THE MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

E. B. HAWLEY, Proprietor. MONTROSE, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 22, 1870. VOLUME XXVII, NUMBER 25.

Business Cards.

LITTLES & BLAKESLEE,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law. Office the one heretofore occupied by E. B. & G. P. Little, on Main street, Montrose, Pa. [April 20.
E. S. LITTLE. GEO. P. LITTLE. E. L. BLAKESLEE.

E. McKENZIE. C. C. FAUROT, W. H. McCAIN.
McKENZIE, FAUROT & CO.
Dealers in Dry Goods, Clothing, Ladies and Misses fine Shoes. Also, agents for the great American Tea and Coffee Company. [Montrose, Pa., ap. 1, '70.

CHARLES N. STODDARD,
Dealer in Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Leather and Findings, Main Street, 2d 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 Merchandize—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't. 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. E. 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 Exam. on Claims attended to. Office fr ner below Boyd's Store, Montrose, Pa. [Ap. 1, '69.

WM. A. CROSSMON,
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. P. Fitch. [Montrose, Aug. 1, 1869.

M. C. SUTTON,
Auctioneer, and Insurance Agent,
aug1 69tf Friendsville, Pa.

C. S. GILBERT,
U. S. Auctioneer.
aug1 69tf 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 MANUFACTURER.—Rooms 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, etc., 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.
SILLIMAN 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 Turbell House, near the Court House. Aug. 1. 1869.—tf

DR. W. W. SMITH,
DENTIST. Rooms over Boyd & Corwin's Hardware 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, Trusses, 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 1843. [Montrose, Pa.

D. W. SEARLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, office over the Store of A. Lathrop, in the Brick Block, Montrose, Pa. [ap1'69

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. B. Dean's. Boards at Searle's Hotel. [Aug. 1, 1869.

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

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

PROF. MORRIS,
The Hayti Barber, returns his thanks for the kind patronage that has enabled him to get the best rent—ha! ha! he'd hev'nt time to tell the whole story, but come and see for yourselves ☞ at the Old Stand. No loud laughing allowed in the shop. [April 13, 1870.

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

Poet's Corner.

THE TOAST.

[The following is one of the finest productions of the late Sir Walter Scott, and we are inclined to believe that it cannot be read without causing the blood to tingle."]

The feast is o'er! Now brimming wine
In lordly cup is seen to shine
Before each lordly guest;
And silence fills the crowded hall,
As deep as when the herald's call
Thrills in the royal breast.

Then up arose the noble host
And smiling cried, "A toast! a toast!
To all our ladyes fair.
Here, before all, I pledge the name
Of Staunton's proud and beauteous dame—
The Ladye Gundamere!"

Then to his feet each gallant sprung,
And joyous was the shout that rung
As Stanley gave the word:
And every cup was raised on high,
Nor ceased the loud and gladsome cry,
Till Stanley's voice was heard,

"Enough, enough!" he smiling said,
And lowly bent his haughty head,
"That all may have their due,
Now each in turn must play his part,
And pledge the ladye of his heart,
Like gallant knight and true!"

Then one by one each guest sprung up
And drained in turn the brimming cup,
And named the loved one's name;
And each, as hand on high he raised,
His ladye's grace or beauty praised,
Her constancy and fame.

'Tis now St. Leon's turn to rise;
On him are fixed those courtly eyes—
A gallant knight is he.
Envied by some, admired by all,
Far-famed in ladye's bower and hall,
The flower of chivalry.

St. Leon raised his kindling eye,
And lifts the sparkling cup on high;
"I drink to ONE," he said
"Whose image never may depart,
Deep graven on this grateful heart,
Till memory be dead.

"To one whose love for me shall last
When lighter passions long have passed,
So holy 'tis and true;
To one whose love hath longer dwelt,
More deeply fixed, more keenly felt,
Than any pledged by you."

Each guest upstarted at the word,
And laid a hand upon his sword,
With fury flashing eye,
And Stanley said: "We crave the name,
Proud knight, of this most peerless dame,
Whose love you count so high."

St. Leon paused, as if he would
Not breathe her name in careless mood
Thus lightly to another;
Then bent his noble head as though
To give that word the reverence due,
And gently said, "My MOTHER!"

BREVITIES.

—A devoted swain declares that he is so fond of his girl that he has rubbed the skin off the end of his nose by kissing her shadow on the wall.

