# THE MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

E. B. HAWLEY, Proprietor.

MONTROSE, PA., WEDNESDAY JULY 5, 1871.

VOLUME XXVIII, NUMBER 27.

### 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 McKensies—just one door. Montrose, June 7, 1871.—If C. MORRIS.

J. B. & A. H. McCOLLUM, Arronaurs at Law Office over the Bank, Montros Pa. Montroso, May 10, 1871.

DR. D. A. LATROP, Has opened an office, at the foot of Chestnut atrect, near the Catholic Church, where he can be consulted at all

times. Montrose, April 26, 1871. CROSSMON & BALDWIN. ATTORNEYS AT LAW.—Office over the store of Wm

J. Mulford, on Public Avenue, Montrose Pa.

W. 4. Chossnoy.

B. L. Baldwin.

Montrose, March 1. 1871.

tf. A. Chossmon. trose, March 1, 1871.

J. D. VAIL, HOMEOPATHIC PUTSICIAN AND SURDICON, 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 Flich & Watson's office.

Montrose, February 8, 1871.

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

CHARLES N. STODDARD. ler in Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps. Leather and indings, Main Street, 1st door below Boyd's Store, ork made to order, and repairing done neatly. Ontrose, 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.

MCKENZIE. C. C. FAUROT, W. H. McCAIR.
MCKENZIE, FAUROT & CO. Scalers in Dry Goods, Clothing, Ladies and Misser fine Shoes. Also, agents for the great American Tea and Coffee Company. [Montrose, Pa. sp. 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. M. HAWLEY,

DEALER in DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, CROCKERY Hardware, Hata, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Ready Made Cloth ing, Painta, Oils, etc., New Milford, Pa. [Sept. 8, '22. DR. S. W. DAYTON,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, tenders his services to the citizens of Great Bend and visibily Office at his residence, opposite Barnum House, G'i, Bend village, Sept. 1st, 1863.—tf

A. O. WARREN, ATTORNEY A. LAW. Bounty, Back Pay, Pension and Evem on Claims attended to. Office froor below Boyd's Store, Moutrore.Pa. [Au. 1, '63]

M. C. SETTON, ~ Auctionser, and Insurance Agent, Friendsville, Pa. C. S. GILBERT,

Auctioncor.
Great Bend, Pa.

AMI ELY, U. S. Auotionoor.
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. SHITH,

6 BINST AND CHAIR MANUFACTURERS.—Poor of Main street, Montrose, Pu. jang. 1, 1869.

H. BURRITT, DBALERIn Staple and Fancy Dry Goods. Crocker, Hardware, Iron, Stoves, Dru gs. Olls, and Faint Bootsand Shoes, Hats & Caps. Pars, Buffs, Rober Groberies, Provisions. Co., New Milford. Pa.

DR. E. P. HINES, mently located at Friendsville for the pur practicing medicine and surgery in all its branches. He may be found at the comes hours from 8 a. m., to 8. p. m., Friends ville, Pa., Aug. 1. 1869.

STROUD & BROWN,

Billings Stroud; - Charles L. Drown.

WM. D. LUSK. ATTORNEY AT LAW, Montrose, Pa. Office opposite the Tarbell Rouse, months the Court House, Aug. J. 1669.—if

### ABEL TURRELL

ARELL AURERELLS

TALER in Drugs, Patent Medicines, Chemicals
Liquors, Palmis, Olis, type Stuffs, Varnishes, Win &
Glass, Groceries, Glass Ware, Wall and Window Pa,
per, Stone-ware, Lamps, Rerosene, Machinery Olis,
Trasses, Guns, Ammunition, Knives, Speciales
Brankes, Fancy Goods, Jowelry, Ferfa r., &c.
being fone of the most numerous, strensive, 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. [ani 20] DR. W. L. RICHARDSON.

PHTSICIAN & SURGEON, tenters his profession sarvices to the citizens of Montrose and vicinity. Office at his residence, on the corner cart of Sayre Bros. Foundry. DR. E. L. GARDNER,

PHYSICIAN and SURGEON, Montrose, Pa. Give-especial attention to diseases of the Reart and Lungs and all Surgical diseases. Office over W. B. Deans. Boards at Scarle's Rosel. [Add. I. 1879.

