cost hall be have versely

VOLUME 11.

MONTROSE, SUSQ. CO., PA., TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1865.

NUMBER 47.

Business Directory.

DR. A. D. TEWKSBURY. TAVING spent one year as Surgeon in the United States all exits in his profession.

Auburn Centre, Pa., June 28, 1863.-1 yp

DR. C. J. DRINKER, DHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Montrose, Pa. Office with Dr. Coss, over W. J. & S. H. Mulford's Store, Public Avanue Secidence with Joseph D. Drinker. Montrose, Sept. 2-th. 1858.

DR E. L. BLAKESLEE DHYBIOIAN AND SURGEON, has located at Brooklyn, Sar quehanna County, Pa. Will attend promptly to all call sta which he may be invored. Office at L. H. Baldwin's. Brooklyn, July 10, 185.—yl.

DR E L GARDNER, DETEIGIAN AND SURGEON, Montrose, Pa. Office over Webb's Store. Boards at Scarle's Hotel.

Montrose, June 3, 1855.-41 GROVES & REYNOLDS,

NASHIONABLE TAILORS. Shop over Circ. Store, Public Avenue.
Hontrose, June 13, 1865. DR. CHARLES DECKER

PHYSICIAN AND SURGESN, having located himself at Birchardville, Sunquehanna County, Pa., will attend to all the all; with which, Sunquehanna County, Pa., will attend to all the older at his re-idean near Trangs Motif a, Red. Birchardville, Sunq. Co., Pa., May 29, 1855.—11. JOHN BEAUMONT. WOOL CARDER, Cloth Dresser, and Manufacturer, at the old grand known as Smith's Carding Hackins. Terms made Lesup, March 33, 1835.

DR G. Z. DIMOCK, CIAN and SURGEON, MONTROSE, Pa. Office on to street, opposite the REFUELICAN Office. Boards at Searie's Hotel.
Montrose, February 6th, 1865.-1yp

C. M. CRANDALL MANUFACTURER of Linen, wheels, Wool, wheels, Wheel-heads, Clock-reds, &c., &c., Wood-turning done to order, and the nexts: manner, Turning Shop and Wheel Factory in Sayres' Foundry Building, up taken. Restrows, January Sch., 1882,—18

R S. BENTLEY, JR., NOTARY PUBLIC, MONTROSE. PA., TAKES Acknowledgment of Deeds, Mortrages, &c., for any
Nate in the United States. Penaton Youthers and Pay CerTissues schowledged before him do not require the certificate of the
Montroes, Jan. 2, 1865.—11.

DR. R. L. HANDRICK, DPYRICIAN and SUBGEON, respectfully tenders his profes I donal services to the clittens of Friendsville and vicinity. Of case the office of Dr. Leet. Boards at J. Hosford's. Phenosville, July 27, 1884.-tf

E. W. SMITH, THORNEY A COUNSELLOR AT LAW and Licensed Chair A Accat Office over Lea's Drug store. Susquehanna Depot January 25, 1864. H. BURRITT.

Disales in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods Grockery, Hardware, and Capa, Furs. Stoves, Drucz. Oils, and Paints, Boots and Shoes, Hass and Capa, Furs. Buffalo Bobes, Groceries, Provisions, &c. fire Millord, Pa., April 11, 1834—11

8. H. SAYRE & BROTHERS. ENUFACTUREES of MiliCastings, Castings of all kind Stores, Tis and Sheet Iron Ware, Agricultural Implement sales in Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, &c. BILLINGS STROUD.

PUBLAND LIFE INSURANCE AGENT. Office in Lath ros's building, east end of Brick Block. In his absence, bus use at the office will be transacted by O. L. Brown.

Kontrose, February I. 1884.—tf J. D. VAIL, M. D.,

ECPATHIO PHYSICIAN, has permanently locate cell in Montrose, Pa., where he will promptly attend to the control of the control A. O. WARREN

A TTORNEY AT LAW, BOUNTY, BACK PAY and PEN
NO CLAIM AGENT. All Pension Claims carefully pre
the control of the LEWIS KIRBY & E. BACON.

KEP contantly on hand a full supply of every GROCERIES and CONFECTIONERIES. By. to natheses and fairness in deal, they hope to merit the libera-surcarse of the public. An OVETER and KATING BALOON is glacked to the Grocery, where bivalves, in season, are served in ev-ry sure that the tastes of the public demand. Remember the place is not 8 out Grocery stand, on Main Street, below the Postoffice. Seasons. Nov. 17, 1833.—mehl; 43.—17 DR. CALVIN C. HALSEY.

DHYSICIAN AND MURGEON, AND EXAMINING SUB I GEON to PERSIONERS. Office over the store of J. Lyon Box. Public Avenue Boards at Mr. Etheridge's.

Montrose, October, 1824. 4 D. A. BALDWIN:

BOYD & WEBSTER.