—A Terre Haute girl perpetrates the following excruciating bit of poetry:

"Since of your love I was bereft,
I've lost some 90 pounds in heft,
And now have scarcely ninety left—
How could you be so cruel John?"

—An affected singer at a Dublin theatre was told by a wag in the gallery to "come out from behind his nose and sing his song like other people."

—John B—— fell in love with a maid; each night near her window he stood, and there with his soft serenade, he awakened the whole neighborhood. But vainly he tried to arouse her sleep with his strains so bewitching; while he played in front of the house, she slept in the little back kitchen.

—"I will preach from dat portion ob de Scripture dis evening," said a colored dominie, "where de postle Paul pints his 'pistle at de 'phesians."

—"What is the size of this place?" inquired a New Yorker of a Long Shore conductor, as the train stopped at the Norwalk station yesterday. "It's about as big as New York," was Andy's answer, "but it's not built up yet."

—A youthful witness, on being asked in the Meriden, Conn. police court, the other day, where he would go if he told a lie, replied, "to the reform school." He was sworn.

—Lying is no longer lying, but is simply mendacity. Little boys will now shout, "You mendacitate, you darned old mendacitate."

—An orator, holding forth in favor of "woman, dear, divine woman," concluded thus: "Oh, my hearers, depend upon it nothing beats a good wife." "I beg your pardon," replied one of his auditors—"a bad husband does."

—A lady recently sent a fur cape to a fur establishment for repairs. She explained her wishes in the following note: "I want mi kape mendid whar the mices nored it in good shaip."

—A tricky politician who was noted for never doing anything without a sinister purpose having died, the clergyman who preached the funeral sermon said, that it would have been a great consolation to the friends of the deceased if they could ascertained his motive in thus suddenly leaving them.

—The fact is, said an elderly wife, a man does not know how to straighten up things; he does not know where to commence. I don't wonder, she remarked, in conclusion, that when God made Adam, He went to work and made a woman to tell him what to do.

—A young gentleman on being asked why he he did not go into society, replied that he did not care about it, as the girls were overdressed or undressed, and cared to talk about nothing but the German, fast horses, dress and eating. Rather severe.

Miscellaneous.

Eyes Open.

Our minister said in his sermon last evening, said Mrs. Beach, the wife of a prosperous wholesale dry goods merchant on Market street, as she dusted her mantle of porcelain and marble on Monday morning, "that he who wanted to be good must be on the constant lookout for opportunities; that God does not find our work, and bring it ready fitted to our hands; but He spreads the world before us, and we are to walk through it as Christ and the apostles did, with eyes open, looking for the sick and suffering, the poor and oppressed."

"Now I am certain," continued the lady, as she replaced a marble Diana in the centre of the mantel, "I should like to do something good everyday—one feels so much better when they go to rest at night; and I'll just keep my eyes open to-day, and see if I come across any opportunities that under ordinary circumstances I should let slip."

Half an hour later Mrs. Beach was in the nursery with the washerwoman, who had come for the clothes.

"I wish, Mrs. Simms," said she, as she heaped the soiled linen into the basket that you would get Tommy's aprons ready for me by Wednesday; we are going out of town to remain until Saturday, and I shall want a good supply for such a careless little scamp as he is."

"Well, I'll try, ma'am," said the washerwoman. "I've got behind hand a good deal since Sammy got the whooping cough; but now that he is better I must try to make up for lost time."

"Has he had the whooping cough? Poor little fellow. How old is he?" questioned the lady.

"He was three last April, ma'am."

"And Tom is four," mused the lady. "Look here, Mrs. Simms, won't you just open the lower drawer of that bureau, and take out those four green worsted dresses in the corner? Tom's outgrown them, you see, since last winter, but they're almost as good as new. Now, if you wan't them for little Sammy, they'll do nicely without altering, I think."

"Want them, Mrs. Beach!" answered the washerwoman, with tears starting to her dim eyes, "I haven't words to thank you, or tell you what a treasure they'll be. Why, they will keep the little fellow as warm as toast all winter."

"Well, I'll place them on the top of the clothes, said the lady, smiling to herself, as she thought, "My eyes have been open once to-day."

