# Local Antilliarule. See that the first of the first

# were appropriate the personal property bearing and

Darwin's theory concerning the descent

"What!" exclaimed this venerable baboon,

"man descended from us? I repudiate the

idea with scorn! True, we have our faults.

His remarks were received with every expression of delight possible to the

heads, others hung by their tails, while

used the cat's paw to pull more chestnuts

upon us that no monkey of any self-re-

my countrymen! (Prolonged howl of derision.) If I had this base slanderer of

our race, this Darwin, who dar' win fame

ery day! Did you ever know a monkey to make such a fool of himself as they

do? Did you ever know a monkey to buy

a ticket to a menagerie, and go staring around and making remarks about people

better than himself? Did a monkey ever

get drunk, or talk about his neighbors, and wear a plug hat—unless it was fast-ened on his head by a detestable ringmas-

deed! If we were descended from man it would be sufficiently disgraceful. I get

in their political conventions. In our

most idiotic moments, did we ever howl

and yell as they do? Look at them in

alone. He might trace it to the beasts of the field or the birds of the air, or—what

Tremendous applause followed his speech. After some further remarks on the part of distinguished monkeys of like

tenor, the meeting passed a series of reso-

lutions utterly repudiating the Darwinian

is more likely—the jackass!"

theory, and adjourned.

under the circumstances.

E.B. HAWLEY, Proprietor.

MONTROSE, PA., WEDNESDAY JULY 26, 1871.

VOLUME XXVIII. NUMBER 30.

### Business Cards.

DR. W. W. SMITH, DENTIST. Rooms at his dwelling, next door east of t Espablican printing office. Office hours from 9 a. to 4 P. H. Montrose, May 3, 1871—tf THE BARBER-Ha! Ha! Ha!! Charley Horris is the barber, who can shave your face to weder; Cuta brown, black and grizzley hair, in his sales, last apaties. There you will find him, over there's store, below McKennies—just one door. Hostings, Jane 7, 1871.—If C. MORRIS.

J. B. & A. H. McCOLLUM, ATTEMETS 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. Mentrose, April 26, 1871.

CROSSMON & BALDWIN, ATTORNETS AT LAW.—Office over the store of Wm.
J. Kullurd, on Public Avenue, Montrose Pa.
W. A. CROSHOR.
B. L. BALDWIN.
Mestros. March 1, 1871. J. D. VAII.

EMPOPATRIC PUTRICIAN AND SUBDION. Has permanently scated 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 Bosse, near Fitch & Watson's office.

Nontrose, February 8, 1871.

LAW OFFICE. FITCH & WATSON, Attorneys at Law, at the old office of Bentley & Flich, Montrose, Pa.
L. F. FITCH. [Jan. 11, "Fl. [ w. w. watson. CHARLES N. STODBARD, ealer in Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps. Leather and Fiedings. Hain Street, ist door below Boyd's Store. Work made to order, and repairing done neatly. Meatrose, Jan. 1, 1870.

LITTLES & BLAKESLEE, Atterneys and Counsellors at Law. Office the one heretofore occupied by R. B. & G. P. Little, on Main street, Montrose, P. a L. P. LITTLE. GEO, P. LITTLE. E. L. ELARESLER.

E. McKenzie. C. C. Paurot, W. H. McCain. McKENZIE, FAUROT & CO. Desiers in Dry Goods, Clothing, Ladies and Misses are Shees. Also, agents for the great American Ees and Coffee Company. [Montrose, Pa., ap. 1, 70]

LEWIS KNOLL,
SHAVING AND HAIR DRESSING.
Shep in the new Postoffice building, where he will be found ready to attend all who may want anything to his line. Montrose, Pa. Oct. 18, 1869. O. M. HAWLEY,

DEALER in DRY GOODS, GROCKRIES, CROCKERY Hardware, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoos, Ready Made Cloth lag, Paints, Olis, 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, apposite Barnum House, G't, Bend village. Sept. 1st, 1823.—U

A. O. WARREN, ATTORNEY A. LAW. Bounty, Back Pay, Pension and Exem on Claims attended to. Office from below Boyd's Store, Montrose.Ps. [Au. 1, '63

M. C. SUTTON. Auctioneer, and Insurance Agent, Priendellie, Pa. aul 69tf C. S. GILBERT.

Auctionoor, Great Bend, Pa. AMI ELY, U. S. Auotioneor.
And I. 1869.
Address, Brooklyn, Pa.

