

# THE MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

E. B. HAWLEY, Proprietor.

MONTROSE, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 31, 1870.

VOLUME XXVII, NUMBER 35.

## Business Cards.

**LITTLES & BLAKESLEE,**  
Attorneys and Counselors at Law. Office in the  
building occupied by H. B. O'Connell, on  
Broadway, Montrose, Pa. (April 1870.)  
P. B. LITTLE. G. B. BLAKESLEE.

**E. McKEEZE, C. C. FAIRBANK, W. H. McKEEZE,**  
**McKENZIE, FAULTON & CO.**  
Dealers in Dry Goods, Clothing, Ladies and Misses  
Wear. 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, 3d door below Seattle'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,**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Sells Dry Goods, and Merchandise—also  
attends at Vendue. All orders left at my house will  
receive prompt attention. (Oct. 1, 1869-70.)

**O. M. HAWLEY,**  
DEALER IN DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, CROCKERY,  
Hardware, Hats, Caps, Trunks, Valises, &c., &c., &c.  
P. O. Box 101, New Milford, Pa. (Sept. 8, 69.)

**DR. S. W. DUTTON,**  
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON. Tenders his services to  
the citizens of Great Bend and vicinity, office at his  
residence, opposite Barren House, 67 Bond Village.  
Sept. 1st, 1869-70.

**LAW OFFICE,**  
CHAMBERLAIN & McNEIL, Attorneys and Counselors  
at Law. Office in the Brick Block over the  
Bank. (Montrose, Aug. 1, 1870.)  
A. CHAMBERLAIN. J. B. McNEIL.

**A. & D. R. LATHROP,**  
DEALERS IN DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,  
Crockery and Glassware. Ladies and pocket cutlery,  
Paints, oils, dye stuffs, Hats, boots and shoes, sole-  
leather, Perfumery &c. Brick Block, adjoining the  
Bank, Montrose. (Aug. 1, 1870.)  
A. LATHROP. D. R. LATHROP.

**A. O. WARREN,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Bounty, Back Pay, Pension  
and every claim attended to. Office  
in the new Postoffice, Montrose, Pa. (Aug. 1, 70.)

**W. W. WATSON,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Montrose, Pa. Office with L.  
P. Dixon. (Montrose, Aug. 1, 1870.)

**M. C. SUTTON,**  
Auctioneer, and Insurance Agent,  
and 6041 Friendsville, Pa.

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

**AMIELLY,**  
U. S. Auctioneer,  
Aug. 1, 1870. Address, Brooklyn, Pa.

**JOHN GROVES,**  
FURNITURE TAILOR, DR. Montrose, Pa. Shop over  
Chandler's Store. (Montrose, Pa. First and  
Second streets, on short notice, and warranted to fit.)

**W. W. SMITH,**  
CABINET AND CHAIR MANUFACTURER, 1-2  
of Main street, Montrose, Pa. (Aug. 1, 1870.)

**H. BURRITT,**  
DEALERS IN Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Crockery,  
Hardware, Iron, Stoves, Dry Goods, Oils and  
Boards, Boots and Shoes, Hats & Caps, Furs, Hatters, Hosiery  
Groceries, Provisions, &c., New Milford, Pa.

**DR. K. P. HINES,**  
Has permanently located at Friendsville for the pur-  
pose of practicing medicine and surgery in all its  
branches. He may be consulted at the Jackson House,  
Office hours from 8 a. m. to 5 p. m.  
Friendsville, Pa., Aug. 1, 1869.

**STROUD & BROWN,**  
FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE AGENTS, All  
Sections attended to. Office in the Postoffice, corner  
first and second streets, "Montrose Hotel," west side of  
Public Square, Montrose, Pa. (Aug. 1, 1870.)  
Business papers. CHARLES L. BROWN.

**JOHN SAITTEK,**  
RESPECTFULLY announces that he is now pre-  
pared 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. LUSE,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Montrose, Pa. Office oppo-  
site the Terrace House, near the Court House.  
Aug. 1, 1869-70.

