

THE MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.
IS PUBLISHED THURSDAYS, BY
A. J. Gerritson.
OFFICE ON PUBLIC AVENUE,
THIRD DOORS ABOVE SEARLE'S HOTEL.
TERMS.—\$1.50 per annum in advance;
otherwise \$2 will be charged—and fifty cents per annum
added to arrears, at the option of the Publisher, to pay
by express collection, etc. Single copies, five cents.
ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at the
rate of \$1 per square, of ten lines or less, for the first three
weeks, and 25 cents for each additional week—per day.
Merchants, and others, who advertise by
the year, will be charged at the following rates, viz.:
For one square, or less, one year, with changes, \$10
Each additional square, at the rate of \$1.
No credit given except to those of known responsibility.

MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

We Join Ourselves to no Party that Does not Carry the Flag and Keep Step to the Music of the Whole Union.

VOL. 19. MONTROSE, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 20, 1862. NO. 12.

JOB PRINTING OF ALL KINDS
DONE AT THE OFFICE OF THE
DEMOCRAT,
NEATLY 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 type, and is now prepared to print job work of all
kinds, circulars, etc., in the best style, on short notice.
Handbills, Posters, Programmes, and
all kinds of work in this line, are
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.
Job work and blanks, to be paid for on delivery.

BUSINESS CARDS.