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

W. W. SMITH, GABINET AND CHAIR MANUFACTURERS.—For Main street, Hontroe, Pa. | laug. 1, 1869.

H. BURRITT, RALERia Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Crockery Hardware, Iron, Stoves, Bru gs. Olis, and Paints Bosts and Shoes, Hate & Caps, Furs, Buffalo Robes Greeries, Provisions, C. New Milford, Pa.

DR. E. P. HINES, Has permsuly located at Priondsviite for the par pass of practicing medicine and surgery in all its branches. He may be found at the Jackson House. Office hours from 8 at m., to 8, p. m. Friendsviite, Pa., Aug. 1, 1859.

STROUD & BROWN, 

WM. D. LUSK,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Montrose, Pa. Office
gite the Tarbell House, near the Court House,
Aug. 1. 1863.—If

ABEL TURRELL,

ABEL TURRELL,

D'ALIER in Drogs, Patent Redicines, Chemicals Liquors, Paints, Glis, Dro Stoffs. Varniahes, Win w Glass, Groceries, Glass Ware, Wal Middow Pa, per, Stone-ware, Lamps, Ecrosene, Machinery Glis, Trusses, Guns, Ammunition, Knires, Spoctacles Braches, Fancy Goods, Jowelry, Ferfd. Jr. &c.—being Jone of the most numerous, extensive, and valuable collections of Goods in Susquehauns Co.—Established in 1848. [Montrose, Ps.

D. W. SEARLE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, office over the Store of A. Lathrop, in the Brick Block, Montrose, Pa. [aut 15]

DR. W. L. BICHARDSON, 

DR. E. L. GARDNER, PHYSICIAN and SURGEON, Montrose, Pa. Gives especial attention to diseases of the Heart and Langs and all Surgical diseases. Office over W. R. Dean.s. Boards at Scarle's Hotel. [Aug. 1, 1809.

BURNS & NICHOLS, DEAL ARS in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Dyestakas, Paints, Olis, Varnish, Liquors, Spices, Pancy art. cues, Palent Medicines, Perfumery and Toliet Articles. 27 Prescriptions carefully compounded. Fasilie Arenue, above Scarle's listel, Montrose, Pa. 8, Burks, Aros Nichola.

DR. E. L. HANDRICK, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizen of Friendsville and vicinity. EF Office in the office of Dr. Leet— and vicinity. EF Office. Aug. 1, 1809.

HUNT BROTHERS, SCRANTON, PA

Wholesale & Reiall Dealers in HARDWARE, IRON, STEEL, NAILS, SPIKES, SHOVELS,

BUILDER'S HARDWARE, BUILDER'S HARDWARE,

MINE BAIL COUNTERSINK & T. BAILSPIRES

BAILROAD & MINING SUPPLIES.

CARRIAGE SPRINGS. ALLES, SKEINS AND

BOLES, BOLTS, NOTS and WASHERS,

BOLES, BOLTS, NOTS and WASHERS,

LIONS, HUIS, SPOKES,

ANVILS, VICES, BYOCKS and DIES, BELLOWS

ANVILS, VICES, BYOCKS and DIES, BELLOWS

CHENTIAGE ARABES, SIEDUES, PILES, &C. P.C. KING

TACELE BLOCKS, PLASTER PARIS

CHENT, BAIR & GRINDSTONES,

FENCH WINDOW GLASS, LEATHER & FINDINGS

FAIRBANK'S SCALES.

