THE MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

E. B. HAWLEY, Proprietor. MONTROSE, PA., WEDNESDAY, FEB. 16, 1870. VOLUME XXVII, NUMBER 7.

Business Cards.

CHARLES N. STODDARD,
Dealer in Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Leather and Findings, Main Street, 3d door below Searle's Hotel. 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. REYNOLDS,
AUCTIONEER. Sells Dry Goods, and Merchanize—also attends at Vendues. All orders left at my house will receive prompt attention. [Oct. 1, 1869—tf

O. M. HAWLEY,
DEALER in DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, CROCKERY Hardware, Hats, Caps, Boots & Shoes, Ready Made Clothing, Paints, Oils, etc., New Milford, Pa. [Sept. 8, '69.

DR. S. W. DAYTON,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, tenders his services to the citizens of Great Bend and vicinity. Office at his residence, opposite Barnum House, G. Bend village. Sept. 1st, 1869.—tf

LAW OFFICE.
CHAMBERLIN & McCOLLUM, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law. Office in the Brick Block over the Bank. [Montrose Aug. 4, 1869.
A. CHAMBERLIN. J. H. McCOLLUM.

A. & D. R. LATHROP,
DEALERS in Dry Goods, Groceries, crockery and glassware, table and pocket cutlery, Paints, oils, dye stuffs, Hats boots and shoes, sole leather, Perfumery &c. Brick Block, adjoining the Bank, Montrose. [August 11, 1869.—tf
A. LATHROP, D. R. LATHROP.

A. O. WARREN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Bounty, Back Pay, Pension, and Exemption Claims attended to. Office first door below Boyd's Store, Montrose Pa. [Jan 1, '69.

WM. A. CROSSHON,
Attorney at Law, Montrose, Susq'a Co. Pa., can be found at all reasonable business hours 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,
[jul 69] Friendsville, Pa.

C. S. GILBERT,
U. S. Auctioneer.
[aug 1 69] Great Bend, Pa.

AMI ELY,
U. S. Auctioneer.
Aug. 1, 1869. Address, Brooklyn, Pa.

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

W. W. SMITH,
CABINET AND CHAIR MANUFACTURERS,—Corner of Main street, Montrose, Pa. [aug. 1, 1869.

H. BURRITT,
DEALER in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Crockery Hardware, Iron, Stoves, Drugs, Oils, and Paints, Boots and Shoes, Hats & Caps, Furs, Buffalo Robes Groceries, Provisions, &c., New Milford, Pa.

DR. E. P. HINES,
Has permanently located at Friendsville for the purpose of practicing medicine and surgery in all its branches. He may be found at the Jackson House. Office hours from 8 a. m., to 8 p. m.
Friendsville, Pa., Aug. 1, 1869

STROUD & BROWN,
FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE AGENTS. All business attended to promptly, on fair terms. Office first door north of "Montrose Hotel," west side of Public Avenue, Montrose, Pa. [Aug. 1, 1869.
BILLINGS STROUD, CHARLES L. BROWN.

JOHN SAUTTER,
RESPECTFULLY announces that he is now prepared to cut all kinds of Garments in the most fashionable Style, warranted to fit with elegance and ease. Shop over the Post Office, Montrose, Pa.

WM. D. LUSK,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Montrose, Pa. Office opposite the Tarbell House, near the Court House. Aug. 1, 1869.—tf

DR. W. W. SMITH,
DENTIST. Rooms over Boyd & Corwin's Hard Ware Store. Office hours from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. Montrose, Aug. 1, 1869.—tf

ABEL TURRELL,
DEALER in Drugs, Patent Medicines, Chemicals, Liquors, Paints, Oils, Dye Stuffs, Varnishes, Window Glass, Groceries, Glass Ware, Wall and Window Paper, Stone ware, Lamps, Kerosene, Machinery Oils, Tobacco, Guns, Ammunition, Knives, Spectacles Brushes, Fancy Goods, Jewelry, Perfumery, &c.—being one of the most numerous, extensive, and valuable collections of Goods in Susquehanna Co.—Established in 1846. [Montrose, Pa.

D. W. SEARLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, office over the Store of A. Lathrop, in the Brick Block, Montrose, Pa. [jan'69

E. L. WEEKS. C. C. FATRIOT.
E. L. WEEKS & CO.
Dealers in Dry Goods, Clothing, Ladies and Misses fine Shoes. Also, agents for the great American Tea and Coffee Company [Montrose, Pa., aug. 1, 9.

