THE MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

E. B. HAWLEY, Proprietor. MONTROSE, PA., WEDNESDAY MARCH 1, 1871. VOLUME XXVIII, NUMBER 9.

Business Cards.

J. D. VAIL,
HOMŒOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Has permanently located himself in Montrose, Pa., where he will promptly attend to all calls in his profession with which he may be favored. Office and residence west of the Court House, near Fitch & Watson's office. Montrose, February 8, 1871.

LAW OFFICE.
FITCH & WATSON, Attorneys at Law, at the old office of Bentley & Fitch, Montrose, Pa.
L. F. FITCH. [Jan. 11, '71.] W. W. WATSON.

CHARLES N. STODDARD,
Dealer in Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Leather and Findings. Main Street, 1st door below Bord's Store. Work made to order, and repairing done neatly. Montrose, Jan. 1, 1870.

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

R. 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.

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. S. 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 2 door below Boyd's Store, Montrose, Pa. [Jan 1, '69

M. C. SUTTON,
Auctioneer, and Insurance Agent,
and ex' Friendsville, Pa.

C. S. GILBERT,
U. S. Auctioneer.
aug1 69' Great Bend, Pa.

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

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

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

H. BURRITT,
DEALER in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Crocker 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.

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 goods, 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 citizens of Friendsville and vicinity. ☞ Office in 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 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.

HUNT BROTHERS, SCRANTON, PA.
Wholesale & Retail Dealers in
HARDWARE, IRON, STEEL,
NAILS, SPIKES, SHOVELS,
BUILDER'S HARDWARE,
MINE RAIL, COUNTERSUNK & T RAILSPIKES
RAILROAD & MINING SUPPLIES.
CARRIAGE SPRINGS, AXLES, SKEINS AND BOXES, BOLTS, NUTS and WASHERS,
PLATED BANDS, MALLEABLE IRONS, HUBS, SPOKES,
FELLOES, SEAT SPINDLES, BOWS, &c.
ANVILS, VICES, STOCKS and DIES, BELLOWS HAMMERS, SLEDGES, FILES, &c. &c.
CIRCULAR AND MILL SAWS, BELTING, PACKING TACKLE BLOCKS, PLASTER PARIS CEMENT, HAIR & GRINDSTONES.
FRENCH WINDOW GLASS, LEATHER & FINDINGS FAIRBANK'S SCALES.
scranton, March 24, 1869. 1y

Agricultural College, of Pennsylvania.
THIS INSTITUTION will reopen for the SPRING TERM OF 24 WEEKS, On Friday, February 10, 1871.
For general Circular, catalogue and other information, Address,
THOS. H. BURROWS, President,
Agricultural College, P. O.,
Jan. 25, 1870.—tf. Centre Co., Pa.

JEWELRY.....A. TURRELL

Poet's Corner.

Don't Stay Out Late To-Night.

The heart of home is beaming
With rays of rosy light;
And loving eyes are gleaming,
As falls the shades of night;
And while thy steps are leaving
That circle pure and bright,
A tender voice, half grieving,
Says, "don't stay late to-night."

The world in which thou movest
Is busy, brave and wide;
The world of her thou lovest
Is at her ingle side;
She waits for thy warm greeting;
Thy smile is her delight;
Her gentle voice entreating,
Says, "Don't stay late to-night."

The world, cold and inhuman,
Will spurn thee if thou fall;
The love of one pure woman
Outlasts and shames them all;
Thy children will cling 'round thee,
Let fate be dark or bright;
At home no shaft can wound thee—
Then "Don't stay late to-night."

Things that Never Die.

The pure, the bright the beautiful
That stirred our hearts in youth,
The impulse to a wordless prayer,
The dreams of love and truth;
The longings after something lost,
The spirit's yearning cry,
The strivings after better hopes—
These things can never die.

The timid hand stretched forth to aid
A brother in his need,
The kindly word in grief's dark hour
That proves a friend indeed—
The plea for mercy, softly breathed
When justice threatens high,
The sorrow of a contrite heart—
These things can never die.

The memory of a clasping hand,
The pressure of a kiss,
And all the trifles, sweet and fleet,
That made up love's first bliss;
If with a firm unchanging faith
And holy trust and high, [met;
Those hands have clasped, those lips have
These things shall never die.

