THE MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

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BUSINESS CARDS.

BILLINGS STROUD,

FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE AGENT. Office in Lathrop's building, corner of Brick Block. In his absence, business at the Office will be attended to by C. L. STROUD. Montrose, March 1, '64.—tf

H. BURRITT,

DEALER in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Crockery Hardware, Iron, Stoves, Tinware, Oils, and Paints, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Furs, Leather, Robes, Groceries, Provisions, etc., New Milford, Pa. April 21, 1864.

A. LATHROP, H. C. TYLER, J. P. W. RILEY.

LATHROP, TYLER & RILEY,

DEALERS in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Ready Made Clothing, Boots & Shoes, Hats & Caps, Wood & Willow Ware, Iron, Nails, Sole & Upper Leather, Flour and Salt, all of which they offer at the very

Lowest Prices.

Lathrops Brick Building, Montrose, Pa. April 6, 1863. y.

M. HUNTING COOPER, HENRY DRINKER.

WM. H. COOPER & CO.,

BANKERS, Montrose, Pa. Successors to Post, Cooper & Co. Office, Lathrops' new building, Turnpike-st.

L. E. M'COLLUM, D. W. SEARLE.

McCOLLUM & SEARLE,

ATTORNEYS and Counsellors at Law.—Montrose, Pa. Office in Lathrops' new building, over the Bank.

PETER HAY,

Licensed Auctioneer,

Auburn Four Corners, Pa.

A. O. WARREN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW. Bounty, Back Pay, Pension, and Exemption Claims attended to. feb1

Office first door below Boyd's Store, Montrose, Pa.

M. C. SUTTON,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER, Friendsville, Susq'a co. Penn's. Jan. '64.

DOCT. E. L. HANDRICK,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of Friendsville and vicinity. Office in the office of Dr. Leet. Boards at J. Hosford's. [July 30, 1863. 1y

H. GARRATT,

DEALER in Flour, Feed, and Meal, Barrell and Dairy Salt, Timothy and Clover Seed, Groceries, Provisions, Fruit, Fish, Petroleum Oil, Wooden and Stoneware, Yankee Notions, &c. &c. Opposite Railroad Depot, New Milford, Pa. Mch 24, 1863.—1y.

C. O. FORDHAM,

MANUFACTURER of BOOTS & SHOES, Montrose, Pa. Shop over Dewitt's store. All kinds of work made to order, and repairing done neatly. jet y

ABEL TURRELL,

DEALER in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Dye Stuffs, Glass Ware, Paints, Oils, Varnish, Window Glass, Groceries, Fancy Goods, Jewelry Perfumery, &c.—Agent for all the most popular PATENT MEDICINES.—Montrose, Pa. aug tf

FIRE INSURANCE.

THE INSURANCE CO. OF NORTH AMERICA

AT PHILADELPHIA, PA.,

Has Established an Agency in Montrose.

The Oldest Insurance Co. in the Union.

CASH CAPITAL PAID IN.....$300,000
ASSETS OVER.....$1,200,000.

THIS rates are as low as those of any good company in New York, or elsewhere, and its Directors are among the first for honor and integrity.

CHARLES PLATT, Sec'y. ARTHUR G. COFFIN, Pres.
Montrose, July 15, '62. BILLINGS STROUD, Ag't.

HOME INSURANCE COMPANY,

Of New-York.

CASH CAPITAL, TWO MILLION DOLLARS.

ASSETS 1st Jan. 1864, $3,286,270.27.
LIABILITIES, 75,903.32.

J. Milton Smith, Sec'y. Chas. J. Martin, President
John McGee, As't " A. F. Wilmarth, Vice "

Policies issued and renewed, by the undersigned at his office, in the Brick Block, Montrose, Pa.
nov29 BILLINGS STROUD, Agent.

DR. W. M. SMITH,

SURGEON DENTIST,—Montrose, Pa. Office in Lathrops' new building, over the Bank. All Dental operations will be performed in good style and warranted.

P. LINES,

FASHIONABLE TAILOR.—Montrose, Pa. Shop in Phœnix Block, over store of Read, Watrous & Foster. All work warranted, as to fit and finish. Cutting done on short notice, in best style. jan 1'60.

JOHN GROVES,

FASHIONABLE TAILOR.—Montrose, Pa. Shop near the Baptist Meeting House, on Turnpike street. All orders filled promptly, in first-rate style. Cutting done on short notice, and warranted to fit.

