

THE MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

E. B. HAWLEY, Proprietor.

MONTROSE, PA., WEDNESDAY JULY 12, 1871.

VOLUME XXVIII, NUMBER 28.

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, 1871-47

THE BARBER—Ho! Ho!
Charley Morris is the barber, who can shave your face or
cut your hair, black and gray, in his
office, just up stairs, where you will find him, over
Grier's store, below McKenney's—just one door
Montrose, June 7, 1871-1872

J. B. & A. H. McCOLLUM,
Attorneys at Law. Office over the Bank, Montrose, Pa.
Montrose, May 10, 1871.

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 28, 1871.

CROSSON & BALDWIN,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.—Office over the store of Wm. W. A. Crosson, on Public Avenue, Montrose, Pa.
W. A. Crosson, D. L. Baldwin, U.

J. D. VAIL,
HONORARY PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Has personally
located himself in Montrose, Pa., where he is prepared
to attend to all cases in his profession which may be
referred to him. Office at the corner of the Court
House, near Fitch & Watson's office.
Montrose, February 6, 1871.

FITCH & WATSON, Attorneys at Law, at the old office
of Henry & Fitch, on Public Avenue, Montrose, Pa.
L. P. Fitch, J. D. Watson, U.

CHARLES N. STODDARD,
Dealer in Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Leather and
Furniture, Mattings, Carpets, &c. Ready Made Clothing.
Work made to order, and repairing done neatly.
Montrose, Jan. 1, 1870.

LITTLE & BLAKESLEE,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law. Office the one
heretofore occupied by G. P. Little, on Public Avenue,
Montrose, Pa. G. P. Little, E. L. Blakeslee, U.

McKENZIE, FAUROT & CO.,
Dealers in Dry Goods, Clothing, Ladies and Misses
Shoes. Also, agents for the great American
Tea and Coffee Company. Montrose, Pa., Feb. 1, 1870.

LEWIS KNOLL,
SHAVING AND HAIR DRESSING.
Shop in the new Postoffice building, where he will
be found ready to attend all who may want anything
to his line. Montrose, Pa. Oct. 12, 1869.

O. M. HAWLEY,
DEALER IN DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, CROCKERY,
Hardware, Hats, Caps, Boots and Shoes, &c. &c. &c.
Pain, Oil, etc., New Millford, Pa. Sept. 7, '68.

DR. S. W. DAYTON,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, tenders his services to
the citizens of Montrose and vicinity. Office at his
residence, opposite Barium House, G. B. Bend village,
Sept. 1st, 1869-71

A. O. WARREN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office at the corner of
Public Avenue and Chestnut street, Montrose, Pa. (At 1, '69)

M. C. SUTTON,
Auctioneer, and Insurance Agent,
at 61st

C. S. GILBERT,
U. S. Auctioneer,
Great Bend, Pa.

AMIELY,
U. S. Auctioneer,
Aug. 1, 1869. Address, Brooklyn, Pa.

JOHN GROVES,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR, Montrose, Pa. Shop over
Chandler's Store. Custom fitting suits, and making to
order. Cutting done on short notice, and warranted to fit.

W. W. SMITH,
CABINET AND CHAIR MANUFACTURER.—Shop
of Main street, Montrose, Pa. Aug. 1, 1869.

H. BURRILL,
DEALER IN Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Crockery,
Hardware, Iron, Glass, and various other articles.
Boots and Shoes, Hats & Caps, Pure, Buffalo Robes
Groceries, Provisions, &c., New Millford, 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 9 a. m. to 9 p. m.
Friendsville, Pa. Aug. 1, 1869.

STROUD & BROWN,
FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE AGENTS. All
business attended to promptly, on fair terms. Office
at the corner of Public Avenue, Montrose, Pa. (Aug. 1, 1869.)
Business done at Friendsville, Pa. Charles L. Brown.