WM. L. COOPER & CO.
BANKERS—Montrose, Pa. Successors to Post, Cooper
& Co. Office, Lathrop's new building, Temple-st.
J. M. COLLIER, Cashier. J. W. SEARLE,
Clerk.
MCCOLLUM & SEARLE,
ATTORNEYS and Counsellors at Law—Montrose, Pa.
Office in Lathrop's new building, over the Bank.
HENRY B. MCKEAN,
ATTORNEY and Counsellor at Law—F. P. Jones, Pa.
Office in the Union Block, 123 1/2 St.
DR. E. F. WILMOT,
GRADUATE of the Allopathic and Homoeopathic Col-
leges of Medicine—Great Bend, Pa. Office, corner
of Main & Elizabeth, second opposite to the
Church, 152 1/2 St.
DR. WILLIAM W. WHEATON,
ELECTRIC PHYSICIAN and SURGEON DENTIST.
WILLIAM W. WHEATON, D.D.S.,
has received the highest honors from the
N. Y. tender their professional services to all who
approved, especially in the treatment of
all kinds of dental work. Teeth extracted without
pain and all work warranted.
Jackson, June 18th, 1860.
DR. H. SMITH & SON,
SURGEON DENTISTS—Montrose, Pa.
Office in the Union Block, 123 1/2 St.
All Dental operations will be
performed in the most skillful manner.
J. C. OLINSTEAD, J. L. BRAD,
DRS. OLNSTEAD & READ,
WOULD ANNOUNCE to the public
that they have entered into a partnership for the
Practice of MEDICINE & Surgery,
and are prepared to attend to all calls in the line of their
profession. Offices in the Union Block, 123 1/2 St.
Olinstead, in DENNEY'S. Read, 2nd St.
DR. N. Y. LEFT,
Physician and Surgeon, Philadelphia, Pa. Office opposite
the Jackson House.
DR. LEFT gives particular attention to the treatment
of diseases of the Ear, Eye, Nose, Throat, and
Lungs. He will enable him to effect a cure in the most
efficient manner. He has also a special method of
treating all kinds of skin diseases, and has
been successful in many cases. His office is
in the Union Block, 123 1/2 St.
SOUTHWORTH & VADARIN,
TAILORS AND DEALERS in Italian and
French Trunks, Mantles, Suits and Coats, Hats, etc.
Also in the manufacture of all kinds of
clothing. A few doors east of Searle's Hotel on Temple
street, Montrose, Pa.
W. H. A. SNOW,
FURNITURE and Upholstery, 123 1/2 St. Office
on Main street, opposite the Western Hotel, 214
JOHN SAUTTER,
MERCHANT TAILOR—Montrose, Pa. Shop
on Main street, opposite the Western Hotel.
M. J. HANCOCK,
MERCHANT TAILOR—Montrose, Pa. Shop
on Main street, opposite the Western Hotel.
P. LINES,
MERCHANT TAILOR—Montrose, Pa. Shop
on Main street, opposite the Western Hotel.
JOHN GROVES,
MERCHANT TAILOR—Montrose, Pa. Shop
on Main street, opposite the Western Hotel.
L. B. ISHLEIGH,
REPAIRS Clocks, Watches, and Jewellery at
the shortest notice, and on reasonable terms.
All work warranted. Shop in the Union Block,
123 1/2 St., Montrose, Pa.
WM. W. SMITH & CO.,
CABINET and CHAIR MANUFACTURERS—Foot
of Main street, opposite the Western Hotel.
C. F. FORDHAM,
MANTUAS and MILLINERY—Montrose, Pa.
Shop over Taylor's store. All kinds of work
extra and repair work neatly.
ABEL TURRELL,
DEALER in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, etc.
at Wholesale and Retail. Also in the
preparation of all kinds of prescriptions.
Office in the Union Block, 123 1/2 St.
HAYDEN BROTHERS,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
YANKEE NOTIONS
AND
FANCY GOODS.
NEW MILFORD, PA.
P. E. BRUSH, M. D.,
HAVING NOW LOCATED PERMANENTLY AT
Springville,
will attend to the duties of his profession.
Office at J. Lathrop's Hotel.
AT SMITH'S,
NEW MILFORD, PA.,
IS THE PLACE TO BUY YOUR
HARNESSES,
CHEAP FOR CASH,
AND GET THE WORTH OF YOUR MONEY.
J. H. SMITH.
HOME
INSURANCE COMPANY,
Of New York.
CASH CAPITAL, ONE MILLION DOLLARS.
ASSETS July 1st 1860, \$1,421,819.27.
LIABILITIES, 43,068.59.
J. Milton Smith, Sec'y. Chas. H. Martin, President.
John McKean, Asst. Sec'y.
Policies issued and received, by the undersigned, at his
office, one door above Searle's Hotel, Montrose, Pa.
BILLINGS STROUD, Agent.
E. BURRILL,
HAS received a large stock of new Bures, for
Cordage, Parlor, Office and Ship purposes, for Wood
or Coal, with Sash, Pine, Glass, etc.
His assortment is full and desirable, and will be sold
on the most favorable terms for Cash, or to Prompt Size
Money Orders.
New Milford, Oct. 23rd, 1860.
Dandelion Coffee.
A HEALTHY beverage. One pound of Dandelion Coffee will
make as much as two pounds of other Coffee. For
sale at the Democrat Office, 123 1/2 St.
MEDICAL CARD.
E. F. WILMOT, M.D.,
GRADUATE of the Allopathic and Homoeopathic Col-
leges of Medicine, would return thanks to the people of
this county for the liberal patronage which they have
shown him, and he is happy to announce that he has
relocated his office in the Union Block, 123 1/2 St.,
opposite to the Church, and is prepared to attend to
all kinds of medical work.
Great Bend, January 22d, 1861.
TAKE NOTICE!
Cash and for sale, all kinds of
goods, such as Flour, Meal, Sugar, Tea, Coffee, etc.,
at the lowest prices. Office, Taney's Shop on
Main street, 6th St. A. S. G. REEHER
DAVID C. ANBY, M.D.,
HAS located permanently at New Milford, Pa.
will attend to the duties of his profession with
the same skill and attention as he has heretofore
exercised. Office, Taney's Shop on
Main street, 6th St. New Milford, July 17, 1861.
ABEL TURRELL
HAS for sale, Melville Oil, for Sewing Machines,
Cass & Welch Oil, for Sewing Machines,
and all kinds of Oil, for Lamps, and a great
variety of Lamps, Salvers, Pans, and Fixtures, and a
great variety of Patent Medicines.