DEALERS in Stoves, Stove Pipe, Tin, Copper, and Shelin Ware; also, Window Stah, Panel Doors, Window Stah, Panel Doors, Window Stah, Panel Doors, Window Lair, Pipe Lumber, and all kinds of Building Material in hosp south of Searle's Hotel, and Carpenter Shep near the Fetbodic Church, Hospasse, Pa., January 1, 1884.-tf

DR. WILLIAM W. SMITH, SURGEON DENTIES. Offer over the Banking Office of Cooper & Co. All Denta; Operation will be performed in his usual good style and Fouriest, January 1, 1884.—W

E. J. ROGERS, MANUFACTURER of all descriptions of WAG-JA ONS. CARRIAGES, SLEIGHS, &c., in the practity of Wrkmanship and of the best materials. When it is well known stand of E. H. BOGERS, a few rods of Searle's Hotel in Montroe, where he will be happy to the the calls of all who want anything in his line. Returned, June 1, 1855. Ut

Dr. JOHN W. COBB. DEVSICIAN and SUBGEON, respectfully tenders his stryl true citizens of Susquehanna County. He will give expectation to the engics and medical treatment of diseases of the strylength of the strylength operation of the strylength of the strylength

BALDWIN & ALLEN, D LALERS in FLOUZ, Sail, Pork, Figh, Lard, Grain, Feed Andles, Clover and Timrity Seed. Also GROCKRIES The Sugar, Molasses, Syrups, Tea and Coffee. West side of National, one door below J. Etheridge.

P. B. WEEKS. DRAOTICAL BOOT AND BHOE MAKER: also Dealer b Boots, Shoes, Leather, and Shoe Findings. Repairing dome with neatness and dipatch. Two doors above Searle's Hotel. Montrose, January 1, 1884.-U

WM. & WM. H. JESSUP, ATTORNETS AT LAW, Moutrose, Pa. Practice in Susque Leans, Bradford, Wayne, Wyoming and Leverne Counties, Montrose, Pa., January 1st, 1861.

ALBERT CHAMBERLIN, DISTRICT ATTORNEY AND ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office over the Store formerly occupied by For Brother
Lonirose, Pa. January 1, 1869.

J. LYONS & SON. DEALPES IN DRY GOODES, Groceries, Orockery, Hardward, Thurare, Books, Mendatona, Plance, and all kinds of Muschi lear-unents, Sheet, Mesic, &c. Also carry on the Book Binds beamers in all its branches.

Montrose, January 1, 1884.

2. LYOSE,

ABEL TURRELL. DEALER IN DRUGN, REDIGINES, DE MANDELLA, DE MALER, IN DRUGN, REDIGINES, CHICAGO CLEON, COLOR, CHICAGO CHICAGO, CHICAGO CHICAGO, COLOR, CHICAGO CHICAGO, CANCINES, JARNAY J. 1851.

Q. O. PORDHAM,
MANUFACTURER of BOOTS & SHOES, Montrose, Pa.
Shop over DeWitt's Store, All thing of work made
witer, and repairing done neatly. Work done when promset.

CHARLES N. STODDARD. DEALER in BOOTS & SHOES, Leather and Find a large on Main et, third door below Searle's Hotel.

**E. Work made to order, and repairing done neatly.

**Montrose, Pa., December 12, 1860.

L H. BURNS,

A TTORNET AT LAW. Office with William J. Turrall, East opposite Searled Hotel. Pendion and Bounty Claims careful overpared. Collections promptly made.
Mentrose, Nov. 21, 1884. tt.

B. R. LYONS & CO. DEALERS in DEY GOODS, GEOCERIES, BOOTS, SHOES Ladles Gaiters, Carpets, Oil Cloths, Wall and Window Part. Paints, Oils, &c. Store on the east side of Public Avenue. A. S. LYONE, Montrose, January 1, 1864,-15

READ, WATROUS & FOSTER, DEALERS IN DEX GOODS, Druga, Medicines, Painta, Olis Grocerica, Hardware, Jrockery, Iron, Clocks, Watches, Jew-it, Salver Spoons, Perfumery, &c., Brick Block, Monirose. Montrose, January 1, 1864.

WILLIAM W. SMITH, WILLIAM W. HMITH,
Genture: Representative on hand all
stated at about notice. Shop and Ware Recome foot of Main St.
Montrose, Pa., March 5, 1983-11

PHILANDER LINES. UNABLE TAILOR, Brick Block over Read TO DAY AND TO MORROW.

BY GERALD MASSEY. High hopes, that burn like stars sublime, Go down the skies of Freedom; And true itearts perish in the time We bitterliest need 'em; But nover sit we down and eay, "There's nothing left but sorrow," We walk the Wilderness to-day— The Promised Land to-morrow.

Our birds of song are silent now;
There are no flowers blooming:
But life burns in the frozen bough,
And Freedom's Spring is coming!
And Freedom's stide comes up alway,
And though we strand in sorrow,
And our good bark—aground to day—
Shall float again to-morrow!

Through all the long, drear night of years.
The people's cry ascended,
And carth is wet with blood and tears.
Ere our meck suffering ended;
The few shall not forever sway,
The many toll in sorrow:
The bars of Hell are strong to-day,
But Christ shall i lise to-morrow!

