THE MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

E. B. HAWLEY, Proprietor. MONTROSE, PA., WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 7, 1870. VOLUME XXVII, NUMBER 36.

Business Cards.

LITTLES & BLAKESLEE,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law. Office the one heretofore occupied by R. B. & O. P. Little, on Main street, Montrose, Pa. [April 60.
R. B. LITTLE. GEO. P. LITTLE. R. 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, 3d door below Searle's Hotel. Work made to order, and repairing done neatly. Montrose, Jan. 1, 1870.

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

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

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

DR. S. W. DAYTON,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, tenders his services to the citizens of Great Bend and vicinity. Office at his residence, opposite Barnum House, G'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. H. McCOLLUM.

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

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

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

M. C. SUTTON,
Auctioneer, and Insurance Agent,
aug 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.—West 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.
BILLINGS STROUD, CHARLES L. BROWN.

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

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

DR. W. W. SMITH,
DENTIST. Rooms over Boyd & Corwin's 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 1848. [Montrose, Pa.

D. W. SEARLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, office over the Store of A. Lathrop, in the Brick Block, Montrose, Pa. [aug'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, Dye-Stuffs, 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. B. BURNS, AMOS NICHOLS.
Aug. 1, 1869.

DR. E. L. HANDRICK,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizen of Friendsville and vicinity. ☞ Office in the office of Dr. Leet—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 rest—ha! ha! I haven't 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

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

Poet's Corner.

What Makes a Man?

Not numerous years, nor lengthened life,
Not pretty children and a wife,
Not pins, and chains, and fancy rings,
Not any such-like trumpery things;
Nor pipe, cigar, nor bottled wine,
Nor liberty with kings to dine:
Nor coat, nor boots, nor yet a hat,
A dandy vest, or trim cravat;
Nor houses, lands, nor golden ore,
Nor all the world's wealth laid in store,
Nor Mister, Rev'rend, Sir, nor Squire,
With titles that the memory tire;
Not ancestry traced back to Will,
Who went from Normandy to kill;
Not Latin, Greek, nor Hebrew lore,
Nor thousand volumes rambled o'er;
Not Judge's robe, nor Mayor's mace,
Nor crowns that deck the royal face,
These all united, never can
Avail to make a single man.

A truthful soul, a loving mind,
Full of affection for its kind,
A helper of the human race,
A soul of beauty and of grace;
A spirit firm, erect and free,
That never basely bends the knee;
That will not bear a feather's weight
Of slavery's chain, for small or great;
That truly speaks of God within,
And never makes a league with sin,
That snaps the fetters despots make,
And loves the truth for its own sake;
That worships God and Him alone,
And bows nowhere but at his throne;
That trembles at no tyrant's nod—
A soul that fears no one but God,
And thus can smile at curse and ban—
That is the soul that makes a man.

Green Apples.

Pull down the bough, Bob! Isn't this fun?
Now give it a shake, and—there goes one!
Now put your thumb up to the other and see
If it isn't as mellow as mellow can be.
I know by the stripe
It must be ripe!
That's one apence for you and me.

Green, are they? Well, no matter for that,
Sit down on the grass and we'll have a chat,
And I'll tell you what old Parson Bute
Said, last Sunday, of unripe fruit.
"Life," said he,
"Is a beautiful tree,
Heavily laden with beautiful fruit.

"For the youth there's love, just streaked with red,
And great joys hanging just over his head;
Happiness, honor, and great estate,
For those who patiently work and wait:
Blessings, sam pr,
Of every degree,
Ripening early and ripening late.

Take them in season, pluck and eat,
And the fruit is wholesome, the fruit is sweet;
But, oh, my friend!" Here he gave a rap
On his desk, like a thunder clap,
And made such a bang,
Old Parson Lang
Woke out of his Sunday nap.

"Green fruit," he said, "God would not bless;
But half life's sorrow and bitterness,
Half the evil, and ache, and crime,
Came from tasting before their time.
The fruits Heaven sent."
Then on he went,
To his fourthly and fifthly—wasn't prime?

But I say, Bob, we fellows don't care
So much for a mouthful of apple or pear:
But what we like is the fun of the thing,
When the fresh winds blow and the hangbirds bring
Home grubs and sing
To their young ones a-swing
In their basket nest tied up by its string.