BURNS & NICHOLS, BURNS & RICARULS,

DEALARS in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Dyestrifs, Paints, Olis, Varnish, Liquors, Spices, Faury sr...tes, Patent Medicines, Perfumery and Tolist Articles. Exprescriptions carefully compounded.—Paulic Avenue, above Scarle's Hotel, Montrose, Pa. B. Burnss,

DR. E. L. HANDRICK. PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, respectfully tenders bi-professional services to the citizen of Friendsville and vicinity. 137 Office inthe office of Dr. Leet-Boards at J. Hosford's. Aug. 1, 1879.

HUNT BROTHERS, SCRANTON, PA

Wholesale & Retali Deslers in HARDWARE, IRON, STEEL, NAILS, SPIKES, SHOVELS.

BUILDER'S HARDWARE,

BUILDER'S HARDWARE,

RINE RAIL, COUNTERSUNK & T. RAILSPIKE.

RAILBOAD & MINICO SUPPLIES.

CABRIAGE SPRINGS, AXLES, SEZINS AND

BUILS, BUILS, NUTS and WASHERS,

PLATED BANDS, MALLEABLE

IBONS, HUBS, SPOKES,

FELLOES, SEAT SPINDLES, BOWS, &c.

ANVILS, VICES, STOCKS and DIES, BELLOWS

HAMMERS, SLEDGES, FILES, &c. &c.

CIBCULBA AND MILLSAWS, BELTING, PACEING

TACKLE BLOCES, PLASTEE PARIS

CEMENT, HAIR & GRINDSTONES,

FRENCH WINDOW GLASS, LEATHER & FINDINGS

FARRANK'S SCALES.

craton, March 21, 1663.

## IMPROVED HUBBARD!

PATRONIZE HOME MANUPACTURE! CHANGEABLE Speed and Double Drive Wheel. It holds the Great New York State National Premium Also the Great Ohio National Premium Also the Great Ohio National Premiums, held at Mans field, in 1870.

And the Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia State Premiums :

Premiums!
The gearing is simple, compact, removed entirely from the drive wheels, and enclosed in a nest case, in the centre of the machine, effectually scentring it from grit and dust.
The operation can be changed instantly from a high speed to one a third slower, without stop, thus stapting itself to had places and tight and heavy grass.
Use cetting apparetus is perfect. No brake and one grassat Infig. head. It is beyond doubt the strongest smachine in the world, and you can depend upon it, being perfectly reliable in every particular.

\*\*Entirose, May 3. 1871.—U

Poet's Corner.

AT PITTSTON.

BY E. NORMAN GUNERON.

[Durning the disaster at Pittston, McDermott, the Engineer of the Breaker, stood at his post of duty, hoisting the men from below, until his hair was burned from his head, his clothing from his body and the fiames had disabled his engine. Does history record a higher heroism?] Ah! it was grand!

In the midst of the flame and the smoke of the Breaker, There stood McDermott, the lever in hand; Calm at his duty, and swore by his Maker, Never to leave, 'till the last man had risen, Out from the fire and the death of his prison.

Standing alone! Bravely and sternly, unmoved at his duty;
'Neath him the moan

Of the victims, and round him the fire-fiends No! not alone, for a form there stood by him, Nerving his arm, that the flames might not try Past his endurance—God's angel was nigh him.

Rafter and shell. Frame-work and net-work, and brace of the Crumbled and fell, and the breath of the Maker, Seemed as destruction! beneath him the hell

Of the pit yawned; and around him the fire-

Flamed from the depths of the perilous crater Still there he stood, while his courage rose Standing alone with his God and Creator.

Blackened and seared, and disfiflured, in suffering and glory He is endeared By the dread ordest-made deathless in story-

Nobier than leader in battle or toray. Tears for the dead! Scorn for the men who for gain sold

Into the bed, Where vapor and fire-damp disfigures and smothers;

When all is said, And the last prayer o'er the victim is given. Leave the dark picture, and give thanks to Heaven,

That one true man, all this foulness could leaven. Grandfather's Barn.

O don't you remember our grandfather's barn, Where our cousins and we met to play: How we climbed on the beams and the Or tumbled at will on the hay;

How we sat in a row on the bundles of straw, And riddles and witch stories told. While the sunshine came through the cracks the south. And turned all the dust into gold?