CHARLES HOLES,

REPAIRS Clocks, Watches, and Jewelry at the shortest notice, and on reasonable terms. All work warranted. Shop in Chandler's store, Montrose, Pa. se22 tf

WM. W. SMITH,

CABINET AND CHAIR MANUFACTURER,—Foot of Main street, Montrose, Pa. aug tf

C. S. GILBERT,

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Legalized according to Act of Congress.

Address, Great Bend, Pa.

SYDIE D. LATHROP,

OFFICE, Post, Cooper & Co's old Banking House.—Money loaned on mortgage. Reference 30 years experience in the trade at the Keystone Hotel. Montrose, May, 1863.

R. B. & GEO. P. LITTLE,

Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,

MONTROSE, Penn'a.

OFFICE in Main Street. Particular attention given to Conveyancing. ddlc-ca

NOTICE!

THE subscriber hereby respectfully gives notice that he has taken License to Auctioneer in the County of Susquehanna, and offers his services to the public. Terms reasonable, and all calls will be promptly attended to. LUTHER KIZER.
Choconut, March 3, 1864. tf

MARRIED FLIRTATIONS;

OR,

Turning The Tables.

The last dying cadences of a deliciously creamy waltz, across whose weird notes the soul of Beethoven had poured its gloomy sadness, were floating over the perfumed crowd that filled the ball room of the fashionable Washington hotel; there was the stir and murmur of separating couples, and the ill-suppressed yawns of weary "wall flowers" that follow in the wake of every brilliant waltz. Kate Elwyn stood in the recess of the window, playing carelessly with the faded jessamines and tube roses of her bouquet, while her lovely blue eyes wandered anxiously from one place to another, evidently in quest of some familiar countenance which they could not discover.

There were few more beautiful faces than her own, even in that festive crowd, where half the belles in the Union had brought their diamonds and bright eyes to dazzle the politicians and law-makers of the land. Rather beneath the medium size, with the fragile delicacy of a fairy, her complexion had the transparent waxen bloom that you look for only in children, while her heavy bands of golden hair lay over her somewhat low forehead in rippling waves of amber. Very dark blue eyes, translucent as a sapphire of the first water, and a little crimson mouth, curved like Cupid's bow, gave additional piquancy to her face, and altogether she was as perfect a specimen of the radiant blonde as one often sees, out of a picture gallery, or a novel.

Suddenly her cheeks blossomed into roses, and her whole countenance brightened, as a tall and rather elegant looking gentleman languidly sauntered towards her.

"Charley, I thought you were never coming!"

"I've only been down in the supper-room for a few moments, my dear—sorry you've missed me. Anything I can do for you now?"

"Yes—do get my shawl and fan, and we'll go up stairs. It's after one, and I'm tired out."

"Couldn't, my dear," said Mr. Elwyn, breaking a moss rose-bud from his wife's bouquet, and fastening it jauntily into the button-hole of his coat. "I'm engaged for three waltzes and a quadrille said.—Miss Raymond would never forgive me for deserting her."

Kate's lip curled haughtily, and a deeper shade of crimson stole into her cheek.

"Jealous, eh?" laughed her husband, patting her bright hair lightly. "Now, Kate, that's a little too silly of you. Don't you know that at a place like this a man is expected to make himself generally agreeable to the ladies? Pray, my dear, don't become so absurd and ridiculous as to——"

"And so," interrupted Mrs. Elwyn bitterly, "your wife's wishes and convenience are secondary to Miss Raymond's will."

"The green-eyed monster certainly has invaded your peace, my love!" said Mr. Elwyn. "Upon my word, I have always given you credit for a little more common sense."

"Charles," said Kate, quietly, and without heeding the careless sarcasm of his tone—"I am weary of this senseless gayety—I am sick of the tumults and vanities of Washington. Will you take me home?"

"Why, Kate, after all your anxiety to pass a winter in this great centre of social and political life! You have been teasing me ever since we were married to indulge you with a season in Washington."

"I know it, Charles," she meekly answered, trying to suppress the tears that were brimming in her eyes; "but I have at least learned the folly of seeking real pleasure anywhere but in the precincts of one's own home. My taste for gayety is entirely satisfied, and you can't imagine how homesick I feel—how anxious to see the dear little ones again. When will you take me home, Charles?"

"Next week, perhaps, my love—or the week after, if you positively insist upon it."

"O, Charles! why not go to-morrow?"

