

Montrose Democrat.

A. J. GERRITSON, Publisher.

MONTROSE, PA., TUESDAY, JAN. 16, 1866.

VOLUME XXIII, NUMBER 3.

BUSINESS CARDS.

STROUD & BROWN,
FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE AGENTS. Office
over the Post Office, Montrose, Pa. All business
attended to promptly, on fair terms. (Jan. 1, 1866.)
BILLINGS STROUD, CHARLES L. BROWN.

LAMBERTON & MERRIMAN,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, No. 304 Market street,
Wilkesbarre, Pa. Will practice in the several
Courts of Luzerne and Susquehanna Counties.
C. L. LAMBERTON, E. L. MERRIMAN.
Dec. 4, 1865.

DR. E. L. BLAKESLEE,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, has located at Brooklyn,
Susq. Co., Pa. Will attend promptly to all calls
with which he may be favored. Office at L. M. Bald-
win's. (July 11-17)

DR. E. L. GARDNER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Montrose, Pa. Office
over Webb & Butterfield's Store. Boards at
Seale's Hotel. (May, 1865.)

ST. CHARLES HOTEL,
BY
J. W. Burgess,
Penn. Avonue,
SCRANTON, Penn'a.
Aug. 6, 1865.

ROGERS & ELY,
U. S. AUCTIONEERS,
for SUSQ'A and Luzerne Counties.
Brooklyn, May 10, 1865.—1y*

G. Z. DIMOCK,
Physician & Surgeon,
Montrose, Pa.
Office over the Post Office. Boards at Seale's
Hotel. (Feb. 9, 1865, 1f.)

DR. D. A. LATHROP,
MAY be found at the Keystone Hotel.—Room No.
22. (Montrose, Jan. 1st, 1866.)

JOHN SAUTTER,
RESPECTFULLY announces that he is now pre-
pared to eat all kinds of Garments in the most
fashionable style, and warranted to fit with elegance
and ease.
*Shop over N. Ballard's Store.
Montrose, Nov. 21, 1864.

C. S. GILBERT,
Auctioneer,
Address, Great Bend, Pa.

D. BREWSTER,
AUCTIONEER FOR SUSQ'UA CO.
Address, Montrose, Pa.

H. BURRITT,
DEALER in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Crockery,
Hardware, Iron, Nails, Bricks, Glass, and Paints,
Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Furs, Buffalo Robes,
Groceries, Provisions, etc., New Milford, Pa.
April 21, 1864.

WM. H. COOPER & CO.,
BANKERS.—Montrose, Pa. Successors to Post, Cooper
& Co. Office, Lathrop's new building, Turnpike-st.
*A. B. COLLETT, D. W. SEARLE.

MCCOLLUM & SEARLE,
ATTORNEYS and Counselors 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, Bounty, Hack Pay, Pension,
and Redemption Claims attended to.
*Office first door below Boyd's Store, Montrose, Pa.

M. C. SUTTON,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER, Friendsville, Susq'a co.
Penn'a. Jan. 6.

DOCT. E. L. HANDRICK,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, respectfully tenders his
professional services to the citizens of Friends-
ville and vicinity. *Office in the office of Dr. Lect.
Boards at J. Hooford's. (July 20, 1865, 1y)

H. GARRATT,
DEALER in Flour, Feed, and Meal, Barrell and Dairy
Salt, Timothy and Clover Seed, Groceries, Provi-
sions, Fruit, Fish, Petroleum Oil, Wooden and Stone
Ware, Yankee Notions, &c. &c. *Opposite Railroad
Depot, New Milford, Pa. Feb 24, 1865.—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. Feb 7

ABEL TURRELL,
DEALER in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Dye
Stuffs, Glass Ware, Paints, Oils, Yarns, Win-
dow Glass, Groceries, Fancy Goods, Jewelry, Perfum-
ery, &c.—Agent for all the most popular PATENT
MEDICINES.—Montrose, Pa. aug 1f

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 Read, Watrous
& Foster. All work warranted, as to fit and finish.
Cutting done on short notice, in best style. Jan '66

JOHN GROVES,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR.—Montrose, Pa. Shop
over Chandler's Store, on the Public Square.
*All orders filled promptly, in first-rate style.
Cutting done on short notice, and warranted to fit.

FOR THE DEMOCRAT.

