am positive it was alone of his man's despotism and love of self that I have this story to tell.

There came a time of course when, having carded and spun and wove her twelve dozen of everything after the manner of olden time princesses, this plump, white-faced girl, dressed in muslin, heavily embroidered by her own crafty fingers, and further decorated by a wreath of apple-buds and wild myrtle upon her hair—which was of itself like a whole bush of whortleberries—in the presence of admiring witnesses, was made Mistress Puffer by a dignified, venerable clergyman, who lived in the times when ministers were not men. Thus her marriage had the grace and good omen of being a ceremony in which solemity and sanctity impressively mingled. And Mrs. Grundy, who by no means confines herself to camp and court, affirms there never had been a wedding in Northumberland which promised better, though the wretch took care to add, with a hypocritical sigh, that good beginnings make sometimes sorriest endings. The wretch was right too, as she frequently is in a measure, for of a truth the heaviest tempests sometimes come convoyed by remarkably bright mornings.

The mother of mischief is no bigger than a midge's wing; and let me, who am an old bird, tell you, young aspirants after the holy sacrament of matrimony, a little secret worth a dozen of love powders and magic potions. Never for any consideration, as you value your domestic bliss, intimate by word, look or gesture, that the lord of you—modest man—is, may, can, must, or will be in the wrong upon any possible occasion. Believe heartily in the perfection of his attributes if you are able to; such exhibition of your judgment sent upon pilgrimage will make you more comfortable, doubtless, although it is not totally essential. Appearance, however, if not the reality, most certainly is; therefore, in either event, die and give no sign. Unfortunately for Mistress Puffer, but fortunately for the story, she lived too long ago to have the benefit of my large experience and ready benevolence, and so of her own knowledge she must find:

Alas how easily things go wrong"

Springs and summers and autumns and winters have followed one another in monotonous level reach bearing its burdens of cares and labors; house-cleaning and planting, butter and hay-making, harvesting and fruit-drying, sledding and sewing; then the same round of toilsome duties over again, until Mistress Puffer was a wife of so many years that she had long answered to her matronly name with no more blushings and sweet shyness, than though she had been born to it; until she went on making her soap and cider apple-sauce with sedateness and unction as if she had always regarded these commonplaces the destined sphere and elected end of woman, (as may be she had,) and as if she had never, no, never, in her wildest days, gone from her chamber to a merrymaking by way of window and shed-roof instead of the stairs; being, you see, too generous to disappoint her fellows, and too thoughtful to run any risk of disturbing the repose of her parents, who, themselves no longer young, had a straight-laced notion that everybody ought to be sleepy by nine o'clock.

But all this time while she was growing matter-of-fact and portly, in the midst of the baklngs and brewings, the washings and stitchings, a little cloud no bigger than a man's hand had arisen in her horizon, and was slowly overspreading the zenith. At least not much bigger; to be explicit, it was just the size and took the form of a milk pail.

"I, wish, husband, you would not milk in the strainer pail. I don't think it is a neat practice, because dirt is liable to get into the strainer in that way. Besides, it isn't necessary; you can milk in the other pail and pour into that just as well for aught I see," said Mistress Puffer.

Possibly Mistress P. had a fault; if so, it was the fault of saying too much. On the other hand, possibly Mr. P. had a fault; if so, it was the fault of saying too little. One might think that, as in the case of the distinguished eaters, Jack Sprat and his wife, these opposite imperfections would prove mightily harmonious in their meetings; but not so. Talking too little is, of the twain, though less oppressively tiresome, I think fraught more heavily with evil; for if one will not speak how is one to know wherein and wherefore an offense arises, and haste to make due apology and reparation? So while the talking partner is rattling on in all innocence, the silent partner is brooding over some unmeaning slip of the unconscious tongue.

Thus his wife had no means of knowing whether or not Mr. Puffer had any reason for preferring to milk in the strainer pail. Possibly he had; one which would have amply contented the mistress, who was by no means an unreasonable dame. But being, like his fellow-beards, mightily autocratic, he considered his doing it should be sufficient proof of the desirableness of the thing; although, being, like them, also fallible, this was not always a test; and the time, who was a woman of common feminine sagacity—I claim no more—knew it.

