

# THE MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

E. B. HAWLEY, Proprietor. MONTROSE, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 13, 1870. VOLUME XXVII, NUMBER 15.

## Business Cards.

**McKENZIE, FAUBOT & CO.**  
Dealers in Dry Goods, Clothing, Ladies and Misses' Goods, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Trunks, Suit Cases, etc. Also Agents for the Great American Tea and Coffee Company. (Montrose, Pa., opp. N. Y. St.)

**CHARLES N. STODDARD.**  
Dealers in Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Leather and Findings, Hair Goods, etc. Also Repairing done neatly. (Montrose, Pa., 1st St.)

**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.)

**F. REYNOLDS.**  
ACCOMMODATING  
Attends to all orders for the best of any house will receive prompt attention. (Oct. 1, 1869-70.)

**O. M. HAWLEY.**  
DEALER IN DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, CROCKERY, Hardware, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, etc. Also Repairing done neatly. (Montrose, Pa., opp. N. Y. St.)

**DR. S. W. DAYTON.**  
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON. Tenders his professional services to the citizens of Montrose and vicinity. Office at his residence, opposite Barron House, 67, Bend village, Montrose, Pa., Aug. 1, 1869.

**LAW OFFICE.**  
GARDNER & McCOLLUM, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law. Office in the Postoffice building, over the Bank. (Montrose, Pa., Oct. 1, 1869.)

**A. & D. R. LATHROP.**  
DEALERS IN DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, CROCKERY, and glassware, table and pocket cutlery, Paints, Oils, etc. Also Repairing done neatly. (Montrose, Pa., opp. N. Y. St.)

**A. O. WARREN.**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office at the Postoffice building, over the Bank. (Montrose, Pa., Oct. 1, 1869.)

**W. W. WATSON.**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office at the Postoffice building, over the Bank. (Montrose, Pa., Oct. 1, 1869.)

**M. C. GUTTON.**  
Auctioneer and Insurance Agent.  
1st St. Mt.

**C. S. GILBERT.**  
Auctioneer.  
1st St. Mt.

**U. S. AUCTIONEER.**  
1st St. Mt.

**JOHN GROVES.**  
FASHIONABLE TAILOR. Montrose, Pa. Shop over Chandler's Store. All orders filled to order and style. Cutting done on short notice, and warranted to suit.

**W. W. SMITH.**  
CABINET AND CHAIR MANUFACTURER. Pa. at 1st St. Montrose, Pa. (Oct. 1, 1869.)

**H. BURRITT.**  
DEALER IN Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Crockery, Hardware, Iron Goods, etc. Also Repairing done neatly. (Montrose, Pa., opp. N. Y. St.)

**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 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. (Friendsville, Pa., Aug. 1, 1869.)

**STROUD & BROWN.**  
FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE AGENTS. Office at the Postoffice building, over the Bank. (Montrose, Pa., Oct. 1, 1869.)

**JOHN SAUTTER.**  
DEALER IN Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Crockery, Hardware, Iron Goods, etc. Also Repairing done neatly. (Montrose, Pa., opp. N. Y. St.)

**W. D. LUSH.**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office at the Postoffice building, over the Bank. (Montrose, Pa., Oct. 1, 1869.)

**DR. W. W. SMITH.**  
DENTIST. Rooms over Boyd & Curran's Hardware Store. Office hours from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. (Montrose, Pa., Aug. 1, 1869.)

**ABEL TURRELL.**  
DEALER IN Drugs, Patent Medicines, Chemicals, Perfumery, etc. Also Repairing done neatly. (Montrose, Pa., opp. N. Y. St.)

**D. W. SEARLE.**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office at the Postoffice building, over the Bank. (Montrose, Pa., Oct. 1, 1869.)

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**BURNS & NICHOLS.**  
DEALERS IN Drugs, Patent Medicines, Chemicals, Perfumery, etc. Also Repairing done neatly. (Montrose, Pa., opp. N. Y. St.)

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**SOLDIERS' BOUNTY.**  
The undersigned, LICENSED AGENT of the GOVERNMENT, has on hand a large quantity of BOUNTY WARRANTS, and will sell the same at a discount, on all claims for BOUNTY. (Montrose, Pa., June 13, 1869.)

**DENTISTRY.**  
Call those in want of false Teeth or other dental work, call at the office of the undersigned, who are prepared to do all kinds of dental work, and will receive prompt attention. (Montrose, Pa., opp. N. Y. St.)

**PEBBLE SPECTACLES.**  
Also made to order. (Montrose, Pa., opp. N. Y. St.)

## Poet's Corner.

**HIDING IN THE CARS.**

In this dull life, with trouble rife,  
This sweet to meet a maiden  
With winsome face, a form of grace,  
And nature's treasures laden;  
One of these girls, with waving curls,  
And eyes that shone like stars,  
I met one day, in humor gay,  
While riding in the cars.