THE WAFFLE WOMAN,

DUSSELDORF.
CHAPTER I.
At the corner of a street in Dusseeldorf, stood for many years a wooden booth that was peculiarly attractive to the young. The scenery around was delightful; the wealthiest man in the place could not have chosen a more agreeable site and prospect. There, the eye ranged over the beautiful court gardens with their shady walks and grassy squares; to the right it rested on the crystal waters of the stream, on which floated proudly the majestic swans; there, too, stretched away into the distance the famed avenue of chestnut trees, and the large, imposing houses of the rich merchants and capitalists of the city. To the left, extended for the miles of trade and the long lines of buildings. The possessor of the corner booth had well chosen her place, for that had occasion to frequent the most populous portions of the city had to pass by, and were irresistibly attracted by her tempting supplies of golden, sugar strewn waffles.
The booth was frequented by hordes of children, over whose imagination it exerted a wonderful charm, for, often on returning from our picnic parties, we would enter it in the evening. A cheerful fire burned in the grate, and the waffles were being cooked in the boiler; and the old woman stood with her long black waffle iron in her hand, dipping out from its depths the exquisitely prepared dainties, sweetly adding more to the pile before us.
Our parents always exchanged a few friendly words with the industrious baker, while we stood on tiptoe, each to discover all the hidden mysteries wherewith our fancy had endowed the romantic stall. It was a dear and familiar place to us.
The years sped on in their ceaseless course; the children grew into men and women; the old waffle-iron lived yet, but had been converted into a stove, and the booth had become a stall; necessary and privation had entered her humble home, for the confectioners had taken away her business, and her customers had rapidly diminished. She had been compelled to carry her once tempting waffles from house to house, until late at night, and even then she could not earn enough to keep from want and hunger. She had been a handsome woman, with an erect and stately form; her forehead encircled with a plate of gold, long pendants in her ears, she had presented a fine and striking appearance as she stood surrounded by the fire gleams of her hearth. Now she was bent double, her heavy ear rings and the plate of gold had long since been sold; and a poor and faded garment decked her shrunken limbs. In former days she had owned a room in the city, where she spent the forenoon and the night; now she was compelled to remain in her booth by night and by day, in summer and in winter, for she could no longer pay the rent.
That winter was a most inclement one, and light and fuel were scarcely within the reach of the poor. It was a starbright night, and the snow lay deep upon the streets and house-tops; here and there some belated wanderer hurried past, carefully muffled up in his warm cloak, the shining hood drawn closely over the head.
At the door of the waffle-booth sat a pale little girl, striving vainly to warm her stiffened hands by breathing upon them; she burst into loud sobs, as she became aware of the uselessness of her painful efforts; in vain she sought to guard from the biting night by running her poor little, cold, tipped fingers beneath the folds of her miserable kerchief. The child wailed loud and bitterly; and the old woman within awoke, and hastily opened the door; she started back as she beheld the little girl, and said in tender, pitying accents:
"How come you here, poor little creature, so late at night?"
"Oh!" cried the child, "we are seven at home, and there is not bread for two! Mother works very hard, but she cannot earn enough; and father says, every day: 'I've never only rid of the glutinous children, we could get along.' So mother hangers every day, so that we may have something; but the grown-up and paler every day, and now she is sick from hunger. I could not bear to see her so, and I went to get a place to take care of children; but all the ladies I have asked say I am a child myself, that ought to be taken care of. I have run about all day, and could get nothing to do. I don't want to go home, and what shall I do?"
The waffle woman took the child by the hand and said:
"You will freeze to death if you remain here; come into the booth until to-morrow, then God will aid you further."
She gratefully accepted the invitation, but was so exhausted she could hardly drag her weary limbs inside. It was not warm there, for the poor wooden shelter offered but an insufficient shelter against the broads of the sharp winds and freezing cold; but still it was a better refuge than the street.
"We cannot have a fire, my poor little girl!" said the old woman; "for we should have to open the door if it were not for the suffocating smoke, and the cruel north wind would blow directly in and make things worse. Come here, and sit in my lap, till you feel a little better." And she sat down upon her scanty bed, and took the little wanderer in her arms, wrapped her up in her own cloak, and rubbed the stiffened hands. She shivered as she almost frozen limbs touched hers, but her benevolent feelings were stronger than all thoughts of self; she rubbed the little one until some degree of life and warmth returned.
"So," she said, "now sit alone a little, while I strike a light."
She arose and lighted a rusty oil lamp, and by its flickering gleam, examined the features of the child. She was surprised at the angelic beauty of the countenance her fearful eyes rested upon.
"You must be hungry, poor dear!" she said, very tenderly.