Therefore the pail came in next evening bearing the usual unmistakable indications of having been within the forbidden palings of the stable; but not accompanied by the grace of a simple apology, which so easily—especially womanward—covers, like charity, a multitude of sins. Now you and I know that if Mistress Puffer had not attained to a sufficient degree of sanctification so that she took the offending pail with a heart as serene as summer morning, as doubtless was her bounden duty, yet she ought most surely to have taken it with a saintly smile, and quietly to have done the best she could toward making bad better with a cold strainer. But you remember her besetting fault was an overflow of words, so, not content with having entered a remonstrance, she must need enter another. Still no apology or reply, but a look of stolid indifference upon the countenance of her legal head, which presented as much expression as a pair of tongs or an iron-table. So, detecting no sign of attention, the dame added line upon live and precept upon precept, until at last the legal head getting exasperated out of his defensive and offensive silence—as you have seen musquitoes drive a dog from his corner—opened his mouth, and, in a voice no smoother than oil, spoke to the effect that a milk-pail was a small matter to waste so much breath and feeling upon. The tone more than the words, came like a dividing-knife upon Mistress Puffer's last sentence, leaving one-half forever unsaid, and the other hall, which would bear dwelling upon and repetition no better than any other wasp-stings, constantly ringing in her ears. She left somewhat blameworthy and self-disgusted; for it is rare indeed that any act shows out quite without a flaw to the actor, when in stern and conscientious review; but neither did she love her husband very much for half a day.

Ah! what, indeed, is a milk-pail to waste feeling upon! What, in itself considered, was the bit of fruit plucked and eaten in the Garden centuries ago. For my own part I must say I never saw any inconsistency in the quarrel of children over a grasshopper as sufficient first cause for the Shawnee and Delaware tribes meeting in deadly combat; that is, if any object is worth fighting for. It is the principle of the thing, don't you see? And, if a person is disagreeably inclined, a clover blossom or a cambric needle may serve to show up his ugliness as well as anything.

Not being then socially impelled by quite the usual warmth of an affectionate feeling toward her husband, and conscious also, that she had already said too much, Mistress Puffer entered here upon a long unprotected and uncomfortable interim. She did not talk much for two days; and the partner of her sorrows, inferring that she was sulking—upon one of the rare occasions when he waxed confident—told her so. This misconception did not tend to a healthy healing of the wound; and, long after it was apparently closed and forgotten, there remained yet a pain and sensitiveness where it had been.

Having shown you whence the cloud arose, and in what manner the first rain fell, you can imagine how it pattered down, drop by drop, into the pelting, comfortless shower.

"I've been thinking, perhaps, you would be full as happy by yourself if you with your things and I with mine. I can't seem to please you nohow," said Mr. Puffer at last, in a passionless tone.

Just as though he had ever tried to please her!—as though he had ever had thought except to mould her, and everybody else with whom he came in contact, into a fire-simile of himself, angle for angle, lump for lump, wrinkle for wrinkle. Though, in for that, this is only what we are all continually trying to do, more or less, to our fellows; and joy to us that we do not spoil the world by succeeding!

These cold-blooded words, from which every drop of manifest feeling had been carefully wrung before leaving the heart, fell with a sickening, paralyzing weight upon Mistress Puffer's brain; but in the midst of dumb despair and self-reproachful misgivings, she was almost frightened to feel a certain relief. Now they were likely to be loosened she perceived how heavy and galling they had been; those chains which are of roses and lilies while they are welcome, and of unwrought iron as soon as we weary of them.

"I think you are right. I think we shall be happier apart," replied Mrs. Puffer, after ten minutes' silence.

This was the first time in a year the husband and wife had been fully agreed, and it was the beginning of better days. Courage! The sunshine is coming; but before we see the bow of promise there must be, to temper and to shield its vivid brightness, a cloud of exceeding blackness.