**DR. W. W. SMITH,**  
DENTIST. Rooms over Boyd & Corwin's Hair  
and Shoe Store, Office hours from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.  
Montrose, Aug. 1, 1870.

**ABEL TURRELL,**  
DEALER IN Drugs, Patent Medicines, Chemicals,  
Liquors, Paints, Brushes, Perfumery, Toilet  
Glass, Groceries, Glass Ware, Wall and Window Pa-  
per, Stone-ware, Lamps, Crockery, Machinery Oils,  
Trusses, Gases, Ammonia, Elixirs, Spectacles,  
Brushes, Fancy Goods, Jewelry, Perfumery, &c., &c.,  
and all other articles in the line of a first-class  
and valuable collection of Goods in Pennsylvania.  
Established in 1845.

**D. W. SEARLE,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW, office over the Store of A.  
Lathrop, in the Brick Block, Montrose, Pa. (Aug. 1,  
1870-71.)

**DR. W. L. RICHARDSON,**  
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, respectfully tenders his  
services to the citizens of Montrose and vicinity.  
Office at his residence, on the corner east of  
Main Street, Montrose, Pa. (Aug. 1, 1869.)

**DR. E. L. GARDNER,**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Montrose, Pa. Give  
special attention to diseases of the Heart,  
Lungs and all Surgical Diseases. Office over W. H.  
Dean's, Boarding at Seattle's Hotel. (Aug. 1, 1869.)

**BURNS & NICHOLS,**  
DEALERS IN Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Dy-  
e, St. Paul, Oils, Varieties, Liquors, Spices, Poun-  
der, &c., &c., Patent Medicines, Perfumery and Toilet  
Articles. Office in the Postoffice building, corner  
Main and Second streets, above Seattle's Hotel, Montrose, Pa.  
A. B. Burns. Amos Nichols.

**DR. E. L. HANDRICK,**  
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, respectfully tenders his  
services to the citizens of Friendsville and vicinity.  
Office at his residence, on the corner east of  
Main Street, Friendsville, Pa. (Aug. 1, 1869.)

**PROF. MORRIS,**  
The Hair Dresser, who has the kind and  
secret that has enabled him to get the best hair—  
and to make it grow again, after it has been cut  
and is so worn out by the use of the Old Brand. No hair  
dressing allowed in the shop. (April 18, 1870.)

**DENTISTRY.**  
All those in want of Teeth or other dental work  
should call on the office of Dr. J. W. Smith, who  
is prepared to do all kinds of work in this line on short notice,  
and to make and repair dentures on the most  
improved plan, and to make and repair  
Particular attention given to making and repairing  
sets of teeth of gold, silver, or platinum; also on  
Women's cast composition; the latter preferable to  
any of the other substances now used; and  
Tooth of young persons regulated, and made to grow in  
their proper positions. All work done on the premises,  
and the charge of having work done by permanently  
located and responsible parties, must be approved to all.  
All work warranted. Please call and examine  
specimens of work at our office, over Boyd & Corwin's  
Hair and Shoe Store, on Main Street, Montrose, Pa.  
Montrose, Aug. 15, 1870-71. W. SMITH & BROTHER.

**GOLD JEWELRY.**  
A New and large supply.  
Montrose, Nov. 24, 1869. ABEL TURRELL.

## Poet's Corner.

**Who Will Care.**  
Who will care?  
When we lie beneath the daisies  
Underneath the church-yard mold;  
And the long grass o'er our faces  
Lays its fingers damp and cold;  
When we sleep from care and sorrow,  
And the hills of earthy life,  
Sleep to know no end to-morrow,  
With its bitterness and strife—  
Who will care?

Who will care?  
Who will come to weep above us,  
Lying, O so white and still,  
Underneath the skies of summer,  
When all nature's pulses thrill  
To a new life, glad and tender,  
Full of beauty, rich and sweet,  
And all the world is clad in splendor,  
That the world shall o'er repeat—  
Who will care?

