THE MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

E. B. HAWLEY, Proprietor. MONTROSE, PA., WEDNESDAY APRIL 12, 1871. VOLUME XXVIII, NUMBER 15.

Business Cards.

CROSSMON & BALDWIN,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.—Office over the store of Wm. J. Millard, on Public Avenue, Montrose Pa.
W. A. CROSSMON. B. L. BALDWIN.
Montrose, March 1, 1871. tf.

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. W. 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 Boyd'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 H. B. & G. P. Little, on Main street, Montrose, Pa. [April 21.
H. B. LITTLE. GEO. P. LITTLE. E. L. BLAKESLEE.

H. 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. B. 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 floor below Boyd's Store, Montrose, Pa. [Au. 1, '69

M. C. SUTTON,
Auctioneer, and Insurance Agent,
aug 6 9tf 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 MANUFACTURERS.—Foot 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, &c., 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 1843. [Montrose, Pa.

D. W. SEARLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, office over the Store of A. Lathrop, in the Brick Block, Montrose, Pa. [aul'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. R. Deane'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. S. 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 hav'nt time to tell the whole story, but come and see for yourselves ☞ at the Old Stand. No loud laughing allowed in the shop. [April 13, 1870.

HUNT BROTHERS, SCRANTON, PA.
Wholesale & Retail Dealers in
HARDWARE, IRON, STEEL, NAILS, SPIKES, SHOVELS, BUILDER'S HARDWARE,
MINE RAIL, COUNTERSUNK & T RAIL SPIKES 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, 1868. 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.

Poet's Corner.

Bad Language.

BY P. J. M'GREELY.

I know not what others may think,
To no one I feel the least grudge,
I hate none for what they my drink,
But a man by his language I judge.
Whenever I hear a man use
Words that are vulgar or vain,
That moment I think he'll abuse
The manhood he ought to maintain.

If a man will himself so degrade
As to utter the language of sin,
I cast them obscure in the shade,
For his base heart is rotten within,
If he values not a good name
On him I can never depend,
To aid me in winning fair fame,
Nor make him a dear bosom friend.

The evil that springs from the tongue
Is worse than a scorpion's bite,
It poisons the mind of the young,
And the miden's day darkens at night.
It slanders the husband and wife,
It injures the body and soul,
It breeds all contention and strife
And spreads scandal from pole to pole.

In my own native home—Inshowen,
I heard it in days long gone by,
That man's by his company known,
And his words indicate his mind's eye,
For words emanate from the brain
Combined with the thoughts of the heart,
The tongue follows on the train,
And for good or for ill takes a part.

Immodest words surely defile
The tongue that expresses them, 'tis true,
The mouth and the lips must be vile
Which aid in pronouncing them, too.
For them there can be no defense,
As they tend to corrupt a pure mind,
Nor should they, on any pretense,
Be spoken at all by mankind.

St. James' Epistle doth say
That the man who in words don't offend
Is perfect; and this I will pray
To heaven his soul may ascend.
We should try to obtain that reward
By words edifying to all,
And keep on the tongue a strict guard,
Lest Satan might tempt us to fall.

My Cross of Moss.

A tiny cross
Of soft moss,
And that is all!

And yet it hath a voice and speaks to me
Of patient faith and holy victory;
Faith that could triumph in Gethsemane,
And for our sins a sinless sufferer be
Upon the cross.

A little cross,
Of velvet moss;
And that is all,

Yet when I've left my darlings with the dead,
And many a tear have await'd my head
I've seen His beacon-cross through tears and said:
What grief His bore! I will be comforted,
And bear my cross.

Oh, tiny cross,
Of forest moss!
That is not all!

I'll have these for my daily guard and guide,
And learn of thee to conquer sin and pride!
Thou shalt speak of Jesus crucified,
And all the burden of life's woes I'll hide
Beneath His cross.

At Her Feet.

Softly the shadows rise and fall
Athwart the slowly darkening wall
Lit by the fire's faint rays:
The maiden reclines in the old arm chair,
At her feet the lover is kneeling there
Nor doth ever his face upraise.

