

THE MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

A. J. GERRITSON, Publisher.

MONTROSE, PA., THURSDAY, DEC. 16, 1884.

VOLUME XXI. NUMBER 49.

BUSINESS CARDS.

BILLINGS-STROUD,
FURNACE AND LIFE INSURANCE AGENTS. Office in
Lathrop's building, east end of Brick Block. In his
absence, business at the office will be transacted by
C. L. BROWN. Montrose, March 1, 1884.—11

H. BURRITT,
DEALER in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Crockery
Hardware, Iron, Stoves, Hugs, Oils, and Paints,
Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Fur, Buffalo Robes,
Groceries, Provisions, etc., New Millford, Pa.
April 21, 1884.

LATHROP, TYLER & RILEY,
DEALERS in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Ready
Made Clothing, Boots & Shoes, Hats & Caps,
Wood & Willow Ware, Canned Goods, Flour, Fish,
Flour and Salt, all of which they offer at the
lowest prices.

W. M. H. COOPER & CO.,
BANKERS—Montrose, Pa. Successors to Dr. Cooper
& Co. Office, Lathrop's new building, Turpike-st.
April 6, 1884.

MCCOLLUM & SEARLE,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW—Montrose, Pa.
Office in Lathrop's new building, over the Bank.

PETER HAY,
Licensed Auctioneer,
Auburn Four Corners, Pa.

A. O. WARREN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW. Bonny, Back Pay, Pension,
and Exception Claims attended to.
Office East door below Boyd's Store, Montrose, Pa.

M. C. SUTTON,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER, Friendsville, Susq's co.
Jan. 24.

DOCT. E. L. HANDRICK,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, respectfully tenders his
professional services to the citizens of Friendsville
and vicinity. Office in the office of Dr. Lee.
Boards at J. H. Hord's. July 20, 1883. 17

H. GARRATT,
DEALER in Flour, Feed, and Meal, Barrel and Dairy
Salt, Timothy and Clover Seed, Groceries, Provisions,
Fruit, Fish, Petroleum Oil, Wood and Store
Ware, Yankee Notions, &c. &c. Opposite Railroad
Depot, New Millford, Pa.
Feb. 24, 1883.—17

C. O. FOORDHAM,
MANUFACTURER OF BOOTS & SHOES, Montrose,
Pa. Shop over Dewitt's store. All kinds of work
made to order, and repairing done neatly. Feb 7

ABEL TURRELL,
DEALER in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Dye
Stuffs, Glass Ware, Paints, Oils, Varnish, Win-
dow Glass, Groceries, Fancy Goods, Jewelry, Perfum-
ery, &c.—Agent for all the most popular PATENT
MEDICINES—Montrose, Pa. Aug 17

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.....\$500,000
ASSETS OVER.....\$1,200,000

THE rates are as low as those of any good company in
New York, or elsewhere, and its Directors are among
the best for honor and integrity.
CHARLES PLATT, Sec'y. ARTHUR G. COFFIN, Pres.
Montrose, July 15, '82. BILLINGS-STROUD, Ag't.

**HOME
INSURANCE COMPANY,**
Of New-York.
CASH CAPITAL, TWO MILLION DOLLARS.
ASSETS Jan. 1st, 1884. \$3,288,570.37.
LIABILITIES. " " 75,803.62.

J. Milton Smith, Sec'y. Chas. E. Martin, President.
John McGee, Ag't. A. Z. Williams, Vice

Polices issued and renewed by the undersigned at
his office, in the Brick Block, Montrose, Pa.
1882 7 BILLINGS-STROUD, Ag't.

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

P. LINES,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR—Montrose, Pa. Shop
in Phoenix Block, over store of Brad, Watson
& Foster. All work warranted, as to fit and finish.
Cutting done on short notice, in best style. Jan '80

JOHN GROVES,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR—Montrose, Pa. Shop
near the Baptist Meeting House, on Turpike-
street. All orders filled promptly, in best 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.

