

THE MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

E. B. HAWLEY, Proprietor.

MONTROSE, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 23, 1871.

VOLUME XXVIII, NUMBER 34.

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 4, 1871.—17

THE BARBER—HAI HAI HAI!
Carey Martin is the barber, who also shaves your face
order. Ona Street, back and springy. In his
office, just up stairs. There you will find him, over
dressed below. Montrose, June 7, 1871.—17

J. B. & A. H. McCOLLUM,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Office over the Bank, Montrose,
Pa. Montrose, May 10, 1871.

Poet's Corner.

The Flight of the Birds.
BY ALICE CARTER.
Last night I sat beside the pane
And heard across the mist of rain
A wild bird's twitter low,
And thought how soon the leafy nests,
Now warm with little speckled-breasts,
Would be filled full of snow.

I saw the withered wren leaves fall,
And cried, God shield and save you all,
Black birds and blue, and brown;
And all ye tribe of noisy things,
With linings on your ashen wings
Soft as the thistle's down.

Miscellaneous.

THE SEVEN LITTLE WOMEN.

A FAIRY STORY.

Gretchen sat wearily waiting for her father to come from the tavern in the village. Many years of sunshine and shadow had passed since her mother had kissed her, and then had crossed the dark, silent river to a land of brightness, joy and peace.

Gretchen was almost in despair, for there was only a small black loaf in the cupboard, and she was often beaten when Hans, her father, was angry.

Suddenly there was a timid knock at the door.

"Come in," said Gretchen.

The door swung slowly open, and seven little women entered.

"We are cold and hungry," said the eldest, "as we have come a long distance; we are very tired, and would like to stay all night."

"You are very welcome," replied Gretchen, after a moment's hesitation, as she piled more faggots on the fire, and she divided the loaf into seven portions, and filled seven tin tumbler with sparkling water from a spring close by.

"I am sorry there is no more bread," she said, pleasantly, "but you are welcome to this."

In a few moments the bread had disappeared.

"We thank you very much," said all the little women in chorus, as they gathered round the fire. "And if we ever have the chance, we will do as much for you."

"You are very kind," replied Gretchen. They all fell to talking, and it was not long before Gretchen told her story, which was dreary enough.

"My father does not like strangers," she said hastily, as the loud laughing and shouting of Hans and his boon companions was borne on the air, "and you must be very quiet while he is in the house. My bed is poor and small, but it is a little better than the bare ground," she added, smiling.

Hans was in a very ill humor. He raved and stormed a long time; finally, seized Gretchen, he thrust her out of doors, declaring he would kill her if she dared enter the house again.

"Others can play at that game!" exclaimed several fine voices, and fast and furious fell the blows of the seven little women.

Hans growled savagely, and, releasing his daughter, turned to his small antagonists, dealing heavy blows, but they were without avail. Crying out in rage and terror, Hans, seeing his efforts were in vain, to conquer his foes, indignantly fled, shouting for help.

Poor Gretchen wept bitterly as she fell to the ground. A light snow was falling, and the wind swept down from the mountains in wild, fierce gusts. She heard her father's cries of terror, and saw him flee toward the village, closely pursued by the seven little women.

It was not long before they came back, and the eldest rang a crystal bell. It was answered by a multitude of bells chiming through valleys, wood, and plain, until the air was filled with music.

A beautiful little coach, drawn by seven milk-white horses, appeared. A footman, in splendid liveries, opened the door, and the seven little women accompanied by Gretchen, entered and the carriage rolled away. Stopping before a huge rock, which Gretchen and others climbed, the foot man blew a shrill whistle, a door swung open, and the carriage rolled through a long avenue, shaded by trees laden with flowers and fruit, until it stopped before a superb palace.

There was the sound of music and laughter borne on the fragrant air.

"Her gracious majesty has come," said several voices, as they entered the palace.