Who will care?  
When Quena Autumn's flowers blossom,  
And she stoops in pity down,  
With a white flower for her bosom,  
Taken from her royal crown;  
Who will come to kneel in pity  
By our long and narrow bed,  
When the wild winds sigh their dirty  
In the grasses o'er our head—  
Who will care?

Who will care?  
When the Spring time's glad smile flingers  
On the meadows far and wide,  
And she droops with rosy fingers,  
Bloom and leaf on every side,  
Who will come with tender yearning,  
To the graves of those they miss?  
Who will sigh for our returning,  
To their presence and their kiss—  
Who will care?

Who will care?  
Who will think of white clouds lying  
On an hill and silent tread,  
Nevermore to dream of lightning,  
Evermore to know of rest?  
Who will care? No one can tell us,  
But if rest and peace befall,  
Will it matter if they miss us,  
Or they miss us not at all?  
Who will care?

**The Burden of the Day.**  
BY BAYARD TAYLOR.  
Who shall rise and cast away,  
First the Burden of the Day?  
Who shall rise and cast away,  
Lighter labor, nobler speech,  
Standing firm, erect and strong,  
Proud as Freedom, free as Song?

Lo! we groan beneath the weight  
Of our own weakness created;  
Creak the knee and shut the lip,  
All for former fellowship;  
Load our slack complacent clay  
With the Burden of the Day!

Higher paths there are to tread,  
Fresher fields around us spread;  
Other duties of sun and star  
Flash and hand and hand afar.  
Larger thanhood might we share,  
Larger fortune—did we dare!

In our mills of common thought  
By the pattern all is wrought;  
In our school of life, the man  
Drills to suit the public plan,  
And through labor, love and play,  
Sheds the Burden of the Day.

Power of all is right of none,  
Right both each and beneath the sun  
To the breadth and liberal space  
Of the independent rare;  
To the chariot and the steed,  
To the will, desire and deed!

Ah, the gods of wood and stone  
Can a single saint delude them,  
But the people who shall ascend,  
First they teach and then obey,  
Till the Burden of the Day.

Thunder shall we never hear  
From the mountain's hidden peak?  
Never this monitory peal  
Shattered by a trumpet peal?  
Never aims that burn and blow  
From eternal sunbeams know?  
(Montrose, Pa.)

Though no man resent his wrong,  
Still is free the poet's song;  
One stag, his thoughts may leap  
O'er the hered error and sleep,  
And in pastures far away  
Lose the Burden of the Day.

## Miscellaneous.

### A POSTAL COURTSHIP.

"She is really the prettiest little creature I ever saw," said Mr. Willoughby Vane, as he turned from the window for the fifth time that morning. "Jane," he added, addressing his housemaid, who was clearing away the breakfast things, "have you any idea who the people are who have taken old Mr. Adderly's house opposite?"

"Well, yes, sir, if you please," returned the housemaid. "I met their cook at the grocer's, the other day, and she said that her master's name was Black—Capt. Choker Black—and that he was staying there on leave of absence with his wife and daughter, and he had written the following note to her:

"Oh, indeed! Did she happen to mention the young lady's name?"

"Yes, sir," she called her Miss Eva. "Eva! What a charming name!" murmured Willoughby to himself; and then he added aloud:

"That will do, Jane, thank you."

Mr. Willoughby Vane was a bachelor, twenty-eight years old, rich, indolent and tolerably good-looking. He lived with a widowed mother in a pleasant house on the Clapham road, and, having nothing else to do, had fallen desperately in love with his pretty neighbor, and anxiously sought an opportunity to express his love. However, having discovered the name of his fair enchantress, he determined to address her anonymously by letter.

Having decided upon taking this step, the next thing to be done was to put it into execution; and, having shut himself in his little study after many futile attempts, he succeeded in framing an epistle to the lady to his satisfaction; begging her, if she valued his peace of mind, to return an answer to "W. V. The Post-office, Clapham-common." That done, he went out for a walk, and dropped the letter into the nearest box.