The flickering fire dimly burns,
Her dreamy eyes on him she turns,
While the shadows fold them round;
Still kneeleth he there at the maiden's feet,
Nor yet through all the moments fleet,
Doth lift his eyes from the ground.

From the fast setting gloam the shadows have fled,
Nor moon or stars their radiance shed
On maiden or lover true.
But list—'tis her voice—how dreamy and slow!
"Tis time dear boy, I think, to go,
If you've finished tying that shoe."

Brevities and Witticisms.

—Should great aunts be called giants?

—What rings are not circular? Herrings.

—Song of seeds—"Put me in my little bed."

—A sovereign remedy—Twenty shillings.

—Good life-preservers in a battlefield, a muscular pair of legs.

—When is a black dog not a black dog? When it's a grey-hound.

When is a dog's tail like a carriage—when it's a wag'in, of course.

—Why is a jailer like a player on a piano? Because he fingers the keys.

—Why is a wounded man like an old pair of boots? He wants healing.

—Why is a mean man like a barefooted man, because both ought to be booted.

—The oldest volumes are volumes of water.

—Early grass-blades and jack-knives are alike, because the spring brings out their blades.

—The inside of everything is unintelligible because we can't make it out.

—An inexperienced farmer tried to make corned beef by giving his oxen whisky.

—A Comment—"Speech is silver, but silence is golden." Hence the expression, "hush money."

—Where ought the milk of human kindness to be found? Within the pale of the church.

—Whence does a cock learn the time to sound "his shrill clarion? From his crow-nometer, of course.

—Is it proof of an economical disposition if a young lady indulges in tight lacing to prevent waist-fullness?

—Why is a woman deformed when mending stockings? Because her hands are where her feet ought to be.

Miscellaneous.

THE MANAGING WIFE.

Ezra Newton had just finished looking over his yearly accounts, "Well," asked his wife, looking up, "how do you come out?"

"I find," said her husband, "that my expenses during the last year have been thirty-seven cents over a thousand dollars."

"And your income has been a thousand dollars?"

"Yes. I managed pretty well didn't I?"

"Do you think it managing well to exceed your income?" said his wife.

"What's thirty-seven cents?" asked Mr. Newton, lightly.

"Not much to be sure, but still something. It seems to me that we ought to have saved instead of falling behind."

"But how can we save on this salary, Elizebth? We haven't lived extravagantly. Still it seems to have taken all."

"Perhaps there is something in which we might retrench. Suppose you mention some of your items."

"The most important are house rent, one hundred and fifty dollars, and articles of food, five hundred dollars."

"Just half."

"Yes, and you'll admit that we can't retrench there, Elizabeth. I like to live well. I had enough of poor board before I married. Now, I mean to live as well as I can."

"Still we ought to be saving up something against a rainy day, Ezra."

"That would be somethihg like carrying an umbrella when the sun shines."

"Still it is well to have an umbrella in the house."

"I can't controvert your logic, Elizabeth, but I am afraid we shan't be able to save up anything this year. When I get my salary raised, it will be time enough to think of that."

"Let me make a proposition to you," said Mrs. Newton. "You say that one half of your income has been expended on articles of food. Are you willing to allow me that sum for the purpose?"

"You guarantee to pay all bills out of it?"

"Yes."

"And relieve me of all care on that point?"

"Yes."

"Then I will shift the responsibility upon you with pleasure. But I can tell you beforehand you wont be able to save much out of it."

"Perhaps not. At any rate I will engage not to exceed it."

"That's well. I shouldn't relish having additional bills to pay. As I am paid every month, I will at each payment hand you half the money.

The different characters of the husband and wife may be judged from the conversation which has been recorded. Mr. Newton had but little prudence or foresight. He lived chiefly for the present, and seemed to fancy that whatever contingencies might arise in the future, he would somehow be provided for. Now trust in Providence is a very proper feeling, but there is a good deal of truth in the old adage that God will help those who help themselves, and in proportion as they are disposed to help themselves.

Mrs. Newton, on the contrary, had been brought up in a family which was compelled to be economical, and although she was not disposed to deny herself comforts, yet she felt that it was desirable to procure them at a fair price.

