

THE MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

E. E. HAWLEY, Proprietor.

MONTROSE, PA., WEDNESDAY, JAN. 19, 1870.

VOLUME XXVII, NUMBER 3.

Business Cards.

CHARLES N. STODDARD,
Dealer in Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Leather and Saddlery, etc. 125 North Second St. Montrose, Pa. Work made to order, and repairing done neatly. *Montrose, Jan. 1, 1870.*

LEWIS KNOLL,
SHAVING AND HAIR DRESSING.
Shop in the new Postoffice building, where he will be found ready to attend all who may want anything in his line. *Montrose, Pa. Oct. 13, 1869.*

P. F. REYNOLDS,
AUCTIONEER—Sells Dry Goods, and Merchandise—also attends at Vendues. All orders left at my house will receive prompt attention. *Oct. 1, 1869—1.*

O. M. HAWLEY,
DEALER IN DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, CROCKERY, HARDWARE, IRON, COPPER, BRASS, LEAD, GLASS, PUTTY, PAINTS, OILS, ETC., NEW MILFORD, PA. *Sept. 8, '69.*

DR. S. W. DAYTON,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, resides in his office to the citizens of Great Bend and vicinity. Office at his residence, opposite Barton House, GY. Bond Village, Sept. 1869—1.

LAW OFFICE.
CHAMBERLIN & CO. Attorneys and Counselors at Law. Office in the Brick Block over the Bank. *Montrose, Aug. 4, 1869.*

A. & D. R. LATHROP,
DEALERS IN DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, HATS, BOOTS AND SHOES, PAINTS, OILS, ETC. 125 North Second St. Montrose, Pa. *Aug. 1, 1869.*

A. O. WARREN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, 200 North Third St., Pottsville, Pa. *Aug. 1, 1869.*

W. A. CROSSMAN,
Attorney at Law, Montrose, Pa. Office at the County Commissioners' Office. *Montrose, Aug. 1, 1869.*

W. W. WATSON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Montrose, Pa. Office with L. F. Fitch. *Montrose, Aug. 1, 1869.*

M. C. SUTTON,
Auctioneer, and Insurance Agent, 41st St. *Friendsville, Pa.*

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

A. M. ELY,
U. S. Auctioneer, 182 Broadway, N. Y.

JOHN GROVES,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR, Montrose, Pa. Shop over Chamberlin's Store. *Aug. 1, 1869.*

W. W. SMITH,
CABINET AND CHAIR MANUFACTURER, Foot of Main Street, Montrose, Pa. *Aug. 1, 1869.*

H. BURRITT,
DEALER IN Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Crockery, Hardware, Iron, Stoves, Dry Goods, Oils, and Putty. *Montrose, Pa. Aug. 1, 1869.*

DE. E. P. HINES,
Has permanently located at Friendsville for the purpose of practicing medicine and surgery in the most successful manner. *Friendsville, Pa. Aug. 1, 1869.*

STROUD & BROWN,
FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE AGENTS. Office at the corner of Second and Third Streets, Montrose, Pa. *Aug. 1, 1869.*

JOHN SAUTER,
RESPECTFULLY announces that he has now prepared to cut all kinds of garments in the most fashionable style, warranted to fit with cleanliness and ease. *Montrose, Pa. Aug. 1, 1869.*

W. D. LUNK,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Montrose, Pa. Office opposite the Turnell House, next the Jackson House. *Aug. 1, 1869—1.*

DE. W. L. SMITH,
DENTIST, Rooms over Boyd & Corwin's Hardware Store. *Montrose, Pa. Aug. 1, 1869—1.*

ABEL TURRELL,
DEALER IN Drugs, Patent Medicines, Chemicals, Perfumery, Oils, Dyes, Varnishes, Wall and Window Paper, Glass, Groceries, Glass Ware, and Window Panes. *Montrose, Pa. Aug. 1, 1869.*

D. W. SEARLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office over the Store of A. Lathrop, to the Brick Block, Montrose, Pa. *Jan. 20, 1870.*

E. L. WEEKS & CO.,
Dealers in Dry Goods, Clothing, Ladies and Misses Sewing Machines, and all kinds of Family Groceries. *Montrose, Pa. Aug. 1, '69.*

DR. W. L. RICHARDSON,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, resides in his office to the citizens of Montrose and vicinity. Office at his residence, on the corner of 2nd & 3rd Sts. *Montrose, Pa. Aug. 1, 1869.*