SMARES, MARCE 31, 1863. 19

## IMPROVED HUBBARD!

Loet's Corner.

The Spotted Cayuse.

Now the government mule's an unprincipled

But the crookedest thing that is loose upon

He's of Indian extraction—a savage at heart

With an odor of camas and smoke of the camp,

And is now and forever a vagabond tramp;

With a stomach so tough that he'll live and

On a Hudson Bay blanket, or piece of old hat

I bought a cayuse, in the days that are gone

With his billowy mane, and those natty spots on

And a tail like a pirate's black banner un

Ah! surely, his like never strayed among men

He had nothing worth mention in matter o

And it made him look saucy and rather

For the Oregon youth chew them off, it appears

And as long as care last they can manage to

Through the tempest of 'spiking' that follows

If I tried to draw near with a rope in my hand,

And I ran till I wheezed like a babe with the

But the frolicsome thing would not come to a

Where the monster was trapped-but, Jehu!

'Then he fought like a tiger and wouldn't give in

But his eye was half closed, and it

That startled, me quite with its terrible ire.

O, he looked his disgust at the menial gear,

As he dropped like a butterfly rudely caressed

Made me swallow three teeth with a marvelous

But I wasn't kept long in pangs of suspense,

The Cherry Pic.

'Tis late in May: what do I see?

I'll make myself a cherry pie,

Hi ho! hi ho! well pleased I see

'Tis rosy June: what do I see?

They'll be fit for a cherry-pie.

Hi ho! hi bo! well pleased I see

'Tis warm July: what do I see?

Red cherries on my cherry-tree!

For me to make my cherry-pie.

Hi ho! hi ho! well pleased I see

Red cherries on my cherry-tree!"

But look again. What do I see?

Six robbins on my cherry-tree!

I have to make my cherry-pie.

Hi ho! hi ho! ill pleased I see

Six robbins on my cherry-tree."

But once again; what do I see?

Leaves only on my cherry-tree!

One cherry for a cherry-pie!

Hi ho! hi ho! ill pleased I see

Poor chance," says I,

"Unless they fly,

Alas!" say I,

"I scarce can spy

Green cherries on my cherry-tree."

"Poor things!" savs I:

" But by and by.

"Oh! now." say L

" The time draws nigh

Green cherries on my cherry-tree!

White blossoms on my cherry tree."

Ah, flowers!" says I,

"By next July

White blossoms on my cherry-tree!

Whenever they mount this ineffable horse

And I piously trust that 'twill never again!

And I think he was rather too good for this

non on wheels, and without an excusis an Oregon pony they call the cayuse.

And comes as near being a genuine ass

As any that isn't just exactly the breed;

atecd.

grass--

the cart,

world.

furled-

unique-

war whoop.

stand;

a fire

trick-

kick!

was still

CORA AND AMBER.

BY HELENA DEXSON.

Miscellancous.

In the overland "Monthly" for July, we find the following report of an animal not entirely unknown to western travelers:

The author of the "Rale Rode" epic has turned his attention this month to the amous Cayuse, the glory of the red man and the torment of every white man, we suspect, who ever had the misfortune to bestride this plucky little horse. The poem is prefaced with the following note: "Among the fauna of Oregon the spotted cayuse' may be said to be "wrapt in the solitude of his own originality." He deserves a place in song and history, and to that end I contribute the enclosed:

"Now the government mule's an unprincipled One bright summer morning, a young nursery girl left the house of her employ-er, in charge of a pair of the brightest, chubblest and rostest babies that ever parents doted on; at least so Mr. and Mrs. Machon thought. And well they might feel proud of their children, for in all that city there was not such another pair. Such violet-blue eyes and yellow-brown hair—yellow as gold when the sunbeams fell on it-checks plump and dimpled. And then there was an expression of confiding trust in their sweet baby faces that went straight to your heart, and you feel more like idolizing them yourself than bluming the parents for their almost idol-atrous love. And they looked alike these twin jewels, so much alike that the father, in order to tell them apart, had fastened around the neck of one a string of coral beads, and gave to the other one of amber. That has scorned the dull life of the plow and So he called his pets Coral and Amber, though they were baptized Mobra and