The time at which this conversation took place was at the commencement of the second year of their married life.

The first step which Mrs. Newton took, on accepting the charge of the household expenses, was to institute the practice of paying cash for all articles that came under her department. She accordingly called on the butcher and inquired:

"How often have you been in the habit of presenting your bills, Mr. Williams?"

"Once in six months," was the reply.

"And I suppose you sometimes have bad bills?"

"Yes, one-third of my profits, on an average, are swept off by them."

"And you could afford, I suppose to sell somewhat cheaper for ready money?"

"Yes and I would be glad if all my customers would give me a chance to do so."

"I will set them an example then," said Mrs. Newton. "Hereafter whatever articles shall be purchased of you will be paid for on the spot, and we shall expect you to sell as reasonably as you can."

This arrangement was also made with others, who it is scarcely needful to say, were very glad to enter into the arrangement. Ready money is the great support of trade, and a cash customer is worth two who purchase on credit.

Fortunately Mrs. Newton had a small supply of money by her which lasted till the first monthly installment from her husband became due. Thus she was enabled to carry out her cash plan from the beginning.

Another plan which occurred to her as likely to save expense, was to purchase articles in large quantities. She had soon saved enough from the money allowed her to do this. For example, instead of buying sugar a few pounds at a time, she purchased a barrel, and so succeeded in saving a cent or more on the pound. This, perhaps amounted to but a trifle in the course of a year, but the same system carried out in regard to other articles yielded a result which was by no means a trifle.

There were other ways in which a careful housekeeper is able to limit expense which Mrs. Newton did not overlook. With an object in view she was always on the lookout to prevent waste, and to get the full value of what ever was expended.

The result was beyond her anticipations.

At the close of the year, on examining her bank book—for she had regularly deposited whatever money she had not occasion to use in one of the these institutions—she found that she had one hundred and fifty dollars besides reimbursing herself for the money during the first month, and having enough to last another.

"Well Elizabeth, have you kept within your allowance?" asked her husband at this time. I guess you have not found it so easy to save as you thought for."

"I have saved something, however," said his wife, "But how is it with you?"

"That's more than I can say. However, I have not exceeded my income. "That's one good thing. I find I have exactly spent all. But I can't see how you have saved anything. We have lived full as well, and I don't know but what better than last year, when we spent five hundred."

"It's knack, Ezra," said his wife smiling.

She was not inclined to mention how much she had saved. She wanted some time or other to surprise him with it when it would be of some service.

"She may possibly have saved up twenty-five dollars," thought Mr. Newton, "or some such trifle," and so dismissed the matter from his mind.

At the end of the second year, Mrs. Newton's savings, including the interest, amounted to three hundred and fifty dollars, and she began to feel quite rich.

Her husband did not think to inquire how she had succeded, supposing, as before, that it could be but a very small sum.

However he had a piece of good news to communicate. His salary had been raised from a thousand to twelve hundred dollars.

He added, "As I before allowed you one half my income for household expenses, it is no more than fair that I should do so now. That will give you a better chance to save up a part of it than before. Indeed, I don't know how you have succeeded in saving anything thus far.

As before Mrs. Newton merely said that she had saved something without specifying the amount.

Her allowance was increased six hundred dollars, but her expenses were not proportionally increased at all; so that her savings for the third year swelled the aggregate sum in the saving's bank to six hundred dollars.

Mr. Newton, on the contrary, in spite of his increased salary, was no better off at the end of the third year than before. His expenses had increased by a hundred dollars, though he would have found it difficult to tell in what way his comfort or happiness had been increased thereby.

In spite of his carelessness in regard to his own affairs, Mr. Newton was an excellent man in regard to business, and his services were valuable to his employer. They accordingly increased his salary from time to time till it reached sixteen hundred dollars. He had steadily preserved the custom of assigning one half to his wife for the same purpose as heretofore, and this had become such a habit that he never thought to inquire whether she found it necessary to employ the

Thus ten years rolled away. During all this time Mr. Newton lived in the same hired house for which he had paid an annual rent of one hundred and fifty dollars. Latterly, however, he had become dissatisfied with it. It had passed into the hands of a new landlord, who was not disposed to keep it in the repair which he considered desirable.