"As the sleeping flowers haste to greet the sun at morn, so we haste to greet her highness, our loved cousin," replied the little woman.

was cast into the bitter night, because she befriended myself and sisters. For that kind act we took the liberty to bring her here, knowing that you are the friend of the deserving.

There was a murmur sweet as the sound of the fountain's song at even from the multitude of fairies, who said, with one voice, "Oh, beautiful Queen Alteen, friend of the deserving!"

After the applause had died away, the lovely queen rose, and in a voice so sweet that Gretchen held her breath to listen, "You did quite right, my dear cousin, Ladies Be and Botherly, bring hither the scarfs woven from rain-bow."

This was a great honor, and the seven sisters looked highly pleased, and murmured grateful thanks as they donned the scarfs.

"And now," continued the queen, "bring a scarf of moonbeams as a reward to the earth-child for her kindness."

There was a shout of approval from the fairies at this; and to Gretchen's wonder and delight, the queen took a scarf that glistened like moonbeams on emerald leaves, and throwing it over her shoulders, said: "As long as you keep this, we will watch over you. And now, my lords and ladies, away to supper and the dance."

Folding doors were thrown open, and Gretchen saw a long table, bending beneath the most exquisite flowers and fruits, with dainty crystal dewdrops for drink in superbly traced cups. All was hilarity and mirth. A tiny chime of bells sounded, and, as if by magic, the table disappeared, merry music thrilled the listening air, and lovely couples whirled in the dance.

A smart little gentleman fairy, in a violet suit, bowed to Gretchen, and begged her to dance the next set with him. Just as they took their places, Gretchen felt herself shaken violently, and, opening her eyes, she saw her father bending anxiously over her.

"My little Gretchen," he exclaimed eagerly, "I feared you had gone to your dear mother. I have good news for you, dear! Kissing her fondly, 'I have sworn never to taste a drop of drink again. Your uncle Golden is going to America, that glorious golden land, and we will go with him.'"

Gretchen threw her arm about his neck, with a glad burst of tears.

"I am so glad!" she cried, joyously. "This is better than staying with the fairies."

As she told her wonderful dream—or adventure, she scarcely knew which, Hans laughed merrily, as he listened.

He kept his word, and there is not a happier pair now to be found than Hans and Gretchen.

Two Parisian merchants, strongly united in friendship, had each one child, of different sexes, who early contracted a strong inclination for each other, which was cherished by the parents, and they flattered with the expectation of being joined together for life.

Unfortunately, however, the parents of the girl, who they thought themselves in the point of completing this long wished for union, a man far advanced in years, and possessed of an immense fortune, cast his eyes on the young lady, and made honorable proposals; her parents could not resist the temptation of a son-in-law in such affluent circumstances, and forced her to comply.

As soon as the knot was tied, she steadily enquired her former lover never to see her, and patiently submitted to her fate; but the anxiety of her mind preyed upon her body, and she threw her into a lingering disorder, which, apparently, carried her off, and she was consigned to the grave.

As soon as the news of this melancholy event reached the lover, his affliction was doubled, being deprived of all hopes of being reunited with her, and he died in a few days.

As the sleeping flowers haste to greet the sun at morn, so we haste to greet her highness, our loved cousin," replied the little woman.

Gretchen was conducted to a chamber hung with blue and silver tapestry. The furniture was of ivory, covered with blue velvet wrought with pearls. Oh, how beautiful it was!

Presently the lady entered, and, making a queer little bow, said, "Princess Lalleen had me dress you, for the queen desires to see you."

"The queen?" repeated Gretchen.

"Yes," was the reply, "the queen of the fairies."

Needle Making at Redditch.