DR. E. L. GARDNER,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, Montrose, Pa. Gives special attention to diseases of the Heart, Lungs and all kinds of Diseases. *Montrose, Pa. Aug. 1, 1869.*

BURNS & NICHOLS,
DEALERS IN Drugs, Patent Medicines, Chemicals, Perfumery, Oils, Dyes, Varnishes, Wall and Window Paper, Glass, Groceries, Glass Ware, and Window Panes. *Montrose, Pa. Aug. 1, 1869.*

DR. E. L. HANDBRICK,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, resides in his office to the citizens of Montrose and vicinity. Office at his residence, on the corner of 2nd & 3rd Sts. *Montrose, Pa. Aug. 1, 1869.*

SOLDIERS' BOUNTY,
PENSIONS, and BACK PAY. The undersigned, LICENSED AGENT of the GOVERNMENT, has offices at Montrose, Pa. and will give prompt attention to all claims intrusted to his care. *Montrose, Pa. Aug. 1, 1869.*

DENTISTRY.
All those in want of Teeth or other dental work should call at the office of the subscriber, who are prepared to do all kinds of work in their line on short notice. *Montrose, Pa. Aug. 1, 1869.*

THE PLACE TO BUY YOUR GOODS, is at the store of GUTHRIE, ROBERTSON, & CO.

Poet's Corner.

The Land of Might Have Been.

BY H. C. ADAMS.

Far beyond the Ocean's bound,
Far beyond the purple West,
Where, in ancient song renowned,
Bloomed the Islands of the Blest;
'Neath the blooming asphodel skies,
Robbed in woods forever green,
A wondrous land there ever lies,
The "Land of might have been."

In the summer's golden hours,
When the sunset hues unfold
All this gloomy earth of ours
In their crimson and their gold,
Or when Winter's fire burns low,
Or by Fancy's eye is seen,
'Mid the embers dying glow,
The "Land of might have been."

All unknown in that fair land
Are the hills that breathe endearment,
Silent every tongue and hand,
Man is true, and woman pure,
And unfortunates' bitter blast,
Shame, despair, and sorrow keen,
Are but memories of the past
In the "Land of might have been."

All the dreams our childhood nursed,
Ere we woke to fin and care,
Which the touch of life dispersed,
Have their bright fulfillment there,
All the hopes that earth has crossed
Wear the freshness of their bloom,
Not one ray of glory lost
In the "Land of might have been."

There the friend, whose love beyond
Woman's love, to us was true,
Till our treason broke the bond,
Prayer and tear could not renew.
With his clasp, no longer cold,
With his cheerful voice and mien,
Lo, the friend we loved of old,
In the "Land of might have been."

There the girl we wooed in vain,
Deaf to passion's last appeal,
Whose remembrance is a pain,
Which no after joys can heal,
With her crown of bridal flowers,
On our breast beheld her lean,
Ah! her eyes look love to ours,
In the "Land of might have been."

All the sons of Adam's line,
Fain would seek to enter there,
Fain would through its shores divine,
And its sweet repose would share;
But the mighty angel's hand
Waves his fiery sword between,
None may tread the wondrous land,
The "Land of might have been."

BREVITIES.

—Josh Billings is seriously ill at his residence in New York.

—A New York girl sold her diamond engagement ring to buy a velvet suit.

—Secretary Fish declines to give the press a copy of Daniel E. Sickles letter on Cuban affairs.

—Jim Logan No. 5, who was shot by Jerry Dunn, in his dying declaration denied any knowledge of the Rogers murder.

—Hon. William McKean entered upon his duties as circuit judge of the third judicial circuit at the term which commenced at Erie last Monday.

—The Duke of Edinburgh, Queen Victoria's second son, is said to be a great stock speculator, and recently made \$1,000,000 by a lucky turn in an Australian mining speculation.

—A nephew of Lieut. Governor Dunn, of Louisiana, who is a sergeant on the N. Orleans police force, a negro, is accused of outraging a little white girl, but at last accounts nobody dared to arrest him.

—C. H. Carten, American commission merchant, No. 5 Rue Auber, Paris, is the owner of ticket No. 54,789, which drew the \$100,000 gold prize in the Ville de Paris lottery, drawn on the 4th of Dec.