THE WAFFLE WOMAN,

"Oh, yes, I am very, very hungry!" eagerly responded the child.
The good woman dropped her head; she had no bread, and had no money to buy supper that night. She glanced over her meager stock of waffles, that lay in a basket by the fireless hearth. "It is but frothy stuff," she murmured to herself; "and it will not appease a hungry stomach. And what shall I do to live to-morrow, when these are gone? I paid out the last penny yesterday for flour, and they will not trust me; what can I do?" While she thus communed with her thoughts, the little guest had risen from her seat, and her long, wishful glance rested so imploringly upon the basket, that the last scraple of the old dame took flight. She whispered: "I cannot let the poor thing starve!" She took the waffle and silently held them towards the famished child, who eagerly taking one carried it with a smile to her lips. It was swallowed in a second, and she stretched forth her hand and took another; but when she had eaten that also, she cast a frightened glance upon the waffle woman, as if she feared she had done her wrong by robbing her of her subsistence. But she smiled encouragingly and bade her eat as long as she felt hungry. "The good Lord has never entirely forsaken me," she said, with reverence. "He will not forsake me now that I doubly need His help."
The child could have eaten every waffle in the basket, for they were as the dame had said, but "frothy stuff"; but she denied herself the enjoyment, and, with a lingering glance at the small portion remaining, she said:
"I have emptied" and the basket was set aside.
The old woman prepared a bed of shavings by the hearth, with stones set retained some degree of heat; from her own bed she took the two stone bottles she had filled with hot water, and placed them at the destined foot of the bed. When this was done, she wrapped the little girl carefully in the cloak, and laid her on the made couch; then she brought her own shavings and covered her snugly with them.
"Now you will not feel so cold," said the kindhearted woman, "and you can tell me your name, and where your parents live?"
"My name is Anna Bregit," replied the child, "and father and mother live in East Street in the house of the chimney-sweeper."
"In the house of Rambrant?"
"Yes, with Hambrant."
"Now let us pray that the good God may grant us a prosperous day to-morrow and then we will sleep."
She offered up the Lord's Prayer, and a little Anna's voice mingled with hers, until it became faint, and she was soon fast asleep. The good old woman continued her supplications, glad that the poor wail had found rest in refreshing slumber. But she had given all her covering to the stranger, and her old limbs shook and the penetrating cold. Throughout the long dark night no sleep visited her eyes.
When the first rays of the sun gleamed over the Grafen Mount, she arose in time to behold its gold and crimson morning salutation. Little Anna slept so sweetly she could not think of arousing her, although she sorely needed her mantle to do without it. By the next morning upon her morning's task. This was a wearisome one; it was to gather the few branches and chips scattered by the storm wind, for she was too poor to buy her fuel. It seemed to the humbler, grateful heart that the day was fraught with blessings; for the waffle woman had scattered wide and near a beautiful profusion of fatness and twigs; and she found on the main road a board, to which a kind drayman added a few fathoms. Breathing with difficulty beneath her heavy load, she returned to her booth, just as Anna had shaken off the coverings, and was emerging from the folds of the large cloak.
"Child!" she exclaimed, joyously, "how have brought a blessing with you! see what the good Lord has sent me for your sake!—it is treasure and riches to me!" Anna did not quite comprehend her meaning; but she was full of gratitude towards her for her unexpected kindness, and so she simply expressed it. "I have noticed, my dear child, that you did not get half enough to eat last night; there are five waffles left in the basket, it is not much, but I may be able yet to get something more by noon. Sit down and eat, and stay here till I come; I must now go and see your parents."
That was not what Anna desired, for she feared her father would scold her, but perhaps punish her for leaving home; but before she could muster courage to say a word, the old woman was gone. She went to the basket, took the waffles out one by one, and was strongly tempted to eat, but she felt that she must not. "It would be a sin," she said to take everything from her. She has not got a crumb of bread, or she would not take me to eat the waffles that come so dear." She sat down again upon her bed of shavings, getting up once in a while to look at the waffles, but strongly resisting her desire to take them. She might have yielded at last urged by mighty hunger, had not the angelic beauty that delivered her from the struggle.
There was a knock at the door, and as Anna tremblingly opened it, a servant-girl came in and cried: "Quick, quick! the master is crying himself hoarse for waffles!" When her eye fell on the basket she snatched it eagerly and took from it the five waffles, saying as she sprang over the threshold: "I will bring the money afterwards."
Anna felt as if some one had robbed her benefactress of all she possessed; she sat down by the cheerless hearth, and the tears chased one another down her cheeks.
CHAPTER II.
We must return to the waffle woman, who for years has been thus named by young and old, though her name was Babette. She listened over the snowy streets, not forgetting to pick up any stray twig that lay in her path, and at last she reached the house of the chimney-