The cruel and the bitter word,
That wounded as it fell;
The chilling want of sympathy,
We feel but never tell;
The hard repulse, that chills the heart,
Whose hopes were bounding high,
In an unfading record kept—
These things shall never die.

Let nothing pass; for every hand
Must find some work to do;
Lose not a chance to waken love;
Be firm, and just, and true;
So shall a light that cannot fade,
Beam on thee from on high,
And angel voices say to thee:
"These things shall never die."

Brevities and Witicisms.

—Avoid debt—He that pays down, will not be called upon to pay up.

—When are soldiers like good flannel? When they don't shrink.

—Hypocrites are the ones to cry that there's no such word as can't.

—A question for naturalists—Ought a quadruped to be called a *fore*-runner?

—Why should one never sleep in the cars? The train runs over the sleepers.

—When riding a donkey what kind of fruit do you represent? A pear.

—"Why is intoxication like a washbowl?" Ask Sambo. "Kase it am debasin."

—If a woman were to change her sex, of what religion would she be? A hethen.

—Stages run so slow in some parts of Vermont, that the chickens roost on the axles.

—The latest version: "Eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow—you pay the bill."

—"Are cats good to eat, mother?"—"Of course they are, my son!—good to eat mice."

—An avricious man, after having kindled his fire, stuck a cork in the end of the bellows to save a little wind that was left in them.

—Mr. Digby says he has a great railway at home, but has never yet been able to conduct-her.

—Why are birds melancholy in the morning? Because their little bills are all over dew!

—A reason why a piano was not saved at a fire was because none of the firemen could play on it.

—A tale more harrowing than any of Sylvanus Cobb's—The tail of Clark Mill's equestrian statue.

Why is a clergyman like a locomotive? Because you are to look out for him when the bell rings.

—An illiterate man is derided for that which, in a man of education, wins applause—making his mark.

—Reading, Pennsylvania's first politician, now in Europe, is not only a Heister, but also a Climer.

—A school girl's connundrum is: What State is round on both ends and high in the middle? Ohio.

—Anna Story was recently married to Robert Short. A very pleasant way of making a Story Short.

—Why is the Sheriff like a coquette?—Because he gets a new man on a string every once in a while.

—A sign, announcing "The Vacuum Cure," is hung out from the window of an eating house in London.

—"The light of other days has fled." And a good, job, too; for who would like oil lamps in preference to gas?"

—A western paper hints that Mr. Seward's chum, the Mikado, is an Irishman, and that his real name is McAdoo.

—Galton's doctrine of Hereditary Genius illustrated—Grant's son at the foot of his class in the military academy.

—Jokes pointed, but not sharp.

Miscellaneous.

THE STORY OF A VALENTINE.

When my friend, Captain Terrible, United States navy, dines at my plain table, I am always a little abashed. I know that he has been accustomed always to a variety of wines and sauces, and a cigarette after each course, and to a cookery that would kill an undeveloped American. So, when the Captain turns the castors round three times before selecting his condiment, and when his eyes seem to be seeking for Worcestershire sauce and Burgundy wine, I feel the poverty of the best feast I can furnish him. I am afraid veteran magazine readers will feel thus about the old little story I have to tell. For I have observed of late that even the short stories are highly seasoned; and I cannot bear to disappoint readers. So, let me just honestly write over the gateway to this story a warning. I have no Cayenne pepper. No Worestershire sauce. No cognac. No cigarettes. No murders. No suicides. No broken hearts. No lover's quarrels. No angry father. No pistols and coffee. No arsenic. No laudanum. No shrewd detectives. No trial for murder. No "heartless conquette." No "deep-dyed villain with a curling moustache." Now, if after this warning you have the courage to go on, I am not responsible.

Hubert said I might print it if I would disguise the names. It came out quite incidentally. We were discussing the woman question. I am a "woman's righter." Hubert—the Rev. Hubert Lee, I should say, pastor of the "First Church," and, indeed, the only church in Allenville—is not, though I flatter myself I have made some impression on him. But the discussion took place in Hulbert's own house, and wishing to give a pleasant turn at the end, I suppose, he told me how, a year and a half before, he had "used up" one woman's rights man, who was no other than old Dr. Hood, the physician that has had charge of the physical health of Hubert and myself from the beginning. Unlike most of his profession, the doctor has always been a radical, and even the wealth that has come in upon of late years has left him quite as much of a radical, at least in theory, as ever before. Indeed, the old doctor is not very inconsistent in practice, for he has educated his only daughter, Cornelia, to his own profession, and I believe she took her M. D. with honors, though she has lately spoiled her prospects by marrying. But, socially, he has become a little aristocratic, seeking an exclusive association with his wealthy neighbors. And this does not look very well in one who, when he was poor, was particularly bitter on "a purse-proud aristocracy," I suppose Hubert felt this. Certainly I did, and therefore I enjoyed the conversation that he repeated to me all the more.