—Joe Jefferson, the actor, has brought suit against C. D. Hess and Crosby, of Chicago, for producing "Rip Van Winkle" without his permission. Mr. Jefferson paid Dion Boucicault, \$15,000 for the exclusive ownership of the play.

—Lieut. E. P. Colby, of the U. S. Army committed suicide at Jefferson, Texas, on the 31st ult., by shooting himself through the head with a revolver. He was a son of S. C. Colby, of the Treasury Department.

—Old Brimstone, Parson Brownlow, now near death's door, is repenting of his Radical villainies and trying to get back into the Democratic fold, but his effort to do so will be useless. The gates are closed against him. His Jacobin crimes are unrepentable.

—Dr. John Davy, brother to Sir Humphrey Davy has bequeathed to the Royal Society, in fulfillment of an expressed wish of his brother, a service of plate presented to Sir Humphrey Davy for the invention of the safety lamp. It is to be employed in founding a medal to be given annually for the most important discovery in chemistry.

—A philanthropic naturalist, Mr. Higford Burr, who resides in a beautiful park at Aldermaston, England, offers his extensive grounds as an asylum to English snakes, and requests people to send him any quantity. He says that a snake, hunting for frogs along the margin of a still pond in the hot, noonday sun; is one of the most interesting sights that a naturalist can witness.

—Charcoal is a valuable internal palliative in dyspepsia, and in many of the disorders affecting the stomach and bowels. Taken in doses of a table spoonful, night and morning, it is an almost unfailing corrective of constiveness. Mixed with softening poultices it is cleansing, soothing and healing to foul sores. An occasional dose of the powder is a favorable improvement in a sallow or tawny complexion.

Miscellaneous.

Remarkable Fossils of Dakotah.

There is a singular tract of land known as the "Mauvais Terres," or Bad Lands, lying between Fort Laramie and the Missouri river, thirty miles wide and eighty or ninety long, with a thin sterile soil, covered only with a scanty growth of grass.

Recently Dr. Hayden arrived in Philadelphia with a large amount of extinct fossils of animals, collected during an expedition to the bad lands of Dakotah, for the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, and the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences. These fossil remains were discovered some time ago in the "Bad Lands" by mere accident.

A fur-trader named Culbertson, residing in Chambersburg, Pa., was attracted by their curious appearance, and took some specimens to his home as a matter of interest to his family. These were seen by scientific men, who at once perceived their rarity and value.

Subsequently the naturalists accompanying the Government expedition to lay out public roads, brought home large quantities of these fossils, and the great interest they excited induced the fitting out of the private expedition of Dr. Hayden. The specimens brought home by this expedition are all extinct species of animals, and belong to an age of the world of remote antiquity that no traces of mankind have been found in the geological formation of that period.

The rocks in which these remains are found were evidently once the muddy shores of some immense freshwater lake, the extent and boundaries of which can not now be defined; and as these animals perished their bones lay undisturbed in the mud until petrification prevented their final destruction. In one piece of rock can plainly be seen the trail left by some marine animal in the original mud. In another specimen there is seen the shell of the jaw wide open, as it evidently lay loose in decay when the waves washed up the mud in the jaw and prevented its closing. There are also fresh water turtles of all sizes, up to a very large one.

These indications leave no room to doubt that the places in which these fossils are found must have been the line of the great lake.

Now, surely, it is not to be wondered at, if by chance they were thrown together, Phyllis and Leonard, their son, and Phyllis's only child, Luke's brother, left an orphan from her babyhood. That he should live until Leonard made Phyllis his wife, and the young pair took possession of the Golden Canister, was the grand wish of Luke's heart.

And there seemed every prospect that his desire would be gratified. Leonard was now twenty-three, and Luke himself had come into the business at that age, he determined that at the end of the year he would give the business into his son's hands, and counsel the young man to marry as soon as possible. He and Lettice would then retire into private life, feeling that they had done their duty in providing representatives to keep up the reputation and character of the Golden Canister.

Most people knew that this was the last year Luke would preside as master of the house, for he had spoken freely of his hope that next year Leonard would be married and reign in his stead; and he chuckled over the idea of standing idly by, and seeing the young folks would manage matters. "None so different," I warrant," was his self-congratulatory exclamation, adding confidentially, "Phyllis is the wife's right hand; the person who was to be mistress in place of Lettice Barton being thus clearly signified.