DR. W. L. RICHARDSON,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, tenders his professional services to the citizens of Montrose and vicinity.—Office at his residence, on the corner east of Sayre & Bros. Foundry. [Aug 1, 1869.

DR. E. L. GARDNER,
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON, Montrose, Pa. Gives especial attention to diseases of the Heart and Lungs and all Surgical diseases. Office over W. H. Dean's Boards at Searle's Hotel. [Aug. 1, 1869

BURNS & NICHOLS,
DEALERS in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Dyestuffs, Paints, Oils, Varnish, Liquors, Spices Fancy Goods, Patent Medicines, Perfumery and Toilet Articles. ☞ Prescriptions carefully compounded.—Public Avenue, above Searle's Hotel, Montrose, Pa
A. H. BURNS, AMOS NICHOLS.
Aug. 1, 1869.

DR. E. L. HANDRICK,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizen of Friendsville and vicinity. ☞ Office in the office of Dr. Lee—Boards at J. Hosford's. Aug. 1, 1869.

SOLDIERS' BOUNTY,
PENSIONS, and BACK PAY.
The undersigned, LICENSED AGENT of the GOVERNMENT, having obtained the necessary forms, &c., will give prompt attention to all claims intrusted to his care. No charge unless successful.
GEO. F. LITTLE.
Montrose, June 6th, 1864.

DENTISTRY.
All those in want of false Teeth or other dental work should call at the office of the subscribers, who are prepared to do all kinds of work in their line on short notice.
Particular attention paid to making full and partial sets of teeth on gold, silver, or aluminum plate; also on Weston's cast composition; the two latter preferable to any of the cheaper substances now used for dental plates.
Teeth of young persons regulated, and made to grow in natural shape.
The advantage of having work done by permanently located and responsible parties, must be apparent to all.
All work warranted. Please call and examine specimens of plate work at our office, over Boyd & Co's hardware store.
W. W. SMITH & BROTHER.
Montrose, Aug. 18, 1869.—tf

PEBBLE SPECTACLES—also common Spectacles, a new supply, for sale by
Montrose, Nov. 10, 1869. ABEL TURRELL.

Poet's Corner.

THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.

I have read and dreamed of a beautiful gate,
Moving on hinges of purest gold,
On the other side of the River of Death,
Whose waters are dark, and dreary, and cold.

Many have reached that deep, dark stream,
On its quiet brink to watch and wait
For the messenger pale to bear them across
Its waveless tide to the Golden Gate.

The first one that left our household band
Was one who had eyes of deepest blue,
With a brow as fair as the pale spring flower,
And a heart as pure as the morning dew.

Long as she lay on a bed of pain,
Long, very long, did we hope and wait,
My angel sister, where is she now?
She has entered in at the Golden Gate.

An angel came, and within her arms
She bore her away to her home above;
I caught the gleam of a glittering band,
And heard sweet words from a hymn of love.

But the angel guest soon came again,
And another one left our broken band—
Another one passed through the Golden Gate
Into the beautiful shining Land.

Mother, oh! mother, I cried in my grief,
How long on earth must I weep and wait?
"Till it pleaseth God," a voice replied,
To call thee home through the Golden Gate.

Thus one by one they all passed away,
While I am left, lonely and desolate
How I sometimes yearn for the angel to come
And bear me away through the Golden Gate.

In fancy I see my mother's face,
And my gentle sister's violet eyes;
And the rest that have left me, I see them too,
Looking down at me from the azure skies.

When the slanting rays of the setting sun
A glory of molten gold create,
A child's soft whisper reaches my ear—
"We are waiting for thee at the Golden Gate."

When the sun moves south in the autumn sky,
And the leaves their branches all forsake,
I know that I like them will die,
And pass to my rest through the Golden Gate.

PRETTY LINES.

My soul thy sacred image keeps,
My midnight dreams are all of thee,
For nature then in silence sleeps,
And silence broods o'er land and sea;
Oh, in that still mysterious hour,
How oft from waking dreams I start,
To find thee but a fancy flower,
Thou cherished idol of my heart,
Thou hast each thought and dream of mine—
Have I in turn one thought of thine?