About this time a block of excellent houses were erected by capitalists, who designed to sell or let them as he might have an opportunity. They were more modern and much better arranged than the one in which Mr. Newton now lived, and he felt a strong desire to move in one of them. He mentioned it to his wife one morning.

"What is the rent, Ezra?" inquired his wife.

"Two hundred and twenty-five dollars for the corner house; two hundred for either of the others."

"The corner one would be preferable, on account of the side windows."

"Yes, and they have a large yard besides. I think we must hire one of them I guess I'll engage one to-day; you know our year is out next week."

Please wait Ezra till to-morrow before engaging one."

"For what reason."

"I should like to examine the house."

"Very well, I suppose to-morrow will be sufficiently early."

Soon after breakfast Mrs. Newton called on 'Squire Bent, the owner of the new block, and intimated her desire to be shown the corner house. The request he readily complied with; Mrs. Newten was quite delighted with all the arrangements, and expressed her satisfaction.

"Are these houses for sale or to let?" she inquired.

"Either," said the owner.

"The rent is, I understand, two hundred and twenty dollars."

"Yes, I consider the corner house worth at least twenty-five dollars more than the rest."

And what do you charge for the house to a cash purchaser?" asked Mrs. Newton with subdued eagerness.

"Four thousand dollars cash, was the reply; and that is but a small advance upon the cost."

"Very well, I will buy it of you;" added Mrs. Newton, quietly.

"What did I understand you to say?" asked the Squire, scarcely believing his ears.

"I repeated, that I will buy this house at your price and pay you the money within a week."

"Then the house is yours. But your husband said nothing of his intention, and in fact I did not know—"

"That he had the money to invest, I suppose you would say. Neither does he know it, and I must ask you not to tell him for the present."

The next morning Mrs. Newton invited her husband to take a walk, but without specifying the direction.

"They soon stood in front of the house which he desired to live in."

"Wouldn't you like to go in?" she asked.

"Yes. It's a pity we haven't got the key."

"I have the key," said his wife, and forthwith walked up the steps and proceeded to open the door.

"When did you get the key of Squire Bent?" asked the husband.

"*Yesterday when I bought the house,*" said his wife, quietly.

Mr. Newton gazed at his wife in profound astonishment.

"What on earth do you mean Elizabeth?" he inquired.

"Just what I say. The house mine, and what is mine is thine. So the house is yours, Ezra."

"Where in the name of goodness did you raise the money?" asked her husband, his amazement still as great as ever.

"I haven't been a managing wife for ten years for nothing," said Mrs. Newton smiling.

With some difficulty Mrs. Newton persuaded her husband that the price of the house was really the result of her savings. He felt when he surveyed the commodious arrangements of the new house, that he had reasons to be grateful for the prudence of his managing wife.

Husbands on Probation.

While our fine girls are bemoaning the lack of young men, and the scarcity of beaux who are marriagible and mean marriage, there is a class of young men whom they do not recognize at all, yet who will furnish the next generation its men of enterprise, of power, position and of wealth, It is not the sons of the rich who will, as a rule, remain rich. The sons of the poor will get rich; and they are to-day, drudging in offices and counting-rooms, and store-houses and machine-shops, and printing establishments, are the men who in twenty-five years, will control the nation socially, politically and financially. Every man of them means to be married; they will, as a rule, make excellent husbands; they are all at work trying to win success. There are men who would be easily improved by recognition, and by bringing them into good intelligent society; yet they are as little noticed as if they were so many dogs. Virtuous young men from the country go into the city, and live five years without any society, and are regarded by the fashionable young women with indifference or contempt, but those young men have a hold upon the future; and when their success is known, in whatever field of enterprise it may be, the fashionables will be glad to receive them as belonging to their own number. We regret to say that, as a rule, the young men for whom a position has been won by virtuous and enterprising fathers, amount to but little in the world; and we rejoice to see that companions chosen from those who have their fortunes to make and the positions to win, are those to whom a well-bred woman can generally with safety entrust her happiness and herself.

Courtship.