I like apples in various ways;
They're first rate roasted before the blaze
Of a winter's fire; and, oh, my eyes,
Aren't they nice, though, made into pies;
I scarce ever saw
One cooked or raw,
That wasn't fit for a boy of my size.

But shake your fruit from the orchard tree,
To the tune of the brook and the hum of the bee,
And the chipmonk's chirping every minute,
And the clear, sweet note of the gay little linnet
And the grass and the flowers
And the long summer hours,
And the flavor of sun and breeze are in it.

But this is a hard one! Why didn't we
Leave them another week on the tree?
Is yours as bitter? Give us a bite.
The pulp is tough and the seeds are white,
And the taste of it puckers
My mouth like a sucker's!
I vow I believe the old parson was right!

VARIETIES.

—The monogram sash is the latest novelty of the ladies.

—In New York thirty housekeepers have united to import Chinese servants.

—They wear pink satin slippers to breakfast at Saratoga.

—The Grecian Bend is to be succeeded by the Boston dip, a sort of limp with one foot.

—A New Haven editor recently wrote an elaborate article about his "Alma Mater," and was astounded to find it appear in the paper as "Alum Water."

—Bessemer, the steel man, is engaged on a vessel, passengers in which will be free from seasickness. The entire cabin is to be movable.

—German ladies propose, as the climax of self-sacrifice, abstinence from French fashions.

—California is shipping fruit east in cars with revolving dogs in Boston. It acts on the principle of the Cuban garrote.

—Meetings are called in Iowa counties to organize companies for the purpose of defeating the collection of taxes to pay the interest on railroad bonds.

Miscellaneous.

How a Grumbler Was Cured:

A DOMESTIC SKETCH.

Many a wife is grievously wounded by the constant and unnecessary fault-finding of her husband over the food which she has prepared, often with direct reference to his expressed predilections. Oftentime woman have been heard to declare that the first few years of housekeeping were made wretched by this.

I have known a man to leave a fifth-rate boarding-house, where soiled table-cloths were the rule, and sloppy tea, turbid coffee, and the inevitable "hash," were not the exception, and sitting opposite his young wife at their own table, mercilessly stab her with unjust remarks upon the well-cooked meal before him, just as if he were not voraciously devouring better food than he had ever been accustomed to.

Perhaps this fault-finding has the same effect upon the appetite as a celebrated table-sauce has, for the habitual grumbler generally eats with a relish of the condemned dish, thereby giving the lie to his words. The following story contains its own moral:—

"Mary, your corn bread is never done; I wonder what is the reason everybody else has things right and we always have things wrong?"

"Why, Joe, I am sure the corn bread has never been in this state before. You see the fire 'had a fit,' and couldn't be made to burn this morning."

"O, yes, you are always ready with an excuse. Now, there is Mrs. Smith; her stove never has fits. And she always has the lightest, sweetest bread, and the nicest cake and preserves I ever ate. I wish you'd take pattern by her.

"Well, I am sure, Joe, I do my best, and I think I succeed oftener than I fail. I wish I could suit you always; but that, I suppose, can scarcely be expected," and Mary gave a weary sigh.

Mary Starr had been married about a year, during which time she had found housekeeping rather up-hill work. She was a neat little body, and conscientiously did her very best to please her husband; but he, whatever might be the reason, was very hard to please—in fact, seemed determined not to be pleased with any thing she did. Perhaps, like the old soldiers in one of Dickens' stories, he had a vital and constant sense that "discipline must be maintained." At any rate, he never allowed Mary to be pleased with herself on any occasion, if he could help it.

Mary was an amiable wife, fortunately, and not easily irritated; though to tell the truth, there were times when her forbearance was severely tried. For instance whenever she and Joe took tea out, or went to a party; or even to church, seldom allowed the opportunity to pass unembraced to animadvert upon some deficiency in cookery, or manners, or dress, on the part of his wife, and that in public. For instance, it would be—

"Mrs. Jones, what beautiful sponge-cake you make! Mary, take notice how light this cake is. I wonder why you can never have it so puffy." Or, "Mrs. Brown you certainly are an adept at entertaining company. I wish, Mary that you would try to steal Mrs. Brown's art." Or, "Mrs. Green, your dress is always most becoming your taste is exquisite. I don't see why it is, Mary, that with all I spend for you, you never can reach the piquant style of Mrs. Green."