W. H. LUSH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office opposite
the Turnhill House, near the Court House.
Aug. 1, 1869-71

ABEL TURRELL,
DEALER IN Drugs, Patent Medicines, Chemicals,
Liquors, Groceries, Glass Ware, Wall and Window Pa-
per, Stationery, Stationery, Locks, Lockets, Gold
Fossils, Gases, Ammonia, Natives, Spectacles
Brasses, Fancy Goods, Jewels, Perfumery, &c., &c.
Being one of the most extensive, extensive and
valuable collections of Goods in Pennsylvania. Es-
tablished in 1826. Montrose, Pa.

D. W. SEARLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office over the Store of A.
Latrop, in the Brick Block, Montrose, Pa. (at 1870)

DR. W. L. RICHARDSON,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, tenders his professional
services to the citizens of Montrose and vicinity.
Office at his residence, on the corner of
Bus. Foundry. (Aug. 1, 1869.)

DR. E. L. GARDNER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Montrose, Pa. Give
special attention to the diseases of the Heart, Lungs,
Lungs and all surgical diseases. Office over W. R.
Dean's. Boards at Seiler's Hotel. (Aug. 1, 1869.)

BURNS & NICHOLS,
DEALERS IN Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Dye-
stuffs, Patent Medicines, Perfumery and Toilet Ar-
ticles, Groceries, Glass Ware, Wall and Window Pa-
per, Stationery, Stationery, Locks, Lockets, Gold
Fossils, Gases, Ammonia, Natives, Spectacles
Brasses, Fancy Goods, Jewels, Perfumery, &c., &c.
Being one of the most extensive, extensive and
valuable collections of Goods in Pennsylvania. Es-
tablished in 1826. Montrose, Pa.

DR. E. L. HANDECK,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, respectfully tenders his
professional services to the citizens of Friendsville
and vicinity. Office at the residence of Dr. J. H. Hooper,
Boards at J. Hooper's. (Aug. 1, 1869.)

HUNT BROTHERS,
Wholesale & Retail Dealers in
SCRANTON, PA.

HARDWARE, IRON, STEEL,
NAILS, SPIKES, SHOVELS,
BUILDER'S HARDWARE,
MILK COUNTERS, & T. RAILS, SPIKES,
RAILROAD & MINING SUPPLIES,
CARBIDE SPRINGS, AXLES, AND
BOXES, BOLTS, NUTS, AND WASHERS,
FLAT IRON, RAILS, RAILS,
PELLOWS, SEAT SPINDLES, BOWS, &c., &c.
AND ALL KINDS OF HARDWARE, IRON, STEEL,
CIRCULAR AND SQUARE FILES, DRILLING, TAPPING
MACHINES, DOCKS, LATHES, PLANES, AND
CEMENT, PAINTS & OILS, &c., &c.
FRENCH WINDING GEAR, LEATHERS, FRENCH
FAIRBANK'S SCALES, &c., &c.
Scranton, March 24, 1869.

Foot's Corner.

The Dying Boy.
The idea of the following lines is said to have
been really expressed by a little boy five years of
age:
Oh, I long to lie, dear mother,
On the cool and fragrant grass,
With nought but the sky above my head,
And the shadowy clouds that pass.
And I want the bright, bright emerald,
All around about my bed;
I will close my eyes and God will think
Your little boy is dead!

Then He will send an angel
To take me up to him;
He will bear me, slow and steadily,
Far through the ether dim.
He will gently lay me
Close to the Savior's side,
And when I'm sure that we're in heaven,
My eyes I'll open wide.
And I'll look among the angels
That stand about the throne,
Till I find my sister, Mary,
For I know she must be one.

And when I find her, mother,
We will go away alone,
And I will tell her that we've mourned
All the while she has been gone!
Oh! I shall be delighted
To hear her speak again—
Though I know she'll never return to us—
To ask her we've been!

So I'll put my arms around her
And look into her eyes,
And remember all I said to her,
And all her sweet replies.
And then I'll ask the angel
To take me back to you—
He'll bear me, slow and steadily,
Down through the ether blue.
And you'll only think, dear mother,
I have been out to play,
And have gone to sleep, beneath a tree,
This sultry summer day.