How we played hide and seek in each cranny Where a child could be stowed; Then we made us a coach of a hogshead of rye And on to "Boston" we rode? And then we kept store, and sold barley and oats And corn by the bushel or bin;
And straw for sisters to braid into hats,

And flax, for our mothers to spin. Then we played we were biddles, and cackled and crowed, Till grandmother in haste came to see

If the weasles were killing the old speckled hen Or whatever the matter thight be: How she patted our heads when she saw her

And called us her sweet " chicken-dears! While a tear dimmed her eye as the picture called . The scenes of her own vanished years.

In and a beautiful blush overspread her face as she looked almost wistfully at him.

His own cheeks reddened, but he never with the never control of the second of the s

And Indian, and soldeir and bear! While up on the rafters the swallows kept hou Or sailed through the soft summer air. How we longed to peep into their curiou

But they were too far overhead; So we wished we were giants, of winged like the birds. And then we'd do wonders we said.

And don't you remember the racket we made When selling at auction the hay: And now we wound up the keel-over leap From the scaffold down into the bay?

When we went into supper our grandfather If he had not once been a boy, He should thought that the Hessians were sack-ing the town,

Or an carthquake had come to destroy.

How the years have gone on since in grandle To play with our cousins we men! Our eyes have grown dim and our locks fare turned gray,

The golden, the brown, and the jet. Yet still in my heart there's an ever green no Where childhood's sweet memories stay ? And no music to me has a charm that car thrill, Like the voices of children at play.

JOHN.

I stand behind his elbow chair, My soft hand rests upon his hair-Hair whose silver is dearer to me Than all the gold of earth could be; And my eyes of brown Look tenderly down

On John, art John. The fire-light leaps, and laughs and warm Wraps us both in its ruddy arms-John, as he sits in the hearth glow red, Me with my hands ou bis dens old head-

Encircling us both Like a ring of troth. Me and My John.

His form has lost its early grace, Wrinkles rest on his kindly face, His brow no longer is smooth and fair. For time has left its autograph diere: But a noble prize In my loving eyes, Is John, my John.

"My love," he says, and lifts his hands. Browned by the sun of other lands. In tender clasp on mine to lay: How long ago was our wedding I smiled through my tears And say, "Years and years, My John, DEAR John."

We say no more, the fire-light glows: Both of us muse, on what-who knows? My hand drops down in mute carees-Each throb of my heart is a wish to bless With my wife's best worth The heart and the bearth Of John, My John.

#### Miscellancous.

CAST OFF.

"Will I forgive you? How dare you ask it, Ida Rossiture? Never, so help me

Heaven !" There was a flerce glare in the black eyes with which Winfield Grey steadily regarded the handsome woman standing pale and with compressed lips before him. She had been for a solitary walk on the sea shore, little dreaming she should meet the man who, in her heart of hearts, was

the only enshrined idol.

She had seen him coming, when his eyes, keen and bright though they were, had not yet discerned her graceful figure wending among the erags and clifts of the rocky, wild beach; and, with a cry of intense delight upon her lips, she hastened to meet him.

She was a faultlessly beautiful woman, this hangely beinger ide Ressiture where the only enshrined idol.

this haughty heiress, Ida Rossiture, whose dark, oriental eyes had slain scores of victims; whose lustrous masses of ebou black hair had driven acres of lovers half crazy. She knew her power, and how to use it; and before she had seen twenty-two summers drop their load of sweet scents, she had acquired the well-

carned reputation of coqette.

But every soul has its mate; and Ida Rossiture had met the master of her destiny; she loved. Yet, so strange is the inconsistency of woman, that, though caught and wooed by Windfield Grey, him whom she so adored, her habit of coquetry would not permit her to show

him a preference.

Not that she intended losing him; and on the moonlight night when he told her his love in terms so passionate that her heart almost ached with the joy, when he pleaded the sweet rumor that was going the rounds of their engagement, she gracefully warded him off, fully intend-

ng to confess all on the morrow. Alas, for what we will do "to-morro Many are the hopes that are crushed for their waiting for the morrow; the resolutions buried that "to-morrow" was to see folfilled!

And Ida Rossiture, when the morning dawned, learned that Winfield Grey had left the shore that very morning while she was dreaming of him.

She was too proud to inquire; too proud to write; and when, hours later, she was playfully taunted with slaying another victim, and that Winfield Grey, she was too reservedly hanghty to refute the aspersion, and by a cold bow, gave credence to All this, the one precious opisode of her

life, that had been crowded into one blissful fortnight, two years agone, came rushing over her as she saw Whifield Grey walking quietly along, all unconscious of her near proximity to him.