On these occasions Mary would blush and bite her lip, and be inwardly annoyed, but she was a woman of too much pride and good sense to make a display of her chagrin; and she was really too good-natured and Christian a person to let it change her feelings towards Joe, whom she knew to be, after all, very fond of her and a very just man at heart. After a while, too, seeing that the fault was probably curable, she bethought herself how she should proceed in order to brake him of his disagreeable habit.

Fortune favored her. One day a lady, one of her most valued friends and best neighbors, called to invite Joe and Mary to a tea-party at her house.

"It will be a small affair," said she, "but very pleasant, I think. You only are wanted to make the scale of harmony complete."

"Well," said Mary, "I will come, Mrs. Vane, on one condition."

"Condition! Is it come to this, that you must make conditions? Well, my, dear make your demand."

"The condition is," said Mary, "that you will allow me to furnish all the refreshments."

"Well, that is an odd idea. Mary, my dear, I hope you don't mean to insinuate that I am getting poor?"

"No Hattie; thank fortune, she has showed her favors upon you quite liberally. But I have a notion for this, which if you please, I will not divulge; only let me have my way this once, just for the oddity of the thing."

"If any body but you, Mary, had made such a request of me, I certainly should have taken offence. But I never could be angry with you. So, if it will be any satisfaction to you—though for the life of me I can't imagine what your drift is—I will accept your conditions. When may I expect my supplies?"

"Let me see; to-morrow is my baking day, and your tea-party is not to be before Thursday. Well, on Wednesday afternoon you shall be supplied with bread, biscut, cake, and all the other accessories; and mind, the only thing I allow you to furnish is butter, which I do not make."

"Very well; it's settled, then, and I will leave you. On the whole, this arrangement suits me; it relieves me of a great responsibility, for your cookery is well known to be particularly nice. So good-by till Thursday."

"Mind you say nothing about this, Hattie, to any one; it is a secret of mine."

"Very well, as you say; I'll keep mum. Good-by again, for you will have your hands full, and I must not interrupt you."

So off Mrs. Vane went, inwardly wondering what crochet demure little Mary had got into her steady little head.

Every thing came off on that baking day precisely as Mary could have wished it. Her bread was light and sweet, and white as a snow-flake, with just a golden-brown line of crust surrounding it; her cakes were perfection; her crullers crisp and delicious. Then she knew that her preserved fruits were nice, and if ever there was sponge cake more like solified froth she would like to see it. Every thing was sent into Mrs. Vane on Wednesday after noon, and she had all Thursday to devote to her dress.

Mary looked very pretty that night at the tea-party, for her eyes shone with a purpose, and she had just enough excitement about it to redden her cheeks in a very becoming manner. Add to this that she was dressed with neatness and taste, and you will not be unwilling to believe me when I say that she was quite the belle of the occasion. Joe evidently thought so himself; for, strange to say, he made no remark on her appearance that night calculated to lower herself-esteem; but, contrariwise, gazed at her from time to time with the most profound satisfaction.

But "murder will out." It came out on this occasion when they sat down to supper. Every body was delighted; there had not been such an unexceptional "tea" in that neighborhood for a long time. Country people are very fond of their "teas," they compare one with another with admirable connoisseurship. This one was a triumph.

"Mrs. Vane, you are the profection of bread makers. Your biscuts are quite beautiful. Were ever such crullers made? How do you manage it Mrs. Vane? What lovely sponge cake!"

Mrs. Vane and Mary occasionally changed glances and smiled, but nobody noticed it.

Joe had been behaving so beautifully all the evening, that Mary began to be afraid her plans had failed. He came out now, however, greatly to her satisfaction.

"This is a feast, indeed," he said. "A fellow is fortunate who has a wife that can make such bread as this, to say nothing of the sponge cake. I can't see why it is Mary; you improve, it is true; I give you credit for that; but I don't see how it is that all women cannot have the knack that Mrs. Vane has of cooking to perfection. If you could make such bread as this, Mary, your husband would be a happy man."