The Cottage Emigrant's Farewell.
BY MISS AGNES STRICKLAND.
In a lone wood dingle,
By green trees o'erhanging,
Their wild song of sorrow
Three Highland maids sang—
Who were doomed, with their people
In exile to roam
O'er the stormy Atlantic,
To seek for a home.
For the hearth's of their fathers,
By Want's chilling hand
Had been sternly extinguished
That morn in the land,
And they came, for the last time,
In weeping, to bring
The cool gushing waters
From that pleasant spring.
It was piteous to see
How their sweet eyes grew dim,
With their fast flowing tears,
As they hung o'er his braid,
And looked the farewell
To that beautiful spot,
Endeared by those ties
Which could ne'er be forgot.

And oft from their vessels,
Replenished in vain,
They restore the pure stream
To the fountain again;
As fondly they lingered,
And, lo! to depart,
They sobbed forth their grief
In the anguish of heart.
"Dear fountain of our native glen!
For hence we are doomed to go;
And soon for other urns than ours
Thy crystal streams will flow.
"Thy snowy lilies still will bloom
On this delightful spot,
Sweet fountain of our native glen!
Though we behold them not.
"And thou wilt from thy sparkling cell,
Softly murmur on,
When those who love thy voice to hear,
To other lands have gone.
"Dear fountain of our native glen!
Beloved by us in vain,
That pleasant sound shall never glad
Our pensive ears again.
"Dear fountain of our native glen!
Which we no more will view,
With breaking hearts thy children pour
Their long—their last adieu."

Brevities and Witicisms.

—A Buffalo girl in response to the California cry "come over and marry us," says, "send along your tickets if you mean what you say!"

—One incident connected with the burial of Mr. W. W. Sharp, of Norfolk, Va., is deserving of mention. The body of the deceased was borne to the grave by eight colored men, former slaves of Mr. Sharp, who desired to testify in this manner their love and respect for their old master.

—"I've three cents left," said a loafer. "So I'll buy a paper with them." "What paper will you buy?" said a friend, curious to learn the literary taste of his acquaintance. "A paper of tobacco," replied the loafer.

—Thomas Jefferson, when Minister to France, being presented at court, some eminent functionary remarked, "you replace Dr. Franklin, sir." "I succeed him," said Mr. Jefferson's prompt reply, "no man can replace him."

—The driver of a wagon engaged in drawing blasting material to the Hoop tunnel was discovered by the Superintendent coolly smoking his pipe on the top of 3,500 pounds of powder. He is now looking for another situation.

—The writer of an obituary notice of an estimable lady, says that the bereaved husband was "hardly able to bear the demise of his wife." Imagine his disgust on reading in print that the bereaved husband was "hardly able to wear the chemise of his wife."

—Somebody says the Mississippi has raised one foot. When it raises the other, it will probably run.

Miscellaneous.

A THOUSAND POUNDS AND A WIFE.
Mr. Horatio Holt was a bachelor, aged thirty years or thereabouts, and possessed of a fortune which yielded an amount of interest not only to maintain himself in comfortable circumstances without work, but also to allow him to add yearly to the principal the sum of a hundred and twenty pounds. Thus he was considered to be independently wealthy, and was looked upon as a very handsome and excellent young man by various "disinterested" papas and mamas whose daughters were of about the right age to begin to think of "wedded bliss."

Among other peculiarities to which Mr. Holt was attached—or which were attached to him—was the very skeptical idea that there was not, or ever had been, such an improbable thing in existence as love. He believed in the matrimonial, as well as other matters, all people were actuated by motives of self-interest; hence he regarded with suspicion all females who approached him.

"For," muttered he, "they are after my money, and don't much care how they get it. They would like to marry me confoundedly well."
One day Holt was sitting in the sitting-room of his chambers, with his feet occupying a comfortable position on the table, and he himself reclining back in an easy chair, alternately enjoying the flavor of a choice cigar, and partaking in genteel sips of the contents of a wine-glass supposed to contain the "pure, genuine and only port." While occupying this position—which is well known to be one of the great prerogatives peculiar to the masculine gender, and which, of course, confers an immense amount of credit on the sex—he was considerably startled by the sudden opening of the door and the unceremonious entrance of the maid-of-all-work, who bore in her hand a letter which she stated the postman had just that moment left.