Though hearts brood o'er the past, our eyes
With smiling futures glisten:
Lo! now the day bursts up the skies—
Lean out our souls and listen!
The world rolls Freedom's radiant way,
And ripens with our sorrow,
Keep heart! who bears the cross to-day
Shall wear the crown to-morrow!

Ob. Youth, flame earnest, still aspire With energies immortal; To many a beaven of desire

To many a beaven of desire
Our yearning open a portal:
And though age wearies by the way,
And hearts break in the furrow,
We'll sow the golden grain to-day—
The harvest comes to morrow! Build up heroic lives, and all

Be like the sheathed sabre,
Ready to flash out at God's command—
Oh! Chiralry of Labor!
Triumph and toll are twins—and aye
Joy sups the clouds of sorrows:
And 'its the martyrdom to-day
Brings victory to-morrow!

THE BABY SOLDIER Another little private Mustered in The army of temptation And of sin

Another soldier arming For the strife, To fight the tollsome battles Of a life.

Another little sentry,
Who will stand
On guard, while evils prowl
On every hand.

Lord, our little darling Guide and save, 'Mid the perils of the march To the grave!

THE LUMP OF CLAY.

My husband was a sculptor. He was by birth an Italian, but we lived during our married life in the city of New Orleans. He was not a poor artist; on the contrary he was wealthy, and spent his money lavishly, as men of genius often do. The daintest viands, the ratest wines, were always upon pur table; and he would have dressed me like a queen, had not my Puritan tastes interposed and sobered down the gorgeous robes he would have had me wear, while one house was crowded with costly trifles, and our plate the finest in the city.

Often and often friends have spoken to us, half in jest and half in earnest, of the tempting bait our dwelling offered to burglars or dishonest servants; but Ludivico langhed at their warnings, and I never knew fear when he was by. So we had lived for five years, less careful by far of bolts and bars than many who had little saye their four walls to protect, and never suffering save from some ; petity pfffer, when the autumn of 18—came. We had just returned from our summer trip inland, and Ludivico was busy with preparations for new work; fresh clay had been carried to his studio, models engaged aid every thing prepared for a busy winter. I had my new dittes and careful also for a little. At least the lower part of a coarse, large, mained man's foot. The truth burst upon me at once. The rober had trodden in the clay. I remembered that the truth thurst upon me at once. The rober had trodden in the clay. I remembered that the truth burst upon me at once. The rober had trodden in the clay. I remembered that the truth burst upon me at once. The rober had trodden in the clay. I remembered that the truth burst upon me at once. The rober had trodden in the clay. I remembered that the truth burst und forden in the clay. I remembered that the truth and trodden in the clay. I looked the door, and sat down with both hands to my head. A fierce joy possessed me. I knew what to do. My lands and so down and the thud of the clay acainst the bedatead. It was all plain. I found some plaster of Paris, and s busy with preparations for new work; fresh clay the had been carried to his studio, models engaged, and every thing prepared for a busy winter.

infant not three months old lay upon my breast.

And we were very proud and happy in our new treasure; never in our lives had we talked so much of the future. Every hour of that coming winter was portioned off. I remember the fact now with a sort of horror, and an indescribable appreciation of the darktess which veils the forest the force of the sort of the same feet hefers. Yet why should we have feared to hope? We were young; we were healthy; we had enough and to spare of this world's goods; and we have the state of the world's goods; and we have the state of the world's goods; and we have the state of the world's goods; and we have the state of the world's goods; and we have the state of the world's goods.

and to spare of this world's goods; and we adored each other. The thought that all this might not last never entered my mind, nor, I believe, my husbaud's.

On the night I had put my babe to sleep and went out into the kitchen to see the cook, to whom I had certain orders, to give concerning breakfast, and could not find her.

Our servants were forbidden to remain out later than nine, and it was nearly eleven. I felt angry with the girl, the more so that she had left an outer door swinging and flapping in the wind; and with an exchamation of impatience I went to close it.

went to close it.

As I stood for a moment on the threshold I could see the garden still full of beautiful flowers. could see the garden still full of beautiful flowers, and at its fout, leaning over the low fence, stood the girl, Jane, talking to a man.

The moon shown fall upon them, and I saw the features of both plainty. Jane was a light mulatto, and it was impassible to tell whether the man was of her own color or a very swarthy white person. But, white or black, the expression of the face was hidepus, malevolent, bratalfull of cunning; a face to be seen among felons' faces; such a face as Hogarth has drawn, and no man besides who ever handled brush.

I razed one moment; then called out, sharply

man pesides who ever nandled brush.

I gazed one moment; then called out, sharply and quickly, "Jane, come in; it is too late to stay out," and retreated.

In a moment Jane was with me, apologizing the property of the prop a her own servile way, and taking my rebuke very quietly.

I gave her my orders and sent her to bed, and

then went up stair and forgot all about the mat-ter, though it was in my mind to speak about it when I was at the door. when I was at the coor.

