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# MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

WE JOIN THE PARTY THAT CARRIES THE FLAG, AND KEEPS STEP TO THE MUSIC OF THE UNION.

VOL. 17.

MONTROSE, PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 7, 1860.

NO. 23.

JOB PRINTING OF ALL KINDS,  
DONE AT THE OFFICE OF THE  
DEMOCRAT,  
WEATLY AND PROMPTLY.  
AND AT "LIVE AND LET LIVE" PRICES.  
The office of the Montrose Democrat  
has recently been supplied with a new and choice variety  
of types, etc., and we are now prepared to print in the  
best style, on short notice.  
Handbills, Posters, Programmes, and  
other kinds of work in this line, done according to order.  
Business, Wedding, and Ball Cards,  
Tickets, etc., printed with neatness and dispatch.  
Justices' and Constables' Blanks, Notes,  
Deeds, and all other Blanks, on hand, or printed to order.  
\$200 worth of Blanks to be paid for on delivery.

**HOME'S HARMONY.**  
The lark may sing her sweetest song,  
As rising from the waving corn,  
On soaring wings, she skims along  
To welcome in the rising morn.  
Her sweetest song is nought to me,  
Compared to home's sweet harmony.  
Deep in the woods, the nightingale,  
At midnight hour may tune her lay,  
May pour upon the listening ear,  
Her loveliest strains of melody;  
Lovely her midnight lay may be,  
But lovelier home's sweet harmony.  
Sweet are the songsters of the spring,  
And of the summer's sunny days,  
And autumn's feathered warblers sing  
In rapturous strains their sweetest lays;  
Lovely the songs of bower and tree,  
But lovelier home's sweet harmony.

But oh, what cheers the winter night,  
When all around is dark and gloom,  
When feathered songsters take their flight,  
Or fill a gloomy little tomb?  
Tis at such hours as these that we  
Prize most our home's sweet harmony.

Oh, when dark clouds above us lower,  
And life's drear winter o'er us comes,  
Tis then we feel our heart's power,  
To songsters of our home and homes;  
For soon the lowering clouds do flee  
From our dear home's sweet harmony.

**What's the use of fretting?**

BY M. M. GARDNER.  
Why will our poets sigh and moan,  
Or wither hopes and flowers,  
When fresh joys spring again as soon  
As sunshine after showers.  
Our dulled hours, if rightly spent,  
Will quickly pass away,  
And pleasant times from those we love  
Will cheer the darkest day.  
Tis all in vain to mourn and weep  
O'er milk that has been spilled,  
And just as vain to idly wait  
To have the pail refilled.

I never drop my buttered toast  
Upon the dished floor,  
And if I did I'd leave it there,  
And calmly butter more.

Nor do I find this world so cold,  
Or friends so hard to win,  
And where we have so much to love,  
To grumble is a sin.

**THE SEVEN DIALS.**

PASSAGES FROM THE NOTE BOOK OF A  
CITY MISSIONARY.

BY MRS. C. F. GERRY.

My last.

The calendar tells me it is the first of  
May—May-day! The world is radiant of  
blue violets, star-like daisies and budding  
hedge-roses; in my memory it is associated  
with pleasant days beginning to grow  
green; with "trees and shrubs, clothed in  
the delicate garniture of their young  
leaves," with the blossom-crowned May  
pole, round which honest lads and white  
robed girls go circling in the giddy dance  
of the festive dance. But now in what  
contrast rises before me the scene in  
which I have spent my May-day. This  
morning I found myself for the first time  
in the wretched parlour of the Seven Dials.  
Years ago that was a fashionable  
quarter, and upon the open space in the  
centre of those seven streets, stood a col-  
umn, surmounted by seven dial turning a  
face toward each street. More than a  
century has elapsed, however, since the lo-  
cality fell into ill-repute, and what I have  
just witnessed there beggars description.  
The majestic old houses, which with their  
fantastic architecture, were once the dwell-  
ing places of the elite, and surrounded  
with beautiful gardens, are peopled with  
the lowest dregs of human nature. The  
luxurious Jews, stationed at the doors to  
entrap the unwary; the street sweepers;  
the organ-grinders, the lords of the "gin-  
palaces," the thieves, the filthy, idle wo-  
men, the troops of ragged children—the  
vice and want and squalor which pervade  
the neighborhood, realize the ideas of Pan-  
demonium. To my dying day I shall never  
forget the horrid odors, the mauling  
laughter, the unceasing jests with which  
those poor creatures regarded us, as I told  
them our errand.