Mrs. Vane looked at Mary, and Mary looked at Mrs. Vane. Light had broken upon the mind of the latter. It broke like a flash of lighting, and then there was an explosion—not of thunder, but of laughter.

Joe looked up amazed. He was a man who petted his dignity enormously. What did these women mean, to laugh so at a sober, sensible remark of his? Particularly when the remark was made by Mary, mean, to so trifle with the respect she was accustomed.

He began to grow red indeed. Mrs. Vane saw it, presently, and came to his and Mary's relief; for poor Mary began to be a little frightened at the success of her scheme. She did not like Joe to be angry at any rate.

"Mr. Starr," said Mrs. Vane, "I am truly glad you like this very excellent cookery, for it is all your wife's. By your own showing, you ought to be a very happy man."

Here the whole company caught the infection, and joined in the laugh against Joe. It was of no use to get angry with so many people; so, before long, Joe joined the chorus himself.

And so the tea-party broke up with the greatest good-nature all round, and Joe went home with a lesson he never forgot; for it was the last time that Mary ever heard any more complaints from him. He is now the most easily pleased of any husband for ten miles around.

Them Good Old Daze.

How I long (once in a while) for them good old daze.

Them daze when there was more fun for thirty cents than there is now for seven dollars and a half.

Them daze when a man married 145 lbs. of woman and less than 9 lbs. (awl told) of anything else.

How I long for them good old daze when edekashun consisted in what men did well.

Them daze when deacons were as austere as hoss radish, and ministers preached to men's souls instead of their pocket.

Them daze when polytics was the exception and honesty the rocle.

Them daze when lap dogs want known and when brown bread and baked goose made a good dinner.

Them daze when a man who wasn't bizzy was watched, and when women spun yarn to knit stockings.

How i do long for the good old daze when now and then a gal baby was called Jerusha and a boy wasn't spil't if he was named Jerrymier.

And ye who have fethers and fuss of life, who have codfish of wealth without sense under your nose, cum beneath this tree and long for an hour with me for the good daze when men were ashamed to be fools and wimmin were afraid to be flirts.
—*Josh Billings.*

DOES SIN PAY?—A little boy, to sell his paper told a lie. The matter came up in the Sunday school.

"Would you tell a lie for three cents?" asked a teacher of one of her boys.

"No, ma'am," answered Dick, very decidedly.

"For ten cents?"

"No, ma'am."

"For a dollar?"

"No, ma'am."

"For a thousand dollars?"

Dick was staggered. A thousand dollars looked big. O, would it not buy lots? While he was thinking, another boy roared out, "No, ma'am," behind him.

"Why not?" asked the teacher.

"Because, when the thousand dollars are all gone, and all the things they've got with them are gone too, the lie is there all the same," answered the boy.

It is so. A lie sticks. Everything else may be gone, but that is left, and you will have to carry it round with you, whether you will or not; a hard, heavy load it is.

It cost us $10,000 to investigate Gen. Howard's character.

Brief Summary.

—Instead of hops at the watering places this season, there are so many round dances that they are called "twists." It is very common to see a gentleman walk up to a lady, reach out his elbow, and say, 'Madam, will you favor me with a twist?' And she twists.

—The following ludicrous sentence is the result of a compositor's erroneous punctuation: "Cæsar entered upon his head, his helmet upon his feet, armed sandals upon his brows, a cloud in his right hand, his faithful sword in his eye, an angry glare."

—You can't get along in this world with a homely wife. She'll spend half her time in looking in the glass, and turn, and twist, and brush, and fix, till she gets completely vexed with her own ugliness, and she'll go right off and spank the baby.

—A green academy student, being required to write a composition in his regular course of study, commenced thus:—"It is rather difficult and pretty near impossible to communicate to others those ideas whereof we ourselves are not possessed.

—Since the 1st of April 5,108 dogs have been killed in St. Louis, which, according to estimates made, is about one-fifth of the canine population of that city.

—A New York tailor was startled the other day by the return of a bill which he had sent to a magazine editor, with a notice that the manuscript was respectfully declined.

—Mrs. Elliet, of Thomaiton, Me., a widow lady in a depressed state of mind, jumped off the wharf a few nights since, on suicidal thoughts intent, but neglecting to look in the Almanac to see about the tide, landed in the mud, and was willing to cry lustily for help.