"Impossible, Kate. I am positively engaged for every day this week for drives and excursions in the neighborhood of the city."

"Engaged!" repeated Kate, opening her blue eyes. "I know nothing of these arrangements."

"No, my dear, I suppose not," said Elwyn, lazily. "Did you imagine I was going to come to you and ask your permission every time I wanted to drive out with a lady, or smoke a cigar with two or three gentlemen?"

Kate's lip quivered, and she turned quietly away. Charles Elwyn looked after her with an amused expression in his eye and a half smile upon his lip.

"She's jealous, as I live!" he muttered. "Jealous of Aurora Raymond and the pretty widow. Well, let her pout it out at her leisure—it will never do to encourage this sort of thing."

If he could have seen her a few moments afterwards, just when he was whirling through the waltz with Miss Raymond's midnight curls floating over his shoulder, sobbing in the silence of her own dimly lighted room, the golden hair all unloosed from hair-pin and jeweled comb, and her blue eyes looking like morning glories drowned in rain. Well, perhaps it would have done him good, perhaps not. It is not always best to let a man know the extent of his power over that miserable little captive, his wife—it is astonishing how much the sex delights in tormenting its victim. There is one blessed avenue of relief always open to the woman kind, however—a good cry! No wonder that Kate Elwyn felt better when she wiped away the shower of tears and brushed back the lovely rippling tresses from her forehead.

"What shall I do," she murmured to herself, deluging her handkerchief in rose water, and trying vainly to cool her burning eyes; "what ought I to do? Oh, I wish I had never come away from home; it is a judgment on me for leaving my dear little babes in the care of cold hirelings! I was so happy before I ever tho't of this hollow, deceitful whirlpool of fashion!"

She burst into fresh tears as she remembered her husband's last words.

"It was cruel of him to speak in that cold, sneering way to me," she sobbed. "Have I lost all the spells he used to tell me I possessed? If he only knew how these things hurt me, I am sure he would act in a far different manner."

She sank involuntarily back, as if some rude hand had struck her, as Miss Raymond's clear, metalic laugh suddenly floated up audibly through the closed door of her room. And then she set her compressed lips together, and a new look came into the liquid depths of her wet blue eyes.

The gilded minute hand of the carved Parisian clock on the mantle had traveled nearly twice round the circlet of enameled figures before Kate Elwyn lifted her gaze from the bunch of velvet roses in the carpet.

"Sitting up, eh Kate? Why I tho't you were tired to death?" said Mr. Elwyn as he entered the room, and his wife laid down his book and welcomed him with a bright, careless smile.

"Yes, I've been so much interested in that delightful book," exclaimed Kate, enthusiastically. "I do wish I knew whether Sir Guy gets that property or not."

"She has got over her sulks amazingly quick," was the husband's internal comment, as he kicked off his boots and lazily unfastened his lavender neck-tie.

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Elwyn, I've had such a charming ride!"

And Aurora Raymond sprang lightly from the carriage step, one tiny gloved hand resting on Mr. Elwyn's arm, the other holding up the folds of her violet velvet mantle. He touched his hat gallantly as she tripped up the hotel steps, all smiles and dimples.

"I wonder if Kate would like a turn round Jackson Square before dinner," he said to himself, consulting his gold watch. "I'll run up and see—poor little thing!"

He sprang up the stairs, two steps at a time, and burst into his wife's room.

"Put on your bonnet, puss, and we'll have a ride," he exclaimed. Hallo! she isn't here—what the mischief does this mean?"

No, she was not there—neither was her blue velvet hat with the white ostrich plume, nor the magnificent cashmere shawl that had been sent over from India for her wedding present five years before—and Mr. Elwyn came slowly down stairs again, feeling very much inclined to get into a passion.

"Do you know where my wife is?" he asked Mrs. Artworth, a lady who spent one half her time at the hotel windows and the other half in catechising the servants, and who consequently knew all that was to be known concerning people's out-goings and in-comings, generally.

"She's out riding in Colonel Warrington's barouche—been gone ever since morning," returned the gossiping matron with great promptitude.

"Out riding!" Elwyn's brow contracted.

"Strange—very strange," he muttered, "to drive out in that sort of a way without so much as saying a word to me! I always fancied that Warrington a puppy, and I'm sure of it now!"