She cast by chance a furtive glance  
At me while I was seated;  
That look so nice was once or twice  
Coquetishly repeated.

I've seen fair maidens, both French and Dutch  
In concert rooms and bars,  
But none that pleased me half so much  
As this one in the cars.

With smile so bright she did invite  
"Your uncle" to sit next her;  
I didn't choose this to refuse—  
For that would make her vexed her,  
Her breath with spice was very nice,  
Like flavor of cigars,  
As I sat near this pretty dear,  
So snugly in the cars.

We soon per force, had some discourse—  
I breathed my fond affections,  
My arms embraced her slender waist,  
But met not much objection,  
But merely said "his hand for maids  
Who have no pair nor man's,  
Was full of roses and the blades"  
While riding in the cars.

We rode all through the city's throng  
Far past my destination,  
To leave my seat and then retreat,  
The thought was desperation.

I couldn't stand my poor heart  
I couldn't stand my poor heart  
This I was smitten and badly bitten,  
While riding in the cars.

She simpered—"I'm from boarding school  
You'd easily discover;  
My question, he has made a rule  
I shall not have a lover,  
But soon a husband I must get  
To shield me from life's jars;  
You are the nicest man I've met  
In these horse railroad cars."

'Twould be amiss to ask a kiss  
In such a situation,  
But on that right I deeply sighed,  
For that sweet situation.

For truth be told—I am not bold,  
Like any son of Mars;  
But it was plain, "Love on the brain,"  
Possessed 'em on the cars.

With sudden start she did depart  
From out my trousers' pocket,  
The bird had flown—and was alone—  
Oh, my unlucky stars!  
To be betrayed by lovely maid,  
And "shook down" in the cars.

## Three Days in a Woman's Life.

Then was it written in the sky  
That three moments should be given  
To me for life and love.

One moment for me to meet,  
And one to part, and then  
One moment for a rainbow dream  
To melt in tears again.

Yes, thus 'twas written in the sky,  
And thus it came to pass,  
And thus I met and parted,  
Where these stars may lead.

But there's a happy distant land  
Where the bonds of fate are riven,  
And there we shall meet again  
Beyond the starry Heaven.

Yes, it is very true, though life be long,  
Yet as one looks back, a few days only  
stand out from its monotonous level  
and give their color to one's existence.

One such day—divided from me by forty years—  
—is as one moment in undiminished  
brightness, and neither time, nor space, nor any  
other thing, nor death itself, I sometimes  
think, can quite do away with its influence  
on my soul.

I had risen early, and as I threw open  
my bedroom window and breathed the  
dew freshness of the morning, I turned  
away in discontent at its calm brightness,  
for to-day he must go away!

This thought had repeated itself in  
my mind many times, and I had often  
felt grieved with myself, but never  
before now reason can avail against the yearning  
that would lead me to follow him  
wherever he went.

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## A Mysterious Visit.

The first notice that was taken of me,  
when I "settled down" recently, was by a  
gentleman who said he was an assessor  
and connected with the United States Internal  
Revenue Department.

I said I had never heard of this branch  
of business before, but I was very glad to  
see him, all the same—would he sit down?  
He sat down. I did not know anything  
pertaining to say, and yet I felt that people  
who have arrived at the dignity of  
keeping house must be conversational—  
must be easy and sociable in company. So  
in default of anything else to say, I asked  
him if he was opening his shop in our  
neighborhood.

He said he was. [I did not wish to appear  
ignorant, but I had hoped he would  
mention what he had for sale.]

I ventured to ask him "how was trade?"  
and he said it was "fairly good."

I then said we would drop in, and if we  
liked his house as well as any other, we  
would give him our custom.

He said he thought we would like his  
establishment well enough to confine our  
selves to it—said he never saw anybody  
who would go off and hunt up another  
man in his line after trading with him,  
and he was glad to hear of it.

That sounded pretty complimentary, but  
barring that natural expression of villainy  
which we have given, the man looked  
honest enough.

I do not know how it came about, exactly,  
but gradually we appeared to melt  
down and run together, conversationally  
speaking, and then everything went along  
as comfortably as clock work.

We talked, and talked, and talked—at  
least I did. And we laughed, and laughed,  
and laughed—at least he did.

But all the time I had my presence of  
mind about me—I had my native shrewdness  
turned on "full head," as the engineers  
say. I was determined to find out all  
about his business, in spite of his obsequious  
answers—and I was determined I  
would have it out of him without his suspecting  
what I was at. I meant to trap  
him with a deep, deep ray. I would tell  
him all about my business, and he would  
naturally so warm to me during this  
seductive burst of confidence that he would  
forget himself and tell me all about his  
attairs before he suspected what I was about.

I thought to myself, "My son, you little  
know that an old fox you are dealing  
with," I said.