A pleasant run of about fifteen miles from Birmingham, on the Midland Railway, brings us to the great centre of the English needle trade Redditch is a fair-looking, compact, bustling, clean country town, surrounded by some of the most charming scenery in Worcestershire, and presents a striking contrast to the black and busy "hardware village" we have just left behind us. Why the needle-makers choose this place above all others in which to settle down to the pursuit of their calling, there is no evidence to show. As early as the year 1650, however, one Christopher Greening appears to have set up a needle shop at Little Credenay, and he followed in the course of the craft from London. In a short time however, Credenay was abandoned, owing to the absence of water power, and the needle-makers established themselves at Alcester, Studley, and Redditch. In times still more remote the district lying between Alcester and Redditch was a great industrial centre, of some kind, mills dating from monastic ages, and great dams, no longer used, still remaining, to tell of a departed and forgotten industry.

The mills used in the needle trade were horse mills, one being established at Studley very early in the last century. These mills were used for scouring and pointing needles, superseding the primitive method of wrapping up the needles in buckram with them to and olive oil, and rolling them to and fro by the movement of the workman's feet. The earliest needles were made in this district, and were of a shape most readily produced, a shape most square-eyed needles that Mary Queen of Scots wrought those beautiful tapes for the walls of her prison cell. After many fruitless attempts, the first machine was invented, and was used in 1830, and two years later the burning machine, which gave a beautiful finish to the eye, was introduced. In this latter process, as now carried out, the needles are threaded on steel wires which have been "roughed" with a file, and hardened. The ends of these wires are then attached to a steam machine by which needles are made to revolve at an enormous speed with an oscillating motion round the wires.

Previous to the year 1840, needles were hardened in water, during which process the majority become crooked, and straightening the crooks, was in consequence, an occupation for a considerable number of workpeople. In the year mentioned, however, a Redditch manufacturer revived the practice of hardening in oil, and the result was that crooked needles were no longer used instead of being the rule. This so exasperated the crook straighteners that they mobbed the enterprising manufacturer out of the town, and for some time great trouble prevailed. Eventually, however, the revived process came to be generally adopted. A pointing machine is the latest invention of importance in the needle trade. On this invention, Messrs Bartlett and Woodward—two excellent authorities—thus reported a little while since.

The needle-pointing machine is an English invention, though it is not generally supposed to be so, and its forerunner, which, though not perfect, approached so nearly to perfection as to alarm the pointers, was some years ago purchased by them and broken to pieces on Redditch Church Green. The needle-pointing machine is yet only partially used in this district. A grooved grindstone, revolving at great speed as employed to grind the end of each wire into the desired shape, and of an inclined plane, on which a number are placed ready to cut to the length required. By means of a disc, surrounded by caoutchouc, revolving slowly in a direction transverse to the grindstone, a continuous supply of wires revolving in succession is applied to the stone and the same disc causes the wires to revolve whilst being pointed. In Redditch and the neighborhood needle-making now employs something like 800 workpeople, a considerable proportion of whom are females. The earnings considerably vary; those of children ranging from 1s. 6d. to 4s. per week, 8s. to 15s. and men, 12s. to 40s. per week.

A needle has to pass through seventy pairs of hands before it is considered to be finished and ready for use; a sub-division of labor, to which may be attributed the combination of these articles. The variety of needles made in these days is marvellous, the surgeon, tailor, harness maker, bookbinder, felt workers, sail maker, saddler, glover, embroiderer, and housewife, each requiring needles of shapes, sizes and length almost infinite. Redditch, and the immediate district, may be regarded as the only important centre of the needle trade in the three kingdoms. The principal seat of the industry on the Continent is in the Champagne, but at Lyons and one or two towns in Normandy the common qualities are also largely made.