Addison, Cobbett, George Alexander Stevens, and Bulwer, respectively, have furnished the lollowing maxims, by an observance of which much may be effected to the happy lot in marriage and maintaining a

Admiration is a very short lived passion that immediately decays upon growing familiar with its object, unless it be still fed with fresh discoveries, and kept alive by a new perpetual succession of miracles rising to its view—*Addison.*

There are so many circumstances, perfectly nameless, to communicate to the newly-married man the fact that it is not a real angel of whom he has got the possession; there are so many things of this sort—so many and such powerful dampers of the passions, and so many incentives to cool reflection, that it requires something, and a good deal, too, to keep husband in countenance in this his altered and enlightened state.—*Cobbett.*

Courtship is as the bowling green turf, all galloping around and sweet-hearting, a sunshine holliday in summer time; but when once through matrimony's turnpike the weather becomes wintry, and some husbands are seized with a cold, anguish fit, to which the faculty give the name of indifference *G. A. Stevens.*

Possession, like all earthly blessings, carries its own principle of corruption. The deadliest foe to love is not change, nor misfortune, nor wrath, nor anything that flows from passion or emanates from fortune—the deadliest foe to it is custom! With custom die away the delusions and the mysteries which encircle it.

With all passion the soul demands something unexpressed, some vague recess to explore or marvel upon. Custom leaves nothing to romance, and often but little to respect. The whole character is bared before us like a plain, and the heart's eye grows wearied with the sameness of the survey. And to wearinest succeeds distaste, and to distaste one of the Proteous-aversion; so that the passion we would make the rarest of the treasures, fritters down to very instance of the commonest of proverbs, and "out of the familiarity cometh, indeed, contempt."—*Bulwer.*

An Unnatural Father.

The latest thing out is the elopement of a Philadelphia gentleman with his son's wife. The case occurred in Allegheny a few evenings ago, and if reported correctly is as cool a piece of diabolism as one can find now-a-days, even when we are not surprised by tolerably bad transactions.—The story runs that the son, an enerjetic young man, recently married and settled in Allegheny. His wife was handsome, and on a visit to the young couple, the old gentleman was so enchanted by her that he planned an elopement, to which she assented. The father returned a few days ago, and on going home to supper May and December told the tale of their loves and declared their intention of going off together. The son of course was thunderstruck and went out to seek means for the prevention of the design. When he returned the old gentleman and young lady had gone. It was afterwards discovered that the father had disposed of his property in Philadelphia, and took ten thousand dollars in cash with him; leaving his family well provided for.

—An old bachelor says that during leap year the ladies jump at every offer of marriage—hence the term.

—Young ladies had better be fast asleep than "fast awake."

Two Honest Men.

David Davis, one of the early citizens of Lewiston, Maine, now gone to his reward, was a most excellent Quaker—a man of unspotted integrity. Sometime before his death he went to his son-in-law, A. Wakefield, Esq., and said to him: "I hear there is a pasture for sale (naming it) for $100, and I believe I'll buy it." He bought it, but told the owner it was worth $125, and paid the owner that sum for it. Shortly after, the person of whom Mr. D. bought the pasture, wanted a loan of $40, and Mr. Davis granted him the loan, taking his note for that sum, Before long Mr. Davis was taken ill, and feeling it was his last illness, he called Mr. Wakefield to his bedside, and said to him:

"I have a note of $40 against Mr. A., and I want thee, after I am gone, to destroy it."

Mr. W. wondering and asking an explanation, he said:

"Thee knows I bought that pasture of Mr. D., and didn't pay as much as it was worth, and I don't feel that he ought to pay me that note."

"But," said Mr. W. "you paid him all and more than he asked for the land."

"Yes," said Mr. Davis, "that is true but it makes no difference,—it's worth $40 more than I paid him, and I want that note destroyed."

Shortly after Mr. Davis passed away and Mr. Wakefield, in the performance of his duty as administrator, looking over the deceased's effects, came upon this note. It was a good note for $40; but in accordance with the Old Quaker's dying request he threw it into the fire.

Not long afterwarks Mr. A. of whom the pasture was bought, called on Mr. Wakefield.