He went down and dismissed his equipage, and then returned to the drawing-room, as restless as the wandering Jew. After one or two moody turns across the long apartment, he sat gloomily down in the window recess. Even Aurora Raymond's pretty lisping chatter could not interest him now. "Would Kate never come?" he thought, as he looked for the fortieth time at his watch.

She came at last, just in time to run up stairs for a hurried dinner toilet—came, smiling and lovely, with her hair blown about by the fresh wind, and her eyes sparkling radiantly. Elwyn—dog in the manger that he was—could have knocked Colonel Warrington down for the involuntary gaze of admiration with which he looked after his fair companion.

Presently Mrs. Kate reappeared, in a magnificent dress of lustrous silver-green silk, lighted up by the flash of emeralds at the throat and wrists, and frosted green mosses dropping from her hair.

"Why have you put on that odious green dress?" asked Elwyn, catching at some slight pretext as an excuse for his ill humor. "You know how much I dislike green."

"Oh, well," said Kate, nonchalantly, "you are so fidgetty, Charles. What difference can it possibly make to you whether I wear green or yellow? It is entirely a by gone fashion for husbands to study one another's whims, a la Darby and Joan. We dress entirely to please the public, the gay world, you know.—And I put on this silk to please Mr. Garnett—he likes green so much!"

Charles Elwyn stared at his wife in speechless astonishment. What did it mean? She had always been the humblest slave to his slightest wish or caprice; and now she smilingly set him at defiance. What evil spirit had possessed her?

She never came near him all the evening—never sought his approval by the little sly glances of appeal, or the questioning looks that had been so inexpressibly dear to him. No—she chatted away, bewitchingly self-reliant, the centre of an admiring group, until Mr. Elwyn was ready to rush out of the room in a transport of exasperation.

"Allow me to congratulate you on your treasure of a wife, sir," said Col. Warrington. "I have always known she was a beauty, but I never before appreciated her claims to be called a wit."

Elwin glared speechlessly at the polite colonel, who was evidently surprised at the ungracious reception of his little compliment.

"Just what I might have expected," he muttered to himself, plucking fiercely at his mustaches. "What the deuce did I bring her here for, if I didn't want every fool in society to fall down and worship her?"

"Would you like a drive after dinner, Kate?" he asked, one evening, after about three days spent in this very edifying manner.

"Couldn't possibly this evening, dear," she said, adjusting the wreaths of ivy that depended from her shining hair. "O, we've arranged such a nice moonlight party to ride out to the navy yard."

"Well, what's to prevent me from driving you there?" asked Mr. Elwin, anxiously.

"Our party is all made up," said Kate, coolly. "I've promised to go in Mr. Garnett's carriage. He is so delightfully agreeable, and I like him so much."

"The dickens you do!" growled Elwin, his face elongating and growing dark.

"But I'll tell you what you *might* do, if you pleased," said Kate innocently. "Miss Raymond would like to go, I've no doubt, or Mrs. Everet, and there can be no possible objection to an extra carriage in the party, so that——"

"Hang Miss Raymond and Mrs. Everest!" ejaculated the irate husband.

"With all my heart, my dear," said Kate. "Only you see it's quite impossible for me to break my promise to Mr. Garnett."

Mr. Elwyn's temper was by no means improved when he stood on the hotel steps and watched the merry party drive off, their gay voices and jubilant laughter echoing through the serene moonlight, like a mockery of his own gloomy reflections. He had never felt so utterly lonely and forlorn in the whole course of his life.

"Dear me, what a beautiful evening for a ride," sighed Aurora Raymond, looking sweetly up from her volume of poems, as Mr. Elwyn re-entered the drawing-room, looking not unlike a man who has just had a molar extracted.

But he didn't take the hint, acting, as Miss Raymond afterwards indignantly remarked, "more like a bear than a man," and sitting morosely down to the perusal of the newspapers. Alas, for the midnight curls and oriental eyes—their spell was broken!

How long the slow creeping hours did seem before Kate came back! Long ere the sound of carriage wheels grated upon the pavement before the door, he went up to his own room, and tried, uselessly enough, to amuse himself with books and letter-writing. All his efforts were unavailing; between him and every occupation to which he turned crept one gloomy thought—a sore pang—to think that Kate was happy without his society—that she never missed his absent voice and smile.

"I wonder if I'm jealous!" he muttered to himself, still plucking fiercely at the dark mustache. "It's not an agreeable sensation, at all events! I wonder if Kate felt so whenever I flirted with Aurora and the widow!"

That was quite a new consideration.