"Confound the girl!" said Mr. Holt, when alone, as he broke the seal. "She might have given a little warning before she intruded upon the sanctity of my solitary feast. I had my feet somewhat elevated into the upper regions, and I'm a sinner if she don't report the same to the landlady. However, open 'Sesame,' and—"
The completion of this speech was lost by reason of Mr. Holt at this instant becoming deeply absorbed in the contents of his epistle, a *verbatim* copy of which we take the liberty to make public.

"Dec. 8th, 18—
"COUSIN HORATIO.—Christmas will soon be here, and we want you to come and spend the holidays with us. We have invited several friends whom you know in days gone by, and we shall have an excellent time. There is a very beautiful and accomplished young lady friend of ours, who lives in the second or third village beyond you, who will be sure to be here. We are sure you will be pleased to make her acquaintance. Perhaps you will fall in love with her. Just think it, a crusty old bachelor like you falling in love! We most humbly beg your pardon if these lines offend you, but you must surely come. With sincerity, your cousin
JENNY AND SOPHY STEWART.

P. S.—Father sends regards, and says that bankers here are paying one per cent higher interest than the bankers with whom you deposit. He says you had better bring some money and invest it here. Yours once more, JOHN AND SOPHY.
Mr. Holt carefully perused this letter four distinct times, and then folding it with great precision, thoughtfully and deliberately inserted it in the envelope and put both in his pocket.
"The immortal Homer has asserted in his never dying Iliad, that the best part of a woman's letter is the postscript," said Mr. Holt, half aloud, as he resumed his cigar and scientifically blew a cloud into the air.

"The famous old fellow. It is certainly very true in this case. Let me see, if I visit my excellent cousins and take with me a thousand pounds, I shall get one per cent more interest, which is just ten pounds! Quite a gain. I shall surely have to pass the holidays with my dearly beloved cousins, for whom, of course, I entertain the highest regard and affection. Oh, I love them dearly—and the ten pounds too! As for the young lady they are going to have there, I'll teach her she can't me, in spite of all the beauty she may bring to bear! Well, I will pack my valise, take up my bed, draw a thousand, and then take the train, which will leave in exactly two hours from this time. When the two hours had elapsed the train came puffing into the station, and among the passengers that entered the carriage was Mr. Horatio Holt, carrying in his hand a not very large valise, in which were what change of clothes he would need during the coming ten days, and also the thousand pounds.
"No one knows that this carpet bag of mine contains a small fortune," said Horatio to himself as he looked for a seat, "and if I act carelessly with it, and as if I cared not where it went, all its suspicion will be avoided. I shan't be robbed, and everything will be lovely, and the goose will dance in the air."
The train was nearly full, and after a very extensive search, Mr. Holt discovered that there was only one seat that appeared to be available; but alas for his good fortune, if he occupied it he would be obliged to sit by the side of a captivating black-eyed girl with the most bewitching black eyes and radiating curls that man's eyes ever gazed upon.
"She is a splendid creature," said Horatio, looking at her from the opposite side of the carriage; "but she's probably after a husband, and I'll be hanged if I'll have anything to do with such confounded man-hunters. However, as standing up is worse than being hanged, I'll see if I can get the seat." He added, as he crossed over to where the young lady sat.
"I am very glad to see you, ma'am—but is this seat engaged?" said Mr. Holt, with some embarrassment, for his acquaintance with ladies had not been very extensive.

thing of that sort, caused even the heart of Holt to thump with greater vigor beneath his vest pocket.
"No, sir," she said in the sweetest of voices. "It is at your service if you wish."
"Thank you, ma'am," said Horatio, as he placed his valise on the rack overhead, and took his seat. "Pleasant day, ma'am."
"Very," said the young lady, quite calmly, as she looked out the window.
"Yesterday was quite a pleasant day," said Horatio, who had an unaccountable desire to keep up a conversation, and was rather in want of a subject.
"I thought it rained a little in the morning," said the young lady.
"Well, perhaps it did, ma'am," said Mr. Holt, with some hesitation. "The fact is, I derived my information solely from a barometer, which might have lied, as it belongs to a landlady, and I am sorry to say has caught some of her propensities!"