It seems that my friend Hubert had been away at the seminary for three years, and that having at last conquered in his great battle against poverty, and having gained an education in spite of difficulties, and having supplied a city church acceptably for some months during the absence of the pastor in Europe, he came back to our native village to rest on his laurels a few weeks, and decide which of three impecunious calls he would accept. When just about to leave he took it into his head for some reason to "drop in" on old Doctor Hood. It was nine o'clock in the morning, and the doctor's partner was making morning calls, while the old gentlemen sat in the office to attend to any that might seek his services. This particular morning happened to be unfortunate one, for there were no ague-stricken patients to be seen, and there was not even a case of minor surgery to relieve the tediousness of the morning office hour. Perhaps it was for this reason, perhaps it was for the sake of old acquaintance, that he gave Hubert a most cordial reception, and launched at once into a sea of vivacious talk. Cornelia, who was in the office, excused herself on the ground that she was cramming for her final examination, and seated herself at a window with her book.

"I am afraid I take your time, doctor," said Hubert.

"O, no, I am giving up practice to my partner, Dr. Beck, and shall give it all to him in a year or two."

"To him and Miss Cornelia?" queried Hubert, laughing. For it was currently reported that the young doctor and Cornelia were to form a partnership in other then professional affairs.

Either because he wished to attract his attention, or for some other reason. Hubert soon managed to turn the conversation to the subject of women's rights, and the old doctor and the young person were soon hurling at one another all the staple, and now somewhat stale, arguments about woman's fitness and woman's unfitness for many things. At last, perhaps because he was a little concerned, Hubert said:

"Now, doctor, there was a queer thing happened to a student in my class in the seminary. I don't suppose, doctor, that you are much interested in a love story, but I would just like to tell you this one, because I think you dare not apply your principles to it in every part. Theories often fail when practically applied, you know."

"Go on, Hu, go on; I'd like to hear the story. And as for my principles, they'll bear applying anywhere!" and the older rubbed his hands together confidently.

"This friend of mine, Henry Gilbert," said Hubert, "was, like myself, poor. A long time ago, when he was a little boy, the son of a poor widow, the lot on which he lived joined at the back the lot on which lived a Mr. Morton, at that time a thriving merchant, now the principal capitalist in that part of the country. As there was a back gate between the lots, my friend was the constant playmate from earliest childhood of Jennie Morton. He built her play-houses out of old boards, he moulded clay bricks for her use, and carved tiny toys out of pine blocks for her amusement. As he grew larger, and as Jennie's father grew richer, and came to live in greater style, Henry grew more shy. But by all the unspoken language of the eyes the two never failed to make their unchanging regard known to each other.

"Henry went to college early. At vacation-time the two met. But the growing difference in their social condition could not but be felt. Jennie's friends were of a different race from his own. Her parents never thought of inviting him to their entertainments. And if they had, a rusty coat and a lack of money to spend on kid gloves would have effectually kept him away. He was proud. This apparent neglect stung him. It is true that Jennie Morton was all the more kind; but his quick and foolish pride made him fancy that he detected pity in her kindness. And yet all this only made him determined to place himself in a position in which he could ask her hand as her equal. But you do not understand, doctor, as I do, how irresistible is this conviction of duty in regard to the ministry. Under that pressure my friend settled it that he must reach. And now there was before him a good ten years of poverty at least. What should he do about it?"

"In his extremity he took advice of a favorite theological professor. The professor advised him not to seek the hand of a rich girl. She would not be suited to the trials of a minister's life. But finding that Henry was firm in his opinion that this sound general principle did not in the least apply to this particular case, the professor proceeded to touch the tenderest chord in the young man's heart. He told him that it would be ungenerous, and in some sense dishonorable, for him to take a woman delicately brought up into the poverty and trial incident to a minister's wife. If you understand, sir, how morbid his sense of honor is you would not wonder at the impression this suggestion made upon him. To give up the ministry was in his mind to be a traitor to duty and to God. To win her, if he could, was to treat ungenerously her whose happiness was dearer to him a thousand times than his own."