Would the time ever come when Kate's heart would be estranged from him?—estranged by his own idle and absurd conduct?—when the loving, sensitive nature would cease to respond to his touch? The very fancy was agony!

He was wrapped in gloomy meditation when the door opened, and his bright haired little wife tripped in looking very much like a magnified sunbeam. She stopped suddenly when she saw his head bowed down upon his hands.

"Charles—does your head ache?"

"No!"

"Then what is the matter?"

"My heart aches, Kate," said he sadly, "it aches to think my wife has ceased to love me."

She came to his side and threw her arms about his neck with caressing affection.

"Charles, what do you mean?"

"I mean, Kate, that when you desert me for the society of others, and cease to pay any regard to my wishes, I can come to but one conclusion."

"And that?"

"That you have ceased to love me."

"Charles," said Kate, smiling archly up into his face, "does it grieve you to have me prefer the society of others to your own?"

"It breaks my heart, Kate," he said, passionately.

"Then, dearest, let us make a bargain. Let us allow Miss Raymond and Mrs. Everest to console themselves with Col. Warrington and Mr. Garnett, while we are happy with one another. Shall it not be so?"

"Kate! you have been acting a part!"

"Of course I have. Did you suppose for a moment that I was in earnest!"

The loving ~ ~ she showered upon his brow dispelled every lurking shadow from the husband's heart, and he felt how inexorably dear his young wife was to him.

In the next day's train Mr. and Mrs. Elwyn left Washington, mutually convinced that they had had quite enough of the gay capital. There were two unmistakably good effects consequent upon their sojourn, however: Kate was satisfied to remain quietly at home for the rest of her life, and Charles was completely cured of every latent tendency to flirt!

A CHILD ON SABBATH BREAKING.—One Sunday, as a little girl of four winters was on the way home from church, with her father, they passed a boy splitting wood, when the father said, "Mary, do you see that boy breaking the Sabbath?" She made no reply but appeared to be very thoughtful, as she walked homeward. After entering the house, her mother asked her what she had seen while she was gone, when she replied: "Oh, mother, I saw a boy breaking the Sabbath with a big ax!"

MARRIAGE.—Marriage is one of the great blessings of the world; Herrick Allen's Gold Medal Saleratus is the other. One is the result of love, admiration and courtship; the other the result of preseverance, science and skill. Where matches have proven unsuitable, this article is well calculated to harmonize and make home happy and pleasant, by always giving you the nicest, whitest, lightest and best Bread, Biscuit, Cakes and Puddings that woman's hand can make, which purpose cannot be accomplished by the using of any other Saleratus or soda. Most Merchants sell it.

An "idea modeler" writes: was teaching school in a quiet country village. The second morning of the season I found leisure to note my surroundings, and among the scanty furniture I spied a three legged stool. "Is that the dunce's block?" I asked a little girl of five. The eyes sparkled and the curls nodded assent, and the lips rippled out, "I guess so—the teacher always sits on that!"

A gentleman, long since, in one of his rides in Southern Illinois, sought to make himself interesting to a good-looking mother of a sweet baby, occupying the next seat in the car. After duly praising the baby, he remarked to the mother, "he is a real Sucker (meaning an Illinoisan) I suppose." "No, sir" said the lady, blushing, "we had to raise him on the bottle." The gentleman resumed his reading, and has not bragged on any strange baby since.

The ship Anna Schmidt, which was destroyed by the Alabama off the coast of South America, had on board a quantity of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for California. Dr. Ayer & Co. now appeal for redress direct to the British Government, as the responsible party in this wicked business, and base their claim for payment and protection on the ground of humanity, as their commodaties are wholly for the sick. Their point is well taken, and will doubtless be pressed with the pluck and persistency which characterize the operations of these celebrated chemists.—[Baltimore Clipper.

A minister took for his text: "The flesh, the world, and the devil." He informed his astonished audience that he would dwell briefly in the flesh, pass rapidly over the world, and hurry as fast as possible to the devil.

Ladies, if you wish a treat, either go yourself or coax your husband to go to your grocer, and get a few bars of that justly celebrated article, known as the J. Monroe Taylor Gold Medal Soap. We have tried it and known that is is for superior to any soap in the world; it is truly called the woman's companion and friend on a washing day, besides it only takes half as much to do the same work.

The American Flag.