The Chinese supply their own requirements in the needle way, and it is thought that the craft is more ancient in the Celestial Empire than in Europe. Certain it is that round-eyed needles were made in China long before the primitive square-eyed ones were unknown in England. There is nothing new under the sun—*Mechanics Magazine.*

COLON FOR BUTTER.—The use of carrot juice for coloring butter is familiar to most dairy keepers, who are aware that some organic matter, besides the coloring substance is contained in the juice, which does no good to the butter. A European chemist, one Dr. Guesvillon has gone to work to obtain the coloring substance in a pure condition. He first slices the carrots, then dries them, grinds them to powder in bi-sulphide of carbon, a liquid obtained by distilling sulphur in a tight vessel on red hot charcoal. After standing for a short time, the bi-sulphide is evaporated and the coloring matter remains in the form of minute crystals. The substance, which is called carotene, is perfectly tasteless, and has been used for coloring butter with great satisfaction, being pronounced superior to annato.

Old Foggy Nonsense.

If there's anything I am tired of it is my mistress' mother. Fifty times a day, at least, she throws that woman at my head. "This is the way my mother always did it," or, "My mother never allowed such a thing done." Now, I'd like to know what that all is to us, Bridget Stone! I suppose her mother was some disagreeable old-fashioned, economical peck who was always flitting through the kitchen to see what become of bits of ale and wine and such. No servant of my spirit now-a-days will put up with that old foggy nonsense. I say the kitchen is my kingdom; and when I take possession of it, I don't want no lady to come spying round after me. In fact, ladies never does. I always know a lady by that token. She just dresses herself prettily and stays up stairs, and asks no questions if anything is lost, or mislaid, or broken, or not to be accounted for, don't she understand, without making a row about it, that it is the cat?

And if I had a cousin or two, policemen or what not, and step into the area to speak to them, does ladies preach long sermons on "followers" and "cold suppers?" Not a bit. It is only your common trash of the wind as all that. A "real lady," as I would call her, would be sure to enquire, "How could we get along else, with who families dependent on us for their bread and meat? Do you think, in the house where there's plenty, we are going to see them starve? And if they are short, for underclothes, where's the harm, I'd like to know, borrowing some; for a week or more, the likes of a few pairs of stockings, or skirts, or petticoats? We should be heather, indeed, to see them in want right before our eyes and not do it, for our own flesh and blood, top to bottom, comes in of a Monday, to help do the washing, where's the harm, I'd like to know, in her bringing her own husband's soiled things, and her children's too, and doing them, convenient like, altogether, where soap and starch and coal are plenty. Besides, in that way, she gets wages for two days' work instead of one, and sure no "real lady" would make a fuss about to get the fresh air, and that she insisted it be taken out immediately. Did you ever hear impudenc' like that?

I don't want any of my mistress's mother's round woked I be. If there's a cup of white sugar tucked away in the cupboard, or a half-pound of tea or coffee, that old woman will be sure to open it out. And they are always nosing the spice-boxes to see if the starch hasn't been put in them, and measuring the tea and coffee, and all such mean tricks, that no servant would ever think of putting up with.

The other day my sister Nora dropped into the kitchen to see me, while I was cooking the dinner. Nora is nurse-maid in a family up-town, and she had the baby with her; and very pretty it looked, in its nice dresses, all trimmed with its real lace, and its white satin bonnet. When down came my mistress's mother, and told her that a smoky kitchen was no place for a baby who had been sent out to get the fresh air, and that she insisted it be taken out immediately. Did you ever hear impudenc' like that?

Nothing remarkable in the more fact of his being the possessor of such an animal, but there was something peculiar about this mule. He—the animal—could kick higher, hit harder on the slightest provocation and act tougher than any mule on record.

One morning, riding his property to market, Jake met Jim Boggs, a neighbor whom he had not concurred grudgingly. He knew Boggs' weakness lay in bragging and betting; therefore he saluted him accordingly.

"How are you Jim? Fine morning?" "Hearty, squre," replied Jim. "Fine weather. Nice mule that you have. Will he do to bet on?"

"Bet on? Gness he will that. I tell you, Jim Boggs, he's the best mule in this country."

"Great smash! Is that so?" ejaculated Jim.

"Solid truth, every word of it. Tell you confidentially, Jim, I'm taking him down for betting purposes. I bet he can kick a fly off from any man without his hurting him."