For ever thine my dreams will be
Whatever may be my fortunes here,
I ask not love—I claim from thee
Only one boon, a gentle tear;
May blessed visions from above
Play brightly round thy happy heart,
And may the beams of peace and love
Ne'er from thy glowing soul depart.
Farewell! all dreams are still with thee,
Hast thou one tender thought of me?

My joys like summer birds may fly,
My hopes like summer blooms depart,
But there's one flower that cannot die,
Thy holy memory in my heart;
No dews that one flower's cup may fill,
No sunlight to its leaves be given,
But it will live and flourish still,
As deathless as a thing of Heaven,
My soul greets thine, unmasked, unsought,
Hast thou for me one gentle thought?

Farewell! farewell! my far-off friend!
Between us broad, blue rivers flew,
And forests wave and plains extend,
And mountains in the sunlight glow;
The wind that breathes upon thy brow
Is not the wind that breathes on mine,
The starbeams shining on thee now
Are not the beams that on me shine.
But memory's spell is with me yet—
Gan's't thou the holy part forget?

The bitter tears that thou and I
May shed where'er by anguish bowed,
Exalted into the noontide sky,
May meet and mingle in the cloud;
And thus, my much loved friend, though we
Far, far apart must live and move,
Our souls, when God hath set them free,
Can mingle in the world of love.
This were an ecstacy to me—
Say—would it be a joy to thee?

BREVITIES.

—A cramped waist betokens brains in a similar condition.

—Lawyers must sleep more comfortably than other people; it is immaterial on which side they lie.

—A humorist put a litter of pups into a neighbor's well, and it wasn't discovered until the family began to bark.

—A young man in Cleveland announces as his "mission" to marry the widow Vanderbilt when the Commodore goes off the gangway.

—"Jake, lend me ten dollars till I sell my dog?" "Jake replied, soothingly and sympathetically, "O, Jim! I wouldn't sell him."

—Fashionable young lady, detaching her hair before retiring: "What dreams may come when we have shuffled off this mortal coil!"

—The saying that "there is more pleasure in giving than receiving," is supposed to apply to "kicks, medicine and advice."

—A bachelor seeing the words "Families Supplied" over the door of a shop, stepped in and said he would take a wife and two children.

—At a festival in Chicago, to the St. Andrews drew's Society, when the toast "The Bench and Bar" was announced, the band struck up "The Rogue's March."

—A raiser of poultry in Louisiana has dug a well at the entrance of his hen house, and placed a tilting cover on it. His catch averages one darkey a night.

—"I'm afraid you'll come to want," said an old lady to her daughter. "I have come to want already," was the reply; "I want a nice young man."

—During an examination, a medical student was asked the question, "When does mortification ensue?" replied, "When you pop the question, and are answered no."

Miscellaneous.

THE INDIAN'S WHITE WIFE.
Founded Upon Fact.

BY MRS. C. H. N. THOMAS.

During the summer of 185—, I visited a relative who resided near the —— Springs, whose popularly reputed health-giving waters annually attracted crowds of visitors. The season was at its height. The hotels were filled with pleasure-seekers, while nervous invalids sought for more quiet accommodations in private families.

The principal spring was surrounded by a beautiful grove, underneath whose ample shade were exposed for sale the various products of the Indian women's skillful fingers, which often commanded an exorbitant price. Some of these girls were very pretty and picturesque in their gay costumes, and their stands were well patronized by the wealthy visitors.

I was especially attracted by and interested in the inmates of a little cabin farther up the hill, which consisted of a stalwart Indian, whom I always found seated near the door, making bows and arrows of the most skillful workmanship, and his white wife, a really beautiful woman, with flashing black eyes and a skin but slightly tinged by the exposure of her out-of-door life. She wore moccasins embroidered with beads, a short, gay skirt trimmed with fringe of feathers, and a scarlet blanket thrown about her graceful shoulders. The whole costume became her well, and to me was strangely fascinating.

Three children, with something of their mother's beauty and their father's grave and taciturn demeanor, played about the door; but though the mother provided for their simple wants, I never observed her caressing or fondling them as mothers usually do. I have my full share of womanly curiosity, and never before had it been so thoroughly aroused. Besides, I was only sixteen then, and somewhat romantic within, so I dreamed of my heroine, as I fancied her, by day and by night, and talked about her to every one whose attention I could command, or who seemed in the least interested.