—A young mother was exhibing with considerable pride to a number of admiring friends, her first baby. Finally approaching little Dan, a lad of five years, the happy parent said, "Dan, isn't this a dear little baby?" Dan hesitated a moment, turned up his eyes and answered: "Yes, but it's bald headed."

—The Laconia Democrat says that a couple recently married in Guilford, N.H., after two week's experience of the sweets of matrimony have dissolved partnership without the intervention of a court. She said she wouldn't live with him, he said he would give her a hundred dollars to quit. She took the greenbacks and went.

—A pair of blue-birds have built their nest in a large gong used to warn passengers of approaching trains at West Chester, Pa., and do not seem to mind the discordant noises of their strange habitation.

—A Montreal woman thought she stood in urgent need of a change of husbands, so she melted some spoons and tried to pour the hot metal into the ear of her lord, but as he was only shamming sleep, he knocked the metal all over the ceiling, and spread her nose over her face with his teeth. The injured lady is now in jail.

—The latest style of summer costume far ladies in Paris is the feather dress.—Ladies appear on the boulevard in short dresses, trimmed with countless rows of beautiful feathers. The head dress is a carefully arranged plume of ostrich feathers, and the parasol is studded with little humming birds. All that is wanting to turn the fair ladies into birds are a couple of geese wings.

—The work of building the new international bridge across the Niagara river is being pushed forward by the contractors as the circumstances will admit.—Three of the caissons have been sunk, and two abutments completed. Each caisson is filled with five feet of concrete, capped with blocks of stone, a ton in weight. The mason work will rise above the water level to a height of 20 feet.

—A preacher at Washata, Wisconsin, has been discharged for being personal to his hearers. He said: "If you should take a barrel and fill it with the Holy Ghost, and another and fill it with whisky, and call this congregation up and let you take your choice, and the whisky would be gone first."

—A bachelor in New York had the blues, and applied to a doctor for some medicine. The doctor inquired into his case, and wrote a prescription in Latin, which the bachelor took to a drug store. Translated, the prescription read, "seventeen yards of silk with a woman in it."

—The war is getting into everybody. Here is an oil region paper publishing an account of a prize fight, from which we extract the fallowing: "Round 11—Both prompt at the scratch and get to work quickly. Tom lands a mitrailleuse in Jim's mug, nearly closing his port peeper. Jim sent a chassepot back on his opponent's starboard barker. Round 12—Jim's mug looked seedy, his left Bismark color," &c.

—The female Principals of the grammar schools of St. Louis have recently had their salaries raised from $1400 to $2000 per annum by a resolution of the board of education, making the salaries of principals of first class schools uniform. The female principals, two in number, have occupied their positions sixteen years.

☞ A lady from the country, who has lately become a resident of the city, was very much troubled at her son's long absence from home the other evening. A neighbor calling, suggested that her boy had gone to see the elephant. "Ah!" said the mother, with a sigh of relief, "why didn't he tell me? I have no objections to him seeing the elephant, and didn't even know it was in town."

—For some years past, this country has eclipsed Russia in the wheat market of England. The United States now furnishes to the United Kingdom more than a third of its whole supply. In five years the increase amounts to 123 per cent.

"In ordinary times," remarked Goldwin Smith, "the income-tax is a tax on honesty, a premium on dishonesty, a corruptor of national, and especially of commercial, honor." These are ordinary times.

Two Pictures.

There lives now, in Coffee county, Tennessee, an old man in his 86th year—Gen. Wm. Moore. He was with Gen. Jackson in the war of 1812—was with him in his Indian wars. On one occasion, when Gen. Jackson called for one hundred young men to wade the river and join Gen. Coffee, Capt. Moore stepped out and walked down the lines and brought back his men who waded the river, though there was ice in it. At the battle of Talladega he was wounded in the ankle by a poisoned arrow. From his wound he has never recovered. The town of Huntsville, Ala., would have been destroyed by the Indians but for the energy and boldness of Moore. He was then living in Fayetteville, Tennessee. The morning after he heard the Indians were marching on Huntsville he had raised one hundred and fifty men, and was on the march to meet the hostile foe. He met seven hundred Indians at Ditto's landing and held them in check until Gen. Jackson came up. In the late war he was a decided Union man until the fight commenced, and then the honest, faithful, brave old soldier went with his own country. He was the bearer of the vote of the secession of Tennessee to Richmond. This lost him his pension.