"Now, you could never guess what I  
made lecturing this winter and last  
spring?"

"No—don't believe I could to save me.  
Let me see—let me see. About two thousand  
dollars may be? But no, sir, I know  
you couldn't have made that much." "Say  
seventeen hundred, maybe?"

"Ha! ha! I knew you couldn't." My  
lecturing receipts for last winter and this  
spring were fourteen thousand seven hundred  
and fifty dollars—what do you think  
of that?"

"Why, it is amazing—perfectly amazing.  
I will make a note of it." And you  
say this wasn't all?"

"Ah! Why bless you there was my

## Miscellaneous.

income tax from the Buffalo Express for  
four months—about—well, what would  
you say to about eight thousand dollars,  
for instance?"

"Say! Why I should say I would like  
to see myself rolling in just such another  
occur of affluence. Eight thousand! I'll  
make a note of it. Why man!—and on  
the top of this I am to understand that  
you have still more income?"

"Ha, ha, ha! Why you are only in the  
suburbs of it so to speak. There's my  
income—The Innocents Abroad—price,  
\$3.50 to \$5, according to the binding.  
Listen to me. Look me in the eye. During  
that four months and a half, saying  
nothing of sales before that, but simply  
during four months and a half ending  
March 15, 1870, we've sold ninety-five  
thousand copies of that book! Ninety-  
five thousand! Think of it. Average \$4  
a copy, say. It's nearly four hundred  
dollars my son! Well, it's not that much,  
but it's a good deal. I'll set that  
down. Fourteen—seven—fifty-eight—  
two hundred. Total, say—well, upon my  
word, the grand total is about two hundred  
and thirteen or fourteen thousand  
dollars. Is it possible?"

"Possible! If there's any mistake, it's  
the other way. Two hundred and four-  
teen thousand, cash, is my income for  
this year. I know how to cipher.

"Then the gentleman met up to me. It  
came over me most uncomfortably that  
maybe I had made my revelations for  
nothing, besides being flattered into stretching  
them considerably by the stranger's  
astonished exclamations. But no; at the  
last moment the stranger handed me a  
large envelope, and said it contained his  
advertisement; and that I would find out  
all about his business in it; and that he  
would be glad to have my custom—would  
in fact be proud to have the custom of so  
prodigious an income; and that he used  
to think there were several wealthy men  
in Buffalo, but when they came to trade  
with him he discovered that they had  
barely enough to live on; and that in  
truth it had been such a weary, weary  
day since he had seen a rich man's face  
and talked with him, and touched  
him with his hands, that he could hardly  
remain from embracing me—in fact would  
esteem it a great favor if I would let him  
embrace me.

This so pleased me that I did not try to  
resist, but allowed this simple hearted  
stranger to throw his arms about me and  
weep a few tranquilizing tears down the  
back of my neck. Then he went his way.  
As soon as he was gone I opened his advertisement.  
I studied it attentively for  
four minutes. I then called up the cook  
and said:

"Hold me while I faint. Let Maria  
turn the better cakes."

By and by, when I came to, I went down  
to the rum mill on the corner, and hired  
an artist by the work to sit up nights and  
draw that stranger, and give it all occasionally  
in the day time when I came to a  
hard place.

Ah, what a miscreant he was! His "advertisement" was nothing in the world  
but a wicked tax return—a string of impudent  
questions about my private affairs,  
occupying the better part of four  
foolscap pages of the print—questions, I  
may remark, gotten up with such marvelous  
ingenuity that the oldest man in the  
world couldn't understand what the test  
of them were, and I was left to guess  
that were calculated to make a man report  
about four times his actual income to  
keep from swearing to a lie. I looked for  
a loop-hole, but there did not appear to be any.

Inquiry No. 1 covered my case, as generally  
and as simply as an umbrella  
covers a man on an ant hill.

"What are your profits, in 1869, from any  
trade, business or vocation wherever  
carried on?"

And that inquiry was backed up by  
thirteen others of an equally searching  
nature, the most modest of which required  
information as to whether I had committed  
any burglary, or highway robbery, or  
by any arson or other secret source of  
emolument, had acquired property which  
was not connected in any statement of  
income as set opposite to inquiry No. 4.

It was plain that that stranger had enabled  
me to make an ass of myself. It  
was very, very plain, and I went out and  
hired another artist. By working on my  
vanity the stranger had seduced me into  
declaring an income of \$214,000. By law,  
I'm told, the only relief I could see, and it was  
only a drop in the bucket. At the legal  
five per cent. I must pay over to the government  
the appalling sum of ten thousand  
and six hundred and fifty dollars, income  
tax.

I may remark in this place that I did  
not do it.