> On the morning of which we write, Mr. Machon came out from his study just as the little carriage containing the little

children out this morning. I was just going to take them in for a frolic. I got thing should happen?"

her husband spoke, surprise not unmixed

He would wave his hind-legs with a kind of or her husband would detect the ruse. An hour later Lotta returned, pale and

terrified, almost out of her senses. The and was thrains the learns to find her place, when an old woman, who will be with a crutch, came hobbling toward ket as fast as he could, and told her there was a little boy drowning in the river just a and save him.

That hung on my lash, like a traitor confessed, she would tend the pretty babies while

When the beautiful fiend-t'was a neat little the nurse went. Lotta said she ran up the river a long woman; but when she got back she was nowhere in sight and little Amber was From the uppermost rail of a very high fence I slipped down on his back, and at first he gone too. The scarlet blanket was tuckleep, so Amber could not have fallen out, When he started, and-well, I was forty days as Lotta at first supposed; but the woman

> scarcely walk, and who seemed very poor besides, encumbered herself with a child This question no one could answer, any more than they could find traces of her

"We withhold the benediction contained in the concluding lines, it being a little too pointed and energetic for these columns.) Whoever has become profoundly acquainted with the nature of a mustang, or native California horse, will not tail to appreciate all the points poetically set forth in the cayuse. As for the matter of salipping down from a rail fence on to his back, we know how it is ourselves; and we have a vivid remembrance of how it was afterward."

But why had an old wom scarcely walk, and who seem besides, encumbered herself who could scarcely walk?

This question no one any more than they could find or the missing child. B or the missing child. But that night Mr. Machon muttered to himself as he

"It might have been she. Her age and infirmity might have been assumed. Did she not swear to bring me grief when all was joy? But why do I talk thus? She is dead. I know that she is dead. Have I not visited her grave and implored her in the spirit land to forgive the wrong I did her? I must look elsewhere for a clue to this mysterious abduction."

And he did look. Year after year the search for the missing child was continued, but in vain, till at last hope died but of the hearts of all but the mother. She never ceased to cherish the hope that some day her darling would be returned to her. They had other children given them—boys and girls whom they dearly loved, but the lost one's place in their hearts was never filled. They always spoke of her as little Amber, even when her sister Mobra was grown up, and had almost forgotten the pet name given her in her childhood. When Mrs. Machon's children were small, each of their birthdays was made the occasion of a little festival, to which only the near relatives were invited. The child, whose natal day was celebrated, if a girl, was crowned with a garland of flowers, in which she presided over the feast with all the dignity and conscious pride belonging to maturer years. The practice pleased the young folks too well to be allowed to come into disuse as they grew older. On every re-currence of Mobra's birthday two wreaths were prepared, one for the head of the beautiful girl, the other to be placed in

the empty chair at the table. When Mobra was in her eighteenth ear, the family removed from their Eastern home and took up their abode in Chicago. After they had become settled in the Garden city, Mrs. Machon wished to secure the services of a music teacher for her daughters, and as she was unacquainted in the city, an advertisement was inserted in a daily paper. The next day brought several applicants for the position, with none of which the lady was satisfied.

tastefully attired, was shown in. She was a blonde and possessed extraordinary beauty, both in form and in face. Her light bair hung in short curls over her neck and were blown about her face by the wind which came in through the boy who had gone for the doctor, the the wind which came in through the open windows. The deep blue eyes look-boy who had gone for the doctor the dimidly at Mrs. Machon as though seeking help for their owner to make her business known.

she had lain all night, and called for the prepared the same as ever, but this time business known.

she had lain all night, and called for the prepared the same as ever, but this time business were placed upon the beautiful twins, and each decked the head of a bride.

The next day was very beautiful, and bride.