He started, raised his hat and would

have passed on. "You are not angry with me, Mr. Grey?" eyes like a very demoness, that seems that I like the weed; use it only to keep Her tones were pleading, but he looked scorehing my heart out of my body. my flesh down." massionless as a statue. "I have not forgotten our last inter-

view. Miss Rossiture." Her wistful blue eyes were lifted to his selves is thus described by Sir Samuel Banguish in her heart.

Her wistful blue eyes were lifted to his selves is thus described by Sir Samuel Banguish in her heart. \*Nor, I. I have been waiting ever since to tell you—to tell you how—I—

The proud woman had spoken at last;

His own cheeks reddened, but he never moved his eyes from her face. " I am grieved the confession has come

too late, Miss Rossiture. I care nothing for you." She stood like one petrified, her eyes growing bright and wild.

"Not care for me!-not-care-forme?" She repeated the words slowly, dististinctly, an awful gray pallor the while stealing across her face, her eyes riveted on his handsome countenance. "I do not, Miss Rossiture; good morn-

ing."
He bowed and walked on. He had only taken a dozen steps, when there came a clutch on his arm that almost made him cry out. He turned to

"Stop a moment, I am mystified. I may be crazy for all I know. But I must have it from your lips again, those lips I have dreamed so often about! those lips

that told me the only news I ever cared She spoke in a peculiar, dreamy way, then, before Grey could frame an answer,

her eyes filled with tears, and she laid her hand on his arm. "Winfield, my darling, my darling,

don't my you have ceased to love me! why don't you know I love you? I worship He would have been less than human, had not his heart throbbed at her con-

fession, but he smiled coldly. "Two years ago, Miss Rossiture, I sned for that love; you cast it off. To-day you offer it; I cast it off. Remember as I do. the shame, the bitter agony of that night,

I can never forget it or forgive it."
"You cast me off, you cast me off!" That is rather a hard term, Miss, I do not say so. Pleuse be so good as to excuse

me."
"No, no! Once more, Winfield, forgive me, oh do forgive me, will you not? I can't live without your love Winfield." She clasped her hands pleadingly, and rested them on his arm. A moment he gazed into her benutiful stormy face; then with a calm, almost scornful turn of the

lip, spoke.
"Will I forgive you? how dare you ask t, Ida Rossiture? Never, so help me Heaven !" It was an awful blow to the proud wo-

man, whose sin was loging too well, and as Winfield Grey lengthened the distance between them, a look of most pitiful agony

The early June sunshine came in a golden quiver all over the pink and white carpet that covered the floor of Marian Thorne's dressing room, and while it touched with light fingers the rare statuary, the costly toilette ornaments, it lingered longest and most loving on the slight graceful figure that stood before the dressing room.

Ida Rossiture continued.

"The day he deserted me, that day I knew a vengeance would follow him. I knew a vengeance would follow him. I

ng mirror. She was a golden haired girl, this dainty Marian Thorne, with eyes the very shade of purple violets; Shadowy screne eyes, that seemed ever looking out into some misty, uncertain cloudland.

in a costly robe of creamy white satin, where fell cloud on cloud of shimmering lace; where gleamed pure pearls, and soft "What, Marian, surely you are not

mune, marian, surely you are not growing vain enough to try on your wedding dress to note the effect?"

Marian laughed as the young girl held up her hands in amazement.

"Do you consider this vanity? If you do I must plead quilty."

I wondered how do, I must plead guilty. I wondered how I would look as a bride, so I put on the

"As if you could not have waited till to-morrow noon. Well, I guess Mr. Grey will think you are an angel just floated down. Oh, Marian chere, you are fault-

less—perfect."

Marian smiled and turned again to the

beautiful reflection. "I think my dress is very becoming, and I am pleased for Winfield's sake.

And yet, with all the rapid preparations progressing, you can't tell the gloom that

off, as if seeking to wrest the secrets from

and all.' Marian smiled and shook her head.

The young girl laughed joyously.

"Good; there's hope yet, then. Hark! there comes Mr. Grey, now shall I send him up? "Yes, I'd like his opinion." A moment later, and Winfield Grey stood beside her.
"My beautiful darling! almost my oride!

almost my darling wife!"

He kissed her fondly, then stepped back

of light bread; take about four drinks to bold it steady, lay down about eight, and to regard her toilette.