"Friends," said I, to a group that stood  
on the street corner, "we are in search of  
Hugh Reed, he has sent for a Christian  
minister, and we have come in obedience  
to his summons."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed a burly ruffian;  
"a Christian minister, eh? If you're that,  
the Seven Dials is no place for you—the  
air don't agree with the black coat and  
white neckcloth, and the sooner you're off  
the better."

His rough words were greeted with a  
shout of applause from the bystanders,  
but I replied as calmly as I could—

"No, sir, I cannot take your advice—it  
is my mission to befriend those who will  
not befriend themselves, to pray for the  
dying sinner, to send comfort into these  
miserable dwellings. If you will not dis-  
turb me, perhaps you will, sir," I added,  
turning to a blooming companion.

"Not a bit of it," was the gruff reply,  
and after asking every man in the group, I  
was about to turn away, when a voice, a  
musical, female voice, said—

"Where do you wish to go, stranger?"

Quick as thought I glanced around—

"There stood a girl over whose head six-  
teen summers might have passed. She  
was so unlike any one I had yet seen in  
this dismal quarter of the city, that it al-  
most seemed as if a being from another  
sphere had crossed my path. She was tall,  
and slight though her complexion fair,  
with a faint glow on her cheeks, her fea-  
tures were delicately chiselled; her  
eyes large and blue as a mountain lake,  
and her glossy and luxuriant hair could  
scarcely have been richer in hue had it  
imprisoned a thousand sunbeams. Her  
cheap dress fitted her neatly, and that and  
her white apron and collar were faultless-  
ly clean; indeed, in her whole appearance  
there was an appearance of refinement  
which I had not expected to see at the

Seven Dials. But there was an expres-  
sion on her face which told of premature  
care and sorrow, and made the beholder's  
heart yearn towards her in her youth and  
loveliness.

"Soho, Nellie," cried one of the ruf-  
fians, softening his tone as he spoke to  
her, "you've thought better of it since  
last night, have you, and come to accept my  
offer?"

"No, no," exclaimed the girl, an indig-  
nant blush crimsoning her cheeks, as she  
drew back; "I'm watching for Mr. Gray,  
a city missionary."

"I am Mr. Gray," said I; "perhaps it  
is some friend of yours who has sent for  
me to come to his death-bed."

"Yes, Hugh Reed is my uncle—the on-  
ly friend I have in the wide world!" and  
now the tears ran down her blue eyes  
like a shower from a summer sky.

"Here, here, Nellie," shouted the stu-  
dy idler, whom she had once silenced,  
"you're too bad. You know I am your  
friend, your lover—I would marry you to-  
night if you would say so. Come, I've set  
my heart upon having you, and mine you  
must be!"

With these words he laid his hand up-  
on her arm, and dragged her along to-  
ward his companions.

The girl shrieked, and the next moment  
I cried—

"Villain, stand back!" and with a  
strength that now seems superhuman, I  
erected her from his iron grasp. I heard  
him curse me with oaths that made my  
blood chill in my veins, and mutter, as  
he picked up his hat—

"By all the powers, he's strong as a li-  
on. I should wonder if Lucifer himself  
was inside of that black coat!"

I heard the maiden's fearful thanks and  
saw the look of gratitude, and then en-  
tered the rickety old house, the lower  
part of which was occupied by Hugh  
Reed. Penny reigned there, but the  
floor, the deal table, the humble bed, and  
the man who sat propped up against the  
pillows were scrupulously clean, and a box  
of hyacinths bloomed on the broken win-  
dow ledge.

"Uncle Hugh," said the girl, as we ad-  
vanced to the invalid, "the minister has  
come."

The wan face of Hugh Reed lighted up,  
his lips parted, but for some time he could  
not articulate a word. My friend, who  
was a physician, examined his pulse, lis-  
tened to his labored breathing, and shook  
his head. The glassy eyes of the poor suf-  
ferer turned toward him in mute appeal,  
and he faltered—

"I'm not long—not long for this world,  
doctor!"

"No," replied Doctor Rolfe, "you can  
live but a short time."

A bitter groan broke from the old man,  
and his niece flung herself down by the  
bedside and burst into tears.

