THE MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

E. B. HAWLEY, Proprietor. MONTROSE, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 28, 1871. VOLUME XXVIII, NUMBER 26.

Business Cards.

DR. W. W. SMITH,

DENTIST. Rooms at his dwelling, next door east of the Republican printing office. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. Montrose, May 3, 1871.—tf

THE BARBER—Ha! Ha! Ha!!

Charley Morris is the barber, who can shave your face to order; Cuts brown, black and grizzley hair, in his office, just up stairs. There you will find him, over Gere's store, below McKenzie—just one door. Montrose, June 7, 1871.—tf C. MORRIS.

J. B. & A. H. McCOLLUM,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW Office over the Bank, Montrose Pa. Montrose, May 10, 1871. tf

DR. D. A. LATROP,

Has opened an office, at the foot of Chestnut street, near the Catholic Church, where he can be consulted at all times. Montrose, April 26, 1871. 1y

CROSSMON & BALDWIN,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.—Office over the store of Wm. J. Mulford, 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. P. 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 20.

G. P. LITTLE. GEO. P. LITTLE. E. L. BLAKESLEE.

E. MCKENZIE. C. C. FAUROT. W. H. MCCAIN.

McKENZIE, FAUROT & CO.

Dealers in Dry Goods, Clothing, Ladies and Misses fine Shoes. Also, agents for the great American Tea and Coffee Company. [Montrose, Pa , ap. 1, '70.

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.

O. H. 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

A. O. WARREN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW. Bounty, Back Pay, Pension and Exemption Claims attended to. Office four doors below Boyd's Store, Montrose, Pa. [Au. 1, '69

M. C. SUTTON,

Auctioneer, and Insurance Agent,

aug1 69tf Friendsville, Pa.

C. S. GILBERT,

U. S. Auctioneer.

aug1 69tf Great Bend, Pa.

AMI ELY,

U. S. Auctioneer.

Aug. 1, 1869. Address, Brooklyn, Pa.

JOHN GROVES,

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

W. W. SMITH,

CABINET AND CHAIR 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, 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

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. [au1'69

DR. W. L. RICHARDSON,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, tenders his professional services to the citizens of Montrose and vicinity.—Office at his residence, on the corner east of Sayre & Bros. Foundry. [Aug. 1, 1869.

DR. E. L. GARDNER,

PHYSICIAN and SURGEON, Montrose, Pa. Gives especial attention to diseases of the Heart and Lungs and all Surgical diseases. Office over W. B. Dean's Boards at Searle's Hotel. [Aug. 1. 1869.

BURNS & NICHOLS,

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

DR. E. L. HANDRICK,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizen of Friendsville and vicinity. ☞ Office in the office of Dr. Lect—Boards at J. Hosford's. Aug. 1, 1869.

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. BELLOWS, 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 16, '71. 1y

IMPROVED HUBBARD!

PATRONIZE HOME MANUFACTURE!

CHANGEABLE Speed and Double Drive Wheel. It holds the first New York State National Premium! Also the Great Ohio National Premium, held at Mansfield, in 1870.

And the Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia State Premiums!

The gearing is simple, compact, removed entirely from the drive wheels, and enclosed in a neat case, in the centre of the machine, effectually securing it from grit and dust.

The operation can be changed instantly from a high speed to one a third slower, without stop, thus adapting itself to bad places and light and heavy grass.

One cutting apparatus is perfect. No brake and one patent knife-head. It is beyond doubt the strongest machine in the world, and you can depend upon it, being perfectly reliable in every particular.

Montrose, May 3, 1871.—tf SAYRE BROS.

Poet's Corner.

From the Atlantic for March.

MARGUERITE.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Massachusetts Bay, 1760.

The robins sang in the orchard, the buds into blossoms grew;
Little of human sorrow the buds and the robins knew!

Sick, in an alien household, the poor French neutral lay,
Into her lonesome garret fell the light of the April day,

Through the dusty window, curtained by the spider' warp and woof,
On the loose laid floor of hemlock, on oaken ribs of roof,

The bed-quilt's faded patchwork, the teacups on the stand,
The wheel with flaxen tangle as it dropped from her sick hand!