He laughed as he spoke, but the young blife. I am stout and active; weigh from two hundred and sixty to two have misunderstood, glowing in her dark eyes.

He laughed as he spoke, but the young through life. I am stout and active; weigh from two hundred and sixty to two hundred and seventy-five pounds; health fine. My head is as black as a gander's barren seashore where are rocks and crags over which I am constantly fleeing to find to the pounds; health pounds.

He laughed as he spoke, but the young through life. I am stout and active; weigh from two hundred and sixty to two hundred and seventy-five pounds; health fine. My head is as black as a gander's barren seashore where are rocks and crags over which I am constantly fleeing to find two hundred and sixty to two hundred and seventy-five pounds; health fine. My head is as black as a gander's barren seashore where are rocks and crags over which I am constantly fleeing to find two hundred and sixty to two hundred and seventy-five pounds; health fine. My head is as black as a gander's barren seashore where are rocks and crags over which I am constantly fleeing to find two hundred and sixty to two hundred and seventy-five pounds; health fine. My head is as black as a gander's barren seashore where are rocks and crags over which I am constantly fleeing to find two hundred and seventy-five pounds; health fine in the fi you. And there is a tall, dark, magnifi-cent woman who haunts my dreams; with smoke some and chew the balance—not Then when I awaken I am so exhausted that the fright follows me half the day."

Her wistful blue eyes were lifted to his

ures as she mentioned the "tail, dark, may chance to be, a small hole is evacumagnificent" woman.

curls away from her forehead. the vision causes.

"We'll excuse you now, Mr. Grey," she said merrily. "I'll bring Marian down presently, in a more hugable form." He threw the pretty bridemaid a kiss, and went whistling down stairs, happy, and forgetful of the "tall, dark, magnit-

cent woman." "I'll take them off, Gracie," stid Marian, as his, her betrothed's steps sounded further away; "but, if I spoke the truth from my heart, I should say I think I'll never put them on again."

osity at the bride elect. "You talk so, and still are sure you love Mr. Grey?"

"Love him, Gracie? You never can know bow much." "Then there's no danger that you won't

wear this in old Trinity to-morrow at midday," returned matter-of-fact Gracie. It was a new gmve, over which the flowers of but seven weeks had bloomed; at its head stood a costly tombstone, and

a wreath of immortelles was twined about On its snowy-white surface were carved letters that were unmistakably precious to fund bearts; and the letters run thus-

"Sacred to WINFTELD GREY. aged 28." On the high, sweet-scented turf, knelt in pitrirl abandon, a young, fair-haired girl, whose black robes swept the spot

where her darling by at rest. She did not moas or cry, but unspoken agony was making her slender frame quiver with deepest emotion.

in clear, musical tones startled her.

" Morian Thorne: She sprang to her feet, and gazed at the

The early June sunshine came in a words will ring in my ears through eter-

Now she was looking at herself, arrayed fice I made to win him, and now lying girl who was charged with a crime, and cold and still under the summer daisies, he knows not the fearful sacrifice you have been compelled to endure in giving him

With a reverential tenderness she bent over Winfield Grey's grave and kissed the weeping, widowed bride; then departed as she came, silently, mysteriously, leaving alone, in the early twilight, the stricken girl to bear alone her burden of sorrow.

The Art of Living Well. A Georgian, who professes to be 96 years

A Georgian, who professes to be 96 years of age, and a carpenter by trade, has been moved to give his own method of preserving health. He says:

"I get up about five in the morning, drink about six or eight drinks of good, solid corn whiskey by about eight o'clock. By that time I have jacked off and dressed about five hundred feet of plank, more or less then take breakfust.

comes over my spirit at times—as if some three trout; sometimes two or three shad three trout; sometimes two or three Marian's eyes were gazing away, away teen or twenty butter-cakes, with a little coffee or tea-say about six or eight cups
inst as I feel about the number of cups.

Gracie Rose gave a little scream.

"Oh, you superstitious girl you—and yet, Marian, I have heard it was a bad omen to try on a complete wedding suit. And here you are, nothing wanting, even the kids, and the slippers, and the veil quarts of turtle or pea soup, a small baked pig or a roasted goose, sometimes a quar-ter of a lamb or kid, greens, beans, peas, "Nonsense, Gracie. Yet to comfort onions, eschalots, potatoes, cabbage, and you, please notice I have not on the other like vegetables, by which time I

drink about six quarts of good buttermilk with about one and a half or two pounds of light bread; take about four drinks to rest better than if I had crowded my

"Perfect, little Marian. Pure as angel's raiment, but none too fair for you, darling. If you only were a little less serious."