Now, surely, it is not to be wondered at, if by chance they were thrown together, Phyllis and Leonard, their son, and Phyllis's only child, Luke's brother, left an orphan from her babyhood. That he should live until Leonard made Phyllis his wife, and the young pair took possession of the Golden Canister, was the grand wish of Luke's heart.

And there seemed every prospect that his desire would be gratified. Leonard was now twenty-three, and Luke himself had come into the business at that age, he determined that at the end of the year he would give the business into his son's hands, and counsel the young man to marry as soon as possible. He and Lettice would then retire into private life, feeling that they had done their duty in providing representatives to keep up the reputation and character of the Golden Canister.

Most people knew that this was the last year Luke would preside as master of the house, for he had spoken freely of his hope that next year Leonard would be married and reign in his stead; and he chuckled over the idea of standing idly by, and seeing the young folks would manage matters. "None so different," I warrant," was his self-congratulatory exclamation, adding confidentially, "Phyllis is the wife's right hand; the person who was to be mistress in place of Lettice Barton being thus clearly signified.

Now, surely, it is not to be wondered at, if by chance they were thrown together, Phyllis and Leonard, their son, and Phyllis's only child, Luke's brother, left an orphan from her babyhood. That he should live until Leonard made Phyllis his wife, and the young pair took possession of the Golden Canister, was the grand wish of Luke's heart.

And there seemed every prospect that his desire would be gratified. Leonard was now twenty-three, and Luke himself had come into the business at that age, he determined that at the end of the year he would give the business into his son's hands, and counsel the young man to marry as soon as possible. He and Lettice would then retire into private life, feeling that they had done their duty in providing representatives to keep up the reputation and character of the Golden Canister.

Most people knew that this was the last year Luke would preside as master of the house, for he had spoken freely of his hope that next year Leonard would be married and reign in his stead; and he chuckled over the idea of standing idly by, and seeing the young folks would manage matters. "None so different," I warrant," was his self-congratulatory exclamation, adding confidentially, "Phyllis is the wife's right hand; the person who was to be mistress in place of Lettice Barton being thus clearly signified.

Now, surely, it is not to be wondered at, if by chance they were thrown together, Phyllis and Leonard, their son, and Phyllis's only child, Luke's brother, left an orphan from her babyhood. That he should live until Leonard made Phyllis his wife, and the young pair took possession of the Golden Canister, was the grand wish of Luke's heart.

And there seemed every prospect that his desire would be gratified. Leonard was now twenty-three, and Luke himself had come into the business at that age, he determined that at the end of the year he would give the business into his son's hands, and counsel the young man to marry as soon as possible. He and Lettice would then retire into private life, feeling that they had done their duty in providing representatives to keep up the reputation and character of the Golden Canister.

Most people knew that this was the last year Luke would preside as master of the house, for he had spoken freely of his hope that next year Leonard would be married and reign in his stead; and he chuckled over the idea of standing idly by, and seeing the young folks would manage matters. "None so different," I warrant," was his self-congratulatory exclamation, adding confidentially, "Phyllis is the wife's right hand; the person who was to be mistress in place of Lettice Barton being thus clearly signified.

THE GOLDEN CANISTER.

Not such a very long time ago, there stood in a certain quarter of one of the oldest towns in England, a low, long, langle roomed house, adorned both outside and inside with much curious wood work and carving. Long narrow windows, encircled with quaint wooden casements, overshadowed one another, each story protruding beyond the story below, while on a wide black beam they who ran might read "The Golden Canister."

But very few people ever ran past the sign of the Golden Canister. Strangers stood to admire the relic of the days long past, while the townspeople fingered about it, and finally came to it as having a chat with Luke Barton, the owner of the shop, and of its valuable stock of tea, coffee, and spices. These were all the wares that the Golden Canister professed to supply; tho' from its well filled shelves you might likewise obtain figs, raisins, nuts, honey, and like delicacies. For such common necessaries, as bacon, cheese, candles, and soap, you had to go elsewhere. No one ever spoke of Luke Barton as a grower, it would have been looked upon as showing a want of due respect and consideration to one who was known far and near as Mr. Barton of the Golden Canister,—nay, whose house gentle folks from all parts had come to see as a curiosity the like of which was not often to be come across.

At the Golden Canister lived Luke Barton; and Phyllis, the only child of Luke's brother, left an orphan from her babyhood. That he should live until Leonard made Phyllis his wife, and the young pair took possession of the Golden Canister, was the grand wish of Luke's heart.