**Henry Ward Beecher proposed to ap-
point a Day of Thanksgiving if
the South would secede
from the Union.**

In Nov. 1860, Henry Ward Beecher,
in a speech before the Boston Fraternity
Association, uttered the following senti-
ments in relation to the Southern States
seceding from the Union:

"The question now asked when men
meet each other in the car, or on the
street is, 'Do you think the South will
secede?' My answer is, 'I don't believe
they will, and I don't care if they do.'—
(Loud and prolonged applause.) When
I say that I don't care if they do, I mean
that there is no terror, in so far as our
prosperity is concerned. If you ask me
whether for their sakes I do not care, I
should modify my answer, and say, 'For
their sakes I trust a better mind will be
given them, and that they will remain in
the ship. But in so far as the free States
are concerned, I hold that it will be for
their advantage for the South to go off.'
I cannot reckon myself among those who
have advocated disunion either from policy
or from principle. But if, against our
honest endeavor and full intent this does
take place, in the providence of God, then
I say, let us appoint a day of thanksgiving.
(Loud applause.) We have never
been advantaged, nor do I see any near
prospect of our being advantaged by re-
maining in their company. I would not
have South Carolina think that there
would be a tear shed if she goes. I would
not have any of the gulf States think that
we are unwilling to part company with them.

"The question next comes up, suppose
the South should secede, what would be
the result? In the gulf on Lake Erie this
week, there came a ship, and many of
Boston's solid men, perhaps, had an inter-
est in her, for she was loaded with cop-
per ore. To relieve the vessel, they threw
over the copper, and for every ton that
went down, the ship went up, and they
saved themselves by throwing over the
copper ore. For every State you throw
off, you will go up an inch. (Loud ap-
plause.)

"Let the Southern States stand by
themselves, and servile insurrections are
just as certain, it seems to me, as explo-
sions are where fire comes to gunpowder.
It is the conservative, moral and political
power of the Northern States that holds
in check that terrible element."

Let us analyze the above speech, and
what are the facts deduced therefrom?—
The first is, that this noted Divine, before
one single State had seceded, declared be-
fore an immense audience, that he did not
care if the gulf States went off from the
Union of our fathers; that it would be
for the advantage of the North; and that
although he could not reckon himself
among those who had advocated disunion;
that is, although he had not attend-
ed disunion meetings, and joined openly
in the treasonable proceedings of Garrison
and Phillips, yet, in the providence of
God the abolitionists should succeed in
driving the South from the Union, he
would join with them in appointing a day
of Thanksgiving.

Thanksgiving for what? Why, accord-
ing to their own verdict, and that of the
majority of the Northern people, this min-
ister of the gospel and all those who ap-
plaud his sentiments, were going to
thank the Almighty that six millions of
Americans had commenced the "wicked-
est rebellion ever inaugurated since Luci-
fer and his rebellious hosts were thrust
out of heaven into the pit of woe."

"A minister of the gospel telling the people
to rejoice and return thanks to God
that six millions of his own American
brothers were committing treason which
would subject them to death, or to ban-
ishment from the land of their birth!

Henry Ward Beecher did not believe
that secession was a wrong or a crime, or
else he rejoiced that the South was com-
mitting a wrong and a crime. He said he
"would not have South Carolina think
that there would be a tear shed if she
went off from the Union. He would not
have any of the gulf States think that he
or the people of the North were unwill-
ing to part company with them."

He could preach of the awful sin of
holding the black race in servitude—but
he had not a word to say against seces-
sion or rebellion. A watchman on the
walls of Zion, he failed to warn the South-
ern people of the sword that was to be
unsheathed against them. With Gerrit
Smith, and Garrison, and Greeley, he
cried peace, peace, when he meant "war
to the knife!"

As an inducement to the people of New
England to let them go, he told them that
"they had never been advantaged, and
he could not see a prospect of their
ever being advantaged by remaining in
their company." He told them that if the
Southern people were only out of the Uni-
on, he and they would be a foot taller in
the political heavens.

"For every State that these political
aspirants could throw off, they would go
up an inch." Twelve States thrown off
would make twelve inches, and these
black republicans would be a foot higher
in the political chart of our country. Is

it any wonder then, that they have deter-
mined not to receive these States back in-
to the "ship." They are all in a panic,
and have acknowledged despairingly to
all their adherents that the weight of the
Southern States united with the "copper"
(heads) of the North would sink them so
low that their heads would never be seen
above low water mark.

