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Montrose, March 30th, 1859.—tf.

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Montrose, Pa. November 14th, 1859.

Patronise those that advertise.

From the True Flag. TURNED BROKER.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON. CONCLUDED.

SETTING UP A BOARDING HOUSE.

The broker diminished his light, and standpassed, and as yet there had been no sound blinds were closely drawn. Sometimes the up so rapidly, I cannot tell; suffice it to say Bently," tones of the piano could be heard; they were there was no lack of boarders. There were no longer full, merry and harmonious. But old men and young men; and it was noticaspeak for himself.

"Well, the play, progresses, and I know pretty well what people think of me, now.— My precious old uncle, it seems, never thou me brain sound. It may be, I've been open to debase upon that subject myself, more than once. By some I have been considered a swindler, because I left a house over the headof my wife and children, and but few, very few, in summing up my character, say, he was an honest man.'

"No matter, I am singularly careless upon As she entered, the man stood with his strangely old-fashioned wraps, and again the he assumed anything, or put on a blustering that point; let the world wag and spout, I'll back towards her, looking intently at a fine get my living out of it, and laugh at it with painting of her husband. He turned, hearing "Will you tell me, if you get it?" was the ruled, not only the hostess, but her boarders. "No matter, I am singularly careless upon the fest, which by-the-by, is much the same

as laughing at myself.
"My wife, bless the dear woman, looks very well in black, and evidently other gentle- counterpart of her first and only love. men besides my elf are of the same opinion, that contemptible Sylvester, for instance, who with that very fine painting. I have some is such a favorite with my old uncle. There where seen a gentleman resembling him." he comes now, swinging down the street !---There he goes, deliberately up the steps of my wife's house! Mistaken for once, my dear fellow. Your exquisits portrait cannot gain admission into that parlor to night. He comes down the steps with a hang-dog look; I know what the fellow wants.

"My eldest, precious hope is in a bad way. I expect overy day, to see him come in here and pawn me my own watch. Something must be done to save him, or else his mother wildie with a broken heart. Alexis, the rogue, is a thorough boy, with great and generous impulses. He will become a good man if the example of his brother does not spoil him. My fittle Ella is still fiesh, benutiful, Montrose. Particular attention will be given and sweet sixteen—let me see—yesterday, to inserting testh on gold and silver plate, and She will be having lovers soon—and, thank and sweet sixteen-let me see-yesterday God! no mercenary ones. I can watch over her now, better perhaps, than if she knew my

true relation towards her. "Zounds! why does that fellew still stand

"Mamma, do tell me if you have any new grief," said Ella Danvers, one day, as her mother, laying by her pen, sighed heavily. "My dear," said her mother; smiling sadly, "I fear we are growing poor."

"Poor! oh no, marima-Uncle Ben would "Ah! my child, how little, you know. Unele Ben has an object in being

selfish object to advance." "Oh! now mamma, that is not kind. Think how beautifully he spoke when he gave me that sweet silk, and oh, ever so much pocket money. Here, mamma, you shall have it all

-only think! seven dollars-I have counted it over." "Thank-yen, darling; but you know little of money matters. This will do something, though not much. We must really begin to cast about us and see what can be done. I night teach music, if my health was only etter. You can as yet do but little."

"Why, mother-wity need we work !" asked Ella, with a mortified air. "Because we are poor and in debt," replied her mother.

"And what motive do you think Uncle Ben can have?" the young girl queried again.
"He wishes me to marry Mr. Sylvester," replied her mother.
"Why, mother!"—Ella raised both hands;

that horrible, horrible man who frightens me whenever he comes near me: It can't be possible. Why, mamma, you wouldn't dream of such a thing !" "Of course I shouldn't," said Mrs. Dan-

"It is true, nevertheless," replied her mother, "for he has told me so. Mr Sylvester he considers a very good match, says he is rich, prospectively very rich. When I told him

Henceforth we must depend upon ourselves." er! Why, I'd rather you'd marry that gen-

cheek slightly tinged; "you must not speak ied the incredulous uncle.