The next day was very beautiful, and bride.

Mrs. Machon regarded her without power to speak or move, while Mobra him the woman to whom he gave it is dy-

tween them. Mobra arose and motioned the visitor recover her self-possesion, which had deness between the latter and herself.

Mrs. Machon, by a powerful effort, was beginning to assume her wonted culmness when the young girl's voice again threw her into the wildest bewilderment of joyful anticipation and painful suspense. "I came in answer to your advertisement in yesterday's paper," was spoken in

a voice deliciously low and sweet.

"What is your name?" inquired Mrs. Machon, abruptly and eagerly.

"Eva Chadwick."

"Who gave you that name?" And the

lady leaned forward while her hands were involuntarily extended toward Miss Chadwick. There was an imploring tone in her voice as though everything depended on the answer. It came with a smile evoked no doubt by the strangeness of the question. "My parents, in infancy."

"Are they living?" Mrs. Machon had withdrawn her hands, and folded them in a listless kind of way in her lap. " My father is dead. My mother lives on No. 9 G-street."

The bright flush caused by the excitement into which she had been thrown, went slowly out of Mrs. Machon's face leaving it paler than before. Her next question was prompted more by curiosity than hope ou born in Chicago?"
"I was born in the house where and I live."

"When can you give the first lesson?" "To-morrow at ten, if agreeable." "Very well; you may come"

Eva Chadwick went away wondering

watched the music teacher as she descendsteps from the house she was overtaken by a young man, who took her hand in his, retaining it a moment while he said something which sent a rosy blush over

the sidewalk.

After being joined by Wallace Grover, as the young man was called, the young music teacher walked to her own humble home. At the gate her lover left her, promising to meet her there the next evening, for Mrs. Chadwick had forbidden the young man the house, not because she had anything against him, but, as she said, Eva would be getting married one of these days, if allowed his visits, instead ought.

When Eva entered the house, she went lain for weeks. Eva sprang to help her,

the money I have wasted on you I would have had enough for myself." "Don't worry so mother, I will never

marry without your consent." Eva laid off her things as she spoke, after which she smoothed the counterpane over the sick woman, saying: "I have found another place. We shall

get on famously, now."

Mrs. Chadwick made no reply. Eva glanced at herself in the old-fashioned glass, murmuring: " How much I am like her-hair, eyes

and all. Then she said aloud: "Mother, did you ever see two persons

in his hand, saying slowly:

"Take it to Richard Machon, and tell

power to speak or move, while Mobra and the woman to whom he gave to is dynamic and must see him. Go quickly."

It was the thirtieth of June—Mobra's birthday. The day was to be kept as usual. Every one was happy except the young lady herself, who was ar otherwise, and all because she had that morning returned to the control of the con ceived a note from Paul Havens, accusing to a seat. The stranger was the first to her of being false to him, and going over recover her self-possesion, which had determined to a new love, and of other silly, and to serted her the moment she entered the room and observed the emotion evidenced by the mother and daughter, and the likenever get her to wear anything but the odious chignon. The letter ended by telling her she was free, since she so evi-

dently desired to be.
No wonder, after all that, if Mobra was less amiable than usual. "Fie! girls, you don't suppose I'm going to wear that do you?" said she petulantly, as her sisters held up the pretty wreath they had been making for her. One just like it had been taken to Mrs. Machon to lay in "Lit-We are necused of cutting up monkeys shines, sometimes, and not without cause; not enough that poverty requires us to travel around the country in this manner tle Amber's" chair.

It did well enough when I was of your age, but now—Mobra stopped abruptly, as the door opened, and her father's face, pale and distressed looking, was thrust much a head, when two-thirds of them for a moment into the room.

"Tell your mother I am going out?"
Mr. Machon had received the dying woman's message.
The boy led him to the house and into

the chamber. The windows were thrown open to admit air, while the stillness that reigned in the room told that death was lurking near. The woman lay with closed eyes and seemed fast sinking away. On a chair by the bedside sat Eva, her face buried in her hands.