And they deserve to sink. This noto-
rious divine said in 1860: "Let the South
stand by itself, and servile insurrections
are just as certain, it seems to me, as ex-
plosions are where fire comes to gunpow-
der. It is the conservative, moral and po-
litical power of the North that holds in
check that terrible element."

Henry Ward Beecher knew what that
"terrible element"—a "servile insurrec-
tion" meant. He had read the awful de-
scriptions of that "terrible element" in
when it raged in St. Domingo. He had
read the accounts of Nat Turner's horri-
ble massacres in Southampton, Virginia;
and yet according to his own confession
before a crowd of fanatics like himself, he
would appoint a day of Thanksgiving if
the South would only place herself out-
side of the Union, and stand aloof by her-
self, where he was just as certain that
servile insurrections would take place as
that explosions would occur when fire
comes to gunpowder.

When that "terrible element" breaks
forth what are the scenes that take place?
Allison says:

"In St. Domingo the slaves spread
themselves over the country, set it on fire
in every quarter, and massacred the
whites. Twenty thousand negroes burst
into Cape Town with the torch in one
hand and the sword in the other. Neith-
er age nor sex was spared. The young
were cut down in striving to defend their
homes; the aged in the churches where
they had fled for protection. Virgins
were immolated on the altar; infants
were hurled into the fires. The finest city
in the West Indies was reduced to ashes.
Its splendid churches, its stately palaces
were wrapped in flames, and thirty thou-
sand human beings perished in the mas-
sacre."

And this was a picture which Henry
Ward Beecher and his brother abolition-
ists would rejoice to witness in the South.
Jesus Christ, our Saviour, wept over Jeru-
salem. He foresaw the sorrows and de-
solations which were coming upon her,
and his heart was touched with pity.—
The people of Jerusalem were great sin-
ners—and he knew all their crimes. Nev-
ertheless he wept to think of the woes
that were to befall them. But this pro-
fessed minister of Christ would not have
the South think that he and his followers
would shed a tear for her misfortunes.

The people of the South might go out
of the Union—they might dissolve the sa-
cred ties which bound our fathers togeth-
er in love and concord—their slaves
might rise and set fire to their dwellings;
old men and maidens, mothers and their
helpless offspring might all perish by the
sword, yet these abolition fanatics would
not shed a tear. Nay! they would hold
a day of rejoicing therefor. Henry Ward
Beecher had read of Nat Turner. "The
Southern Religious Telegraph of Sept.
1831 tells of his horrible acts in the fol-
lowing touching sentences:

"Never has it fallen to our lot to re-
cord so melancholly a tale connected with
the history of our State as that to which
we are now called; for never since the
burning of the Richmond Theatre, and
the destruction of nearly a hundred lives,
has there occurred an event in the history
of Virginia that has destroyed so many
lives, and involved so many families in
grief and woe. Seldom in the most un-
civilized and vindictive warfare have we
heard of human passions breaking forth
in acts of such wanton and cold-blooded
cruelty upon helpless women and child-
ren. Even the infant in the cradle could
find no mercy in the relentless hearts of
these deluded wretches.

At the thought and recital of these hor-
rors. To contemplate at one moment the
full and satisfying bliss of a lovely do-
mestic circle, and then, in a single hour,
to behold them cruelly massacred; the fa-
ther, mother, daughters, sons, and the
cradled infant, mangled and bleeding and
thrown into heaps to be devoured by dogs
and beasts of prey. This is a scene at
which the spirit faints! The massacre
commenced on the 21st of August. The
ring-leader was a slave known by the
name of Nat Turner. He pretends to be
a Baptist preacher, and declared he had
been commissioned by Jesus Christ, and
that he was acting under inspired direc-
tions."

Now there is not the least doubt that
Nat Turner was inspired to commit these
horrid deeds, and the same spirit that in-
spired this negro savage to murder seven-
ty white people of Virginia, inspired Hen-
ry Ward Beecher and the abolitionists of
the North to wish the same scenes re-
newed. This was the same spirit that
led the Insurrection in Germany, in the
time of Luther, who said, "These fanatics
veil their crimes with the cloak of the
gospel. The spirit urges them on, they
say, and I reply, it is an evil spirit, for he
bears no other fruit than the pillage of
convents and churches. The greatest
highway robbers on earth might do as

much. Christians fight not with swords
and arquebuses, but with sufferings and
with the cross. Christ, their Captain,
handed not the sword."