"Sure—thunder and Mars didn't I hear of some way to get along, amongst us all .-

"No, dear, I shall not sell the house while I can possibly keep it," her mother said. I have not quite decided, but I believe I will

"All sorts of people here!" said Ella, her in my day." pretty face lengthening.
"No, I shall be very careful who I take. know of several, already, who would come along. Janie is a strong, good girl; your rery meagre in its furnishing. brother, Charles Henry, can keep the accounts

chamber-maid.can oversee the rooms up stairs; place, leaning against the jambs, two hage and if we all do our duty faithfully. I dun't tubs that seemed recently scoured. see but what we can inake money. "Ob, mamma, I like it!" said Ella, after and packed closely together were a few dozconsidering, her face brightening: "After ens of old books. The only occupant at the ings with such men," at which young Danall, anything would be preferable to calling moment of which we speak, was a child of vers face became very red.

"No, nor driven," replied her mother, with her usually quiet way. Not long after, due preparations were made eye. Fair locks hung in careless curls far where, sure enough, was the broker, collar-

improvements made. Uncle Ben looked on ing woman entered, bearing some bundles in her hand.

"Let ner go on," he said, sneeringly, as he "I'll engage board there, at any rate," said get her, nobody else will,"

"That's right !" cried Uncle Ben, patting

TAKING THE BROKER TO BOARD. One day Mrs. Danvers was told that a gentleman waited in the parlor to see her. Untieing her cap-strings, smoothing her hair somewhat, and turning down her sleeves, (she had been engaged in making pastry) she soon hurried to the partially darkened room. her steps-the widow turned. too, deathly pale, for there stood before her, but for the difference in complexion, hair and eyes' the

"Pardon me, madam; I was much pleased "It must have been in your mirror," tho't the pseudo widow to herself.

came over to learn if I could obtain board here!" he said, seeing her sitting expectant. there such an attraction in this man-such a magnetism in his voice ! Why did her heart

"I was about to say that my house was full," she added, "but on second thought, I believe there is one small room-"I wish a small room," said the gentleman "And that so high up-

"It makes no difference to me," replied the man, linstily. The next day there was food for conjecture the table of the handsome widow-the bro. marriage." ker-"gentleman broker," assome called him. over there. Can it be that he is watching for was in the midst. Some were uneasy, some dissatisfied, others indignant. It was beneath pouring over her checks. the station of Mrs. Danvers, they said, to take

anything less than merchants or professional

men, and a few remonstrated. Her only re-"If in anything lie fails to be gentlemanly, tell me and I will at once dismiss him." Alas! already, in the secrecy of her own

Ben, one day, in an agony of jealousy,
"What's the matter!" asked uncle Ben, apprehending that the widow had accepted

nm and that he was crazy for joy.
"Oh! that infernal broker!" hissed from between Mr. Sylvester's magnificent false

"Why! why! what of him, man ?" polling at a lock of his perfumed false hair, thereby diminishing the dimensions of his fore head-by nearly an inch.

"What! what! the jade -- That nobody that spout full of old handkerchiefs, coats and beggais' gowns! No, no-you're jealous, Mr.

vell to believe that----" "But I tell you it soo. I see it every day. Yesterday my lord said he should like a lounge in his attick, and what does my lady do but send one un out of her best room !-The bell rings is it for my lord? Hurry, power could change it, he went away angry see what my lord wants. Ob, I assure you,

"Marry that Mr. Sylvester !- call him fath- him at table-watches him!-heaps his plate -- turns red if he only glances at her ;-- and tleman broker over opposite. He, in truth, he knows his power, the insolent interloper."

does really look like papa."