The day wore on; the husband husked corn, and the wife darned his stockings, and put new sleeves into his old shirts, because, poor man! there would be no one to do these things for him by-and-by. At evening, when the fire was crackling up the broad throat of the chimney, and a blazing pine-knot kindling the low wainscoted kitchen with homely cheerfulness, throwing off sparkles of light from the piled-up pans upon the dresser shelves, and making the dust-pan, hanging on its nail behind the pantry door, shine like a first-class Kohinoor; when the dog lay curled upon the hearth, a bristly mass of embodied comfort, Mr. Puffer sat mending a harness at one side of the pine knot, and Mrs. Puffer sat at the other knitting a new heel upon a defective sock. There was an appropriateness in the accident of sitting separated by the bristled Bose; for the dog family had been, indeed, one of the chief promoters of domestic schism.

Mistress Puffer, as it happened, doted on cats and detested dogs, while master approved of dogs and despised cats. So that it always fell out, the playful, purring kittens which mistress possessed herself of and loved with all her heart, invariably disappeared, suddenly and untimely, like Bluebeard's wives; while a great lazy clution of a dog perpetually fattened and grew insolent without let or hindrance, being always called, always underfoot, and always barking distractedly at passing travelers.

The group sat thus upon the evening of that fatal day, making a pleasant picture of domestic happiness; but one, alas, that was not founded upon fact.

"I've been thinking whether or no Lawyer Sabin wouldn't be as good a hand as we can get to help about dividing up the stuff," said Mr. Puffer, presently, trying to put a waxen end through an awl hole.

"Yes, I should call him as good a choice as any. He is a man of excellent judgment and prudence, and he isn't of the telling kind, who would be likely to blab all the particulars to everybody," replied Mrs. Puffer.

This was the second point of agreement.

Then followed a long silence, filled only by the crackling of the fire, the heavy ticking of the gaunt eight-day clock, and the snoring of Bose. It was not until the clock had ticked half an hour from time into eternity that the good man spoke again.

"I calculate it will be your best way to take your part and go up to your brother's. William will be glad enough of you for a housekeeper, for he has had to get along almost any way since his wife died."

"Yes, I expect I can be a help to William," replied Mrs. P., for the third time harmonizing.

"But what do you lay out to do for a housekeeper?"

"Well, am counting on making a shift somehow, with mother's help," returned Mr. P., drawing up his waxed thread.

Now the mother was an infirm old body not over neat or energetic at the best, and Mrs. P.'s heart began to swell with pity; but of course it was not for her to object or dictate, so she only knit the faster, knowing well there would be sore need.

"I want to finish out my corn to-morrow. What supposing we ride up to Sabin's the day after and settle up the matter?" suggested Mr. Puffer, when the clock struck nine.

"Two, four, six, eight, ten," responded the dame, counting her stitches. "I don't know but that time will suit me as well as any. I have been laying out to make up the quinces to-morrow, and then you need a new frock, you know; but I guess I can fetch them both to-morrow."

There was a shade of sadness in her tone for she was morally sure Mother Puffer would let the preserves mould or ferment or come to ruin in some unhousewifely way; and she was thinking, too, of the rags to be in the blue woolen frock. But then it was not worth while to show any such feeling; so, just to testify to her light-hearted indifference, she began to sing softly to herself while she bound off the heel; mean time the husband, from his side of the dog, could but confess that the sound of her voice was much more musical than his poor old mother's asthmatic breathing.

The next morning Mr. and Mrs. Puffer were astir long before light, for they had a busy day before them. Mr. Puffer husked out his corn and ate his meals, which happened to be of his favorite kinds of food, in his usual hearty silence; and Mrs. P.; well I am afraid Mrs. P., though she bustled about with a great show of cheerful activity, mingled a few pitying tears with the beef brine she was scalding, and even went so far as to pat Bose once or twice, and feel a thrill of affection for him in her capacious heart when he looked up with a wag of delight.

But the busy hours of the October day hastened to spend themselves, and quite too soon the old skeleton clock pounded out nine of the evening again.

"Do you lay out to be ready to go to the Squire's to-morrow," asked Mr. Puffer at last, finding Mrs. Puffer would not speak, according to her wont, and save him the trouble of opening his mouth.