"I hope he did not give her up," said the doctor.

"Yes, he gave her up, in a double spirit of mediæval self-sacrific. Looking toward the ministry, he surrendered his love as some of the old monks sacrificed love, ambition and all other things to conscience. Looking at her happiness, he sacrificed his hopes to a more than knightly devotion to her welfare. The knights sometimes gave their lives. He gave more.

"For three years he did not trust himself to return to his home. But having graduated and settled himself for nine months over a church, there was no reason why he shouldn't go to see his mother again. And once in the village, the sight of the school-house and the old church revived a thousand memories that he had been endeavoring to banish. The garden walks, and especially the apple trees, that are the most unchangeable of landmarks, revived the old passion with undiminished power. He paced the room at night. He looked out at the new house of his rich neighbor. He chafed under restraint of his vow not to think again of Jennie Morton. It was the old story of the monk who thinks the world subdued, but who finds it all at once about to assume the mastery of him. I do not know how the struggle might have ended, but it was all at once stopped from without.

"There reached him a rumor that Jennie was already the betrothed wife of a Colonel Pearson, who was her father's partner in business. And, indeed, Colonel Pearson went in and out at Mr. Morton's gate every evening, and the father was known to favor his suit.

"Jennie was not engaged to him, however. Three times she had refused him. The fourth time, in deference to her father's wishes, she had consented to think about it for a week. In truth, Henry had been, home ten days, and had not called upon her, and all the hopes she had cherished in that direction, and all the weary waiting seemed in vain. When the colonel's week was nearly out she heard that Henry was to leave in two days. In a sort of desperation she determined to accept Colonel Pearson without waiting for the time apointed for the answer. But that gentleman spoiled it all by his over-confidence.

"For when he called, after Jennie had determined on this course, he found her so full of kindness that he hardly knew how to behave with moderation. And so he fell to flattering her, and flattering himself at the same time that he knew all the ins and outs of a girl's heart, he complimented her on the many offers she had received.

"'And I tell you what,' he proceeded, 'there are plenty of others that would lay their heads at your feet, if they were only your equals. There's that young person, Gilbert, I think they call him, that is visiting his mother, in the unpainted and threadbare-looking house that stands behind this one. I've actually seen that fellow, in his rusty, musty coat, stop and look after you on the street, and every night, when I go home, he is sitting at the window that looks over this way. The poor fool is in love with you. Only think of it! And I chuckle to myself when I see him, and say, 'Don't you wish you could reach so high?' I declare it's funny."

"In that one speech Colonel Pearson dashed his chances to pieces. He could not account for the sudden return of winter in Jennie Morton's manner. And all his sunshine was powerless to dispel it, or to bring back the least approach to spring.

"Poor Jennie! You can imagine, doctor, how she paced the floor for all that night. She began to understand something of the courage of Henry Gilbert's heart, and something of the manliness of his motives. All night long she watched the light burning in the room in the widow's house; and all night long she debated the matter until her head ached. She could reach but one conclusion. Henry was to leave the day after to-morrow. If any communication should ever be opened between them, she must begin it. It was as if she had seen him drifting away from her forever, and must throw him a rope. I think such a woman's right man as yourself would hardly justify her, however, in taking any step of the kind."

"I certainly should," said the doctor.

"But she could not find a way—she had no rope to throw. Again the Colonel, meaning to do anything else but that, opened the way. At the breakfast-table, the next morning, she received from him a magnificent valentine. All at once she saw her method. It was St. Valentine's day. The rope was in her hand. Excusing herself from breakfast, she hastened to her room.

"To send a valentine to the faithful lover was the uppermost thought. But how? She dare not write her name, for, after all, she might be mistaken in counting on his love, or she might offend his prejudices, or his pride by so direct an approach. She went fumbling in a drawer for stationary. She drew out a little pine boat that Henry had whittled for her many years before. He had named it 'Hope,' but the combined wisdom of the little boy and girl could not succeed in spelling the name correctly. And there was the little old boat he had given, saying often afterward that it was the boat they two were going to sail in some day. The misspelt name had been the subject of many a laugh between them. Now—but I mustn't be sentimental.