WM. W. SMITH,
CABINET AND CHAIR MANUFACTURER—Foot
of Main street, Montrose, Pa. Aug 17

C. S. GILBERT,
Auctioneer,
Legalized according to Act of Congress.
Address, Great Bend, Pa.

DR. D. A. LATHROP,
OFFICE, Post, Cooper & Co's old Building House.
Surgery in Diseases of the Eye, Ear, Nose, Throat,
and all the various branches of the specialty of
Ophthalmology. Boards at the Keystone Hotel.
Montrose, May, 1883.

R. B. & GEO. P. LITTLE,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
MONTROSE, Penn'a.
OFFICE on Main Street, Particular attention given
to Conveyancing.

THE MAN WHO STRUCK HIMSELF.

BY T. E. ARTHUR.

Jason Elder belonged to that rather large class of persons who find pleasure in the suffering or misfortune of their fellow men. This is stating the case rather broadly, and we do not, in the least, doubt that Jason, should he ever chance to discover this introduction of himself to the public, will reject our classification, so far as he is concerned. We make it understandingly, however. The fault we have indicated is usually the companion of another. The man who feels pleasure in the ill-fortune of his neighbor will hardly hesitate to inflict an injury, if it can be done with impunity.

Men of the class to whom Jason Elder belonged rarely passed far on their life journey without a misunderstanding with some of their fellow passengers. Of course they are always in the right, and their fellow passengers in the wrong. And as they are the injured and the oppressed, it is the most natural to retaliate—giving blow for blow.

"The man who wrongs me I neither forgive nor forget." This was one of Jason Elder's sayings, and a very bad saying, we cannot help declaring it to be particularly so in Jason's case for he quietly lived up to his principles. Of course judgment as to who was always rendered by himself, and on evidence wholly ex-parte. If he believed that another meant to do him wrong—and he could believe, sometimes, on very slight evidence—an evil purpose was as quickly born in his mind as if positive testimony were before his eyes.

In fact, Jason Elder was a very bad sort of a man, and often very troublesome to those who had any dealings with him.

Among those who were favored with the hearty dislike of Elder was a master mechanic in a small way, named Martin Lee, who, by industry and economy, had accumulated enough to buy himself a house of moderate size, as a home in the same neighborhood. These houses were built on a piece of ground that originally belonged to the same estate.

Mr. Lee was a very upright man—too upright and independent to have much intercourse with a man like Elder, and that mortally offended him; and the offense was neither forgotten nor forgiven. In more than one instance his enemy had sought to do him injury; but the poisoned arrows, flung from his bow, had done harmlessly by him.

One day, while in conversation with one of those idle, gossiping individuals, who gave more attention to other people's business than they do to their own, the latter said in responding to some ill-natured remark uttered against Mr. Lee, "I learned a fact yesterday that may be you would like to hear."

"About that Lee?" eagerly inquired Elder.

"Yes, or I might better say about the ground on which he has built that snug little house."

"Indeed?" our gentleman was all alive now and commenced rubbing his hands in delighted expectation. "What about the grounds?"

"Little defective," was the laconic answer.

"No?"

"Fact. Had it from old Larkins; and I rather think he ought to know something about it."

"Well, that is news! Got a bad title, eh? I wonder who's on the hip now, Mr. Martin Lee?" "Wou't I, indeed; wait and see. If I do not deal him a staggering blow, my name is not Jason Elder—that's all. I always said I'd abide my time. Ha! Ha! A flaw in his title. But that's just his way of doing business. I'd like to see any one pick a flaw in mine."

True to the evil purpose declared, Elder took the first opportunity to search out the party to whom the property owned by Lee would revert, in case a defect really did exist in his title, and communicated the fact alleged. This individual whose name was Earl, seemed at first incredulous; but when Larkin was mentioned as authority, seemed to feel quite an interest in the matter.

"I am really indebted to you," he said, with a bland smile; "should it prove true that there is a defect I shall have quite a windfall; and it could not have reached me in a better time. I will have the matter investigated at once."

"That blow will tell hard, surely I have planted it below the fifth rib," said Elder to himself, in a tone of cruel exultation, as he left the presence of Mr. Earl.