"Hush—Ella, hush!" said her mother, her

"Ate you aren", is alous!" ouer. "Ate you sure you aren't jealous !" quer-

marry;" and a deep sigh ended the sentence him call Ella 'dear? Didn't I see him "Well, I do really hope not," replied Ella, swagger through her parlors and make himafter a pause. It seems to me we can think self at home, and a deal more impertinence, egad! than we dare, who could buy him, shop child ?" asked one of the younger boarders, Let me see what can we do ! Ob; we might and all, for the loose change in our pockets! of the oldest hope of the house. sell the house and furniture, buy a little wee Don't you see that every soul in that family is

eyes in my head?"
"We must see to this!' said uncle Ben, giving his cane an extra blow as he came down the broad stair case. " I'll manage her

BUYING THE MINIATURE. There were a few pine chairs and a pine

On the wall hung a neat pine bookstand, boundedly, if he did, ha; Jenkins?" Mr. Sylvester father. Oh, mother, you won't almost fairy-like proportions, and exquisite "Hello! what's the trouble?" cried Jenk-be coaxed into it, will you?" symetry in form and feature. She stood ins. "It's that abominable broker, swearing, looking from the window, her beautiful white | isn't it !"

"You might have let me gone for them." heard the plan; "she will ruin herself in a said the child, springing towards her and year—just one year—I'll give her that time." trying to take the parcels from her.
"I'll engage board there, at any rate," said "Let you go? never l'it's not your place, the discomfitted Sylvester; "she can't refuse my little lady, and instead of one, I only am the proper person to attend to such mat mother. me-and I'll take good care that if I don't wish you had twenty servants to wait upon

vou. "Don't call yourself a servant, Bently, The broker diminished his light, and standing in his door way—it was a summer—night his favorite on the shoulder—"true blue, Syll point can yoursen a servant, nearly a none for me to the exchange, and his favorite on the shoulder—"true blue, Syll point are my good friend, and teacher; you have done everything for me. I shan't like shoulders and left the house, while young he says, with the same authority, as if he was locally that young he says, with the same authority, as if he was locally that young he says, with the same authority, as if he was locally that young he says, with the same authority, as if he was locally that young he says, with the same authority, as if he was locally that young he says, with the same authority, as if he was locally that young he says, with the same authority, as if he was locally that young he says, with the same authority, as if he was locally to be said round the entry that young he says, with the same authority, as if he was locally that young he says, with the same authority, as if he was locally that young he says, with the same authority as if he was locally that young he says, with the same authority as if he was locally that young he says, with the same authority as if he was locally that young he says, with the same authority as if he was locally that young he says, with the same authority as if he was locally that young he says, with the same authority as if he was locally that young he says, with the same authority as if he was locally that young he says, with the same authority as if he was locally that young he says, with the same authority as if he was locally the same authority as if he was locally that young he says are not one to the extension of the same authority as if he was locally or sight of merriment. The curtains and was so very handsome, that the house filled it one bit, if you call yourself a servant,

"Well, well, dear, I won't, and I don't no longer full, merry and harmonious. But old men and young men; and it was notication by his shop door, let him ble that the former always handed their cups I'd willingly serve such a sweet child as you, sir. I wish to hear nothing from your lips. to the servant, to give to Mrs. Danvers, while But look, my little lady, for once you shall You the proper person to defend your moththe latter passed theirs along, if possible, by have such a suppor as you deserve. See, I et! Take care that you do not provoke me clean breast of it, and get out out of his the hands of the pretty Ella.

have brought cakes and some cream, and a to expose your conduct to your family, who clutches. Briefly, he has my father's watch silver, as you ought to, and is your right, but with certainty."

The meal over, Annie was put inside her child's significant question.
"Yes, Lady Annie, I will tell you, if I get

it! Oh, the Lord above grant that I may!" the pale woman fervently replied. Behind his counter sat the broker, attending to several customers. After all had gone | Chauncey !" from the shop, he, without waiting for a question, held forth the locket.