There lives, now in New Orleans, another soldier, not so old as the one who is noticed above, whose early history is less known. Now, however, he is well known throughout the Union. In the late struggle between the North and South, Gen. Longstreet was one of Gen. Lee's generals, in all his battles around Richmond. Thousands and ten thousands of Federal soldiers lost their lives in their battles with Gen. Longstreet's Confederate command. General Longstreet with his army marched through East Tennessee. He it was who besieged Knoxville. Who of the people of our section of the State will ever cease to remember Longstreet's march through the country? He was fighting for slavery—fighting for secession. For this, at the close of the war Gen. Longstreet was rewarded by Gen. Grant with the best office within his gift.

Moore fought against the Indians, fought against the British, and carried to Richmond the vote of Tennessee when she seceded. For this he lost his pension.

Longstreet fought to maintain the institution of slavery, fought to sever the South from the North—fought to establish a Southern Confederacy. For this he won a support from the Union he attempted to destroy.

It was a Radical President and a Radical Congress that lost Moore his pension.

It was a Radical President and a Radical Congress that gave Longstreet his office.

Rising in the World.

You should bear constantly in mind that nine-tenths of us are, from the very nature and necessities of the world, born to earn our livelihood by the sweat of our brow. What reason have we then to presume that our children are not to do the same? If they be—as now and then one will be—endowed with extraordinary powers of mind, those powers may have an opportunity of developing themselves; and if they never have that opportunity, the harm is not very great to us or to them. Nor does it hence follow that the descendants of laborers are always to be laborers. The path upward is steep and long, to be sure. Industry, care, skill, excellence in the present parents lay the foundation of a rise under more favorable circumstances for the children. The children of these take another rise; and by and by the descents of the present laborer becomes gentlemen. This is natural progress. It is by attempting to reach the top at a single leap that so much misery is produced in the world; and the propriety to make such attempts has been cherished and encouraged by the strange projects that we have witnessed of late years for making the laborers virtuous and happy by giving them what is called education.

The education we speak of consists in bringing up children to labor with steadiness, with care, and with skill; to show them how to do as many useful things as possible; to teach them how to do them all in the best manner; to set them an example of industry, sobriety, cleanliness, and neatness; to make all these habitual to them, so that they shall never be liable to fall into the contrary practices; to let them always see a good living proceeding from labor, and thus to remove from them the temptation to get at the goods of others by violent or fraudulent means; and to keep far from their minds all the inducement to hypocrisy and deceit.

☞ A new style of water-proof boots has lately been brought out in Lynn. The material is the ordinary lasting or serge, and in appearance exactly resembles the ordinary serge boot. Before making up, however, the serge, as well as the lining is impregnated with a preparation of paraffine, which renders the cloth impervious to water, except when great effort is made to force it through. When upon the foot, this boot, it is said, sheds the water perfectly. The process, which has been patented, adds but little to the cost of a boot, and must largely increase its value for winter wear.

☞ That man is a bad preacher in the pulpit who is not a good preacher out of it; and no man in the world has a right to stand up for God, if God has not adorned him with personal holiness. We should preach by what we are as well as by what we say.

"All those," said Lorenzi de Medici, "are dead for the present life, who do not hope for a future." So true is it, that a hope full of immortality is the death of death, and the life of life. He who hath not such a hope, hath not known life.

—A young female has been swindling the ladies living on York street, New Haven, by representing herself as "the servant girl from the next door," and requesting the loan of a quarter for her mistress. In this way she had collected a large sum of money.

For the Boys and Girls.

Afraid of a Laugh.

BY A. A. B.

"Please, Aunt Eleanor, I can't do it," said Norman Hale, "the boys would laugh and tease me so; indeed I cannot."

"So my little nephew is afraid of a laugh, is he?" asked Mrs. Place, looking quietly at the boy by her side; "he is going to be like the weather-vane, is he? turning with every shade of public opinion, afraid to do what is right and proper, because, forsooth, some of his companions may raise a laugh at his expense."