"I should judge from what you say," said the young lady, very demurely, "that the habit of telling lies was quite congenial to your landlady's house."
"You are correct in your opinion," said Mr. Holt, with a sigh, "but I have a view of her face, because he was not at all certain about the last remark. 'The fact is, the barometer began to falsify about the same time the man inherited from his father the wooden limb as a legacy.'"
He peered mischievously up into her face as he said this, and she, glancing at him for an instant, turned aside her head, and burst into the most musical laugh that ever completed the conquest of a man's heart. Then she blushed so rosy, and looked so pretty and bewitching, that Mr. Holt was obliged—although he hated to dreadfully—to acknowledge to himself that there might be something in love after all, and that this getting married was not such a very great humbug as he had tried to make out it was, especially when the bride had rosy black eyes, and wore such captivating curls. In short, we find that a strict adherence to truth compels us to record the fact that Mr. Horatio Holt, the crusty old bachelor, who had no faith in womankind, was about—though not quite—over head and ears in love with the sweet, dear, irresistible little witch, whose name had been placed by his side on his journey to the city.

In half an hour after having first spoken to the young lady, Horatio felt so much at home that he chatted quite freely with his fair companion, and even went so far as to give her his confidence, and impart the information that he was going to the city to spend the holidays with some relatives, and did not expect to be back for ten or twelve days at least.
Now it happened, as a very remarkable coincidence, that the young lady was also going to the city to spend the holidays, though with this difference, that it was friends and not relatives whom she intended to visit.

As she thus established a sort of mutual confidence, though it was not on a very extensive scale, they got along still more freely, and by the time they arrived within twenty miles of their destination were far from being strangers.
"Bless my soul!" cried Mr. Holt, suddenly, as the train stopped at a small station, "if this is not the place at which I shall get out and stay for several hours before I go to the city."
"What!" exclaimed the lady, "are you not going to the city now? I surely thought you were."
"No," says Horatio, hurriedly rising from his seat; "I have a friend here whom I very much wish to see, and so I shall have to go. I am very sorry, but I hope I shall see you in the city. If I do not, why, then, farewell, and if for ever, farewell, even though I'm not forgiven—and so forth. Adieu!"

And Mr. Holt, seizing his valise, rushed with precipitous haste out of the carriage just as the train moved away.
It was about half an hour before dinner-time that Horatio, carrying his valise in his hand, was not expected to be at the little village, and stopping before his friend's house, rang the door-bell, and was admitted.
He was shown into the sitting-room, and left alone a few minutes, until his friend came down from up stairs, which he very soon did, and they had a very sociable time together, smoking cigars, sipping wine, and behaving like gentlemen of wealth and independence that they were.

"Do you know, my dear ragabond," said Horatio, knocking the ashes from his cigar, "that I have a secret to pour into your ear, hoping it will not go out of your mouth? I sat in the train to-day by the side of the loveliest, most divine, fairest angel that ever hid wings. I could hardly bear myself away, and should not have done so, only I was afraid my heart would have gone astray. I had stayed any longer, which is sort of rhyme. By the way, I wish you would keep an eye on my valise, for I don't know much about your servants. There is a thousand pounds in it that I am going to take to the city."
"A thousand pounds!" exclaimed his friend, starting up. "Why did you not tell me of this before? Where is the valise?"