One glance at the invalid served to restore Mr. Machon's composure, which had deserted him the moment he had received the well-remembered ring, to-gethwhom for years he had thought was dead to her dwelling, went back to resistence when the ring so mysteriously restored to him was given as a pledge of undying love, to Alice Logan. He remembered, too, the fulse reports he had given credence very much at the lady's words and manifer, and why she was not questioned as to her charges, capability, &c., but most of all at the likeness existing between herself, and Miss Muchon.

From her scat in the window Mobra From her scat in the window Mobra reconciliation of the attenuated and prematurely aged woman before him. The prematurely aged woman before him. The to remind him that no puns would be alhair, which fell loosely over the pillow, lowed. Nobody but men perpetrated was grey and straight, while Alice's was

shining black and curly.

What was there in those gleaming. black eyes as they slowly opened and fixed their gaze on Mr. Machon, that caused his companion's face.

"They are lovers," thought Mobra, as they walked on together. Just then somebody else caught the watcher's eye, a ness made him shudder.
"Richard Machon, I have sent for you."

It was the voice of Alice Logan he heard.
The words came slowly and feebly; but

there was no mistaking the tones.

"I want to bid you farewell and re-"I want to bid you farewen and restore to you your own. I have had restore to you your own. I have had reter—or sue for a divorce, or luce, or color venge. Forgive a weak woman, Richard. ter—or sue for a divorce, or luce, or color his whiskers, or go into bankruptcy, or his whiskers, or get elected councilto add to my own, but there was no happiness for me. Eva look up, you are in
the presence of your father. You are not
the presence of your father. You are not
to presence of your father. You are not y my child, though I want you to think of and screeches of assent.)

me kindly sometimes?"

Man descended from the monkey, inme kindly sometimes?" She took from a box under her pillow

string of amber beads. "These were on your neck when I stole ashamed when I think there is a possibilvou from your parents. Return to them ity of a connecting link. Look at them

"My precious child. My long-lost and be happy. Amber.

And the young girl overwhelmed with astonishment and joy, was clasped in the

arms of her father. When Mr. Machon again looked on the face of the woman who had caused him so

and yell as they do? Look at them in Congress. A whole menagerie on a drunk couldn't behave worse. And where did they get it? They did not get it from us, that is a sure thing. The key-to-their cussed nonsense is not the monkey! (An admonishing shake of the head from the president.) Mr. Darwin must seek for his uncestry elsewhere, and let the monkey alone. He might trace it to the beasts of much sorrow and yet crowned it with so much joy, her eyes were still gazing at him, but they were the eyes of the dead. An hour later he was on his way home, accompanied by his newly found daughter, and Paul Havens—he had met the rappy futher and child while on his way to the railroad depot, and made the happy discovery that the young lady, with golden curls and handsome bean the evening previous, was not his betrothed. When Mr. Muchon led his companions into the parlor he found the family awaiting his return to dinner. Mobra did not come forth to welcome her lover as was

her wont, but remained in her seat on the sofa ^ "Our music teacher!" broke in sorrowful tones from one of the little girls, us the young lady lifted the veil which had partially concealed her features. "What made her come so late? We can't have a

"This is certainly a curious young petted daughter, and when the next thirdrake. It may turn out to be a turkey;

about her. Splash! she went into the water; and one duck after the other followed her example, even the ugly grey last comer swam merrily about with the

of man is creating a tremendous sensation among the monkeys.

They have just heard of it, and are terribly excited. They repudiate the whole theory. That man descended from them they consider a shure or the castion as "He is no turkey after all, and will not disgrace my family," said the old duck. "Quack! quack! now come with me, and they consider a slur on the entire monkey race. A cage of John Robinson's mankeys I will show you the world, and introduce held an indignation meeting the other day, you to the farm-yard."