THE WAFFLE WOMAN,

sweep, in East Street. She found him at his door, prepared for the day's work.
"Does a Mr. Bregit live here?" she inquired.
The man nodded. "In the garret," he replied; "he is a drunkard, a gambler, a good-for-nothing—beats his wife and children, and will soon be thrown out of the house."
That was unpleasant news for Babette; but she nevertheless ascended the many stairs and stood breathless before the designated door. She heard a woman's voice say, plaintively:
"You have chased the poor child out of the house; perhaps she is lying dead on the street and accusing her hard-hearted parents in Heaven!" To which a rough tone replied:
"Stop! our howling; or I'll give you some reason for it! If Anna is dead in Heaven, she is well taken care of, and will never suffer more from hunger!"
The woman continued to wail and moan and accuse her husband of the murder of the child. Babette heard the sound of blows, and the terrified outcries of little children. She entered the narrow room, and beholding how cruelly the man was ill-treating his wife, while the half-dazed, tattered children were crying around them, she exclaimed in stormy indignation:
"Wretch! you are killing her—stay you here!"
At the sound, he turned towards her and appeared inclined to treat her in like manner; but he allowed the upraised hand to sink again by his side, while with the other he pointed to the door. As she did not immediately obey this signal, he seized a large club and advanced threateningly towards the white-haired visitor. Babette took flight, but she said:
"Be comforted, good mother, your child is alive, and shall remain with me, since her own father has forsaken her!"
Thus was the needy creature compelled by the promptings of her charitable soul to adopt the child; but how to obtain the means of living, was a puzzle she could not solve. Many a night she would surrender to rest, and yet she had never brought herself to beg; she would have preferred death in the solitude of her booth. But that day her ideas changed; for the dear child's sake, she would overcome her repugnance, and make the last stages of her honorable pride. With great diffidence she framed a purpose, she accosted a wealthy gentleman, of whom she knew that he cared not for a few coppers.
"Sir," she entreated, "do a good act—give me a penny for—"
The gentleman interrupted her, as she was about to utter the words, "I am sorry, but how is it possible for me to give you a penny? I have not a penny of credit from you. But today I cannot take any waffles, unless you have the goodness to trust me with what I need, until I can sell my wares. Will you do this favor to a poor old woman, who has honestly maintained herself all her life?"
Mr. Brauch gleefully stroked his beard, as if something very pleasant had occurred to him, and made answer: "Well, well, that can be done; come in with me and we will talk the matter over."
Babette felt as relieved as if a mountain's weight had been removed from her breast; she followed the merchant, who, leading her into his counting-room, carefully closed and locked the door behind him.
"One favor is worth another," he said; "you shall obtain of me a certain quantity of flour each day, for which I will take no pay; but for it, you must take a walk twice each day, early, and in the evening, outside of the city. You know that the times are hard, and that all business is dull; one has to do the best one can; but the miserable commissaries watch beside the gates like so many sharks, and it is almost impossible to bring the smallest bag of meal into the city without paying the impost. Against you there would be no suspicion, and you could easily bring so much under your clothing, that I could afford to give you what you need."
The venerable woman looked the merchant in the face with undisguised astonishment. "That would be robbery and treachery both," she replied; "shall the waffle woman be made dishonest in her old age, that she may escape the death of starvation? No, no, Mr. Brauch, at such a price I decline your offer."
The merchant arose from his seat with an angry countenance; "Very well, old wretch!" he exclaimed. "You tread your good fortune under foot. Do as you please, but mind not a word of our conversation, or I shall set fire to the booth, and burn it over your head some quiet night."
He unlocked the door, and Babette tottered forth, more helpless and bereft than ever. At the corner of the yet closed shop she stopped a moment, and thought of the City Institution for old and wretched beings like herself. Hitherto, she had ever supported herself by the labor of her hands; now, that every chance seemed hopeless, she knew that the gates of that asylum would open to receive her. But she had given her word to the mother of the forsaken child; would she break that promise?
She slowly opened the door, and at the first glance saw that the waffles were gone.