Thus taught the great leader of the Re-
formation in Germany. Not thus teach
the leaders of the "abolition reform" in
America. Henry Ward Beecher says:

"Slavery must die. It should not dis-
may us if war comes of the gospel. Fight-
ing is God's instrumentality to end vast
national crime. It is our first duty to
pray, and our second to fight until slav-
ery is ended. God gives the nation blood
to drink. Your blood, my blood, our
brother's blood."

Is it any wonder that this abolition re-
former, (as he lately said,) "shut my eyes
and tremble with horror when I think of
hell?" The fanatics in Luther's day gave
rivers of blood to their nation to drink,
and this blood was likewise for human
equality. "Luther continually repeated
that it was immortal souls which Christ
emancipated by his word, and firmly
maintained the distinction between secular
and spiritual things. A Christian, said
he, should endure a hundred deaths, rather
than join, in the slightest degree, with
the insurrection of the peasants."

To exhibit still farther the contrast be-
tween the doctrines of Luther and the re-
formers of America, an extract is here
given from a speech of T. W. Higginson at
an anti-slavery meeting in Massachusetts
in 1860. He says:

"Every day confirms the position
taken by the disunion Convention four
years ago, that the free and slave states
are not one nation, but two nations, be-
tween which separation is inevitable.—
The Union being dissolved, the fate of
slavery is in the hands of the slaves them-
selves, and it is impossible to show why
insurrection is not as much the right and
duty of the negroes as of the Italians—
and this carries with it the duty of aiding
the insurrection in both cases."

Thus it is too plain to admit of a doubt
that Henry Ward Beecher and his fellow
abolitionists desired the dissolution of the
Union for the express purpose of having
the horrors of St. Domingo repeated in
the South. If these men are Christians,
then Martin Luther was not a Christian.
If these men are teachers of Christianity,
then Luther was a false teacher, and we
must look for Christianity among the
German fanatics whom Luther declared
were led by an evil spirit, and among the
Jacobins of France whose deeds are re-
corded in history under the title of the
Horrors of the French Revolution.

What were the consequences resulting
from the French and German nations
drinking the blood spilled by these fanatics?
D'Aubigne says:

"The most flourishing and populous
districts of Germany exhibited nothing
but heaps of dead bodies and smoking ru-
ins. Fifty thousand men had perished,
and the people lost nearly everywhere
the little liberty they had hitherto en-
joyed. But equality of rank was established
in aristocratic Germany."

A military despotism was reached in
France through oceans of blood which
was shed to reduce all men to an equal-
ity. Four millions of negro slaves have
been made free in America through fire
and sword, wielded by the same class of
fanatics (as will be more fully proved
hereafter), and the blood which has wash-
ed away slavery is now being used to
wash away the liberties of the white race
bequeathed to them by their patriot an-
cestors, who loved their posterity so well
and had so high a regard for the dignity
of their nation, that they placed an im-
passable barrier, as they believed, against
the white race ever being placed upon a
level with the negro.

These fanatics, having overturned the
government of our fathers, are erecting a
despotism on its ruins. So plain is their
work to be seen, that even a Republican
paper says of Charles Sumner's bill, that
"instead of making the blacks and whites
equal before the law, it elevates the ne-
groes into a privileged class, making them
the special pets of the government.—
Most of his amendments are entirely at
variance with Republican principles, and
destructive of the system on which our
government is founded."

Let the people take heed that their
own boasted liberties are not finally lost
in giving freedom to the negroes whom
our patriot forefathers declared could not
live with them in a state of freedom and
equal rights. Jefferson said "the white
and black races cannot live equally free
under the same government;" and Henry
Clay, once the idol of the Republican
party, said: "The liberty of the black
race is incompatible with the freedom
and liberty of the white race in America."

FRAUDS ON THE REVENUE.—The atten-
tion of the Revenue Department has been
called to the frauds which have for a long
time are still being perpetrated in N. Y.
in the matter of cigar stamps. It is sta-
ted that parties continue to flood the
market with bogus stamps, selling them
at \$2 per thousand, and then procuring
the confiscation of the goods stamped
with their forgeries, thus getting full pay,
both as Government informers and Gov-
ernment cheats.

How Mr. Keith Managed.