Among the boarders in my friend's family was a gentleman apparently about forty years of age, though his hair and heavy beard were thickly sprinkled with gray. His eyes were dark and piercing, and his whole manner peculiarly nervous and restless. Every day he took his station near the principal spring, at the hour prescribed by fashion for her devotees to imbibe the waters, peering eagerly into every beautiful face, as if striving to discover some long lost friend; but invariably returning home sad and dejected, and remaining for some time in the solitude of his own room. We all fancied him [illegible] shy of his acquaintance.

To my surprise, he listened earnestly to all my rhapsodies about my beautiful friend, and finally expressed a wish to accompany me to her cabin. I consented, hoping to introduce a good customer for the articles she and her husband manufactured, and said, playfully, as we approached the cabin—

"I believe this woman could tell a strange story, and you must help me to unravel the mystery."

The little ones darted shyly behind the cabin, and the Indian gave his usual salutary grunt as we entered. My friend was seated upon a broad mat, busily plaiting a broach of delicate fibres. She looked up at me with a smile, but the moment her eye fell upon my companion a strange expression flitted across her features, and she waved us back, imperiously as any queen might have done; but finding that my companion stood fixed immovably to the spot, her look and tone changed to intense and imploring supplication, and with clasped, upraised hands she wailed out:

"Raymond, Raymond Morris! what do you here? O, why will you not leave me?"

I laid my hand lightly upon his arm, hoping to break the spell that bound him, but the muscles were rigid as iron. The Indian alone was imperturbable, only giving utterance, at intervals, to a short guttural sound, expressive of dissatisfaction. I stood trembling with terror, and my beautiful friend bowed her head upon her hands, while Raymond Morris' white lips strove for articulation.

"Julia! my lost Julia!" came at last from the depths of a breaking heart, and with feeble, uncertain steps he left the cabin, I walking silently by his side, for his countenance repelled all inquiry and forbade the expression of sympathy.

Neither of us visited the spring the next day, but toward evening Raymond Morris entered the parlor, and seating himself before me, without preliminary remark, said—

"Miss Fanny, I have a great favor to ask of you. Promise me that you will endeavor to procure me another interview with the woman we saw yesterday. I must see her again, yet I would not go unbidden. I have known her in other and happier years; she was the betrothed of my youth, whom I have sought long and vainly until now. They told me she was married—married of her own free choice—but, O, I never dreamed of this!"

Raymond Morris bowed his pale face upon his hands; then raising his head, said, earnestly—

"You will assist me? Promise me that you will assist me?"

I could no resist his appeal, and promised hesitatingly.

The next morning, at an early hour I wended my way to the little cabin. Its mistress received me calmly, but with less than her usual cordiality. With low voice and stammering lips I performed my errand. The Indian husband was absent, and Julia motioned me to a seat on the mat beside her. Perhaps from long residence among the Indians, she had acquired the habit of repressing her feelings, for it was with scarcely a visible trace of emotion that she told her story:

"I was born and educated among the granite hills of New Hampshire. My father was a clergyman, a good man, but stern and repellent in his manner. I had little recreation; work, study and grave discourse alternating in my life. I know, now, that my father loved me, and that he intended this strict discipline for what he called my 'highest good.' When I was fifteen my mother died, and I was sent to the —— Academy. Raymond Morris was principal. I had never loved learning for its own sake, nor imbibed it eagerly under my father's frigid tuition, but the persuasive lips and eloquent eyes of Raymond Morris lured me to commit many a hard lesson, and rendered comparatively easy many an irksome task. My father was well satisfied with my progress, and I was returned for the second year. But, alas, during this year I learned a lesson not to be found in books, and at its close found myself betrothed to Raymond Morris. I did not dream of my father's displeasure; but he was indignant that we had plighted ourselves without his approval. No sin could have been more unpardonable in his eyes, and Raymond was forbidden his house. Still I contrived ways of meeting him, until my father's watchful eyes discovered our secret. Then I was subjected to a still stricter surveillance for weeks, but by the old housekeeper's connivance, managed to escape during my father's temporary absence.

"But alas, Raymond had gone, I knew not whither. My obdurate spirit was unsubdued, and I now determined never to return to my father's house. I wandered aimlessly along until I came upon a little Indian hamlet. They received me kindly, and in my then exasperated state of feeling, their, simple, out-door life and freedom seemed congenial to me. An aged squaw took me to her cabin, and after awhile proposed to me to marry her son.