THE WAFFLE WOMAN,

"Did they taste good?" she asked. Anna related how they had been taken away. "Well, then we will buy bread with the money."
Much alarmed, the little girl told her that she had received no money, and that she did not know the maid who took the cakes.
Babette was silent, for she would not reprove the child for the carelessness she had committed, as she was inexperienced in business matters. She sat down upon a stool, sighed deeply as she took Anna on her lap, and said, as she shook her curls: "Poor child! I will soon not have any bread, and yet you cannot return to your father. God will not desert us; let us pray to him for help."
They prayed for aid, but it came not; noon passed and evening came, and no morsel of food had passed their lips. As twilight gathered around, Babette was overcome with weakness and dizziness, and she sank senseless to the floor. The little girl sat weeping at her feet, and recollecting what she had done for her, she covered her with her arms, and spread the shavings over the motionless form, but she could do nothing to assuage the pangs of hunger, and she could only hope that her friend would revive and rise again in the morning.
"Water! water!" moaned the poor sufferer in the middle of the night.
Anna found the pitcher, but the water therein had frozen to a solid lump of ice. "Necessity is the mother of invention," even with children; she went out of doors and gathered a handful of snow, held it to Babette's lips. But towards morning she gave no further sign of life, and the child rushed out of the booth, crying wildly:
"She is dead! the waffle woman is dead!"
One of the inspectors of the toll house was marching up and down before the building, wrapped in his cosy mantle. He hurried to the spot, and found the old woman senseless, but yet retaining a remnant of the warmth of life. He entrusted his post by the gate to one of his associates, while he sped away to the physician who attended to the poor of that district, and who returned with him at once.
"Only prompt help and good nursing can avert her death," he said.
He called a coach, and Babette was carefully placed in it and taken to the City Hospital, where she was put in the care of the Sisters of Charity; and Anna was taken to the Convent, at the especial desire of the kind doctor, for the poor child was emaciated from fasting, and was threatened with a severe attack of illness.
Under the gentle care of the beneficent nuns, whose life and all its aims were consecrated to the service of humanity, Babette regained not only her consciousness, but by degrees, also her customary health and strength. Anna's great happiness was in obeying her loving teachers, the nuns, and being permitted to sleep beside the kind new mother.
When the news spread in the city, that the waffle woman had narrowly escaped starvation, all seemed to have become suddenly inspired with feelings of the profoundest pity, and many said: "If we had known of her situation, we too, could have aided her."
The good sisters had done much; it yet was in the power of others to guard the aged woman and her adopted child from misery and privation in the future.
In a merry company, to whom Babette was well known, for they had often enjoyed her delicate bakings, a gentleman arose and called for contributions from those present in her name. It was joyfully responded to, and in a few moments a handsome sum was placed in his hands. The fortunate originator of so good a deed counted the money, made a package of it, and sealing it carefully, left it in charge of the most diligent paying a visit to a like assembly he met with the same happy success.
There was a number of wealthy merchants and factory owners present, to whom the old dame was well known for years; they expressed their astonishment at such a state of utter destitution should befall any resident of the city of Dusseeldorf; and their sympathy for the unmerited sufferings of so worthy a person was loud and sincerely exhibited. The kind gentleman who had formed this benevolent plan for her relief, calling for a sheet of paper thus addressed the company:
My dear friends, the girls I have received from you are generous in the extreme, and I return you for them the heartfelt thanks and gratitude of the recipient. And, as your hearts are now inclined to give, I lay this proposition before you, that we make a crowning effort and place the old waffle woman in a comfortable position for the rest of her life. Most of you are able to do a good work without deprivation to yourselves. Let us build a neat and convenient house of stone in the place of the wooden booth, and let her find it there when she is sufficiently recovered to return to it; and we will furnish it suitably. I will head the list with twenty dollars, and beg of you to follow, each one according to his means."
The invitation was promptly and cordially responded to; all present followed the example, and the paper was soon covered with names. On adding up the sum collected, it was found to be amply sufficient for the execution of the plan proposed. A master builder who was present offered to direct the work gratuitously and to begin it on the next day.
The next morning the body was torn down, to the terror and dismay of many children. The building of the house progressed rapidly, and before three weeks had elapsed, it stood there finished, with the paper on the walls and the furniture of the neat, pretty rooms all arranged in due order. Two cozy beds were provided in the chamber, and in the kitchen stood a large and fine oven for the baking of waffles. Even the waffle-smiler patriotically for the severe frosts had banished suddenly, and the sun shone summer-like upon the earth, a circumstance that had aided greatly in the speedy erection of the homestead for old Babette.