Not long afterwards Mrs. Beach was on her way to market, (for she was a notable housekeeper,) when she met a boy who had lived a short time in her family the year before to do errands, wait on the door, &c. He was a bright, good-hearted, merry-faced boy, had been a great favorite with the family, and Mrs. Beach had become interested in him; but this morning she was in quite a hurry, and would have passed the child with a cordial, but hasty, "How are you, Joseph, my boy? Do come and see us," had it not struck her that Joseph's face did not bear its usual happy expression. She paused as the memory of last night's sermon flashed through her mind, and she asked—"Is anything the matter with you Joseph?"

The boy looked up a moment, with a half fearful expression into the lady's face; the latter triumphed. "Mr. Anderson's moved out of town," he said, pushing back his worn, but neatly brushed cap from his hair; "so I've lost my place, and little Mary's sick; and that makes it very bad just now."

"So it does," answered Mrs. Beach, her sympathies warmly enlisted; "but never mind, Joseph; I remember, only night before last, my brother said he would want a new errand boy, in a few days, for his store, and he will give a good one two dollars a week. Now, I'll see him to-dy, and get the situation for you, if you like."

The boy's white face brightened. "O! I should be so glad of it, Mrs. Beach."

"And see here, Joseph, I'm going to market, and perhaps I can find something nice for little Mary." The lady remembered that Joseph's mother, though a poor seamstress, was a very proud woman, and felt that this would be a gentle way of presenting her a gift.

So she found some delicate pears and grapes, and a nice chicken to make some broth for Mary, who, as she learned, was ill with a fever, before she proceeded to do her own marketing. But it was a pity that she did not see Joseph as he sprang into the chamber where the little Mary lay wearily moaning on her bed, while her mother sat busily stitching in one corner, and held up the chicken and the fruit, crying, "Good news! good news! I've got all these nice things for May, and a place at two dollars a week!"

"Oh! how little Mary's hot fingers closed over the bunches of white grapes, while the sewing dropped from her mother's fingers, as the tears ran down her cheeks.

It was evening, and Mrs. Beach sat in the library, when she heard her husband's step in the hall. Though the morning had been so pleasant, the afternoon was cloudy, and the day had gone down in a low, sullen, penetrating rain.

Now Mrs. Beach loved her husband with the love of a true wife, but he was not a demonstrative man, and the first beauty and poetry of their married life had settled down into a somewhat barren, every-day, matter-of-fact existence. But her heart was warm to-night—warm with the good deeds of the day, and remembering her resolution of the morning, she threw down her book and ran down stairs.

"Henry, dear," said the soft voice of his wife, "has the rain wet you at all? Let me take your coat for you."

"Thank you, Carry, I don't believe I'm anywise injured, but you may help me, just for the pleasure of it," and he stood still, while she removed the heavy coat, with all the softness of touch and movement which belongs to a woman. She hung it up, and then the husband drew her to his heart with all the old lover tenderness.

"You are very thoughtful of me, Carry, my wife," he said.

And there was music in Mrs. Beach's heart as she went up stairs—music set to words, "Eyes open! eyes open!"

Origin of the Spices.

Children, come learn something about the various kinds of spices, so that when you are in the kitchen helping somebody make cakes, sauces, puddings, or pies, you can take an intelligent interest. It is well to know what you are grinding in the mill, or grating on the nutmeg-grater: so here are the facts. Be careful, though, that you don't let your knowledge fall in the dough and make it heavy.

Nutmeg is the kernel of a small, smooth, pear-shaped fruit that grows on a tree in the Molucca Islands and other parts of the East. The trees commence bearing in their seventh year, and continue fruitful until they are seventy or eighty years old. Around the nutmeg or kernel is a bright brown shell. This shell has a soft scarlet covering, which when flattened out and dried is known as mace. The best nutmegs are solid, and emit oil when pricked with a pin.

Ginger is the root of a shrub first known in Asia, and now cultivated in the West-Indies and Sierra Leone. The stem grows three or four feet high, and dies every year. There are two varieties of ginger, the white and black—caused by taking more or less care in selecting and preparing the roots, which are always dug in the winter, when the stems are withered. The white is the best.

Cinamon is the inner bark of a beautiful tree, a native of Ceylon, that grows from twenty to thirty feet in height, and lives to be centuries old. The United States has imported nearly $19,000 worth of cinnamon in a single year.

Cloves—native to the Molucca Islands, and so called from their resemblance to a nail (*clavis*). The East Indians call them *changkch*, from the Chinese tcheng-kia (fragrant nails). They grow on a stright, smooth-barked tree about forty feet high. Cloves are not fruits, but blossoms gathered before they are quite unfolded.