A venerable chimpanzee, whose gray the other ducks saw the large duckling,

hairs entitled him to the distinction, was made chairman, and, sitting in a swing, presided with the utmost dignity. He got a little excited in his speech as he took the chair, but this was quite pardonable had ridiculed by both ducks and chickens. suffered among us."

And he was speedily pecked at, pushed, and ridiculed by both ducks and chickens. So the poor persecuted creature knew not where he might stand, or where he might go; and was quite cast down by the insuits which he suffered on account of his

unfortunate ugliness. Every day the duckling was haunted but this attempt to make us father of the human race is altogether too much. Is it like a wild animal; even his brothers and human race is altogether too much. sisters behaved very badly to him, the hens pecked him, and the girl who fed the

fowls pushed him roughly away.

Then he ran and flew over the palings, until towards evening he reached a poor peasant's hut, the rotten door of which haven't any heads to speak of, without having it flung in our faces that we orig-inated the pack of fools styled men." had fallen from its hinges, so that a very welcome chink was left, through which he could slip into the room. An old woman with her cat an hen were the only inhabitants. Here it was permitted to remonkeys. Some stood on their pyramidal main, in the hope that it would lay some eggs; but after three weeks the duckling felt himself seized with a great desire to others threw flip-flops from one end of the cage to the other.

A monkey who had traveled much and wim once more in the clear water. At last he could bear it no longer, and he seen a great deal, and who had probably

spoke his wish to the hen.

"What whim has seized upon you out of the fire than any other monkey of his age, next eloquently addressed his fellow monkeys.

"This Darwin has inflicted a disgrace"

"But it is so beautiful to swim on the "But it is so beautiful to swim on the water," answered the young drake sighspect will hesitate to resent. I fling his bing trainvertions by be kinto his tooth! (A indeed descended from us, with the many his

"A mighty pleasure, truly" scouled the duck.

"Not understand you, indeed! If I don't, who should, you yellow beak?" exclaimed pert madam hen.

And so the poor duckling set off again on his travels. The autumn passed away without his getting any friendly shelter. The winter, with its piercing cold and its biting blasts, came on, and the poor duckpuns, and a pun was altogether beneath the dignity of any monkey who had the least respect for himself. The speaker promised to be more guarded in his future, and proceeded with his remarks.

"Look at the follies men perpetrate evaluations of the speaker process and process and process are perpetrate evaluations."

ling was forced to keep swimming about in the water for fear of being frozen.

It would indeed be very mournful to describe all the trouble and misery that the poor duckling felt during the cold winter. Enough that he remained cowering under the reeds in a marsh, until the sun again shone warmly on the earth, and the larks once more welcomed spring with

their songs.

The the young duckling raised his wings, which were much stronger than formerly, and carried him far away to a large garden, where was a stream which meandered picturesquely through the soft grass. Oh, how beautiful, how fresh all nature seemed! And now there came from out the thicket three noble white swans, who began to swim lightly on the water. The poor duckling envied the beauty of the stately birds, and a feeling of melonouoly came over him.
"I will fiy towards these royal birds, and they shall kill me for daring to go

near them-I, who am so ugly." With these thoughts he swam towards the three beautiful swans, who, as they perceived the little stranger, came to wel-"Do not kill me," said the poor bird,

bending low its heads towards the water, and waiting death in quiet submission; when lo! it saw its own image in the clear surface, and instead of an ugly, darkgreen duckling, beheld a stately swan. Just then two little children came into the garden, and ran towards the canal. "Oh, there is a new one!" exclaimed the smallest child, and both clapped their

hands and said: "The new one is the most beautiful-30 young and so graceful!"
And the old swans bowed down to their

new companion.