Regularly three times a day, for a week afterwards, he called at the postoffice to see whether an answer had arrived for him. As the week advanced, Willoughby began to lose his appetite, and grew restless and irritable; that Mrs. Vane, like a fond mother, fancied that her dear boy was unwell, and begged him to consult his medical attendant. But her son laughed at the idea, knowing well that his complaint was beyond the doctor's skill to cure.

He was beginning to despair of ever receiving a reply, when to his great delight, on the following morning, a letter was handed to him by the postman, and written in a dainty female hand, and addressed to "W. V. As quite unable to conceal his emotion, he quitted the shop, broke open the seal, and drank in the contents.

"The foregoing is a pleasing nature," he read the envelope, and put it into his breast-pocket, and hurried home to see his innamorata looking out of the window of the opposite house, as usual.

For a moment his first impulse was to salute her respectfully from the window; but he was still in awe, the young lady would, perhaps, feel insulted by the action. Besides, how could she have any idea that he was "W. V.?" So he went indoors, and amused himself for three hours inditing a reply to the letter, which he posted the same afternoon, and in the course of a second answer arrived.

And so matters went on, a constant interchange of letters being kept up for a fortnight, during which time Mr. Willoughby Vane spent his days in running to and from the post-office, writing letters, and watching his fair neighbor from the window of the dining-room.

"Confound it!" he would sometimes say to himself. "How very provoking the dear girl is! She will never look this way!" "I do wish I could catch her eye, if only for a moment. What a horribly tantalizing thing it is, to be so near her, and depend upon it, Willoughby, that poor child is anything but happy at home with those two old fogies. Indeed her letters hint as much. And having given vent to his feelings, he would put on his hat and walk to the post-office, or shut himself in his room, and compose another note to his "harvest Eve."

At length, three months having flown rapidly away in this manner, he received a letter one morning from the young lady, which ran as follows:

"To W. V.—Sir: As it is useless to continue a correspondence in this manner, I think it is now time for you to throw off your *incognite*, and reveal your true name and position to one to whom you are not totally indifferent. Believe me that nothing inspires love like mutual confidence. Prove to me that I have not been imprudent in answering your letters by at once informing me who you are. It is with no feelings of ill-concealed curiosity I ask this, simply for our mutual satisfaction.

"—Yours, &c., Eva."

To which Willoughby replied by return of post:

"DEAREST EVA: If you will permit me to call you so? Have you not for weeks past observed a young man with his hair brushed back, anxiously watching you from the window of the opposite house? And, although you have apparently never taken the slightest notice of him, I trust his features are not altogether repulsive to you. I am that individual.

Charmed by the graceful magic of thy eye. Day after day I watched, and dream; and sigh; Watch thee, dream of thee, sigh for thee alone. Fair star of Clapham—may I add my own?"

To quote with some alterations, the noble stanza of the poet Brown. And now I have a favor. Whenever you see me at the window, take no notice of me at present, lest my mother should observe it. In a few days she will be going out of town, and then we can throw off all restraint. Till then, adieu! Adieu, my adorable girl! My eyes are ever on you. Your own

"WILLOUGHBY VANE."

To which epistle came the following answer:

"DEAR SIR: Your explanation is perfectly satisfactory. I may also add that

## Early the following week, upon enter-

ing the office in the morning, I was startled by the announcement from my uncle's lips that Rosa Berthold was dead. I recoiled as though he had struck me, and leaned heavily upon my desk.

"How do you know?" I asked.

"My uncle knit his brow.

"Her husband has been here. He wants the amounts of her policy. He is in a hurry, I take it."

"When was it?"

"A week ago, to-day. Heart disease. It's all right, of course. He has the proper certificate; two physicians that I know, and one that I never heard of. But somehow I can't make it seem so."

Instantly it flashed over me the remembrance of Berthold's singular change of countenance when I had met him just a week before. Well might the man's face blanch and his eyes start with terror, thinking of his going to his house perhaps. I did not seem very plain to me that morning.

"Uncle," said "Rosa Berthold was murdered. I saw her not two weeks ago, and she was as well as I am this moment."