What to her was the song of the robin, or warm morning-light,
As she lay in the trance of the dying, heedless of sound or sight?

Done was the work of her hands, she had eaten her bitter bread;
The world of the alien people lay behind her dim and dead.

But her soul went back to its child-time; she saw the sun o'erflow
With gold the Basin of Minas and set over Gaspereau.

The low, bare flats at ebb-tide, the rush of the sea at flood
Through inlet and creek and river, from dike to upland wood;

The gulls in the red of morning, the fish-haw's rise and fall,
The drift of the fog in the moonshine over the dark coast-wall.

She saw the face of her mother, she heard the song she sang,
And far off, faintly, slowly, the bell for vespers rang!

By her bed the hard-faced mistress sat smoothing the wrinkled sheet,
Peering into the face so helpless and feeling the ice-cold feet.

With a vague remorse atoning for her greed and long abuse,
By care no longer heeded and pity too late for use.

Up the stairs of the garret softly the son of the mistress stepped.
Leaned over the head-board, covering his face with his hands and wept.

Outspake the mother who watched him, sharply, with brow a-frown,
"What! love you the papist, the beggar, the charge of the town?"

"Be she papist, or beggar, who lies here, I know and God knows
I love her, and fain would go with her wherever she goes!

"Oh mother! the sweet face came pleading, for love so athirst;
You saw but the town-charge; I knew her God's angel at first."

Shaking her gray head, the mistress hushed down a bitter cry.
And, awed by the silence and shadow of death drawing nigh,

She murmured a Psalm of the Bible, but closer the young girl pressed
With the last of her life in her fingers, the cross to her breast.

"My son, come away," cried the mother, her voice cruel grown
"She is joined to her idols like Ephraim; let her alone!"

But he knelt with his hand on her forehead, his lips to her ear,
And he called back the soul that was passing: "Marguerite do you hear?"

She paused on the threshold of heaven; love's pity, surprise,
Wistful, tender, lit up for an instant the cloud of her eyes.

With his heart on his lips he kissed her, but never her cheek grew red,
And the words the living long for he spake in the ear of the dead.

And the robins sang in the orchard where buds to blossoms grew;
Of the folded hands and the still face, never the robins knew!

Mary McTod, of Nevada.

The wickedest woman I now must declare,
Was Mary McTod, of Nevada;
There never has lived one so full of pure sin,
Since Beelzebub first cast a shadow.

You can judge for yourself in reading the truth
As told of this Eve's erring daughter—
'Tis founded on fact—the experience of
The Reverend Thomas X. Orter.

He sought to recover this woman of vice,
From sin and the gulf of perdition—
And in a few words I will tell you the luck
He had in his laudable mission.

One night, when revivals were going on strong,
This Mary was loud in repenting;
She dragged him beside her and clinging to him close,
While o'er him her tears she was venting.

She hugged him, and cried like a penitent wretch,
Her heart from her sins was sure turning—
He thought of the glorious triumph for him,
In plucking this "brand from the burning."

'Till sobbing, at last on the rude floor she sank,
The peace of her mind gave her quiet,
While he his attention to others applied—
Spoke of sin and adjured them to fly it.

Once more then returned he to re-assure her,
Who had thus become so pure-hearted—
But nowhere could see her—the "brand" had gone out,
And Mary McTod had departed.

'Tis late then—he thought—and he sought for his watch,
To see how the time was going,
And found it was gone—and he said to himself,
This harvest don't pay for the mowing.

His pockets he searched for his purse, but in vain,
He quickly found out he had lost it—
He closed then the service in deep meaning tones
Announcing that he was exhausted.

And he never does tire of saying hard words
Concerning this woman so bad-ah,—
The champion wretch of the world is, he says,
That sinful female of Nevada!

Miscellaneous.

LOVE REQUITED.

Translated from the French.