For once in the room I found that my husband had brought in upon a board a piece of wet clay and set it at the foot of the bed, and my

rst words were:
"Are you going to work to-night, Ludivico?"
"No," said he, "the clay is too wet; but to-"No," said he, "the clay is too wet; but to-prow the first thing I am going to begin—can

"No," said I"
"Our baby," said my husband; "we will
make a sleeping cupid of him. It shall be my
first work this winter."
I laughed with glee.
"I shall prize it-so," I said. "He is lovely, is
he not?" and I kissed the child softly as he slept.
An hour after I, was sleeping also, tranquilly,
dreamlessly. The lamps were out, all was
darkness and peace. How long it lasted I do
not know.

I found dear ones to grieve with me and nurse me at home, but my heart was broken. The only one object I had in life was to bring Ludivico's murderer to justice. But how, when experienced detectives had failed on the spot, was I, an inexperienced woman, so many miles away, to succeed? They treated the idea with indulgent pity, but I felt sure God would help me. The face at the garden gate was stamped upon my memory. It was the only clow I had, but it was something.

Soon I had another.

One day I began to unpack my effects, and arrange them in my present home. Almost at the last of the work I came to that which was now, like the hand which thought to mould it a mere cold lump of clay.

a fifer cold lump of clay.

I laid it on the table and looked at it. I thought to weep, but amazement checked the tears. There, in the midst of the dry mould, was the impress of a foot—the lower part of a

was the impress of a foot—the lower part of a coarse, large, maimed man's foot.

The truth burst upon me at once. The robber had frodden in the clay. I remembered that the staffs and foor worse protect with it. I membered his ejaculation and the thud of the clay against the bedstead. It was all plain. I locked the door, and ant down with both hands to my head. A fierce joy possessed me. I knew what to do. My hands had dabbled in cast-making often enough.

At last I said: The secret is veiled from human eyes foreyer. I must give up hope. And I was calmer after that.

My boy was now a comfort to me, and I had gone to housekeeping with a young sister for my companion. She was a beautiful creature, and very much admired. My house grew gay, for I could not doom her to duliness, and young

voices and laughter and music filled the parlors almost nightly.

Sometimes, however, I was alone there, white she was away amidst gay scenes and merry friends, and then I thought until thinking was a

friends, and then I thought until thinking was a pain and the hours seemed years.

One cold winter night I had been thus alone when my sister Grace came home. She was in a merry mood, and cast her fur wrappings from a merry mood, and cast for fur wappings from her gleefully as she sat down by the fire. "I've made a conquest, my dear," she said. "Is that anything new?" asked I. "He is. What do you say to a millionaire?" "I should ask, what is he besides a million

"Oh! a Cuban, forty odd, I suppose, and no a bit handsome; but he adores me already. It's no joke, Ella; and I always said I would marry a rich man."

"Not without loving him?" "Bah! It's enough that he loves me. How de love matches end? Either one dies and the other is wretched, or they currel and are divorced in a year or two. Better not love, say I

I sighed. She was half right after all.
"He's a mystery, too," said Grace. "No one knows any thing about him, except that he's enormously rich. He has bought the Elms—the finest place here, you know—and they are mak-ing a great pet of him—all for his money. He saw me home—to the envy of every girl in the room, and he'll probably call to-morrow to ask how I am. Will you shat me in my room and

send him away, cruel sister?"

I tried to smile, and the thought came upon me that it might be better never to know the hight of happiness if one must be plunged from it into the deptils of misery.

"I shall not turn the Cuban away if he is a most away are not my citer likes him." I said and

"I shall not turn the Cuban away if he is a good man and my sister likes him," I said; and Grace haughed and went to bed.

The Cuban did call next day, but I was ont and did not see him. The neighbors apoke we'll of him, however; and he had bought the great place called "the Elms," and intended to be a resident of the town. In a worldly point of view it seemed a good match for any girl, and I waited anxiously to see the man himself Three days after I had the opportunity.

Grace had been to church in the evening; my

Grace had been to church in the evening; my boy was ill, and I had staid away. When it was time for services to be over I sat by the window time for services to be over I sat by the window watching for her. The bedroom was dark, and the moon outside very bright; consequently I could see the garden plainly. Soon Grace came up the path on a man's arm. At the gate she bade him good by, and stopped to say a few words. She stood inside, swinging the gate in her hand. He leaned with both arms folded on the fence outside.

Grace answered with a laugh.

"You are wild," she sail. "That, you have lways said, was a ragged wretched fellow."

"Yes; but still the man in other clothes—"

The next day she came to me gleefully. "My Caliban made his fortune in trade," she said; "took his father's business, and gave it up when his million was made. He showed me papers and letters and things that I didn't understand, though I pretended to. He didn't find his miland letters and things that I didn't understand, though I pretended to. He didn't find his milition in people's cupboards. And he has popped the question, and I have accepted—so there's an end. Come, I know you've had too much trouble; but don't brood over it and go out of your head."

She tried to kiss me, but I held her off.
"Listen, Grace," I said. "If you marry this man and I discover afterwards that he knows any thing of that awful night I shall still denounce him."

"And welcome," she said. And then with a sudden childish burst of tears she clasped me and cried: "Oh, Eila, don't go crazy—don't go

nounce him."