Allspice—a berry, so called because it combines the odor of several spices—grows abundantly on the beautiful allspice or bayberry tree, native of South America and the West Indies. A single tree has been known to produce one hundred and fifty pounds of berries. They are purple when ripe.

Black pepper is made by grinding the dried berry of a climbing vine native to the East Indies. White pepper is obtained from the same berries freed from the husk or rind. Red or Cayenne pepper is obtained by grinding the scarlet pod or seed-vessel of a tropical plant that is now cultivated in almost all parts of the world.—*Hearth and Home.*

The Link Between Men and Fish.

To the believers in the Darwin theory it will be an interest to know that in the quiet bays and rivers on the Eastern coast of Central and South America there lives an animal which might be rightfully considered as the connecting link between man and fish. It is the manatee, the water siren, the sea calf, or sea cow; as the strange animal is sometimes called.

It belongs to the order of Cetacea, and is altogether herbyerous, living on grass, which it seeks on shore. The body is fish shaped, and measures some fourteen feet or more in length; the skin being very thick, without hair, and of dark color.—The upper part of the body, especially of the females, much resembles that of a woman, the breast being of the same form. In place of the fins of the fins of the ordinary fish, the manatee has only a short arm of a single joint, which terminates in a short hand, on which the nail is distinctly visible, which hand the animal uses with much dexterity in moving about, and in carrying its young. This limb has caused the animal to be callen the manatee, from the Latin word manus, signifying the hand.

The writer, who for several years resided in those countries where these animals abound, has seen the animal, and has been told repeatedly that the female holds her cub to suckle as the mother does her babe.

The tail of the manatee is shaped like an open fan, and the close observer will perceive ten divisions, which mark the ten toes. Manatees swim by help of this broad tail, which moves up and down and not from right to left like that of a fish.

This limb, which at first appears to be fin or nerve, melts entirely into butter when fried in a pan, and is highly prized by the natives for ointments and other medicinal purposes.

The animal weighs from 1,000 to 1,500 pounds, and the meat is considered a fine relish. It looks and tastes a good deal like pork, and needs thorough cooking.

It is a strange fact that the flesh keeps longer from decay than any other, and is not salted like pork. They are caught with harpoons by the Indians, who know their haunts and customs, and it seems as if they were becoming more scarce every year.

NEW KIND OF PAPER.—A new kind of paper, specially adapted for various kinds of clothing, has been invented in England. Both animal and vegetable materials are employed in its production, the former being New Zealand flax, jute, hemp, and cotton, and the latter, wool, silk, skins, etc. These matters are reduced to a pulp and bleached, and then felted in appropriate machinery. The mixture of these materials gives a paper of extraordinary pliancy, flexibility, and strength, which may be sewn together as easily as woven fabrics, and make as strong a seam. Among the articles made of the paper are quilts and table cloths, stamped with patterns of great beauty, curtains, shirts, and various other articles of dress; a very good imitation of leather is made of it, of which furniture coverings and even shoes may be made. The last may be rendered water-proof by the introduction of oils and India rubber.

☞ There is a trick being extensively practiced by homely and wealthy girls, who want to marry. They get themselves up to look like dyspeptics in the last stages, when some nice man marries them and is surprised and astounded to see how much good marrying does them, in restoring health. Parties in New York will make a splendid counterfeit dyspeptic or consumptive out of a healthy girl, in three days, for fifty dollars.

A Word to American Country Girls on Domestic Servitude.

The trouble is, that we are inclined to divide the conditions of servitude, and while we are slaving persistently and unprofitably in one direction, imagine we rank higher in the scale of being than those who are serving in another.

A poor American girl, somewhere out West, who had persistently and perseveringly sought to support herself by her needle, and found it impossible, lately went out to service; and the matter is considered of sufficient importance to be worthy of chronicle and comment in the public press; and so it is, for it is an effort in the right direction—an effort to wrest herself free from the bondage, the trammels of conventionalism, and may possibly be the inauguration of an era, in the history of this class, as important as the introduction of the Chinese element into our domestic life.

There are very many kinds of servitude, and the distinctions between them are sometimes so nice that the philosophical mind fails to comprehend them.

Among European nations in the poorer classes, the dislike to entering into service as a domestic does not exist. In Great Britain, France and Germany, as well as in Southern Europe, any mode of earning a livelihood that is not dishonest is not considered dishonorable; and frequently scions of two families, nursed at the same breast, may be found holding the relative positions of master and servant, without discredit to either.