BY MRS. MARTHA LAFFITTE JOHNSON.

One beautiful June morning in the year 18—, General Darly, the same who fought under the first Napoleon, was walking in the park attached to his handsome domain, situated near Metz. By his side was his young niece, a girl of seventeen summers. Lucy Darly was petit in figure and exquisitely formed; her face was not, strictly speaking, beautiful, her features not being regular; but it was, nevertheless, singularly interesting and expressive, portraying each feeling in its varied shade.

For some days Lucy had observed that her uncle appeared occupied, and fearing he might be troubled, and thinking a quiet walk in the park would serve to divert him, and perhaps lead him to confide his cares to her, she had persuaded him to accompany her to the village, a mile distant from the chateau. They had gone but a few steps when General Darly turned to her and said:

"Lucy, my dear, are you aware that you are seventeen to-day?"

"Yes, Uncle, and here is a rosebud I present you in honor of the day." As she spoke she placed the flower in his hand.

"My child, I desire to speak seriously," continued the General. "I have received orders to join the army; you are, as you know, an orphan; I am not willing, my Lucy, to leave you, who are so young, unprotected, and have decided to accept for you an offer of marriage, that has been made you by the baron Dalville. It is a union I much desire, and one your dead father was particularly anxious to consummate. Dalville is a good fellow, a soldier like myself, who will, I am sure, do all in his power to render you happy; I have but to add that the wedding will take place in a month."

"But Uncle," replied Lucy timidly, "I don't know the baron, I am very young and so happy here in my home."

"Nonsense, let me hear no more about the matter; you will both like each other well enough; I have settled everything," said the General, in a tone of annoyance.

This silenced the girl, and the subject was dropped. On her return to the chateau Lucy retired to her chamber, to prepare to receive der guest and proposed husband. Slowly, and with little interest, the toilet was performed. Educated with French views, she did not attempt to dispute the authority of her uncle; but she shrank with nervous dread at the thought of marriage with one she had never seen and did not love. Lucy was still in her dressing-room when the traveling-carriage drew up before the door of the chateau. Through the lace curtains she caught a glimpse of a tall stately, man; she could not see his face, as it was shaded by a military hat, and in a moment more she heard her uncle call angrily:

"You have been at least an hour dressing, and should have been present to receive the baron," said General Darly, as drawing her arm within his own, he led her forward to meet the stranger.

Lucy had never looked more charming; she was dressed in simple white muslin, a blue band around her waist, her black hair drawn back from her face fell in long curls upon her shoulders, her cheeks were flushed and her eyes sparkled with nervousness. As she entered the room Dalville was standing by an open window; hearing steps, he turned, and with an easy grace moved towards them. The introduction was soon over. Lucy heard him coldly express pleasure at meeting, a light pressure of his lips upon her hand followed, and then seemingly forgetful of her presence, the baron entered into conversation with the General, and Lucy stole quietly away.

The baron remained but a few days at the chateau, and then took his departure, it being arranged that he should return the day prior to the wedding. During his stay his manner had been studiously polite, but never once had his handsome features and beautifully modulated voice expressed more than respect, and Lucy saw that this marriage was looked upon by him as necessary formality, a wife being required to received his guests and attend to the domestic arrangements of his house, but that he deemed a display of love a superfluous adjunct, and so with no power to oppose and but little strength of will, Lucy Darly allowed matters to proceed, and in the short space of four weeks found herself wedded to the baron Dalville, and established in Paris, in one of the most sumptuous hotels of the "Chausse'-a-Antin."

The baroness Dalville soon became the reigning beauty of the gay metropolis; from being a merry, light-hearted girl, she had merged into a brilliant piquant woman, her beauty extolled and her wit quoted.

Although entertaining a feeling of respect for the baron, Lucy had never known love; nor did she feign a sentiment he did not inspire; his manner was always kind and considerate, but never affectionate. Her life, however, glided by unruffled by a single wave of annoyance.