And there seemed every prospect that his desire would be gratified. Leonard was now twenty-three, and Luke himself had come into the business at that age, he determined that at the end of the year he would give the business into his son's hands, and counsel the young man to marry as soon as possible. He and Lettice would then retire into private life, feeling that they had done their duty in providing representatives to keep up the reputation and character of the Golden Canister.

Most people knew that this was the last year Luke would preside as master of the house, for he had spoken freely of his hope that next year Leonard would be married and reign in his stead; and he chuckled over the idea of standing idly by, and seeing the young folks would manage matters. "None so different," I warrant," was his self-congratulatory exclamation, adding confidentially, "Phyllis is the wife's right hand; the person who was to be mistress in place of Lettice Barton being thus clearly signified.

Now, surely, it is not to be wondered at, if by chance they were thrown together, Phyllis and Leonard, their son, and Phyllis's only child, Luke's brother, left an orphan from her babyhood. That he should live until Leonard made Phyllis his wife, and the young pair took possession of the Golden Canister, was the grand wish of Luke's heart.

And there seemed every prospect that his desire would be gratified. Leonard was now twenty-three, and Luke himself had come into the business at that age, he determined that at the end of the year he would give the business into his son's hands, and counsel the young man to marry as soon as possible. He and Lettice would then retire into private life, feeling that they had done their duty in providing representatives to keep up the reputation and character of the Golden Canister.

Most people knew that this was the last year Luke would preside as master of the house, for he had spoken freely of his hope that next year Leonard would be married and reign in his stead; and he chuckled over the idea of standing idly by, and seeing the young folks would manage matters. "None so different," I warrant," was his self-congratulatory exclamation, adding confidentially, "Phyllis is the wife's right hand; the person who was to be mistress in place of Lettice Barton being thus clearly signified.

Now, surely, it is not to be wondered at, if by chance they were thrown together, Phyllis and Leonard, their son, and Phyllis's only child, Luke's brother, left an orphan from her babyhood. That he should live until Leonard made Phyllis his wife, and the young pair took possession of the Golden Canister, was the grand wish of Luke's heart.

And there seemed every prospect that his desire would be gratified. Leonard was now twenty-three, and Luke himself had come into the business at that age, he determined that at the end of the year he would give the business into his son's hands, and counsel the young man to marry as soon as possible. He and Lettice would then retire into private life, feeling that they had done their duty in providing representatives to keep up the reputation and character of the Golden Canister.

Most people knew that this was the last year Luke would preside as master of the house, for he had spoken freely of his hope that next year Leonard would be married and reign in his stead; and he chuckled over the idea of standing idly by, and seeing the young folks would manage matters. "None so different," I warrant," was his self-congratulatory exclamation, adding confidentially, "Phyllis is the wife's right hand; the person who was to be mistress in place of Lettice Barton being thus clearly signified.

Now, surely, it is not to be wondered at, if by chance they were thrown together, Phyllis and Leonard, their son, and Phyllis's only child, Luke's brother, left an orphan from her babyhood. That he should live until Leonard made Phyllis his wife, and the young pair took possession of the Golden Canister, was the grand wish of Luke's heart.

And there seemed every prospect that his desire would be gratified. Leonard was now twenty-three, and Luke himself had come into the business at that age, he determined that at the end of the year he would give the business into his son's hands, and counsel the young man to marry as soon as possible. He and Lettice would then retire into private life, feeling that they had done their duty in providing representatives to keep up the reputation and character of the Golden Canister.

Most people knew that this was the last year Luke would preside as master of the house, for he had spoken freely of his hope that next year Leonard would be married and reign in his stead; and he chuckled over the idea of standing idly by, and seeing the young folks would manage matters. "None so different," I warrant," was his self-congratulatory exclamation, adding confidentially, "Phyllis is the wife's right hand; the person who was to be mistress in place of Lettice Barton being thus clearly signified.