I am acquainted with a very opinionated  
man whose house is a palace, whose table  
is regal, whose outlays are enormous, yet  
a man who has no income, as I have often  
noticed by the revenue returns; and to  
him I went for advice in my distress. He  
took my dreadful exhibition of receipts, he  
put on his glasses, he took his pen, and  
presently I was a pauper! It was the nearest  
thing that ever was. He did it simply  
by deftly manipulating the bill of "deductions."

He set down my "State, national and  
municipal taxes" at so much; my losses  
by shipwreck, fire, etc., at so much; my  
losses on sales of real estate, on live stock  
sold, on payment for rent of homestead,  
on repairs, improvement, interest, on provisionally  
taxed navy as an officer of the  
U. S. army, "my revenue service, and  
other things."

He got astonishing "deductions" out of  
each and every one of them. And when  
he was done he handed me the paper, and  
I saw at a glance that during the year  
1869 my income, in the way of profits, had  
been one thousand two hundred and fifty  
dollars and forty cents.

"Now," said he, "the thousand dollars  
is exempt by law. What you want to do  
is to go and create this document by  
pay tax on two hundred and fifty dol-  
lars."

While he was making this speech his  
little boy Willie lifted a two-dollar green-  
back out of his pocket and vanished with  
it, and I would bet anything that if any  
stranger were to call on that little boy to-  
morrow, he would make a false return of  
his income.

## How a Good Templar is made.

The victim of intemperance is first blind-  
folded, bound hand and foot, and thrown  
into a cider press, and squeezed for five or  
ten minutes. This is done for the purpose  
of cleaning the system of the evil habit, as  
they call it, taken out of the press, and by  
the means of a force pump, gorged with  
cider water, after which a scaling plaster  
is put over his mouth, and he is rolled in  
a barrel four or five times across the  
room, the chair at the same time singing  
the cold water song. He is then taken  
out of the barrel and hung up by the  
heels until the water runs through his  
ears; then he is cut down, and a beautiful  
lady hands him a glass of water. A  
cold bath is then furnished him, after  
which he is showered with cider water.

He is then made to read aloud the article  
of incorporation and by-laws of the  
temple company ten times, drinking a glass  
of cider water between each reading,  
after which the "Old Oaken Bucket" is  
sung and hung about his neck, while fifteen  
sisters with shot guns deluge him  
with cider water. He is then forced to  
eat two pounds of ice cream, while his  
brothers fill his ears with broken ice.  
They he is run through a patent clothes  
wringer, after which he is given a glass  
of water, his boots are filled with the same,  
and he laid away in a refrigerator.

After lying in the refrigerator for half  
an hour, he is taken out, run through  
clothes wringer, takes the whole lodge  
down to some fountain, stands a treat and  
becomes a Good Templar in full communion.

## A Matter of Indifference.

A young lady in the south part of this  
county engaged herself to three different  
lovers. The young man, on learning the  
situation of affairs, had a fierce quarrel  
about it, which was kept up for several  
months. Finally concluding that no good  
could result from continuing the warfare,  
all three agreed to meet the girl and re-  
quest her to take her choice. At the ap-  
pointed time the meeting was held, when  
the girl quietly informed them that it was  
a quarrel of their own, in which she was  
not particularly interested, and that they  
must settle it among themselves. Where-  
upon they retired and agreed to settle the  
differently drawn bills, which was done,  
and the winner married the girl the next  
week. The parties are respectively connected,  
and by request of one of them we suppress  
the names. The bride declares that she got  
the one who was her choice from the first.

*—Galena Gazette.*

"A Maine farmer, recently crossing a  
railroad track near Portland, on his sled  
the other day, was suddenly startled by  
the appearance of a train, which quickly  
made splinters of the sled. The astonished  
farmer, recovering somewhat, stood gazing  
at the remains of his vehicle, and wonder-  
ing where the pieces of his horse wagon  
went. The train sped on for some dis-  
tance, when the engineer, looking out, saw  
the horse staring at him from the  
cow-catcher. The train was stopped, and  
it was found that the horse had been  
picked up by the cow-catcher and deposited  
on the platform in front of the engine,  
where, too much stunned or frightened to  
move, he lay comatose and unmoving.

"We do not know whether anybody  
has or has not printed the story which re-  
lates how a certain genial bald-headed  
gentleman, while in Paris one day went to  
the Zoological Gardens. The weather was  
warm, and he lay down on a bench.  
Presently he fell asleep, and was aroused  
by a strong warmth on the head. An  
infatuated ostrich had come along, and  
mistaking his entirely bald head for an  
egg, settled down with a resolute deter-  
mination to hatch it, or sit there forever.  
Our friend yelled for help until a keeper  
came and led that disappointed and re-  
gretful ostrich away to its cage.

The following notice appeared on the  
west end of a country meeting house:  
Anybody sticking bills against this church  
will be prosecuted according to law or  
any other nuisance.

It was found that the ostrich was  
with tame buffaloes.

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