"Yes, I suppose so," returned that lady reluctantly; "I rather thought whether or no I shouldn't manage to spin up that little handful of rolls into stocking yarn; then the pickle vinegar needs scalding over; and I do suppose your winter flannels ought by good rights to have an overhauling; but somehow the time has slipped away, and I haven't seemed to accomplish half I meant to. The fact is, there is always something to be done in a house, and I don't know but I am as ready as I shall be. Your mother will keep up things the best she can, I have no doubt; but the poor old lady is rather wheezy and shaky, and she can't do as she could once."

As a reply was not strictly necessary, of course Mr. Puffer made none, but there was an answering "Amen" deep down in his heart, which was the fourth time they two had found a point of agreement.

That night Mistress Puffer could not sleep for thinking how everything in her well-ordered house would go speedily and surely to rack and ruin under the thriftlessness of madam the mother. Neither could master sleep for thinking, selfish soul, of the same. But I will do him the credit of admitting that, mingled with personal bewailings, was a degree of pity for the slavish toil which awaited his late helpmate at her brother's house, where there was, besides, a possible chance that she might be at any time supplanted by a new sister-in-law.

So upon the next morning the husband and wife drove over to Counselor Sabin's in the high-backed green wagon, with the pumpkin-and-milk horse, heartily agreeing, fittily, in pity for each other.

"Ye-es, ye-es! As I understand it, you two wish to divide your joint possessions, and go each your way, without any public formal divorcement. Wa-al, wa-al; let us see! let us see!" said Squire Sabin, referring to a paper which he had already filled with minutes. "Five cows; what will you do about them? make beef of one, and divide the meat, hey?"

"No, I would not consent to that. It is my choice; *he* has three cows; he will find more use for them than I shall, being that two cows make nothing of a dairy by themselves; while my share, be it less or more, will work right in with my brother's," put in the good dame.

"I shan't agree to any such division. If I find I need more cows I can by them; and I am not willing that *she* should go away emptyhanded. She won't find she has got any too much to make herself comfortable with the most she can have," returned he.

And thus they began to disagree again.

"I am willing for anything which is fair, but I sha'n't consent to such a one-sided dividing off as he speaks of. I mean to take a reasonable view, and I want he should do the same; and he knows, if he looks at the matter candidly, that he will find more use for three cows than I shall. So there is no good multiplying words about it, for I sha'n't come back of what I have said!" protested Mistress Puffer, resolutely.

"Humph! If you can not agree to live together, you must agree to separate, you know," interposed the lawyer, who testifies that contention of mutual concession may be as difficult to settle satisfactorily as strife of mutual disagreement.

Silenced, but not convinced, Good-man Puffer held his peace hereupon, while he inwardly reflected that the Good-wife could not prevent his driving the bone of contention—the third cow—over to her brother's farm in due season. So he allowed her face to glow with satisfied triumph without any further protest. But passing down along Squire Sabin's list, the swine proved quite as unmanageable in their turn as the kine.

"I have no notion of taking the fat hog and one of the little pigs. What can I do, I should like to know, in the first place, with such a pile of meat? And when you have fed that porker up to this time, and thought so much of him, I sha'n't hear a word to taking him, any way. Now that is so!" affirmed the Good-wife.

To the other hand the Good-man was equally decided. Mother couldn't try up the fat into lard and take care of the meat, if we kept it; and the pork is worth as much for her to sell as it is to me," he said.

"Ye-es! Wa-al, I would suggest that, as you two can't agree even to disagree, you make a compromise. Mrs. P. had the matter of the cows her own way; suppose, then, Mr. Puffer suits himself in the pig question?" interposed the counselor, mending his pen for a fresh start.

"Come, now, that is no more than fair!" assented Mr. Puffer; although, of course, the arrant hypocrite was all the time conscious in his inmost heart—and outmost, too, for the matter—that he had never for a moment intended to abide by the decision of good Mrs. P. in the last dispute. Therein you see a silent partner has the advantage in an argument; for good Mrs. P. herself, having no power of knowing this mental reservation, was obliged reluctantly to concede.

Thus, inch by inch, and animal by animal, they fought their way through the live-stock; and coming after a tedious while to the personal property, found that to be even more refractory.