"It is yours," he said, naming a triffing. The money was paid, the woman grasped "I am very sorry," replied Mrs. Danvers, and saying - "You shall hear from me again, then she paused, thoughtfully. Why was sir," hurried from the place with the child. Not a word did she speak during the whole distance, but her breath came quick, bent thick and quick? Why rushed the and the little girl felt her hand grow alter-color to her before pale cheeks? and the little girl felt her hand grow alter-nately hot and cold. Some terrible agitation nately hot and cold. Some terrible agitation possessed her.

Still as silent they entered their humble home, where Bently, as the child called her; lighted, a candle, and proceeded to take off Annie's outer garments.

"Now, dear, I'll tell you something," she said, her face as white as marble. "In that locket, if nobody has found it out, and I think among the respectable circle that sat round no one has, is the certificate of your mother's

"Oh, Bently! Bently!-can it be ?" cried the little girl, all amazement, the rich color "Yes; and although I don't know the se-

case. Have you ever seen rice paper, Lady Annie ? "That the Chinese pictures are painted on? Oh, yes, so soft, thin and white."

band. Several times had she seen this stran-tificate copied on that kind of paper, before document? the handsome profile of his face -- so like dear ber her grief that day that she lost it. She man so solemn, Chauncy's-was always in view. And that felt sure your cruel relatives would destroy profile she carried lioms with her: Do what the other, as they had it in their possession, faintly, she would to banish it, it was always there, and as they did, and when that was gone, "Very there was fascination in his presence. He hastened ner death, that and the trouble company, had power had nad ever since your father died. There, morning, madam."

I have loosened it a little, see—but oh, I "Oh, mother!" cried Ella, a moment after, to bring a color to her cheek-and more I have loosened it a little, see-but oh, I than one suspected how it was. Among these never thought! suppose they found out it running, pale, trightened, and almost breathwas Mr. Sylvester. He came to old Uncle Ben, one day, in an agony of jealousy.

was in bere, and so got the certificate! Ideless into the room; "you must turn that implement one day, in an agony of jealousy.

was in bere, and so got the certificate! Ideless into the room; "you must turn that implement of the house, indeed you just to think of it," and the locket fell from

her trembling hands.
"Well, Bently, you know what you've of-

ed, wise way.
"No, thanks to God! that gives me heart, "He—he's cut me out—oh! perdition! darling," replied the woman. "I won't borapan broker!" ground the inhappy man, row trouble; but go to work again." In less than an hour the case was laid

written upon, was the important piece of delicate paper, upon which the birthright fordoor, he caught me and—and kissed me, ever freak of mine. I often look back and wonder tune of a million depended. "Now, now!" cried the woman, lifting

Sylvester, very jealous. I know my niece too her streaming eyes heavenward, "now we can blazing. "Come, Ella, go with me and conget it out of chancery, for it's the only proof front this wicked man; he must leave the required. Now, darling, I can take the few hundreds I've been saving so miserly, and buy you some beautiful dresses, and we'll go stood before her, inside the door, audaciously boarding, like folks. I must see some great smiling. lawyen the very next day that comes, and that my mind was made up and no earthly Jeanny-Molly-Sally- all of you, and bave him write on to England, and perhaps, my lady-yes, I may call you my lady now nothing is to good for him; and she watches -we shall go to England, though I shouldn't I know not whom to trust" wish it save to shame the people who have

wronged you."
"Oh, Bently, is it really so?" asked the thoughtful little girl, clasping her hands: "Why it seems like a dream, don't it?"

THE BROKER ADMINISTERS A REBURE-

"I say who is that Mistress Solomon that sits next the madam with that beauty of a

"That," said Mr. Charles Danvers " is some money out at interest, and make a fortune, humble servants? Sure? D'ye think I haven't only wish the little child she has the care of by your leave I will take same sweet token you know."

eyes in my head?"

trom your lips, also."