"You've got something against me, haven't you."

"What is it for?" said Mr. W.

"I gave a note to Mr. Davis for $40, money borrowed of him, and I want to pay it."

"I've no such note," said Mr. W.

"But this estate certainly holds such a note against me."

"I can't help it,—we've none now."

Very soon Mr. Wakefield explained the mystery, and tears rolled down the astonished man's face as he clearned the note had been burned,—a witness to the wonderful conscientiousness and integrity of a sure-footed Quaker, one of the worthy first settlers of Lewiston. Such men will do for any age,—the more the better.

Masonic Relics.

The Madison (Indianna) Courier of Saturday last has the following interesting item:

The work of digging up the corner stone under the old Masonic Hall, on West street, was commenced this morning, and the contents disclosed. The stone was originally laid in 1821, and consequently has been buried for nearly fifty years. It is the intention of the Building Committee to place the corner stone under the new hall, together with its contents. But few persons are now living who were present at the original laying of this stone; but two stood upon the ground this morning to see it excavated that were present when the corner stone was laid—Mr. D. Blackmore, Jr., and James E. Lewis.

The contents of the stone, as removed to-day, are curiosities to the present generation. Among them we notice the following coins: one half cent, 1802; one cent, 1820; half dime, 1786; one dime, 1821; quarter dollar, 1818; half dollar, 1818; one dollar, 1803. A copper plate, about eight by ten, was also removed, bearing upon its face the following inscription: "This Corner Stone of Union Lodge, No. 2, held at Madison, was laid by John Sheets, Most Worshipful Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Indianna, on the XXV day of July, A. D. MDCCCXXII., anno lucis MMMMMDCCCXXII., agreeable to ancient form and usage." The inscription is repeated in Latin. Upon the opposite side is the name, "C. J. Jefferis, engraver.

Arizona.

Advices from this territory continue favorable. The excitement in regard to the new silver mines in the vicinity of the Bradshaw mountain is reported on the increase. A lot of ore, weighed 500 pounds, and brought into Prescott from "Tiger," is reported as yielding at the rate of 1800 ounces of silver per ton, and we are assured at the same time that the ore was taken from the ledge by a miner who is unable to select good ores simply because he did not know them. About one hundred men were in the new district, according to the latest advices, and several large parties were fitting out to go there immediately. A town has been laid out near the vein on a creek, and several of the merchants of Prescott contemplated removing their business to the new mines. It was confidentially expected that the district would contain a population of 5000 early in the spring. It should be mentioned that the "Tiger," had been traced for three miles, and a number of other veins, equally rich, had been found.

From the Sacramento district, near Fort Mohave, regular shipments of ore were to be commenced in a few weeks.

The news from the Vulture is as flattering as it has been for the last six months. The lowest level contains exceedingly rich ores, which are hauled to the mill unassorted.

Advices from the Big Bug mine represent that a new body of decomposed ore has been found, which is said to be richer than any similar ore over found in Arizona.

We are sorry to be at the same time informed that the Apaches have of late shown increasing activity in the middle portions of the Territory. But perhaps this is necessary to stimulate more vigorous action on the part of the military authorities, and to rid the country the sooner of these pests.—*Eng. Journal.*

—A vinegar hearted old bachelor says he always looks under the head of marriages for "news of the week."

—A contemporary says, "The first printers were Titans." There are a good many "tight uns" among them still.

Stories about Parrots.

Thomas J. Bowditch writes in the Troy Times: A gray parrot, with whom we had the pleasure of an acquaintance some years ago, learned to repeat several couplets of a sentimental poem, and having been taught to pronounce them in a sentimental drawl, and a kind of maudlin tone, could, of course, repeat them in no other way. When, after a long course of private instruction, he was brought out for exhibition, roars of laughter followed his recitation. The effect, in fact, was irresistible; but flattery spoiled him. Hearing nothing but laughter in response to his oracular utterances, he shortly began to laugh himself and indulged so much in the exercise that his poetical memories soon vanished altogether. We read of another gray specimen who could sing the first line of "O, Nannie, wilt thou gang with me?" not only pronouncing the words, but screaming the tune with a disordantly comical kind of correctness. He was in the habit of exhibiting at a drawing room window in a fashionable watering place, and generally concluded his short solo with the words, rather angrily pronounced, "Go on, good people—go on, good people," addressed to the crowd who stopped to hear.