Tear down the flaunting Lie!
Half mast the starry flag!
Insult no sunny sky
With hate's polluted rag!
Destroy it ye who can!
Deep sink it in the waves!
&c., &c. —*N. Y. Tribune.*

ODD-FELLOW'S SECRET LET OUT.

The lodge of I. O. O. F., at M——e, determined to have their lodge room done up clean and nice, and it was resolved unanimously that Mrs. K. should be hired to do the job.

After the lodge adjourned, the guardian, who knew the inquisitive character of Mrs. K., procured a billy-goat and placed him in a closet. He then informed the lady of the wishes of the lodge, and said he wished her to come early next morning, as he then would be at leisure to show her what was and what was not to be done. Morning came and brought with it Mrs. K., with her broom, brushes, pails, tubs, &c., prepared and armed for the job, and the guardian waiting for her arrival.

"Now, madame," said he, "I'll tell you what we want done, and how we came to employ you. The brothers said it was difficult to get any one to do the job, and not meddle with the secrets in that little closet. We have lost the key, and can't find it to lock the door. I assured them that you could be depended on."

"Depended on!" said she, "I guess I can. My poor dead and gone husband who belonged to the Free Masons or the Anti Masons, I don't know which, used to tell me all the secrets of the concern, and when he showed me the marks the gridiron made when he was initiated, and told me how they fixed poor Morgan I never told a living soul to this day. And if nobody troubles your closet to find out secrets till I do, they'll lay there till they rot—so they will.

"I thought so, said the guardian, "and now I want you to commence in that corner and give the room a decent cleaning, and I have pledged my word and honor for the fidelity of your promise; and now don't go into that closet," and then he left the lady to herself.

No sooner had she heard the sound of his foot on the last step of the stairs than she exclaimed: "Don't go into that closet! I'll warrant there is a gridiron or some nonsense, just like the anti-masons for all the world, I'll be bound. I'll just take a peep, and nobody will be any the wiser, as I can keep it to myself."

Suiting the action to the word, she stepped lightly to the forbidden closet—turned the button—when bah! went the billy-goat, with a spring to regain liberty, which came near upsetting her ladyship. Both started for the door, but it was full of implements for house cleaning, and all were swept clear from their position down to the bottom of the stairs.

The noise and confusion occasioned by such unceremonious coming down stairs, drew half the town to witness Mrs. K.'s efforts to get from the pile of pails, tubs, brooms and brushes into the street.

Who should be first to the spot but the rascally guardian, who, after releasing the goat, which was a cripple for life, and uplifting the rubbish that bound the good woman to earth, anxiously inquired if she had been taking the degrees.

"Taking the degrees!" exclaimed the lady. "If you call tumbling from top to bottom of the stairs, scared to death, taking things by degrees, I have them, and if you frighten folks as you have me, and hurt to boot, I'll warrant that they will make as much noise as I did"

"I hope you did not open the closet, madam," said the guardian.

"Open the closet! Eve ate the apple when she was forbidden! If you want a woman to do anything, tell her not to do it and she'll do it certain. I could not stand the temptation. I wanted to know it, so I opened the door and out popped the tarnal critter right in my face, and I thought I was a goner, and broke for the stairs, with Satan butting me at every jump—I fell over the tub, and got down stairs as you found us, all in a heap."

"But madam," said the guardian, "as you are in possession of the great secret of the order, you must go up and be initiated in the regular way."

"Regular way!" exclaimed the lady, "and do you suppose I am going through the tarnal place again, and ride that critter without bridle or saddle? No! sir, never. I don't want nothing to do with the man who rides it. I'd look nice on a billy-goat, wouldn't I? No, never! I'll never go nigh it again, nor into your hall nuther—and if I can help it no lady shall ever join the Odd Fellers. Why I would rather join the Free Masons, and be fried on a gridiron as long as fire could be kept under it, and be pulled from the garret to cellar with a halter, just as my poor dead husband was, for he lived over it, but I never could outlive such another ride as I took to-day."

LITTLE MAC.—General Sickles opposed the election of General McClellan, but he could not blacken his heart and fork his tongue to disparage a brave soldier, as did and do yet a lot of office holding scribblers, who have never even smelt the battle afar off—except by proxy:

"I believe that in his capacity as a soldier and officer he endeavored to discharge his duty, and I am ashamed when I read in the partisan journals of the day, and sometimes hear from the lips of men, imputations upon his personal courage.—These, I know, are undeserved. I have seen him under fire, and I know that a braver soldier never has drawn a sword in this war."