"Poor, poor Nellie," gasped her uncle,  
laying his wasted hand on her bright  
head, "I'll be alone when I am gone—  
alone in this great city—unless, unless—  
and he glanced wistfully at me—"unless  
you, sir, befriend her. Will you protect  
this desolate orphan?"

"I will," was my unhesitating response.

"Thank God!" he exclaimed, his eyes  
kindling and a faint smile flickering over  
his face. "Once a Christian minister  
would have been the last person I should  
have sent for in an hour of trial, but ever  
since I dragged my feeble limbs into the  
chaud where you preach on Sundays, and  
heard your sermon and the report of the  
week's experience among the sick, the dy-  
ing, and the wretched of every class, I  
felt that I would befriend Nellie, too. You  
have promised—I believe you will keep  
your promise—I can die in peace."

"It is a solemn thing to die," said the  
physician.

"I know it," responded the sufferer,  
and I've been a wicked man."

And he proceeded to tell as brokenly,  
but he had in his early days, been a res-  
pectable tradesman, and having had been  
lost, had forged notes to meet the de-  
mands that were pressing upon him—had  
been tried and convicted of the crime, and  
sentenced to ten years imprisonment.

"When I came out from Newgate," he  
said, "my former friends forsook me. Vi-  
cious temptations, I drank, I gambled, I  
passed from one degree of degradation to  
another, until I found myself a denizen of  
the neighborhood of the Seven Dials. A  
year ago I began to cough night and day,  
my flesh and strength wasted like dew,  
and it is now six months since a doctor  
told me I was dying of consumption!"

He paused, his features worked, a shad-  
ow passed over his thin frame.

"And then," said I, "you thought of  
the unknown future?"

"Yes, sir," gasped Hugh Reed, "I tried  
to prepare for death, and I trust that my  
prayers, my penitence have not been in  
vain."

"God grant that they may open the  
gates of Heaven to you!" I exclaimed, in  
the fullness of my heart, and the dying  
man breathed a low amen.

"Have you suffered for want of care?"  
queried my friend.

"No; oh no," replied Reed; "I have  
had every comfort, but it has been hard  
for Nellie."

"Uncle Hugh, don't speak of that,  
sobbed the girl, "I would be willing to  
work, a great deal harder if you could  
live."

"Nellie, I must speak of it to these gen-  
tlemen; I must tell them what a treasure  
you have been to me. Friends," he ad-  
dressed me and the physician, "this girl is  
the orphan child of my sea-faring brother,  
and after his wife died, she was commit-  
ted to my care. I do not know what I  
should have done without her during my  
sickness, for she has earned enough by  
selling cakes and candies about the streets,  
to provide us both with food, clothing, and  
shelter, besides being my nurse. God  
bless my little Nellie!"

He folded her to his heart, and gazing  
at her, and then at me, seemed silently to  
remind me of my promise. The next mo-  
ment a shriek from Nellie told us he was  
dead.

(When the last out-pouring of Nellie  
Reed's passionate grief had subsided, we  
called in some of the decent of the neigh-  
borhood, and had the corpse shrouded for the  
grave. Then I sent for a benevolent wo-

man of my acquaintance, and leaving her  
with the accompanying girl, stole forth to  
breathe the fresh air. Before quitting my  
young charge, however, I promised to go  
back this evening and watch beside the  
dead. A night-vigil at the Seven Dials!  
My whole frame shivers as I think of the  
horrible scene I have to-day had to witness—  
typical of my memory—what will they  
be under cover of the night? But God is  
over all—my trust is in Him. He who  
called me to my solemn mission, will  
guide, protect and sustain.

**Ten Hours Later.**

The clock in yonder grey tower has just  
struck one—the tramp of myriads of hur-  
rying feet has died away. The great, rest-  
less heart of the city throbs with a more  
subdued pulsation. Since nightfall I have  
been keeping a vigil in the room where  
the corpse of Hugh Reed lies, but I am  
not alone with the dead. I could not per-  
suade Nellie to retire, and there she sits  
by the coffin, her face mantled with  
tearful eyes drooping beneath her white  
lids, and her lips compressed as if to crush  
back the wild grief which struggles for ut-  
terance.