He laughed as he spoke, but the young through life. I am stout and active;

The Way They Do It. How the Arab ladies perfume them

the pores of the skin being open and most, incense, with which they are so thorough-

thermometer fifty feet lower, the mercury will rise one degree, and will rise in the same ratio for every fifty feet we go down. It can be easily calculated at what distance known substances melt. This would not exceed fifty miles, It will thus be seen that the crust—or solid part—of the earth dise exceedingly thin, in proportion to the diameter; not so thick as an egg shell, in proportion to the size of the egg. With a crust so thin, constantly cooling, it is flourishes of any kind. Study to make proportion to the size of the egg. With a crust so thin, constantly cooling, it is not strange the bed of oceans should be elevated in a single day, and whole cities cramped; free, without straggling. To have been sunk in the same space of time, write rather upright than otherwise and tributes to the union of compactness and the strateging of the same space of time. Indulge not in turns, curis, or which may be interrupted, and reimprisoned in the brain by human effort and skill.

How A Lady Was Deceived.—A lady residing in a Western city returned the strateging of the same space of time. A little way, standing defiant and stormy, was a noble, commanding woman, ther sable garments trailing to the very sides of Winfield Grey's grave.

-A city miss, newly installed as the wife of a farmer, was one day called upon by a neighbor of the same profession, who, in the absence of her husband, asked Gradually his receding figure grew smaller and smaller, and as he turned an angle that hid him, there swept over her form a perfect gust of emotion.

Unutterable dispair was written on the words she loved him; he hated me. You moaned, lurked a life-time of grief.

who, in the absence of her husband, asked her for the loau of his plow for a short time. I am sure you would be accommodated, was the reply, if Mr. Stone was not long since the following toast was shot was brought in and it was seen to be at home—I do not know though, where he keeps his plow; but, she added, evigence.

Who, in the absence of her husband, asked her for the loau of his plow for a short time. I am sure you would be accommodated, was the reply, if Mr. Stone was not long since the following toast was shot was brought in and it was seen to be at home—I do not know though, where he keeps his plow; but, she added, evigence.

I worshipped him; he hated me. You were to be his loved him; he worshipped you. That's additive scalous to server, there is the cart of the loau of his plow for a short time. I am sure you would be accommodated, was the reply, if Mr. Stone was brought in and it was seen to be at home—I do not know though, where he followed. The body of the woman in the back. The husband screamed the wife fainted. On her for the loau of his plow for a short time. I am sure you would be accommodated, was the reply, if Mr. Stone was the following toast was shot was brought in and it was seen to be at home—I do not know though, where he followed. The body of the woman in the back. The husband screamed the wife fainted. On her for the loau of his plow for a short time. I am sure you would be accommodated, was the reply, if Mr. Stone was the following toast was loved him; he hated me. You have been deaded, evil and the words in the worshipped him; he hated me. You have been deaded, evil and the worship to the following toast was loved him; he worshipped him; he hated me. You her for the loau of his plow for a short time. I am sure you would be

Whence Come Boses.

sentenced to be burned to death. They sentenced to be burned to death. They led her into a field, and piled fagots around her and set them on fire. But she being innocent, prayed while they were burning that some wonderful thing might that some wonderful thing might that he has been to show that she was innocent. And this is what happened; All the fagots which were on fire were changed into bushes full of forces, and those that he had not kindled turned into white ones, also full of flowers. "And these," says an elso full of flowers. "And these services are received to be burned to be borned to be burned to burned to burned to be burned also full of flowers. "And these," says an straint. Many occupations put full dress also full of flowers. "And these," says an ancient writer, "were the first rose-trees and roses, both red and white, that ever man saw." And the country where this was done abounds with them to this day.