"My whole soul revolted at first. But a galling sense of injustice rankled in my heart, and a wild desire for revenge upon my stern father took complete possession of me. I think I was insane then! God knows! A magistrate was sent for whose scruples a moderate fee silenced, and there, under the broad canopy of Heaven, surrounded by dusky faces, I uttered the false vows which made me a wedded wife.

"Henceforth with all the happiness I could know was the thought that I had foiled and humiliated my father, and for months I took a fierce delight in it.

"Then we removed to this place. I had never seen my father since he left me a prisoner in my own room, and though at times a longing for reconciliation would come over me, pride held me back. But when all hope had died in my heart, Providence sent him to my very door. We met with chastened and subdued spirits. Mutually we sought and obtained forgiveness. He, the gray haired venerable man, has laid his hand in benediction upon my head; he has caressed my dark-browed children, and smoked the pipe of peace with him I call husband.

"Tell Raymond Morris this—that I am now a wedded wife. Peace is all that is left me; let him not come to disturb it, I [illegible] another interview. Give him my blessing and farewell, and may the Lord deal with you as with me in repeating my words faithfully to him."

The next morning, Raymond Morris, bowed as with the weight of ten additional years, took his seat in the coach for the nearest railroad station. I have never seen or heard of him since.

Every season brings Julia and her Indian family to occupy the cabin on the hillside. She has grown feeble and prematurely old, and the grave will soon close over her wrongs and sorrows.

PRENTICE.
His Last Hours and Dying Words.

When Dr. Benson reached Mr. Prentice's bedside evening before last, he found that his patient was rapidly sinking. He was yet conscious, and remained so up to the moment of his death. One of Mr. Prentice's earliest literary productions was a story called, we believe, "The Maniac of the Lake," an extract from which has been making the annual rounds of the press for the last thirty years. A few days ago Mrs. Dr. Benson, who took a deep interest in the spiritual welfare of Mr. Prentice, clipped the extract from a newspaper, and requested her husband to ask Mr. Prentice to read it. The following is the extract:

"It cannot be that this earth is man's only abiding place. It cannot be that our life is a bubble, cast up by eternity to float a moment upon its waves, and sink into nothingness. Else why is it the high and glorious aspirations which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts are forever wandering unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and the clouds come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off and leave us to muse on their loveliness? Why is it that the stars, which hold their festival around the midnight throne are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And, finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our views and taken from us, leaving a thousand streams of our affections to flow back in an Alpine torrent upon our hearts? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades; where the stars are spread out before us like islands that slumber on the ocean, and where the beautiful beings which pass before us like shadows will stay forever in our presence."

During the night the doctor asked Mr. Prentice if he would read the extract. He replied that he was no longer able to read.

"Shall I read it for you?" asked the doctor. "Yes, yes," was the reply. The beautiful words were read, but their dying author was too near the other world to appreciate fully their significance. He muttered a few sentences, with his failing eyes turned heavenward, but the sounds were too indistinct to be intelligible. In the meantime two of Mr. Prentice's best and most beloved friends, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Griffin, had reached his bedside. To Mrs. Griffin, the poetess of this city, the last poem he ever wrote was addressed. She was much devoted to him, and he ever spoke of her in the most affectionate terms, always calling her "Alice." She approached, and, leaning over his pillow a short time before he breathed his last, asked him, "Do you know me?" "Yes," said he, "it is Josephine." "No," said Mrs. Griffin, "it is Alice." "Yes, yes, I know you now," said he, after which he spoke a few intelligible words. For the last hour he made no effort to converse with those around him. To the questions that were addressed to him he merely answered yes or no. His last intelligible words, uttered some two hours before his death, were, "I would like to know—."—*Louisville Journal, January 23.*

STEAM.

BY SIGMA.

Few things are so common, now-a-days, as steam and its application to manufacturing and locomotive purposes; and yet few things are so poorly understood. Let the question be proposed to a mixed company of persons of all ages and occupations, "What are the bubbles which rise through boiling water filled with?" and nine out of ten of them will answer at once, "They are filled with air." And the same large majority will insist upon it that the white cloud which issues from the nose of the tea-kettle and the whistle of the locomotive is steam.

Now both these ideas are wrong. The rising bubbles are full of steam, and the white cloud is wattery vapor. It was once steam, it is true, but it is now steam no longer. It has already returned to water, whence it came.