I suppose the drunken affrays, the Bac-  
chanalian songs and shouts, the cries of  
women and children for bread, the terrible  
oaths of some desperado, as he is dragged  
off by a sturdy policeman, are sights and  
sounds to which she has been accustomed,  
and yet she ever and anon starts and shud-  
ders, and glances at me as if appalled.

Sometimes when I have moved to the  
window and pushed back the coarse cur-  
tain, I have seen that ruffian from whom I  
rescued her hours ago, lurking around  
the house. His figure is tall, his bearing  
graceful, and he has not only a fashionable  
but an aristocratic air. Who is he? What  
errand has brought him into the haunts of  
the Seven Dials? Has he met Nellie, he?  
The street door has been ajar, and he has  
seen and followed her to her lonely home?  
Ah! I too will watch, and record what-  
ever facts are worthy of notice.

"Is not the room very close?" queried  
Nellie, just as I came to the conclusion I  
have penned above.

"Yes," I replied, "you had better open  
the window; the cool night air will be very  
refreshing."

She rose, and gliding across the floor,  
opened the window. As she did so, I  
heard a deep-toned voice murmur—

"Nellie, dear Nellie, you have at last  
espied me, and come to speak a word to  
me."

"No, no, I did not see you," said the  
girl; "I did not know you were here till  
you spoke."

"Nellie!" exclaimed the stranger, "did  
you think I could stay away from you, your  
sorrow? If you did, you have not  
read my heart aright. If you knew how  
much I love you, you would not have  
said that."

"Hush! Hush!" interposed Nellie, "it  
is no time to talk of love when my uncle  
lies dead yonder!"

"Yes, it is the very time when you  
need sympathy and protection. Oh, Nellie,  
you are alone in the world, unless you ac-  
cept me as a protector; if you will, I will  
love and trust me, if you will cling to  
me as you did to your Uncle Hugh, my  
brightest dreams would be realized! Say  
that you will, dearest!"

"I cannot, I dare not," faltered the girl;  
"my uncle bade me beware of you. On  
his death-bed he found me a protector."

"And when, pray?" said the speaker's  
tone betokened intense interest—"was it  
any inhabitant of the Seven Dials?"

"No, Mr. Gray, one of the city mission-  
aries."

"A city missionary—good Heavens!"  
exclaimed the stranger, and now his tone  
was contemptuous. "When is he to com-  
mence his guardianship?"

"He has already commenced it; he is  
the person whom you have perhaps seen  
watching with me besides my uncle's  
corpse."

"Ah!" resumed her companion, "let  
me have another glimpse of him?"

He entered the room, and our eyes  
met. He is singularly handsome, and his  
face would please a less critical observer  
than myself, but there is something in his  
bold hazel eyes that I do not like.

"What do you think of my guardian?"  
queried Nellie.

"He is rather a young man to be set  
up as a mentor for a beautiful girl of six-  
teen," he said, carelessly, and then I heard  
Nellie bid him leave her to her vigil.

She closed the window and came back,  
but her face was paler than before, if pos-  
sible, her whole manner restless. Not-  
withstanding she bade her lover begone,  
he still lingers outside. I am sure his  
presence bodes no good. I am sure that  
by assuming the guardianship of Nellie  
Reed, I have made her a wretched being.  
Let it be so, if it must be; God helping me,  
I will keep my promise to the dead man,  
whose face gleams white through his cof-  
fin, that when we all meet in the land  
beyond the grave, I can say, "Here am I,  
and the charge thou didst commit to me."

The night wears away; the wand moon  
has set and heavy clouds, and the morn-  
ing star struggles dimly through the mists  
which hang dense and grey over the city;  
the yagrant winds moan and shriek, and  
all this gloom cannot drive from her post  
Nellie's lover. She has gone to her room  
for a little rest, and Mrs. Farnham, my  
good friend, and her husband, have come  
in, as I retraced my steps to the street  
the funeral. My night-watch amid the  
thrilling scenes of the Seven Dials is  
ended!

**My 2nd.**

This morning Hugh Reed was buried.  
The sky was overcast, a steady rain was  
falling, and I sometimes start to see the  
funeral, as I retraced my steps to the  
place where I was to perform the funeral  
services for the dead. At my request  
Mrs. Farnham had procured a decent suit  
of mourning for my ward, and habited in  
this she stood awaiting me with a look  
that touched my heart. A knot of neigh-  
bors had gathered in the old house, from  
which I selected four pall-bearers, and  
then commenced the solemn service. It  
was scarcely over, when a carriage rolled  
to the door—it was no hackney coach, but  
an elegant family carriage, emblazoned  
with a coat-of-arms, and having a coach-

man and footman in livery. A young  
man, the same who had kept watch out-  
side the previous evening, leaped to the  
ground and came in, hat in hand. He  
bowed to me, and said blandly—

"Have the honor of addressing Mr.  
Gray, one of our city missionaries?"

