

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

VOL. 17.

MONTROSE, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 23, 1860.

NO. 34.

Poetical.

THE SEAMAN'S SONG.

Landmen tell of the whispering leaves And the rustle of the summer breeze...

Miscellaneous.

FORGOTTEN WORDS.

"Have you examined that bill, James?" "Yes, sir."

had paid you fifty dollars short he would not have made it right. The warm blood stained the cheeks of James...

"You are not well this evening," said Mrs. Lewis, as she looked at her son's face across the tea-table and noticed that he did not eat.

The face of Mr. Carman crimsoned instantly. "You remember, I see," remarked James, "that I shall have cause to remember while I live."

HARD TIMES, Or, the Philosopher's Stone. BY OLIVER OPTIC. CHAPTER I. "What makes you look so dull this morning, Ella?" inquired Mr. Chester...

"And the rest?" "Well, that went in various ways." "And your stock is all mortgaged?" "Yes, for one thousand."

But they understood the meaning of it. It was intended as a lesson for them, and they profited by it. They brought home the philosopher's stone, and began to live by a humbler system.