A year after her marriage Madam Dalville, gave birth to a little boy; by her request he was called Albert; from that hour the young baroness ceased to appear in society. A first delicacy of health precluded the possibility; but at length her absorbing love for her child rendered even a temporary separation distasteful. When the boy was about four years of age he was seized with croup, and so violently attacked that his mother sent in all haste for Saint Albe, a celebrated physician and the brother of a dear schoolmate.

When Saint Albe entered the room, the bright boy lay upon Lucy's knees, gasping for breath.

"Save my child?" murmured the unhappy mother, raising her tearful eyes to the kind face that so plainly expressed sympathy and interest.

"Be assured, dear lady, that I will do my best?" was the brief response. Taking the boy tenderly in his arms the physician laid him upon the couch, and then drew for his instruments, and by a silent appeal implored Lucy to leave him. In an instant the mother comprehended the meaning—the operation of tracheotomy was to be performed, and convulsed by grief she retired into an adjoining room. In a brief space Lucy was recalled; the child, although, still in a critical condition, breathed more freely, and Saint Albe expressed hope. The baron was absent at the time, having gone to Lyons on business of a political nature.

Day and night the young physician watched with Lucy beside the sick child. For some days his life hung upon a thread, for when the violence of the disease succumbed to the remedies used, other symptoms developed.

It was Saint Albe that cheered and strengthened her to bear the trial; his voice that bade her hope, and prayed when the words refused to leave her parched and trembling lips, and he that told her when the crisis had past, that the boy would live; that her darling was restored to her. Both were young, and each recognized in the silence of their own heart that kindred sympathy had given birth to love. Lucy endeavored to hide the thought from herself, and sought to attribute to gratitude the feeling he had inspired. When the baron returned, in vain were all his efforts to induce Saint Albe to accept remuneration.

"I have one request to make," he said, in reply, "namely, that you will give me Alfred's portrait as a souvenir, it is all I can accept."

The wish was cheerfully granted, and at a dinner given in honor of the boy's recovery, Saint Albe was presented by the baron with an exquisite miniature of mother and child. On the back of the gold case, these words were engraved:

"From a mother, to the preserver of her child." As he received the gift, the young physician looked at Lucy; their eyes met, and both flushed painfully.

Some months passed; Madame Dalville seemed visibly to decline in health without there being any apparent cause. One afternoon, toward twilight, she had thrown herself upon a couch, in her boudoir, and exhausted by the heat of the summer day, had fallen asleep. She was awakened by hearing a step, and opening her eyes she saw Saint Albe bending over her.

"My beloved," he murmured, and then, as though the words had overpowered him, he sank upon his knees beside her. "Let me speak this once," he continued, rapidly, seeing she was about to interrupt him.

"Lucy, my darling, although I have been silent until now, you know that I love you, wildly—passionately. I have read you secret, yet I implore you this once to tell me that I am also dear to you." As he ceased speaking, she rose slowly; her mournful eyes were riveted upon his face, and she trembled visibly.

"Saint Albe," she said, grasping his arm, "I do love you, and that is so, we must part never to meet again; I demand this as a proof of the love you profess; you will, if you are true, respect my wish." With these words she moved away, and before he could detain her, she had left the room.

A few days after, it was rumored throughout the city that the celebrated Doctor Saint Albe had left Paris; having disposed of his effects, all trace of him was lost.

Two years elapsed. One day while riding in the Bois, the baron Dalville was thrown from his horse and killed instantly. As the baroness had never entirely recovered her health or spirits, this shock preyed upon her greatly, and the following spring she was advised to visit Munich, in order to consult a physician of great skill, residing there. Having reached the city, Lucy, on the day following, called upon Dr. Hermann, who was quoted as being a great recluse. Ushered into the private office, she was requested to wait until he was disengaged. The room was richly furnished, with every comfort and elegance, and led into a spacious library. At length a door at the extremity of the apartment opened, and a tall handsome man entered; his eyes were bent upon the ground, and there was a look of sadness in his entire bearing.