Through much self-denial and hard labor, continued through many years, had Mr. Lee been able to provide a modest homestead for his family. He had been the more anxious to accomplish this from the fact that declining health warned him of the approach of a day when his beloved ones who leaned on him so confidently would have none to care for them. If he could secure a home, into which they might cluster together, he felt that much would be gained. And this he had accomplished; but the effort cost dearly. He had taxed his physical system to an extent that produced a serious reaction; and, though he secured a dwelling for his family, he permanently weakened his constitution.

One day, in making a sudden effort, he

ruptured a blood vessel, and was taken home in a dangerous condition. This was the very day that Jason Elder made the unfortunate discovery of a defect in the title of his property.

Little dreamed he, as with death knocking at the door, he found consolation in the thought that his family, even if he were taken from them, would not be left without a home; that at the very time there was a movement to deprive him of his little patrimony. And well for him was it that the veil of ignorance was before his eyes; for, had he known of the threatened danger the knowledge would surely have cost him his life.

On the day following, a gentleman called at the house of Mr. Lee, to notify him that proceedings were about being instituted for the purpose of testing the validity of his title; but learning that he was dangerously ill, he went away without leaving any word as to the purpose of his business.

In the meantime, Elder, who had not heard of Mr. Lee's illness, was awaiting with some interest, to see the ultimate effect of the blow he had struck. There were times when in a measure he repented of what he had done. But the repentance was not very deep, and his ill will towards Mr. Lee soon obliterated all traces thereof. On the third day, Elder received a brief note from Mr. Earl, desiring him to call at his office, as he wished to see him on particular business.

There was something in this note that affected Mr. Elder unpleasantly. What it was, however, he could not discover, although he read it over and over again, at least half a dozen times.

"I wonder what he wants with me?" he said uneasily, as he started off to obey the summons.

"Ah, Mr. Elder, I'm glad to see you." Mr. Earl smiled, and he offered his hand. But there was something wrong in the smile, and no heart whatever in the pressure of his hand.

"I've been investigating the matter that you brought to my notice," said Mr. Earl, and his countenance assumed a very grave aspect.

"Ah, have you? Well, sir, did you not find it as I said?"

"There is a flaw, certainly, and a very serious one."

"I was sure of it from what Larkin said. He's never at fault in matters of this kind."

"You aimed a heavy blow at Mr. Lee, my friend," said Mr. Earl. "There was a quick change in his manner, followed by a pause. Then he added:

"But it passed him unharmed, and struck another."

"Who?"

"Yourself?"

"Me! I do not understand you, Earl?"

The countenance of Jason Elder had become suddenly overcast with alarm.

"Mr. Lee's title is perfectly good."

"It is?"

"Yes. But—yours is defective!"

"Impossible!" exclaimed Elder, turning pale.

"Not at all, Mr. Larkin is rarely at fault in matters of this kind. He knew there was a flaw somewhere in the title of the property that once belonged to my uncle's estate, but erred in this instance. Lee is safe, but your title is not worth a copper. I am much obliged to you for hurking up the windfall for me—I should hardly have come across it myself; and in consideration thereof, will deal with you as leniently as possible. Of course, I do not expect you to take my word in regard to the flaw. Its existence, however, will soon be demonstrated. You had better see your lawyer and ask him to call on me. In the meantime, I will say that for various reasons I am ready to compromise—I don't wish to encounter the vexations, delays and expenses of legal proceedings; and, therefore, if you are disposed to meet me amicably, I will execute a quit claim to the property. The sum is five hundred dollars."

Elder groaned aloud.

"If my claim on the property is good, and I know it to be, resumed Earl, I can recover three times that sum. If you compromise I will act in a spirit of great moderation, but if you compel me to resort to law, I will take all the law awards."

Poor Jason Elder! The blow was a heavy one and staggered him. A careful examination by his lawyer only proved the assertion of Mr. Earl. His title to the property was not worth a dollar. Glad enough was he to accept the proffered compromise, though at the clear loss of \$500.