Then the once ugly bird felt quite ashamed, and exclaimed in the fulness of

his beart: "I never dreamt of such happiness

a chain of two hundred links, with its padlock and key, all weighing together less than the third part of a grain. He -A story is told of a business meeting opened and shut by springs. The miniature equipage, with six horses attached to it, a coachman scated on the box, with a dog between his legs, four inside and four outside passengers, a postilion riding one made her come so late? We can't have a lesson this afternoon, because it's Mobra's of the fore horses, was drawn with all the birthday and we are going to sing or dance or play, or do just whatever we like after dinner. This was spoken in a low tone, but Mr. This was spoken in a low tone, but Mr. This was spoken in a low tone, but Mr.

### Leaves only on my cherry-tree."

-A long and successful reign—the deluge

### Brevities and Witicisms.

Good butter—an old ram.

ARTOSTICE MODE ADVISOR Seed to take his place.

These who are compelled to a horty point everal applicants for the particular form of this principle to the point of the particular form of the particular for —An Omaha paper thinks it useless to make such a first about shooting a constable—as there are a hundred candidates to take his place.

time between a little snow-ball and a lapdog, and watching the street, her beautiful face lightning up now and then with expectation as footsteps were heard approaching, and then settleing into into a look of disappointment as one and another passed by. She was not looking for an answer to the advertisement. All the music teachers in the city could not have commanded her attention just then. She was looking for a naswer to the advertisement. She was looking for a naswer to the advertisement. She was looking for a naswer to the advertisement. She was looking for Paul Havens, her betrothmate that the city could not have commanded her attention just then. She was looking for Paul Havens, her betrothmate that the door bell rang and a young girl, very modestly, but very tastefully attired, was shown in. She was a blonde and possessed extraordinary a blonde and possessed extraordinary is blonde and possessed extraordinary the court of the came of the came to hear that the would be beauty, both in form and in face.

The Uzly Little Ducts.

The Uzly Little Ducts.

On a fine summer's day in the country, a duck was once sitting in her nest hatch to the side of Mobra, and when she came forward to greet her twin sister, there was a happy light in her eye and a soft blush on her cheek, which told planuly that she was at peace with her lover.

A boy was sent for a doctor, while 2rd was applied such remedies as were at hand.

"You must not keep your engagement. You must nover go there, Eva! "You must nover go

ones was being drawn out of sight.
"I wish, Mary, you had not sent the lonesome there all alone, and besides I feel uneasy about them. What 'if any-

Mrs. Machon was very busy embroider-ing a dress for Amber. She looked up as with anxiety visible in her face.
"What can happen, Richard? Lotta

always takes the best care of her babica." Mr. Machon said no more, but went back to his work while his wife stitched away on her dress. One just like it had been finished and laid away for Coral. The next day the children would be a year old, and Mrs. Machon was thinking now she would have their dresses put on them, and change the beads just to see if the aunts and cousins who were coming,

little Coral was sleeping peacefully in the carriage, but Amber was not with her. The father turned pale as the dead, and sank down upon the marble steps, while the mother shrieked frantically, and at last went off in a dead faint, when Lotta, between sons and self-reproaches, told them how she had gone to the bank of the river just in the place under the great To the touch of the saddle, until he was thrown and cheaked with a chain; and it seemed like elm, where she went every morning, and a sia,

As he limbered right out, and grew calm with

little ways above, and begged her to go She was too infirm herself, she said, but and I pittled his plight, and was brushing a tear

way without seeing or hearing anybody, of all at the likeness existing between then she hurried back to relieve the old ed carefully about Coral, who was still as-

must have stolen her.
But why had an old woman, who could

tall young man with faultless moustache and imperial. She siw him stop as if he recognized Miss Chalwick, but the music teacher took no notice of him. Mobra flew to a mirror to see that she was looking her very best, and then resumed her sent, expecting every minute to see Paul Huvens enter the room, but he did not come, though it was he she had seen on

of caring for her poor sick mother as she struight to her mother's room; she found her tottering from the window where she had witnessed the tender parting between the lovers, back to her bed, where she had

but she waved her back. "This is the way you repay me, you ungrateful girl. See the money I have given to educate you and fit you to take care of me in my old age, and now you will up and marry that scamp and leave me to starve on my bed. If I had saved