Occasionally parrots acquire phraseology of a vulgar or devout nature, and appear somewhat irreverent to short-sighted critics. Of course they simply repeat phrases they have picked up here and there, without wicked meditations, though such expressions undoubtedly shock the ear, owing principally, perhaps, to their comical association.

The Rev. T. O. Morris relates: A parrot belonging to some friends of mine was generally taken out of the room when the family assembled for prayers, for fear lest he might take it into his head to join irreverently in the responses. One evening, however, his presence happened to be unnoticed, and he was entirely forgotten. For some time he maintained a decorous silence, but at length, instead of "Amen," out he came with "Cheer, boys, Cheer." On this the butler was directed to remove him, and had got as far as the door with him, when the bird, perhaps thinking that he had committed himself, and had better apologize, called out, "Sorry I spoke." The overpowering effect on the congregation may be more easily imagined than described.

Said a gentleman to a dealer, who was asking a high price for a parrot. "This is a handsome bird, but he talks very little." "I think the more," answered Poll immediately, and was bought without further chaffering.

☞ The following outrageous libel has been published by a western paper:

A literary society in Pennsylvania wrote to Horace Greeley to lecture for them next winter. When the reply came, nobody could read the handwriting, and it was confidently believed by the members that Horace had sent them a page of Egyptian hieroglyphics from the tomb of Cheops, for the purpose of [illegible] subject of his lecture. But the letter was submitted to an expert, who spent two weeks in translating it with the following result:

NEW YORK.—*Dear Sir:*—I am vaccinated and yawning at Ishmael; he surely is not Fishing shad all the while at *Lim's*; but I wrote a line to fetch her forth; deception is thus underrated viciously if Idaho fails. Carrots promise to wait.—Perhaps spirits are ended—entirely; my bow. Bores, HORACE GREELEY.

What he meant to say, nobody has yet been able to ascertain, and so a messenger is on his way to the *Tribune* office to "interview" the remarkable chirographer.

—A poor fellow, whose name was George King, lying in prison under sentence of death, in King George's reign, sent his Majesty the following simply but earnest petition for pardon:

George King to King George
Sends his humble petition,
Hoping King George will pity
Poor George King's condition.
And if King George to George King
Will grant a long day
George King for King George
Forever will pray.

Such a poet was not to be hanged. His Majesty acknowledge the wit by returning a full and free pardon.

☞ Several Sundays ago a collection was about to be taken up in one of our churches, and in the absence of the regular collectors, a frisky young man volunteered his services, and handled his hat with great industry and success. When he got near the door, he was about to go out, with his hat full of money, on his head, when the minister said, solemnly: "Young man, if you leave here with that money, you'll be damned." The young man, however, left in a hurry, and, as he shut the door behind him, a worthy old bachelor, with a voice in F sharp, who had put a dollar in the hat, piped out to the minister: "Well, if he ain't gone with it, *I'll* be d—d.

☞ A lawyer came into Court drunk, when the Judge said to him:

'Sir—I am sorry to see you in a condition which is a disgrace to yourself and family, the Court, and the profession to which you belong.'

The reproof elicited the following colloquy:

'Did your honor speak to me?'

'I did, sir, I said that in my opinion, you disgrace yourself and family, the Court, and the profession to which you belong, by your conduct.'

'May i t please your Honor, I have been an attorney in-in-in this court for fifteen years, and permit me to say, your Honor, that this is the first correct opinion I ever knew you to give.'

☞ A Masonic apron, made by Madame LaFayette, and sent over to this country as a present to General Washington, is now in Masonic Hall, Philadelphia. General Washington's own Masonic regalia, which he wore, belongs to Washington Lodge, in Alexandria, Va.; and is preserved as a precious relic in that Lodge.

—"Will you have me, Sarah?" said a young man, to a modest girl. "No, John," said she, "but you can have me if you will."