As he approached her Madam Dalville uttered a low cry. In the stranger her heart instantly recognized Saint Albe. He raised his head; their eyes met, and with one word, "Lucy!" he reached her side.

"We have met once again," he continued sadly, "after a long, long separation."

"Yes," she murmured, "but it may be never to part. I am free."

"Thank God!" was the fervent prayer, as he clasped her tenderly to his breast.

Only a Shadow.

A story is told of a well known gentleman who sometimes imbibes to freely of the ardent, going home late at night recently, and mistaking his shadow outline on his front door for a man. He paused a little in surprise, and then lifted his hat, very gracefully, bade him good evening.

The shadow imitated his politeness by raising his hat, but of course said nothing.

"A very pleasant evening," said the gentleman.

No reply.

"This is my house, I believe," waving his hand.

The hand of the shadow went through the same graceful curve.

"I should like to get in sir, if you'll stand aside," but the shadow made no movements to let him pass

The gentleman was evidently surprised. He repeated his desire to pass in, but the shadow remained still.

His wife, hearing her husband's voice, looked through the window blind, and seeing no one but himself, asked why he didn't come in.

"So I would, my dear, but this gentleman," pointing to the shadow, "insists on blocking up the door."

His wife quietly opened the door, remarking, "that was your shadow."

"Indeed," said the puzzled citizen: "well now I thought he was a mighty fine looking fellow to be so impolite," and went in. Whenever he shows a disposition now to remain out late at night, his wife has only to remind him of the shadow on the door step to insure a speedy return.

Story of a Deserted Mansion.

Not far from Morristown, N. J., and situated on what is known as the Madison road, may be seen a large and fine house, standing in the middle of extensive pleasure grounds, bearing the marks of having been the abode of persons of taste and wealth. The once beautiful park now, however, presents the appearance of having been the camping grounds of at least a regiment of demoralized soldiers, so numerous are the tracks everywhere of wanton fires and wanton hacking among the trees, shrubs and evergreens.

Where once were flower beds and rare plants, now browse stray cattle and pigs by the score, root to their noses' content on the soft turf of the lawn. On approaching the house; a still more terrible scene of ruin may be found. The hall doors stand wide open, and as the stranger enters, several cattle calmly survey him from their comfortable position on the drawing room floor. The house is three stories high and surmounted with a cupola. The rooms are spacious and numerous, and were finished in the best possible manner when built. Windows opening to the floor, and consisting of large and valuable panes of glass, oppose little or no obstruction to the cattle or pigs, the former generally taking sash and all with them, when leaving in haste.

On the floor of what has evidently been the library tramps or mischevous boys have lighted fires, whose flames were fed, from appearances, by the doors of cupboards, stair railings, and other small pieces of woodwork of the house. In many places the floor has been burnt almost through, and how the house has escaped from a fire is a wonder. With carbonized ends of wood, hideous and revoluting pictures have been drawn upon the pure, white walls, together with words of indecent character.

The plaster centre ornaments of the rooms have been the mark for the intruders to shy empty bottles and stones at, and all are greatly damaged. Door knobs, bells and their wires, pulls, water faucets, the paraphernalia of the bath room, and every thing of a like movable nature, have been wrenched from their fastenings and carried away. Window shutters have also disappeared, though probably burnt as fuel and not taken from the house. Such a scene of wreck and desolation can scarcely be found within thirty miles of the city of New York. One might imagine such a wreck among the desolation of the South, but in the prosperous North its history is unparalleled.

The house has this sad story. Built but a few years ago, it passed into the possession of a wealthy New York merchant, who used every endeavor to make it a home of beauty, No expense was spared, and the house and grounds became noted for their appropriate belongings. The mistress of the house, the wife of the owner, unfortunately there sickened and died. The friends gathered to attend the funeral, and the body was borne from its beautiful earthly home to the cemetery. The last to leave the house was its owner, and he, turning the key in the lock, left it just as it was to its fate. The neighbors clamored for days for entrance, but no one was within, and all attempts to persuade its owner, who had gone to New York, to return to it, were unavailing. Attempts were made to rent or purchase it, but to neither plan would the owner accede. If sold at all, the ground should be sold for a cemtery. On their peril, he forbade his neighbors to enter the house.