"Yes, sir," I replied.

"Are you about going to the grave?"

"We are."

"Well, then, allow me to offer my car-  
riage for the accommodation of the  
mourners."

To whom am I indebted for such fore-  
thought?" said I.

He gave me his card, and on it I read  
"Guy Beresford, Bart."

I hesitated an instant before that man  
of the world, and tried to revolve the  
matter in my mind. I at length came to  
the conclusion that there could be no  
harm in accepting it, and I will be much  
more comfortable to ride than to walk;  
but it is not often that the rich and noble  
remember the poor in their distress! And  
I cast upon him a searching glance. He  
quailed under it, and muttered some con-  
fused reply, in which the only words I  
could distinguish were "Miss Nellie."  
He handed her to the carriage, whisper-  
ing words which made her cheek burn  
with blushes; he seated himself opposite  
her, but when the coach stopped at the  
churchyard I forestalled him, and un-  
der the hand of my arm she followed her  
Uncle to his last resting-place. Fearless  
and silent she stood, till the grave had  
been filled up, and then a low, low wail  
told how desolate she felt.

"Calm yourself," murmured I, as I led  
her back to the coach, "you are not alone;  
and there is One above who has promised  
to be a father to the fatherless." Sir Guy  
did not speak, but his eyes were eloquent,  
and beneath their earnest gaze, Nellie's  
face glowed with love, love, or rather,  
would she love him if she dared to trust  
his professions? I cannot tell, but some-  
time I hope to read her heart better. She  
is now under the roof of the dwelling  
where I am a boarder, but to-morrow,  
God willing, I shall take her to a school  
in the country, where she will be under  
the best of influences. The teachers are  
my personal friends, and I believe that I  
can with safety entrust to them the or-  
phan Nellie.

**June 5th.**

Nellie has gone, and I have just re-  
turned to the city. This morning, after visit-  
ing the lonely parlour of St. Giles and the  
Seven Dials, I strolled into Hyde  
Park to get a glimpse of blue sky, a breath  
of fresh summer air. I had not been there  
long ere I saw a superb steed and a gal-  
lant rider approaching; the next moment  
I had recognized Sir Guy Beresford. He  
bowed, civilly, and I, in return, reigned  
in his horse, and said—

"I have not seen you of late, Mr. Gray?"

"No, I have been out of town," was my  
reply.

"Out of town," he echoed; "I suppose  
Miss Nellie Reed was your companion."

"She was."

"And where is she?"

"At a boarding-school."

"What boarding-school?"

"As I am her guardian, that is my af-  
fair."

"And you refuse to tell me?"

"I do most decidedly."

His brow lowered, he tapped his boot  
nervously with his gold-mounted riding  
whip, and muttering a curse, added—

"And so you are going to watch her  
as the old dragons watched the golden  
fruitage of Hesperides?"

"At present," I replied, "I deemed it  
proper that her mind should be occupied  
with other subjects than the gay gallan-  
tries of the city. Besides, her uncle bade  
her beware of you."

"How do you know?" he asked, quickly.

"From her own lips."

"But she loves me, and she will continue  
to love me, in spite of you or her uncle.  
I shall have her yet, if not by fair means,  
by foul!" "Faint heart never won a fair  
lady," and bowing with mock deference,  
he rode on.

His words have haunted me ever since—  
they haunt me now as I sit here in the  
stillness of my room, and a prayer goes up  
to the All-merciful One—God protect  
Nellie Reed, sweet Nellie Reed!

"Yes," I heard Nellie say, "there is mu-  
sic in her voice, grace in her motions, a  
rare fascination in her manner. Who  
wonders that she has more than one ad-  
mirer?"