But in this country, it is far different. By what process of reasoning the deduction is reached, that it is more honorable to slave for a pittance in a cotton factory, or a shoemaking establishment, than it is to labor in a family for a comfortable home and good wages, passes our understanding.

For years, in all our large cities, there has been a constant outcry against the condition of our domestic labor. The market is supplied entirely from abroad by raw, uneducated, and incompetent beings, many of them, by reason of their previous life, unteachable, and all more or less intractable. But this is the only market, and consequently this class has it all their own way.

In England, the poorer classes are educated from childhood to fill domestic positions in families; and, in consequence, their knowledge and experience grow with their growth, and their usefulness conformably, and they are treated and respected in accordance with both. Here we are obliged to take the raw material as it presents itself, and after moulding it to our wishes, submit to caprices, and imposition, or lose it altogether.

Our manufactories of all sorts are filled with strong, active and capable girls, competent and willing to work, but not to work as servants. The consequence is, that from this foolish and wicked conceit, they are perforce driven to work in the most laborious field for insufficient compensation, until health and strength sink beneath the burden, and they carry their shattered constitutions to the grave.

In the cities it is still worse. Here the influx of labor of this character is very much greater than the demand; the wages are consequently insufficient to support life—not to speak of clothing and preparation for sickness or want of work, and thus may struggle on through a few miserable, precarious years, only to seek at last a pauper's grave, or to be swallowed up by that modern Moloch they term the "Social Evil." Now, this is all wrong, and ought to be righted.

Why should the daughters of small farmers, too poor to support them after they reach an age to support themselves, be unwilling to enter the service of families where they would be provided with comfortable homes; where their natural capacity and knowledge of domestic requirements—for they are all taught that thoroughly by their mothers—would make them useful and respected; where they would be nursed and cared for in sickness; and where their wages would be ample to clothe them, and to leave something to spare, perhaps to aid the declining fortunes of a widowed mother, or assist in the education of a talented younger brother?

Is there any disgrace in this labor? Is there as much shame connected with working at domestic labor, in the households of their own blood and race, as there is in toiling from daybreak to midnight for a pitiless and unmerciful Jew, to be bilked—likely enough—out of hard-earned wages at the last moment?

If the young woman of our country villages, educated to the knowledge of domestic requirements, would but offer their services in such a capacity as we have indicated, they would find how gladly they would be received; how kindly and honorably they would be treated, and what comfort and happiness they would gain by the exchange. While the labors of mothers and wives would be lightened, time would be given for the better cultivation and consideration of children, and both parties would have good reason to bless the abandonment of a false pride and stupid obstinacy and want of foresight which are destroying noble hearts and making homes miserable that might be made happy.

☞ Learning will accumulate wonderfully if you add a little every day. Do not wait for a long period of leisure. Pick up the book and gain one new idea, if no more. Save the one and add another as soon as you can. Says the old Scotch adage: "Many a little makes a mickle."

☞ A negro judge in Alabama, when his first case came on, and everything was ready, was told by a lawyer that he had neglected to charge the jury; he rose up, put on his specks, and said, "Gemmen of de jury, I charge you half a dollar a piece, and you must pay it before the case goes on." He will be in the United States Senate some of these days.

HARRISBURG, June 11.—The recent rains have caused high floods in the North and West Branches of the Susquehanna, sweeping away large quanities of timber. It is estimated that 10,000,000 feet floated off.

A Legend of Killary.

One of the legends of this beautiful lake, situated in the heart of Ireland, is, that once every seven years, on a fine morning, before the first rays of the sun have begun to disperse the mists from the bosom of the lake, the O'Donaghue comes riding over it on a beautiful snow-white horse, intent upon household affairs, fairies hovering before him, and strewing his path with flowers. As he approaches his ancient residence, everything turns to its former state of magnificence—his castle, his library, his prison, his pigeon-house, are reproduced as in the olden time. Those who have courage to follow him over the lake, may cross the deepest part dry-footed, and ride with him into the opposite mountains, where his treasures lie concealed; and the daring visitor will receive a liberal gift in return for his company; but before the sun has arisen, the O'Donaghue recrosses the water, and vanishes amidst the ruins of his castle.