"And welcome," she said. And then with a sudden childish burst of tears she clasped me and cried: "Oh, Eila, don't go crazy—don't go a crazy! Try to take comfort; try to be yourel!"

It was useless to argue further, and I left her So, being betrothed to Grace, the Cuban, Mr. Zenzee was his name, brought his hideous face to narhouse avera night.

I loathed it, but I had determined to watch him. With this end I endured the sight and heard him talk. At last I made him contradict, which is to the places where he spent certain years. I confused him by blunt inquirles concering Cuba. I became convinced that he was no more of a Cuban than myself. Then watch hing. Closer and closer my fancied proofs were gathering about him, until I began to see in him the actual murderer. The man who had stolen barefooted about our room, and the clay impress of whose mutilated foot I had locked in a closer gathering about him, until I began to see in him the actual murderer. The man who had stolen barefooted about our room, and the clay impress of whose mutilated foot I had locked in a closer gathering about him, until I began to see in him the actual murderer. The man who had stolen barefooted about our room, and the clay impress of whose mutilated foot I had locked in a closer gathering about him, until I began to see in him the actual murderer. The man who had stolen barefooted about our room, and the clay impress of whose mutilated foot I had locked in a closer gathering about him, until I began to see in him the actual murderer. The man who had stolen barefooted about our room, and the clay impress of whose mutilated foot I had locked in a closer to know that his father died one of the martyrs in freedom's cause than he would be if he may prayers and protestations, the preparations for my sister's marriage with Zenzee were going forward.

The day was set. The time narrowed. Before that wedding day I had sworn to make my discovery. I worked now with two ends. My old one, and that of saving Grace from becoming the wif

Wife of a monster.

I watched the foot as a cat watches a mouse,
I watched the foot as a cat watches a mouse,
I'm discovered nuthing. My agony grew greater
"Mary, don't forget! I wore the blue!"

It watched the floor has a cal watches a mouse, but discovered nothing. My agony grew greater and greater. Time moved too fast for me; I could have prayed for days and hours to lengthen those months out. At last there was but one day between the present in which I lived and that in which my sister would become Mra Zenzee. On that morning I awoke with my plan fully matured.

I said to Grace at breakfast: "Since the wedding is so near invite Mr. Zenzee to pass the ovening with us." vening with us."

vening with us."
She looked up with a smile.
"You are cominng to your senses," she said.
I made no answer. After a while I asked
gain, "Do you love him, Grace?" and she anwered: "I told you once why I accepted him. That is my reason still. After all, what is love orth?" but she sighed.

worth?" but she sighed.

My heart had been at case on that score before. It was even lighter now. But how it throbbed with anxiety! The day wore on tediously, and evening came with a murky rain; but with it came Mr. Zenzee. He took tea with us, and did his best to be agreeable; but somehow, in spite of the handsome dress he wore, he looked more the rufflan than ever. After tea we had out the carditable, and he showed us some ut the card-table, and he showed us some out the card-noic, and he showed us some strange tricks at cards, and played against us, and cheated us both for fun, and laughed at Grace's wonder. Then Grace sang a while; and then, the clock striking ten, my time had come.

"It is a cold night," said L.

"Bitter," said he, shuddering. "But then I

come from a warm climate."

"Something warm to drink would be a comfort," said I.

He brightened up.
"It would suit me," he said.
"A bowl of punch now?" said I. Grace started.
"Punch! I thought you-"

I stopped her.

"This is a special occasion," said I; "and, to tell the truth. I have some prepared."

"Fond of a drop yourself of a cold night, and none the worse for it, ma'am," said he, with a

none the work at a part of the room. In the laugh.

I laughed too as I left the room. In the kitchen I found my punch-bowl full.

"Be into," said I.

"Bolling," said the cirl; and I seized it on its tray with the ladle. Then I called John, our coschman, a burly fellow, over six feet in bight.

ight.

"John," said I, "stay near the door. If I call you, come and do what I tell you."

The man started but obeyed.

I waited until I heard him plant himself upon the sill of the door, and then entered the parlor.

"Tasto it, Mr. Zenzee, is it not fine?" I said, and then as I stood near him, the bowl dropped from my hands and the contents nowed over and then as I stood near him, the bowl dropped from my hands, and the contents poured over the floor and the Cuban's knees. I screamed. He howled, for the boiling fluid had filled the loose shoes he wore; and down I went on my knees before the spot to which he had sprung. "Oh, what an unlucky thing! Are you scalded? Let me see?" And as he sat writhing in pain on the sofa I tore off shoes and stockings with great pretense of compassion and grief.

the bed, shouted "Who is there?" and made for the dark deed of the dark aped just visible. In an instant the lastern was darkened, and a struggle in the dark deed of the dark aped just visible. In an instant the lastern was darkened, and a struggle in the dark deed of the dark

Grace auswered with a laugh.

I had dismissed Jane. She had been under suspicion, and examined carefully, but she appeared innocent. Of all the servants I kept but one to assist me in packing and travel North with me. While the packing was going on she came to me and said:

"There is a queer bit of clay on a board undered one of the your bed, ma'am. Shall I throw it away?"

I burst into tears.