The thieves of the neighborhood soon found out the rich field, and for nights pillaged it. The constables hearing of this, laid in wait in the house one night, and arrested three men as they were rolling up the fine carpets for the purpose of taking them away. The owner, when notified to appear and prosecute the thieves, not only refused to do so, but threatened to prosecute the constable, for entering his house, saying it was bad enough to have three thieves breaking into a house sacred to the memory of his wife, without having as many constables also therein.

Some friends, seeing the peculiar state of feeling of the owner, removed the balance of the furniture to a safe place, and the house remains open to the world. Bad persons congregate there, and the house at night is supposed to be the resort of thieves and robbers.

Some years ago a squatter settled himself in a little gardener's house on the property, and plows the land and reaps his crops as if the fee simple rested in him. The owner has refused to notice him or turn him out. Last spring a certain general in the United States army offered to rent or buy the property, but not being himself a cemetery, or possessing any of the religious or soothing influences of that locality, his appeal was rejected. On all other subjects the owner is said to be most rational, and carries on a large business with great success. The property is valued at $35,000.—*N. J. Mechanic.*

Fruit Culture—Old Errors Corrected.

1. Instead of "trimming up" trees, according to the old fashion, to make them long-legged and long-armed, trim them *down*, so as to make them even, snug and symmetrical.

2. Instead of manuring heavily in a small circle at the foot of the tree, spread the manure, if needed at all, broadcast over the whole surface.

3. Instead of spading a small circle about the stem, cultivate the whole surface broadcast.

4. Prefer a well pulverized clean surface in an orchard with a moderately rich soil, to heavy manuring, and a surface covered with a hard crust and weeds or grass.

5. Remember that it is better to set out ten trees with all the necessary care to make them live and flourish, than to set out a hundred trees and have them all die from carelessness.

6. Remember that tobacco is a poison and will kill insects rapidly if properly applied to them, and is one of the best drugs for freeing fruit trees rapidly of small vermin—and is better used in this way than to make men repulsive and diseased. —*Country Gentleman.*

—The best foot hold—A boot-jack.

[From the Westminster Review.]

Hood's Married Life.

Socrates, Job, Milton, Byron, Shelley, with many others, have been unhappy in their wives. It is pleasant, therefore, to know that Hood's case was a bright exception. Despite the sorrows, hardships and life long disease that crippled his energies and his married life, the union was a singularly happy one. Mrs. Hood was a woman of cultivated mind, great moral worth and literary sympathies. She was her husband's constant nurse through an illness that never left him; cheered him when dull, acted as amanuensis, and during the last few years of his life, so devoted to him her whole time and thoughts that latterly Hood became restless and unable to write unless she was near. Seldom have the words of the great novelist, who was almost a great poet, beside, more truly realized than in the person of Mrs. Hood:

"O woman! * * *
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!"