Another story accounts for the variegated kinds. Once there were thirty years of miserable civil war in England, growing out of a quarrel between the two families of York and Lancaster about the

ing ont of a quarrel between the two families of York and Lancaster about the right to the throne. It was a fierce and cruel contest, during which some of the best blood in the country was shed, and noble families became extinct. The whole nation was divided, taking part with one or the other. Each party had a symbol to be known by. The house of Lancaster chose a red one, which was worn by all its adherents; upon which, that of York took a white one. So famous did these emblems become that the war was known all over Enrope as the "War of the Roses." The strife ended at last by a marriage between a son and last by a marriage between a son and daughter of the rival families. And now comes the marvellous part of the story; which is that, after that, red and white roses appeared growing on the same bush.

salmon and pale-buff tints.

their golden hue to no mystery, no mira-cle, but to an experiment. No legend tra-ces the unfolding of the first yellow rose; is no need to particularize, since everybut an ingenious gardner, grafted a white rose upon a barberry bush! This does not sound so grand as an old tradition; but my readers can find out if it is true. They are too late by hundreds of years for the thart stories, but not for the last. The barberry has clusters of little yellow-rose barberry has clusters of little yellow-rose and the root and wood are absent costumes. Irrational hours, and

### Ladies Handwriting.

continually see advert may chance to be, a small hole is evaculadies who can write a good hand, and
work of such disagreeables, and dare to
the hughed, and smoothed her light reigns bettle. A fire of charcoal, or wish for work in copying manuscripts, themselves whatever the "fashion" may He hughed, and smoothed her light urls away from her forchead.

"If I could but torget the sensation he vision causes."

"Perhaps you don't love me, Marian?"

"A simply glowing embers, is made within the hole, into which the woman about to be scented throws a handful of drugs.—

"Berhaps you don't love me, Marian?"

"Berhaps you don't he said, gravely.

"Oh, Winfield, you know I do; please don't say so, you hurt me."

He kissed her sweet quivering mouth, just as Gracie returned to assist Marian to remove her bridal robes.

"We'll account forms her dress and cronches naked over the fumes, while she arranges her robe to fall as a mantle from her neck to the ground like a tent. She now begins to perspire freely in the hot air bath, and to remove her bridal robes.

"We'll account forms her dress and cronches naked in spelling, by no means unfrequent.

The luckless employer is driven to distorted the labor of deciphering to which is sometimes added the labor of two is suspended, by the drawing of water into the lungs, consciousness is immeted to perspire freely in the hot air bath, and the ports of the skin being open and most, the ill-done work, with a pardonable sneer distribution to perspire freely in the hot air bath, and the ports of the skin being open and most, the ill-done work, with a pardonable sneer distribution is suspended, by the drawing of water into the lungs, consciousness is immeted to the ports of the skin being open and most, the ill-done work, with a pardonable sneer distribution is suspended. the volatile oil from the smoke of the burning perfumes is immediately absorbed. By the time the fire has expired to the horning beginning that the incapacity of women for anything be gathered in regard to the action of the but dress. Of course, she gets no further but dress. Of course, she gets no further but dress, feebly, a considerable time after the function of scenting process is completed, and both hand may be called a misfortune, if you respiration is suspended. By its muscular person and her robe are redolent of will; but to write an illegible hand is a lar force arterial blood is driven onwardly her person and her robe are redolent of incense, with which they are so thorough crime against society. Every one who ly impregnated that I have frequently chooses can form each letter distinctly, smelt a party of women strongly at full a can make a difference between an n and consequently the mind is plung-"You take so, and still are sure you love Mr. Grey?"

A glorious light came into her blue sees.

"You take so, and still are sure you love Mr. Grey?"

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"You take so, and still are sure you love Mr. Grey?"

A glorious light came into her blue love of the brain shell-light withdraws itself from the shell-grey when the wind an un between e and e; can make a difference between an n and an un between the and e; can make a difference between an n and an un between the wind thundred yards' distance, when the wind has been blowing from that direction.—

This scent, which is supposed to be very attractive to gentlemen, is composed of gray for employment as an amanumucture who wis'tes for employment as an amanumucture or copy is can be exertsed for writting blood in the delicate texture of the blood of the brain.

When the pulsations of the heart stop, leave the pulsation of the blood in the delicate texture of the blood in the delicate texture of the blood of the brain.

When the pulsation of blood in the delicate texture of the blood of the brain.

When the pulsation of the loss of consci shell-fish withdraws itself from the shell. The proportions of the ingredients in its mixture are according to taste.

The Crust of the Earth.

If you bury a thermometer fifty feet beside the court of If you bury a thermometer fifty feet below, the surface of the earth, the mercury will remain at the same point the year round, in winter and in summer, showing that the influence of the sun does not reach below that depth. If we carry the mercury that the influence of the sun does not reach below that depth. If we carry the mercury that the influence of the sun does not reach below that depth. If we carry the mercury that the prospect demands the line of th thermometer fifty feet lower, the mercury the line or sentence. Dot your i's and utmost perseverance.