"It did not take Jennie long to draw an exact likeness of the little craft. And that there might be no mistake about it she spelled the name on the side of the boat:

"HOAP."

"There was not another word in the valentine. Sealing it up, she hurried out with it and dropped it in the postoffice. No merchant, sending all his fortune to sea in one frail bark, ever watched the departure and trembled for the result of the venture as she did. Spain did not pray half so fervently when the invincible Armada sailed. It was an uttered prayer—an unutterable prayer. For heart and hope were the lading of the little picture-boat that sailed out that day, with no other wind but her wishes in its sails.

"She sat at her window until she saw Henry Gilbert pass the next street corner on his morning walk to the postoffice. Three minutes after he went home, evidently in a great state of excitement, with her valentine open in his hand. After a while he went back again toward the postoffice and returned. Had he taken a reply?

"Jennie again sought the office. There were people all around with those things that they call valentines, open in their hands. And they actually seemed to think them funny. She had a reply. It did not take her long to find her room and to open it. There was another picture of a boat, but the name on its side read 'Despair.' And these words were added: 'Your boat is the pleasantest, but understanding that there are many places upon it, I have been obliged to take passage on this.' Slowly the meaning forced itself upon her. Henry had fears that she whom he thought engaged was coquetting with him. I think, doctor, you will hardly justify her in proceeding further with the correspodence?"

"Why not? Hasn't a woman as much right to make herself understood in such a matter as a man? And when the social advantages are on her side the burden of making the advances often fall upon her. Many women do it indirectly and are not censured."

"Well, you know, I'm conservative, doctor, but I'm glad you're consistent. She did send another valentine. I am afraid she strained this figure of speech about the boat. But when everything in the world depends on one metaphor, it will not do to be fastidious. Jennie drew again the little boat with misspelt name. And this time she added five words: 'The master's place is vacant.'

"And quite late in the afternoon, the reply was left at the door: 'I am an applicant for the vacant place, if you will take that of master's mate.'"

"Good," cried the doctor; "I always advocated giving woman every liberty in these matters."

"But I will stump you yet, doctor," said Hubert. "That evening Gough was to lecture in the village, and my friend went, not to hear Gough, but to see Miss Jenny Morton at a distance. Somehow, in the stupefaction of revived hope he had not thought of going to the house to see her yet. He had postponed his departure and had thrown away his scruples. Knowing how much opposition he would have to contend with, he thought, if he thought at all, that he must proceed with caution. But some time after the lecture began he discovered the Morton family without Jennie! Slowly it all dawned upon him. She was at home waiting for him. He was near the front of the church in which the lecture was held, and every inch of aisle was full of people. To get out was not easy. But as he thought of Jennie waiting it became a matter of life and death. If the house had been on fire he would not have been more intent on making his exit. He reached the door, he passed the happiest evening of his life, only to awake to sorrow, for Jennie's father is "dead set" against the match."

"He has no right to interfere," said the doctor, vehemently. "You see I stand by my principles."

"But if I tell the story out, I am afraid you would not," said Hubert.

"Why isn't it done?"

"I beg your pardon, doctor, for having used a little craft. I had much at stake. I have disguised this story in its details. But it is true, I am the hero ——"

The doctor looked quickly toward his daughter. Her head was bent low over her book. Her long hair hung about it like a curtain, shutting out all view of the face. The doctor walked to the other window and looked out. Hubert sat like a mummy. After a minute Dr. Hood spoke:

"Cornelia!"

She lifted a face that was aflame. Tears glistened in her eyes, and I doubt not there was a prayer in her heart.

"You are a brave girl. I had other plans. You have a right to choose for yourself. God bless you both. But it's a great pity Hu is not a lawyer. He pleaded well." So saying, he put on his hat and walked out.

This is the conversation that Hulbert repeated to me that day, sitting in his own little parsonage in Allenville. A minute after his wife came in. She took the baby from her crib, and bent over her till the same long hair curtained mother and child from sight.

"I think," said Hubert, "that you folks who write love stories make a great mistake in stopping at marriage. The honymoon never truly begins until conjugal affection is enriched by this holy partnership of loving hearts in the life of a child. The climax of a love story is not the wedding. It is the baby!"