She needed a sweet temper to put up with a husband so brimful of fun and practical jokes as Hood. Nothing seemed to ruffle her temper, and she was always ready to laugh, even when against herself. The reason was that she knew and loved her husband perfectly. Nothing could shake her confidence in him, and the rogue was apt at times to take advantage of her faith. She required to keep a strict watch on every letter she wrote, for if she left it for any time in Hood's presence, he would take advantage of her absence to change the "ts" into "Fs," and after interlining here and there the most extraordinary statements, to add by way of climax some ludicrously comical postscrip. Their children tell us that she was a capital subject for his fun, for she believed implicitly in whatever he told her, however improbably, and though vowing seriously not to be taken in again, she was sure to be caught. Her innocent face of wonder and belief added greatly to the zest of the jokes. On one occasion, when living at the coast, Hood gave his wife some useful hints on buying fish. "Above all things, Jane," said he, "as they will endeavor to impose upon your inexperience, let nothing induce you to buy a plaice that has any appearance of red or orange spots, as they are sure signs of an advanced stage of decomposition." Accordingly Mrs. Hood, on the faith of her newly acquired knowledge, was quite prepared to do battle with the cunning fishwomen, one of whom called shortly afterwards. As it happened, the woman had nothing but plaice, which she turned over and over, praising their freshness and beauty. Mrs. Hood, however, was too sharp—*she* was not to be taken in—the obnoxious spots were there. In vain the fisherwoman protested that they were fresh from the water. The cautious buyer gravely shook her head, and with a look of infinite wisdom, combined with a certain sad pity for the woman's supposed dishonesty, observed: "My good woman, it may be as you say, but I could never think of buying any plaice with those unpleasant red spots." "Lord bless yer eyes, Mum!" replied the astonished fisherwoman, with a shot, "who ever seed plaice without spots?" A suppressed giggle on the stairs behind her revealed the joke, and turning her head hastily, Mrs. Hood caught sight of her husband hurriedly disappearing in an ecstacy of laughter, leaving her to appease the angry sea-nymph as she could. The most careless reader of Hood's life, cannot fail to be struck by the happiness of the poet and his family in the midst of continual difficulties and broken health. Mrs. Hood is constantly talking of her husband. Her private letters teem with sentences beginning—"Hood said this," "Hood did that," "Hood took me to such a place." The intense lovableness of the man manifests itself in his life and poetry. He was essentially a family man, joking with his wife, contriving all sorts of tricks and games for his children, and after a severe night's labor stealing into their bedroom to leave upon their pillow some comical sketch to amuse them on waking. The first few years of his married life were the most unclouded Hood ever knew, and he much needed some little happiness to hoard up against the bitter years that were fast coming. The young couple lived for some years in Robert street, Adelphi. Hood was a thorough cockney, and though doomed by the faults of others to pass the best part of his life on the continent, was never at home out of London. Only a city-bred man—one familiar with the misery and squalidness and sin of city life—could have written the "Song of the Shirt."

Thrilling Story From Patagonia.

The Patagonians have recently vindicated their traditional title to being considered the savagest and most barbarous race on the face of the earth. A British brigantine, having an American captain named Barnes, attempted to make the passage in March last through the Straits of Magellan, instead of going "round the Horn." While passing through, the captain's curiosity was aroused as to the character of the inhabitants and country, and notwithstanding the naked giants who came aboard the vessel gave abundant evidence of their ferocity, the captain had the hardihood to go ashore with two of his men and a boy, for the purpose of "looking around."

The adventurous explorers not returning the same night, the mate became alarmed and proposed to take another boat and seek them. Strangely enough, the captain's wife, who appears to have been the real master spirit on the vessel, forbade this. Despite her remonstrances however, the mate the next day did go ashore, and before he had gone fifty yards through the dark and gnarled forest, came upon the mangled body of captain Barnes, with both his legs cut off, in a shocking cruel and hacking fashion, just above the knees. He had also been stripped of his clothing and two deep wounds were found on his person, one on his forehead and the other in his left breast.

An attack by a larger body of savages compelled the party to get back to the ship with all speed, and the wind favoring, they managed to escape from a formidable band of pursuers in canoes. The captain's body had to be left behind, and the other three sailors probably furnished a rare Terra del Fuegan feast soon after.

At last accounts, the captain's widow, like a woman of business, was recruiting a crew at Punta Arenas to continue the voyage with the vessel, of which she is the principal owner.

A Word to Stern Fathers.