"He must have two bed-quilts and two pairs of sheets to my one. I shan't give my consent to any thing else; his mother is getting to be old and feeble for quilting, weaving, and such work," affirmed the Good-wife, with cheerful benevolence.

"Of course I shan't take her setting-out, and she needn't propose it!" protested Good-man.

Mrs. P. opened her mouth with a face which evinced a burst of words as clearly as ever a black cloud betokened a burst of rain.

"You needn't say a word for nor against. I tell you I won't hear it, even if you run out a case as long and as strong as the Moral Law!" added her lord, with unusual fervor.

"H-m-m! yes-es! Wa-al, my advice to you two good people is, seeing you cannot agree to separate, to get into your wagon and ride home together," said wise Counselor Sabin, at last, cleaning his pen upon his hair and twisting the paper of sand into a cigar-lighter.

The good people were finally persuaded to follow this advice which proved the soundest he ever gave; and paying the price of the fatted swine for it they clambered into the high-backed wagon and drove off, with joint feeling of conscious relief, yet too shamefaced to speak the whole distance home.

When they arrived there Bose came running to the end of the lane which led to the house to give them a gruff bark of welcome, and Mrs. P.'s heart warmed with pleasure. She even stopped to pat him and call him a nice fellow upon the way into the porch in full view of Mr. Puffer, who felt gratified at the very sight of his callous fingers for this unwonted token of friendliness, while Bose jumped and frisked awkwardly around whining with delight.—Then she disappeared through the doorway into the kitchen; and when she saw the homely room and its furniture looking so kindly, as they, in their way, gave mute welcome home unto their owners, she sat down in her old splint rocking-chair and had a hearty cry. Then she brushed away her tears, which were by no means bitter ones, and raked open the very coals upon the stone hearth which she covered so carefully before leaving the room forever, as she believed, hung the tea-kettle on the crane, and drew out the table for supper.

So when the husband came in from unharnessing the horse, and feeding the cows and pigs, instead of the dreary stillness he had expected to find, he found the room native with warmth and cheerfulness. The fragrance of new-made tea, mingled with that of stewed peaches and broiled beef, which sputtered a pleasant sort of accompaniment to the humming tea-kettle; while the Good-wife, with a satisfied face, was putting a plate of smoking-hot flap-jacks, buttered, and sugared, and quartered, upon the table, and singing as blithe and light-hearted as a May bird. To tell the truth, the weak-minded woman had been actually kissing, with tears in her eyes, the clumsy old rolling pin, which, from its rough finish, had been to her like a thistle in the shoe for years.

"Well, wife, this seems like getting home again after a long journey," said Mr. Puffer, after warming his hands and his heart also at the blaze, and looking about with a smile upon his face which quite transfigured it.

And so it was. Madam the mother came indeed with her asthma and palsy, but it was only to sit in the easiest chair and warmest corner. A hungry gray cat appeared also very mysteriously, which Mrs. Puffer tried at first to drive away, but which Mr. Puffer treated like Vice, which scen too oft, it first endured, then pitied, then embraced.

So having found bettmes, as many a married pair has found too late, alas! that however difficult union may be, disunion is still more difficult and hazardous, they have jogged up and down so comfortably together ever since, to see them now one would never suspect, as I said at first, they had been of diverse minds upon any subject.

☞ When General Sherman was in command at Benton Barracks, St. Louis, he was in the habit of visiting every part of that institution, and making himself familiar with everything that was going on. He wore an brown coat and a "stove-pipe hat," and was not generally recognized by the minor officials or the soldiers.

One day while walking through the grounds he met with a soldier who was unmercifully beating a mule.

"Stop pounding that mule!" said the General.

"Git out!" said the soldier, in blissful ignorance of the person to whom he was speaking.

"I tell you to stop!" reiterated the General.

"You mind your business, and I'll mind mine," replied the soldier, continuing his flank movement upon the mule.

"I tell you again to stop!" said the General. "Do you know who I am? I am General Sherman."

"That's played out," said the soldier; "every man who comes along here with an old brown coat and a stove-pipe hat on, claims to be General Sherman."

It is presumed that for once General Sherman considered himself outflanked.—*Harper's Magazine.*

☞ "See here, Misther," said an Irish lad of seven summers, who was treed by a dog, "if you don't take that dog away, I'll eat up your apples."