"Man's work is from sun to sun, but
woman's work is never done," quoted
Mrs. Keith.

She had just finished her work for the
evening, everything was tidy, and she
was taking up her sewing, when Mr.
Keith upset a vinegar bottle and a bowl
of gravy in the kitchen cupboard, rumag-
ing after a knife which was in his pocket
all the time. Mrs. Keith relinquished
her idea of a little season of quiet, and
went out to set matters in order again.
Mr. Keith followed to oversee her—a
habit some men have.

"I wish you would try to be a little
more careful, Henry. You do not real-
ize how many things I have to see to."
"Humph?" said Mr. Keith, sitting
down in a basket of freshly ironed clothes;
"I never would complain of such a trifle
as that! If I didn't know, I should think
all the women were in slavery."
"You would be correct, Henry. You
haven't the faintest idea."
"Nonsense, Mary! Why, I could do
your work, and three times as much more
and get all through at ten o'clock."
"Could you, indeed?"
"To be sure, if you would only give
me the chance of it."

"You shall have it," said Mrs. Keith,
quietly. "I have long wanted to visit
my Aunt Susan. I will do so now, and
you may keep house. I shall have to
cook up something."
"As if I couldn't cook! You will do
nothing of the kind, Mary. I shall live
like a prince, and you will see how nice,
I will keep everything. You will hardly
know the house when you return."
"I dare say," remarked Mrs. Keith,
"but when can I go?"
"To-morrow, if you like."
"And you are sure you can manage?"
"Sure!" what a look he gave her;
"you shall see."

Mrs. Keith laughed a little to herself
when her husband left her at the depot,
and turned his steps homeward to clear
the breakfast things and prepare dinner.
She only wished she could be there invis-
ible, and see him manage.

"Let me see," soliloquized Keith, en-
tering the kitchen; "I'll wash the dishes
first, and I'll put one of Mary's dresses to
keep me clean."
He fastened it around his waist with a
pin, rolled up his sleeves, and looked
about him. The fire was out, but after
much trouble he succeeded in rekindling
it, and then began the dishes.

He took them to the sink, plugged up
the spout, and put them to soak in a pail
of cold water.

"There, they're washed," said he to
himself; "now for something to wipe
them on. I'll take the table cloth. Such
a fuss as women do make about work.
Why, I could wash all the dishes in the
neighborhood in half a day. This stew
pan smells of grease; I wonder what's
the matter with it? There, I've got
some snot on my hand! there it goes on
that China saucer, dence take it! I wish
there was no snot!—Oh, there goes the
cream pitcher! And I've stepped into
that potato dish that I sat on the floor to
dry, and that's gone to the shades! Nev-
er mind, accidents will happen. I guess
I'll trim the lamp next; mother always
trimmed the lamp in the morning. Con-
found 'em how black the chimneys are!"

Thus conversing with himself, Mr.
Keith put the chimneys into the basin and
occasionally a moment. He had heard it
said that boiling water was cleansing. So
he scalded the chimneys, and the result
was about a hundred different pieces to
each chimney.

"Good gracious!" he cried, "who'd
have thought it! There's somebody at
the door. I'll just step out as I am. It
can't be anybody that I care for, so early
as this."
A small boy presented himself eyeing
Keith with ill suppressed mirth.

"Be you mistress of the house?"
"Yes—that is, I am the master!"
said Mr. Keith, with dignity, "what can
I do for you?"
"Nothing," I guess. Marm sent me
over to see if you—that is—if the mis-
tress of the house would take care of the
baby while she goes shopping."
"No!" thundered Keith, "I've other
fish to fry."
The boy put his thumb to his nose, and
Mr. Keith after slamming the door—as
men always do when they are out of tem-
per—returned to the kitchen. The fire
was out and the room decidedly smoky.
"I'll go down cellar and bring up
some coal," said he, and started briskly
down the stairs. On the second step he
put his foot through a rip in his dress
skirt—stumbled and fell to the bottom of
the cellar—smashing a basket of eggs,
and knocking over a shelf loaded with
pans of milk.

a little sugar, dropped in an egg, and set
the vessel into the oven. The potatoes
he washed in soapuds, that they cer-
tainly might be clean, and put them into
the teakettle, because they would boil
quicker.