"What do you call her?" I asked

"Hope," said the mother.

"Hope Valentine," added the father, with a significant smile.

"And you spell Hope with an 'a' I believe," I said.

"You naughty Hu," said Mrs. Cornelia. "You've been telling. You think that love story is interesting to others because *you* enjoy it so much!"—*Scribner's Monthly.*

Peculiar People.

The extravagant man hired a cab to look out for an omnibus.

The man of gallantry escorted his Scotch mother-in-law underneath the mistletoe, although he knew beforehand that she had been taking snuff.

The sanguine man expected to find a policeman when he wanted one.

The credulous man believed the assurance of a cab-driver that a long circuit was needful, because the streets were being paved.

The lazy man allowed his fire to go out rather than ring the bell to bid somebody to poke it.

Then cheerful man enjoyed the half hour that he spent in waiting for his dentist.

The punctual man served out the soup for his class—expected guests, which only three of them had actually arrived at the appointed hour for eating it.

The hasty man sat down to read "Paradise Lost," and afterwards was heard to boast that he got through it at a sitting.

The hopeful man twice gave a cab-driver a sovereign for a shilling; and twice cherished the delusion that it would be returned to him.

The man of fortitude was brave enough to open his front door himself, when he saw the tax gatherer, the gas man, and the rate collector knock at it.

The cautious man never went a mile away from home without taking his umbrella with him, and putting a corkscrew, pen and ink, and a bill-stamp in his pocket.

The gluttonous man, by bribery, went beforehand to the supper room and devoured the liver-wings of all the fowls displayed there.

The reckless man was bold enough to take his wife down legend cakes, and tell her that he had a ten-pound note about him.

The modest man was tempted to return thanks for the bridesmaids, and to avoid his chaffing friends, was caught next day at Gravesend, in the act of emigration.—*Punch.*

Hold Fast Below.

A party of Irishmen, once upon a time, contracted to clear a very deep well. Having none of the usual conveniences employed for such purposes, they were at a loss to get one of the party on a little ledge near the bottom to assist in the process of getting out water, mud, etc. At last, Jimmy Phelan, a herculean fellow; proposed a plan which was considered just the thing.

It was this: Jimmy was to clasp his big fists around the windlass; then another of the party was to clamber down and hold on by his legs, and so on until the last man should be able to leap upon the ledge.

Being slightly cornered with liquor, the party prepared for the descent without stopping to contemplate the difficulties involved in the adventure.

With bared breast and sleeves tucked up, big Jimmy seized the round portion of the windlass directly over the well and swung himself over. Another of the party crept down Jimmy's body and grasped him by the boots. After several more had followed suit, and the human chain began to stretch far into the well, Jimmy became alive to one great difficulties; the windlass did not afford him a good hold in the first place, and the weight was getting intolerable.

At last human sinew could not stand it no longer, and Jimmy hailed the lower link in the chain with:

"Be jabers, Pat hold fast below till I sphit on me hans."

Suiting the action to the words, he released his hold, when of course, the whole party was precipitated to the bottom of the well. As luck would have it, there was more mud water where the Hibernians lit, and they wisely considered themselves particularly fortunate in escaping without actual loss of either life or limb.

A Few Hints.

Some gentle hints on manners are given by an exchange, from which we select a few:

Don't be disturbed if you find the best seats in a railroad car taken. As no one knew you were coming, of course they did not reserve one.

When a car is crowded, don't fill a seat with your bundles. True politeness is not amiss even amidst the confusion and bustle of a public conveyance.

If an open window proves uncomfortable to another, you will close it.

Whispering in church is impolite. Besides showing disrespect to the speaker, it is extremely annoying to those who wish to hear. Coughing should be avoided as much as possible. Sleeping, with its frequent snoring, had better be done at home.

Violent perfumes, especially those containing musk, are offensive to many people, and to some positively distressing. Don't scent yourself when going to any crowded assembly. Beecher says, "there is no smell so universally pleasing as no smell."

—Why is a baby a poor euchre player? Because it can't go alone.

A Singular Story of Theft and Monomania.