Now, surely, it is not to be wondered at, if by chance they were thrown together, Phyllis and Leonard, their son, and Phyllis's only child, Luke's brother, left an orphan from her babyhood. That he should live until Leonard made Phyllis his wife, and the young pair took possession of the Golden Canister, was the grand wish of Luke's heart.

rejoice that fate had decided that this perfect pair should mate together. From this day forth Phyllis heart had been sore and heavy, she had not been the only one to suffer. Leonard, on his part, had not known one minute's peace, and he gave a sigh of relief when he found himself alone and able to look as dejected and miserable as he felt. "What can I do?" he muttered half aloud, "I never will go through such another day, I am determined. While people were congratulating me, I felt and looked like a culprit. And why? Because I cannot accept the wife my father has provided for me. Is that a crime? Is a man to hang his head, and be ashamed to look up, because he finds it impossible to control his feelings and affections? Of course, when I knew no better, I fancied I loved Phyllis; but now I would not, I can't help it, she cares for me, but that is not love. It would be impossible for a nature like Phyllis's to feel for any man what Nora feels for me. She would be a little less spirited for a day or two, and then she'd remember the cabbage wanted picking, the jam wanted boiling and her domestic duties would gradually counteract any grief she might feel; but Nora would break her heart. She says if she thought the man she gave her love to did not return it, she should die—the very idea would kill her. My father and mother must love her. She would win any person's love, only I cannot bear to disappoint the dear old souls, whose hearts are set upon having Phyllis for a daughter. How I wish I had not let it go on so long! I never suspected that the old man had talked so openly of giving up the business; but I won't dance with Phyllis; people shan't say I deceived them that far, and she's sure to get plenty of partners, I suppose I have kept other fellows away from her. Well, they can come forward now; she'll get a better match than I, for of course she'll marry—at least I wish her to."

Now Leonard was deceiving himself, as he had been doing ever since the little old fashioned theatre opened for the winter season with several distinguished stars from London, and among them Miss Nora Churchill. Of course, he went, with all the other young men, to see the fascinating actress, who, as report said, had driven all the young aristocrats in London to desperation. And though it seemed wonderful that one so sought after should consent to leave all this homage to introduce him, she did so. He had been doing ever since the little old fashioned theatre opened for the winter season with several distinguished stars from London, and among them Miss Nora Churchill. Of course, he went, with all the other young men, to see the fascinating actress, who, as report said, had driven all the young aristocrats in London to desperation. And though it seemed wonderful that one so sought after should consent to leave all this homage to introduce him, she did so.

Now Leonard was deceiving himself, as he had been doing ever since the little old fashioned theatre opened for the winter season with several distinguished stars from London, and among them Miss Nora Churchill. Of course, he went, with all the other young men, to see the fascinating actress, who, as report said, had driven all the young aristocrats in London to desperation. And though it seemed wonderful that one so sought after should consent to leave all this homage to introduce him, she did so. He had been doing ever since the little old fashioned theatre opened for the winter season with several distinguished stars from London, and among them Miss Nora Churchill. Of course, he went, with all the other young men, to see the fascinating actress, who, as report said, had driven all the young aristocrats in London to desperation. And though it seemed wonderful that one so sought after should consent to leave all this homage to introduce him, she did so.

Now Leonard was deceiving himself, as he had been doing ever since the little old fashioned theatre opened for the winter season with several distinguished stars from London, and among them Miss Nora Churchill. Of course, he went, with all the other young men, to see the fascinating actress, who, as report said, had driven all the young aristocrats in London to desperation. And though it seemed wonderful that one so sought after should consent to leave all this homage to introduce him, she did so. He had been doing ever since the little old fashioned theatre opened for the winter season with several distinguished stars from London, and among them Miss Nora Churchill. Of course, he went, with all the other young men, to see the fascinating actress, who, as report said, had driven all the young aristocrats in London to desperation. And though it seemed wonderful that one so sought after should consent to leave all this homage to introduce him, she did so.

Now Leonard was deceiving himself, as he had been doing ever since the little old fashioned theatre opened for the winter season with several distinguished stars from London, and among them Miss Nora Churchill. Of course, he went, with all the other young men, to see the fascinating actress, who, as report said, had driven all the young aristocrats in London to desperation. And though it seemed wonderful that one so sought after should consent to leave all this homage to introduce him, she did so.

Now Leonard was deceiving himself, as he had been doing ever since the little old fashioned theatre opened for the winter season with several distinguished stars from London, and among them Miss Nora Churchill. Of course, he went, with all the other young men, to see the fascinating actress, who, as report said, had driven all the young aristocrats in London to desperation. And though it seemed wonderful that one so sought after should consent to leave all this homage to introduce him, she did so.

Now Leonard was deceiving himself, as he had been doing ever since the little old fashioned theatre opened for the winter season with several distinguished stars from London, and among them Miss Nora Churchill. Of course, he went, with all the other young men, to see the fascinating actress, who, as report said, had driven all the young aristocrats in London to desperation. And though it seemed wonderful that one so sought after should consent to leave all this homage to introduce him, she did so.