"Rosa Berthold? You don't know her?"

"Certainly not. I do not know any person by the name of Berthold."

"I do," said I, and then I told him all over to my meeting Carl Berthold that morning, when, if I had glanced towards his house, I should have doubtless beheld some sign of death's awful presence within there, and might perhaps have been struck off my feet by the william.

"Uncle," said I, "I have a strong opinion that it was the matter investigated. Nothing came of that investigation, however. If my Rose had died unfairly, there was not the slightest discoverable proof of the fact. There was nothing more to be done then; but I was not satisfied. At the bottom of my heart I harbored the belief that Carl Berthold was a murderer. He received his ten thousand dollars and left for parts unknown."

Five years after, the company with whom I remained and had risen in favor, sent me to England on business of importance.

Upon the same steamer with myself was Carl Berthold; I knew him at once, though he did not recognize me. I had changed more than he had. My hair had grown darker, and I had a very heavy beard. My pulse took a quicker beat at the sight of the beautiful creature who looked so confidently on his sister, when I had a bride of short standing. She was dressed richly, and wore on her white fingers several rings which must have been of great value. I noticed, too, that the tiny watch at her belt, and which she from time to time glanced at, was set with brilliant stones; the first water, if one could judge by her glitter.

"He has secured an heirless time," I thought. "He will surely need resort to insurance." I was in London several months, and occasionally I saw Carl Berthold with his beautiful wife. One night my hotel took fire, and was so much damaged that I had to go to another. I discovered that I was not only in the same building, but occupied the next room to Carl Berthold. I thought it a singular turn of circumstances to say the least, more, that very night there was a sudden death in the hotel—my old rival for the first time. I could not help wondering if her life had been injured.

The physicians summoned to consult concerning the cause of death, did not, however, pronounce it heart disease but avowed themselves puzzled. One of these, who had appeared interested in the case, I sought out to inform me of the insurance office, I watched more diligently than before, and frequented more than formerly such places of resort as I imagined Rosa and her husband might attend.

One morning, hurrying up Broadway, I had a glimpse of what looked to me like Rosa's sylph-like shape entering a picture gallery. Instantly I darted after her up the stairs.

It was indeed she, looking a little scared at first at the sight of me, but blooming into something more than even the old vivacity under the reassuring warmth of manner. Her features were beautiful than ever, and I was truly glad to see lip and cheek glowing with such fresh carnation tints, and to behold the clear, sunny gleam of her liquid eyes.

Till I met her so, I had scarcely realized that I had entertained any forbidden thoughts in her conception. Unconsciously I had pictured her to myself as pale and fading. But this creature, with her tropical bloom and laughing eyes, mocked such visions sadly. She was evidently happy. I must have wronged Berthold in those thoughts in which, though I had not acknowledged it to myself, I had attributed to him the possibility of unkindness or injustice in any way to the woman he had beguiled from me.

As we parted, and Rosa gave me her little hand, she named her address and invited me cordially to call. I took the address, but I said that I should not be likely to call. She colored slightly at my words, but did not urge me. Probably she felt that it might not be pleasant for her husband and myself to meet.

Less than a week after this meeting, having business in that part of the city, I deviated a little from my direct route for the sake of passing by where Rosa lived. I met her husband soon enough to avoid assailing him, kept tranquilly on my way. His eyes did not light on me till we were close upon each other, as he strode along with his look upon the pavement, his lips set in the sneering smile I had noticed in the insurance office.

At the sight of me the smile froze, his face turned to a chalky white, and he stood a single helpless instant, the incarnation of the blackest terror I ever beheld. It was but a second. He rallied so swiftly, and shot past me with a courtesy of his hat, that I half doubted that I had seen any unusual expression on his countenance.

Glancing back involuntarily, Berthold had vanished, but I imagined I could see the glitter of his white teeth beyond some thick foliage which draped a yard near by.

"He is watching to see if I will go in," thought I, and I hurried past without once glancing at the house. How I hated the false pride which made me do so afterwards.