A somewhat complicated and certainly very strange case of theft, repentance and a just punishment is reported from the interior of New York. A respectable girl, the daughter of a farmer, went into the service of a family in a neighboring village to her home as a servant. Her employer was a small merchant, but a man of supposed honesty and integrity. One day while working in the bedroom of her employer a roll of bills fell from the pocket of his coat, which the girl picked up, and being, as she afterwards said, "tempted by the devil," appropriated the sum to her own use. On examination of her prize she found it to consist of $67 in different sized bill. Although suspected of the theft it could not be proved against her, and so one day the girl started for a neighboring town to spend some of all her money.

On making her purchases, and offering the stolen bills in payment, they were found to be counterfeits, and she was advised to destroy them. She then visited three or more other stores, and with the same result. At last she went to the bank, and had the bills examined, but was again told they were counterfeit. She then started to walk to her home, which reached after several hours of travel. A person who had heard of the theft, and saw her produce the roll of bills, informed her employer of her doings in the town, and on her arrival she was threatened with arrest, but as her parents stated that in turn they would cause the employer's arrest for having counterfeit money in his possession the affair was allowed to rest. The next evening while in attendance at a Methodist revival she rushed up to the alter and claiming to have found religion, told the story of her theft, her attempt to pass the bills and their being counterfeit, also gave her employer's name. She then fell to the ground in a fit, and, being carried to an adjoining house, was soon pronounced to have a severe attack of brain fever.

The excitement of the news that the highly respectable Mr.——was a holder of such a large sum of counterfeit money, was intense, and the next day in session the Select man of the town agreed to look into the matter. This has been postponed from time to time and no regular examination has been had. In the meantime, the girl only recovered from the attack of brain fever to be found to be entirely blind and a confirmed lunatic. The employer finds it hard work to make change for his customers, as all bills passing through his hands are suspected, and so the matter rests for the present.

Excessive Feeling.

The death of Gottschalk, while at the piano, in the act of performing his favorite composition, "LaMorte," is by no means the first circumstance of its kind related in musical and dramatic history. We recall immediately Moliere and his "Maladie Imaginiare." The chief personage in the comedy was a sick man, which part was played by the author himself. It was the fourth night of the run, Moliere, weak and ailing, went on for the character, and got through it until the scene in which his "business" was to fall as if dead. This he did so well, that the audience and the persons in the play were deceived. But, alas! it was no acting, for the poor dramatist was dead in truth. Hughes, the dramatist, died in an hour after his receiving the account of the success of his play of "The Siege of Damascus." Moody, the tragedian, died in the very middle of his performace of Claudio, in "Measure for Measure." He had been melancholy for some time, on account of the loss of some member of his family, and on the evening of the play was seen to retire to his dressing room and weep. But his impersonation was much better than it had ever been before; so much so, indeed, that his fellow-actors remarked it. At last, in the scene where Isabella bids him prepare for execution, and he answers in those beautiful lines beginning, "Ay, but to die, and go we know not where"—he suddenly became faint, and fell to the stage. The audience for a moment imagined it was a new point, and applauded accordingly. But the truth was very soon made manifest.

Somewhat similar was the death of John Palmer, for whom Sheridan may be said to have written "The School for Scandal." The play was the "Stranger." Palmer, who had been, like Moody, beset with melancholy for some time before, after uttering the line, "There is another and a better world," with touching pathos, suddenly paused, closed his eyes, and leaned upon the Francis of the evening, Whitfield.—He had spoken his last words on earth. Edmund Kean's last appearance was in "Othello." When he came to those grand lines—"O! now, forever, farewell the tranquil mind! Farewell content," he paused. Then slowly, slowly, until the music of the last cadence became but as a breath. "Speak to them, Charles," whispering to his son; "I am dying!" And so he was.

DON'T LEAN UPON OTHERS.—Half, at least of the disappointed men one meets with, are victims of ill-grounded hopes and expectations—persons who have tried to lean upon others instead of relying upon themselves.

WANT OF PRUDENCE is too frequently the want of virtue; nor is there on earth a more powerful advocate of vice than poverty.

ACTIONS, looks, words, form the alphabet by which you may spell characters.

CHEERFULNESS OF TEMPER arises half from personal goodness, and half from a belief in the personal goodness of others.

—An old toper was recently reduced to the necessity of drinking a glass of water, as nothing else could be had. On tasting it, he smacked his lips in a thoughtful way, and exclaimed, "Why, it isn't so bad after all. I shouldn't wonder if for weakly women and tender children, it was quite a wholesome drink."

Don't fail ... Nov. 30, 1870.