"She's not American, is she?"
"No, English; you might know by her size and the straight way she carries berself. keep boarders. That is hard work, but with you and good Janie to help me, I think it or I'll break her fully! Just you wait patiently. Lye handled importment beggars that old woman has supported her for seven in my day."

or eight years by taking in washing l although they say she has once been pretty well off herself. Now there's some clue or A room in a dreary building. Neat is was other found, by which the lawyers think she and pay a fair board, to order to help us as loving hands could make it, but very, can get her rights, and give them a pretty

plum besides." "Your broker, there, had better slide up. Alexis run the errands; you, with a little table, a bed, an old map, and next to the fire to the old lady."

"Hum! ha! I don't know what my uncle would do in that case; we could borrow un-

" Not I, for one; I never have any deal-

"What is this, sir !" oried Charles Henry Danvers, aghast. "Nothing, sir, only I have been punishing a puppy for insulting your mother," replied the broker, awelling and panting.

"You take a great deal on yourself, sir. I ters," said the young man. "If any one

little fruit. To be sure you can't eat it from little think of some things I could tell them."

silver, as you ought to, and is your rigut, out it will taste good, even on my homely delf.

Then, after supper, my little lady, we will bis father's valuable gold watch was in the go to the good broker; we have given him broker's yest pocket, while his mother thought it safe in a certain case up stairs. The broker was now, it was plainly to be seen, the head man of the house. Not that

strangely old-fashioned wraps, and again the he assumed anything, or put on a blustering As for Mrs. Danvers, she was thoroughly infatuated. Since the broker had freed her from the insulting presence that had become so odious to her, she had felt her heart his captive. And then he looked so like her dear

THE BROKER UNMASKED. One morning the widow was summoned into her parlor very early. A stranger sat there, a shrewd business looking man whom the case with trembling hands and wet eyes, she had never seen before. He appeared as if laboring under some nervous deraugement. "Madam," said he, presenting a signature, the rest of the paper being covered with his hands, "do you know that writing ?"

"Certainly, I do; it is my husband's. No man ever wrote a more singular hand." "Will you oblige me by bringing some of his letters, that I may compare them ?". The letters were brought; the signature

was like - just as exact and peculiar.
"Madam," said the gentleman, " I found that writing fresh on my dressing table the sand not having yet dried up the ink. I found it last night when I returned home. It contains intelligence that no one but your usband and I were aware aware, of. Did he ever tell you, madam, that I bought shares in the M-- road for him?" "Never!" replied Mrs. Danver, growing a

little cold. cret of the spring, which is a curious one, so she said. I shall work at it till Leparate the you husband too well to think that he ever part of the father of little Annie—his death. Choate's jeligious belief: spoke of it to a living soul, and yet I find and burial, the anger of the relatives at find-something here about it, written in his style. ing the willow and child left in possession of The fact is, madam, those shares have gone h, yes, so soft, thin and white."

"And durable, dear," said Bently, working alive, he would be a rich man again. Now, up unprecedentedly, and were your husband

ger of distinguished mien, but questionable witnesses, and placed in the back here, as I ocupation. At church he sat so near that hope you will soon see. Oh, but I remember the voice of the consequent poverty of Bently and her little of his minister at his funeral, however, would

"Really, it is very mysterious," she said,

must.'

"What impudent fellow, daughter ?" "Mr., Mr.—the broker," cried Ella, forgetten told me; if it is so, we shan't be any ting his name. "He, he insulted me; caught worse off," said the child, in her old fashion me in his arms, and said he loved me dearly." me in his arms, and said he loved me dearly. The cheeks of Mrs. Danvers blazed. Her heart beat as if it would leap from her body.
"Ella, Ella, did he ever do this before?"

"Never, never," sobbed Ella, now crying outright. "I-I liked the man well enough, open, and there, fresh as if just folded, just but, but, I never dreamed of his taking such

so many times.".
"The wretch!" The mother eyes were

house immediately. She raised her eyes. The "wicked man" "Sir, sir, my daughter and myself have

been wronged and insulted. Oh, my husband -Chauncey, why did you leave me? Alas "Madam, what have I done? asked the broker, lifting his eyebrows, innocently. "Taken advantage of an unprotected wo man, sir; how dared you to speak to my

child in the manner you did?" "I protest. I do not see that I have been guilty of the least impropriety, madam." "Ella, did I understand you?"