"Now, look here, squre," said Jim, "I am not a betting character, but I'll bet you something on that myself?"

"Jim, there's no use; don't bet, I don't want to win your money."

"Don't be alarmed, squre, I'll take such bets as them every time."

"Well, if you are determined to bet, I will risk a small stake—say five dollars."

"All right, squre, you're my man. But who'll he kick the fly off? There is no one here but you and I, you say?"

"No," says Johnson; "I have to be by the mule's head to order him."

"Oh! yaas," says Jim. "Then probably I'm the man. Wa'll, I'll do it; but you are to bet ten against my five, if I risk it."

"All right," quoth the squire. "Now there is a fly on your shoulder. Stand still!" And Johnson adjusted the mule.

"Whist, Jerry," said he.

"The mule risks," his heels with such velocity and force that Boggs rose in the air like a bird, and alighted on all fours in a muddy ditch, bang up against a rail fence.

Rising, in a towering rage, he exclaimed: "Yaas, that is smart! I knew your darned mule couldn't do it. You had that all out on me. I wouldn't be kicked like that for fifty dollars. You can just fork over them ar stakes for it any way."

"Not so fast, Jim; Jerry did just what I said he could; that is, kick a fly off from a man without his hurting him. You see, the mule is not injured, by the operation. However, if you are not satisfied, we will try again as often as you wish."

Extraordinary Adventure.

As soon as the knot was tied, she steadily enquired her former lover never to see her, and patiently submitted to her fate; but the anxiety of her mind preyed upon her body, and she threw her into a lingering disorder, which, apparently, carried her off, and she was consigned to the grave.

As the sleeping flowers haste to greet the sun at morn, so we haste to greet her highness, our loved cousin," replied the little woman.

Gretchen was conducted to a chamber hung with blue and silver tapestry. The furniture was of ivory, covered with blue velvet wrought with pearls. Oh, how beautiful it was!

Presently the lady entered, and, making a queer little bow, said, "Princess Lalleen had me dress you, for the queen desires to see you."

"The queen?" repeated Gretchen.

"Yes," was the reply, "the queen of the fairies."

"Oh, how glad I shall be to see her!" her eyes sparkling with pleasure; then her waist, humbly, "I am only little Gretchen Anderson, and I fear she will not be pleased."

"Ah!" was the kind reply; "her majesty is very kind, and loves good children. Princess Lalleen and her sisters and how you took care of a sparrows that a wicked boy wounded and let for dead, and said many other things, also?"

"It was nothing," blushed Gretchen. While they were talking, the fairy had combed the young girl's hair, smoothed her ragged clothes, and dressed her in a robe white and soft as the summer clouds.

"You must be like the fairies while here," she said, as she led her to a mirror.

Gretchen scarcely recognized herself. She was no longer that her attendant; her hair hung in burnished waves about her waist; her dress was looped with pearls and coral; tiny sprays of ivory and ivory staircase bordered with gold, a door was thrown open, and a footman called out, "The Earth-child!" and Gretchen found herself in a large room full of little people.

Princess Lalleen—the eldest of the seven little women—advanced to meet her. Taking her hand she led her to the further end of the room, where was pearl throne thickly studded with diamonds. On the throne was the loveliest little creature Gretchen ever beheld. Her dress was of the tint of the inner leaves of the blue-berry rose, a tiny diamond sparkled on her brow, and a crystal wand, tipped with a blood-red ruby, was in her right hand. The princess bowed very low, as she stopped before the throne.

"Your gracious majesty," she said, with an enchanting blush, "this earth-child is twenty thousand."

As soon as the news of this melancholy event reached the lover, his affliction was doubled, being deprived of all hopes of being reunited with her, and he died in a few days.

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Don't Forget the Old Folks.

Don't forget the old folks,
Love them more and more,
As they, with unshrinking feet,
Near the "Shining shore."