Now Leonard was deceiving himself, as he had been doing ever since the little old fashioned theatre opened for the winter season with several distinguished stars from London, and among them Miss Nora Churchill. Of course, he went, with all the other young men, to see the fascinating actress, who, as report said, had driven all the young aristocrats in London to desperation. And though it seemed wonderful that one so sought after should consent to leave all this homage to introduce him, she did so.

Now Leonard was deceiving himself, as he had been doing ever since the little old fashioned theatre opened for the winter season with several distinguished stars from London, and among them Miss Nora Churchill. Of course, he went, with all the other young men, to see the fascinating actress, who, as report said, had driven all the young aristocrats in London to desperation. And though it seemed wonderful that one so sought after should consent to leave all this homage to introduce him, she did so.

Now Leonard was deceiving himself, as he had been doing ever since the little old fashioned theatre opened for the winter season with several distinguished stars from London, and among them Miss Nora Churchill. Of course, he went, with all the other young men, to see the fascinating actress, who, as report said, had driven all the young aristocrats in London to desperation. And though it seemed wonderful that one so sought after should consent to leave all this homage to introduce him, she did so.

ever offered anything when he had any thing to offer. She accordingly urged Nora to consider whether she had not better secure this chance. The Bartons, she heard were very wealthy people, and Leonard an only son. But Nora was not anxious to seal her fate. She laughed at the prospect of settling down in a remote country town, with what she termed a good looking bumpkin, and said that some more tempting bait must be offered before she consented to forego the charms of her profession. Mrs. Churchill, however, was not so certain, she thought of giving up this substance for a meeting, and she felt that at least it would be prudent to hold him on for a time. So it was the mother who managed that Leonard should never leave without an engagement to come again; it was she who told him of the splendid offers Nora had received, and hinted at the change which lately she had observed in the dear girl's spirits. All very wrong, no doubt, but Mrs. Churchill only did what many a woman with far less excuse often tries to do. She strove to secure a comfortable home and well to do husband for her daughter, although she knew well that heart was not in his keeping. Thirty years of shift, deceit, poverty, and debt tend to make people somewhat hard in their notions, and Mrs. Churchill was no exception in this respect. As long as Nora's welfare was secured, Leonard's happiness was a very secondary consideration to Mrs. Churchill.

So it happened that while Luke and Lettice Barton were making plans to surprise their son by giving up to him the entire charge and profits of the Golden Canister, and while Phyllis was trying to keep down her bitter tears at her lover's altered manner, and Leonard was annoyed and irritated because people would keep congratulating him on an event which he had decided should never take place. Mrs. Churchill was inducing Nora to write to Leonard in the hope that jealousy would induce him to propose an immediate marriage, in such case she might talk her daughter into accepting the offer. She was vexed with Nora for laughing at poor Leonard's passionate declarations, and soundly reprimanded her for making fun of him before her new admirer, Captain Southland. But the sermonizing had little effect upon Nora, who wrote the letter, and when the gallant captain on her way to post it, displayed to his view the bulky epistle, calling it a "sugar sop" for "Figs" by which name she distinguished Leonard among her more aristocratic admirers.

But all this is unknown to Leonard, who on the evening of the dance feels almost jealous of the admiration pale Phyllis is attracting, thinking how far ahead she and all the pretty girls there would be of his bright-eyed, captivating eldest Miss Tatton. Phyllis waited until then, and after that Leonard had no more embarrassment, for before each dance ended she had provided a partner for the next, so that supper time arrived, and not once had the two spoken to each other.

In the excitement no body present noticed it, or, if they did, they fancied the noise had been arranged between them. At Leonard's, it was the custom to have "The Triumph" led off by Luke Barton and his wife, and as each couple were secure of sitting together at supper the engagements for this dance were made very early in the evening. No man tho' of asking Phyllis of course, she and Leonard would go together, as they had always done. So the time began and the places were taken, and Leonard lingered, not knowing what to do. He saw that no one else intended to claim Phyllis yet this was the very dance he had most wished to avoid. However, it was of no use hesitating they were nearly the last couple left. So he walked up to Phyllis, whose eyes sparkled more than he had ever seen them do before, as he said to her—

"Phyllis, will you dance with me?"

"No, Leonard," she replied.