Norman did not reply, and his aunt continued: "Let me tell you a story of two boys I knew years ago. I will call them Moses and Giles, lest you should recognise the men before my story is begun. One of their playmates had received a box of valuable presents, and in imitation of his elders, thought he would treat all his young friends. His father furnished him with a decanter of redneed alchol, (just right for boys, he said," a bowl of sugar, several glasses and spoons. This boy whose name was Silas, arranged them nicely on a table, feeling quite proud of the display, and invited all in the village to come and take a drink. A large number soon flocked around him, quite elated at the prospect before them—free drinks and plenty of sugar.

Sitting at my window, I heard Moses and Giles conversing. Neither relished the idea much, but Moses said it would look odd not to go through the motions. 'We needn't taste only the tiniest drop, you know,' while Giles thought best to abstain from any appearance of evil and not go near temptation. 'But everybody will laugh at us, and say we're terrible afraid of becoming drunkards,' said Moses. 'Let them laugh, then,' replied Giles. 'If I never taste, I know I shall never be one. For my part,' he continued, 'when I know a thing is right, I mean to do it, be the consequences what they may.' Poor Moses could not follow Giles's example, for he was but one to stay away, while dozens were going.

I don't know as the villagers perceived any immediate ill effects from Silas's treat, but Moses and Giles are now men, and which, Norman, think you would prefer to be?"

"I don't know," replied Norman, "I don't know who they are."

"Very well, I can tell you, then. You remember the man who lectured to us so earnestly and eloquently the other eve-

"Of course I do; papa said he was the richest man in Buford, and the most [illegible] how that can be. But who is the other?"

"Well, the other man is poor drunken Mills, who is so often seen staggering through our street."

"Oh, I know him: some of the boys were hooting him yesterday, and he threatening to chastise them. I couldn't help pitying him.

"Yes, he is truly an object of pity and has been so from his childhood, for like a little boy I know now, he dared not do what was right lest he should be laughed at."

"Oh! Auntie, I won't be afraid of a laugh any longer, but will go right about getting signers to the Temperance Pledge, and perhaps I'll win a commission one of these days."—*Young People's Helper.*

Who are your Associates?

Allen Winfield lived next door to the school-house. So he used to work until quarter of nine every morning, and then expeditiously changed his working garb for a neat school-suit, which made him look like a new boy.

"I wouldn't be digging away there so every morning," said Hugh Rogers, as he lounged over the garden fence about eight o'clock. "I'm going over to school to have some fun."

"The teacher does not like to have us come much before school-time," said Allen "and I take more pleasure in seeing these things come on so well in the garden, than in a game of ball, even, though I like that well enough, too."

"Well, you have a curious taste," said the lounger as he sauntered on, to join a company of like-minded lads, who thought play the main business of life.

Mother was sure to call Allen at the moment he desired.

"Don't be late, Allen," she said, glancing at the clock which said one minute of nine.

"Never fear, mother," said the lad, fastening the last button of his jacket, "the teacher just passed. I will be there as soon as he." And giving his mother a hasty good-bye kiss, he bounded down the steps, and in another minute was in his seat, at school.

Allen's companions were quickly seen, let him be where he would. They were always the best boys and best scholars in the school, no matter whether they wore broadcloth or homespun. A noble hearted mother had taught him from childhood that character, not cloths, was the standard by which to measure people. No where more than at school is the old adage true about "birds of a feather." At recess, you would see Allen one of a knot of boys, who were talking intelligently over lessions, or matters of improvement, or joining heartily in bracing, manly sports.

Hugh, just as regularly gravitated towards a very different circle. They were the tricky boys, those who always kept the teacher on the alert, nipping in the bud their plans of mischief, or correcting them for misdemeanors. They get little profit out of their excellent advantages for obtaining an education.

Now, can not any one easily fancy the future history of those two boys. One sinking lower and lower, led on by evil associates into the rounds of dissipation, beginning at the drinking saloon; the other rising to a noble, prosperous manhood, to take the the responsible positions of honor in society.

"He that walketh with wise men shall be wise." A young man's whole future life depends largely on the associates he chooses.