"In the hall, I suppose. Anyway, I gave it to the servant when I came in."
"You are the most careless fellow I ever knew," said his friend, impatiently, as he hurried out of the room.
He soon returned, bearing the valise in his hand.
"Is this it?"
"Yes, it is."
"You had better unlock it and see if your own is safe."
Accordingly Horatio took the key out of his pocket, and opening the valise, thrust his hand therein.
"Bless my soul!" said Horatio, suddenly withdrawing his arm.
"What is the matter?"
"Why, look here; I don't believe this valise is mine."
And Horatio drew for a half completed lace collar, some embroidery, a pair of white cotton hose, and other garments belonging to the female wardrobe.
"The thousand pounds are gone!" gasped Horatio, turning pale.
"Sold!" cried his friend, springing to

his feet. "Outwitted by the divine angel you met in the train!"
In the meantime, the train containing the young lady for whom Horatio had expressed so violent a fancy, whirled rapidly onward towards the city, which in less than half an hour it arrived. The "divine angel" gave her valise in charge of a cabman, and seating herself in the vehicle, was driven to the most wealthy portion of the metropolis, and finally drew up before a "stone front," on the silver door plate of which was inscribed the name of "Stewart."
Two young ladies rushed out of the hall, and affectionately embraced the young lady.
"Oh, Rose Mellington, you can't think how glad we are to see you!" exclaimed one, rapturously.
"We almost thought you were not coming," said the other.

"I wrote about it," asked the first, whose name was Jenny.
"Oh, I hope you did!" I'm almost dying to see it!"
"Well, then, you must certainly see it," said Miss Mellington. "It's in the valise and I will go and get it now."
The valise was placed upon a chair, and the "divine angel," producing a key, proceeded to open it.
"Oh, gracious me!" exclaimed Miss Mellington, as she peered into the valise.
"What's the matter?" asked the two female friends.
"Why, this valise is not mine—at least, the content are not. Just look here!"

And Miss Rose brought the surface of a man's silk pocket-handkerchiefs, and a pair of men's coarse stockings, a necktie, five collars, and two shirts.
"Why, girls, I don't understand it at all," said Rose. "I must have taken some one else's valise—Oh, I know! It belongs to your cousin Horatio."
And as the true state of the case burst upon her, Miss Mellington threw herself upon a chair, and laughed long and heartily.
"Belongs to cousin Horatio?" echoed Jenny. "Why, Rose, what do you mean?"
"Your cousin Horatio came into the train, and took a seat by me," said Rose, repressing her mirth. "I knew him instantly from the description you wrote, and such a flirtation as we carried on excited my curiosity to look up my valise, and I took his. The mistake was natural, for they are just alike, the key to one fitting the other."
"But where is Horatio now?" asked Sophie.
"I am sure I don't know," said Rose, laughing again. "He got out at the next station from the city."
"I will see soon tell if this belongs to Horatio, for if it does, his name will be on some of the clothes," said Jenny, examining the shirt bosom. "Yes, here it is—Horatio Holt. Oh, my! and the three girls burst into a chorus of laughter that rang merrily through the house."

"I wonder if he brought any money along with him to put in the bank," said Rose, as soon as their merriment had subsided.
"I don't know. I mean to see," said Jenny, jumping up, and plunging her hand into the valise. "Who, here is something. Just look here, girls!"
She brought forth a not very large compact package, and undoing it, found it to contain twenty fifty-pound notes.
"A thousand pounds!" exclaimed Jenny, with eyes wide open. "Why, what a monstrous sum, and how careless he is! Now, girls, if you will only do as I say, we'll have lots of fun. Did he know who you were, Rose?"
"I don't think he did. I did not tell him," said Rose, "though he might have guessed."
"Well, that is good. Let me put the things back just as you found them, and when he comes, Rose, you must keep out of sight for the first few minutes. He will be here just as soon as he can after discovering his loss."

"Why, here he comes now!" exclaimed Sophie, who sat by the window and had been looking out.
A vehicle drew up before the gate as she spoke, and sure enough got Mr. Horatio Holt, valise in hand, and running furiously up the steps, he rang a violent peal at the front door bell.
"Now, Rose, go into the next room, and take the valise along with you," said Jenny excitedly. "Don't come until we call you. Why, Cousin Horatio, how do you do?" she added, opening the door and extending her hand to Mr. Holt with appearance of great cordiality.