The steak was frizzling in the frying
pan, and he was proceeding to set the
table, when the bell rang.
He caught up the pan from the fire—
to keep it from burning—and made haste
to the front door. Then he remembered
it would not be just the thing to go to
the door with a frying-pan in his hand;
so he deposited it on the parlor sofa, and
answered the ring.

Mrs. Dr. Mudge was on the steps,
dressed in her best.
"Yes—I, dare say," stammered Keith;
"my wife is absent, and I am playing
Bridget. Walk in."
Mrs. Mudge sailed into the parlor,
which was darkened to exclude the sun,
and without stopping to look at her seat,
sank into the frying-pan on the sofa.
"Jupiter!" cried Mr. Keith, "you
have done it now!"

Mrs. Mudge sprang up, the grease drip-
ping from the rich silk on the carpet. Her
face grew dark. She was tempted to
say something cutting, but managed to
control herself; bowed haughtily, and
swept out of the house.

Keith returned to the kitchen a little
crestfallen, for Mrs. Mudge was a lady,
before whom he desired to appear particu-
larly well.

There was a tremendous cracking in
the oven. He thought of his pudding,
and looked in. The burnt rice had hopped
all over the oven; the basin had melted
apart, and the pudding was not done.
He shut the door upon the ruins in dis-
gust and looked after his potatoes only to
find them boiled to a perfect jelly.

And just as he made the discovery,
there was a sharp peal at the door bell.
"Creation! there's that abominable
bell again. I wish folks would stay at
home! I'll lock all the doors, and cut all
the bell wires, after to-day."
At the door he found Mr. and Mrs.
Fidget and their children.

"My dear Mr. Keith! how do you do?"
cried Mrs. Fidget. "We were in town,
and thought we'd just step in to dinner
Where is Mrs. Keith?"
"She's gone away," said Keith, rueful-
ly, wondering what he should feed on;
"walk in, do. I am housekeeper to-day."
"Yes, so I should judge. But of
course you make a splendid one. I re-
member you used to be frequently telling
Mrs. Keith and myself how very easy
housekeeping must be. It must be mere
play to you. Don't put yourself out, I beg."
"Put myself out, indeed!" cried Keith,
retreating to the kitchen. "Good! gra-
cias! what shall I do? I'd give a hun-
dred dollars if Mary was only here!
Where shall I begin?"

He drew out the table and set it with-
out any cloth; then took off the plates
and put on a cloth, the very one he had
wiped the dishes on. The task completed,
he put on some more potatoes and some
more steak; burned the steak to a cinder,
took off his potatoes when he had his
meat, and put all upon the table. There
was a loaf of baker's bread in the cup-
board; he paraded that, and called his
guests to dinner.

A quizzical smile spread over Mrs.
Fidget's face at the sight of the repast.
Keith was in a cold perspiration.
"Ma, my plate's all greasy, and so's my
knife. I can't eat on dirty dishes," cried
little Johnny Fidget.
"And my fork is wet all over with wa-
ter that's dripping off the table cloth; and
my tater ain't half biled," cried little Jane
Fidget.

A slight noise in the kitchen drew the
attention of Mr. Keith.
"Jupiter!" cried he, "if Mrs. O'Flah-
erty's dog ain't making off with my
steak!"
He jumped from the table and started
in hot pursuit. The dog made the best
of it; Keith's unaccustomed attire was a
sad drawback, and he made but little
headway.
"Kill him!" he yelled to the crowd
that joined in the pursuit; "I'll give fifteen
dollars for his hide."
Mrs. O'Flaherty appeared herself on
the scene with a skillet of hot water.
"Teeh him if yer dare!" she cried, "I'll
break the bones of every mother's son of
yees. Stand from forinst, or ye'll rue
the day."
Keith took a step forward, stepped on
his skirt, and pitched head first into a
wine cellar, where half a dozen men were
playing cards.
"The devil in petticoats!" exclaimed
one gamster, and the place emptied
quicker than a wink.
The police picked up Mr. Keith, con-
siderably bruised, and carried him home.
His company had taken their departure,
and somebody, not having the fear of the
law upon them, had entered and stolen a
hundred dollars worth of property.
Mr. Keith sent the following notice
to his wife by the evening mail:
DEAR MARY.—Come home, I give up
best. A woman does have a good deal
to do. I confess myself incompetent to
manage. Come home, and you shall have
a new silk dress, and a daughter of
mine to divide your labors. Yours, discoun-
tenuatedly,
H. Keith.