Another relates how a young and beautiful girl, named Melcha, when wandering along the banks of the beautiful lake, after the last rays of the setting sun had gilded the horizon, saw by the pale light of the silvery moon which had just risen, a plumed head rise out of the lake. Gazing on the phantom, she distinctly saw the full form of a chieftain on a white charger, gliding slowly towards her. He had a chivalrous look, and in his hand a wand, surmounted by a golden shamrock. They had an interview. She loved. He promised a happy life under the green waves. She agreed to be his own on the next May morn. May morn arrived, and Melcha was ready in her bridal dress. She stood on a high rock on the borders of the lake, just as the sun began to gild the surrounding mountains. Soon she heard rapturous music, the air was perfumed with delicious odors, and she beheld a train of beautiful damsels arise from the water all clothed in white, scattering spring flowers around; then a group of young children with fragrant flowers, and beheld, O'Donaghue, on his white horse, which was led by Naiads. As the train moved on, boys and damsels came up and followed till the whole were opposite Melcha. He wore a glittering helmet, bright armor, and the crimson scarf Melcha had given him when they parted. She knew not what to do, or how to join her lover, but directly she stepped back a few paces, and running, made a big jump off the rock; O'Donaghue rushed forward and caught her in his arms before she reached the water. The entire train gathered around the chief and his bride, and all sunk beneath the waves—nor has the lovely Melcha been seen from that day to this.

A Queer Theory.

It is said that in the tombs of the Necropolis of ancient Egypt, two kinds of mummies have been found. One is incomplete—that is to say, all organs necessary for life have been separated from them; the other, on the contrary, is quite complete. Having observed this, a Sweedish chemist, Dr. Grusselbach, who has the reputation of being both a great and learned profesior at the University of Upsal, has come to the conclusion that the Egyptian mummies are not all, as has been said and believed for some thousands of years, bodies embalmed by any process of observation whatever, but that they are really bodies of individuals whose life has been momentorily suspended with the intention of restoring them at some future time, only the secret of preservation has been lost. Meanwhile Professor Grusselbach adduces many proofs in support of his idea; among others, his experiments during the last ten years, which he says has always proved successful. He took a snake and treated it in such a manner as to benumb it as though it had been carved in marble, and it was so brittle that had he allowed it to fall it would have broken into fragments. In this state he kept it for several years, and then restored it to life by sprinkling it with stimulating fluid, the composition of which is secret. For fifteen years the snake has been undergoing an existence composed of successive deaths and resurrection apparently without sustaining harm. The professor is reported to have sent a petition to his Government requesting that a criminal who has been condemned to death may be given to him to be treated in the same manner as the snake, promising to restore him to life in two years. It is understood that the man who undergoes this experiment is to be pardon.—*Albany Evening Journal.*

The End of Four Great Men.

The four conqueror who occupy the most conspicuous places in the history of the world are Alexander, Hannibal, Cæser, and Bonaparte.

Alexander, after having climbed the dizzy height of his ambition, with his temples bound with chaplets dipped in the blood of millions, looked down upon a conquered world, and wept that there was no other world for him to conquer, set a city on fire, and died in a scene of debauch.

Hannibal, after having, to the astonishment and consternation of Rome, passed the Alps, and having put to flight the armies of the mistress of the word, and stripped "three bushels of gold rings from the fingers of her slaughtered knights," and made her foundations quake, fled from his country, being hated by those who once exultingly united his name to that of their god, and called him Hanni-Baal; and died at last by poison administered by his own hand, unlamented and unwept, in a foreign land.

Cæser, after having conquered eight hundred cities, and dyeing his garments in the blood of one million of his foes, after having pursued to death the only rival he had on earth, was miserably assassinated by those he considered his nearest friends, and in that very place the attainment of which had been his greatest ambition.

Bonaparte, whose mandates kings and people obeyed, after having filled the earth with the terror of his name, after having deluged Europe with tears and blood, and clothed the world in sackcloth, closed his days in lonely banishment, almost literally exiled from the world, yet where he could sometimes see his country's banner waving in the harbor, but which did not and could not bring him aid.

A Lucky Kick.