"He insulted me, mamma." "But, madam, preposterous! I merely told the girl I loved her so I do. I have the right, I think. To you I say the same thing; I love you more than language can express. cottage in the country, put the rest of our magnitized by the fellow, and all are his old lady with magnificent expectations. I This young lady I took the liberty to kiss; "Sir! man! what do you mean! This lan-

> ble. If you do not leave me, sir, I shall call "Will you leave the room, sir!" "No, madam. I solemnly declare that I regard this room and everything in it as my

quage is audacious! this conduct is unbeara-

biolute property," returned broker, com-"Oh, dear mother, the man is mad ! he will murder us all'? cried Ella shrinking in affright to the fartherest corner of the room. "And to prove this, I further say that in be course of twenty-four hours, I shall command you to give up your boarders, androu will do it? --

Mrs. Danvers stood pale, irresolute. The broker bowed, left the room, and retired to als own chamber. is now in Prison for embezzling the funds of "Oh, mother, what shall we do f. Who the State. His sureties have put their property knows but he will set the house on fire, or out of their hands. do some dreadful thing. Oh, how frightful

e looked!"
"I'm sure I don't know," replied the moth-

he looked!"

"Frightful-oh, no!" murmured Mrs. Danvers, irresolutely.
"Am I to be ordered round by this fellow

as though I were a dog !" cried Charles Henry bursting into the room.
"What now?" exclaimed his sister and

Danvers, growing red to the roots of his hair, my father. Now I wish to know if you, he had to go to Washington to argue careblustered and would have knocked the mother, encourage this fellow, as I liave or to Congress, he was often obliged to recover down but for an expressive look and heard hinted more than once you did!" faintly.

"Yes, you or is it for this? I'll make a he very often paid what he borrowed. in his pocket." "Good heavens!" cried his mother; "did

he steal it?" "No; I was hard up," said the boy, sulkiand thought it might as well be going, as

"In nawn!" cried his mother, aghast.

kind," said a voice pear them. They looked: There were shricks of joy almost maddening to hear, tears, embraces, wild unutterable raptures. Had the sea given he called again and demanded his bill. "O up its dead? There tood the broker, directed yes," said Choate, "I really—you must pasof his false curls, and whatever of false coloring he had assumed, but the broker no longer, off; but you may pay whatever you thing "Oh, Chauncey! how could you try me right." This did not suit the client, who so?" sobbed the matron, her arms clinging said he'd call once more; and so he did in a about his neck, her tearful face leaning upon fortnight after. This time Choste was in deshis breast.

ngain. It was cruel, I confess it. Forgive count yourself." The worthy man took the me, I will atone for it. Henceforth no more freaks. You, my bonorable wife, I love and revere more than ever before. My son, I trust, in staring characters of vast, size, to make will see his folly, and become worthy of such them legible, was the cutry, "office debtor to mother. My little Alexis, my sweet Ella! one gallon of oil," standing as lonely on the

once more a private residence, all the boarders leaving but the fall old lady and the lit- him the next time he called. tle maid Annie. To the broker Bently felt in an English family. Then came a recital

charge, indicate that he accepted the continuous, "I had a few hundreds, sir," she added, ion. But when a proof was sent him of a, faintly.

"Very. I am in a maze myself, I confess.

in conclusion, "which I determined never to great work on "The Doctrine of the Immortune o she would to banish it, it was always there, and as they did, and when that was gone, she would to banish it, it was always there, and as they did, and when that was gone, she would to banish it, it was always there, and as they did, and when that was gone, she would to banish it, it was always there, she will soon be his work on this grand, and subject of the bastened her death, that and the trouble she to the business, I will see you again; good the process of the like your wife and your dear children, and swear, when no other ferocious word present-Annie is attached to you all, especially to

sweet Miss Ella." It need scarcely be added the request was granted, and ten years after, Charles Henry Danvers, a distinguished young lawyer, led the heiress Annie to the nuptial altar.