"The last thing his hand ever touched!" I cried. Oh, no. I will take it with me." So the dry lump made a part of my luggage, that and the dainty box-wood tools he laid out to work with.

I found dear ones to grieve with me and nurse me at home, but my heart was broken. The only one object I had in life was to bring Ludivico's murderer to justice. But how, when experienced detectives had failed on the spot, was I an inavarationed woman so many miles."

Grace auswered with a laugh.

"You are wild," she sail. "That, you have always said, was a ragged, wretched fellow."

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"You sre wild," she sail. "That, you have always said, was a ragged wretched fellow."

"A millionaire has no n-ed to turn burglar"

"How did this man make his money—can you are wer?"

"Nonsense—of course net, Cotton or sugar I suppose. I hope you are not going to have another brain fever, my der."

"My brain is steady, Grave. Heed me."

"That I can't; you will see your folly soon. The idea! Because the poor man is ugly. I'll make him tell how he came by his fortune! Sieer on it, and you'll see your insanity."

She danced away, and I crept to bed with a heavy hear.

The next day she came to me gieefully. "My Cailban made his fortune in trade," she said; "On the position of the mild his bony hard. I went for Frank and his bony hard father embraced him in his arms. The little fellow looked into his white

room.
"I am looking southward," whispered Frank

the air, and fell back upon the cushions. I touched his cold forchead with my trembling

DO ANIMALS REASON?

BY REV. JOHN TODD, D. D. Do animals reason? I have no doubt that they do. They have memory certainly. They can be instructed up to a certain point. What is called the "cunning of the fox," is nothing but his quick sagacity. A multitude of stories, even enough to make quite a volume, could be gathered, illustrating the sagacity of the elephant, the horse, the dog, and other animals. Even the stupid "ass knoweth his master's crib." A fox has been known, so I have been told, to can fox has been known, so I have been told, to carnox has oven known, so I have been told, to carry off a small plg. In the course of his way back to the woods he had to cross a deep creek, setting up from the sea. He could jump over it himself, but could he jump over it with the pig in his mouth? That was the problem to be solved. He went off a little way and came back with a pine knot, a piece of a broken limb in his mouth. It was just about as heavy as a

"Now," says he, "if I can jump across this creek with the knot in my mouth, I can also with the pig."

In a moment he gave the leap, and over he went. He then laid down his knot, jumped went. He that a wown has and, Junious back again, seized his pig, stood a moment, as if weighing and comparing the two. He hesitated but a moment, when, presto! he was overpig and all. Was this not reasoning and logic? Could a philosopher or a divine have drawn a more accurate inference?

more accurate inference?

A dog had been accused of killing sheep. He and his master were very fond of each other. It was a long time before the owner could be made to believe the ill report about his favorite. At last he was convinced that poor Rover was guillast he was convinced that poor Hover was gullty. As he could not bear to kill him himseli, he
came into the room one morning and said:

"Peter, after breakfast you may take the dog
off and shoot him. Mind and kill him dead."

The dog was in the room and heard it. In an
instant he daried out of the room, and was off
in a straight line. No calling or shouting could
cause him to turn his head. Straight as an arrow, he shot across the lots, and went out of
sight. Every hour they expected him back. At
night he certaioly would come. But no, he
never returned. Many months after this, his
master was riding on horseback in a wild lone
ly place. Just as he came between two banks,
through which the road had been cut, he saw
through which the road had been cut, he saw
poor Rover standing on one of the banks. His
heart yearned toward his old friend and he
spoke to him very kindly. But Rove's heart
was hardened. He gave one growl, snapped
his teeth at his old master, and again scampered
off at the top of his speed. Unforgiving Rover!
Thy memory was good, thy will was strong, and
thy anger lasting!

One more example. A neighbor of mine had y. As he could not bear to kill him himseli, he

one growi, snapped of at the top of his speed. Unforgiving Rover!
Thy memory was good, thy will wasstrong, and thy anger lasting!
One more example. A neighbor of mine had a knowning cat. Of course Tah was a great favorite with the family. At a time when Tab had a family of kittens, beautiful kittens, too, and when it seemed as if it was too much for her to take care of them, one of them was given away to a neighbor. Little kit was a great for the last of the countrymen for their kind-ness and consideration of us generally to may not a lip a constant.