Tom Price, Aleck Henderson, and Clay Chapin all set sail, one fine June morning, from a little town in New Jersey, and steered directly over the Atlantic Ocean in the direction of Figueira, Portugal. I say they set sail, because that is a very common term when people go to sea; but, in fact, Tom and Aleck were rowing, and Clay, who was but a little fellow, although eleven years old, steered; and as he had a good eye and knew exactly which was the East, he kept the boats bow steadily pointed towards Figueira. After the two boys had rowed about a mile on their course, they stopped, and concluded to go about the business of the day, which was nothing more or less than fishing. They decided that as it was nearly ebb tide, they would float out awhile, fishing in the mean time, and when the flood-tide came in, it would help to carry them back home, they fishing all the time. When, therefore, they lacked yet four thousand four hundred and for-six miles of reaching Figueira, they lay down their oars, and each one set to work to fish. Their success was not remarkable, but for all that they caught a good many fish, although they were not all of a kind suitable for the table. I have not space to tell what kind of fish these all were (and some were very curious), nor how Clay came within an inch of being hauled out into the water by a big fellow that must have been a stray codfish, or the father of all the sea-bass.

As this marine monster broke Clay's hook short off—for the little fellow let go of his line when the jerk came, and the other end was tied to the rowlock—Master Clay had to give up fishing, and as the others were not catching much, he thought it dull sport to watch them, and so concluded to take a swim. He was a fearless boy, and by far the best swimmer of the party. Clay had not been in the water more than ten minutes, when Tom thought he saw a shark, about two hundred yards from the boat. Aleck sneered at this, for the reason that there were no sharks in that part of the ocean. Tom called to Clay that there was a shark off there, and Clay turned to swim to the boat, but as Aleck commenced to laugh at him, he stopped swimming and laughed a little himself. In one minute, both boys in the boat screamed at the top of their voices, "Look out there!" and turning his head, Clay saw the shark, his back-fin cutting the top of the water like a ship's bow, not thirty feet away. In an instant he comprehended that he might as well try to swim to Portugal as to reach the boat in a straight course, and it flashed upon him that he must dive below the shark and come up near the boat. He knew that a shark generally bites from below. So down he went, a little slanting toward the boat. But the fish could dive better than he could. Like a heavy rock it dropped right down below him, and down in the green depths, Clay saw the horrid creature rising up right under his feet. So quick had been the shark's descent that Clay had not stopped sinking when the fish began to rise beneath him, and just as it was rolling over to make its bite, Clay's feet touched it. With one convulsive effort he kicked at it with all his strength, and struck the shark on the side with such force that he shot up to the surface like a cork. There were two oars stretched out. Clay clutched one of them, and Tom, in his frenzy of terror, actually lifted the naked fellow up into the air as he jerked his oar up. Aleck seized it in a second, and together they dropped Clay into the boat like a fish from a rod. Scrape, scrape went the shark's back-fin under the keel of the boat, but the boys did not even notice it. Panting with the fatigue of their sudden exertion, and pale with fright, the two older boys lay down in the bottom of the boat, but Clay, springing to his feet and seizing a boat-hook, cried out: "If he comes back, I'll dig his eyes out!" The shark did come back several times, and scraped the bottom of the boat as if he wanted to scratch his back-fin off, but Clay did not get a chance to dig his eyes out. And I doubt if he could have done it if he had had a chance.—*Hearth and Home.*

Protect Your Eyesight.

Milton's blindness was the result of over-work and dyspepsia. One of the most eminent American divines, having for some time been compelled to forego the pleasure of reading, has spent thousands of dollars in value, and lost years of time in consequence of getting up several hours before day and studying by artificial light. His eyes will never get well.

Multitudes of men and women have made their eyes weak for life by the to free use of the eyesight, reading small print and doing fine sewing. In view of these things it is well to observe the following rules in the use of the eyes:

Avoid all sudden changes between light and darkness.

Never read by twilight or moonlight, or on a very cloudy day.

Never sleep so that, on waking, the eyes shall open on the light of a window.

Do not use the eyesight by light so scant that it requires an effort to discriminate.

Never read or sew directly in front of the light, or window, or door.

Two much light creates a glare, and pains and confuses the sight. The moment you are sensible of an effort to distinguish, that moment cease, and take a walk or ride.

Health of Farmers.

There are seven reasons why farmers are healthier than professional men, viz:

1. They work more and develop all the leading muscle of the body.
2. They take exercise in the open air and breathe a greater amount of Oxygen.
3. Their food and drink are commonly less adulterated, and far more simple.
4. They do not overwork their brain as much as industrious professional men do.
5. They take their sleep commonly during the hours of darkness, and do not thus turn night into day.
6. They are not so ambitious, and do not wear themselves out so rapidly in the fierce contests of rivalry.
7. Their pleasures are simple and less exhausting.