It is the nature of water, when exposed to a high degree of heat, to change suddenly from a liquid state to the form of an invisible gaseous fluid, which we call steam. As cold changes water into ice, so heat produces a like wonderful transformation, changing water into an invisible gas, which is, in many respects, entirely unlike its origin. Water is heavy; steam is light. Water is visible; steam is invisible,—just as invisible as air. Water is nonelastic; steam is in the highest degree elastic; steam is rare. A small thimblefull of water will make a large pailful of steam.

When an atom of water lying at the bottom of a kettle is exposed to 212 degrees of heat, it is instantaneously changed to steam, and occupies nearly two thousand times as large a space as it did before. As Satan in the Garden of Eden, crouching like a toad at the ear of sleeping Eve, sprang instantly into the stately proportions of a gigantic man at the touch of Ithuriel's spear, so the tiny particles of water, under the magical influence of heat, suddenly leap from their humble form into great, hissing bubbles of steam. These, on account of their superior lightness, begin at once to struggle upwards out of their wattery grave. This great expansion and rapid rising readily explain the violent agitation of boiling water.

It has been said above that this great change takes place at the temperature of 212 degrees. But this degree of heat is not constant. It varies with the [illegible] face of the water. Travelers who make their way to lofty mountain-tops, where the pressure of the air is much less than at the level of the sea, find that water boils at a much lower degree of heat. Cooks tell us that on some days the teakettle will boil much quicker, and that the water in the pot where meat is cooking will boil away much faster than on other days. On such days the barometer would show that the pressure of the air is comparatively light. If a dish of boiling water is removed from the fire and allowed to cool for a short time, it will again commence boiling violently, if placed under the partially exhausted receiver of an air-pump. Or, if some water is boiled over a lamp in a thin glass bottle, then removed from the fire and closely corked, it may again be set to boiling by pouring cold water upon the bottle.

To understand the reason of this, it must be remembered that steam remains steam only so long as its temperature is kept up to 212 degrees. The moment it is cooled below that degree it returns to water again as quickly as it was before changed to steam. This is called condensation. In the experiment with the glass bottle, the steam which fills the flask above the boiling water is at once condensed by the application of cold water, and the external air being excluded by the cork, there is no pressure left upon the surface of the water to prevent bubbles of steam rising through it at a much lower temperature than before.—*Educational Gazette.*

Curious Facts in Natural History.

The rattlesnake finds a superior foe in deer and black snake. Whenever a buck discovers a rattlesnake in a situation which invites attack, he loses no time in preparing for battle. He makes up to within ten or twelve feet of the snake—then leaps forward, and aims to sever the body of the snake with his sharp hoofs. The first onset is most commonly successful; but if otherwise, the buck repeats the trial until he cuts the snake in twain. The rapidity and fatality of his skillful manœuvre leave but a slight chance for his victim either to escape or to inject its poison into his more alert antagonist.

The black snake is also more than an equal competitor against the rattlesnake. Such is its celerity of motion, not only in running, but in entwining itself round its victim, that the rattlesnake has no way of escaping from its fatal embrace. When the black and rattlesnake are about to meet for battle, the former darts forward at the height of his speed, and strikes at the neck of the latter with unerring certainty, leaving a foot or two of the upper part of his own body at liberty. In an instant he encircles him within five or six folds; he then stops and looks the strangled and gasping foe in the face, to ascertain the effect produced upon his corseted body. If he shows signs of life, the coils are multiplied and the screws tightened—the operator all the while narrowly watching the countenance of the helpless victim. Thus the two remain thirty or forty minutes—the executioner then slackens one coil, noticing at the same time whether any signs of life appear; if so, the coil is resumed, and retained until the incarcerated wretch is completely dead. The moccasin snake is destroyed in the same way.

Fire-Spouts.