It is a sultry day. The sun has drunk
The dew that lay upon the morning grass;
There is no rusiling in the lofty elm
That canopies my dwelling, and lik shade
Scarce calls me. All is silent, eave the faint
And interrupted murmur of the bec,
Settling on the sick flowers, and then again
Instantly on the wing. The plants around
Feel the too potent fervors: the tall maize
Rolls up its long green leaves; the clover droops
Its tender folisge, and declines its blooms.
But far in the fierce sunshine tower the hills.
With all their growth of woods, silent and stern,
As it the scorching heat and dazzling light
Were but an element they loved. Bright clouds,
Motionless pillars of the brazen heaven,
Their bases on the mountains—their white tops
Shining in the far ether—fire the air
With a reflected radiance, and make turn
The gazer's eye awy. For me, I lie
Languldiy in the shade, where the thick turf,
Yet virgin from the kiases of the sun,
Retains sems freshness, and I woo the wind
That still delays its coming. Why so low,
Gentle and voimble spirit of the air?
Oh, come and breathe upon the fainling earth
Coolness and Ilfa. Is it that in his caves
He hears me? See, on yonder woody ridge,
The pine is bending his prond top, and now,
Among the nearer groves, chestnut and oak
Are toseing their green boughs about. He comes
Lo, where the grassy meadow runs in waves!
The deep distressful silence of the seen
Breaks up with mingling of unnumbered sounds
And universal motion. He is come,
Shaking a shower of blossoms from the shrube,
And bearing on their fragrance; and he brings
Music of birds, and rustling of young frees,
And sound of swaying branches, and the voice
Of distant waterfails. All the green herbs
Are stirring in his breath; a thousand flowers,
By the roadside and the borders of the brook,
Nod gally to each other; glossy leaves
Are twinkling in the sun, as if the dew
Were on them yet, and silvere waters break
Into small waves, and sparkle as he comes.

TRAMP! TRAMP! TRAMP!

In the prison cell I sit,
Thinking, mother, dear, of you,
And our bright and happy home so far away;
And the tears they fill my eyes
Spite of all that I can do,

Though I try to cheer my comrades and be gay. Chorus—
Tramp, tramp, the boys are marching, Cheer up, comrades, they will come;
And beneath the starry dag
We shall breathe the air again
Of the free land in our own beloved home.

In the battle front we stood an one cattle front we stood
When their fiercest charge they made,
And they awept us off a hundred men or more,
But before we reached their lines
They were beaten back diamayed,
And we heard the cry of victory o'er and o'er.

Tramp! tramp! tramp! etc.

So within the prison cell
We are waiting for the day
That shall come to open wide the iron door,
And the hollow eye grows bright,
And the poor heart almost gay,
As we think of seeing home and friends once mor

Chorus— Tramp! tramp! tramp! de. EACH MAN TO HIS OWN TRADE

There is a sharp country lawyer out in the county of Allen, whose name is Mehaffy, slightly of the Hibernian persuasion, who, having succeeded in the way of making money, turned his attention to real estate, farming, etc. Among his purchases was a fine flouring mill on the waters of Hog Creek, which was superintended by a competent miller and did a thriving busi

Once upon a day, it fell out that the miller Once upon a day, it fell out that the miller was away on furlough, to be gone all day, and the proprietor happening at the mill, found a small boy in tattered garments sitting astride a bag of corn, which lay across the back of a sorry-looking nag. The boy said his mother had no meal, and would have nothing to eat unless the corn could be ground. The proprietor said he knew nothing about running a mill, but, since the case looked like a desperate one, he would try his hand at converting a sack of corn into a sack of meal. So lifting the boy off his grist, he took the corn to the hopper, threw it in and started the mill, which rattled off in good style eat up the corn, but returned no meal to the box. In short, the grist was totally lost.

The man and the boy hunted the mill high and low, but the meal could not be found! The man was in a high quandary, the boy was in and low, but the meal could not be found! The man was in a high quandary, the boy was in distress; nothing at home to eat, and the grist lost beyond recovery. The kind-hearted proprietor looked over his stores, and found a few quarts of his own meal, which he tied in a corner of the boy's sack and sent him home, telling him that would keep his mother from starving until the miller should return to find where his crist had gone to.

The boy's corn being all ground out of the hopper, the proprietor undertook to stop the mill, but it would not stop! He pulled one lever and then another, but the mill rattled on with all its might. The mill-stones, having nothing all its might. The mill-stones, having nothing to grind, took to grinding each other; presently they waxed hot, then hotter; the fire began to fiy, and the proprietor became alarmed. Herushed to his house, mounted a fleet horse, and told his wife that he was going in search of the miller, and if any bigger fool than himself should happen along, for heaven's sake to get him to stop the mill.

Away rode the man, and having found his miller ordered him to mount the horse and rub for the mill before the thing should set itself on fire. The miller was not slow to obey, and having shut the gate, the mad wheels stopped,

ore milestay. The static series were on a way and contractions are strongly as the contraction of the static state of the static static state. It suppose some silight moles aroused singly awake for a moment, I became conscious that some one was moving seatifility about the room—some convibulation of the static static state of the static state of the static state of the static static state of the static

GRANT AND SHERMAN.

OPINIONS OF THE MILITARY CHIEFTAINS OF

The following letters have just been made

GENERAL GRANT TO GENERAL SHERWAY. DEAR SHEBMAN:—The bill reviving the grade of Lieutenant General in the army has become a law, and my name has been sent to the Benate for the place. I now receive orders to report at Washington immediately in person, which indicates a confirmation or a likelihood of confirmation.

I start in the morning to comply with the or-

der.

Whilst I have been eminently successful in this war—in, at least, gaining the confidence of the public—no one feels more than I how much of this success is due to the energy, skill, and the harmonlous putting forth of that energy and skill, of those whom it has been my good fortune to have occupying subordinate positions under me.