CONDITION OF THE SIAMESE TWINS.

The Siamese Twins have been lost from public view for the last few years. It was well known of them that they had married two sisters, and settled down near Salisbury, in North Carolina, on a well stocked plantation. In addition to this, they have ample funds invested through their agent in New York. Through a North Carolina medical gentleman, now within our lines, we had the other day an opportunity of minute and full particulars in regard to them. Ever since the war began, they have continued to reside on their plantation, and lived in the same quiet and harmony as ever until within two years. Of course no one ever thought of drafting *them*, and their negroes prospered, except that when out of temper from any cause, it was apt to work itself off in striking the first one that came to hand, from which the best escape was to keep out of the way. The brothers mutually never would have had any difficulty, but that their wives, though sisters, turned their hearts away, and their children were the cause of this estrangement.

Up to the period that each had five children, all prospered well enough, but one of them had a sixth, and this awoke envy and jealousy to such an extent that the two sisters, not being bound together like the twin brothers, would no longer live under the same roof, though, we believe, still in different houses on the same plantation.

The brothers are now, it seems, about fifty years of age, but one, we believe, the smaller and feebler of the two, looks, it is said, now fully ten years older than the other. They can turn back to back or face to face, but that is as far as the remarkable bond that unites them permits. It is almost certain that should either die the other could not survive even for more than a few minutes, as there is an artery as large as the femoral artery that connects them.

A few years since they corresponded with some of the leading surgical operators in London, as to the possibility of the ambicus which unites them being cut, so that in case of the death of the life of the other might be saved. At the request of the London surgeons they visited that city, and many experiments were tried to determine the safety of a such an operation. Among other things, a ligature was tied firmly for a few minutes round the connection between them, so as to prevent the circulation of blood through the artery. But it seemed as if each would expire if this were longer persisted in.—The smaller of the two fainted away and lost all consciousness, and there were symptoms that the same effect would follow to the other, but that the process could not be continued long enough without endangering the life of him who was first to faint.—Should the smaller and feebler die, it might be worth while making the experiment of operating, but the prospect of prolonging the life of the other would be very small. Should, however, the larger and more healthy of the twin brothers die, there would seem absolutely no hope of saving the feebler of the two.

From all this it is evident that though the connection between these two brothers is very remarkable and perfectly unique, it is yet not so absolute as has been usually supposed. In the American Cyclopædia, for instance, it is said that their pulse, respiration and circulation are generally synchronous in the calm state, and their hours of sleeping and waking, their joys and sorrows, anger and pain, ideas and desires are the same. They realize the idea of perfect friendship, the two being one, and each one two in thought and act." As to *ideas* being the same, this is by no means literally true, they have their similar education and habits would occasion. Each one can hold conversation with a different person at the same time. One does not necessarily know, therefore, what may be communicated to the other, although their feelings and passions are generally similar, owing to the same causes operating upon both. Each thing has its two sides, as the case, especially, we suppose, as to the degree of feeling.

Since the breaking out of the rebellion, they have both dressed in the Confederate gray, and they are both members of the same church, having united with a small Baptist church in their neighborhood, of which they have been considered very worthy members.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

A KINGLY FABLE.

There is a story told of an absolute king, the moral of which may be well applied by all sovereigns. The old monarch, when dying, called his son to him, and in his hand placed the sceptre, and asked if he could take advice as easily as he had taken from his father the symbol of authority. The young heir, grasping the sceptre tightly, and hinting at the excellence of brevity in his counsel as well as in his wit, said, under the circumstances, he could.

"I will be brief as my wealth," answered the abdicating monarch, "and that I can be short enough. You look upon the world, boy, as a house of pleasure; now, hear better from me. Woe, my lad, tumbles in pailfuls, and good luck is only distilled in drops."

The son looked down on his silent father, and found he was dead. The new king commanded a splendid funeral, and arranged a grand coronating party for the day after. He laughed at the paternal simile, and to publish its weakness and his own felicity, he caused to be placed above his palace a large silver bell; a rope passed from it to each room he occupied. "I will ring it