Torrents of liquid fire have sometimes burst from the earth and overwhelmed the adjacent country, in a manner somewhat different from the common eruptions of volcanoes; and are called *Fire-Spouts*. In 1783, three fire-spouts broke out in Iceland, in the province of Shapterfiall. Signs of the eruptions were perceived on the first of June; the earth beginning to tremble, and a continual smoke or steam arising from it. On the eighth of June the fire became visible, and the atmosphere was filled with sand, brimstone and ashes, in such a manner as to occasion continual darkness. The three different fire-spouts, in a short time, united into one, and rolled its billows of flame so high as to be seen at the distance of more than two hundred miles; the whole country, for double that distance, being covered with a smoke or steam not to be described. The torrent of fire took its course first down, and then up the channel of the river *Skapta*, and entirely consumed or dried up its waters: at length coming to the hill, in which the river had its source, the fiery deluge rose to a prodigious height, and overflowed the village of Buland, which was situated upon the top of the hill; consuming the houses, church, and everything that stood in its way. It still increased, spreading itself out in length and breadth for many miles, drying up other rivers besides the *Skapta*, overflowing a number of villages and converting a large tract of country into a sea of fire. It continued its dreadful progress, in different directions, till the thirteenth of August; after which the fiery lake no longer spread itself, but nevertheless continued to burn for some length of time. The smoke reached as far as the island of Great Britain, where, during the whole summer of 1783, an obscurity prevailed throughout all parts of that island; the atmosphere appearing to be covered with a continual haze, which prevented the sun from appearing with his usual splendor.—*Brit. Encyclopædia.*

Why Marriage is Dying Out.

Much of the careless morality of the present day is owing to the way in which women dress. There is no caviling at the fact or pretending to gnore it, but the moderately dressed wife and mother is fast disappearing from our homes.

The domestic daughter has long since become a myth, and in her place we have a creature of hair and humps—waist-hips, Grecian-bend, high heeled, chignoned young lady, who laughs loud and talks fast, and writes herself "Marie" or "Julie," and who is a complete success in doing nothing, except the slang literature of the day.

I think the reason young men do not marry is because girls have ceased to be domestic, and spend a great deal of money upon dress. They [illegible] live in a quiet way and dress moderately; they must go out, dress and ride, and frequent places of amusement; have suppers and boquets, and receive adulation. It costs a great deal of money, which the young man furnishes, and he never gets ahead enough to marry; so they repent, and try their luck over again. It is the easiest thing in the world to do with less luxury, but it involves a little self-sacrifice and economy, and these virtues are fast becoming exotics.

Fully one-half of the girls who are now filling situations in stores, offices, etc., go there in the first place in order to be able to dress better. They live in plain but comfortable homes, and must help with the housework or the children of their own kin; but they hear glowing accounts of the city; they want the finery that is denied them, and they want to go from those peaceful home lives, from the kind guardianship of parents, to the toil and temptation of the ten-hour system. They go plain country girls, with modest, blushing cheeks and smooth, shining hair, they stay there a year or two, and their cheeks are pale and their hair is frizzed. They have lost the gaucherie of blushing, and are bad at repartee. They dress somehow and live somehow; but they have hours of despondency that make them old. It is one struggle with labor and temptation, and how they preserve their integrity God only knows.

Now, would not these girls be happier as the wives of farmers and mechanics? Would not one word of genuine love outweigh a ton of admiration? Would not the smile of a little child be a thousand times better than the gaze of the libertine? Is it not easier to work for one's own than for strangers? To feel that you are king in your castle, if it is only a one-story cottage?

Woman's independence will work her a deadlier wrong than any bond she has ever worn. When she steps beyond the fair threshold of womanly power—the archetypal home, where God has made her sublime, to fight the demons of political or commercial life, she lays down a sceptre to take up a chain, whose iron canker will eat into her soul.

EASILY SATISFIED!—A certain bachelor once said that "all he should ask for in a wife, would be—a good temper, health, good understanding, agreeable physiognomy, fine figure, good connexions, domestic habits, resources of amusements, good spirits, conversational talents, elegant manners, and—one hundred thousand dollars."

☞ A chap out in Michigan wanting a wife, not as an "ornament of society," but as a useful member thereof, thus advertised: "Any gal what's got a coffee pot, a skillet, and knows how to cut out britches, can make a hunting-shirt, and knows how to take care of young uns, ken have my services till death parts on us."

—In a school examination a lady appealed to the self consciousness of the children, and then tried to teach them a little about their senses. They knew that they saw and heard, but it was a revelation to them that they saw with their eyes and heard with their ears. So the lady said to them: "You have noses; what are they for?" There was a dead silence, but at one adventurous urchin replied; "Please, ma'am—to be wiped."

THE MOSS ROSE.

Translated from the Fables of Dr. F. H. Krummacher.

The Angel who sends the flowers, and in the stilly night sprinkles them with the dew, slumbered on a spring day, in the shade of a rose bush. And when he awoke, with placid countenance he said: "My loveliest child, I thank thee for thy reviving fragrance and thy cooling shade. Could thou yet seek any thing more for thyself, how cheerfully would I grant it."