There are many officers to whom these remarks are applicable to a greater or less degree proportionate to their ability as soldiers; but what I want is to express my thanks to you and McPherson, as the men to whom, above all others, I feel indebted for whatever I have had of success.

of success.

How far your advice and assistance have been of help to me you know. How far your execution of whatever has been given you to do entitles you to the reward I am receiving, you cannot know as well as I.

I feel all the gratitude this letter would express, giving it the most flattering construction. The word "you" I use in the plural, intending ft for McPherson also. I should write to him, and will some day, but starting in the morning. I do not know that I will find time just now.

Your friend, U. S. Grant, Mojor General.

GENERAL SHERMAN'S REPLY. Sherman received this letter near Memphis on the 10th of March, and immediately replied: DEAR GENERAL:—I have your more than kind and characteristic letter of the 4th instant. I will send a copy to General McPherson st

You do yourself injustice and us too much honor in assigning to us too large a share of the merits which have led to your high advancement. I know you approve the friendship I have ever professed to you, and will permit me to continue as heretofore, to manifest it on all proper occasions.

have ever professed to you, and will permit me to continue, as heretofore, to manifest it on all proper occasions.

You are now Washington's legitimate successor, and occupy a position of almost dangerous elevation; but if you can continue, as heretofore, to be yourself, simple, honest, and unpretending, you will enjoy through life the respect and love of friends and the homage of the millions of human beings that will award you a large share in securing to them and their descendants a government of law and stability.

I repeat, you do General McPherson and myself too much honor. At Belmont you manifested your traits, neither of us being near. At Donelson, also, you illustrated your whole character. I was not near, and General McPherson in too subordinate a capacity to influence you.

Until you had won Donelson I confess I was almost cowed by the terrible array of ainrehical elements that presented themselves at every point; but that admitted a ray of light I have followed since.

I believe you are as hrave, patriotic, and just as the great prototype, Washington; as unselfish, kind hearted, and honest as a man should be. But the chief characteristic is the simple faith in success you have always manifested, which I can liken to nothing else than the faith a christian has in the Saviour.

This faith: gave you victory at Shiloh and Vicksburg. Also, when you have completed your preparations, you go into battle without itestiation, as at Chattanooga—no doubta, no reserves: and I tell you it was this that made us act with confidence. I knew, wherever I was that you thought of me, and if I got in a tight place you would help me out, if alive.

My only point of doubt was in your knowledge of grand strategy and of books of science and history; but I confess your common sense seems to have supplied all these.

Now as to the future. Don't stay in Wash-internations.

cone of grand strategy and of books of science and history; but I confess your common sense seems to have supplied all these.

Now as to the future. Don't stay in Washington. Come West; take to yourself the whole Mississippi valley. Let us make it dead sure, and I tell you the Atlantic slopes and the Pacific sacres will follow its destiny, as sure as the limbs of a tree live or die with the main trunk. We have done much, but still much remains—Time and time's influences are with us. We could almost afford to sit still; and let these influences work.

luences work. fluences work.

Here lies the seat of the coming empire; and from the West, when our task is done, we will make short work of Charleston, and Richmond and the impovertished coast of the Atlantic—Your sincere friend,

W. T. Sherman.

THE LOST ARTS.

A great deal of nonsense has been uttered by sensation lecturers and magazine writers about wonderful arts which perished with the ancienta. To trust in the lamentations of these wiscacres

wonderful arts which perished with the ancients. To trust in the lamentations of these wiseacres over the "lost arts," one would think we had fallen upon very degenerate times indeed. But none of the doleful stories are true. Cleopatrs, no doubt, was a very fine woman; but she never dissolved pearls in wine. Archimedes was a great man in his day, but he never set fire to the Roman ships with burning glasses as the fable relates.

The ancients had no useful arts which we do not understand better and practice more skillfully than they did. The humblest American mechanic could teach the polished Greek and the cunning Egyptian sciences and arts of which they never dreamed. The ancients indeed, did many wondeful things which have not been since repeated; but they were only such things as are not worth doing over again. If we had occasion to build such foolish things as a pyramid, we would improve upon our model, in every respect; and instead of keeping a hundred thousand half starved slaves at the work for twenty years, we would turn it out finished in a few months. George Law and a hundred others would be willing to take the contract at a day's notice.

would be willing to take the contract at a day's notice.

If any people, now-a-days, lived in a condition like the ancients, they would be objects for sincere pity, and it would be our duty speedly to send missionaries among them. What a lamentable sight would be a nation of great mental vigor, half clothed and poorly fed, tilling the earth with wooden plows; without soap, pins, friction matches, or India rubber? How queenly would one of our factory girls appear to them I How magical the art of a Yankee clockmaker. Beggara, now-a-days, with regard to the substantial comforts of life, fare better than ancient kings.

kings.
Our modern civilization is surely just what Our modern civilization is surely, just what is suited for the welfare of humanity. The steam engine, politica, electricity, morality, and every good thing move on harmoniously. We look back into the past, to note, as warnings, the paths of error which are predecessors trod, and we push on cheerally, and confidently feel that the present and the future are of the timest importance to us. Scientific American.