Let your words be tender,
Loving, soft, and low;
Let their last days be the best
They have known below!

Don't forget poor father,
With his falling sight,
With his locks, once thick and brown,
Though he may be childlike,
Still do you be kind—
Think of him as years ago,
With his master mind!

Don't forget dear mother,
With her furrowed brow,
Once as fair, and smooth, and white
As the driven snow;
Are her steps uncertain?
Is her hearing poor?
Guide her gently till she stands
Safe at Heaven's door!

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THE BARBER—HAI HAI HAI!

Carey Martin is the barber, who also shaves your face order. Ona Street, back and springy. In his office, just up stairs. There you will find him, over dressed below. Montrose, June 7, 1871.—17

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 his case can be consulted at all times. Montrose, April 28, 1871.

CROSSMAN & BALDWIN, ATTORNEYS AT LAW.—Office over the store of Wm. J. Maloney, on Public Avenue, Montrose, Pa. Wm. A. Crossman, R. L. Baldwin. Montrose, March 1, 1871.

J. D. VAIL, Veterinary Physician and Surgeon. Has permanently located himself in Montrose, Pa., where he will promptly attend to all cases of horses, cattle, sheep, swine, &c. He is favored. Office and residence west of the Court House, near Fitch & Watson's office. Montrose, February 8, 1871.

LAW OFFICE, FITCH & WATSON, Attorneys at Law, at the old office of Bentley & Fitch, Montrose, Pa. F. W. WATSON, E. P. FITCH.

CHARLES N. STODDARD, Dealer in Boots and Shoes, and Cap and Hat Store, and Bindery, Main Street, 1st door below Boy's Store. Work made and repairing done neatly. Montrose, Jan. 1, 1870.

LITTLES & BLAKESLEE, Attorneys and Counselors at Law. Office the one herebefore occupied by H. B. & G. P. Little, on Main Street, Montrose, Pa. H. B. LITTLE, G. P. LITTLE, E. L. BLAKESLEE, E. McKEZZIE, C. C. FAUROT, W. H. McCORMACK, McKEZZIE, FAUROT & CO., Dealers in Dry Goods, Clothing, Ladies and Men's Eye Spectacles, and all the great American Tea and Coffee Company. (Montrose, Pa., sep. 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 shaving in his line. Montrose, Pa. Oct. 13, 1869.

O. H. HAWLEY, DEALER IN DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, CROCKERY, Hardware, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Ready Made Clothing, Paints, Oils, etc., New Millinery, Pa. Sept. 6, 70.

DR. S. W. DAYTON, Physician and Surgeon, has his office in the citizens of Great Bend and vicinity. Office at his residence, opposite Barnum House, G. V. Bend village. Sept. 1st, 1861.—17

A. O. WARREN, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Bounty, Back Pay, Pension and Exem on Claims attended to. Office in corner below Boy's Store, Montrose, Pa. [An. 1, 70

M. C. SUTTON, Auctioneer, and Insurance Agent, at 627

C. S. GILBERT, U. S. Auctioneer, Great Bend, Pa. agt 627

AMI ELY, U. S. Auctioneer, Aug. 1, 1869. Address, Brooklyn, Pa.

JOHN GROVES, FASHIONABLE TAILOR. Shop in the new Postoffice building, where he will be found ready to attend all who may want shaving in his line. Montrose, Pa. Oct. 13, 1869.

W. W. SMITH, CABINET AND CHAIR MANUFACTURER.—Foot of Main Street, Montrose, Pa. 1862.

H. BURRITT, Dealer in Boots and Shoes, and Cap and Hat Store, and Bindery, Main Street, 1st door below Boy's Store. Work made and repairing done neatly. Montrose, Jan. 1, 1870.

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STROUD & BROWN, FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE AGENTS. AT 102

Brevities and Witticisms.

"It's pill-grinage is over," said the druggist's wife when she ordered an epitaph for his tombstone.