Well for Mr. Lee was it, that the blow aimed with such bitter malignity did not execute the will of him by whom it was given. The consequences would, to all human foresight, proved fatal. Not until he was sufficiently recovered from his dangerous illness to be out again, did he learn the evil that had been meditated, and how it had recoiled upon the head of his enemy.

His pointed answer was:

"He dug a pit for another, and himself fell into it."

knew him as the man who struck himself."

A broad illustration of what is taking place daily, in hundreds of instances around us. The evil that is meditated against others usually comes back in some form, upon those who seek to do their neighbors wrong. In this matter there is a law of compensation which acts with unerring certainty. The blow that is struck in malice at another, may not seem to rebound. But, as surely as it is given, will its power to do harm remain unspent, until the circle of consequence is completed.

Curious Hoaxes in Cincinnati.

A good hoax is sometimes allowable, and the following statement of occurrences that actually transpired last evening will do to laugh over once, but their repetition in any community would soon call for some effectual measures to detect and punish the rogues.

It was after 9 o'clock when one of our ministers—who, from his genial and lively disposition, is fast earning the reputation of the Marrying Parson—returned from his Wednesday evening meeting, and was handed a note by his wife, signed Charles M. Ray, that requested him to call at a certain house on fifth street and perform a marriage ceremony. Inclosed was the liberal fee of ten dollars. Not to be behind time, the parson hurried off to No. 5—fifth street. When the door was opened, he found a gay assemblage of young folks, the gentler sex preponderating. Announcing the object of his visit, he was surprised that no one seemed to understand it; and the giggle of the girls gave him an inkling of the fact that a call from one of his profession was a novelty to that crowd. He was assured that there was to be no marriage there, whereupon he beat a hasty retreat.

Thinking the figure 5 in 5th st might be meant for 3, our parson hurried off in that direction, but, although he was treated more courteously at the corresponding number in that street, he found nobody disposed to be married. Being satisfied that he had been hoaxed, he walked by No. 5—fifth street, and while talking with a couple of policemen as to the character of the house, his friend, a popular undertaker, passed him in solemn gait, with his cooling-board under his arm and assistant by his side. Turning around, and exchanging his "good evening," the minister was astonished to see the undertaker stop at the door, where he had met so strange a reception. "I have come," said the grave voice of the man of death, "to lay out the corpse in this house." "There is no corpse here," said the servant; and he needed no further assurance than the burst of laughter from the giddy heads within to satisfy him of the fact, and he, too, turned away to look for the object of his mission elsewhere. But the irrepressible "Ha! ha!" of our jolly parson called him back, and a statement of his own experience at once convinced the undertaker that the proposed marriage and death were alike fictions, emanating from the same party. The serious part of the joke is, that the parson found his ten-dollar bill to be as spurious as the rest of the affair.—Cincinnati Gazette, Dec. 1.

Official Corruption.

A writer in the New York Citizen tells some plain truths concerning the corruptions of the present time, and their effects upon the permanence of true Republican institutions. None who have watched the movement of public events for a few years past can doubt his conclusions:

"Corrupt officials and the degradation that sustains them is more to be feared by our republican institutions than are the armed hosts of Jeff Davis. Unless something can be done to arouse the people to a proper sense of this great fact, and prompt them to action, the restoration of this Union will be accomplished in vain. The gnawing tooth of time will not more surely destroy a material substance than will corruption in high places undermine and ruin this republic. I do not mean merely that sort of corruption that robs people of their money—that is of but little comparative consequence; but I mean also that corruption which saps and rots the public mind, and teaches it to look at such acts with complacency, if not absolutely to indorse and sustain their authors. There was a time, when the announcement of even an insignificant defalcation shocked the public mind and produced a sense of uneasiness and pain. Now the most astounding frauds and speculations are read and discussed with the greatest apparent thoughtlessness."

An old Democrat of Belfast, named Christopher Gray, aged 104 years, has voted for every Democratic President from Washington to Douglas, and voted for McClellan on the 5th inst.