"Say about the average," answer Willoughby, timidly.

"Temper average," said the captain, jotting it down. "I think these are about all the questions I have to ask you. You know my daughter by sight?"

"And you think you would be happy with her?"

"I think, captain, I am certain of it."

"Very good. Now hurry, Mr. Willoughby Vane. Marry her, treat her well, and be happy. Neglect her, blight her young affections by harshness or cruelty, and hang me, sir, if I don't riddle you with bullets. God! sir! I'm a man of my word, and I'll do what I say, as sure as my name's Choker Black."

"I have no fear on that score, captain. Unite her to me, and if a life of devotion—"

"I know all about that," said the captain. "Keep your fine phrases for the girls. Give me your hand, sir. I've taken a fancy to you."

"You flatter me, captain."

"Hang it, sir, no; Choker Black never indulges in flattery. Don't be afraid to grasp my hand, sir, it's yours so long as I find you plain-sailing and straightforward. But if ever I suspect you of any artifice or deception, I'll knock you down with it. So now I hope we perfectly understand each other."

"One word more," said Willoughby. "Am I to understand that you consent to our union?"

"Certainly. You can be married to-morrow, if you please. Sir, the happiness of my dear child is my first consideration. God, sir, I am not a brute—not one of those unnatural parents people read of in novels. Choker Black may be a fire-eater in the field; but at any rate he knows how to treat his own flesh and blood."

"Captain, you overwhelm me with gratitude."

"Say no more about it. Clap on your hat and come across the road with me, and I'll introduce you to my daughter at once."

Scarcely knowing what he was about, Willoughby did as he was told. They crossed the road together, and the captain opened his door with a latch-key.

"(One moment, if you please," said Willoughby, who was tivating his hair and arranging his cravat.

"Are you ready now?" asked the captain.

"Quite."

"Mr. Willoughby Vane," cried the captain, ushering our hero into the drawing-room. Then, saying his hand, he added, "Allow me to introduce you to my wife and daughter."

Willoughby looked exceedingly foolish as he bowed to the ladies. On a couch by the fireside sat his enchantress, looking more bewitching than ever; her eyes were the tall, thin angular woman in black that he had frequently noticed from over the way.

"What a contrast," thought Willoughby, "between my poor daughter and her sister!"

"Annie, my dear, Mr. Willoughby Vane is nervous, no doubt. You know the adage. Let us leave the young people together, and he'll soon find his tongue. I'll wager," the captain said, addressing the younger of the two ladies, who immediately rose from her seat.

"Stay, sir—there is some mistake here," said Willoughby. "This lady is—" and he pointed to the giant female.

"My daughter, sir," said the captain.

"My daughter by my first wife."

"And this—" ejaculated our hero, turning to the younger lady.

"Is my second wife, sir."

Mr. Willoughby Vane fled from his home that night. About a month later his almost broken-hearted mother received a letter from him explaining the whole affair; and the post-mark bore the words "Montreal, Canada."

"Stuck with a Baby."

Yesterday morning, as the steambot for Wilmington was leaving the wharf at the foot of Chestnut street, a young woman, with a baby in her arms, hurried down, and the gang-plank by this time being removed, several persons gallantly hurried forward to help her on board. One of them, a young man, volunteered to hold the lady while she was being assisted to the deck of the steambot, and it was handed to him. The instant the young woman accomplished the dangerous feat, the distance between the boat and the pier so widened that the baby could not be handed to her, and the unfortunate custodian of the infant found himself in a rather unpleasant predicament, besides being subjected to the merriment of the bystanders. It was uncharitable thought that the supposed mother of the child had taken that method to relieve herself of it. No one on the wharf seemed to have any knowledge of her—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

**Jefferson's Ten Rules.**

1. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.
2. Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.
3. Never spend your money before you have it.
4. Never buy what you do not want because it is cheap.
5. Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst and cold.
6. We seldom repent of having eaten too little.
7. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.
8. How much pain the evils have cost us that never happened.
9. Take things always by the smooth handle.
10. When angry, count ten before you speak; if very angry, count a hundred.