> freedom. Never imitate anothers per-son's writing under the idea that it is probably be a necessity to you—certainly an advantage. But eschew hurry, Legi-bility must never be sacrificed to speed.—

Fashionable Miscry.

words will ring in my ears through eternity!"

Marian sank to the ground, covering the face with her hands, white, stern and passionless.

Ida Bossiture continued.

"The day he deserted me, that day I knew a vengeance would follow him. I knew not what it would be; but when the papers told me he was dead, had died of heart disease on the wedding morn, I felt twas only just. He had crushed my heart and I had to live, just as you live, to suffir and I had to live, just as you live, to suffir till the end. He cared not for the sacrifice I made to win him, and now lying cold and still under the summer daisies,

ter of a lamb or kid, greens, beans, peas, comfort on the like vegetables, by which time have drunk about fifteen or twenty drinks of old, solid corn whiskey. After dinner of lamb be take a few drinks during the time, say about twelve or fourteen.

I send Grey dink about six quarts of good buttermilk:

I defer or twenty drinks during the time, say about twelve or fourteen.

I put up or down my plank, as the case may be; take a few drinks during the time, say about twelve or fourteen.

I feel of Grey drinks about six quarts of good buttermilk; to change greatly the shades of a single to change greatly the shades of a single color—all except vellow ones. Can any of the same bush. Sometimes they were almost pure white or unmixed red, but usually striped, mototted, or speckled in various and beautiful ways. And a rose, quite common in old fashions waited in the have can be for a shades of a single try, having had previous experience in these receptions, regretted and staid away.

This is an extreme case, and cannot be color—all except vellow ones. Can any of the price of fashions waited to the palace, the victims of fashions waited in the late.

I put up or down my plank, as the case may be; take a few drinks during the time, say about twelve or fourteen.

If we have drunk about single can be up the shades of a single color—all except vellow ones. Can any of the same bush. Sometimes they were almost pure white dies. Admitted to the palace, the victims of fashions varied in the late.

I send the late of the plane, the victims of fashions varied even more than the late.

I put up or down my plank, as the case may be eat all hour, then paraded before that some indices. Admitted to the palace, the victims of fashions varied in the late.

I put up or down my plank, as the case may be eat a common in old fashioned gardens, has been called to this day the "York and Lancaster rose."

If we choose to believe the above, we can account for all the varieties of roses known—because gardeners have the art to change greatly the s

color—all except yellow ones. Can any-body tell us where these comes from? If so, we shall know also the origin of all the there are other and similar cracities which salmon and pale-buff tints.

Some body—who is a very convenint authority—boldly declares that they owe customs, demanded by the caprice of the dyed so deep with yellow, that they could transfuse a stream of golden sap into the scion. It is true? Who know? shaped flowers, and the root and wood are absurd costumes, irrational hours, and in kind as the inconveniences which the Pall Mall Cazette luments, in the hard case of the ladies "received" at Bucking-

nome one evening and heard some noise stormy, was a noble, commanding woman, her sable garments training to the very sides of Winfield Grey's grave.

Her hard bright eyes were watching the fragile form that was kissing the sod so passionately, all unconscious of the presence of any one, till her own mame, spoken in clear, musical tones startled her.

broke way, and livid masses flowed out, forming a river twelve miles wide, which, in its course, melted down six hills 600 feet deep, spoiled a good bandwriting in this way, she was reduced to the keyhole, to which space of 1,100 square miles.—Dr. Royntou.

home one evening and heard some noise freedom. Never imitate anothers person's writing under the idea that it is on's writing under the idea that it is on the room usually occupied by herself form its course, melted down six hills 600 feet deep, and spreading over a surface of 1,100 square miles.—Dr. Royntou.

Let your handwriting form itself from grave of a woman; standing by her side there way, and livid masses flowed out, forming a river twelve miles wide, which, in its course, melted down six hills 600 feet deep, spoiled a good bandwriting in this way. Let your handwriting from itself from grave of a woman; standing by her side the room usually occupied by herself that it is on's writing under the idea that it is on's shoulders of the intruding female. Tak-ing a shot gun she forced open the door and shot the woman in the back. The