The New York Herald says that some persons, who were in straightened circumstances before they got their fingers into matters connected with "Soldier's Fair," now keep their carriages and live in style.

The Detroit Free Press, the leading Democratic organ of Michigan, emphatically contradicts the reports that his withdrawal from the discussion of politics in the future.

The negro laborers, 250 in number at Malby's oyster packing house, in Baltimore, have quit work because their boss opened another store where he employed white women.

A letter recently passed through the Trenton Post Office bearing the following inscription: "Mr. Andrew Schurz, Soat-Ar-Insch, Bliakanti, St. Jersey." It found its proper owner at South Orange, Essex county, New Jersey.

One Good Turn Deserves Another.

A tinker was traveling in a country town, and having traversed many miles without finding anything to do, he stopt weary and hungry at a tavern. Here he got into conversation with a glazier, to whom he related his troubles. The latter sympathized with him deeply, and telling him he should have a job before long, advised him to go in to his dinner and eat heartily. The tinker took his advice, ate heartily, and when he returned to the barroom he was ordered to hear that the landlord required his services to mend a lot of pans and kettles, which had suddenly sprung a leak. The tinker at once fell to work, accomplished the task, and received a liberal sum therefor, and started on his way. Upon reaching the outside of the house he found the glazier, who said to him—

"Well, you see I told the truth. I procured you a job of work, and how do you think I accomplished it?"

"I am sure I cannot tell," replied the tinker.

"I will tell you," rejoined the glazier. "You told me you were weary, hungry, and penniless. I knew the landlord was well off and doing a good business, so I watched the opportunity and started a leak in every tin utensil I could lay my hands on."

The tinker, with many thanks and a heart full of gratitude, resumed his journey, but he had not proceeded many yards before he reached the village church, where a brilliant idea struck him. The glazier had befriended him—he would befriend the glazier. The church, he thought could afford to bear a slight loss in a good cause, so taking a position where he could not be seen, he riddled every window in the edifice with his stones, and then, highly elated with his exploit, he retraced his steps to notify the glazier he would speedily have a very important job. He met the glazier at the door of the tavern.

"Sir," said he, "I am happy to inform you that fortune has enabled me to return the kindness I received from you an hour since."

"How so?" asked the glazier pleasantly.

"I have broken every pane of glass in the church," answered the tinker, "and you of course will be employed to put them in again."

The glazier's jaw fell, and his face assumed a blank expression, as he said in a tremulous tone, "You don't mean that do you?"

"Certainly," replied the tinker, "there isn't a whole pane of glass in the building. One good turn deserves another, you know."

"Yes," answered the glazier, in a tone of utter despair, "but you infernal scoundrel, you have ruined me, for I keep the church windows in repair by the year."

Mount Ararat.

Mount Ararat is 6000 feet higher than Etna, and 1528 feet higher than Mount Blanc—the latter the point of greatest elevation in Europe. It is detached from the other mountains of Asia, and is divided into two conical peaks. Sir Robert Porter paints in vivid colors the magnificent spectacle when he first came in sight of Ararat, majestically rising from an extended green plain, fertilized by the clear waters of the Aras, (the ancient Araxes) and covered with Armenian villages. In various points of view, the summit has a striking resemblance to a ship; a fact which has been recorded by all travelers to the spot, and the whole country round is full of traditional stories relative to Noah's ark and the flood.

It is a common belief among the Armenians and Persians, that the remains of the ark still exist on the summit. Several attempts have been made to reach the top of the mountain, but rarely have any such attempts succeeded. Moving sands which threaten to overwhelm the traveler, flinty roads which cut his shoes to shreds, terrible precipices, with overhanging rocks, and worse than all, nests of snakes have constantly struck terror in the stoutest hearts, and nearly in all cases induced the abandonment of the enterprise. At Ervin the Armenians show the spot where Noah first planted the vine, and the town of Nakhdjovan (place of descent) is believed to mark the spot where the patriarch first settled on quitting the ark.

"Tommy, my son, what are you going to do with that club?"

"Send it to the editor of course."