CONCLUSION My wife was looking over some old letters, and with a look full of meaning, handed me one. It bore the appearance of baving been crushed, and then re-smoothed, and was, in fact, the identical letter which, in my utter despondency and something like insanity, I how I could ever accomplish at. When I and said: meet Uncle Ben, to this day he shakes his "Mr. J head and pats his brow with an ominous forefinger. When I meet Sylvester, he frowns and crosses over. They are both of them as harmless as lambs, though I am inclined to think that my uncle has never quite forgiven

sorry to hear of my demise.

The thousand rumors that followed my coming to life" have died away. My wife worthy of my noblest regards liaving been only guilty of falling in love with her own husband a second time, and I do not think I shall ever sigh to sleep "where the tide runs deepest and strongest;" so, allow me to sub-

me for turning up again, and would not be

scribe myself. Yours Truly,

Ans.-John Smith.

CHAUNCEY DANVERS. Historical Questions. Ques.-Who settled Virginia?

Ques -- Who unsettled Virginia ! Ans.-John Brown. We find the above going the rounds of the Republican papers. We submit the follow: ing in addition:

Ques .- Who settled John Brown ! Ans.-Virginia. A CELESTIAL CARGO. - A ship recently sailed from Ban Francisco for Hong Kong, with

namen and live rate. Or Course.-The standard-bearers of Black Republican Maine-Lawism have had a sorry, but natural end. Marshal Weaver embezzle the liquor money of Bangor, and Elder Peck

FRED. DOUGLASS acknowledges since his series in England, that he did know of the

Characteristics of Rufus Choate. Mr. Choate's manner of keeping accounts and collecting bills is thus described by Paiz-

er in his biography.
"I never remember seeing him collect aunoney or make any charges in any books. Indeed, I never saw any account books in "Why, a minute ago I met him on the his office. He himself never seemed to flave should resent an impropriety, I am sure I—" stairs. Says he—'My boy, I want you to any money. If he wanted any, he would get "Silence, sir!" thundered the other, in a carry a note for me to the exchange; I am me to draw a check for him, even for files "I-I encourage him?" said Mis. Danvers, to lend him to go on with. Unlike some others of the fraternity of great men, however

> His accounts of who owed him and no much, he must have chiefly carried to head. His office partner could not pase known them, and there was not seen the any books of original entries. One of his students of former years, however, used to ly; "I knew where you kept lit, of course, us of a traditionary set of books, which Chose commenced with the intention of keeping rusting for want of work. I took it and put them by couble entry. So, on the first cal he opened them, he had occasion to send out for a gallon of oil-it was before gas dais "Oh, Heary, my son, how you have deceived accordingly he entered in the bulky volume;" said his mother, in sorrowful tones. "office debtor one gallon of oil"—so may "Let us hope it is his last freak of the A few days after an old client came in au. asked for his bill. Choate told him he as teally very busy, and if he'd call again is week, he'd have it ready for him. In a week

don me-but I've not had time to draw i. is breast.

"I fielt myself dishonored, but I am free books and just draw off a minute of the acbook, de-paring of any other information, opened it, and there at the top of the page Did I prophesy aright—will you give up page as the author in his life. He neve keeping boarders, my wife?"

The sequel was, that the house became thought fair and asked for a receipt in feel. asked for his bill again, but paid what he thought fair, and asked for a receipt in full which Mr.Chonte promised to have ready for

tle maid Annie. To the broker Bently felt Mr. Choate very often, however, made berself indebted for all her good fortune. To sudden foray and raid upon his clients as h himself and his family she related her happened to recollect them, if he found him history. Having been the wife of a jeweller self unexpectedly in want of money. Ar. in good circumstances, she found herself on woe to any unfortunate man then who had his death reduced to the necessity of taking heavy case actually on trial. He had to paa subordinate situation as under-governess for all the sins of omission of his predecessor clients "for many weeks."