THE WAFFLE WOMAN,

One day the Sisters of Charity said to the waffle woman:
"Babette, as you are now entirely well, you may leave here to-morrow." The poor creature sadly drooped her head upon her breast; for she thought she would have to begin the struggle of life again, and that little Anna would again be exposed to the gnawing pangs of hunger. But she made no complaint, and declared herself willing to go; and warmly thanked the sisters for their loving care. But when the nuns had departed, each one smiling with a pious significance, the old woman burst into tears, as she clasped Anna in her arms; who sympathizing with her grief, wept too, without knowing wherefore.
"Wipe away your tears, my child," she said, at last; "the good Father will aid us." Soon afterwards the Superior of the Convent came in, and brought a package with clothing, which they presented to the dame and the child. With tears of gratitude they took leave, and pursued their way to the ancient and cheerless abode, not without casting many looks of fervent longing towards the hospitable convent gates.
Here and there, the inhabitants stood at their doors, and saluted the old woman with words of friendly recognition. As they neared the canal, they heard the oft repeated exclamation: "There comes the waffle woman!" a crowd assembled, and loud talking and cheering ensued. She could not understand what it all meant; in her long life-time she had never been the object of such universal observation and attention. As she passed the corner, she stood still with amazement, for her booth was no more to be seen.
"Now all is lost!" she said, sobbing to Anna: "How we are poorer than ever; our place has been torn down, and a house erected in its stead; nothing remains for us but to die!"
"Out of the house came a number of gentlemen, who, approaching Babette, led her into the door, and there presented her with a paper that bestowed on her the dwelling and all it contained. She was like one bewildered, and it took some time ere she could comprehend her good fortune. The fire was burning cheerily, and large bags of meal reposed against the walls of the kitchen; a young girl was busily employed in turning out the waffles; it was the same young person that had so carelessly taken the last waffles, and who now sought to atone for her past neglect. With tears of joy Babette thanked her benefactors, and most fervently she praised God. Anna remained with her, grew up to maidenhood among the waffles, and inherited the house and business, when all its aims were consecrated to the service of humanity. The waffle woman closed her eyes in peace.
Indian Anecdote.
Years ago when the first copper faced natives had mingled with the whites; just long enough to confuse their ideas of property, when Judge Johnson held his court on the bank of the Merawk. Big John a prince of the royal family of Kinnickinnick, was arraigned, tried and convicted of the larceny of New England fire water. According to the law in operation at that remote period, Big John was sentenced to pay a fine of five dollars, which was duly forked over. Whereupon the aboriginal culprit was at liberty to go. John gathered his blanket around him and approaching the Judge, demanded a receipt for his five dollars.
"There's no occasion for a receipt," said the Judge, "you'll never be called upon to pay it again."
"Ugh!" big Indian steeled whiskey—pay five dollars—no receipt. "But the sun of the forest was not to be cheated. He bored the clerk, the sheriff, and every one connected with the court until the judge concluded to give him a receipt to get rid of him. He called him up to the bench and said: "John, if you will tell me what you want of a receipt, I'll give you one."
Upon which the red man delivered himself as follows:
"Big John die one of these days! He go up to heaven—knock at the gate. Peter say who knock at the gate of heaven? "Big John." "John you pay for that whiskey you stole." "Show me the receipt under the gate, John." Then Big John have to go hunt all through hell to find Judge Johnson and get his receipt.
Iceland.—Though still retaining in their ceremonies the lowest order of animal nature. Indeed, credulous Icelanders can be detected in many of the churches, the Icelanders are staunch Protestants, and by all accounts, the most devout, innocent, pure hearted people in the world. Crime, theft, debauchery, cruelty, are unknown among them; they have neither prisons, gallows, soldiers, nor police; and in the manner of lives they lead among their secluded valleys, there is something of a patriarchal simplicity, that reminds one of the Old World prince, of whom it has been said that they were "upright and perfect, eschewing evil, and in their hearts no guile." The law with regard to marriage, however, is sufficiently peculiar. When, from some unhappy peculiarity of temper, a married couple live so miserably together as to render life insupportable, it is competent for them to apply to the Danish Government for the island for a divorce. If after the lapse of three years from the date of the application, both are still of the same mind, and equally eager to be free, the divorce is granted, and each is at liberty to marry again.—Lord Dufferin's Letter from High Latitudes.
"I'll save you a thousand pounds," said a young buck to an old gentleman.
"How?"
"An assortment of ten thousand pounds as her marriage portion." "I do," said the old man.
"I will take her with nine thousand."
CONSOLING A WIDOW.—A clergyman consoling a young widow on the death of her husband, remarked that she could not find his equal.
"I don't know about that," remarked the sobbing fair one, "but I'll try."