—The Misses Young (Brigham's girls) number about twenty-four. They are described by one who saw them at the Salt Lake Theatre the other night as all stout and fine looking. The boys (there are many of them), says this spectator, "look and act like other boys, no peculiarities in person or manners being apparent."

—We are told to have hope and trust; but what is a poor fellow to do when he can no longer get any trust.

## The Spring Lancet.

I never saw a handsomer girl or woman than Rosa Mason, or one with prettier graceful ways, though she had lived on a farm always and had no opportunity for culture of either mind and manners beyond that afforded at the village school, three miles away, and the rustic society of the vicinity.

In form she was slender and round, full of willowy curves as she moved. She had a dark, brilliant face, and bright dark eyes, and a mouth as sweet and red as a half-blown rose.

My dear loved Rose Mason at least two-thirds of my life; and though with the coquetry that is inborn with creatures of her vivacious and changeable temperament, she had been extremely weary of showing me her heart, she had in the end confessed she loved me, and consented that we should be married in December.

In November, while I was away in New York, clerking for my uncle, who belonged to an insurance company, she became the wife of Carl Berthold, a handsome, black-eyed foreigner, who had invaded our rural precincts about the time of my last visit home, bewitching the girls, and driving the boys frantic with jealousy.

I was jealous with the rest, but I had Rosa's promise, and though I disliked Berthold intensely, and turned chilly whenever he was near me, I had faith in my darling and went back to the city tolerably content. The first news I heard from home was that she was married.

I don't know how I bore it now. It was terrible, of course; but as many another has done, I suppose, I set my teeth and endured and went on just as before, outwardly. Berthold had taken her away. I did not hear where, and didn't much care.

One morning, coming into my office from an errand down town, my uncle remarked to me:

"If you had been here ten minutes sooner, you would have seen as pretty a couple as I ever beheld; they took out a policy for ten thousand dollars for each. Sensible pair, they were."

I smiled as I turned to my desk, and opened the ledger in which was recorded the names of the parties insuring, and the amounts insured for. The last entries on the page were yet damp. "Carl Berthold—Rose Berthold."

I don't know how it came over me, but I shut the book as though I had seen a ghost. Fortunately no one observed my emotion.

I took my pen presently and went to work, but all that afternoon those names danced before my eyes in letters of fire.

It happened to be in the back office, three months after the wedding, when Carl came to make a payment. I knew his silky, smooth voice before I saw his face, with its shining eyes and gleaming white teeth. Involuntarily I stayed where I was, and watched him through the glass partition that separated the room in which I was from the front office.

As he passed the money to my uncle, his sharp white teeth shone in a smile that seemed more like a sneer, and he received his two policies back, with an almost audible chuckle.

I had been pretty sure all the time that Rosa and he were not the same. I had never met them, though I never saw a woman that in the least resembled my lost darling without thinking of her, and I never attended any public assembly without scanning the throng for the dark bright beauty of the girl who jilted me.

After I had seen Berthold at the insurance office, I watched more diligently than before, and frequented more than formerly such places of resort as I imagined Rosa and her husband might attend.

One morning, hurrying up Broadway, I had a glimpse of what looked to me like Rosa's sylph-like shape entering a picture gallery. Instantly I darted after her up the stairs.

It was indeed she, looking a little scared at first at the sight of me, but blooming into something more than even the old vivacity under the reassuring warmth of manner. Her features were beautiful than ever, and I was truly glad to see lip and cheek glowing with such fresh carnation tints, and to behold the clear, sunny gleam of her liquid eyes.

Till I met her so, I had scarcely realized that I had entertained any forbidden thoughts in her conception. Unconsciously I had pictured her to myself as pale and fading. But this creature, with her tropical bloom and laughing eyes, mocked such visions sadly. She was evidently happy. I must have wronged Berthold in those thoughts in which, though I had not acknowledged it to myself, I had attributed to him the possibility of unkindness or injustice in any way to the woman he had beguiled from me.