It is late but I cannot sleep; I am tor-  
mented with a thousand fears about Nellie.  
I am lonely, too—I miss the girl com-  
panion of my childhood. For a  
few years I have been daily in her society;  
I have seen her blue eyes turn wistfully  
toward me as her protector; I have soothed,  
cheered, comforted her, and now that we  
are separated, I miss her as I should a child  
who had brightened my bachelor life.  
There, the door-bell rings—I hear some-  
body inquiring for Mr. Gray. Good-night,  
Note-Book, my confidential friend!  
Good-night, Nellie, my ward! Heaven's  
blessings distil like dew upon your soul!

[Concluded next week.]

**THE LESSON OF THE GARDEN.**—A gar-  
den is a beautiful book, written by the  
finger of God—every leaf is a letter. You  
have only to learn them—and he is a poor  
dunce that cannot, if he will do that, and  
join them, and then go on reading, and  
you will find yourself carried away from  
the earth to the skies by the beautiful  
thoughts—for they are nothing short—  
they grow out of the ground and seem to  
talk to a man. And then there are some  
flowers, they always seem to me like ever-  
dutiful children; tend them ever so little,  
and they come up and flourish, and show  
as I may say, their bright and happy faces  
to you.

If your hands cannot be usefully  
employed, attend to the cultivation of  
your mind.

Tranquil pleasures last the longest.  
We are not fitted to bear the burden of  
great joys.

A banquet-hall is undoubtedly a  
very pleasant place, yet it is filled with the  
"gnashing of teeth."

**BLUE EYES BEHIND A VEIL.**

BY LUCY A. RANDALL.

Mr. Edge was late at breakfast—that  
was not an unusual occurrence—and he  
was a little dispirited by the cross-which  
was likewise nothing new. So he retired  
behind his newspaper, and devoured his  
eggs and toast without vouchsafing any  
reply, save unseasonable monosyllables to  
the gentle remarks of the fresh looking little  
lady opposite—to wit: Mrs. Edge. But  
she was gathering together her forces for  
the grand final onslaught, and when at  
length Mr. Edge had got down to the last  
paragraph and laid aside the reading  
sheet it came.

"Dear, didn't you say you were going  
to leave me a hundred dollars for my fur  
to-day?"

"What fur?" said Mr. Edge rather  
shortly.

"Those new black, dear, my old affairs  
are getting shockingly shabby, and I really  
think—"

"Oh, pshaw! what's the use of being  
so extravagant? I haven't any money just  
now to lay out in useless follies. The old  
furs are good enough for any sensible wo-  
man to wear."

Mrs. Edge, meek little soul that she was,  
relapsed into obedient silence; she only  
sighed a soft, inward sigh, and presently  
began on a new tack.

"Heavily will you go with me to my  
aunt's to-night?"

"Can't you go alone?"

"Alone? How would it look?" Mrs.  
Edge's temper—she had one though it  
didn't very often parade itself—was fairly  
roused. "You are so neglectful of those  
little attentions you used to pay me once  
—you never walk with me, nor pick up  
my handkerchiefs nor notice my dress, as  
you did once."

"Well, a fellow can't be forever wait-  
ing upon the women, can he?" growled  
Mr. Edge.

"You could be polite enough to Miss  
Waters last night, when you never thought  
to ask me if I wanted anything, though  
you knew perfectly well that I had a head-  
ache. I don't believe you care so much  
for me as you used to do."

And Mrs. Edge looked extremely pret-  
ty, with tears in her blue eyes and a quiv-  
er on the round rose lips.

"Pshaw!" said the husband peevishly.  
"Now don't be silly, Maria!"

"And in the stage yesterday, you per-  
sisted in my going, while Mr. Brown was  
so affectionate to his wife! It was mor-  
tifying enough, Henry—it was indeed!"

"I didn't know women were such fools,"  
said Mr. Edge sternly, as he drew on his  
coat to escape the tempest which he  
was rapidly impending. "Am I the sort  
of a man to make a niny of myself doing  
the polite to any female creature? Did  
you ever know me to be conscious with-  
out a woman had a shawl on or a shawl  
tail on her?"

Maria eclipsed the blue eyes behind a  
little handkerchief, and Henry, the savage,  
banged the door loud enough to give But-  
terfly, in the kitchen, a nervous start. "Rat-  
tling again! I do believe we are going to  
have a second edition of the plague," said  
Mr. Edge to himself that evening as he  
pore over his six feet of iniquity in the  
south-west corner of a cell at the City Hall.

"Go ahead, conductor, can't you? We  
are waiting for you. Don't you