"But what are you going to send it to the editor for?"

"Cause he says if anybody will send him a club, he'll send him a copy of his paper."

The mother came pretty near fainting, but retained consciousness enough to ask:

"But Tommy dear, what do you suppose he wants of a club?"

"Well, I don't know," replied the hopeful orphan, "unless it is to knock down subscribers as don't pay for their paper."

The negro laborers, 250 in number at Malby's oyster packing house, in Baltimore, have quit work because their boss opened another store where he employed white women.

Importance of Local Papers.

Not one person in a hundred, we are perfectly safe in saying, has anything like a correct appreciation of the real value and importance of the local paper. There is not a single local interest that is not more or less dependent upon the local paper for its success. Take the County Fair, which has already become one of the fixed institutions of the country. How much is it indebted to the local newspaper? All other aids combined to make it a success, do not amount to as much as the local newspaper. The publication by it of notices of the Fair, and awards of premiums, is of more worth than the unreflective man begins to imagine. Yet this publication is without money and without price, while the publisher's whole capital, his whole means, his stock in trade, so to speak, consists in the value of this power of giving extensive publicity to what appears in his paper.

What is true of the Fair is true of other things. Political meetings, gatherings of public interest of all kinds, are noticed freely and for naught. When the old die, or the young are married, the whole country is informed of it. The ways in which the local press advances public interest and of public importance are many and multifarious. Yet its service in these respects is almost unrecognized and unknown. Because more reading can be got for the same money, though it may be days behind, and not selected or made up with reference to special wants, the foreign and distant, having no connection with any local, public or private interest, but in many cases really adverse to it, is preferred to the home paper. Such course is not only unwise but suicidal. There is no stimulant to public prosperity equal in power to a well supported and efficient local press; and no truth is more clearly susceptible of demonstration than that private and public prosperity go hand in hand.

Let foreign papers be circulated by all means, the more of them the better, but let it not be done at the expense of home papers. Let home papers have the first, and all others the second place. Make up clubs for the World, and for other foreign papers if you choose, but let no man either take himself or induce others to take the World or any other paper, without first taking the home paper. If it be in any way deficient, an ungrudging and liberal support, coupled with a genuine appreciation of its importance, will be the very stimulus needed to remedy all deficiencies. Its real value and importance will be increased thereby, and it will inevitably become more and still more the herald and cause of real and continually increasing prosperity and progress.

A Fortune Teller Sold.

A lady who was telling the fortunes of all the young damsels, old maids, and silly married ladies about Sharpsburg, Allegheny, was richly sold the other day. A number of beardless young men dressed in female attire and presented themselves as young ladies just waiting for husbands. The fortune teller told them what kind of men they would marry, the color of the hair, the shape of the moustache and all. When the joke exploded, it is said some one was seen making for the railroad station with the speed of lightning. The little Misses don't like to have their fortunes thus ruined neither.

Tortoise Shell.

Think of the following, ladies, when you are handling your tortoise shell combs:

What is called the tortoise shell is not, as is generally supposed, the bony covering or shield of the turtle but only the scales which cover it. These are thirteen in number: eight of them flat and five a little curved. Of the flat ones four are large, being sometimes a foot long and 7 inches broad, semi-transparent, elegantly variegated with white, red, yellow and dark brown clouds, which are fully brot out when the shell is prepared and polished. The laminae, as we have said, constitute the external coating of the solid or bony part of the shell, and a large turtle affords about eight pounds of them, the plates varying from an eighth to a quarter of an inch in thickness.

The fishers do not kill the turtles; did they do so, they would in a few years exterminate them. When a turtle is caught they fasten him and cover his back with dry leaves or grass, to which they set fire. The heat causes the plates to separate at their joints, a large knife is then inserted horizontally between them, and the laminae lifted from the back, care being taken not to injure the shell by too much heat, nor to force it off until the heat has fully prepared it for separation. Many turtles die under this cruel operation, but instances are numerous in which they have been caught a second time with the outer coating reproduced; but in these cases, instead of thirteen pieces, it is a single piece.

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