"Do," said Horatio, as he strode nervously into the hall. "I don't know, I'm done. From this time forth," continued Mr. Holt, elevating his arm, "I solemnly promise and affirm that I will have nothing to do with Christmas holidays—that I will never again look at a pretty girl—that love and affection are great humbugs, and that the world is as selfish as a hog!"
"Why, Cousin Horatio, you appear to be excited," said Jenny. "Pray, what is the matter?"
"Matter!" cried Mr. Holt, depositing his valise in the hall. "I've lost a thousand pounds just by taking a fancy to you!"
"Why, cousin, how do you do that?" exclaimed his fair companions. "Is it possible?"
"But surely you are not going away?"
"Yes, I am," said Horatio, moving towards the door. "I'm going to find the chief of police, and see if I can't get my money back."
"Stay, cousin," cried Jenny. "You ought to offer a reward for its recovery."
"I'll give a hundred pounds," said Mr. Holt with his hand on the door bell.
"Witness that, Sophie," said Jenny. "Come back, Horatio, and sit down. We are good detectives, and see what we can do for you."

Accordingly, Mr. Holt, with much wonderment, complied, and mechanically came back into the room.
"New Rose," cried Jenny, "come in. You need not bring anything with you!"
"Mr. Holt, Miss Mellington," said Sophie.
"Bless my soul!" cried Horatio, in astonishment, as his "Divine angel" of the train stood before him.
"Oh, dear me!" exclaimed Rose, in well counterfeited surprise.

"What is the matter?" asked Mr. Holt's cousins, apparently amazed, and looking from one to the other.
"This—is this the lady whom I supposed took my valise," said Horatio, agast.
"And this is the gentleman whom I saw in the train," cried Rose.
"Here is your baggage, Horatio," said Jenny, bringing out the valise. "See if your money is safe!"
"It is," cried Mr. Holt, joyously, as he examined it. "Here is your hundred."
"No, no! We don't want anything!" exclaimed the two girls, both together. "Give it to Rose!"
"Give it to Rose?" said Horatio, looking at her thoughtfully. "Well, I will—and I'll speak to her also, if you two girls will leave the room."
They left accordingly.

"Now, Miss Mellington," said Horatio, when they were alone, "I did you the injustice to suppose that you captured my property! Will you forgive me?"
"Yes, yes, Mr. Holt!"
"And that the mistake may never occur again I hereby respectfully invite you to change your name to Holt," said Horatio, with an air of great importance.
"So very sudden, Mr. Holt, that really, I—"
She hesitated, blushing very bewitchingly, and looked more lovely than ever. "So is this very sudden," said Horatio, clasping her in his arms and stealing a kiss. "Now reply in the affirmative."
"Well—yes!"
"Good! The thousand pounds shall be your bridal present, and I'm blessed if there isn't something in love, after all!"

TO THE PEOPLE.
ADDRESS OF THE DEMOCRATIC STATE CENTRAL COMMITTEE OF PENNSYLVANIA.
The Executive Committee of the Democracy of this State, to whom the following Address was referred by the recent State Convention, now present the same to you as embodying some of the reasons which actuate our control the organization they represent.

We here solemnly renew our often repeated declaration of fidelity to the great principles upon which our party has acted from the time of its first organization. Our ultimate objects are those of our fathers when they adopted the Federal Constitution, viz: "to form a more perfect union; to establish justice; to insure domestic tranquility; to promote the general welfare; to provide for the common defense; and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity." We sincerely believe that the government of the United States, administered, as it was in former days, with a direct view to the advancement of these principles, would do for us and for our children, all that any people can reasonably desire from a domestic and foreign policy.

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authors have followed out this line of policy, step by step, with a persistency which shows their fixed determination for the future as in the past, to be bound by no oath and held by no promise.

The two last and most important of their anti-Constitutional measures show more distinctly than others their settled design to strangle the liberties of the nation, and take perpetual power into their own hands. The force bill authorizes the President, not only to invade the States at his pleasure, but by declaring martial law, to subvert all government, except what consists of his mere will. Under the election law his freedom is explained directly against the freedom of State elections. Already the beyond of the Executive have gleamed around the polling places of the people in the cities of New York and Philadelphia. Who can mistake the meaning of these preparations for the next Presidential election? Who doubts that warning and rebuke are needed now to prevent the administration from carrying out the purposes of force?