As we parted, and Rosa gave me her little hand, she named her address and invited me cordially to call. I took the address, but I said that I should not be likely to call. She colored slightly at my words, but did not urge me. Probably she felt that it might not be pleasant for her husband and myself to meet.

Less than a week after this meeting, having business in that part of the city, I deviated a little from my direct route for the sake of passing by where Rosa lived. I met her husband soon enough to avoid assailing him, kept tranquilly on my way. His eyes did not light on me till we were close upon each other, as he strode along with his look upon the pavement, his lips set in the sneering smile I had noticed in the insurance office.

At the sight of me the smile froze, his face turned to a chalky white, and he stood a single helpless instant, the incarnation of the blackest terror I ever beheld. It was but a second. He rallied so swiftly, and shot past me with a courtesy of his hat, that I half doubted that I had seen any unusual expression on his countenance.

Glancing back involuntarily, Berthold had vanished, but I imagined I could see the glitter of his white teeth beyond some thick foliage which draped a yard near by.

"He is watching to see if I will go in," thought I, and I hurried past without once glancing at the house. How I hated the false pride which made me do so afterwards.

## Early the following week, upon enter-

ing the office in the morning, I was startled by the announcement from my uncle's lips that Rosa Berthold was dead. I recoiled as though he had struck me, and leaned heavily upon my desk.

"How do you know?" I asked.

"My uncle knit his brow.

"Her husband has been here. He wants the amounts of her policy. He is in a hurry, I take it."

"When was it?"

"A week ago, to-day. Heart disease. It's all right, of course. He has the proper certificate; two physicians that I know, and one that I never heard of. But somehow I can't make it seem so."

Instantly it flashed over me the remembrance of Berthold's singular change of countenance when I had met him just a week before. Well might the man's face blanch and his eyes start with terror, thinking of his going to his house perhaps. I did not seem very plain to me that morning.

"Uncle," said "Rosa Berthold was murdered. I saw her not two weeks ago, and she was as well as I am this moment."

"Rosa Berthold? You don't know her?"

"Certainly not. I do not know any person by the name of Berthold."

"I do," said I, and then I told him all over to my meeting Carl Berthold that morning, when, if I had glanced towards his house, I should have doubtless beheld some sign of death's awful presence within there, and might perhaps have been struck off my feet by the william.

"Uncle," said I, "I have a strong opinion that it was the matter investigated. Nothing came of that investigation, however. If my Rose had died unfairly, there was not the slightest discoverable proof of the fact. There was nothing more to be done then; but I was not satisfied. At the bottom of my heart I harbored the belief that Carl Berthold was a murderer. He received his ten thousand dollars and left for parts unknown."

Five years after, the company with whom I remained and had risen in favor, sent me to England on business of importance.

Upon the same steamer with myself was Carl Berthold; I knew him at once, though he did not recognize me. I had changed more than he had. My hair had grown darker, and I had a very heavy beard. My pulse took a quicker beat at the sight of the beautiful creature who looked so confidently on his sister, when I had a bride of short standing. She was dressed richly, and wore on her white fingers several rings which must have been of great value. I noticed, too, that the tiny watch at her belt, and which she from time to time glanced at, was set with brilliant stones; the first water, if one could judge by her glitter.

"He has secured an heirless time," I thought. "He will surely need resort to insurance." I was in London several months, and occasionally I saw Carl Berthold with his beautiful wife. One night my hotel took fire, and was so much damaged that I had to go to another. I discovered that I was not only in the same building, but occupied the next room to Carl Berthold. I thought it a singular turn of circumstances to say the least, more, that very night there was a sudden death in the hotel—my old rival for the first time. I could not help wondering if her life had been injured.

The physicians summoned to consult concerning the cause of death, did not, however, pronounce it heart disease but avowed themselves puzzled. One of these, who had appeared interested in the case, I sought out to inform me of the insurance office, I watched more diligently than before, and frequented more than formerly such places of resort as I imagined Rosa and her husband might attend.

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