THE WAFFLE WOMAN,

An Address to the Union Army.
BY A WOUNDED VOLUNTEER.
Rush onward, ye Heroes!
In battle array,
Where the cohorts of treason,
Their columns display,
Beneath the vile banner,
That bears on its face,
The coils of the serpent,
And manhood's disgrace.
Fit emblems for traitors—
The Rattlesnake's fangs,
Distilling their poison,
Inflicting their pain,
In the bosom of UNION,
Who now pleads with you,
To cherish her symbol,
The Red, White, and Blue!
Beneath that bright standard,
Our Washington's sword,
Hurled death and destruction,
On proud England's Horde;
And under its shadow
A Putnam and Wayne
Encumbered our valleys,
With heaps of their slain.
The blood-thirsty savage
Submitted or fled,
When Sullivan's armies
Against him were led,
The sheen of that banner,
Enlightened the way,
And guided the chief
Thro' the heat of the fray,
Those stripes that are guiltless—
Of blemish or stain,
Hemid me that UNION
Must triumph again;
Thou' crushed and down-trodden,
She yet will arise,
And resume with her splendor
The darkest of skies.
Those lines of vermilion
And typical red,
They flouke to each blood,
That was given for you,
When our Warren on Bunker,
So fearlessly died,
While battling for justice,
At Liberty's side.
Then, onward, my Brothers,
And onward, my Cousins,
That grappled and conquered
Columbia's foes,
When the cloud of oppression
Encircled our shore,
And purpled the ocean
With innocent gore.
Had not rebel bullets
Ettlebled my frame,
Adown in secessia,
I'd still fight the same,
Till the souls of the traitors
Should shiver with fear,
Or my own take its flight
From the point of the spear.
But weakened and helpless,
I here must remain,
Debarred from inhaling
The smoke of the plain,
Where you with each other
Still gallantly vie,
Who first for the UNION
Can conquer or die.
But, forward, my heroes!
And onward, you shall go,
The warrent patriot,
My heart can bestow,
That UNION and glory
May breathe you a crown,
Enriched by the jewels
Of endless renown!
Gathering Sponges at the Bahamas.
The sponge business is largely pursued at the Bahama Islands. The exports of this article amount to about \$200,000 annually. It is almost entirely the growth of the last twenty years. During that period the article has almost quadrupled in value, and has been applied to a great variety of new purposes, especially in France. The sponge is compressed in powerful presses and packed like cotton. It is assorted and graded, samples being fastened on each package to show its quality. It is fished, raked, or grafted from the clear sandy bottom, at the depth of twenty, forty, and even sixty feet, and often far from the shore. The water is so transparent that the glowing sponge is visible on the bottom. The sponge is the covering, on the corals, of the lowest order of animal nature. Indeed, credulous Icelanders can be detected in many of the churches, the Icelanders are staunch Protestants, and by all accounts, the most devout, innocent, pure hearted people in the world. Crime, theft, debauchery, cruelty, are unknown among them; they have neither prisons, gallows, soldiers, nor police; and in the manner of lives they lead among their secluded valleys, there is something of a patriarchal simplicity, that reminds one of the Old World prince, of whom it has been said that they were "upright and perfect, eschewing evil, and in their hearts no guile." The law with regard to marriage, however, is sufficiently peculiar. When, from some unhappy peculiarity of temper, a married couple live so miserably together as to render life insupportable, it is competent for them to apply to the Danish Government for the island for a divorce. If after the lapse of three years from the date of the application, both are still of the same mind, and equally eager to be free, the divorce is granted, and each is at liberty to marry again.—Lord Dufferin's Letter from High Latitudes.
"I'll save you a thousand pounds," said a young buck to an old gentleman.
"How?"
"An assortment of ten thousand pounds as her marriage portion." "I do," said the old man.
"I will take her with nine thousand."
CONSOLING A WIDOW.—A clergyman consoling a young widow on the death of her husband, remarked that she could not find his equal.
"I don't know about that," remarked the sobbing fair one, "but I'll try."