"Then grace me with some new charms," replied the spirits of the rosebud. And the Angel of flowers adorned the loveliest of them with the simple moss.

Beautifully then it stood in modest grace, the Moss Rose, the loveliest of its kind.

Fair Caroline, set not thy heart on the spangled attire and glittering diamond, but follow the beck of maternal nature.

THE FAVORITE FLOWER.—Gustavus, Herman, and Malvina, the blooming children of a farmer, were rambling on a beautiful spring day over the fields. The nightingales and lark sang, and the flowers unfolded in the dew and the mild rays of the sun.

And the children looked around for joy and jumped from one flower to another, and wreathed garlands.

And they praised in songs the glory of spring, and the love of the Omnipotent Father, who clothes the earth with grass and flowers, and sang of the flowers, from the rose that grows on the bush, to the violet that blooms in retirement, and the heather flower from which the bees gather sweets.

For pious simplicity of heart welcomes even the small gifts of nature with gratitude and joy.

Then the children addressed each other. Let every one of us select his favorite flower? And they were pleased with the proposition, and they bounded over the field, each one to cull the flower that delighted him most. We will come together again in the bower, cried they.

Thus the children rambled in harmony their different ways to collect the beautiful. A lovely flower gathring!

In a short time all the three appeared on their way to the bower. Each one bore in his hand a full nosegay, selected from his favorite flower. When they saw one another, they held up their flowers, and cried aloud for joy. Then they assembled in the bower, and closed it with one consent, and said, now every one shall give his reasons for the choice of his nosegay!

Gustavus, the oldest, had selected the violet. Behold, said he, it blooms in silent modesty among stubble and grass, and its work is as well concealed as the gentle productions and blessings of spring.

But it is honored and loved by man, and sung in beautiful songs, and every one takes a small nosegay [illegible] the field, and calls the lovely flower the first born child of spring, and the flower of modesty. These are the reasons why I have selected it as my favorite flower.

Thus spake Gustavus, and gave Herman and Malvina, each, one of his flowers. And they received them with inward joy. For it was favorite flower of a brother.

Then Herman came forward with his nosegay. It was composed of the tender field lily, which grows in the cold shade of the grove, and lifts up its bells, like pearls strung together, and white as the light of the sun. See, said he, I have chosen this flower. For it is an emblem of innocence and of a pure heart, and it proclaims to me the love of him who adorns heaven with stars and the earth with flowers. Was not the lily of the field estimated more highly than others flowers, to give testimony to the paternal love of Him, in whom every thing lives and moves? Behold for these reasons I have selected the small lily as my favorite flower!

Thus spoke Herman, and presented his flowers. And the other two received them with sincere joy and reverence. And thus the flower was consecrated.

Then came Malvina, also, the pious, lovely girl, with the nosegay she had gathered. It was composed of the tender blue forget me not. See, dear brothers, said the affectionate sister, this flower I found near the brook! Truly it shines like a bright star in heaven, and views itself in the clear water, on whose margin it grows and the rivulet flows more sweetly along, and appears as if it were crowned with wreaths. Therefore it is the flower of love and tenderness, and I have chosen it as my favorite, and present it to you both. She gave it to her brothers with a kiss, and likewise with a kiss the brothers thanked her. And the guardian angel of the children smiled at this lovely league of innocence.

Thus the favorite flowers were selected. Then Malvina said, we will twist them into two garlands, and dedicate them to our beloved parents! And they make two garlands of the beautiful flowers, and carried their whole enterprise, and the choice of their favorites.

Then the parents rejoiced over their good children, and said: A beautiful wreath! Love, innocence, and modesty, twined together! See how one flower elevates and adorns the other, and thus they form unitedly the most lovely crown!

But there is one thing wanting, said the children, and in the excitement of gratitude they crowned both father and mother.

Then the parents became agitated with joy, and embraced their children tenderly, and said, a garland like this is more splendid than the crown of a prince.

—An urchin of six or seven years went into a barber shop in Racine, and ordered the barber to cut his hair as close as shears could do it. He was asked if his mother ordered it that way. "No," said he, "but school commences next week, and we've got a school mam that pulls hair, and I'm bound to fix her this term, you bet."

— perplexed house wife introduced to her guests a dish of oysters, the result of her first efforts of cooking this lucious bibalve, with this explanation: "I found it very difficult to dress them, so I just held on their wings and cut their stomachs off. I guess they will be good."