If the warning be not given by the people, or fail of its proper effect, can we hope for peace? It seems to us an error to suppose the American people tame enough to be kicked under the yoke of a despotism, or ignorant enough to be juggled out of the great inheritance of the free government which their fathers left them.

We complain of our present rulers for lawless usurpation of power. Power not delegated is always abused. In this, as in other cases, usurpation has been accompanied and followed by corruption. Frauds without number, and almost without limit, have been committed on the public. Men of the worst character for common honesty are permitted to hold the highest places. Of the money collected from the people, and not stolen before it reaches the Treasury, a large portion is squandered by Congress on party favorites, on corrupt rings and on base combinations of public plunderings. The enormous extent to which this financial corruption has been carried, will become manifest to any one who compares the expenditures of the government the six years which preceded and the six years which followed the civil war. Both were periods of peace, and there can be no excuse for more than a small increase corresponding to the ratio in which the population has advanced. But where the ordinary expenditures for the fiscal year ending June 1, 1870, exclusive of interest on the public debt, were \$148,660,923.43, for the year ending June 1, 1869, the expenditures for the same purposes were but \$35,918,188.72. Here is shown the difference between the ordinary cost of carrying on our government when its agents are honest and the cost of the same thing when its officers are so destitute of moral principle as to disregard all legal limitations upon their own authority. A free, unrepresented representative government is simple in its machinery, easily maintained, and "dispensed its blessings like the dew of Heaven, unseen and unfeeling, save in the beauty and freshness they contribute to produce." The secure tranquility of a legal establishment, more than a compensation for the burdens it imposes; but a rotten republic is at once the most costly, the most oppressive, and the most unsteady of all political structures.

To support the extravagant corruptions of an administration like the present, and at the same time pay the pensions and the interest on the debt, would require heavy taxation at best. But the tax in power has contrived to make the taxes doubly burdensome by their mode of levying and collecting them. Great gangs of unnecessary officers are supported and fattened out of them. They are in many cases imposed, not with any view to the supply of the public Treasury, but solely to operate as a drain on the wealth of individuals and private corporations. While the month of labor is thus robbed of the bread it earns, the fortunes of monopolists and ringmasters are hideously swelled, and their rapacity inflamed for still further aggression upon the rights of the industrious masses. The necessity of revenue reform is indicated on all hands, and by none more freely than by certain supporters of the so-called Republican party in Congress, but the majority is so completely controlled by private interests that considerations of public duty have no influence upon them.

No people can be wholly enslaved so long as they have the protection of an independent and upright Judiciary. The Radical party feeling that they have all means, fair and foul, to make the Federal Judiciary an instrument to aid them in their crusade against the law of the land. They have filled the inferior Courts, especially in the South, with their most unscrupulous partisans. Again and again the Supreme Court has been reconstructed, and sometimes by increasing the number of judges, always with a view to make a majority which could be relied on to endorse their anti-Constitutional legislation. When the judgments of that tribunal aginstunaided the ancient principles of liberty and justice, its authority was denounced, disobeyed, and contemned. They have interposed in a pending case with legislative decrees to take away the jurisdiction of the Court, and prevent it from protecting a citizen whose plaintiff right they desired to invade. We solemnly trust that they have not yet succeeded, and will never succeed in bending the court of last resort to their foul purpose.

Their so-called reconstruction laws are a series of experiments for the reduction of the Southern States to the lowest condition of political slavery, hoping thereby to make them instruments for the enslavement of every other section. To this end they have not only refused them a representation in Congress, but forced them to be misrepresented by persons who came there to get oppressive laws enacted against them. They have steadily struggled to make the State governments the tools of the partisan tyranny. Whenever they have failed to succeed in this, they have debauched the administration of justice, disregarded the popular will, and produced the most frightful disorders. Scoundrels, carpet-baggers, and the most ignorant of the negro population water together in one infernal mass of moral putrefaction, scourging the

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