The following paragraph speaks of M

"Mr. Choate never scemed to me what ing the willow and child left in possession of would be called a believing man-a man o an immense fortune, their bitterness and unfaith. He believed in what he saw, and in relenting persecution, finally their success in Euclid. Boyond that was the field of doub thought, she mourned over her heart's unthought, she mourned over her heart's unat the case. "Well your mother had her cerwas it his hand that wrote and signed this of the original certificate of marriage, and was entered, his intellect of Grecian spotlets. the mysterious disappearance of the copy, saw too many arguments on both sides for uned itself to express the instant passion of his feeling, but usually he had expletives in vast variety, for both energy and adjuration .--These were very queer, 'I'm perfectly flab-bergasted,' was one of his odd exprassions; and, again, 'I'll eat all the snakes in Virgin-ny if I don't do it.'"

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S IN THAT BED.-A. correspondent of the New York Waverly gives the following as one of the many incidents that befell a "boarding round schoolmaster: I had been teaching in Mason county in s this, the Socker State, and this term was

"Mr. Jones, father said you would come home with me"

"Very well," I replied, and forthwith set out for my patron's house, which was distant some two miles. Now be it known, that James McHarry, for such was his name, had two daughters-the pride and envy of the whole community. I had heard so much about them. It seemed, however, that I was to be disappointed. When we arrived I leared that the "galls" had gone to a party on the other side of the creek; so I went to bed execrating the lock which deprived me of sec-

ing them that night.
The night had well advanced when I heard one of the girls come home, and passing into the adjoining room, she warmed herself before some coals which were alive on the hearth. It seems the old gentleman and ladv elept in the same room but I was not aware of it then. \ Having warmed besself she turned to leave the room, when the old man spoke - "Girls," said he, "the schoolmaster's in

voor bed." "Very well," said Sarah, and, passing though the room I slept in, went up stairs, About an hour had elapsed, when I heard Judy, the other one, come. She stood at the door a long time, talking with " her feller," then entered softly. Disrobing her feet sho entered the room where I lay, in her stocking feet, carefully undressed herself, and, coming to the side of the bed, prepared to get inan odoriferous cargo, consisting of the dead to the side of the bed, prepared to get in-bodies of some hindreds of Chinamen, bound Now it happened that I lay in the middle, for the tombs of their ancestors. The per- and, turning back the clothes, sho gave a

> "Lay over, Sarah." I rolled over and whipped the corner of

"Judy!". "Sir," was responded in a faint voice from the bed beside me. "The schoolmaster's in that bed."

With one loud yell, and "Oh, heavens!"

HENRY CLAY, -This great statesman, in a speech at Frankfort, Ky; made this remark -

for turning the large house of Mrs. Danvers into a genteel boarding establishment. Busile that quickened the levely expression of him along the hall to the steps, where, after the and confusion reigned throughout. Rooms the many the and confusion reigned throughout. Rooms the papered and painted, and sundry the large house of Mrs. Danvers down her neck, far below her waist. The ing the handsome Sylvester, and dragging er, drawing a long breath.

Harper's Ferry raid, as undertaken by Brown, speech at Frankfort. Ky, made this remark—
into a genteel boarding establishment.

Busile that quickened the levely expression of him along the hall to the steps, where, after work will not allow him to stay, mother and approved the original scheme of running and running and running and running and running and running

fume was very nearly as delightful as that shake and said in a suppressed whisper; from the rats which their comrades eat. This kind of trade still thrives in the Pacific. Ships take live Chinamen and dead rats to the pillow into my mouth to keep from California, and cary back to Asia dead Chi- laughing. In she bounced, but the bed would squeak. The old man heard it and called

> she landed on the floor, and fled with the rapidity of a deer up stairs. She never heard the last of it, I can tell you.