It never can be too strongly impressed upon the mind, that nothing releases a parent from his duties toward a child. No waywardness, no disobedience, no rebellion, no profligacy, can justify a father in casting a son or daughter adrift. We hear of sons being cast off with a shilling, of daughters being forbidden their father's house, and, without any exception, such cases are proof, that, of whatever sins the children may have been guilty the father is even more guilty. No person can complain against society so great a crime as a father commits who is thus false to the trust which he himself has imposed—who thus thrusts off from himself the soul which he called into being. A father should be governed by no motive but his child's best interests, and a child's best interests can never be served by anything but his father's constant and loving care. If a child is so bad that his influence is feared on the other children, a separation between them may be effected. If it is feared that money bestowed on him will be for his injury, provision may be made against that, as in the case I have mentioned. But when a father, in a fit of anger or as a reward for ill-doing, disinherits or refuses to see his child, he commits a crime which the laws indeed do not recognize, but whose guilt it would take many a legal crime to outweigh. There should be absolutely no limit to parental forgiveness and forbearance. Seven times, and seventy times seven, should the father receive the proidgal son who seeks his face; and if he never seeks his face; and if he never seeks it, if he goes, stubborn and rebellions, not one atom of fatherly care and interest should relax; for the child is his child, his offspring, born of his will, and no violence can release the man from his violence obligation to guard and guide, so far as possible, the life which he dared to give.—*Ladies Repository.*

An Abortionist's Fate.

In the case of Dr. Oliver W. Ried, who was convicted in Philadelphia, of performing a criminal surgical operations, Judge Paxson delivered a lengthy and very able opinion, overruling the motion for a new trial.

This is a very important opinion in a legal view, for it decides for the first time that the wife of a co-defendant not on trial is a competent witness for the Commonwealth, unless she declares to testify on the ground that her testimony might tend to criminate her husband.

It will be remembered that the particeps criminis was indicted jointly with Dr. Reid, and several days before the trial he married the girl, and then, when the case was called on, he claimed a separate trial. The girl was examined for the Commonwealth against Dr. Reid, and without her testimony he could not have been convicted.

Before sentence was passed upon him he said to the Court: "Your Honor, I feel it my duty to my family and my friends to repeat now what I have always said, that as God is my Judge, I am entirely innocent of this charge; I have been made the victim of a foul conspiracy to ruin me, and having already suffered for the guilty party, I am resigned to suffer still more."

The Judge said: Dr. Reid I have heard what you have said, and reply to you that your case was tried by an honest and intelligent jury of your own selection, and by counsel of great ability, who employed all their skill and learning in your defence, and you have been found guilty. An earnest effort has been made to set aside that verdict, but without success.

Yours was a crime that has of late become prevalent to a terrible extent, and it becomes the duty of all good citizens to suppress it with severity and firmness. I have heard that upon one of the most fashionable and wealthy avenues of a neighboring city has been established a palace, within whose walls this nefarious business of yours has been carried on by the wholesale.

I am determined that no such institution shall thrive here. It is painful to me to sentence you, but I owe a duty to society before which all private considerations fade out of view. You are a man of culture, and by a proper course of living would have been a useful and honorable citizen. But you have brought upon yourself utter ruin, not in the pursuit of any exalted aim, but in the prosecution of a secret and infamous crime, which I am bound to punish to the fullest extent of the law.

The Sentence of the court is, that you pay a fine of $500 and undergo an imprisonment of 6 years and 5 months in the Eastern Penitentiary.

A Small-Pox Remedy.

A correspondent of the Stockton, Cal. Herald, writes as follows: "I herewith append a recipe which has been used to my knowledge in hundreds of cases. It will prevent or cure small-pox though the pittings are filling. When Jenner discovered cow pox in England, the world of science hurled an avalanche upon his head, but when the most scientific school of medicine in the world—that of Paris—published this recipe as a panacea for small pox, it passed unheeded. It is unfailing as fate, and conquers in every instance. It is harmless when taken by a well person. It will also cure scarlet fever. Here is the recipe as I have used it, and cured my children of scarlet fever and the small-pox, when learned physicians said the patient must die, it cured: Sulphate of zinc, one grain; fox-glove (digitalis,) one grain; half a teaspoonful of water. When thoroughly mixed, add four ounces of water. Either disease will disappear in twelve hours. For a child, smaller doses, according to age. If countries would compel their physicians to use this, there would be no need of pest-houses. If you value advice and experience use this for that terrible disease.